

# WOMAN'S HOME Companion

APRIL 1940

TEN CENTS



Beginning **NEW MYSTERY ROMANCE**  
**FAMILY REUNION** by the author of **STRAWSTACK**  
**TWELVE FULL COLOR FASHION PAGES**

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**"WEAR? YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!"**

Nairn Treadlite Linoleum *alone* gives you this combination of advantages: 1. *Waterproof Felt Backing.* 2. *Built-in Rubber Cushion.* 3. *Its own Factory-Applied Adhesive.* Your installation is permanent because Nairn Treadlite is laid direct to the floor!



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# IT'S AN IMPROVED INLAID LINOLEUM . . . MORE FOR YOUR MONEY THAN EVER BEFORE



*Haven't you ever dreamed of making your kitchen floor as lovely and cheerful as this one? It's easy—and not costly—with the new Nairn Treadlite Inlaid Linoleum. See the beautiful new designs of your dealer's today. The pattern above is Nairn Treadlite Linoleum No. 8501—set off with a Nairn Treadlite Assembled Border No. 1817.*

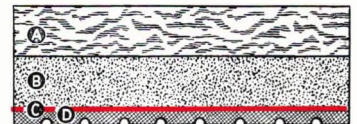
**Y**OU'D NATURALLY think that the latest improvement in linoleum would cost you more than you've ever paid before.

Yet Nairn Treadlite Inlaid Linoleum . . . with its Waterproof Felt Backing, its exclusive Built-in Rubber Cushion, its Factory-Applied Adhesive . . . is priced for real economy.

Little wonder that Nairn Treadlite is already America's fastest-selling inlaid linoleum.

Don't select any floor-covering until you see this newest development in inlaid linoleum—Nairn Treadlite. Your dealer will tell you it's the biggest money's worth in linoleum history.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., KEARNY, NEW JERSEY



**NO OTHER INLAID LINOLEUM AT ANY PRICE GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES:**

(a) Genuine Inlaid Linoleum; (b) Waterproof, Rotproof Felt Backing; (c) Exclusive Built-in Rubber Cushion; (d) Factory-Applied Adhesive on back. It's the only "completely factory fabricated" linoleum—all ready to be laid direct to the under-floor. (No other accessories to buy.)



HIS EYES SAID:

*"YOU'RE THE ONE—THE ONLY ONE!"*

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



Protect your own winning smile. Let Ipana and Massage help make your gums firm... your teeth brighter!

HE TOLD HIMSELF, with a start, that here was a girl whose beauty transcended words. Soft brown hair... deep blue eyes... a skin like satin. How swiftly her loveliness won his glance! And as he looked, his eyes exclaimed, "You're beautiful!"

Eagerly he watched for the sparkle of her smile. Strong, white teeth... firm, healthy gums. But when she smiled, how swiftly his interest vanished!

**DULL TEETH AND A DINGY SMILE** are too great a handicap for either charm or beauty to overcome. Unfortunate in any case, they work a tragic hardship on a woman. So don't you be careless with your own bright



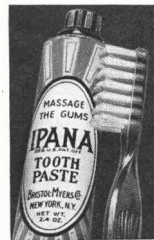
smile—don't you neglect care of your teeth and gums—don't you risk "pink tooth brush"!

**NEVER IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH."** When you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. It may not mean serious trouble but get his advice. He may tell you that today's soft, creamy foods have robbed your gums of hard chewing—made them tender, sensitive. And,

often, his advice will be "more exercise for lazy gums" "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE,** is especially designed to aid the gums as well as clean the teeth. Every time you

brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste onto your gums. Feel that delightful exhilarating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It flashes the news that gum circulation is improving—stimulating gum tissues—helping gums to sounder health.



**TRY A TUBE OF IPANA TODAY!**

Stop at your druggist's and get a tube of Ipana. Let this easy, modern dental routine of Ipana and massage help you to have brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more attractive smile!

Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush, too. It aids in more effective gum massage and more thorough cleaning.

**IPANA TOOTH PASTE**



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## Safer Cars

MUCH has been said about safety on the highways but not enough about the remarkable progress in making automobiles themselves safer for both passenger and pedestrian. A recent article by Alfred Reeves of the Automobile Manufacturers Association recalls to our minds some of the many improvements made primarily for reasons of safety—safety glass, tougher steels, bumpers, windshield wipers, the rear-view mirror, four-wheel brakes, higher gear-shift levers, lights that can be dimmed or tilted down. Other changes, also made originally for safety reasons, have actually affected the appearance of cars, such as: the left-hand drive, the sloping windshield (which was first planned to cut down glare from cars behind), balloon tires, the all-steel body, luggage compartments which make it no longer necessary to carry dangerous loads on the running boards, outside door handles curved inward and this year the new type of headlight, the steering wheel with fewer spokes and the new windshield posts that give the driver clearer vision ahead and at the sides. Thanks to the joint efforts of car and tire manufacturers, highway engineers and various public authorities—with some credit to us who drive the cars—highways have been made about one-third safer than they were a few years ago. There is every reason to hope that the ratio of accidents to total miles driven will continue to decrease steadily.

## The Road of the Chemist

SOMETIMES one is inclined to think that the most rapid, the most wonderful and the most valuable of all modern advances is in what the chemists are doing. But we more rarely realize the international influences of chemistry, not alone through the arts of war such as the making of explosives and gases but also in the arts of peace. One of China's richest exports is wood oil, which we have bought in great quantities to be used in paint and varnish.

With the Chinese supply of tung oil largely cut off, American chemists are finding out how to make a substitute right here. Silk

has been Japan's mainstay. The new "nylon" created by our chemists will make us almost entirely independent of Japanese silk and it has been said that this alone is more significant than all the battles fought in the Chinese war. For better or for worse, the chemist revises constantly the maps of commerce. What the ultimate effect of any of his experiments will be, he cannot know and he must not care. For his is the road of pure science and he must follow where it leads, however bright or however terrible the vision he may see gleaming in his test tubes.

## Mingled with Our Soil

MINGLED with American soil in Cleveland there is now a cubic foot of soil brought from each of twenty-eight countries and placed, with an impressive ceremony held last summer, at the base of the Liberty Column in the American Legion Peace Gardens. In each case the soil was brought from some historical spot. Hungary sent earth from the grave of Louis Kossuth; Czechoslovakia from the mountain where the Hussite revolutionists fought. France sent bits from five battlefields. English delegates brought earth from Westminster Abbey. The Finns dug theirs from the estate of the president of Finland; Denmark from Kronberg Castle where Hamlet was once played; Greece from the Acropolis; Germany from the battlefield of Tannenberg; and Ireland from its celebrated Phoenix Park in Dublin.

Above this honored ground an inscription reads in part: "These gardens, planted by men who knew the horrors of war, are dedicated to the brotherhood of man and peace throughout the world."

Spreading out beyond this spot lie the rest of Cleveland's unique Cultural Gardens. These were founded on the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's death in 1916; when the first one, a hedge-bordered Shakespeare garden, was laid out. The gardens are financed by the nationality groups living in Cleveland, but they are laid out and maintained by the city. Each garden is distinctive and characteristic of the country it represents, symbolic too of the true unity of mankind, which has come nearer to realization on American soil than anywhere else in the world.

## If the Young Can Believe

IN ALL this talk about a vague mass of our people called "the unemployed" it is not often remembered that fully one third of them are between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four. There are about four million of these young men and women out of work. Many of them have never had any job at all. Half of them never got through the ninth grade in school—not because they were too dull, but because their families couldn't buy them clothes fit to wear to school, or couldn't feed them well enough to keep up their strength, or couldn't pay the little expenses incidental to school—or because there wasn't a school near enough or good enough to teach them.

And there are a million more children of elementary school age who aren't going to any school at all this year.

Such pressing problems as these are being dealt with by the American Youth Commission, which is a non-governmental, non-partisan and non-sectarian group headed by Floyd W. Reeves and Owen D. Young and supported by a grant from the General Education Board.

A few months ago, meeting in an emergency session, this body adopted a program of immediate action to better the employment, health and education of American youth. It calls for federal and state cooperation with private employers and agencies to extend part-time work, physical examinations and health services and more and better educational facilities.

This is not just noble theory, something nice to do when times get better. It is a crying need, deep and urgent. We know now that the terror in Europe has been whipped up by demagogues striking at the raw nerves of young people left desperate and without hope.

"The survival of the nation," says the Commission with sharp truth, "demands that conditions be established under which the young may have confidence in our institutions and our form of government."

The American Youth Commission, 744 Jackson Place, Washington, supplies free leaflets to those who wish to know more about this work.





“—and  
don't forget your  
PASSPORT  
to POPULARITY”

WHAT difference does it make how attractive, how well-dressed, how witty you are, if you've got a case of halitosis (bad breath)? It's the one thing people will not pardon . . . a fault that stamps you a walking nuisance . . . and a condition that you yourself may not detect. Often it's due to fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth and there's a remedy for this condition.

The soundest bit of advice any girl or man can receive is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic

before any social or business engagement. Almost immediately your breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable. It may be just what you need for your passport to popularity and success.

#### *Strikes at Major Cause*

Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, said by some authorities to be the major cause of breath odors, and then overcomes the odors it causes. It takes only a few

seconds to do this and it's such a delightful and pleasant precaution. Your entire mouth feels healthier, fresher, cleaner.

Anyone may have this offensive condition at some time or other without realizing it and therefore unwittingly offend. Don't take this unnecessary chance. Use Listerine Antiseptic before all social and business engagements at which you wish to be at your best.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Before Business and Social Engagements . . . use Listerine Antiseptic for Halitosis (BAD BREATH)

Woman's Home Companion April 1940



# Three little girls from school were we!



Janet and Mary and I grew up together. We traded doll clothes — went to the same parties — graduated in the same class. That's the story of lots of girlhood friendships — but *this* ends differently. Although we've grown up and live miles apart, we visit often — by telephone!



Mary, with her lovely voice, went to the Big City to study music. The night of her national radio debut, I called to congratulate her. "Maybe you never could carry a tune," she said, "but the sound of your voice tonight is certainly music to me! Thanks so much."



Never in all my life will I forget answering my telephone one day last December. As I held the receiver to my ear, all I heard was a thin little wail — and then Janet's voice, bursting with pride — "That's Bill, Jr., darling. Isn't he wonderful?"

**M**MAGIC MESSAGES whisk along America's telephone lines. Homesickness cured by the sound of a loving voice . . . hasty words retrieved before it's too late . . . old friendships renewed. Is there some one whose voice you'd like to hear? Remember that rates to most out-of-town points are lowest in the evening after 7 — and all day Sunday.



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COVER DESIGN.....Color Photograph by VICTOR KEPPLER

HEADINGS.....CHARLES C. S. DEAN



*"Kiss thy Hand,  
Madame"*

A brilliant shaft of sunlight surprises an expression of reverence in the eyes of Sun-Valley's most sought-after skier, as he turns to await the slender girl in blue coming up the trail towards him. His dark face lights and softens. There is something in her delicate beauty that has carried him back to warmer suns and bluer skies . . . across a summer ocean and a span of happier years.



*Stuart*

*Do You Know These Charms That Link the Whole Aristocratic World of Beauty?*

*Soap*



• One is a soap so exquisite it is known to four continents as "the luxury soap of the world."

Its users are apt to share a certain instantly recognized clarity of skin.

They pay 35c a tablet for Yardley's English Lavender Soap without regretting a penny of it, for it lasts for ages.



*Powder*

• One is a powder, called "English Complexions" Powder, mist-blown so pure and light it's a lavish beauty treatment. Perfumed with noble "Bond Street," its effects are most marvelous over porcelain skins that know the touch of Yardley's exquisite "English Complexions" Cream. As kind to purse as face, each is \$1.10.

*Cream*



• One is a fragrance so lovable, natural and blithe that, once experienced, it lingers in memory for years and everywhere marks the lovely aristocrat. Buy Yardley's English Lavender in traditional flasks at \$1.10, \$1.50; in quaint decanters, \$2.50; in magnums at \$35. At finer stores and Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York.



**YARDLEY'S**  
*English Lavender*







# TWO \$5,000 CASH PRIZES

## and 200-\$50 CASH PRIZES

Offered so you'll try New "SURE-MIX" CRISCO  
—biggest shortening discovery in 29 years!  
gives higher, lighter, tenderer cakes

than any other  
shortening  
you can buy!



**HERE'S A CONTEST HINT—  
HIGHER CAKES  
WITH "SURE-MIX"  
CRISCO!**

**ANOTHER HINT  
TO HELP YOU WIN—  
LIGHTER  
CAKES  
NOW!**

**CAKES UP TO 15% HIGHER!**

**2 CASH CONTESTS**

	<b>MARCH 11th—31st</b> <b>\$5,000<sup>00</sup></b> 1st PRIZE 100—\$50 PRIZES	<b>APRIL 8th—28th</b> <b>\$5,000<sup>00</sup></b> 1st PRIZE 100—\$50 PRIZES	
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**EASY! JUST FINISH THIS SENTENCE—**  
"I like New 'Sure-Mix' Crisco for cakes  
because \_\_\_\_\_ (ADD 25 WORDS, OR LESS)"

Imagine, \$5,000 for one sentence! You'll say, when you notice the big improvements in your cake.

**Higher, Lighter, Tenderer Cakes**

You can get *higher* cakes—up to 15% higher, depending upon type of cake. You can get *lighter* cakes—light as a feather. And *tenderer*, so tender they melt in your mouth. Hundreds of cakes made with different shortenings in our kitchens prove you can get cakes better-eating these 3 ways. Delicious!

Just to show you how contest entries write themselves from your own baking experience, here's a sample sentence: "I like New 'Sure-Mix' Crisco for cakes because I get higher, lighter, tenderer cakes than ever before!"

**NEW "SURE-MIX" CRISCO FOR CAKES, PASTRY, FRIED FOODS**

**UMM!—TENDERER CAKES—JUST TASTE ONE! YOU'LL GET A WINNING IDEA!**

**PINEAPPLE COCONUT CAKE**

½ cup Crisco  
1 cup sugar  
¾ teaspoon salt  
¾ teaspoon lemon flavoring

2 eggs  
2 cups cake flour  
2 ½ teaspoons baking powder  
¾ cup milk

Blend Crisco, sugar, salt, flavoring and eggs. Add alternately sifted dry ingredients and milk. Pour into two "Criscoed" 8-inch layer pans. Bake 30-35 minutes in moderately hot oven (375° F.). Cool. Put layers together with—

**PINEAPPLE FILLING:** Mix 2 tablespoons cornstarch with ½ cup sugar; add 2 cups crushed pineapple (juice and fruit) and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Cook slowly till thick and clear. Save ½ cup of filling to decorate top of cake. Cover top and sides of cake with—

**DOUBLE-BOILER ICING:** Put 1 ½ cups sugar, ¼ cup water and 2 egg whites to cook over boiling water. Beat until icing holds a peak (about 7 minutes). Remove from heat. Beat till thick enough to spread. Sprinkle sides and top with shredded coconut. Decorate top of cake with ½ cup of pineapple filling.

All Measurements Level

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PROCTER & GAMBLE

**NEW "SURE-MIX" CRISCO**  
FOR CAKES, PASTRY, FRIED FOODS



### •• COMPLETE RULES ••

- Simply complete the sentence. "I like New 'Sure-Mix' Crisco for cakes because—" in 25 additional words or less. Write on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Print or write plainly your name and address. Please send no extra letters, drawings or photographs with your entry.
- Send in as many entries as you wish, provided you attach a label from any size can of Crisco (or a facsimile) to each entry. Mail to Crisco, Department M, Box 539, Cincinnati, Ohio. Be sure to use sufficient postage.
- There will be two contests, each lasting three weeks, and each contest will have a separate list of prizes:

#### FIRST CONTEST

1st Prize—\$5,000 Cash  
100 2nd Prizes—each \$50 Cash  
Opens Monday, March 11  
Closes Sunday, March 31

#### SECOND CONTEST

1st Prize—\$5,000 Cash  
100 2nd Prizes—each \$50 Cash  
Opens Monday, April 8  
Closes Sunday, April 28

- Entries for the first contest must be postmarked on or before Sunday midnight, March 31, and received before Sunday, April 7, 1940. Entries received after April 7 will be included in the second contest. All entries for the second and final contest must be postmarked before Sunday midnight, April 28, and must be received on or before May 10, 1940.

- Entries will be judged for originality and aptness of thought. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Entries, ideas, and contents thereof become the property of Procter & Gamble. No entries will be returned.

- Anyone can compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, its advertising agencies, and their families. These contests apply to Continental United States, Hawaii and Canada, and are subject to Federal, State, local and Dominion regulations.

- The \$5,000 cash prize-winner will be announced shortly after each contest closes over Crisco's daytime radio programs. The 200 winners of \$50 cash prizes will be notified by mail.



# K

## eeeping Up with Hollywood

▶ **SPENCER TRACY DRIVES** all the way from his San Fernando Valley ranch to the Brown Derby in Hollywood to have their de luxe hamburgers.

The Derby chef gave us the famous recipe:

- |                              |                                    |
|------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2 pounds ground sirloin      | 1 teaspoon black pepper            |
| 1 raw egg                    | 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce |
| 1/2 teaspoon English mustard | 2 cups chicken broth               |
| 1 tablespoon salt            | 2 teaspoons chicken fat            |

Mix meat, egg, broth, add chicken fat and rest of ingredients. Use 1 cup meat mixture to a serving. Broil.

Serve with brown sauce (made like white sauce, only flour is browned): 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups veal or chicken stock, 1 teaspoon English mustard, 2 tablespoons Sauce Diablo, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce and 1/2 cup ketchup. Boil well, add finely chopped parsley. Pour over hamburger when ready to serve.



*Eleanor Powell carries a portable tap floor in the back of her car so that she can practice at any time or any place.*

▶ **HOLLYWOOD PARTY:** James Cagney invited Dorothy Parker and her husband, Alan Campbell, to spend Sunday on his yacht. Since Cagney is allergic to the open sea, the yacht remained at anchor in the bay.

To return their social obligation his guests invited him on an automobile party for the next week-end. Lunches were packed and they all sat chatting in the car for some time. Finally Cagney asked where they were going. Miss Parker, who is one of Hollywood's wits, replied, "Nowhere; this is like your yachting party." They spent the day parked in front of the house.

*Gene Towne and Graham Baker, Hollywood's most productive writing team, create better when they are traveling. They drive around town accompanied by a secretary who puts their inspirations down on paper.*

*John Carradine, who plays a Dust Bowl refugee in Grapes of Wrath, was picked up by police as a vagrant. Carradine's automobile ran out of gasoline*



*while he was en route to the studio and attempted to thumb a ride. Wearing ragged dirty clothes and a three-day stubble, he was mistaken for a tramp.*

▶ **THE DEAD END KIDS** have put governors on their cars (to control their speed) at the request of their parents.

*Greta Garbo, who is on the Hollywood-top-salary list, always buys second-hand automobiles. She never drives herself.*

▶ **PLEBEIAN:** Hollywood has become very station-wagon conscious. Clark Gable has his equipped for hunting. The removable seats are replaced with a mattress made to fit the floor of the car and an icebox and stove fill the luggage space in the back.

Mickey Rooney arrived at a fashionable preview in his station wagon, escorting Judy Garland. After driving through the crowds to the front of the theater, the chauffeur opened the door in a most proper manner and the two stepped out decked in full evening attire.

Walter Pidgeon has converted his wagon into a dressing-room. He drives to the studio and parks in front of the sound stage where he is working. Cupboards are built in the sides to provide room for clothing.

Bette Davis drove her station wagon herself from New York to Hollywood



on her recent vacation. She stopped at auto camps and small hotels each night. The tire cover on the back reads, "Is Your Dog a Tailwagger?" Bette is president of the philanthropic canine organization.



▶ **AT ELEVEN** years of age Virginia Weidler occupies a niche of her own in the realm of child actresses. She is one of the outstanding scene-stealers in Hollywood. She was excellent in *The Women*, excelled in her role of a tomboy in *Our West With the Hardys*, and was a perfect *Bad Little Angel*. When she was two years old she played her first role with John Barrymore in *Moby Dick*. Her only stage appearance was with Francis Lederer in *Autumn Crocus*. Her latest role is Mickey Rooney's annoying little sister in *Young Tom Edison*.

Virginia is a serious child; acting to her is a definite business. She figures things out for herself, rehearses and learns her lines alone in her room. She is not pretty (and doesn't care) and has succeeded on ability alone.

Virginia speaks German and French fluently. Her father is a famous architect and her mother a former continental opera singer. Virginia is quite unspoiled. She is fifty-two inches tall and weighs sixty pounds. Spring is her favorite season, the out-of-doors her favorite place and acting her favorite work.

### DON'T MISS

▶ **NORTHWEST PASSAGE:** Another thrilling contribution to the screen history of Colonial America, based upon Kenneth Roberts' novel. Spencer Tracy, Robert Young and Walter Brennan.

▶ **THE MAGIC BULLET:** Life story of Dr. Paul Ehrlich, discoverer of Salvarsan. Edward G. Robinson with Ruth Gordon, Otto Kruger, Donald Crisp and Marie Ouspenskaya.

▶ **PINOCCHIO:** A worthy successor to *Snow White*. Lovely fantasy.

Jiminy Cricket nearly steals the show. Production started in 1937. It took a thousand people, including cameramen, musicians, actors (for voices) and technicians, besides five hundred artists to make the film.

▶ **BILL OF DIVORCEMENT:** Newcomer Maureen O'Hara as the dramatic self-sacrificing heroine, the role that brought fame to Katharine Cornell on the stage and Katharine Hepburn in pictures.

▶ **YOUNG TOM EDISON:** Mickey Rooney in a straight role. A fine American production.

## KAY MULVEY



### Quit Playing Ostrich

*Dear Editor:* I wish to add to the editorial on Working Wives which says, "Any law that denies to a woman the right to hold a job because she happens to be married to a man who works, is a violation of American rights and principles of freedom; it is also silly."

I contend that any executive, whether private or in public service, that does not hire the best help he can get for the wage, whether the employee is man or woman, married or single, is a damn poor executive.

Further—I contend that any American, whether man or woman, married or single, rich or poor, who does not do constructive work to the best of his or her ability is a damn poor citizen.

And when it is necessary to violate these principles our government needs fixing. The time has come to quit playing ostrich by refusing to see our faults.

C. E. C., Idaho

### On the Skids?

*Dear Editor:* I have just read the February issue of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and it has taken the sunshine out of the Florida sky and the joy out of my holiday here in the south.

What is the matter with the COMPANION? I never saw a duller less inspiring magazine. The stories were trite, the articles without interest and the fashions! Ye gods! Would you want any woman in your immediate family to appear disguised in one of those costumes?

The COMPANION is on the skids. It is stodgy and when it tries to be gay the effect is pitiful. Of course I am not compelled to read it.

A. B. B., Florida

### Pat on the Back

*Dear Editor:* I'd like to tell you how much we all have enjoyed your magazine for many years. When the mailman brings it I promptly drop what I'm doing and look at the Companion Way. After I've had a peep at the clothes and the food, I save the rest until I can look at everything without any interruptions. Then I start at the beginning and read everything and I usually find that the things I didn't think I'd like on first sight, are more interesting than some of the others. Of course there are always things we don't care for, but it would be a mighty dull world if everyone liked the same things, wouldn't it?

Anyway, it's a grand magazine and, Editors, give yourselves a pat on the back.

E. E. S., Pennsylvania

### Attack on the Food Surplus

*Dear Editor:* While looking through the February edition I found in the Dear Editor column an article by R. L. B. of Missouri about the wasteful female type. I must say I agree with him, but not merely for his idea concerning the fractured romantic illusion.

My honest opinion about the situation is that the cast-iron corsets and ludicrous reducing fads are an ac-

complice in this nation-wide unemployment condition. I believe the unemployment situation could be lessened if the American women would throw aside this false idea of type and help dispose of some of this food surplus. (Be careful, you may go to the extremes both ways.) There are a lot of American women and when they eat like they should they will eat a whale of a hole in the produce of the land.

Naturally, this will help the food market which in turn will aid the farmer in getting better prices for his produce. When the farming business picks up, that part of humanity that drifted to town because of insufficient farm wages, to take up any kind of a job for any price, thus lowering the wages of those that are better qualified for public offices, will come back to the farm, causing the elimination of some relief wards.

Don't be afraid to give the farmer his dues. He will put his money into circulation. The farm is the oldest form of business in the history of the world, and when we let the farm down we are breaking the backbone of the nation.

I. P., Mississippi

### Problem Parents

*Dear Editor:* Mrs. Blake and I have the same attitude toward children in that we are more interested in results than methods. Both are important but I believe many parents become so involved in details that they lose sight of the goal. And when they come to a hard spot they just give up and say, "Let George do it." Or worse yet say nothing and let things go undone.

I know I make many mistakes in dealing with my youngsters. Sometimes I marvel at their patience but above all they do seem to understand I am trying to do the right thing. They tell me when they think I am in error and sometimes I agree with them.

My oldest boy is twenty-one and working his way through a technical school of aircraft. When he was in high school he said, "Mom, if I ever live through this torture I'll never look another schoolbook in the face as long as I live." Thinking he

meant what he said I mourned heavily to myself. At twenty-one he announced, "Mother, you are right. I need more education. I can never succeed unless I have had more training."

So this proves rule 17 about rearing children: "Parents, be hopeful. The bending of the twig may not show up right away."

There is a plan afoot here in Los Angeles whereby problem children would be placed in residential schools. Besides being costly I am wondering about the disposition of the problem parents. We would still have them on our hands. The idea doesn't strike me favorably because I would like to see more rather than less responsibility assumed in the home.

J. E. S., California

### Nothing Cut and Dried

*Dear Editor:* Among all the so-called "glamour" publications, the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION stands out. In the past few years I have done a great deal of my own sewing, and therefore your fashion pages have been of considerable interest to me. May I compliment you on your clever way of presenting these patterns? Your method of showing the different ways a dress or suit can be made up out of the same pattern certainly is an improvement over the usual cut-and-dried advertisements on this order.

D. K., California

### Puerto Rican Champion

*Dear Editor:* I enjoy your magazine thoroughly and wait anxiously its arrival every month. I am terribly interested in your food calendar and get a kick out of selecting and testing its recipes.

I am looking forward to getting your booklet on candy. That tray illustrated in the December issue did stir something in me. I believe my son is entitled to have a mother who can make good candy. As he is still two years old I intend to practice from now on. By the time he is old enough to cry for candy I will be a champion, don't you think so? Anyway, I will do my best.

MRS. M. S. D., Puerto Rico

### American Marathon

*Dear Editor:* By chance last spring I learned of your service to travelers but did not realize the true benefit my sister and I were to receive. We got the May issue and sent Miss Sanford a note regarding our plans. From the material received we contacted every source to make our trip to California pleasant and easy. We went into seventeen states and Mexico going out and sixteen states and Canada returning. We visited the Grand Canyon, Boulder Dam, Catalina, Yosemite, Yellowstone, Richardson's Grove in the Redwood section of California, besides enjoying eight hundred and fifty miles of Pacific coastline from Long Beach to and about San Francisco. Our trip also included visits to both Fairs and of course many interesting spots between destinations. We drove a total of 10,545 miles. We left Massachusetts on June 29 and returned August 28, and still revel in the glorious beauty of our country.

May we take this opportunity of thanking you for the wonderful assistance you gave us.

L. E. F., Massachusetts

### Awful Gibberish

*Dear Editor:* Don't think that I haven't enjoyed your stories by new up-and-coming young authors—print them of course, but for heaven's sake don't imagine that the Elizabeth Hawes name on a story will have the same effect as that same name will have on a dress. Of all the awful gibberish that I have ever read in dime novels, Her House takes the cake. Those people, Annabelle and the others, are they supposed to be real? Is that thing supposed to have a plot? I say no! It reads like something that inadvertently slipped out of the manuscript reader's exit basket. If it was not intended as a joke, someone should either have told Miss H. that dialogue in a story is not written exactly as it is actually spoken (thank goodness for that) or at least prettied it up and oiled the joints.

E. A. M., New York

### Correction, With Apologies

*Dear Editor:* A statement made in the October WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION gives a false impression of Mount Holyoke College and one that does us injury. We are singled out as a college that requires "home work" of all students to reduce their expenses. It is true that we have a number of cooperative houses and that a limited number of girls by domestic work may lower their charges. In the field of cooperative work Mount Holyoke was an innovator, but such work has not been required of the student body for a great many years. In other words, in this respect there is no visible difference between our conditions and those of Wellesley and Smith, which the article names. The author of this particular article apparently drew on hearsay rather than first-hand investigation for this statement. I hope that the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION will make a correction.

ROSSELL G. HAM  
President of Mount Holyoke College



# LORETTA YOUNG

## shows you how to take an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL—



LUX SOAP IS A WONDERFUL BEAUTY CARE! FIRST PAT ITS ACTIVE LATHER LIGHTLY INTO YOUR SKIN

### Use cosmetics all you like—but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

Try Loretta Young's ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days! You'll find this care really works—helps guard against the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap during the day for a quick freshener, and at night to give skin the protection of perfect cleansing—protection it needs for beauty. Begin your ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS now! For extra economy, buy 3 cakes.



NEXT RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN COOL. YOUR SKIN IS LEFT REALLY CLEAN



NOW DRY THE FACE WITH QUICK LIGHT PATS. IT FEELS SOFTER, SMOOTHER. SEE HOW FRESH IT LOOKS!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



YOU want to have the charm of smooth, lovely-to-look-at skin. So don't fail to remove dust, dirt and stale cosmetics thoroughly—don't risk Cosmetic Skin. Let Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather give your skin protection it needs to stay lovely.



# Psychology Begins at Home

PSYCHOLOGY, like charity, begins at home; but with this difference, that when we say, "Charity begins at home," we mean that it should begin there; whereas when modern psychology says that psychology begins at home, it means that it does begin there, with no "should" or "but" or "perhaps" about it.

Speak of psychology today as the modern world understands it, and you imply not a remote study but an intimate study of man and his behaviors; that is to say what he does and thinks and hopes for and attains; you imply all those things which, working together with his relations to other human beings, constitute his character, his *self*; his success or failure, happiness or unhappiness, serviceableness or unserviceableness in the world.

And all these things, modern psychology says, begin at home. That is all very sweeping of course. Too sweeping to accept without question. Whose opinion is all this? How well warranted is it?

As it happens, it is not an opinion any longer. It used to be. For many centuries it was the opinion of the wise that the influence of the home upon the child and his later years was very great. That is clearly Solomon's opinion when he says that if you bring up a child in the way he should go he will not in his later years depart from it.

But today we are healthily skeptical. We live in an age of "why" and "how." We do not want opinions as much as we want to find out causes. "Ask science," we say, "and you may get a different answer."

But the modern scientific attitude of mind has stressed the home too in physical matters. Turn over your magazine pages and read with insight of the new inventions and comforts—to be had today at a comparatively small cost—designed to make the home more physically comfortable, convenient, efficient, restful, peaceful. The time-saving labor-saving devices all have this end in view. Then turn to another page—this one—on psychology in the home, and if you are modern-minded you will suspect rightly that here too, probably, is an article which deals with more comfort and peace and efficiency in the home.

JUST what does science mean when it says that psychology begins at home? Just what does that lead back to? It all leads back to, and is founded in, one central fact which in the last twenty years has come into particular prominence and acceptance. I mean the amazing responsiveness, the immense impressionability of the child, of the human being in his earliest years.

We have always known that children are sensitive, responsive. This has constituted for the world in general one of their chief charms. Tears one instant if they feel discomfort; smiles the next if they are offered consolation; desperate tears for almost no accountable reason; swift delight in response to something equally unaccountable; and so on and on and on. No one who has truly loved children but knows with exquisite appreciation that children are amazingly and acutely impressionable and responsive. But all this was not enough for fact-loving truth-loving science. She began turning her eyes very thoughtfully and earnestly on these facts; she began asking soberly, "Why?" "How?" and set patiently about answering her own questions.

Again there is not space to tell here what con-

stitutes one of the most fascinating and romantic chapters of modern psychology. It can only be told that men and women of intellect and power and interest lent themselves devotedly to explore the true meaning of the responsiveness of little children.

High above the heads of the rest, Pavlov, through his magnificent studies of responsiveness in animals, established certain facts that have remained since, like beacon lights to those who have followed.

His first step was a most careful study of the extreme delicacy and dependability of physical responses in dogs. Give a dog food and the salivary glands pour their secretions into the dog's mouth, always responsive, always to be depended on for their responses. This was a fact already well-known of course. But Pavlov went further, this time into what we now call "conditioning" of the dog's natural responses, that is to say, obtaining a response through a condition or association different from the original one. For instance: When the dog's salivary glands were to be called into normal action by giving him food, a bell was rung. This was done repeatedly, until through some delicate mechanism of the dog's being, an association between the ringing of the bell and the offering of the meat was established.

THEN came the dramatic discovery that after a time, when the bell was rung—even though no food was offered—the salivary glands began to work exactly as though the food were offered. In other words the dog's normal responses had been "conditioned," "changed," "influenced," by some outward happening or condition (the ringing of the bell) which was really in no way connected, except by association, with the normal responses.

It sounds like a little thing; yet that discovery, together with other work along the same line, may be said to have opened up a whole new world of child psychology and child understanding. Practically the whole of the psychology of learning is based on it. The child's great responsiveness established as a scientific fact, and the power to "condition" that responsiveness by associations—these two things opened up vast possibilities of dealing intelligently and wisely with children instead of emotionally and unwisely.

Just how did this come about?

Well, it was reasoned that if an animal is so sensitive in its responses and can be so influenced, so "conditioned," by that to which it is subjected, then children who are still more exquisitely sensitive can be definitely influenced, conditioned in much the same way.



DRAWING BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

sitely sensitive can be definitely influenced, conditioned in much the same way.

These experiments are well known. I only mention them as a reminder of the extreme impressionability and responsiveness of children. It is of course not difficult to translate all this into the daily happenings of home life. In the home, says psychology, children are being influenced, "conditioned," all the while. By direct means and through association they are learning all the time. Day after day the lessons, generally the same ones, are repeated and repeated; lessons in patience or in impatience, security or insecurity, gentleness or ungentleness, understanding or lack of understanding, and so on and on.

That they are learning is absolutely certain. The question is *what are they learning?*

"My baby is four months old," a mother writes me. "It frightens me to see her so terribly stubborn; for all my life I have been willful and stubborn too. What shall I do? What is the matter?"

As to what is the matter—nothing really is the matter. Everything is [CONTINUED ON PAGE 138]



A DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

ANNE BRYAN Mc CALL





**MORE "OOMPH" FOR SOUP!** Choose any variety, be sure it's piping hot—and (here's where the "oomph" comes in) serve with golden Ritz! Delicious? *Definitely!* Ritz always works this

flavor magic on the foods it is served with. A special baking process seals in Ritz' freshness. That's why more people prefer it—why it is so important to get the *one and only* Ritz!

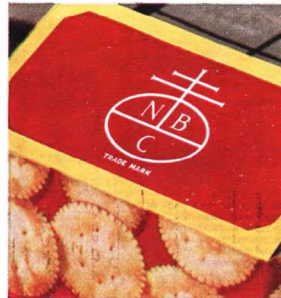
## You're inviting compliments\_\_when you serve RITZ crackers!



**EVENING GUESTS** will be satisfied with most anything you serve if Ritz goes with it—for Ritz is every one's favorite. Goes with all foods and beverages—or does a grand job of satisfying by itself. Eat it right out of the package if you want to know how good a cracker can be!



**RITZ-Y SPREADS!** Many a hostess has risen to fame with this simple party idea. A tray of assorted spreads—and plenty of Ritz! Your family will sit up and take notice, too, when Ritz glorifies the tomato juice and salad. Order a package of fresh, crunchy Ritz today!



**THIS FAMOUS RED NBC SEAL** has been the buying guide for generations of housewives who want the finest in bakery products. Look for it on the package of the biscuit you buy—and you will be assured of high quality, freshness and delicious flavor.

**IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE CRACKER • A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**



DRENE SHAMPOO OFFERS

EVERY WEEK FOR 4 WEEKS

**FREE! \$1,000 IN CASH**

**PLUS TEN \$100.00 CASH PRIZES AND 300 CERTIFICATES..**

Each Good For \$5.00 in Service at any Beauty Shop

**4 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS**

311 PRIZES WEEKLY  
START NOW  
ENTER EVERY WEEK  
UNTIL APRIL 13

**EASY!** FINISH THIS SENTENCE  
IN 25 WORDS OR LESS:

*"I like Drene because..."*

**These Sensational Prizes Are Offered Solely To Induce You To Try Drene Shampoo**

—So Revolutionary It Reveals Up to 33% More Lustre In Your Hair

**WIN! ENTER NOW!** 311 chances to win each week in this thrilling new Drene contest. \$1,000 cash first prize—plus TEN \$100 bills. And 300 beauty shop service prizes worth \$5.00 each—must be won every week for 4 weeks. Four separate weekly contests! 1244 chances to win—\$14,000 worth of prizes in all!

**SO EASY, YOU CAN ENTER OFTEN** and multiply your chances of winning. For all you do is complete this sentence: "I like Drene because..." in 25 words or less! Think of it! Taking a few minutes to do this right now may bring you a big cash prize, or a valuable beauty certificate!

Try Regular Drene or Special Drene for Dry Hair today—see how beautifully they reveal hair lustre. And leave hair easy to dress after washing.

**HELPFUL FACTS.** So many thousands use Drene—it's America's largest selling shampoo. Procter & Gamble laboratory tests prove Drene gives these four glorifying advantages over finest soaps: (1) Hair washed with Drene is up to 33% more lustrous! (2) Has a smoother, silkier feel. (3) Retains more elasticity. (4) Takes lovely, long-lasting permanent waves with less steaming time.

Drene's revolutionary new cleansing ingredient gives *new-type* creamy lather. That sweeps away dirt, grease and loose dandruff... **AND most amazing,** doesn't leave drab, dull film (bathtub ring) as soaps do. That's why you don't need lemon or vinegar after-rinses. Why your hair's



1200 Beauty Certificates must be won! Each good as cash at your favorite beauty shop—worth \$5.00 in service! That helps buy you a lovely new permanent wave. Or luxurious facials, shampoos, hair sets, manicures galore! You'll feel like a queen!

hidden lustre—up to 33% more lustre—is so thrillingly revealed!

Amazingly easy to use. Because Drene gives 5 times more lather than soap in hardest water—it's surprisingly economical. A single tablespoonful is enough for a thorough, cleansing shampoo. Many people find it easier to spread this small amount of Drene throughout the hair quickly, by mixing it first with ¼ cup of water. So economical the whole family can enjoy it.

**DON'T DELAY!** You can use \$1,000 cash. Enter right now! 311 chances to win every week for 4 weeks. Send as many entries as you please—starting today. Get a Drene Shampoo at your beauty shop. Or get Drene at your drug, department or 10¢ store. Mail your entry today!

**Radio** For contest news and prize winners tune in a "Midstream" Monday through Friday, Jimmie Fidler on Tuesday. See news-papers for time and stations.

**EASY, SIMPLE RULES**

- Simply complete the sentence: "I like Drene because..." in 25 additional words or less. Write on one side of any sheet of paper. Print or write plainly your name and address. Please add no extra letters, drawings, or photographs with your entry.
- Mail entries to Drene, Box 144, Cincinnati, Ohio. You may enter as many times each week as you choose, but each entry must be accompanied by a Drene carton front (or facsimile). Or a signed sales slip from your beauty shop (testifying you've had a Drene shampoo. Be sure to use sufficient postage).
- There will be four weekly contests each with a separate list of prizes. A grand prize of \$1,000 cash, ten \$100 bills and 300 Beauty Certificates, each worth \$5.00 in service at your beauty shop will be given away each week.
- Entries received before Sunday, March 17, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, Saturday, April 1.

CONTEST	OPENS	CLOSES
First	Open now	March 23
Second	March 24	March 30
Third	March 31	April 6
Fourth	April 7	April 13

5. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Decisions of the judges will be final. Fancy entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contests, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

6. Any resident of continental United States and the Dominion of Canada may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies, and their families. Contests are subject to all Federal, Dominion and Local regulations.

7. Winners of grand prizes will be announced shortly after each contest closes over Drene's radio programs, "Jimmie Fidler" and "Midstream." Other winners will be notified by mail.



Reveal the hidden glory of your hair with Drene Shampoo! All drug, department and 10¢ stores have it.

**THESE SAMPLE SENTENCES AND HINTS MAY HELP YOU WIN—SAVE THEM!**



**Easy, Economical.** Drene makes 5 times more suds than soap in hardest water. Doesn't leave dull film (bathtub ring) as soaps do. No special after-rinses needed.



**Alluring Hair.** Your hair reveals its lovely natural lustre—is smooth, silky, thrilling to feel after Drene. Easy to dress becomingly right after washing.



**Lovely Permanents!** Hair washed with Drene takes lovely, long-lasting permanent waves with less steaming time (as much as 16% less) than soap-washed hair.

Drene is so different, and glorifies your hair so thrillingly, dozens of ideas for sentences will pop into your mind right away. Remember—all users of Drene—either Regular Drene or Special Drene for Dry Hair—are eligible to enter and win!

Simply decide what things you like best about Drene and complete your sentence. For example, sentences like these may win: "I like Drene because it simply does wonders for my dull, dry-looking hair—leaving it more lustrous and easy to fix than I ever dreamed possible."

Or—"I like Drene because all my friends compliment me on the way my hair sparkles and shines—show-

ing its true beauty since I've switched to this wonderful shampoo!"

Or—"I like Drene because it makes so much lather and gets my hair sparkling clean quickly and easily without the bother of using lemon or vinegar rinses."

These sentences are only examples. Just tell us your experiences with Drene in your own way. And your way may win! Read the leaflet in all Drene cartons for further hints. Remember, you don't have to be a professor or a fancy writer to win. Just write your own honest opinion of Drene—exactly as you'd tell it to a friend. And don't think for a minute that your sentence can't win! Let the judges decide. Mail it today!





She said sharply,  
"We expected  
you at midnight"

# FAMILY REUNION

A MURDER MYSTERY

DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

ALMOST every family lists one individual with a rare quality of magnetism and personal excitement whose words and acts and even mannerisms pass into legend after he is gone. My great-grandfather, from the moment of his founding birth to his dramatic death in a runaway carriage, was such an individual. At sixteen years he was a full-fledged hero, smuggling slaves from bondage in the south to freedom in the north. Three times John S. Hieronomo narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of infuriated plantation owners whose human property he had spirited away.

His zest and appetite for living were with him until the end. He learned a creditable waltz when he was more than fifty, conquered Greek and Latin at fifty-five and must have been nearly sixty when he decided to open and operate a banking house. At seventy-two, more than six feet tall, straight as an arrow and crowned with red unfaded hair, he won the love of a woman a third his

age and would have married her except for a pair of spirited and skittish horses terrified by an incoming train. John S. Hieronomo undoubtedly was the great man of my family.

Tales of my great-grandfather's daring and intrepid deeds, tales of the fortune he made and lost, of the gold he carried always in his purse, scorning currency and any metal so base as silver,



were my childhood's common fare. So vivid were my father's stories I almost felt I knew John S. Hieronomo, just as, when I was ten, I felt I knew each vast room of the splendid house built in far-off Maryland to be an enduring monument to the glory of the founder of the family.

But after all, at twenty-four one lives in the present. It did not occur to me that my great-grandfather's will, probated in 1913 and typical of his generation and feudalistic type of mind, would plunge us all into tragedy. I knew so well the provisions of that amazingly short-sighted will, the clause providing that "Hieronomo House, my Mount Hope residence, be held for a period of twenty-five years as a common dwelling place for the members of my blood."

➔ WHAT my great-grandfather calmly overlooked was that his once substantial fortune had dwindled to the point where his residuary estate was barely large enough to cover the taxes and upkeep on a residence of thirty rooms. In short, he left Hieronomo House and virtually nothing else. His hapless heirs—his three living children and two orphaned grandchildren—could not sell the house, nor could they afford to live in it. My great-aunts and my Great-uncle Richard made occasional visits to the little village of Mount Hope, opened Hieronomo House and I dare say warmed themselves with the glories of the past, but this my father had refused to do.

"I left Maryland forever," he would say, "when Grandfather was buried. Wisconsin is my home. But some day, Anne, I hope that you can see Hieronomo House."

The story of everything that happened in Mount Hope really began when I received my Great-aunt Amanda's letter, announcing that John S. Hieronomo's will at last had run its course. For at her invitation I took leave from an unexciting job in Wisconsin to attend that ill-starred reunion of my father's family, which was planned—or so I thought then—to mark the closing of an era in a fitting, a formal and a seemly way.

I destroyed Aunt Amanda's letter long ago, but I can see exactly the slanting Spencerian hand, the old-fashioned rolling phrases. My

## ILLUSTRATOR MARIO COOPER

Great-aunt Amanda had written:

Dear Anne:

Hieronomo House is to become a hotel. My dearly beloved father met his death on Thanksgiving Day, twenty-five years ago, and accordingly we are at liberty to settle his estate. Father's cherished dream that Hieronomo House remain forever in the family, that one of his heirs would buy out the share of the others, has sadly failed of realization.

This is your last chance to see the place that meant so much to all of us before it passes into alien hands. I am calling a meeting of the surviving Hieronomos so that we may discuss the sale, sit for the last time at my father's board and for the last time pay reverence to that name whose luster time cannot fade or tarnish.

Affect your great-aunt,  
AMANDA HIERONOMO SILVER  
Postscriptum: Please come, dear. I beg of you. We need your presence and your youth at what will be, in all likelihood, a final gathering of the Hieronomos.

It was a touching letter. Nothing in it hinted at the violence to come or suggested the anxieties that must have been in my great-aunt's mind and heart when she sent out her summons.

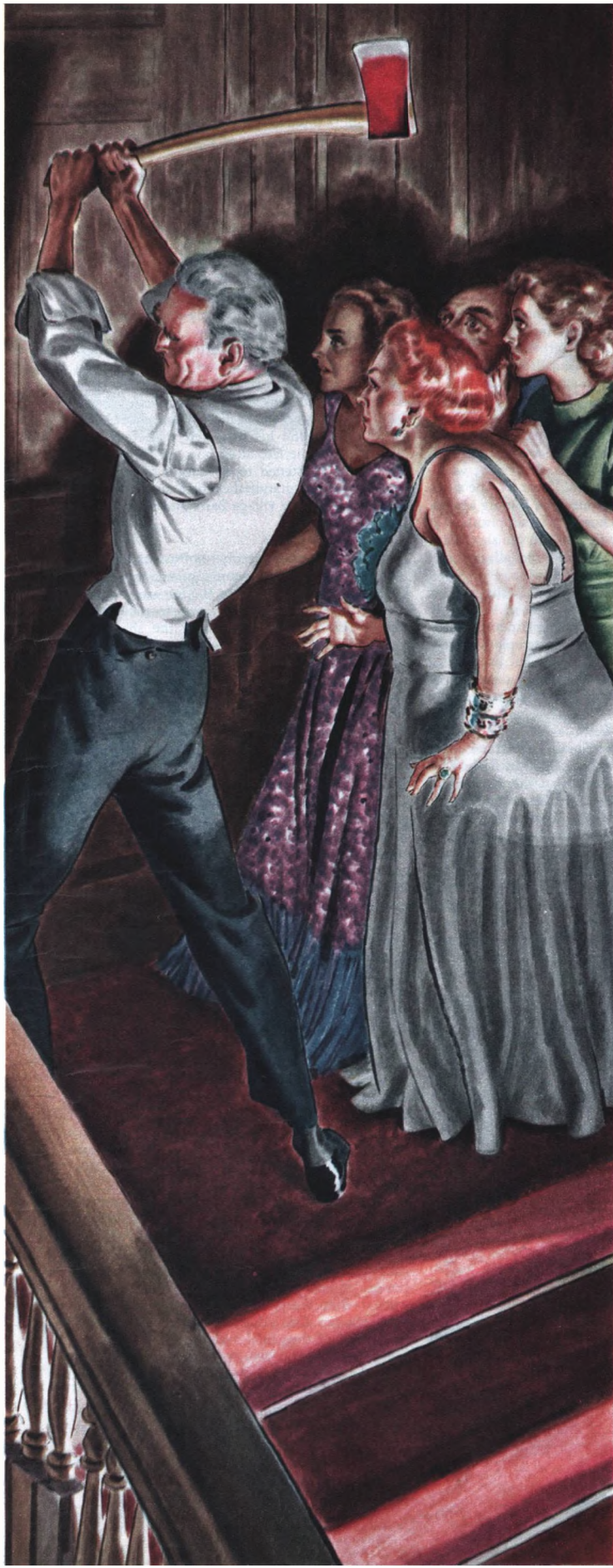
➔ THERE was nothing actually to hold me back. My mother died when I was only three and since Dad's death I was accountable to no one except myself. The date suggested by Aunt Amanda made it easy for me to arrange the details of the journey. After my graduation from the University of Wisconsin I was lucky enough to obtain a job in the college offices. The school vacation for Thanksgiving coincided neatly with the date set for the reunion and my request for a few extra days was promptly granted.

On the twenty-second of November in a state of high excitement I started toward Mount Hope. I had met none of the eastern members of the family. My opinions of my father's kin were preconceived and juvenile and curious contradictions existed in my mind. For instance although I knew that Hoy Hieronomo, my father's first cousin,



*Ghosts of ancient hatreds haunt the dim old mansion and chill with swift murder the happiness of two young lovers. A gripping new novel by the author of Strawstack*





had a son older than myself, I somehow pictured Hoy Hieronomo as young and vital and ambitious, and not as a tired defeated man who had become a perfumery salesman with a stomach ulcer. I knew that my Great-uncle Richard was nearly sixty, that for more than twenty years, accompanied by a semi-invalid wife, he had barnstormed through the south, an aging, unsuccessful and quite bad actor. In defiance of these facts I pictured Uncle Richard as a young handsome man with coal-black hair and glowing lambent eyes.

➤ THE aunts who brought up my father—Great-aunt Amanda and Great-aunt Patience—were more difficult to pigeonhole in such a fashion. Great-aunt Patience had taught Greek and Latin in a Baltimore finishing school since her father's death. Also, Great-aunt Patience liked to send photographs at Christmas and these annual offerings disclosed that her plaintive admission that she was growing "a trifle stout" was rank understatement.

Amanda was the elder of the sisters. I knew that Aunt Amanda's life had not been easy. I knew something of her valiant efforts to keep alive her husband, a neurotic brilliant lawyer who finally drank himself into pneumonia. It was after Silver's death that she moved into Hieronomo House and began to act as a hostess to any of the family who cared to visit. She could hardly afford to heat the mansion, but she managed by some legerdemain to keep two servants. She might not have enough to eat but someone else set out the plate.

Amanda had been Dad's favorite aunt. He had spoken of her always as spirited and gay, as a daring and accomplished horsewoman. In the light of that melancholy letter, I'm afraid I swung to an opposite extreme and just stopped short of picturing her as a frail and beautiful old lady cozily ensconced in a wheel-chair.

The main point is of course that I expected to find at Hieronomo House the people whom my father in his youth had known and loved. I forgot the changes that might be wrought by the passage of twenty-five years. I forgot that not only could physical appearances change, but that character too could change. I forgot that people of one's own blood could be strangers, inscrutable and mysterious to the end.

I arrived in Mount Hope on November twenty-fourth, late at night and in the midst of a blind-

ing snowstorm. Stiff with weariness, chilled more by anticipatory nerves than by actual cold, I stepped from the train. There was no one waiting on the platform. I peered uncertainly toward a shed-like unlighted station, heard behind me the mournful whistle of the train, the snort of the laboring locomotive. Suddenly from the darkness came a long unearthly scream. I jumped and whirled around.

I saw the plunging frightened horses before I saw my Great-aunt Amanda. An old-fashioned carriage was pulled up beside the station. An ancient Negro was struggling with tangled reins, sawing back and forth across the dashboard, his panic equaling the panic of the beasts. A tall slim booted figure had leaped from the carriage to work at the tangled reins. There was no panic in the voice which cajoled the horses and sought to calm the demoralized Negro.

"There, there, Princess. Quiet, Betsy! Easy does it, Amos. Betsy has a tender mouth."

All this occurred very swiftly. Actually the train had not yet pulled out when the situation was solved. The horses calmed, the Negro calmed, the reins were straightened. The booted figure turned and ran toward the platform. A low hoarse voice called:

"Anne! Anne! Are you off, my dear?"

My Great-aunt Amanda swept me into her embrace. There were tears in Aunt Amanda's voice as she held me off and said:

"Let me look at Gavin's child. You aren't like him, my dear. You haven't got the Hieronomo nose. That's lucky. Your mother must have been a lovely woman."

➤ BEHIND us a line of yellow windows slid by. I looked at her. She was tall, she wore riding clothes—her usual garb—and her head was bare. Her short dark hair—she hadn't inherited the fiery locks of the Hieronomos—was shot with gray and her thin lined face bore the marks of care and suffering. But I can't remember that I've ever seen a woman who seemed so vital and confident and alive.

Before I thought I said, "You aren't in the least like your letter. I was expecting—"

She waited. "What were you expecting, Anne?"

"Someone—older," I admitted, unwilling to acknowledge the complete absurdity of my mental picture. "Your letter—"

It seemed to me she hesitated. Then she laughed. "I wouldn't be above a little minor trickery to gain an—an important end. We Hieronomos," her arm tightened on my own, "have been too

"We're coming," Richard shouted and raised the flashing blade



long apart." She piloted me across the slippery yielding ground and toward the station. "Sister Patience is waiting in the carriage."

I became aware of the agitated mountainous shape that overflowed the rear seat of the conveyance. It was too dark to see distinctly the younger of my great-aunts, but years of photographs helped me fill in the gaps. There were, I knew, small bright eyes beneath peaked brows. The round moonlike face was crowned by crimped hair dyed such a brilliant red that even darkness could not subdue the color. I hadn't counted on that hair, nor had I been prepared to find Great-aunt Patience quite so large. She may have read the thought, for she said, chuckling:

"You wouldn't believe, would you, dear, that I was once as slim as you? And now getting in and out a carriage taxes me."

➤ I CAN'T quite explain why I liked her less than Amanda. It is equally difficult to explain why I sensed between the dissimilar sisters a kind of tension—almost like jealousy. Amanda stood by silently while Patience was wheezing and exclaiming but finally said:

"Let the child catch her breath, Patience. She hasn't spoken to Amos yet."

Amos? With a sense of shock I turned toward the Negro. I had been brought up on anecdotes of Amos, my great-grandfather's body servant, the loyal and devoted black who had followed John S. Hieronomo everywhere like a faithful dog and had almost followed him to his grave. Still I had not realized that he would be so old. Amos took my hand in a trembling wrinkled palm. Tears spilled down his face.

"Welcome to Mount Hope, Miss Anne. Welcome to your father's child. The old order," he said with a floweriness that somehow did not seem inappropriate, "passes and youth comes on to take the stage. I suppose we should thank God that life itself is indestructible."

"Indeed we should," said Aunt Amanda dryly. "Get in, Anne. I'll drive, Amos, since we're dropping you in the village. Take care, Anne, the step's quite high." She laughed a little. "I dare say it's your first experience with a horse-drawn carriage."

"Yes," I said as Amos wrapped a blanket around my knees. "I think it's rather nice."

"We Hieronomos haven't much run to cars.

Progress has passed us by." Again I heard her little chuckle. "Sister Patience"—the light tone carried a thread of malice—"brought her machine down from Baltimore but, as it turned out, she didn't care to drive."

The rear seat emitted an indignant little creak. "There's no point taking risks."

As I was soon to learn, Patience loved her car and indeed everything she owned, and took few if any risks with her possessions.

Having annoyed her sister Amanda slapped the reins and at a surprising speed Princess and Betsy started off. Everything seemed unreal and strange and yet in some curious way familiar too. The feeling was enormously strengthened when presently we turned into the silent drowsing village.

Mount Hope was almost exactly as my father had seen it in his youth. The serene old houses that crowded the modern and unbeautiful shops from either side of the square were dignified and lovely in the white haze of the snow. A frozen fountain, white and still, marked the spot where the old slave block had been. Near by, the stone figure of a man with a stone child leaning against his knee and a woman kneeling in supplication at his feet, gazed forever toward the vanished slave block. We paused a moment in the falling snow. Aunt Amanda pointed with her whip.

"Your great-grandfather, Anne," she said as though in introduction.

With which she drove at a fast clip around the square and stopped before the steepled church. Here, to my surprise, the Negro left us. Amos, who worked daytimes on the lawns and gardens of Hieronomo House, acted also as janitor for the village Methodists.

➤ "NECESSITY drives us all," remarked Aunt Amanda as we waited until a light flashed inside the church to indicate that the Negro had safely reached his modest basement room. "Nowadays Amos has to piece out a living with a second job. I don't pay him enough to keep a fly alive."

"You manage to keep a couple on the place," observed her sister. "If you want my opinion, Amos is worth a dozen like the Frawleys. Eliot is always ailing and Wanda seems to feel herself superior to any kind of work."

Amanda seldom commented when others criticized her own arrangements but, as I was to discover, she never changed them. Quite unruffled,

she replied: "One must pay for service, Patience. No doubt I should have been blessed with money."

With unusual and unexpected bitterness Patience spoke.

"So should every one of us!" she said and then she laughed and tried to make a joke of what had been a burst of honest feeling.

Long before we reached Hieronomo House, Patience was fast asleep. Amanda herself must have been very weary, but quite deliberately she had set herself the task of qualifying me as a member of the family. The talk of the past was gay and vivid but I suppose my youth made me want to hear about the present. I was interested in Cousin Hoy and I had a natural feminine interest in the son whose age was so near my own, the Glenn Hieronomo who was studying to become a doctor. I heard only that the two were driving down from Boston on the morrow and that Great-uncle Richard and his wife were expected from New York in the late afternoon. With growing restlessness I listened to anecdotes of the days when my great-grandfather had raced trotting horses and run the village bank and acted as the village mayor.

➤ AT LAST quite suddenly—at least an hour had slipped away—Great-aunt Amanda was silent. Directly off the road and to the left stretched an iron fence, tall and proud, which enclosed a steeply rising hill studded with the shapes of trees and shrubs. No house was visible, no pinprick of light pierced the swirling snow.

"Our grounds," said Aunt Amanda, "lie beyond the fence. Hieronomo House itself is on the hill. You're almost home, my dear."

I was staring at the fence. Two tall stone supports, presenting grilled ornamental gates, interrupted the marching spikes. The gates were closed. The horses hesitated and then went on.

I said stupidly, "Isn't—haven't we passed the entrance?"

"Nowadays," said Aunt Amanda, "we use the entrance on the side. It was Father's wish that the central gates be locked until some member of the family was in permanent residence. And we have honored it."

"I see," I said rather faintly.

The side gates stood open to the road. Princess and Betsy, quite unguided, turned in unison and started to mount a twisting snowy path whose outlines were virtually invisible. Cedars and cypress, bent low with their frosty burden, enclosed us like a vault. At last the trees gave way and we were in the open. The horses stopped.

"Let me help unwind you, dear," said Aunt Amanda, now quite matter-of-fact. She pulled the blanket from my knees and turned to awaken Patience. I alighted.

➤ THE open space, blanketed in white and bare as an arena, directly fronted the great dim bulk of Hieronomo House. My great-grandfather's home, as I was to discover in the morning, wasn't so vast, so chilling and so magnificent as I thought when first I glimpsed its somber grandeur in the whirling snow. Four tremendous Doric columns, fully five feet in diameter, composed the massive portico of Hieronomo House and continued upward to form the pillars of an iron-circled balcony above. On either side stretched severely simple wings, their final outlines lost in shadows.

"You'll find the bell beside the door," called Aunt Amanda. "The servants are waiting up for us."

I stepped between the huge columns, found a bell and rang it. A door opened so suddenly and so abruptly that it was almost as though someone in the darkened [CONTINUED ON PAGE 58]





# Lucky Rosalind

CECILIA L. SCHULZ

➤ AT SIX months Rosalind is a charmer. Despite her great personal appeal, however, she is interesting not as one fortunate specimen but as a representative of all the 1939 crop of babies.

The things that *won't happen* to Rosalind, the physical ills and mental snarls she will dodge, make her luck more thrilling than any adventure. Because she was born in 1939 Rosalind will automatically escape much suffering.

The physical "save Rosalind" campaign was inaugurated when she was still a remote possibility. Before her parents married they obtained health credentials. A double-barreled history of diabetes would have resulted in a vote against children; they knew that two diabetic parents are a bad risk. They knew that syphilis can be contracted in innocent ways so they checked and double-checked on it.

The next step in Rosalind's health career came when she was only a few cells old. Her mother's physician ordered a diet to protect the mother's constitution and provide Junior—as Rosalind was mistakenly called then—with adequate nourishment. This diet was loaded with the stuff that makes good bones and teeth.

Now that Rosalind is an independent unit, her doctor continues to supervise her menu. His prescribed diet is her blanket insurance against all known deficiency diseases. Rickets, scurvy, beriberi, pellagra, ophthalmia will be merely funny names to this child. At six months her meals of strained vegetables, fruit juices, egg yolk, cereal and cut-to-order formula are reinforced by two daily doses of cod-liver oil. In addition to staving off diseases of faulty nutrition, this regime fortifies Rosalind against colds and other common infections.

➤ AS SOON as Rosalind returned from the hospital she was launched on a daily outdoor period. These outings began with a modest fifteen-minute affair which was gradually worked up to a crescendo of several hours. At six months, neither snow nor rain stays this baby from her appointed fresh-airing (of course in a sheltered place). As a sun-kissed aerated product, Rosalind is increasing her resistance against infectious disease.

Safely carried over her first health hurdle—congenital disease—guarded against deficiency diseases, fortified against common infections, Rosalind is off to a head start. The next gantlet she has to run includes the diseases of childhood,

the contagious diseases mothers dread.

By a miracle of prophylaxis now become prosaic routine, Rosalind is immunized against smallpox and diphtheria. These dread diseases are—or should be—escapable for all her contemporaries.

The Lady Next Door says that as soon as her children were old enough to have measles, they had them. If the measles didn't come to the children, the children were sent to the measles. She does not mention that one of them had broncho-pneumonia as an aftermath of sought-after measles!

But Rosalind will never be deliberately exposed to this or to any other disease. Her mother knows that measles is not a must of childhood. Possible complications make the infection something to be avoided rather than sought.

In spite of being new at the game, Rosalind's mother has worked up a bowing acquaintance with the symptoms of the usual childhood diseases. She understands that in contagion, the sooner the doctor gets in his innings, the better. She knows that in some contagious diseases—such as scarlet fever—the use of antitoxin may be required early in the illness. No doctor will say to her: "But why didn't you call me sooner?"

Rosalind is guarded against tuberculosis in various ways. Her rigid regime arms her with a strong resistance; the milk in her formula comes from tuberculin-tested cows. Modern campaigning and dissemination of knowledge are reducing the danger of tuberculosis infection through contact. Her periodic health check-up will reveal any suspicious symptoms.

The doctor advises that Rosalind be kept in even temperature when indoors as a precaution against winter colds. Modern heating and insulating make it possible for her parents to carry out this admonition.

Incidentally Rosalind's mother knows that per-



son-to-person cold infection is common; when she has a cold, she goes in for a nose-and-mouth mask while taking care of Rosalind.

Should the baby have an earache with fever or a discharging ear, Rosalind's mother will not drop warm oil into the offending member or plug it with cotton. She will call the doctor and abide by his expert advice. In this way Rosalind may escape mastoiditis.

➤ IF THE family physician decides that Rosalind's tonsils are not becoming to her health, as soon as she is three out they will come.

An abundance of fruits and vegetables in her diet makes for normal elimination and her parents realize the necessity of routine and habit in emptying the lower bowel. Nothing is permitted to interfere with the baby's morning evacuation.

Rosalind's weight and growth are being carefully checked by her doctor and will be during her entire childhood. If she does not attain normal weight or height, he will find out why; thus glandular disturbance or incipient disease will be detected.

Because Rosalind was born into an era of prophylaxis she escapes many health hazards. Because she was born into an age of authentic medical knowledge for parents, the number of avoidable diseases is still greater. Decidedly, Rosalind showed great intelligence in making her appearance during the summer of 1939.

Measles, colic, diphtheria needn't happen to your baby either.  
Read this fine article on the fortunate babies of today



# A *Anna Maria-Mary*

➔ "MEN with wings? Riders with wings?"

Stuart H. demanded.

"Yes," said the girl.

"I might concede your knights in armor but when you add wings," he said flatly, "I object. In other words I don't believe it."

"But you will," she nodded, "some day."

She was, he thought, an odd number. Men couldn't figure her out easily. Some of them would say she was a Czech and some would say she was an Austrian, but seldom did anyone guess right. Anna Maria she was to herself, and Mary Ann to Stuart H. Tawny-gold hair curled above her gray Slav's eyes that looked right into you.

Slender, long-legged, graceful as an animal and restless—no, Anna Maria didn't fit any pattern he knew.

She chattered like an actor and yet all the while she seemed to understand just what he was thinking. Why, with those lips and that profile the girl could be in the pictures, but she hardly knew what they were, or cared.

She scuffed her sandals in the dust and she borrowed his American cigarettes, one after another. She had a muslin dress without any store cut to it, but the warm breeze whipped it around her like a drapery. It was hot in August, in Warsaw.

Anna Maria seemed to know every corner of it

and people certainly knew her. The attendant at the gray stone royal palace kissed her hand and opened the door for them although it was after hours and he had locked the door for the day.

"He doesn't mind." Anna Maria smiled, leading Stuart H. over the inlaid floors past the portraits of old kings—Sobieski, Sigismund and the others. "Now I will show you what you do not believe."

But Stuart H. was watching Anna Maria, not the portraits. She liked all this old-time stuff, yet she liked him, Stuart H. Anthony who had sailed from Boston harbor with an itching foot and a desire to see some of the great unknown spaces of



So she loved a man  
as much as all that



# Anna

the world. He was six feet, his passport said, and he had a white mark on a cheekbone left there by a football cleat not so long ago. This quest for the unknown had brought him to Poland, concerning which he knew just two facts: it had a Corridor and Paderewski, who still played the piano.

"There he is," said Anna Maria at a doorway. "Look at him."

On a life-sized horse sat a helmeted man. Light linked plates of armor covered him and gold glistened on the armor. His hand gripped a lance about ten feet long. And the lance had something like a flag hanging from it. At the rider's

knees the long hilts of a brace of pistols showed above the leopard skin that covered the saddle.

"You win," Stuart H. laughed. For behind the rider's shoulders rose a pair of wings—eagle's wings, fastened there. It all looked strangely real although it was a museum piece.

"It is a Polish winged hussar," said Anna Maria admiringly; "an honorable fighting man a long time ago."

It must have been a long time ago, Stuart H. thought. The rider's sword carried a cross at the hilt and there was a cross on the chain at Anna Maria's throat.

"In the time of Sobieski," Anna Maria said, "these winged hussars beat back the Turks and Tartars and those Teutonic knights."

They wouldn't be much use today, the American reflected, against one machine gun—not a whole troop of those grandfathers of the Polish lancers. A queer notion, that of the wings; but then these Poles were queer.

He showed Anna Maria the time on his wrist watch just then. It was long after four, when she was supposed to be back at the hotel.

"It doesn't matter," she dismissed the time. "You see I'm always late. Besides, I have another idea." Her long eyes searched his face. "Come and see what is in the sky, out there."

➤ THE sunset came through the trees of the Krasinskich; the children were going home. Dark men with long hair clustered together, their velvet caps nearly touching—orthodox Jews, who glanced incuriously at the American. A bell somewhere clanged a summons to vespers and the children began to hurry. The faces of the children were brown, intent—vital as Anna Maria's slender body pacing beside him through the shadows.

Through the trees lights winked out. Droschies clattered over the cobbles. Above the trees the cathedral towers stood dark against the sunset.

An old city, Stuart H. thought, a drowsy place, and the people were like children. And he had heard that Warsaw was a paradise for spies!

Anna Maria, sitting in the grass, watching the sunset, was strangely silent. She seemed perfectly content to do anything the American wanted but at times her mind wandered off into the part of her that was only Polish.

"What was your idea to do now?" Stuart H. asked. "Really, I mean?"

After careful consideration Anna Maria nodded. "I would like to go to the mountains in Switzerland for my bride moon—what do you call it?"

"Honeymoon?"

"That is it. Once I went so far as the Italian frontier and I saw a Swiss village down below. There was a guard at that place but he was young and I told him to be a good boy and let me go down there. He said all right but I must be back before six o'clock when his relief came. But I forgot and I was late. So the new guard would not let me go back over the pass and it became dark."

Anna Maria's eyes gleamed reminiscently. "So of course I began to cry and he said, go along, lady—only stop crying. The Swiss people are very kind in their mountains but I do not think I can go there for my bride—honeymoon."

"Why not?" Stuart H. asked. Because this girl seemed to get around. She had a way of getting things done.

Her eyes looked at him and saw something else. "Because I am afraid." She stretched out on the grass studying the sky. "Of that, of the sky. And the wings." The red glow of sunset touched her brow and her loose hair. "I am afraid of falling, from the sky. It is safe in the mountains, in Switzerland."

"All right," said Stuart H. "We'll go there."

## HAROLD LAMB

When he moved to touch her, her slight face turned to him, noticing him. "Some men," she laughed, "did not have good manners. And I did not like them."

She held out her hands to the American. "But I like you and I will walk wit' you."

She nodded gravely as a child making a decision.

"I like you because you are kind, like the Swiss. Only you do not understand very much."

Holding out her arms to him, her eyes half closed, she looked like the sprite of an ancient woodland. If she'd only make up her face, or carry a compact, or put perfume of some kind on her warm throat—then she wouldn't seem to be so elfin and young. And he wouldn't sense the fragrance of her skin; he wouldn't be just a dumb idiot, loving her.

"Don't think so much," he heard her voice. "It doesn't matter so much, does it?"

She stood beside him, took his hand. "Come, now I will give you a glass of honey wine at Fukier's." In some way that queer Slav's mind of hers had made a choice that Stuart H. did not understand.

➤ IN FACT Anna Maria didn't do anything the way she ought to, efficiently. Her job was to be at the desk in the Hotel Brighton where most of the foreigners put up. At the desk opposite the concierge's she was supposed to greet guests in half a dozen languages and answer the phone. As a matter of fact she seemed to run the lobby and the men there from Jan the head porter to the gateman seemed to worship her.

Rand, registering at her desk, gave her a compliment and an English passport at the same time. Anna Maria looked twice at the picture in the passport and smiled at him. That afternoon before she was free at four o'clock she phoned Stuart H. in his room.

"It's me. I am so sorry—do you mind very

## Poland's capital under the shadow of war—and a man in love with a gallant girl

much if we should not go to Wilnova this afternoon?" She wanted, she explained, to see a friend who had come to Warsaw for just a little time. Besides, it was late, and it might perhaps rain.

Although he didn't say so, Stuart H. did mind. Especially when he went out at the cool presunset hour and saw Anna Maria's familiar figure at the corner ahead of him. Rand was with her, hailing a taxi, and she had on a party dress. The white gloves in her hand looked strangely out of place. Jan, who stood at the door, was watching them curiously.

After that she didn't phone Stuart H. He saw her at odd times with Rand and he told himself that was natural enough. Because Rand, a Britisher, had the manner a girl would like.

Rand, to Stuart H. who only saw the pair of them from a distance, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 41]





# Snow in April

## MÉLANIE BENETT

THE sound of their voices, their irrepressible little bursts of laughter, were like the excited twitterings of birds. The thin young curate shushed them gently when the chatter rose too high and clear. Patrick of course was late. Arden stood surrounded by the eight girls who were to be her bridesmaids. This was only the rehearsal. Tomorrow the bishop would officiate; there would be lilies banked across the chancel, heaped on the altar; the bridesmaids would wear deep ivory velvet with caps and sashes of autumn flowers, instead of today's casual furs and tweeds.

But even today Arden Forrest was lovelier than any of them; tall as a lily, her small dark head carried high. Happiness was alive in her soft laughter, in her sea-gray eyes, making them change color as the sea does with every passing shadow of mood. Patrick's best man, Tommy Weaver, stood beside her, his nice eyes worried.

"I'm terribly sorry, Arden. I meant to have lunch with Pat and get him here in time. Only someone called him up and he went off."

"It doesn't matter, Tommy. He'll be along. Patrick hasn't the faintest idea of time—"

"Tomorrow—" said Tommy, "tomorrow I'll handcuff him. We'll make no mistakes!"

Arden's laughter lilted softly. Tomorrow she and Patrick would be married. Happiness seemed to spill over in her like a too full cup. Marmee came rustling up to them, wringing her hands in a familiar gesture of helpless indecision. Her fading golden head, under its slightly too fussy black hat, came barely to her tall stepdaughter's shoulder. "Arden darling, what are we going to do? Patrick isn't here?"

"He's here now," said Arden knowing instantly the sound of his car outside, the shriek of protesting brakes.

The door was flung open. Patrick entered; laughing, dragging a girl by the wrist. Sun glinted on his crisp yellow hair. His eyes danced with mischief and excitement.

"Hello, Arden! Hello, everybody! Look, Arden—this is Julia. Julia Eveleigh, an old friend of mine. Eh, Julia darling?"

She was a little thing, a tiny creature with a head of coppery curls. Her voice was high and light like a little girl's.

"I'm so terribly sorry," she said to Arden. "He made me come. Isn't he too awful?"

"Of course she had to come. She's going away tonight," said Patrick. "She can't come to the wedding, so she must see the rehearsal instead. Mustn't she, darling?"

Arden said, "Why, of course!" but for a second the faintest chill had marred her glow. Then the curate interrupted them. Grandmother Forrest disapproved of the whole idea of the rehearsal; a pagan theatrical business, she called it. Going

through the motions, watching the other girls fan out in a semicircle at the chancel steps, seeing Marmee dab at her eyes in a premonitory gust of emotion, Arden suddenly sympathized with her grandmother's viewpoint. A sense of unreality held her.

They brought Julia Eveleigh back to tea with the rest of the crowd. Patrick was very sweet to Julia all afternoon; but that, Arden thought, was because she was a stranger to the rest of them and because Patrick, who never pretended to restrain an impulse, had pulled her so unceremoniously into his own wedding rehearsal where she quite obviously didn't belong. Beyond that Arden had hardly noticed her, till Julia rose at last to go and Patrick rose to escort her.



"They're all watching, they're waiting to see what we'll do now"

"I've got to fly," said Julia. "I know you think I'm perfectly awful, Miss Forrest, crowding in like this. But Pat insisted."


He urged her: "Don't go, Julia. There are other trains—"

She made a little face. "Oh, but Clive's expecting me. He'll be there to meet me."

"Who is Clive?" said Arden, making polite conversation with Patrick's pretty little friend.

Julia was pulling on her gloves. Rings flashed as she turned her little soft hands, a huge solitaire that almost concealed the diamond-set wedding band beneath it. "He's my husband," said Julia. Her incredible eyelashes lifted and fell at Patrick and again that faint chill finger of presentiment touched Arden's heart. "He's rather sweet, Patrick. Honestly, he's almost as handsome as you are—" She was both petulant and provocative. It





*She had given her heart freely once. She would not make that mistake a second time*

ILLUSTRATOR  
PRUETT CARTER

had forgotten to notify? With the whole household disorganized, thrown into a state of shock and confusion, it had somehow been taken for granted that she must know. Thus in the brilliant sunshine of the autumn morning, in black satin and Chantilly and the Forrest pearls, Grandmother had arrived to find the church a dark emptiness, the few astonished and curious guests who had overlooked the hastily inserted newspaper notice standing in groups, talking, talking! Arden had laughed, though the note of her laughter had changed.

She learned that the smiling mask was the easiest to wear. Deep inside, however, with the inevitable passing of time, her heart froze slowly, slowly casing itself in ice. Her friends, finding their indignant sympathy smilingly set aside, said Arden was wonderful, too marvelous; the spiteful, their subtlest daggers blunted against her delicate hardness, said Arden was a strange girl, wasn't she—a cold sort of girl. The first time she heard Patrick's name spoken thoughtlessly pain had twisted in her like something alive and malignant. And this was some months after the elopement, at a bridge party. In one of the amazing lulls that can occasionally fall in a roomful of women a voice said clearly: "... final decree. Do you suppose Patrick will really marry her?" Instantly all the other voices began again in an almost hysterical crescendo.

But by degrees this sort of pain deadened itself. And a long time after, when in a dentist's waiting-room Arden picked up one of the illustrated papers and saw Patrick and Julia smiling out at her from a group of gay young people at a Riviera resort, she was able to study the picture without feeling anything but a numbness.

Patrick had changed. He was heavier, his golden young Apollo look was clouded a little, blurred at the edges. Julia, in a white maillot, was leaning against his shoulder but her eyes and her smile, Arden noticed, were on the man at her other side, a good-looking young Italian with a title of sorts. Julia hadn't changed. Lovely and dangerous as a— a harpy, Arden thought now, and wondered just when the old sickening hatred had died. She could remember now without that slow twisting of the heart that burned like cold iron. Well, that's something—she told herself—it's finished at last.

➤ THE golf club dance was an annual affair, a matter of social routine, the sort of party at which one appeared almost automatically. Arden faced herself in a tall mirror in the ladies' dressing-room. Her dress was dramatic and her regal slenderness carried it dramatically. Against its shimmering rustling black and scarlet her beautiful arms and shoulders had the color and texture of fine ivory. But I'm not a real person any more, she thought [CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]

Miss Bougeron, suave and clever, kneeling beside her. So exhausted now with the last week's rush of parties, of fittings, with the final wild farce of that afternoon's rehearsal, that she had almost to remind herself deliberately of her own blinding beautiful happiness.

Bray knocked at the door. "Miss Arden! It's a tellygram."

"Oh for goodness sake, Bray," said Marmee almost sharply. "Put it with the others downstairs. She can't read telegrams now—"

"Mrs. Forrest, ma'am, she's got to read it. It's from Mr. Patrick."

Something stabbed at Arden's heart. "Give it to me, Bray."

Bray's eyes were colorless with rage. "Now God help you, Miss Arden, my dear!" he said hoarsely. "And curse the black snake's heart of that one—"

And Arden stood perfectly still in a shattered world, not hearing Marmee's frightened sobbing, not seeing Miss Bougeron's avid eyes; reading the unbelievable words, the impulsive, mad extravagant words, over and over again:

Please forgive me cannot go through with it stop forgive me Arden try to understand this hit us like lightning nothing else to do Julia says forgive us both stop sailing for France tomorrow if we never meet again will never forget you always too sweet to me please forgive PATRICK

Arden had never known how strong her pride was; pride held her head high as always, and her eyes clear. She found that she could outface anything; she had even laughed when she learned of the appalling contretemps that had overtaken Grandmother Forrest.

By what freak of chance had Grandmother been the one person, the only important person, they

was impossible in her presence for Arden to say farewell to Patrick otherwise than lightly and gaily. And she would not see him again before the wedding.

She was thankful when the others finally departed. Grandmother Forrest came to dinner, scolding Marmee, criticizing all her arrangements. If Arden's father had been alive today he would have put Grandmother firmly in her place and she would have loved it. Since her son's death Grandmother was increasingly tyrannical. But she left early.

"The place is like a madhouse!" she said crossly. "You'd better get the child to bed early, Marian—"

➤ IT WAS a madhouse, Arden thought. The telephone rang incessantly, and the doorbell. Presents and telegrams were arriving. Bray, the chauffeur-houseman, who had been her father's servant since their mutual war service, dealt competently with all of them. Arden was both touched and amused by the additions to the list on the library table, in his round schoolboy hand. And at nine o'clock the dressmaker unexpectedly presented herself.

"I can't get the set of the train off my mind, Miss Forrest. Would you mind—?"

So she was standing in her own room when the telegram came, in all the softly gleaming satin loveliness of her wedding dress, with Marmee and





"Oh, Peter, what have you done?"

Peter assured his mother that



# A Marvelous Surprise

DOROTHY BLACK

MRS. BRADBOURNE could not look at the thing without smarting eyes and a lump in her throat. It represented the wreck of so many fond hopes. When she heard of Peter's legacy she had been overjoyed. She had always hoped his godfather would remember him and do something for him, and he actually had.

The ten pounds, free of legacy duty, were like a dream come true.

Not many of Mrs. Bradbourne's dreams came true.

How she longed to write and give him good advice as to what to do with it, but from conscientious motives she refrained. The young, she had read in a book, have to work out their own destiny. Peter was seventeen and she mustn't interfere.

He needed so many things. Clothes, boots, a new overcoat. And she did hope he would think of putting some of it into the bank. If he thought of giving her a present—and since he was a generous boy she felt he would—she hoped he would perhaps think of some new tablecloths for the tearoom. Things hadn't been going too well of late in the tearoom. She had had no money left over for replacements. She was living, she knew, above her means. She ought not to have sent Peter to the engineering college at all. Her relatives were always saying so.

Bravely she had repeated Peter's famous slogan: "If you don't speculate, you can't accumulate!"

IT SOUNDED good, though she was not quite sure what it meant.

If he didn't think of new tablecloths perhaps he would remember a present for Tillie. Tillie was the cake-hand and first class at her job, but unless she was sweetened from time to time with a fat tip or a new blouse or a pair of shoes, she developed the most amazing symptoms, rumors of obscure diseases which would be certain to come on at a busy week-end.

Mrs. Bradbourne had looked so well ahead before she took the cottage. There had not been another place like it for miles. Her orange umbrellas had twinkled unique upon the landscape and every Saturday her little field had been packed with cars. But newer and more up-to-date tearooms sprang up all about her, with larger umbrellas in bigger gardens. With pretty waitresses who needed no wages, being produced on the premises, so to speak—daughters of the house.

Mrs. Bradbourne had no daughters. She only had Peter. Once she had been pretty, with a girlish figure and pretty soft fair hair, but now she was like a photograph that has faded. She was tired and she was anxious, and she had had too much responsibility, and far too many things had

gone wrong. All her happiness had been over too soon. Her husband died before Peter was born.

It had been hard work, providing for Peter. He was a good boy, really. Not thoughtless, she told herself. Only young. He took it as quite natural that she should slave away feeding strangers. She must like it, or she wouldn't do it. She was grown up and when you are grown up you can please yourself!

He loved her of course in his own way. He wasn't, she used to tell herself passionately and loyally, like the hopeless inconsequential young people of today, who seem to have nothing in their heads at all and think only of amusing themselves. He had worked hard and conscientiously, and they spoke well of him at college. She felt sure he would get on and make good, if she could get him started.

Only it wasn't easy, these days, to get a boy started.

THREE days after his legacy was paid he wrote to her:

"I'm coming home for the week-end and I've got a most marvelous surprise for you, darling. Expect me about five."

She lay awake at night, wondering about it. Life did not hold many surprises for her, and all there were were unpleasant ones, so she was excited as a child.

The tearoom was disastrously un-busy for a Saturday and Mrs. Bradbourne was waiting in the garden anxiously from four-thirty onward. Car after car went down the road, slowed up and then passed on to Prim's Pantry on the other side. They had bigger and newer umbrellas in a larger garden. They had a blonde waitress in a green smock, with eyes like blue glass. Mrs. Bradbourne only had Zoe, from the village, whose apron was longer than her dress and who never pulled her stockings up.



"Large swellings," said Tillie through the open window ominously, "and sinking feelings, and swellings about the ankles. I don't think this doctor is really much good."

There was a shattering explosion and Peter drew up at the gate in an incredibly antique small blue motorcar. When he turned off the engine it shuddered, drew two hissing breaths and stopped with a sob that shook it from end to end.

"Now, Mrs. B. What do you think of my latest investment?" said Peter. "The engine is good for another three thousand miles. It's got an entire outfit of tools and four quite good tires and I got the whole thing for five pounds. An absolute bargain."

"Oh, Peter," she quavered, "do you mean you have bought it?"

LUCKILY he took her emotion for delight. "Yes, darling, it is our very own."

He opened the hood and showed her what looked like the remains of a dead sewing machine found on ruined premises after a fire. She hardly heard what he said; she was watching shirts, socks, an overcoat, a bank balance, a tip for Tillie, all go whistling down the wind, and it brought the tears smarting to her eyes.

"Of course it's not new," said Peter. As if he needed to explain. "A 1923 model. But that was the best car Foskins ever made. And just think how useful it will be, darling. Think of the fun we shall have, visiting beauty spots together. Think of the geography I shall learn, tooling about in it. Think of all—"

She said weakly, "But won't it be expensive to run?"

He was off again, drunk with enthusiasm. "I've licensed and insured it for the half year with the remains of the money. And I've something left for the gas fund. Anyway the Baby Foskins costs nothing to run. It will pay for itself. Think of the bus fares I shall save. Think of the—"

She did not hear the rest. She was remembering all those other schemes Peter had had in the past which were going to [CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

ILLUSTRATOR  
JAMES W. WILLIAMSON

"Just think how useful it will be, darling"

the jallopy was an investment. He was wrong; it was a gold mine



# The

*Linda plays a bold hand  
in a case of trespass*

"Is he the next candi-  
date for your chain-  
marriage project?"  
Linda asked crisply





# Triple Standard

## WARE TORREY

ILLUSTRATOR · JON WHITCOMB

➤ A WRECKING crew and a mild dust storm had been busy in her home while she was away, Linda reflected. Upstairs she set her suitcase outside the bedroom door.

In spite of her expectations she stopped aghast. A man couldn't possibly go through that many collars and shirts in a week's time. Tossed aside, they lay all around the room.

Pulling off her hat, Linda stopped at her dressing table. Directly in the center was something that didn't belong there; a small arrogant perfume bottle. For one flash she thought that Tim had left it there, a welcome-home present. Then she saw it was half full.

Twenty years ago it would have been a hairpin, she thought. And in that mood, of mocking at a time-worn suspicion that could never touch her, she picked up the bottle. It was made of blue glass with a filigree of silver around it. She pulled out the silver knob and sniffed curiously.

"Ouch," she said sinking down on the bench. Any woman could make up the formula for that perfume: one part dusky languor, one part piquant challenge, one part promissory note.

She jammed the stopper in again and stared at

the thing with more respect. It was sign and seal of someone who didn't belong in not-too-sophisticated Crestfield. What it was doing on her dressing table was peculiar, to say the least. But no doubt, she told herself firmly, there was a simple explanation. She put the bottle at the back of the dressing table and began to clear enough space around the room to unpack her own things.

The telephone rang. She picked up the extension receiver.

"Honey?" said Tim's quick voice.

Warm pleasure flooded her. "Yes—I just got in, Tim. You all right, darling?"

"I must have lost ten pounds. Never want to see baked beans again. It's swell you're back, Lin. And not just baked beans. Have a good time?"

"Grand. It was a smooth wedding and they make a good pair. I do wish you could have gone."

"Gosh, never with work piled up like this." His voice was crisp.

"You sound busy now, Tim. Want me to ring off?"

"Well, you know how things jam up. Oh look, Lin, there's a dance at the country club tonight and I said we'd go. I'll grab some food in town and get home in time to dress."

Replacing the receiver, Linda felt a chilled disappointment at his tone.

Then she launched herself into a whirl of house cleaning. Gradually her small house emerged, gracious and shining, from its clutter.

It was late afternoon when she finished, and she took a shower and put on a cool green negligee and was brushing her hair when the phone rang. That might be Tim again, she thought, and ran into the hall.

"Hello?"

"Linda—hello—" said a bubbling high voice. "It's Kitty."

"Oh, hello Kitty," Linda said, her shoulders relaxing and her hold on the receiver loosening.

"I'm so glad you're back." Kitty's words chimed with fervency.

➤ LINDA thought that over quickly. They were good friends but they usually accepted each other's comings and goings with a more casual interest. "You've got the brass band out for me, haven't you, Kitty?"

"Oh well—" Kitty said retreating audibly. There was a pause. "Enid has a friend visiting her, someone she went to college with."

Linda thought with certainty, that's what she phoned to tell me. "Yes?" she said aloud. "Nice?"

"Not very," Kitty said flatly. "Stunning-looking, though, with clothes I could die for, but not someone to have visiting you. Enid is plenty sorry she asked her. Breakfast trays and the orange juice has to be set in crushed ice. Enid said she never saw anybody leave so much powder on the floor; she thinks that after the gal takes a tub she must throw a box of powder up in the air and then run and stand under it as it comes down."

Linda chuckled, an excellent effort. She was shocked at herself to find she wanted to ask what the visitor did for perfume. "What's her name?"

"Beryl Carr. She's been married off and on."

"Off, right now?"

"Yes," Kitty said with decision. "Well, anyway you'll see her tonight. Tim said you'd be at the dance. When did you get in?"

"Awhile ago," Linda said. "But I've been cleaning out the tin cans."

"Oh, that reminds me. I'm sorry we couldn't have Tim over for dinner. But he was awfully busy. Well, see you tonight."

➤ LINDA went into the bedroom, sorting out her information without letting herself form a conclusion. Her thoughts went on coping with Kitty's details. In one mental pigeonhole went the fact that Tim had been too busy to go to dinner at Kitty's any night all week. In another, Beryl Carr and her showers of powder and her handsome clothes. In another, Kitty's relief that she was home again. And while her mind kept the facts firmly separate, her emotions added them together.

There was a new woman in town and Tim was at least interested in her. That in itself was nothing to be troubled about but this looked as though it might be serious. While she had been away, something intense must have challenged Tim.

What she was worried about was how deeply he was involved. She knew perfectly well, staring at the blue bottle, that an emotional whirlwind could hit anyone and there was no reason to think it couldn't hit Tim.

Well, she would have to wait, though patience seemed a thing she had mislaid somewhere. She made herself get up. Attacking her swirling curls, she brushed until her hair lay smooth and shining. She put on the dress she had worn three days ago as matron of honor, a high-waisted print, full skirt sweeping the floor. She changed to little flat black sandals.

Tim's car whirled into the drive, stopping as usual two inches from a rosebush. Tim got out, crossing on the grass with his impatient strides.

Rising, Linda seized the perfume bottle and went out to the stairs. She was halfway down when the front door leaped open.

Tim, in the doorway, looked up at her. He seemed even taller than usual. He stood there, restlessly still, his brown hair tossed about, his hands quiet. All the bright currents that he usually spun among, laughing and eager, were missing.

Coming toward her he held her shoulders briefly and kissed her. "Dear Linda—" he said, looking at her face as though he were trying to understand its familiarity. "It seemed a long time."

He was changed, intensity held soberly back. He was being honest. So she said, "I missed you." Then, before he would have to answer that, "I've spent hours fixing the house."

He gazed around dutifully. "It looks slick." Linda kept the smile [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]





# Stay With Me

In which a second wife

FOR six years Jim and Leora Acton and Crissy, Jim's eleven-year-old daughter, have lived harmoniously in the little town of Southey. Then Jim's first wife, Eve, comes there to live, preparatory to divorcing Hugh Ward. Jim resents her presence but Leora graciously consents to her seeing Crissy often, although Eve has shown no interest in the child in years. Selfish, shrewd, beautiful, Eve made Jim's first marriage stormy and unhappy. Now she confuses Crissy, too young to understand the maze of divided authority and multiple parents created by Eve's presence. Terry Craig, personable young artist and casual beau of Eve's, has followed her to Southey but, realizing he is falling in love with Leora, decides to leave while Leora is still unaware of his feeling.

While Christmas shopping, Eve runs into Jim and persuades him to take her to lunch. Taunting him with the memory of their love, she stirs in him an old desire he thought long dead. Leora hears about this tête-à-tête and watches Jim grow silent and withdrawn. They quarrel bitterly and the reconciliation is forced. Leora decides to go away for a while to think things out.

## II

LEORA removed her hat and coat, shivered slightly and crossed to the fire. The sudden furious February downpour had soaked her even in the short dash into the house. Jim hadn't bothered about the car. "Get to the fire while I fix you a drink."

She could hear him now rattling glasses in the pantry cupboard. A washout had delayed the train for hours and it was nearing midnight.

He came back presently carrying a tray. "Here you are, Lee. This will keep you from catching cold."

She smiled at him and sipped the drink obediently. "You're pretty well soaked yourself, darling."

"I'm tough. Little wet won't hurt." A faint steam arose from his garments as he approached the fire and put his hands out to it. His movements seemed jerky, forced. "Drink all right?"

Leora said brightly, "Oh yes." She put down the glass and picked up the small silky spaniel who had come to her the moment of her entrance and sniffed happily at her skirts. Picking up the ecstatically wriggling Trouble was something to do with her hands, bridging the awkwardness of merely standing there.

"Aunt Madge is all right then?"

"She really wasn't very ill, Jim. I could have come home sooner but she seemed to enjoy having me to spend some little time with her, so I stayed."

"Good thing you did go. It might have been serious. One never knows. Have a pleasant visit, outside of that?"

Over the dog's silky head Leora looked at her husband steadily. "I've been away," she thought wildly, "for nearly two weeks. And now I'm back. We're still talking politely, making conversation as strangers make it. This isn't Jim and I. We're two strangers who don't quite know

what to say to each other—uneasy, uncertain."

She said, her voice trembling even when she tried to make it steady, "Very nice, Jim. I saw some old friends, went to a play, shopped."

"Too bad about your train being so late, Lee. Grace and Sam intended dropping over this evening to hear about your trip. When we got the news about the washout, of course that was out. Everyone's been anxious to know when you were expected back. Didn't realize I had such a popular wife."

"Didn't you?" She said then abruptly, compelled, "Jim, is anything wrong?" She had almost said, "Didn't you want me to come back?"

"Wrong, Lee? What should be? It was a little dull here these two weeks. Crissy and I missed you. The house didn't seem the same."

Trouble twisted in her arms. Jim said, the teasing note in his voice forced and, to her ears, very obvious, "If you'd put that dog down, Lee, I'd kiss you properly for being back home."

For the moment he did not, however, make any movement. He stood awkwardly, his hands shoved down into his pockets, his eyes wary, cautious. Suddenly she wanted terribly to cry. She did not put down the dog.

Abruptly, then, he went to her, put his hands lightly on her shoulders and kissed her mouth fleetingly. "I'll put the car away . . . be back in a minute."

The front door closed behind him and as she let Trouble slip to the floor her eyes went slowly about the room. The same room, the same house, the abiding-place of her happy love and life for nearly six years—yet tonight coming back to it after two weeks of absence she felt a stranger in this house. She was remembering what for years she had completely forgotten, that this house had sheltered another love, another woman in Jim's arms before her own coming. Had some lovely ghost come here in her own absence to whisper to him once again of that younger love?

"I've been away and now I'm back and going away hasn't solved anything. It's only made the change between Jim and me more pointed. What happens now?"

SHE shivered but not with chill of the body, rather with some penetrating chill of her heart, touched with fear and bitter loneliness.

Upstairs she began brushing her damp hair automatically, ruffling it to dry it, her hands cold and not quite steady.

She did not realize that her eyes, meeting Jim's in the mirror of the dressing table when finally he came into the room, held something like fear under their swift withdrawal from his glance. And she could not help it that she sat rigid under the touch of his arm as he came up behind her and touched her.

"Tired, Lee?"

"I am—rather. It's been a long day." The words had the effect of pushing him off. She did not want that, but could not force into her voice an acquiescence which she did not feel, lost in her loneliness. If only, now, he would catch her in his arms, grinning his old happy grin, overriding

the separation, saying, "Sleepyhead! You might at least give your husband a proper good-night kiss."

But his arms slid away. "Sweet dreams, my dear."

She lay later in the darkness that was no more dense than the darkness in her unhappy thoughts. The other bed was so close that she could have put out her hand to touch Jim, yet so far that a whole world lay between them this night.

THE day was drenched in apricot and pale gold. The air was brisk and clear against the frosty sapphire of the unclouded skies.

"Nice business, Leora, passing me without so much as a word."

Leora, emerging from the dimmer light of the post office building into the brilliance of the outdoors, blinked. "Terry Craig!"

"Got in last night." His dark hair was cropped close along the fine line of his browned forehead. Weeks of wandering along the Maine seacoast had given him an almost mahogany weather-beaten tan. A spray of very fine lines rushed to the corners of his dark eyes when he smiled. "I just missed you in Boston," he went on. "Eve wrote me that you were up there. I arrived the day after you'd left."

She gave him both her hands on an impulse of warm surprise. "And here you are back in Southey."

"Here I am. Pleased or contrariwise?"

"Pleased of course." He still held her hands and now she withdrew them, flushing faintly. She said "You came back of course to see Eve."

"I have not got over her," he thought. The purpose of his going away had not been fulfilled. He looked at her sharply and saw unhappiness under the smiling glance of her gray eyes. She would not want him to see that, but the eyes of love can penetrate surfaces. This business about Eve hadn't been settled then.

He said recklessly, pretending a jest, "Eve? Certainly not. I came back here to see you. I've been in love with you all my life. Didn't you know?"

"But, Terry, you idiot!" Leora laughed with no shadow of self-consciousness. This gay persiflage was part of Terry Craig. She did not take him seriously. Yet his eyes held a look which separated her from all other women in the world. With sudden recklessness she found herself wanting to disregard the warning in that realization.

He said, "Hop in, Leora. I'm taking you for a ride."

She smiled at him. "Not very far. Crissy has a bad cold. She's cooped up in the house."

"I'll drop around and see her if I may." He drove easily, not too fast, leaving the traffic of the main street for the open road.

She sat back idly, relaxed. Grateful because for this moment she need not worry over and over in her mind Jim's strangeness, her own lonely fears;

Terry's visits were a break in the gloomy winter days



# ERIKA ZASTROW

ILLUSTRATOR · HARRY ANDERSON

*finds her husband's first love is not so forgotten as she thought*

Terry exclaimed, "Well, well, what's all this? What you need, my small pet, is some cheering up."

On an impulse he took a scratch pad and a red pencil he usually carried in his pocket and began making sketches, humorous and quaint caricatures of Trouble, of Crissy herself. Crissy was abruptly amused and Leora too found herself laughing.

Terry exclaimed with an air of mock surprise, "Didn't know I had a talent for this comic strip sort of thing. Comes more easily than portraits."

It was Crissy who pleaded, when Terry said he must leave, "Please come tomorrow, Mr. Craig. I want you to come."

"If Leora says I may."

Leora tucked a blanket firmly about the child's feet. "You have been a help, Terry." Her glance held only the friendliest serenity. "As Crissy says, do come again."

Crissy's cold hung on for several days, confining her, a difficult and irritable patient, to the house. Terry came back the next afternoon. He slipped into the habit of regular visits.

If the thought dawned upon Leora that these daily calls might be some food for gossip among her friends, she did not bother about that. She was living, these days, in a cloud of unhappiness and doubt and mere gossip seemed unimportant.

She liked Terry. She found him amusing, his

pleased because with Terry Craig there was no inhibition of barriers, no need to ponder the meaning of his words, his gestures, the intonations of his voice. "Tell me what you've been doing up in Maine, Terry."

He chatted easily of villages, people, fleeting adventures and anecdotes he had picked up. "By the way, Leora, I'm putting on an exhibit sometime this spring. You jacked me up to it. I had the idea last fall that you somehow looked a little down on me for leading a strictly useless frivolous existence. So I decided to show you."

"Terry, you're an expert in the art of flattery." He said deliberately, "And you are rather diffi-

cult to flatter. A man has to go to lengths."

He left her an hour later at her own gate. "May I drop around tomorrow—to see Crissy?"

She did not herself realize that her voice held eagerness. "Do, please, Terry. It's grand to have you back."

When she entered the house she was humming. She felt for the first time in these three days of her return to Southey, a lightness of spirit, a brief freedom from unhappiness, a temporary freedom from the weight leaning against her heart.

Terry paid his promised visit to Crissy the following afternoon. He found the child, well wrapped in blankets, in the big chair by the downstairs fire, her face very small and pale and fretful.





badinage a distraction and his visits a break in these short gloomy winter days of February.

Usually Terry was gone before Jim returned home. This afternoon, however, Jim came in early and found Terry just leaving. Leora was taking Crissy, protesting, upstairs. She said to Jim, "Entertain Terry a few moments, will you, Jim? I'll be down directly."

Crissy was grumbling and Leora sympathized, "Being in the house isn't much fun, is it, darling? Hop into bed now. Want me to read you something?"

Crissy said, "No, thank you." She jerked about under the blanket. "Mr. Craig's nice and I like him."

"Most people do, I expect. He likes you, my pet."

➤ CRISSY'S reply to that was unexpectedly shrewd: "No—Daddy doesn't like him. Daddy made a funny face when he came in."

"Why, Crissy—"

The child looked up. "Mr. Craig likes my mother, doesn't he, Leora? Trina said she heard her mother say that Mr. Craig was here because he wanted to see my mother. When I grow up, Leora, do you think I'll be like my real mother or like you? If I'm very beautiful, like my mother, I suppose lots of men will want to marry me too. You don't want to marry anybody but Daddy, do you, Leora? Trina says she wouldn't like having two mothers."

Leora wanted to ask, "How do you feel about it, darling?" She steered carefully away from that question, saying, "Well, I shouldn't worry too much about marrying anybody just yet."

Crissy was going on with some thought of her own: "My father doesn't like my own mother any more. I guess that's because he likes you now. She told me she was sorry he didn't like her any more. Leora, do you think my mother's been lonesome this week because I'm always in the house?"

Leora said helplessly, "Would you like me to ask her to come here and see you? Is that what you want, Crissy?"

The child shook her head. "Daddy wouldn't like that. He makes such a sorry face when I talk about my mother."

Leora thought, "What a tangle!" She bent down and kissed the child. She said as she switched off the light, "Go to sleep, pet, and we'll see if you can get outdoors an hour tomorrow."

➤ SHE closed the door behind her and stood a moment in the hall, frowning. That child, lying in there, struggling to comprehend the odd contradictions of life's adult puzzle. What effect would all this have perhaps on her future growth?

The thought came to Leora before she could halt it, "If I weren't here, everything might be simpler!"

When she went downstairs Jim was alone in the room. He said abruptly, "He's here quite a lot, isn't he, Lee?"

"Terry?" Leora said. "I told you he's been coming to see Crissy. Why?"

He cleared his throat. "I hadn't realized you and Craig were such good friends."

She asked curiously, "Jim, you don't like Terry very much, do you?"

"I've nothing against the man. I just don't care for . . ." he floundered, not ending the sentence. Did he dislike Terry because he had come here with Eve and his name was coupled with Eve's?

"Most people like him, Jim. I do myself." Her voice had a brittle lightness. "Look, Jim, I

thought I'd call Letty and ask them over for the evening. Mind?"

He told her almost too heartily and quickly, "Good idea. I dare say Crissy has worn you out, darling." He did not say as he would have once, "Nice thing that! I'm here for you to talk to. Trying to tell me I'm not enough?"

➤ THE usual Friday morning committee meeting was just over. Mrs. Mason, tripping out importantly with a sheaf of papers under her arm, called, "So nice you came out, Leora. Do try not to miss any more meetings. Myra does keep the notes so badly."

Leora drove home; the wind tearing at the car windows was bitter. The last thing she expected to see, arriving at the gate, was another car just ahead of her and Crissy getting out.

Leora braked her own car with a jerk and found herself looking at Eve Ward behind the wheel of the coupe. Eve said, "Why, hello, Leora. Meeting over already?" Her face had a radiant glow. "Crissy and I took a little ride. I haven't seen my daughter since she took that cold."

"It's not exactly the sort of day Crissy should be out in, Eve, with that cold."

Crissy put in quickly, small chin up, "You didn't say I was not to go out, Leora."

"That," Leora told the child, "was more or less understood. I had no idea—"

Eve cut across her words. Her voice was solicitous but her eyes were full of mocking challenge: "Blame me, Leora, not Crissy. I did mean to call you this morning and catch you before you left, but it slipped my mind. Then I ran into Jim downtown and asked him if he thought it would be all right to take Crissy for a little ride and he said yes. Sorry if I went against any orders of yours, Leora."

Crissy stood looking from her mother to Leora, an odd questioning something in her glance. Leora said abruptly, "Run indoors, Crissy, and take off your things."

When the child went into the house Eve glanced at Leora with her quizzical smile. "Division of authority?" she suggested softly. "Don't look so outraged, my dear. She wasn't away very long from your rule."

Leora stiffened. "There's no reason for your seeing Crissy in any secret way. You're welcome at all times to come to the house to see her."

Eve started her car. "Perhaps," she observed coolly, "Crissy and I like a touch of secrecy."

After she had driven off Leora went slowly back into the house. She was thinking of the strange questioning expression which had been in Crissy's eyes, staring from her to Eve Ward. An expression which seemed the beginning of something very delicate and which might rapidly grow into tragedy. An expression which seemed to ask, "Whom shall I obey? My mother—or you?" Up to now Crissy had been merely bewildered and confused. She might easily slip into defiance, a defiance in which she would, it was evident, be encouraged by Eve.

➤ CRISSY stood before the fire, a look of forestalling reproach on her small pointed face. Before Leora could speak, her voice came shrilly across the room, "I won't be scolded. I didn't do anything wrong and I won't let you scold me, Leora."

"But darling, I'm not—I don't intend—"

Crissy did not let her stepmother finish. "My mother said I could go and Daddy told her I could go and you're not to scold me. When your own mother says anything is all right, it is. I don't care if you're mad. I won't let you scold me."

Leora was dressed for the country club dinner

dance when Jim arrived home that evening. Her frock was dull black chiffon and her dark soft hair was brushed up and away from her ears, giving her appearance a regal touch.

Her head was throbbing furiously but she felt a curious detachment from any physical pain at this moment. Crissy, still rebellious, was upstairs sulking. That was new. Hitherto while Crissy had had her moments of temper, she had never sulked or withdrawn herself in a state of unrepentant silence. Leora had said over and over again, trying to make the child understand, "But I'm not going to scold, darling. I'm not angry at all!"

➤ LEORA was standing by the white mantel when Jim came in. He advanced slowly into the room, hands plunged into his pockets, frowning. "Where's Crissy?" he asked.

Leora said, "She's upstairs, not feeling very well. Something happened today."

"What happened?" He stared at her. "What's the child done?"

"Perhaps it's something we've done—not Crissy. Jim, something is happening to her and must be stopped before it gets any further along. Perhaps we should have talked about this much earlier. Only I didn't quite realize—"

"What about Crissy?"

"It's Crissy and—her mother. I went to a meeting today and when I came back, I ran into Eve with Crissy. Eve called for her while I was out and took her for a ride. I hadn't actually told Crissy she was not to leave the house. With the weather and all, that seemed understood. But Crissy has the idea that I am angry because she went out without my permission. She's been difficult about it."

He said quickly, "We'll settle that of course. Crissy must not be allowed—"

Leora interrupted him: "All this goes much deeper than what Crissy must and must not be allowed to do. It's the beginning of something unhappy and a little frightening, Jim."

➤ "THAT all may be my fault," he said in a voice expressionless and remote. "Eve drove up just as I was leaving the curb and called something to me about going to see Crissy. I didn't give it much thought; I was in a hurry, didn't know you wouldn't be home. I thought it would be all right, Lee. You've always made a point of the fact that with Eve in town and all that—"

"Yes, I have. I don't see what else I could have done. Only now, Jim, something is wrong. Something must be done before—" she went on softly, unhappily. "Crissy comes to—resenting me. It's difficult for me to say this to you because Eve is Crissy's mother. When I first knew she was coming back here, there seemed no reason why it should make any difference in my place in the child's life. Unfortunately it's not working out that way. I almost feel as though Eve doesn't want it to work out that way."

"Let me get all this straight, Lee."

"Eve knew I would be at the committee meeting. She must have gathered, from something Crissy said, that Crissy wasn't to leave the house today. So Eve made it her business to get Crissy to leave. Crissy is sulky and defiant because she knows she disregarded me and did what her mother wanted her to do."

She paused, then went on: "On the surface the whole thing seems ridiculously simple to make a fuss about. No physical harm was done, nothing anyone can lay a finger on. But if this sort of thing is kept up, it will hurt Crissy very much. She'll be torn between obeying her mother or me."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 31]





*Who wants something new?  
—and something awfully good!*

**IN CAMPBELL'S CREAM OF MUSHROOM  
WOMEN EVERYWHERE HAVE FOUND  
A NEW AND WELCOME FAMILY TREAT**

*You at your house* will want to try Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup! Surely no one would willingly pass up such a delectable and unusual treat. Already, thousands of families are enjoying this soup often—thrilled with its rich creaminess, its deep mushroom flavor—delighted to find such an out-of-the-ordinary dish to brighten and vary their meals!

Campbell's are proud of their Cream of Mushroom Soup—proud as any home cook would be of a dish that turned out "just perfect." And you will be proud to serve it! Blended of extra-thick cream and plump young mushrooms—lavishly decked out with tender mushroom slices, it is indeed a rare and tempting dish! Steaming and savory, it makes people hungry the moment they see it; delicious and heart-warming, it makes them want to have it soon again.

So keep a supply of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup always on hand—for regular family meals—for festive occasions—or to please an unexpected guest!



With tender young mushrooms,  
To Campbell's I speed;  
Those good cooks insist on  
The finest, indeed!



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

*Campbell's*  
**CREAM of MUSHROOM**



# What a Thrill to get **E-X-T-R-A** STOCKING WEAR!

Wonderful wear from 1 pair washed **NIGHTLY** with **IVORY FLAKES**...report these girls!



**"THRILLED** over the mileage I got," says Miss K. Anderson, Restaurant Hostess. "I danced the shag and broke my 'mileage clock' when it said '94 miles,' but my lovely stockings went on and on! Three cheers for Ivory Flakes each night."

**"AMAZING WEAR,"** says active business-woman. "These stockings took a pounding—subway-riding, work, golf. I washed them every night with Ivory Flakes before I went to bed—and they wore 111½ miles," says Miss Anne Buckley.

**"18 FULL DAYS**—what marvelous wear! I wore my pair to work—on dates in the evening and on country week-ends. With nightly washing in Ivory Flakes, these lovely stockings gave grand service," says Miss Cavanaugh, Research Librarian.



ALL PHOTOGRAPHS POSSED BY HUGGINS

**EXCITING TEST!**

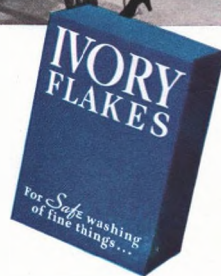
A "pedometer" counted the miles each girl walked in a pair of sheer 3-thread McCallum stockings!...These lovely stockings got nightly Ivory Flakes care—and what record wear they gave! One pair outlasted a shagging session which broke the pedometer!

**WHY NOT PROFIT** by the experience of these delighted girls—who got such remarkable wear from luxurious McCallum stockings. Of course, they washed them every night with Ivory Flakes.

**IT REALLY PAYS** to buy good stockings and wash them nightly with Ivory Flakes. If you do this—there's no reason in the

world why (barring accidents like snags) you can't help your pretty silk stockings last longer.

**SO DON'T LET YOUR STOCKINGS PILE UP** and then wash them with any old soap. Wash stockings nightly with Ivory Flakes. Get a big blue box of Ivory Flakes today! Start tonight!



**Mc CALLUM**, famous makers of these

luxury stockings...advise **IVORY FLAKES**...99 44/100 % pure

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PROCTER & GAMBLE

THE YOUNG MARRIED SET		Madame Modiste	
<p>GOING TO HAVE A PRIVATE SHOWING OF THAT PARIS CREATION, PEG?</p> <p>OUI, M'SIEUR. BUT GLADLY!</p>	<p>HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?</p> <p>I LOVE YOU IN WHITE, DEAR.</p>	<p>WE'LL, I DON'T WANT TO BE CATTY, SIS, BUT THAT STARK WHITE DOES SHOW UP YOUR DISHPAN HANDS.</p> <p>ROUGH RED HANDS</p>	<p>SUGAR...EGGS...SPLIT PEAS... AND, OH YES, SOME IVORY SOAP PLEASE!</p> <p>YES, MA'AM! ALL MY LADIES ASK FOR IVORY. IT'S A FINE SOAP EASY ON HANDS.</p>
<p>LET'S SEE! THE WHITE BALL IS 2 WEEKS OFF. IF YOU'D WASH DISHES WITH GENTLE IVORY INSTEAD OF YOUR STRONG SOAP...YOUR HANDS WOULD LOOK BETTER BY THEN.</p>		<p>2 WEEKS LATER...</p> <p>YOU'RE ANGELIC IN WHITE, DEAR, AND NO ONE'D GUESS YOU EVER STRUGGLED WITH A DISH.</p> <p>GENTLE IVORY'S ALL I COULD WISH. AND IT COSTS LESS THAN 1¢ A DAY!</p>	

99 44/100 % PURE — IT FLOATS  
TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PROCTER & GAMBLE



# Stay With Me

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

"She'll obey you of course!" Jim said that sharply.

Leora shook her head. "That sounds so easy, Jim, but it's not. Already she's making the statement that children should obey their mothers and fathers. That cuts me out. It was in her face this afternoon when she looked from Eve to me. She'll be hurt, Jim. I love her too much to stand by and see that. I don't know what to do. While Eve is here this will go on."

➤ UNEXPECTEDLY his tone was hard. "You're not suggesting that I have her run out of town; you were the one who insisted upon Eve's seeing Crissy. I didn't want it."

"I think I might have been wrong. I still don't see what else I could have done. No, I'm not suggesting that Eve be got out of town." She thought in bitter unhappiness, "That would be too simple a solution." She said aloud, "Perhaps I'm the one who should leave, Jim."

"You!" He stared at her, swung her about to face him. "That's fantastic. Lee, aren't you making mountains out of—well, molehills?"

She turned her eyes to him slowly, a long moment. "I don't think so, Jim. I'm being forced to face the fact that Eve is Crissy's mother and that she was once your wife; that I came into both your lives after she had left and that I'm trying to know where I stand, with Eve back here in town."

"God knows I never wanted her back!"

"No, you didn't, did you?" Her eyes studied his face. "I've been living with your resentment at Eve now, for weeks. Feeling myself outside your life. Things have changed between us. But you haven't wanted to hurt me. Don't you know I'd rather be hurt in one quick blow than cut in little pieces?"

He started to speak but did not go on. His hands fell to his sides. In his eyes lay a bewilderment as though he were struggling with the effort to put into words what he could not quite explain.

The clock in the hall chimed seven. Leora forced her voice to calmness. "Let's not discuss this any more now, Jim. We have dinner and a dance to go through with." Dinner and a dance, with everything falling in pieces!

➤ A FEW hours later in the long high-ceilinged pine-paneled room where she had first seen Eve Ward, Leora danced the first dance with Jim. Tonight he seemed wooden and stiff.

When the music stopped Sam Mason put his arm on Jim's. "Hello, Leora. Jim, I'd like your expert opinion on some clubs Hilton sold me. Got them in the locker. Won't take but a minute. Mind, Leora?"

Leora told him gaily, "Of course not. I'll be with Grace and the crowd, Jim."

Grace Mason remarked, pleased as though she had been waiting for this, "Well, there's Eve now. She came with Terry."

Eve wore white tonight, swirling chiffon. Her hair had been brushed to smooth petals about her head. In all this white and gold her eyes were deeply startlingly black.

Leora, glancing to the farther end of the room, saw that Jim had come back from the lockers. She saw him look her way, say something to Sam. Both men went to the bar. Leora told herself, "Eve's here. So he won't come back." Once she would quite naturally have joined him. Now she remained seated, smiling her frozen mechanical smile.

The music started again and Terry looked at her. "Shall we have this one, Leora?"

She said, "Yes," with quick relief, glad to get away from the others. Terry was an escape. He would make it possible to live through this long evening.

"I'll want," he told her gravely, "more than just one dance."

"As many as you like, Terry."

➤ IT WAS Grace who remarked, several dances later, glancing from Terry to Leora, "My, you two dance beautifully together. Jim's not stepping out much tonight, is he, Leora?"

At that remark, Leora found herself wanting to be abruptly rude. "This is my fourth with Terry, Grace. In case you're keeping count."

A small ludicrous look, as though she had been slapped, lay on Mrs. Mason's plump face. Leora's cheeks burned. When she started to make some awkward apology to Grace she found herself instead staring into Eve's malicious eyes.

"Nice going, Leora." Eve's voice was low yet so pitched that every word she said could be plainly heard. Her narrowing glance swept from Leora to Terry, then back again. "You seem to approve my taste in men, darling. That's flattering."

Leora felt the swift intake of breath about them. She stood rigid. Pride lay across her mouth.

Her eyes met Eve's deliberately. She did not reply to Eve but looked into Terry's dark and angry face. "Shall we dance, Terry?"

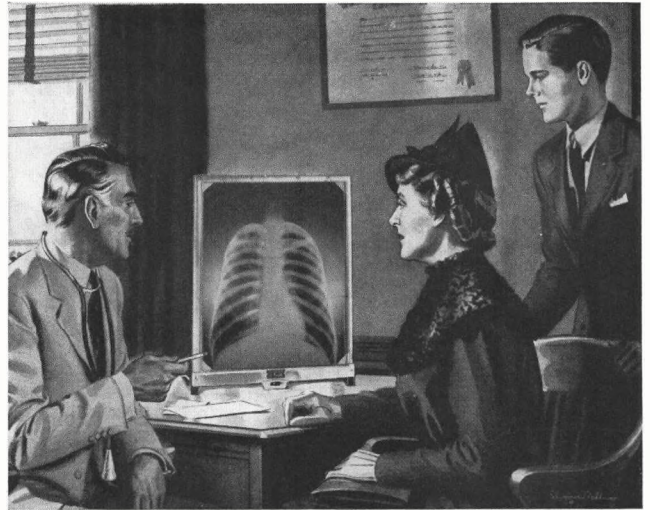
Her hand quivered in his. "Good girl."

Part way around the floor she stammered, "Headache . . . may I slip away a moment, Terry?"

He left her at the entrance to the lounge. "I'll wait here for you."

When he turned he saw that Jim stood near him. "My wife?" Jim said briefly. The two men glanced a moment at each other in instinctive measurement.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 32]



## "Aren't you glad your son had this picture taken?"

AN X-RAY PICTURE of your lungs may give comforting reassurance that you do not have pulmonary tuberculosis. However, it might indicate the presence of the disease.

▶ Although America's death rate from tuberculosis was lower in 1939 than ever before, the distressing fact remains that this disease still is a major cause of suffering and death—and the leading cause of death among young people.

It is between the ages of 15 and 30 that the disease claims its greatest number of victims. So, to mothers and fathers who have reason to worry about their children's lungs, and to young people within these age limits, the X-ray can be a friend indeed.

▶ For the X-ray helps to reveal tuberculosis before familiar, obvious symptoms are recognized. And when found in the early stages, the disease usually can be cured. So this simple precaution can save many months of suffering, sacrificed savings, lost earning power.

More and more schools and colleges are making available facilities for regularly checking the health of all their students. Progressive industries and communities are learning the economic benefits of discovering tuberculous cases early within large groups of people where the disease is apt to spread. Many communities already are offering tuberculin tests and X-ray examinations at low cost, or even free to those unable to pay.

▶ Of course, such examination is even more imperative in the case of

those who are known to have been exposed to infection from a person who has active tuberculosis. Also in cases where the most common warning symptoms of tuberculosis are present, such as—persistent pain in the chest, constant sense of fatigue, loss of weight, frequent indigestion or lack of appetite, persistent cough or hoarseness, spitting of blood, afternoon rises in temperature.

Since medical science is today better able than ever to diagnose tuberculosis early, and to cure it when discovered early, the best way to stamp out this disease is to detect early cases and so prevent its spread.

▶ You can do much to guard your home against tuberculosis. Send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, "Tuberculosis." It contains valuable information for protecting your family.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Tuberculosis."

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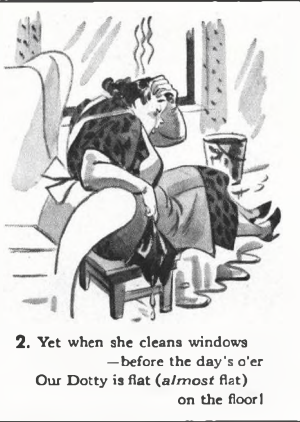
Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





1. A marvel of stamina,  
Dorothy K.  
Can stay on her feet and chase  
bargains all day.



2. Yet when she cleans windows  
—before the day's o'er  
Our Doty is flat (almost flat)  
on the floor!



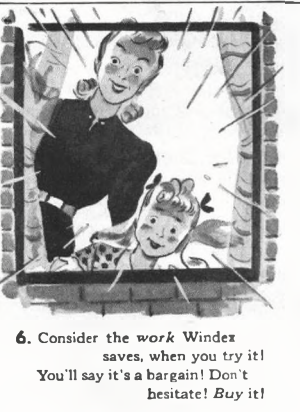
3. While slim little, trim little  
Marguerite M.  
Is as frail as a meadow-grown  
violet's stem.



4. But she shines her windows  
with Windex! She's clever!  
She ends up the day feeling  
grander than ever!



5. For Windex is simple! Direc-  
tions are plain!  
Spray it on! Wipe it off! Win-  
dows sparkle again!



6. Consider the work Windex  
saves, when you try it!  
You'll say it's a bargain! Don't  
hesitate! Buy it!



7. No other glass cleaner is made  
by the secret Windex formula!  
Yet at reduced prices, Windex  
costs but a fraction of a cent per  
window.

THE EASY WAY TO  
MAKE GLASS SPARKLE!  
**WINDEX**  
FOR WINDOWS, MIRRORS,  
PICTURE GLASS, ETC.

Get Windex at gro-  
cery, drug, hardware  
and house-furnishings  
counters. Ask about  
the big 20-oz. econ-  
omy refill size!



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# Stay With Me

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

"Leora has a slight headache. She's in the lounge."  
Jim lit a cigarette. "I'll wait for her here then."

Leora slipped into the lounge and sat down. Her knees were trembling and her hands icy cold. An emotion of resentment, indignation and anger swept through her. What had Eve meant by that remark?

Someone entered the door of the lounge and she made a movement to rise quickly. Then she saw that it was Letty.

LETTY put her hand out, covering Leora's cold fingers with her own warm ones. "That was particularly rotten of Eve, Leora."

Leora said somewhat bitterly, "Perhaps you think she had some reason for that statement?"

"Oh no!" The words came swiftly, too swiftly so that her voice rather denied them. "You see," she added, "Leora, I'm saying this because I'm so fond of you. Something is wrong between you and Jim. You haven't been the same. Leora darling, Eve means nothing to Jim. You must know that."

Under Letty's touch Leora's hand tightened. "The very fact that you can say that," she began. She broke the sentence off, got up and moved away. "Letty, please, I can't discuss this." She smiled. "Let's go back, shall we?"

She had expected to find Terry waiting for her when they emerged from the lounge and her eyes encountered her husband's. He crushed his cigarette out on a tray. "Shall we dance this one, Lee?"

They had gone half the length of the floor when the room swayed about her, the faces of people rushed giddily by, the music rose to a giant swell and beat against her ears.

She closed her eyes, instinctively holding tight to his arm. "I'd like to leave now, Jim," she managed. "I can't dance any more."

He said shortly, "Very well." Neither of them spoke on the ride home. Jim pulled the car up abruptly at the gate. Leora went into the living-room and Jim followed. They faced each other a short distance apart.

"You danced," Jim said, "all evening with Terry Craig. When I asked you to dance with me you wanted to go home. You keep pushing me out, Lee. A man can stand just so much of that!"

"Pushing you out!" The hysterical note crept back into her throat. "I—pushing you out!"

"I can't get near you any more. You've been avoiding me."

"I've seen you looking at me, Jim, with something in your eyes that told me you never knew I was really there. Because all the time you were seeing something else. I'm not in your life any more."

"That's not true, Lee!"  
"It is true. You say I danced all evening with Terry and you dare

to take that amiss. Why shouldn't I dance with Terry—with anyone? You didn't come near me all evening because Eve was there. She kept you away. You're afraid to be near her. What you're afraid of has something to do with what's in your heart and that is what has come between you and me. I've seen all that, Jim. For weeks . . . miserable weeks."

There were tiny wheels going around in her head. She put her hands to her face, pressing her fingers down hard on either side of her eyes to stop the whirling of the room. "You'll have to make up your mind," she whispered, "to know whether it's I you really want in your life or—"

His hands made a violent gesture. "Damn Eve!" His voice was hoarse with torment and groping unconscious pain.

When he would have touched her she jerked away. "Don't!" Her voice broke on a high pitch of tears. "I can't stand anything more tonight. Don't touch me."

She turned and fled up the stairs. In the bedroom she closed the door and stood hard against it until she heard his steps come up the stairs. He paused before the door. "Lee?"

She gave no sign that she heard him and he did not try the door. Presently his steps went down the hall to the smaller room beyond. Only then did she move away from the door. She made her way unsteadily to the bed and lay down, her body shivering, the tears she had not let herself shed all evening forcing their way at last under her burning lids.

LEORA woke very late the following morning, unrefreshed in mind and body. Her head ached with a dull insistence and her eyes felt hot. The sharp pain of the evening before was now only a torpid misery. Even when she thought, "Everything's over between Jim and me," the thought produced no more than an apathetic dullness.

After breakfast she went in search of Crissy and found the child still sullen and resentful.

"I want to go skating, Leora," Crissy said imperiously. "I suppose you won't let me. You won't let me do anything any more."

"I'm afraid not. Simply because, after last night's thaw, the mill pond won't be safe."

Crissy, however, seemed past any adult reasoning. "You're still mad at me. So you're making me stay in the house because you don't like me. If you go out I'll go skating anyhow. You'll see."

"No, Crissy, I'm sure you won't," Leora said quietly and left the room. She did not feel equal to coping with Crissy just now. She felt she had to get out of the house.

The air against her hot cheeks was cool and bracing as she went down the flagged walk.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 36]





**Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish of Washington, D. C., is a popular debutante. Here, she and some of her deb friends primp between dances.



**Miss Janet Holden** of Cleveland, Ohio, has been working for almost two years in one of Cleveland's leading department stores—is ambitious to be a buyer some day.

*Making Her Debut*

**BUT BOTH HELP KEEP THEIR SKIN FRESH AND YOUNG LOOKING WITH POND'S**

*Writing Sales Slips*



Washington's smart young people take an active interest in national affairs. Miss Fish shows out-of-town guests some of the city's historic landmarks.

**QUESTION TO MISS FISH:**

Miss Fish, when do you believe a girl should begin guarding her complexion with regular care?

**ANSWER:** "The younger the better! I think if you want a nice skin when you're older, you *have* to take care of it when you're young. That's why I began using Pond's 2 Creams when I reached my teens. Every girl wants a lovely complexion! Using both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream every day helps to keep *mine* clear."



**QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:**

In your opinion, Miss Holden, what things help most in a career girl's success?

**ANSWER:** "Interest in her job, willingness to work and a *good appearance!* But nothing cheats your looks like a dull, cloudy skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep *my* skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up!"

A Sunday ride in an open car is fun—but chilly! When her young man suggests "franks" and hot coffee, Miss Holden thinks it's a fine idea.



**QUESTION TO MISS FISH:**

Would you describe what each Pond's Cream does for your skin, Miss Fish?

**ANSWER:** "Yes, of course. Every morning and evening I use Pond's Cold Cream to freshen up my face. These regular cleansings help keep my skin looking soft and healthy. Pond's Vanishing Cream serves an entirely different purpose. I use it before powdering to give my skin a soft finish that holds powder smoothly for hours."

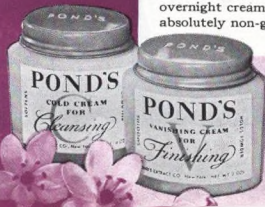


**QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:**

Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

**ANSWER:** "Well, Cleveland *is* mighty breezy, but little skin roughness don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away... by that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"

Miss Holden entertains. The rugs are rolled back, she takes her turn at changing records, and it's "on with the dance" to the tune of the latest swing!



Life for a Washington debutante means a constant round of parties—this spring Miss Fish is having the busiest season she has ever known.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

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

POND'S, Dept. 4-CVD, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.



I TRADED "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN FOR A SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION!



IS YOUR SKIN DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING? USE THIS LOVELY SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!

I NEVER SAW SUCH A CHANGE IN A GIRL! YOUR SKIN IS SIMPLY LOVELY NOW. I WISH YOU'D TELL ME HOW TO GET RID OF MY DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING SKIN!

MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP. WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? THAT'S WHAT I USE!

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY, YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

SO THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE KEEPS SKIN SO SMOOTH AND LOVELY! WELL, FROM THIS DAY, I'LL NEVER USE ANY OTHER SOAP!

THAT'S A WISE DECISION, BETTY! IT'S REALLY JUST FOOLISH FOR A GIRL TO RISK GETTING DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

MADE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH



## WHAT SHALL WE NAME THE BABY?

By Elizabeth Dahir

DRAWING BY GILBERT DARLING

FIRST, remember that the simplest purpose of a name is to identify its bearer. This is frequently forgotten. There were no fewer than two hundred and forty-two plain John Smiths listed in a Philadelphia directory one year. A common surname calls for distinctive first and middle names.

Second, a name should have an attractive sound. Try to forget for the moment the associations of the first names you are considering and concentrate on their appeal to the ear in combination with the surname.

Of course there is no infallible guide to what is attractive sound. Whereas "Alexander Rand" to my mind has an annoying repetition of "and" in spite of its fine rhythm, a friend of mine likes it without reservation. For a smooth rhythmic flow, a simple rule is to make the given name short if the surname is long, and vice versa.

Avoid jingles and elisions. Alice Snow looks like a good combination of sound and rhythm, but say it three times in quick succession—you end with Alice No. And try to select a name about which there is no question of the pronunciation. Nobody knows how to say Ina, for instance.

THIRDLY, there are fashions in names. Of the most popular girls' names of the past quarter century Mary and Anne alone remain. The rest: Elizabeth, Helen, Ruth, Catherine, Margaret, Alice, Harriet, Florence and Eleanor have made way for Joan, Barbara, Judith, Patricia, Beverly, Sandra, Carol and Shirley.

You will notice that for the most part the vowel sounds are softer, the flow of sound somewhat smoother, in today's popu-

lar names. The influence of the movies is evident in them but is there any harm in that?

Boys' names most frequently used today are not only old names, they are the same old names. John is still at the head of the list. Of the next dozen, Robert and Richard are a bit ahead of the former leaders, William and James. David and Donald have recently grown in popularity and now precede Henry and Thomas. Next come Joseph, Edward, Charles and George.

THE fourth consideration in choosing a name is tradition. It is the custom to give children names that have been in the family. Of course when the name happens to be that of either parent it is likely to be turned into a nickname. Giving mothers' maiden surnames as middle names is a fine practice but not ideal for girls, who may marry and have to drop one name or add three to the new surname. A mother's maiden surname can be used for a first name if suitable and pleasant-sounding with the father's surname.

When you do wish to carry on an unusual family name, try to make the child, when old enough, proud of it. But keep in mind that an odd name is often a hardship for a school boy or girl. A man named Llewellyn says that he was so teased as a boy that he adopted the name of Bill. A child's happiness is worth more than carrying on a traditional name.

A list of names for girls and boys has been prepared by the Companion and will be sent for 3 cents postage. Address Woman's Home Companion, Better Babies Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.





**She's nobody's April Fool!** With her transparent "bumbershoot" this young lady can look ahead . . . see where she's going!

But the umbrella people aren't the only ones with new ideas in protection. The Kotex Laboratory has developed an improved type of moisture-resistant

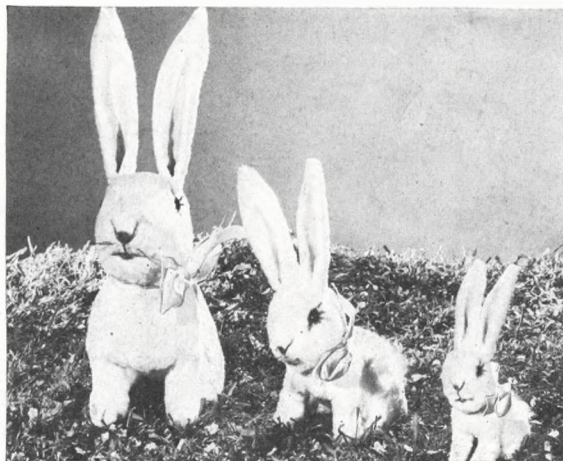
material . . . made specially for Kotex sanitary napkins. And a protective panel of this new material is placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad!

So remember this new Kotex feature— all you who believe in "Safety First"! Remember, too, all the other advantages Kotex has to offer . . .



**Many a time**—you'll be thankful Kotex doesn't make "tell-tale outlines"! Just compare the flat, pressed ends (patented by Kotex) with the thick, stubby ends of other napkins! It's easy to see why Kotex never makes embarrassing bulges...

Easy to see why it's so comfortable, too! Kotex is made in *soft folds* (with more material where needed . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad). Naturally, Kotex is less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers! And the cotton sheathing under the gauze makes it less apt to chafe!



**Kotex\* comes in 3 sizes, too!** Super — Regular — Junior. Kotex is the only disposable sanitary napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day's needs!)

All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers . . . flat, tapered ends . . . and moisture-resistant, "safety panels". *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

*"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"*

\*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS...PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY...COMPARE ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS**

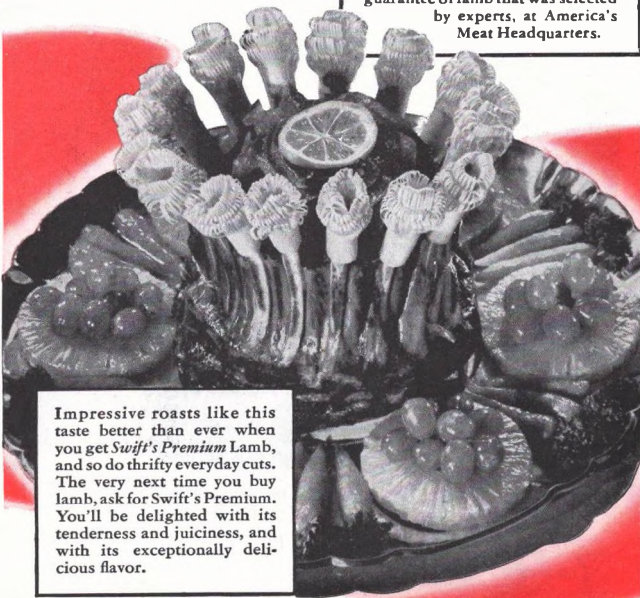


Now it's easy to pick out LAMB that is tender, juicy, and delicate in flavor. Right on it, is the brand name *Swift's Premium*

...like this



Single cuts are identified! Look for the words *Swift's Premium*, brand name of the finest meats. If you order by phone, tell your dealer to leave the brand name on. It is your guarantee of lamb that was selected by experts, at America's Meat Headquarters.



Impressive roasts like this taste better than ever when you get *Swift's Premium* Lamb, and so do thrifty everyday cuts. The very next time you buy lamb, ask for *Swift's Premium*. You'll be delighted with its tenderness and juiciness, and with its exceptionally delicious flavor.

## SWIFT'S *Identified* LAMB

LOOK FOR THE WORDS "SWIFT'S PREMIUM"

Remember, the Meat Makes the Meal! To get the very best meats, look for the words SWIFT'S PREMIUM on LAMB, BEEF, VEAL, POULTRY, HAM, BACON, FRANKFURTS, and TABLE-READY MEATS

Copr. 1940 by Swift & Company

## Stay With Me

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

Terry Craig, in his car, saw her as she came out. This afternoon he was a different Terry, the banter and persiflage vanished, his dark eyes sober and serious. "Something happened last night," he told himself. "I'm sticking around."

Leora might have passed him unseeing had he not got out of the car and put a hand on her arm.

"Why, Terry!" She forced a smile to her lips.

He studied her face a moment. "If you have nowhere special to go come with me, Leora. We'll tour the countryside. I'll concentrate on driving. No chatter."

HER eyes were far away. "You're kind, Terry." She felt his kindness dimly, as something outside and beyond herself.

Leora never remembered much of that drive. It seemed to go on for hours but before they got back to the house he stopped the car. Leora, wrenched out of her thoughts by the cessation of movement, glanced up.

He said, "Wait, Leora." He met her look, forcing it to his. "I want to talk to you and I can't talk in Acton's house."

Something in his tone broke the vacuum in which she had moved all afternoon. "Terry, please—if it's about last night—"

He said, "It's not about last night. Sorry, Leora, but I must say this now. You've been very unhappy these last weeks."

She interrupted him sharply. "There are some things I cannot discuss with anyone, Terry."

"We won't discuss that then. But I happen to be in love with you, Leora."

"Oh no, Terry!"

"I had moments when I hoped you might notice me. I know you haven't—not in that way. But now something's gone very wrong with your life. I simply want you to know this, that I'll be around if you ever need me. You might even like me well enough to let me pick up any pieces that fall and put them together in a new way."

Her eyes filled with tears. "Perhaps I haven't been fair, Terry. I think I realized you were going to say this some day and I didn't stop it. I floated with the tide and that wasn't fair to you."

When he kissed her she did not draw away but her mouth was still. So he knew. He said, "Be angry, Leora, if you like. I had to be sure."

"I'm not angry, Terry. I deserved it." She fumbled with the car door. "I must go now, Terry."

"You'll remember that I'll be near if you need me?"

He watched her a moment as she walked into the house. "So that," he told himself, "is that. Shove off a second time, Terry."

MRS. CLAY came hurrying out of the kitchen when she heard Leora enter. "Mrs. Acton, Crissy

would go out. I told her I didn't think you'd like that but she telephoned her mother—she telephoned Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Ward said it would be all right. Crissy said she and Trina Lefferts would go skating. She took her skates."

"Trina—skating!"

Mrs. Clay pleaded her white apron steadily. "There wasn't nothing I could do, Mrs. Acton, after Mrs. Ward said . . ."

Leora nodded mechanically. "Of course, Mrs. Clay." She went quickly to the telephone, dialed the Lefferts' number. When she replaced the receiver she stared at the housekeeper who stood nervously near. "But—Trina is out with her mother. The maid said they've been gone all afternoon."

"Then Crissy—" Mrs. Clay stared at her mistress. She said briskly, "Now, Mrs. Acton, I wouldn't worry."

The telephone rang with furious suddenness. The sound was like an explosion. Leora's hand reached for it with startled panic. "Yes, this is Mrs. Acton—who? . . . Crissy. . . Yes, Doctor, of course. Yes, I understand. I'll be right over." She looked at Mrs. Clay but her glance went through and beyond the woman. "That was Dr. Chalmers. Crissy broke through the ice. . . . Someone took her to the doctor's."

JIM had spent a sleepless night, his mind a bewildered jumble of emotions. Anger at himself, torment because of Leora.

He did not want to face her this morning. The thing which for weeks had tormented him he knew he must face in himself before he saw his wife again. If what he thought resentment of Eve was actually some other emotion, he must also face that.

He loved Leora. Every decent and fine impulse in him loved her; yet whenever he found himself brooding, it was Eve's velvety eyes that haunted him and he could not drive them out of his memory. Eve's whispered words, "Are the ashes really so cold, Jim?" mocked him continually.

"I don't want her any more!" Yet he could not drive the image of Eve away from his thoughts. Before he faced Leora again he knew he must do just that.

He had never realized a decent man could be so driven by two emotions: a love that was fine and a madness compounded of the dregs of an old passion. He was a man in some blind alley, unable to find his way back to the road he wanted.

"You're afraid to be near Eve," he told himself. "You're afraid of something in your heart and that is what has come between you and Leora."

There was but one way to settle this thing. He would settle it with Eve. He would face whatever still called to him from Eve's

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 38]



# MICKEY ROONEY

as

# YOUNG TOM EDISON



**M**ETRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER has just completed the first of two most important pictures. Together they encompass the life story of a man whose influence on modern civilization cannot be overestimated, whose name is known and honored in every land—Thomas A. Edison.

Certainly no career has been so filled with exciting drama from early boyhood, as was that of this great American who gave the world such discoveries as the incandescent electric light, the phonograph, the motion picture . . . and whose experiments had much to do with the development of the telegraph, the telephone, modern transportation and radio.

The first of these two pictures, "Young Tom Edison", portrays the blundering boyhood days of the great inventor . . . his gropings into science as he sat at his cellar workbench and dreamed the wildest of day-dreams . . .

the exciting episodes and youthful misadventures which almost spoiled his career, but which led directly to the full flowering of his genius in later life.

Mickey Rooney plays the title role—a role for which he must have been born, so well does it fit him. Giving his most serious and careful characterization, he makes you know young Edison as he was—a real boy, experimenting kid-like in his home-made laboratory—a boy who seemed to have a positive genius for getting into trouble as well as for invention.

It is a great and authentic story, simply told without flag-waving or star-spangled banner— a dramatic, human picture.

*In the supporting cast: Fay Bainter, George Bancroft, Virginia Weidler, Eugene Pallette. Original Screen Play by Bradbury Foote, Dore Schary and Hugo Butler. Directed by Norman Taurog. Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.*

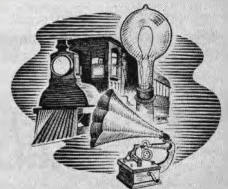


. . . and watch for **SPENCER TRACY** as **EDISON THE MAN**

The story of the youthful Edison is complete in itself. Yet it serves, too, as the stirring prelude to another story equal in power and dramatic impact—"Edison The Man". Out of young Edison's cellar workbench grew a world-famous laboratory from which Thomas Edison sent out his great

inventions to the everlasting benefit of the world.

Gifted Spencer Tracy takes over the role . . . and stirs the imagination with his vivid, living portrait of "the Wizard of Menlo Park". See "Young Tom Edison"—then watch for "Edison The Man", soon to be released.





## A True Story—with Masks



**1. THIS IS THE BEST WAY** I know to tell you a little story of what happened to me a few months ago. If you have ever been in the same situation, you will know I am not exaggerating.



**2. I WAS BOUND** hand and foot by "The Great American Malady," which is a phrase my humorous husband uses for constipation. Most of the time I felt exactly like *this*. I wasn't nice to live with!



**3. BUT THAT WASN'T ALL!** Everytime the old trouble came, I had to make a pilgrimage to the medicine cabinet. Often, I thought I'd rather *endure* it than "cure" it. It didn't matter very much whether school kept or not.



**4. THEN, ONE BRIGHT MORNING,** I discovered KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! My thoughtful doctor had sent me a package. "I'd rather *prevent* than *prescribe* for your condition," he said. "You need a little of what we call 'bulk' in your diet. ALL-BRAN will get at the *cause* of the trouble."



**5. AND DID IT?** After a few weeks of having ALL-BRAN for breakfast, and drinking plenty of water, I began to feel like all the money in the mint. And to think I could do that with a delicious *food* instead of with medicines! *Isn't Nature wonderful?*

Join the "Regulars" with  
**KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**

## Stay With Me

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

eyes. At the same time he would find out what sort of man he actually was. He made up his mind to this in late afternoon.

He drove through the town and approached the Prescott house in which Eve was living. He had haunted this house in his boyhood when, ugly as it was, it had seemed to him a thing of shining beauty because Eve lived there. He had loved her. But he had never loved Eve as he loved Leora nor received, even in his first madness, more from Eve than a response of lips and arms. Could a man's drugged senses outlive his love?

➤ HE STOPPED the car at the curb and saw Eve about to enter the house.

"Jim!" She did not look completely startled, however. "You're not actually coming here, Jim!"

He said briefly, "I want to talk to you, Eve."

She let her eyes rest meditatively on his grim face. "By all means. Come in, darling."

He followed her into the house, not bothering to shut the door behind him.

She pulled off her hat, her eyes on his face cautious, wary. "This is a surprise, Jim, your walking into the spider's house like this. Her face, above the lamp, was all soft angles and faint shadows, a face of haunting loveliness. "This could not, by any chance, be an olive branch call? After all these months?"

Hesitated his shoulders angrily, his eyes cold and hard. "I've come to see you about Crissy. There's got to be some understanding."

He clutched at that excuse. Eve seemed surprised. "Crissy? I thought you came because . . . What in the world have I done now, Jim? I thought I'd been very nice about Crissy."

"Both Leora and I feel," he said stiffly, "that it isn't your seeing Crissy, but the way you go about it . . . bad for the child . . . becoming difficult."

Eve laughed softly. "Oh, I see. Leora sent you here."

"She did not send me here. But Leora is worried about her."

Eve's glance was thoughtful. "Do you mean, by any chance, that I'm a bad influence on my own daughter? I don't know what you expect me to do, Jim, really I don't." She moved into the light so that her hair was a bright gold frame for her dark eyes. She asked then, softly, "Is that really the reason you came here?"

He demanded curtly, "What other reason could I have?"

She looked down. "No other, perhaps. I thought you might have heard all the talk about Leora—and Terry Craig." Her lashes swept up in the trick she had. "Perhaps I thought you'd come for—shall we say—some consolation?"

"Damn it, Eve—"

"Darling," she said calmly, "don't glare at me like that. Sorry I mentioned it. I thought you knew—other people do. It would be a rather bad break for you if it turned out that Mrs. O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady were really the same under their skins. Odd," she went on, "once you loved me—then you fell for Leora. Once Terry was more or less mine—now it's Leora with him also. I'll hand it to her—she must have something rather nice."

"That is a lie, Eve!" He threw it at her furiously.

"Is it, Jim? Are you quite sure it is? Or just—hoping it is." She drew the words, moving up to him, her mouth a scarlet flower. "Would it be so very terrible for you if it were true? Why not let things take their natural course? With Leora—with us?"

"Us?"

She turned to him with a swift abandoned movement. "Let's stop hedging, Jim. You didn't come to see me because of Crissy. The ashes aren't so dead. You came here because you couldn't help yourself. You've tried, and it's no go, darling. You've been remembering things, just as I have. You want me again, just as I want you again." Her voice held a cry of passion. "You've pretended to hate me, Jim. You don't want to realize you still love me. I want you back on any terms—any! Doesn't that mean anything to you? Do you dare," she flung the words at him, her eyes challenging, "to kiss me and say everything is quite over, Jim? Do you—do you?"

He moved to her without conscious volition. She seemed to give him back remembered beauty and an old haunting passion.

"Dare?" he said thickly. "Yes. Perhaps this *is* why I came here."

➤ HE PUT his hands about her throat and drew her mouth to his in almost savage passion, yielding at last to that fever which had lived in his blood. He kissed her so furiously that she gave a little cry of pain. Then, when he released her mouth, an absolute stillness came down upon him. The whirling in his blood came to a complete sudden stop. "I wanted to do that," he said hoarsely. "Now I know it's over."

With her lovely body again in his arms and her eyes offering herself to him, he knew that the desire and passion that had tormented him so long were only the carry-over of a dead love. With her mouth once more under his, they had vanished into nothing.

Nothing about her body, her touch, her mouth, had any meaning for him. He had been afraid of what might have been lingering in his heart—he had never dared to see what lay there. His kiss had been the last flare of a burning fire, dipped out and extinguished

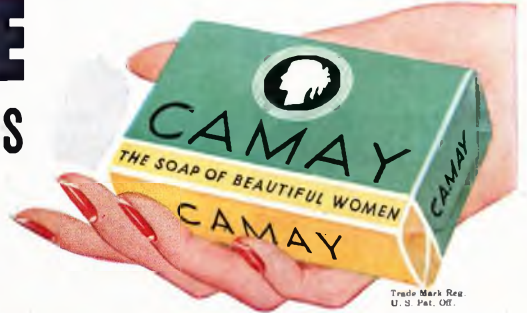
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 41]



# FREE! \$31,000 CASH

## \$10,000 GRAND PRIZE PLUS 7—\$100 BILLS EVERY DAY FOR 30 DAYS

All to get you to try this Wonderful,  
**NEW IMPROVED CAMAY!**



*Here's All  
You Do!*

Just complete this sentence:  
"I like the new improved  
Camay because . . . . ."

(In 25 additional words or less)

THESE FACTS ABOUT CAMAY'S 3 BEAUTY CLEANSING  
ADVANTAGES MAY HELP YOU TO WIN \$10,000!

Amazing gentleness—for a complexion that invites "close-ups."



Refreshing, creamy lather that "comes quicker" to bring out hidden beauty.



Fragrance that makes it heaven to hold you in his arms.



**1 GREATER MILDNESS**

Actual tests proved that Camay was definitely milder than any of six best-selling toilet soaps tested. Camay came out definitely, probably milder than any of them.

**2 MORE ABUNDANT LATHER**

The new Camay made more lather in a short time than any soap in the test. Actually as much as 1/2 more refreshing, creamy lather than the average of all the others!

**3 NEW WINNING FRAGRANCE**

We checked hundreds of women and found: Camay's fragrance was preferred approximately 2 to 1 in comparison with the average of the 6 other toilet soaps checked!

This New Aid to Allure—that only Camay has—may help you win a prize

DON'T MISS this grand, new Camay contest. It's so easy to enter. And you'll find it such fun writing about this new improved Camay. You know Camay's different the moment you open the wrapper—because of its new, fascinating fragrance. Try this new Camay. Discover for yourself its greater mildness, its abundant lather, its new, longer-lasting fragrance.

You may be inspired to write the very sentence that will win the \$10,000 grand prize. And remember, each day for 30 days, there are additional prizes of \$100 to be won. A new contest every day for seven \$100 bills. You can enter as many times and as often as you like!

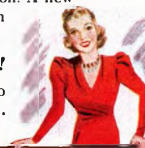
You don't have to be a College Professor! Remember, you've got as good an opportunity to win as anyone. Literary skill . . . fancy writing . . .

neatness . . . just don't count extra. In fact you might win a prize by writing something about Camay just the way you'd tell it to your friends.

This new improved Camay is so amazing you won't find it a bit hard to think of something to say. And when you use Camay's three wonderful, beauty cleansing advantages helping you to a lovelier skin and a more radiant complexion, you'll be more enthusiastic still.

**Enter Now! Enter Often!**

Go to your dealer now—and ask him for 3 cakes of Camay. Try Camay . . . note how much better your skin feels in response to its gentle care. Then complete the sentence, "I like the new improved Camay because . . ." Send in as many entries as you like. But act now! Get in this contest right away!



**HINTS ON HOW TO WIN**

Tear out and save these hints on winning. Remember everybody has an equal opportunity to win. Don't think you have to be extra clever—because literary skill and fancy entries don't count extra. Write about Camay in your own words—sincerely and simply.

For instance, you might write: I like the new improved Camay because its exciting, new fragrance lingers longer than that of any soap I know. Or you might

write: I like the new improved Camay because it has such wonderful mildness and my skin feels fresher when I use Camay than when I use any other soap.

Read everything in this advertisement carefully. You will find many hints about Camay's ad-

vantages to help you to write a good sentence. And remember, there are 7 prizes of \$100 bills each day for 30 days. Just like 30 separate contests. And there's a grand prize of \$10,000! The more days you enter the more your opportunities to win a prize.

Finish the sentence! "I like the new improved Camay because . . ." in 25 additional words or less. Attach 3 Camay wrappers (or facsimiles) and send to Camay, Dept.W.W., Box 778, Cincinnati, Ohio, with your name and address.

**HERE ARE THE EASY RULES!**

1. Complete this sentence: "I like the new improved Camay because . . ." in 25 additional words or less. Write on one side of a sheet of paper. Print or write plainly your name and address. Send no extra letters, drawings or photographs with your entry.
2. Mail entries to Camay, Department W.H. Box 778, Cincinnati, Ohio. You can enter each day's contest and enter as often each day as you choose, but be sure to enclose three Camay wrappers (or facsimiles) with each entry. Be sure to use sufficient postage.
3. There are 30 daily contests, a new contest each day (except Saturdays and Sundays) from March 25 through May 3 inclusive. There will be seven daily prizes of \$100 cash each. At the end of the 30 day contest period the best entry from among the 210 daily prize winners will be awarded a grand prize of \$10,000.
4. Entries received before March 25 will be entered in the first day's contest. All entries received on any contest day thereafter will be entered in that day's contest. Entries received on Saturday and Sunday will be entered in the contest for the following Monday. The final (30th) contest on May 3 will include all entries received on that day and all entries postmarked not later than midnight of that day. If in Cincinnati not later than May 10.
5. Entries will be judged for clearness, sincerity, and originality. Judges' decision will be final. Fancy entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of tie. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.
6. Residents of continental United States, Hawaii or the Dominion of Canada may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contests are subject to Federal, State and Local regulations.
7. Winners will be announced starting April 1 over Camay's "Pepper Young's Family" radio program. The daily winners for the final (30th) contest and the \$10,000 grand cash prize winner, will be announced approximately May 17th. Checks will be mailed to all prize winners approximately one week after the close of each contest.

**WINNERS TO BE ANNOUNCED**

Listen to Camay's program, "Pepper Young's Family," for names of most winners. See local paper for time and stations. If you want a complete list of all winners, write Camay, Box 778, Cincinnati, Ohio, after May 24, 1940.

**WATCH THESE CLOSING DATES**

MARCH						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

APRIL						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

MAY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			



- 1. YOU SAVE ON FOOD
- 2. YOU SAVE ON FUEL
- 3. YOU SAVE ON UPKEEP

# THE WHOLE COST OF COOKING NOW LOWERED BY MODERN **GAS** RANGES!

"CAN I AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT ONE?" you'll begin to wonder, when you learn the remarkable savings a modern Gas Range makes possible!

It is true—many women have found that a modern Gas Range actually helps pay for itself. In addition it saves time and brings new beauty to your kitchen! See how:

**1 FOOD GOES FARTHER**—Waterless cooking on new speed-to-simmer burners prevents vegetables being "boiled away"—saves healthful vitamins. New low

temperature ovens reduce meat shrinkage—make inexpensive cuts deliciously tender.

**2 FUEL COSTS ARE LESS**—New economy-type top burners cook with less gas. More efficient oven and broiler burners effect new savings. Scientific insulation reduces heat waste from oven and broiler.

**3 NO COSTLY REPAIRS**—The modern Gas Range has no complicated gadgets to get out of order. It will keep its beauty and usefulness for years!



**GAS**  
SERVES YOU BETTER  
THROUGH MODERN  
GAS APPLIANCES

## You get all these advanced Range Features only with GAS

**CLICK SIMMER BURNER**—Dependable low economy flame with "click" signal for waterless cooking.

**AUTOMATIC LIGHTING**—No matches to strike—No waiting—Instant heat.

**GIANT BURNER**—For fastest top-stove cooking ever known. Extra wide heat spread for large utensils.

**NEW TYPE TOP BURNERS**—Concentrate heat on bottom of utensils—save gas—are non-clogging.

**SMOKELESS BROILER**—Perforated grill keeps fat from flame. Eliminates objectionable smoke.

**HEAT CONTROL**—Assures the desired oven temperature. No more "guess work" baking.

**PRECISION OVEN**—Pre-heats faster. Reaches high temperature of 500°—new low of 250°. Holds any required temperature steadily.

**SCIENTIFIC INSULATION**—Holds oven and broiler heat in. Keeps kitchen cooler—saves gas.

Remember, too, you get the benefit of a fuel *especially* adapted to cooking. It is this combination of the finest cooking fuel and the most up-to-date cooking appliance that makes the modern Gas Range the choice of the modern woman. See the Ranges at your Gas Company Show-room or Appliance Dealer's. They're handsome... smartly styled.

*THIS SEAL on a Gas Range assures you that you are getting all of the 22 super-performance standards established by the American Gas Association. It signifies the "Certified Performance" of the Range that carries it—whatever make you buy.*



## "WASHING UP" IS EASY IF YOU OWN AN AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER!

Then the water is always ready—as much as you need. With plenty of hot water you can let the dishes "drain dry"—eliminating the bother of wiping entirely! Gas Water Heaters are *completely automatic*. You don't need to nurse them, or wait for them to heat up. And best of all—this work-saving comfort costs but a few cents a day. Ask your Gas Company to suggest the right type and model for your own needs.

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

LET GAS DO THE 4 BIG JOBS — COOKING • WATER HEATING • REFRIGERATION • HOUSE HEATING



# Anna Maria—Mary Ann

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19]

seemed to be a foil for Anna Maria's strange nature. And he was sure of it that evening when he met them sitting against the wall in Fukier's cool wine cellar. He was going out again when Anna Maria beckoned him over. "This is the English Mr. Rand," she said—her eyes telling Stuart H. please to sit down and be nice. "Already he knows more about Warsaw than I do. And he has visited Toruń and Bydgoszcz."

➔ RAND persuaded Stuart H. to try the brandy they were drinking. It was good brandy.

"You're American of course?" he asked.

"Yes," said Stuart H. He felt the tall man's glance flicker over him.

"Mr. Rand does not believe," said the girl, "that an American would come to my country in this month just to listen to the folk music the mountain people make, because he likes music." She seemed excited and a little tired.

"It's strange," Stuart H. assented, "but true."

And he asked the routine question. Was there any recent news? Speaking no Polish, and reading none, he depended for information of the outside world on the London Times which arrived at the hotel two days late. And that evening there had been no Times. Rand shook his head thoughtfully. "Oh, the usual rot about Danzig and the usual endless talk about giving it back to the Germans."

"They want more t'an Danzig," said Anna Maria turning the round brandy glass in her fingers. "The Gairmans will come. Our officers say the war will begin when the last crowses are in."

"The last—what?"

"The last crowses. You know what you get in now, wheat, oats—harvest things."

"Odd, isn't it?" Rand smiled at the American. "You and I, Mr. Anthony, sit here in Warsaw

without knowing whether we shall be war refugees in another week. But you know, eh—Mary Ann?"

The American couldn't believe there would be a war. Not with England guaranteeing the independence of Poland. Not with the lights of the droshkies plodding across the Stara Miastro outside. But Anna Maria listened with only half an ear.

"He thinks," she said to Stuart H., "that we Polish people should be treated like children."

"I know it, dear Pani. A case of centuries-old childhood. It's their mysticism, Mr. Anthony. Yes, it's the heritage of the good Catholic and Jew." He looked from the girl to the American, as if enjoying himself. "You and I, Mr. Anthony, are, I hope, realists. We hardly hold with medieval superstitions. Why in thunder should we have these chaps on our conscience?"

Casually he glanced at Stuart H. "Yes, why should you, gentlemen?" demanded Anna Maria lightly. "Really, we Poles have you on our conscience, because you are our guests."

"A charming predicament," Rand agreed, "with such a hostess."

➔ SOMETHING in this made Stuart H. thoughtful; because Rand spoke so casually and Rand seemed to be the kind of man who did nothing without a purpose. Stuart H. thought of swords clashing together, and withdrawn, to clash again.

"Do you find yourself," Anna Maria asked Rand, "in a predicament?"

"No, gracious Pani. I am enjoying myself because of your hospitality."

Then Stuart H. knew what bothered him. He spoke no language but his own and the two others were speaking English—Rand fluently, Anna Maria after

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 42]

# Stay With Me

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

for all time. She was a lovely but an empty shell and he was free of her. He neither hated nor desired her. He was free!

His hands still curved about her white throat. The release of his emotion left him a little giddy. He laughed out loud and let himself look at her, savoring his release.

➔ LEORA heard his laughter. His back was to the door, so she could not see his face. She could see, however, over his shoulder, Eve's triumphant dark eyes encountering her own as she stood in the doorway. Jim's arms were about Eve.

Leora saw all that. She heard

his laugh which seemed to embody the fulfillment of desire as did the look in Eve's eyes. She did not enter the room but stood at the door, her dark hair blown and wind-tossed, her eyes emptied of all expression.

"I was on my way to the doctor's when I saw your car outside." He whirled about at her voice but she did not look at him; her eyes were on the wall behind him. For just a fraction of a second her voice faltered, then steadied. "Crissy's been hurt. She's at Dr. Chalmers'. She was on the millpond skating and broke through. I think you'd both better go to her."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN MAY]

# Ten words cost no more— why didn't Jim add "Love"?



**Men grow neglectful when wives grow careless. Guard charm every day—make a habit of MUM!**

ONE WORD more... such a little thing... yet to see it in Jim's telegram would have meant so much to Betty! "Jim's just thoughtless," she reassured herself. But Betty, husbands don't grow thoughtless without a reason! Jim could be as romantic as ever... if you still used Mum!

It's wise to question yourself if your husband seems inattentive! Are you trusting your *bath* too long—forgetting that underarms need Mum's special care every day? A bath, wise wives remember, removes only *past* perspiration. To prevent *future* odor, rely on Mum!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant—it's so dependable.

**QUICK!** Takes only 30 seconds. And you can use Mum even after you're dressed.

**SAFE!** The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum won't harm fabrics. Mum is a wonderfully soothing deodorant for feet. And you'll find it safe to use even after underarm shaving!

**SURE!** You won't risk offending, if you use Mum every day. For without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. (You'll find that men like Mum, too!) Get Mum at your druggist's today. Keep charming... let Mum keep underarms always fresh!

**SO MANY DEODORANTS... YET MOST WOMEN CHOOSE MUM!**



Mum helps this way, too Mum is first choice with women everywhere for sanitary napkins, too. Will not irritate, yet prevents odor. Play safe with Mum!



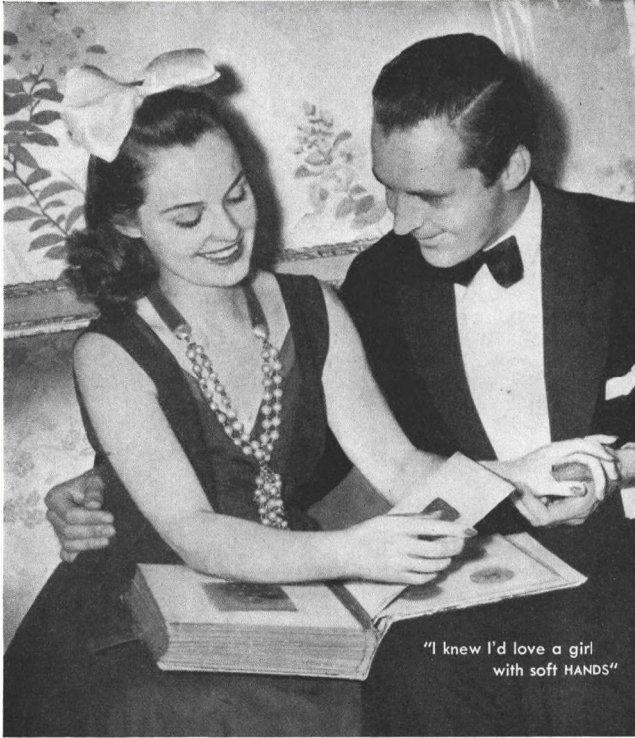
# MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**  
Woman's Home Companion April 1940



# Soft Hands

## thrill him so!



"I knew I'd love a girl  
with soft HANDS"

**Red, rough HANDS have no romance! Read how this Simple Care helps keep your Hands Charming . . .**

OH, YES—your man notices when your hands get even a little harsh! So use Jergens Lotion faithfully and help keep your hands velvet-smooth.

You see, water, wind and cold tend to dry nature's softening moisture out of your hand skin. But Jergens supplements with new beautifying moisture.

Many doctors treat coarsened, harsh skin with 2 softening ingredients, both of which are in Jergens Lotion. Just one application improves even "hopeless" hands. Jergens is never sticky—easy to use—fragrant! Have enviable, adorable hands! Start now to use Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00—at beauty counters. Get Jergens today, sure.

## JERGENS LOTION



**FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS**  
New Face Cream—Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Its smooth-skin Vitamin blend helps against unlovely dry skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Woman's Home Companion April 1940



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## Anna Maria—Mary Ann

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

her usual fashion. Still, it seemed to Stuart H. that they were both speaking in a foreign language for his benefit.

"And yourself, Mr. Anthony?" Rand asked curiously. "What is really your reason for being in Warsaw?"

"I'm just listening in. Trying to pick up some music."

"He makes music," Anna Maria cried. "He has been in Rossia collecting tribal songs; you know, the old songs of the Kirghiz and the Tartar peoples. Some day he will write a concerto or an opera, and it will be splendid. He is not," she added, her gray eyes holding Rand's without flinching, "a soldier or a secret agent."

Rand nodded, a little surprised. "You see, Mr. Anthony, Anna Maria has convinced herself that I am an enemy. Perhaps I am, because I speak the truth about the Poles. They are really dangerous because they may provoke a war. Oh, they belong to another age. There's no place for them in the present day, and they would not be here if it weren't for their women." He looked at Stuart H. pondering. "Yes, that's a fact. You'll find men enough who fit into the machinery of war, death or no death. But these Polish women have kept the nation alive. They are quite willing to die for what we used to call an ideal."

Stuart H. remembered that. He had the feeling that Rand knew what he was talking about. And after that he kept out of their way until the afternoon when in the lobby he saw Rand for the last time.

Hat and stick in his hand, Rand was paying his bill to a waiter. His bags were being lugged to the door by Jan, who had stuck an orange label of the Hotel Brighton beside the other labels of Torun and Bydgoszcz. When Rand offered Jan a couple of zlotys the porter turned away without taking the coins.

"Hullo," Rand noticed the American. "I'm leaving Warsaw for a while."

JAN was watching them and behind her counter Anna Maria was unwontedly silent. The door boys waited restlessly to pick up the bags. For the first time Stuart H. noticed a Polish officer at the door, in cap and cloak—and he had not taken off his hussar's cap.

"The other day," said Rand clearly, "you asked about news, Mr. Anthony. Well, today I can tell you something. Poland will begin full mobilization tomorrow—it's really an open secret. Why not get out while you can? If there's trouble—" he shrugged—"you'll be rather well cut off, otherwise."

He seemed to want the others to hear what he said.

"Thanks," Stuart H. replied. He had a stubborn streak in him. "I don't see why in blazes there

need be any trouble. I'm staying on."

"No?" Rand seemed to be irritated. "Well, you know best."

And he dismissed the American from his mind. Going over to the counter he bowed to Anna Maria.

"Au revoir."

Then without hurrying he went out the door, Jan limping after him with the bags. The Polish officer stepped to his side and they both got into a taxi.

Watching them drive away, Stuart H. felt the silence of the lobby like a tangible thing. Of course, he thought, that officer might have been a friend—

"Please," Anna Maria was trying to attract his attention. She looked excited.

But Stuart H. only nodded and went through to the bar. Here was Rand hardly out the door before Anna Maria was making up to him. He didn't want, he told himself, to be bossed about by a girl just then. Not until he figured out why Rand had left so suddenly.

WHILE he was thinking it over, Jan came in anxiously, trying in his broken English to explain that the Pani, the young lady at the desk, would like to speak to the American gentleman. Stuart H. refused to understand the old porter—and went up to his room where the window looked out on the gray cathedral.

Then the telephone jingled. "It's me," Anna Maria's voice said. "The garçons told me you 'ad gone up. Now I want to talk to you, please. I will be at the Café Club where the table is you like, over the park—you know, the one on the roof—and I will wait until you come."

Inwardly Stuart H. swore. When he climbed to the roof of the Café Club he found Anna Maria in her party dress leaning on the stone railing. Down in the park across the street a lot of high-school boys and girls were working with spades by the black Chopin monument. They were digging ditches in the grass as if it were a game, and someone was singing. At the next table an old man was holding a newspaper toward the sunset reading aloud to some others.

"I have a gin fizz for you," Anna Maria chattered, "and now I want to ask you to do something—"

"Just what," Stuart H. demanded, "do you think you're doing?"

Anna Maria sighed. "It is about Mr. Rand, is it not? Of course he was a Gairman."

So that was it! Stuart H. nodded. "And—"

"His passport was quite all right but I did not think the picture looked too good, like him. So I walked wiv' him and showed him the town."

Stuart H. felt a hunter's thrill. So he had seen a spy at work!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 44]



# HOMICIDE in a Handkerchief!



Handkerchiefs may be germ-carriers. Wash all family linen hygienically clean. Add "LYSOL" to your laundry water



**1. DISINFECT HANDS:** Always keep a bowl of "Lysol" solution in the sick room—especially important in cases of disease that demand strict quarantine. Disinfect hands in this solution before leaving the room.



**2. DISINFECT BATHROOMS:** Warm, moist bathroom floors are favorite breeding places for ringworm infection ("Athlete's Foot"). Always be sure to disinfect as you clean—with "Lysol" solution.



**3. DISINFECT ALL LAUNDRY:** Use "Lysol" in every tub of laundry, especially important when there is sickness in the family. Any linen that comes in contact with the body can be a germ-carrier. Soak all sick room towels, handkerchiefs, undergarments, bedding, etc., in "Lysol" solution before washing. See directions with every bottle.



**4. DISINFECT ALL WOODWORK:** "Lysol" solution should be used in all housecleaning. This is doubly important when there is sickness in the family. Wipe down walls and woodwork with "Lysol" solution. Use it for washing windows and scrubbing floors.



**5. DISINFECT ALL DISHES AND UTENSILS:** Don't spread infection to other members of the family. Disinfect all dishes, tableware, fever thermometers, sick room utensils, toys, etc., with "Lysol" solution.

"LYSOL" is used in more homes and hospitals than any other disinfectant, to help maintain hygienic cleanliness.

"Lysol" is always uniform and efficient. Economical because it is so concentrated (you dilute with water).

"Lysol"—unlike some disinfectants—does not lose its germ-killing power when the bottle is left uncorked. On sale at all drug counters. Complete directions with every "Lysol" bottle for many protective uses.

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant



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#### GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

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Please send me the book "Lysol vs. Germs", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

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**GENTLE WASHING ACTION**

**SAVE YOUR CLOTHES!**

**GENERAL ELECTRIC WASHER—With Its Gentle Washing Action Does Speedy, Thorough Job On All Your Clothes**

THE FAMOUS ONE CONTROL WRINGER

GENERAL ELECTRIC



**Gentle Thorough Washing Action**  
Like your own hands, the Activator Washing Action handles each piece separately and washes each piece thoroughly.

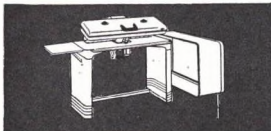


● Clothes are really clean, come out looking fresh, when washed the thorough, speedy G-E Way. The G-E Washer gently saturates, gently flexes and thoroughly washes every inch of every piece—and washes each piece separately. And you can use it for everything—from fine linens to heavy overalls.

Years of research and manufacturing experience have gone into these washers. Yet with all their fine mechanism they are amazingly reasonable in price. See the new handsome models with their easy-to-clean porcelain enamel finish. Your nearest G-E dealer will give you a demonstration and help you plan convenient payments.

**You'll always be glad you bought a G-E**

- 1 Activator Washing Action—saves your clothes.
- 2 One Control Wringer—so easy to use.
- 3 Long Life Mechanism—only 4 moving parts.
- 4 Requires no oiling.
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**NEW IRONING EASE!**

Sit at a G-E Flatplate Ironer, and iron with ease. See all the G-E home laundry appliances... Wringer-type and Spin-Basket Washers, Rotary and Flatplate Ironers, the new Tumbler Dryer.

"IT'S EASY TO STAY YOUNG ELECTRICALLY"



Be sure to see the One-Control Wringer—an exclusive feature on G-E Washers. One simple motion of your hand instantly starts—or stops—all wringer action.

## Anna Maria—Mary Ann

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

"A spy?" Anna Maria wrinkled her brow. "Oh, he was *provocateur* or observer. I do not know what. He just looked at the sights with me and the parks. All that was quite all right. He didn't ask one question about the army."

Why, Stuart H. thought, they had taken the man off! After all, spies were stood up against a wall without much delay.

"We had no evidence," Anna Maria sighed. "But I am so sure."

"What happened to him?"

"We put him on the train with an officer to see that he went back to Berlin."

FOR a moment the girl looked bewildered and helpless. "If only I could have seen what he was trying to do! But I was not so clever." Then she smiled. "Perhaps it doesn't matter. They have hundreds of agents here at work."

While Stuart H. drank he thought about the spies the school-children were mishandling in their efforts to dig. Out of the corners of her eyes Anna Maria was watching him.

"You will not go to Switzerland," she asked gently, "like Mr. Rand said?"

He shook his head.

"You want to wait, to see what will happen—we will have full mobilization tomorrow of course?" She waited, her gray eyes unreadable.

"I'm staying on."

Anna Maria checked a sigh quickly. Then her eyes gleamed. "Good! Then, please, will you do something for me? It is so very important!"

"Well—"

"Of course you will do it. I could not tell you all about it at the hotel. Please—I have a letter." Anna Maria produced it from the throat of her dress skillfully and he saw a sealed envelope without writing on it.

"Tomorrow the mails will perhaps stop," she seemed to guess his thought, "and the trains will be held for the military. I must send this letter, to a—man in the army."

"Where?"

"At Bydgoszcz, a mobilization point near the frontier." Anna Maria's words tumbled over themselves in her haste. "Of course I can't go to him because I am a woman, but you can. Please, you must. He is the boy I love and we were going to Switzerland for that bride-honeymoon. Please, you must go on the train now, this evening and find him."

Stuart H. melted inwardly. He knew how much Anna Maria had counted on that trip to the mountains where the Swiss were kind.

"I had much better not write the name, just now," her voice hurried on, "but I will tell you the name and how to find him. Will you go?" Stuart H. nodded.

"But you must hurry."

"All right," he agreed.

She glanced at his wristwatch and exclaimed softly, "Oh dear, I am late as usual."

Pushing the letter into his hand she hurried off to telephone to the hotel and she came back glowing with excitement, to order another gin fizz for the American and to explain. He could, she calculated swiftly, get on the 18:27 fast train, the through train, because the maids at the Brighton would pack his bags and Jan could bring them down in a taxi while the concierge was getting a ticket to Bydgoszcz, with the *wagon-lit* space, because that fast train had sleeping on it—

Putting the envelope into his pocket, Stuart H. hardly heard her. So she loved a man as much as all that. It was just like Anna Maria to say nothing about it until now.

"Have you money?" she asked. "Then you can pay the bill and the tips to Jan and—"

She stopped, sinking back into her chair. An officer who had been searching among the tables came over to them. Beside their table he stopped and bowed. He was young, his brown face quiet. On his tunic a flier's insignia showed. Briefly he spoke to Anna Maria in Polish.

She brushed her hair back from her cheeks and introduced the two men.

"Flight Lieutenant Dobrowski."

And she became a slender incarnation of words and laughter—words in Polish and English, for the flight lieutenant could speak no English. She ordered the red honey wine for the men to drink, although she would not touch it herself.

DOBROWSKI said little. He sat there as if waiting. And as he drank Stuart H. felt a comfortable warmth stealing over him. He was going on an unknown venture and it would turn out all right. They'd all be all right, all three of them.

"Of course," she laughed. "Why shouldn't we?"

"I'll see that your letter gets into the hands of the right man."

Anna Maria glanced swiftly at the officer who understood no English. Her eyes were half closed, secretive.

"What was his name?" Stuart H. demanded. "You were going to tell me."

"Later I will."

For some reason Anna Maria did not seem able to speak English very well. She looked again at the American's watch and said they must go. When Rand had gone to the train an officer had escorted him into a taxi, just like this. But Rand had nothing incriminating on him, while he—Stuart H.—had a sealed envelope without an address.

A pulse was beating in his head. He felt no sense of danger. Not

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 50]

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**





*Petal Soft*

**Its LUXURY TEXTURE gives you  
more Comfort and Protection**

**T**HE texture of flower petals is a fitting symbol of the unusual softness of Luxury Texture ScotTissue. And with its greater softness and comfort, Luxury Texture combines greater absorbency and firmness for immaculate cleansing. Yet it costs no more than ordinary tissue.

Luxury Texture's gentle protection is especially reassuring to mothers of young children. Ask for ScotTissue today. Scott Paper Co., also makers of Waldorf Tissue and Scot-Towels for home use.



# Queen of the Debutantes



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**CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER**

*Noted Society Commentator, who says:*

*"In all my memory, there's no deb who stands out for charm, beauty and graciousness as does Patricia Plunkett, the Queen 'Deb' of the current social season and undeniably my favorite Glamour Girl. What can I add to the wide acclaim Patricia has already enjoyed? Just this: She's a Woodbury girl thru and thru. She safeguards her beauty with Woodbury Beauty Aids."*



MISS PATRICIA PLUNKETT

The very picture of Youth, this lovely New York debutante has soft blond hair, clear green eyes and a golden complexion. Says Patricia: "I'm devoted to Woodbury beauty preparations. They give my skin such tender, complete care. A girl's in line for compliments when she uses them faithfully."



Missing Page



Missing Page



# OVER THE MAP



DRAWING BY MELBOURNE BRINDLE

## Harriet Anderson

→ SOME words like some race horses make a slow start, then suddenly leap ahead into popular acclaim. "Regionalism" is one. Since 1927 there has been an increasing number of regional books, some of which are already American classics, like Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*, or popular favorites, like Edna Ferber's *Cimarron*. Some have social significance like *Factories in the Field*, by C. McWilliams, or *Middletown in Transition* by the Lynds.

With two World's Fairs on for a second season it is a propitious time to read regional books for everybody is sure to be on wheels going over the map from right to left, or vice versa. Start with *Trending into Maine* by Kenneth Roberts and be sure not to overlook *New England Year* by Muriel Follett, an honest refreshing thoroughly delightful book about a Vermont family. Come down *The Hudson* with Carl Carmer in his book of that title and study Robert Albion's fascinating reliable history, *The Rise of New York Port*.

*Discovering Long Island* by W. O. Stevens you can take in your stride to the south. *The James*, by Blair Niles, tells of romantic Tidewater Virginia, while *God's Valley* by Willson Whitman is a southerner's view of the people and power along the Tennessee River. *Savannah River* by Cecile Matschat and *Florida*, the new volume in the American Guide Series, cover the famous vacation state brilliantly.

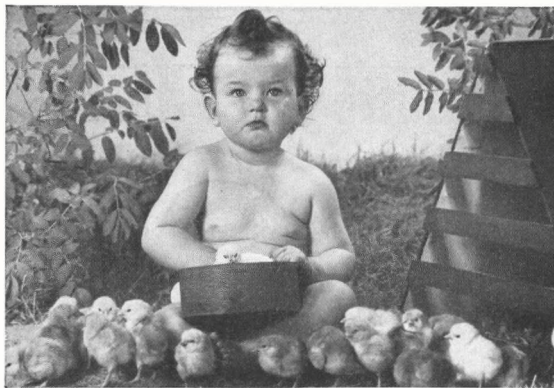
In the southwest you'll be thrilled with Frank Dobie's tales of fabulous lost mines, *Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver*; you'll enjoy Wayman Hogue's story of the

Ozarks, *Back Yonder*. Edwin Latham's absorbing story, *The Stricklands*, is laid in Oklahoma. *Sam*, by John Selby, is a racier novel laid in the midwest, but probably the best period piece of the middle west appearing in a long time is *Maud*, the journals of Maud Rittenhouse during the eighties, edited by Richard Strout. *Upper Mississippi* by Walter Havighurst and *Powder River* by Struthers Burt are good reading; and *The Trampling Herd* by Paul Wellman is an excellent history of the whole cattle country from Texas to Canada and to the golden coast.

*Nebraska Coast*, a very enjoyable novel by Clyde Davis, gives a lively unromanticized picture of Nebraska when the railroads were coming to the west. Elizabeth Page has told about the Oregon Trail in fascinating material taken from her great-uncle's diaries and called *Wagons West*. *First the Blade* by May Miller starts you off at St. Louis but takes you soon to California and the San Joaquin Valley where the staunch pioneers withstand the attacks of the "robber barons," the railroad magnates of San Francisco. Mrs. Fremont Older writes of twenty-one missions in her colorful history, *California Missions and Their Romances*. Charles C. Dobie has written a vivid biography of a city in *San Francisco, a Pageant* and there are charming illustrations by Suydam. You can learn all about our farthest-flung and last frontier in *A Guide to Alaska* by Merle Colby.

*American Regionalism* by Howard Odum and Harry E. Moore is a cultural historical approach to national integration.

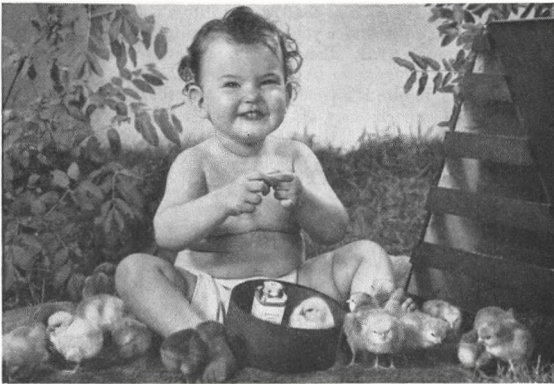
Books about the United States are listed in a leaflet which will be sent for three cents postage. Order from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, New York City.



"Glory, I never saw such discontented birds! You give 'em a whole pan of feed and they still stand around complaining. Hey you over there, don't you know it's bad manners to chirp with your mouth full? . . . Who, you? Yes, you!"



"Ouch! Ho-ah! This one's a pecker. Biting the hand that feeds you, eh? . . . You know, I believe they've got chafes or something. Well, I bit a few people myself the time I was chafed. Where's that Johnson's Baby Powder?"



"Ah-h-h! What powder! . . . softer than my skin or your down! Chafes and prickles haven't a chance. No shoving now, you fellows . . . line forms on the right. All those who want a sprinkle of soft, velvety Johnson's say PEEP!"

"No wonder babies love Johnson's Baby Powder! Such soft, fine talc . . . and it costs so little to keep a baby happy with Johnson's!"



## JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Woman's Home Companion April 1940



# We want more! more! more!

## ARMOUR'S STAR HAM!



*For Easter Feasts*  
**now more tender than ever**  
**... with all that superb flavor!**

Here's the ham that's so deliciously tender it practically melts in your mouth! Yet so firm that it cuts into even, tempting slices, without crumbling under your carving knife!

It's Armour's STAR Ham, of course, now more tender than ever before.

Every single bite is a treat! You get ALL that famous Tru-Ham flavor—the superb taste of the choicest meat, skillfully cured and smoked to seal that flavor in, for your delighted enjoyment!

Ask your dealer to send you an Armour's Star Ham and make your Easter Dinner a real Feast!

### HERE'S HOW:

- Bake fat side up in 300° F. oven only 18 minutes per pound. Do not parboil. One-half hour before done remove rind, add brown sugar and orange juice and finish baking. Ask your dealer for Free folder, telling how to cook and carve your Easter Star Ham.



IN HAM ...  
 as in all other meats

Ask for **ARMOUR'S STAR**  
**It's the GRADE-A BRAND**

## Anna Maria—Mary Ann

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

even down in the street, where no lights were visible. The shops in the wide Marszalkowska, where their taxi blundered through the droshkies, were blank and dark.

When they drew up among other cars Anna Maria took his hand. "This way." With the lieutenant leading, they pushed through muttering groups to the stairs of the station, to the platforms underground. Jan was waiting under a light with the bags. A long train was sliding in, with sleeping cars.

JAN held out a paper with the figures written on it that Stuart H. was to pay. And when the American thrust some loose zlotys into his hand, the porter did not refuse to take them. The old man was watching Dobrowski hungrily.

"Quick!" cried Anna Maria taking the ticket folder from Jan and giving it to the wagon-lit guard. Stuart H. pushed toward the door of a car. Jan was shoving his bags through a window.

"I've told the guard about you," the girl's voice assured him. "He will wake you, where you are to get off. Now you will be all right." She smiled up at him. "And so will we."

Dobrowski saluted, laughing. "Bonne chance!"

The guard touched his arm. Stuart H. remembered, in the tumult, that Anna Maria had been going to tell him something. When he bent down to whisper to her, she kissed his cheek, pushing him toward the door. The train was moving.

Climbing on a step Stuart H. looked back. The young officer was standing close to Anna Maria and they both waved at him, their faces bright with excitement.

Finding his bags in a compartment, Stuart H. jerked the ventilator above the window open. Then he sat down on the berth comfortably. He wanted to take off his coat and think what he would do for Anna Maria. Instead the pulse in his head became a soothing torrent. His head sank down.

Honey wine and gin on a hot night at the end of August made their demands on him and he slept.

ON THE platform, heedless of the crowd, Anna Maria was looking into the brown face of the officer.

"You see, the American was our guest. He was a boy who wanted to make music. Now he is safe."

"And I," said Flight Lieutenant Dobrowski, "have still eight hours' leave."

Anna Maria tried to be gay again. But she could not pretend now. "Oh man," she cried, "do something. I feel so terribly."

Flight Lieutenant Dobrowski put his arm around her and Anna Maria's small body pressed against him, while the blood pounded in her. She sighed, struggling with terror.

"We can't go to Switzerland, can we, Paul? It would have been nice, in that village where they have swans on the lake. I picked out a house for us—"

Stuart H. was awakened when the door of the compartment was opened. A man in a gray uniform demanded something. The guard was holding his passport and ticket but he saw no sign of the Polish conductor with the small lantern strapped to his chest.

With difficulty Stuart H. tried to understand.

"Is this the place? Can't you speak English?"

The man in gray seemed angry and sleepless.

"How much—marks? What foreign money?"

By degrees Stuart H. understood that this was the German frontier.

"What in blazes am I doing in Germany?"

No one tried to explain. When he examined his ticket he found that the last section read to Zurich.

"Why, I'm not going to Switzerland," he said. "I'm going to Byd—back to Warsaw."

THEY were counting his money then methodically. The man in gray only glanced at the sealed envelope in his wallet and tossed it aside. But they understood the word Warsaw. The wagon-lit guard shook his head. No more trains, he made clear, went to Warsaw. And he—Stuart H.—must continue on this car to the Swiss frontier.

The man in gray made a notation about the money and they went out. Stuart H. sat on his berth thinking it over.

He couldn't get back now and anyway he couldn't find the man Anna Maria had written to. Perhaps there was a name inside.

After a moment's hesitation Stuart H. fastened the chain on the compartment door. Switching on the headlight over the berth he tore the flap of the envelope open. He drew out the folded notepaper. It was blank.

Five days later Stuart H. read the news at a paper stand by a boat landing on a Swiss lake: "C'est La Grande Guerre."

Below he saw the smaller type of the German communique. They'd bombed Toruń and Bydgoszcz and Warsaw. They'd bombed Warsaw. Toruń, Bydgoszcz, Warsaw: the names he had seen on the labels on Rand's bags. Warsaw bombed.

Many Polish aviators had been shot down from the sky that Anna Maria had dreaded. He thought of men going up alone against attacking formations, like—what was it he had laughed at—those winged hussars of a forgotten time, with their foolish wings.

He thought, if I could get word to her somehow. Then he remembered that no mails would reach Warsaw now and everything would be changed. And there might no longer be an Anna Maria.



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# Straight Roads, Side Roads

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52)

early American history are the old Santa Fe Trail, the Mormon Trail, the Old Oregon Trail and Custer Battlefield Highway.

In a month's vacation you can motor from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back with nine days to spend in places you have always wanted to see. If you covered seven thousand five hundred miles on such a tour you would have to average three hundred and fifty miles a day motoring west and back but you could spend your nine days in one great national park or divide them among several parks. Some hardy travelers can motor west in seven days, but experts agree that such constant driving is too exhausting and you would reach your destination lacking the zeal to enjoy it. You would have to average over five hundred miles a day three of those days and over four hundred miles the other four.

IN A TWO months' vacation you can plan a ten-thousand-mile transcontinental tour. If you motor west by the southern, and return by the northern route, leaving in late April and returning in late June you will see the country when it is fresh and green. Some of our national parks do not open until mid-June. Or if you prefer to go out by the northern, returning by the southern route, you can leave in early June, returning in early August. Midsummer is a lovely time to see the great farming country. The golden ripe fields of grain are at their best and twilights are long and peaceful.

Such a tour would include Akron, Chicago, Dubuque, Rapid City and the Bad Lands, Yellowstone National Park via the Cody entrance and out by Gardiner, Helena and Glacier National Park, the Canadian Rockies. Here your car can have a rest as it is put on the Canadian Pacific train for a jaunt over the Selkirks to Revelstoke. Just apply the day before at a Canadian Pacific agency so that there is sure to be room in the baggage car. Transportation will cost from twelve dollars and fifty cents to seventeen dollars and fifty cents for the car; about three dollars and sixty-five cents each for passengers. Trailers are also carried on the train between Golden and Revelstoke. About July first the Great Bend Road from Golden to Revelstoke will be open to motor traffic.

From Vancouver you can go south to Seattle, Mt. Rainier National Park, Portland and the Columbia River Highway, Crater Lake National Park, the Redwood Highway, San Francisco and the Yosemite. And whether you visit the Yosemite in May when the falls and streams are most abundant or in autumn when apricot aspen stands in contrasting beauty to dark evergreen it is always lovely. Leaving the park by the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees you can proceed to Fresno, Bakersfield

and Los Angeles. The great oil-producing center of Bakersfield is also noted for its fields of wildflowers in early spring.

A most interesting return trip will include Palm Springs, Wick-enburg, Grand Canyon National Park, the Painted Desert, Gallup, where an Intertribal Indian Ceremonial is held in late August; Amarillo, Tulsa; Joplin, northern gateway to the Ozarks; Springfield and St. Louis. The final part of the journey includes Terre Haute, Indianapolis, Springfield, Wheeling and via U. S. 22 to New York. From Portland to Pendleton, Oregon, is one of the most beautiful drives in the world, the Columbia River Highway. (It is also part of U. S. 30 and if followed straight across the continent will take you to Atlantic City, New Jersey.) Barely sixty miles beyond Portland is a sign to the right beckoning you to Mt. Hood. On the slopes of Mt. Hood is a quiet comfortable new inn, Timberline Lodge, a perfect vacation spot. Here in mid-April national downhill ski championships are held.

If it's mid-September and you are proceeding to Pendleton you must stop for the great round-up. Junior will never forgive you if you don't. He wants to see some of the greatest roping and riding in the country. Farther on, about three hundred miles from Portland, is the town of La Grande, still on the Lincoln Highway. By taking a road northeast over Oregon Highway 82 you reach another mountain inn, Wallowa Lake Lodge, then motor the following day to Hat Point on the brink of Snake River Canyon. The detour to the Canyon and back will take a whole day, as part of the road is steep and difficult, open only in summer, but the glorious panorama will repay you.

YES, America is full of enchanting side roads in every great state through which you pass. In Iowa are the Amana colonies, and Pella where a Dutch bulb festival is held every May; in the southwest are Indian pueblos and cliff dwellings; in the south are fine old houses and plantations; in New England the whaling villages of Nantucket (top photograph on opening page) and New Bedford. This spring many private gardens and old estates are open to the public including a Spring Fiesta in New Orleans from March 3 to 9, the Natchez Garden Pilgrimages from March 2 to April 8, and Garden Week in Virginia in late April. The peak of bloom in South Carolina and Georgia is usually late March. New Mexico (bottom picture opening page) is celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the arrival of Coronado this year.

If you decide that two months' travel this summer should be part of your children's and incidentally your own education you can plan

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

## "So we put Ozite through the wringer..."



along with some other rug pads"

... and Ozite was the only one that didn't lose its softness!

Make this simple test (as we did) with an ordinary clothes-wringer and you'll see why all rug cushions aren't the same! Squeezed under pressure 100 times, Circle Tread Ozite is still springy and soft—but the "just-as-good" bargain pad gets thinner, harder, less resilient... no longer "just-as-good"... no longer a bargain!

Any rug pad is soft WHEN IT'S NEW... but genuine Circle Tread Ozite Cushion stays soft AS LONG AS YOU LIVE—giving lasting protection to your rugs and a yielding richness to the least expensive carpet. Genuine Ozite is the biggest bargain in the long run... it never needs replacement, it's never cheapened with fillers dyed to look like hair, it's made of REAL hair reinforced with a burlap center.

The next time you buy, look for the Circle Tread design and the name OZITE impressed in the fabric. Made in 5 weights for Rugs and Carpets. Permanently moth-proofed, odorless because Ozitized. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for free sample and "Booklet 11" on Care of Rugs. Clinton Carpet Co., Merchandise Mart, Chicago.



PACKED DOWN TO HALF THE THICKNESS!

This "bargain pad" was rolled through the wringer 100 times—and just see what happened to it! Half its thickness and most of its resilience gone, it is no longer the cushion it was before the pressure was applied.



HARDLY A CHANGE—SPRINGY AS EVER!

And now look at Circle Tread Ozite after it's been through the wringer 100 times. There's hardly any change... even the Circle Tread design hasn't matted down! It's still a REAL cushion, permanently soft, springy and "alive"!

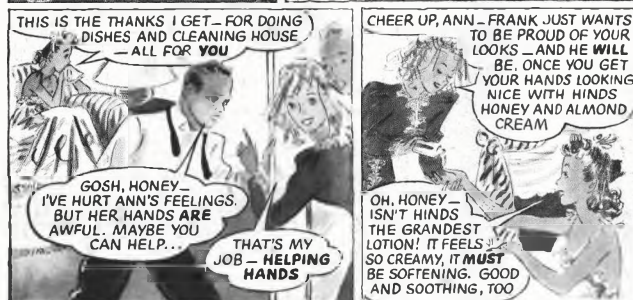


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BUYING REAL OZITE IS LIKE GETTING A NEW RUG FREE!

**Ozite**  
RUG AND CARPET CUSHION



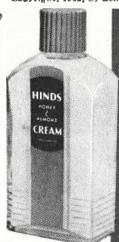


**W**ANT appealing, lovable hands? Don't let housework and chilly winds spoil the looks of your hands. Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream regularly to help guard against harsh chapping. Hinds is extra-creamy, extra-softening. Helps tone down harsh redness. Coaxes back a softer look and feel. Hinds feels good, *does* good to tender hands! Contains Vitamins A and D. \$1, 50¢, 25¢, and 10¢ sizes at toilet goods counters.



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**NEW!**  
Hinds Hand  
Cream  
in Jars  
Quick-softening!  
10¢ and 50¢  
Sizes



**HINDS  
FOR  
HANDS**

## Straight Roads, Side Roads

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

an American tour of much variety including great industrial plants such as the General Electric power plant in Schenectady, a steel plant in Gary, a coal mine in Pennsylvania, and Grand Coulee, Bonneville and Boulder Dams. In Detroit the magnificent automobile plants are open to visitors and Greenfield Village is near by.

One week of an educational tour might be devoted to the historic shrines of Annapolis, Washington, Mount Vernon, Gettysburg, Valley Forge and Philadelphia. From Boston it is a short trip to Duxbury, Plymouth, Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard. Near Washington are Yorktown, Colonial Williamsburg (middle picture opening page), Jamestown and Richmond.

A RANCH vacation is ideal for city children. They can see a good deal of the country by motor-ing out to a northwestern ranch and much more after they get there. And there are great round-ups and rodeos such as Frontier Days in Cheyenne, the Black Hills Round-up, the Calgary Stampede. The northwestern ranches attract summer visitors; those in the southwest are delightful in spring, autumn and winter.

Before you begin a transcontinental tour you may like to join the American Automobile Association which gives touring information from its nine hundred offices throughout the United States. Its Emergency Road Service Directory is helpful when your car breaks down, runs into a ditch or out of gas as members can call the nearest AAA garage, which will help them. It offers investigated hotel and cabin directories, tour books and itineraries.

The big gas and oil companies offer splendid services, unknown to many tourists, providing annual maps, accommodation and resort directories, and the most imaginative pictorial maps. We all know of the proverbial courtesy and friendliness of the boys at the gas stations. And they often know the best restaurants in the community.

The automobile clubs and gas companies agree that the car should be greased and battery checked every thousand miles. Oil should be changed regularly, tires inspected frequently. Adequate insurance must be carried. Thermos bottles filled with ice water should be renewed frequently since a flat tire on the desert is not pleasant and water very difficult to obtain. And the gas tank should be filled as soon as it is half empty. Distances are tremendous in the west. Extra fuses, spark plugs and chains are useful and a flashlight and first aid kit are essential.

Mileage covered before noon in hot weather is best, so experienced travelers are on the road by six, eating some fruit before their departure, stopping a bit later for

breakfast in a good coffee shop or cafeteria. About eleven it's fun to have some milk or fruit, a picnic at one by the roadside or on the picnic table in a state park. At five you might stop for the night, bathe and change, and dine in a good restaurant about seven. On a long trip it is wise to rest one whole day in seven and it is also wise to stop the car occasionally and relax for a few minutes.

What will it cost to motor across the United States? As an example if you average fifteen miles per gallon and you expect to motor ten thousand miles you will need six hundred and sixty-six gallons for the trip; at twenty-one cents a gallon this would be one hundred thirty-nine dollars and eighty-six cents. Motor oil averages twenty-five to thirty cents a quart. It is easy to see that the cost of driving the car divided by four people makes a transcontinental trip possible for many travelers.

Tourist homes welcome motorists for about one dollar a night a person. In searching for them a good directory like Federal Silent-nite Homes is helpful, or you can inquire at a local chamber of commerce, church or gas station. Of course there are hotels at all prices and some good small country hotels in unexpected places. Another very fine source of information is the state publicity bureau.

Tourist cabins are probably the greatest contribution to reasonable motor holidays. Hot and cold running water can be found in a large percentage, over one fourth have private baths, many are completely equipped for housekeeping, others have playgrounds, laundries and swimming pools. And children love them and are less restless when they can run off excess energy before going to bed. But inspect them well before deciding to spend the night. A few lights over the doorways usually indicate quieter courts than cabins standing in a blaze of light. Very good cabins with completely equipped units average two dollars and fifty cents for two, four dollars for four. There are many good cabin directories.

A guide for gourmets is Duncan Hines' Adventures in Good Eating, now in its sixth or seventh edition, with a listing of good restaurants in every state. Another book for motorists is The Traveler's Windfall by J. Stanton Robbins. The Gardener's Travel Book, by E. Farrington, lists outstanding public and private gardens, arbore-tums and parks in the United States and Canada. With these aids and the unexpected places you discover yourself you can have a grand vacation.

Have you tried to see America in one look? It can't be done of course, but in trying you will have had an unforgettable experience. There is grandeur of scenery, worn-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 58]



# "Irene" BRINGS YOU LOVELY ANNA NEAGLE AND CROWN TESTED RAYON FASHIONS FOR EASTER

Coming soon to your local theater — "Irene" — RKO Radio Picture starring Anna Neagle.

MARSHA HUNT, also featured in "Irene", poses for us in this flattering dinner dress. Of Crown Tested Rayon jersey, smarter than ever for spring, with contrasting jacket to dramatize the slim waist-line. Sizes 10-18, under \$20.



THE MILITARY CUT, the white revers and cuffs of this spring coat are important fashion features. In Crown Tested Spun Rayon and wool twill. In junior sizes 9-17, under \$20.



The white revers and dickey, the bolero line, emphasize slimness. Anna Neagle graciously poses in this distinguished dress of Crown Tested Rayon crepe. To be found in half sizes 16½-24½. Under \$20.



## Crown Tested Rayon Fabrics

When "Irene," one of the season's best-dressed pictures, comes to your local theater, these beautiful clothes will appear in your favorite store (see list). They are adapted from some of the smartest fashions in the picture, which was costumed by Edward Stevenson, RKO Radio designer.

And you can be just as sure of their quality as you are of their style . . . for these lovely adaptations are made of Crown Tested Rayon fabrics. This is your assurance that they will wear well, clean well, hold fast to seams, keep lovely colors fresh.\* Be sure to see them!

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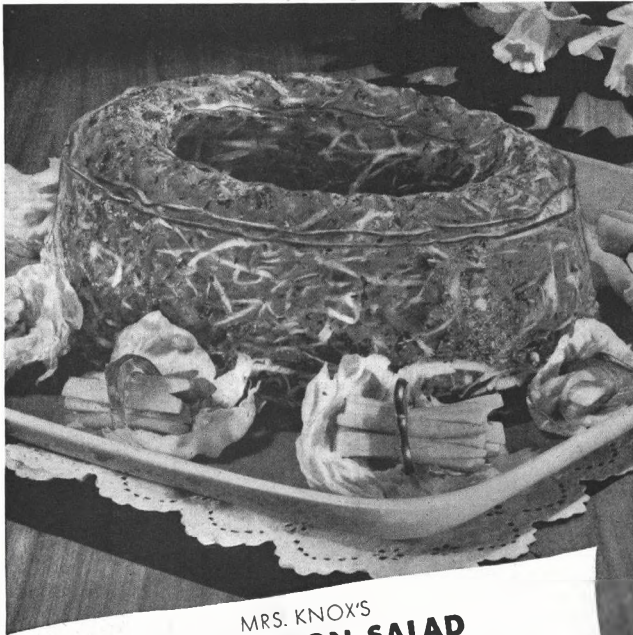
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World's Largest Producer of Rayon Yarn, 200 Madison Avenue, New York City  
Woman's Home Companion April 1940



## Vegetable Salad—with a Difference!



### MRS. KNOX'S COMPLEXION SALAD

(Serves 6—uses only  $\frac{1}{4}$  package)  
 1 envelope Knox Gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoonfuls mild vinegar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup carrots, grated fine or shredded  
 2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley or raw spinach  
 1 cup hot water  
 1 (1 1/2) tablespoonful lemon-juice  
 1 teaspoonful salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cabbage, grated fine or shredded  
 2 teaspoonfuls onion-juice (extracted by grating onion)

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add salt, hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add vinegar, lemon-juice, onion-juice. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken, add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water. Chill. When firm, unmold on lettuce leaves. Decorate with raw carrot bundles and rings of green pepper. Serve with Knox low-calorie mayonnaise, made from special Knox recipe.

NOTE: Don't confuse Knox Gelatine with factory-flavored gelatine desserts which are about 85% sugar. Be sure to use pure Knox Gelatine.

**SATISFYING, BUT ONLY 18 CALORIES PER SERVING!**

It's so delicious, you won't believe this salad has only 18 calories a serving. If you've been keeping a watchful eye on the scales and a watchful eye on delectable dishes—here's grand news. The Knox booklet called "Be Fit—Not Fat" is designed especially for you. It contains dozens of tempting salads, luscious desserts—with calories cut from  $\frac{1}{3}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$ . You'll find low-calorie butter—besides special Knox mayonnaise that makes salads taste so good, yet doesn't add calories! This remarkable little booklet is yours free. Send coupon below.

**KNOX GELATINE**  
 IS PLAIN UNFLAVORED GELATINE—NO SUGAR

**Special FREE Offer** Want to keep fit—avoid fat? Send for new diet principle and 30 streamlined recipes—all in the new Knox booklet "Be Fit—Not Fat." Limited edition, so mail coupon today for your copy! Also free, "Mrs. Knox's Quickies," a booklet of recipes that are remarkable time-savers. Knox Gelatine Company, Box 34, Johnstown, N. Y.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## Straight Roads, Side Roads

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

out land, wealth of lakes and streams, barren desert, the wild Tetons in Wyoming and the soft Green Mountains of Vermont. There is the most remarkable variety of trees, flowers, birds and animals, and there are petrified forests and dinosaur tracks. There are hundreds of camps in real wilderness. In outdoor theaters symphonies are given under the stars, there are Bach festivals, folk festivals, Indian ceremonials, jumping frog contests and horned toad derbies. In Santa Barbara and Santa Fe charming Spanish fiestas are held. There are whaling museums, pioneer museums, fine art collections and libraries, the Museum of Anthropology in Santa Fe and the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

➤ YES, it's possible to plan ahead and have a glorious vacation in America, to choose one which will benefit and inspire all the family.

A straight road will take you quickly to your destination and a side road to your heart's desire. You won't feel the pulse, the friendliness and hospitality of America unless you loiter on the side roads.

The following leaflets may be obtained for three cents each from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York: Children's Summer Motor Tour Two Months' Transcontinental Tour Vacations in Our Country's Parks American Festivals The New York World's Fair 1940 San Francisco and the Pacific Coast A complete list of the Travel Office Motor Itineraries, with suggested vacations from one to two weeks, may be found on the At Your Service page at the end of this issue.

## Family Reunion

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

house had been watching our approach. I saw a young girl looking out at us. She held an oil lamp in her hand. She was about my own age and in the soft yellow bloom of her lamp Wanda Frawley should have been pretty. A sulky mouth and sullen eyes spoiled her looks.

She didn't speak to me at all but as Amanda and Patience approached she said sharply, "We expected you at midnight, Mrs. Silver. The electricity went off in the storm two hours ago. The telephone's gone now."

"I dare say," replied Amanda mildly, "we'll survive, Wanda, just as we've survived before. Have you made up the blue room for my niece? Where's Eliot? I'll want him to stable down the horses."

"Eliot has gone to bed."

➤ A PECULIAR silence occurred. I saw Patience look at her sister. "I believe," said Amanda quietly, "that I asked you both to await our arrival."

"Eliot wasn't feeling well and I thought—"

"I'll do the thinking, Wanda," Amanda said in tones that were entirely pleasant. "Please call Eliot at once."

Wanda didn't stir. There was a mute exchange of eyes—the girl's eyes blue and very hard, Amanda's equally unyielding. What would have been the result of that meeting of two strong wills was not to be disclosed.

Another lamp materialized in the passageway and with it came Eliot Frawley. He was the exact opposite of his much younger wife—no fighter certainly, a thin man in his early forties, stoop-shouldered, tired and melancholy-look-

ing, with mild myopic eyes screened by heavy spectacles.

"Did you want me, Mrs. Silver?" he inquired with an uneasy glance around the group. "I—as it happens—I hadn't gone to bed. My head was troubling me and Wanda thought you might not mind, but—"

"I would have minded very much," said Great-aunt Amanda.

➤ HER calm voice was entirely pleasant as she suggested that Wanda show me to my room. But I perceived that the girl herself was far from calm as she seized my bag and started up the stairs.

On the second floor the maid, who had yet to address a single word to me, opened a door and led the way into a vast and gloomy bedroom; a place that might have been a ballroom, hung with two crystal chandeliers, cut by seven windows cloaked in heavy velvet draperies. At one end two tall pier glasses framed a marble fireplace. At the other a canopied four-poster bed, set upon a carpeted platform, was elevated a full five feet from the floor. One reached its velvet-covered expanse by mounting the two shallow steps of the platform, transferring to a short stepladder and then, I imagined, completed the journey by a flying leap.

"This is the blue room," announced Wanda blandly. She seemed inexplicably to have recovered her good nature. She was smiling as she lighted a candle-labrum. "There's your bag. I suppose you want to unpack yourself. Do you expect me to turn down the bed?"

"I'll turn it down myself," I said and thought that even in the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 60]



# Van Raalte

"BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"

## FAUNTEX\* GLOVES



"RIO" a new longer glove prettily be-ruffled. \$1

"SERENADE" with dainty spray of embroidery. \$1

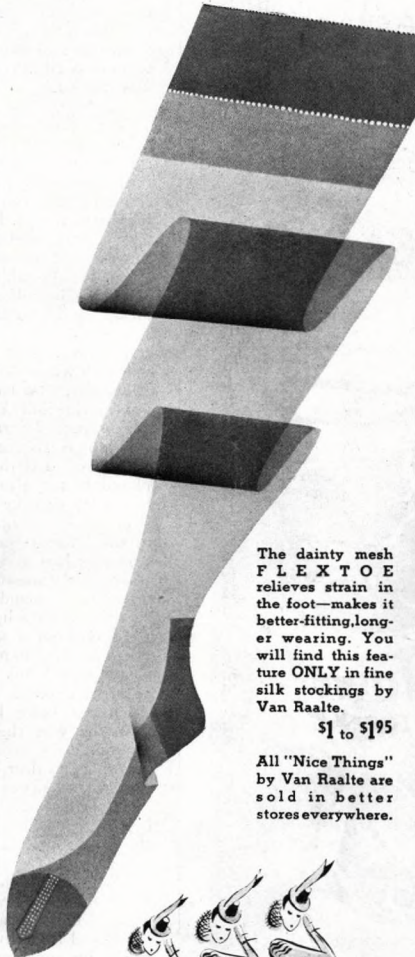


"FANDANGO" softened by elastic shirring. \$150



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The dainty mesh FLEXTOE relieves strain in the foot—makes it better-fitting, longer wearing. You will find this feature ONLY in fine silk stockings by Van Raalte.

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All "Nice Things" by Van Raalte are sold in better stores everywhere.



## STRYPs\* UNDERTHINGS

A SLIP that gives you smoothest lines. \$185



UNDIE SET—uplift bra, trim trunk. 65¢ each



A GOWN with slim waist and graceful full skirt. \$2



VAN RAALTE • STOCKINGS • UNDERTHINGS • GLOVES 417 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



## Family Reunion

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

uncertain light the walls and draperies looked not blue but an unpleasant bottle-green. Before I could speak, the girl had vanished.

That somber cheerless chamber was not a comfortable or a reassuring spot in which to place a weary and unfamiliar guest.

A bit uncertainly I moved across the carpeted expanse toward a window. I pulled back the draperies and discovered that the tall narrow window gave immediately upon the iron-encircled balcony outside, now deep in snow that lay heaped in fleecy layers about the ghostly supporting columns. Snow was still falling softly. The window wouldn't open. The frame was warped.

I FINALLY gave up the effort, returned to my bag, unpacked, thrust my clothes helter-skelter into a wardrobe large enough to stifle Princess and Betsy, and got into night things. It was then that my eye was caught by a darkened canvas fixed above the fireplace. What was the subject? Moved by a sudden inexplicable impulse I picked up the candles and went to see. The subject of the heroic portrait was a man with flaming whiskers who stood, like a lonely Alexander, on a mountaintop, his noble melancholy eyes gazing into the distance. The red-bearded man was John S. Hieronomo.

I knew then that I had been placed in my great-grandfather's bedroom, that he had slept the sleep of the just and proud in that canopied four-poster bed.

Hardly had this rather chilling realization come upon me when Great-aunt Amanda entered. Her step was always light but she entered without a sound. John S. Hieronomo, who hated noise, had soundproofed his own chamber at great expense. I heard Aunt Amanda's voice before I knew that she was there. I whirled around.

"Anne, my dear," said Amanda, too perturbed to observe how much she had startled me, "there's been some mistake. This is not the blue room. This is Father's room."

"Wanda brought me here."  
"Wanda?" Her voice was sharp, alert. "Then it wasn't Patience?"

"No. I'll gladly move," I said and to my consternation felt tears spring into my eyes.

I had a strong impression that Aunt Amanda meant to move me elsewhere and at once. Unfortunately she misunderstood completely my own emotions.

"Move? Indeed you won't! You're tired to death."

After that no protest was possible. Immediately she made up her mind, Aunt Amanda mounted the carpeted platform, expertly balanced herself upon the step-ladder and folded back the velvet counterpane on the bed. As I approached to help, she said, "You'll find the pillows in the bolster."

I turned over the old-fashioned wooden bolster, thrust my fingers into the opening, captured a crumpled pillow. As I pulled the pillow free, something else, which had been hidden there, escaped my grip and thudded to the floor. On the lower step of the platform lay a huge old-fashioned pistol. The candlelight gleamed on the clumsy silver-plated handle.

Aunt Amanda heard the noise and craned her neck. "It's Father's pistol," said Amanda slowly. "Strange, I thought it was in the bureau. I wonder what it was doing in the holster."

I can't say exactly what made me think that my Great-aunt Amanda was acting. Possibly she was a shade too casual as she explained that John S. Hieronomo had been used to sleep with a pistol underneath his pillow and that someone must have returned the pistol to that hiding place, which she professed to consider not in the least unusual. The light and casual air was slightly overdone. She may have sensed what I was thinking. "What is it, dear? You look very pale. Do firearms make you nervous?"

"I—I suppose they do," I said. She dismounted from the ladder. "That's foolish, Anne. The pistol isn't loaded, hasn't been in years. Here, let me show you."

She broke the gun and I saw that it was indeed unloaded. She laughed and leaned to kiss me.

"Just to make you easier, I'll leave it in the bureau. Now blow out your candles and climb into bed."

She waited until I climbed into the bed that would have accommodated six. She herself blew out the candles. In the darkness she moved noiselessly toward the door. At the heavy walnut bureau, however, I heard her pause and open a drawer. I heard her open the drawer and close it and then, with a last good night, she was gone.

IT TOOK me several minutes to slide cautiously from bed, to locate matches, to relight the candles. Finally the task was done and I was started toward the bureau. I opened the drawer that Aunt Amanda had opened.

The drawer, lined in yellowed newspapers, was empty. My great-grandfather's gun wasn't there.

I was still staring into the empty drawer when for the second time very softly the door behind me opened. I started violently. Patience Hieronomo came in.

Instinctively and without thought I pushed the drawer into place. I dare say I looked somewhat shaken. I felt shaken, certainly.

"Is something wrong?" cried Aunt Patience. "Again instinct guided me. No," I said. "There's nothing wrong. It's—it's only that you came in so quietly."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 61]

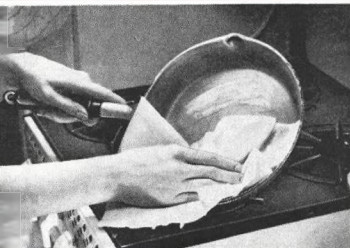
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SAVE YOU MONEY

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FEATURING THESE NEW TEAR-EASY SCOTTOWELS



● No nasty cloth to scrub out afterwards! You use an absorbent, Tear-Easy ScotTowel once and throw it away!



● No greasy dishwasher—no horrid ring to scour out of your sink—when you scrape plates first with an absorbent ScotTowel.





# THE SECOND BLOOMING OF SHEILA

She Was a Shadow of Her Former Self . . .  
Looked Old Before Her Time, *Until* . . .



**MARIAN:** Why, Sheila, don't tell me you're not going to the party! You're *always* sending last minute regrets!  
**SHEILA:** I can't help it, Marian. I'm so tired and exhausted lately, I haven't the energy to do *anything*!



**MARIAN:** Well, I'm going to speak frankly, Sheila. If I were as rundown and nervous as you are, I'd commence taking the new Ovaltine—and I wouldn't waste any thought about it either.



**SHEILA:** But—how can the new Ovaltine help?  
**MARIAN:** Why, it guards against food deficiencies that undermine vitality and health. It's a scientific "protecting" food-drink—rich in vitamins and minerals.



**SO SHEILA,** Like Thousands of Thin, Nervous, Rundown People. Started Taking New Ovaltine Regularly 3 Times a Day—including a Cupful at Bedtime to Help Rebuild Vitality During Sleep!



**SHEILA'S HUSBAND:** Say, what's happening to you lately? You're so peppy you seem like a different person.  
**SHEILA:** I feel like a different person, too! Haven't felt so fresh in the mornings for years.



**MARIAN (in background):** Look, Joe, isn't Sheila lovely since she got her old "life" and sparkle back again?  
**SHEILA'S HUSBAND:** Gee, honey, I almost wish we weren't married so I could fall in love with you all over again.

## RUNDOWN, THIN OR EXHAUSTED?

*If so, Don't Fail to Try  
New Improved Ovaltine*

**I**F you seem to be "aging" too rapidly—if your freshness and sparkle seem to be steadily slipping away—here's important news. For science now finds that such conditions may be due to some *food deficiency* that secretly exists. You may lack some essential protecting food element that you need for abundant vitality and health.

Such food deficiencies can be extremely baffling—because it's often hard to tell just which food element is lacking. For example, you may be suffering from a shortage of *Vitamin A* that's needed for resistance to disease. Or from a lack of *Vitamin B* that's so essential for healthy nerves. Or a lack of *iron* may be impoverishing the blood.

So it goes. When you feel exhausted and fagged out, it may be because you are temporarily short on certain

food elements needed to keep the blood sugar at a proper level. This is a common cause of tiredness and fatigue.

As a *protecting* food-drink Ovaltine supplies a wide variety of food elements most likely to be lacking in ordinary foods—including Vitamins A, B, D, C—and the minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. And recently, Ovaltine has been enriched with *additional amounts* of these vital elements.

In addition, Ovaltine is high in nutritive value—extremely easy to digest. Clinical tests show it increases the energy fuel in the blood in as little as 15 minutes—thus helping to ward off attacks of fatigue.

So, if you tire easily—if you feel nervously fagged and rundown—try taking the new, improved Ovaltine three times a day, including a cup at bedtime as an aid to restful sleep—and to help rebuild vitality *while* you sleep. See if you don't notice a surprising difference in the way you *look* and *feel*.

Ovaltine is served in over 1,700 American hospitals—doctors approve its use. Get a can at any grocery or drug store today. Or mail the coupon at the right for a generous free trial supply.



SEND FOR YOUR

*Free Sample Tin*

See for yourself how delicious the new Ovaltine is. Take it either hot or cold in daytime—preferably hot at bedtime. Mail coupon NOW for a generous free trial-size tin. You'll be glad you did.

OVALTINE, Dept. V40-WHC-4,  
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me your generous free trial-size tin of the new Ovaltine . . . (We send only 1 tin to a person. Offer not good in Canada.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

**OVALTINE**  
*The Protecting Food-Drink*





*At Last...*

## SHOES THAT FIT LIKE YOUR STOCKINGS



The Catalina



The Mignon



Shortback means Full-Fashioned Fit. Foot Savers fit your foot the way a full-fashioned stocking fits your leg.

The Lucilla

\$97.5 to \$137.5

### Full-Fashioned Fit in Sleek New Foot Savers

Style this season begins with fit! You'll want your dresses sleek, your helts snug—you'll want your shoes to look painted on. That's why you'll want Foot Savers. Their beautiful lines are not spoiled by unsightly gaps at your heel. Yet they'll never crowd your toes. Because Foot Savers are made—over exclusive Shortback Lasts—to hug your foot the way a full-fashioned stocking hugs your leg. Write for Spring Style Chart and name of nearest store. The Julian & Kokenge Company, 46 West Main Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Junior Foot Savers, made by Curtis-Stephens-Embry Co., Reading, Pa.  
Copy, 1940, The Julian & Kokenge Co. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*Shortback\**  
**FOOT SAVER SHOES**  
*shaped to fit like your stockings*

## Family Reunion

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

It was her turn to hesitate. She leaned a little forward. Her voice, when finally it came, was swift and low and very urgent:

"I had to talk to you. I want to ask what brought you east? Why did you come from Wisconsin to Hieronomo House?" Her small bright eyes were fixed upon me. They seemed to glitter.

"Why did I come here?" I repeated, utterly confused. I stared back at her. "Aunt Amanda invited me to come and meet the family."

"Did she give no other reason for bringing you fifteen hundred miles?"

"What other reason could there be?" I stammered. "Since the house is being sold it would be my last chance—"

"I know that story," said Patience Hieronomo. Her eyes slid toward the door, came back to me. Her voice sank to a whisper: "I believe too that she has some other reason for bringing us all together. Amanda isn't sentimental. Amanda isn't sentimental in the least."

Patience Hieronomo turned then and left the room.

I DIDN'T sleep well that night but I slept late into the morning. It must have been nearly noon when I climbed from my great-grandfather's massive bed, dressed and went downstairs. The vast lonely rooms that opened off the foyer were quiet and deserted. A low murmur of voices was issuing from the regions toward the rear and I guessed that my aunts were conferring in the kitchen.

I badly wanted coffee but I wanted more to defer a meeting with either of my hostesses. I looked quickly around the foyer and then I slipped outside. The instant I left the house behind, my spirits lifted. The winter day was cold and crystal clear, illumined by a distant sun.

It seemed to me that I had allowed trifles to unnerve me. Aunt Amanda could have had a dozen different reasons for removing her father's gun, particularly when I had evinced such an active distaste for it. Even the cryptic little conversation with Great-aunt Patience suddenly seemed a shade ridiculous.

I paused briefly to survey the grounds. In a winter garden where clumps of edelweiss and lobelia were brave against the snow I saw Amos engaged in earnest conversation with a workman who had come to repair the electric wires. Beyond the two men, unsightly in the white and sweeping landscape, rose a high board fence. I waved to Amos and then my absent gaze passed on to a sprawling barn some distance off. From the cupola which topped the barn John S. Hieronomo had been used to watch and clock his trotting horses as they circled a long-abandoned track immediately below.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 80]

"He  
**SINGS MORE  
 AND BETTER**  
*since I've changed  
 his Food*"



OFTEN, a change in diet is all your canary may need for better song and health. Remember, your canary's diet—like your own—needs variety!

Try French's! It's a combination diet—Bird Seed and Biscuit—blended under laboratory supervision. French's Bird Biscuit is a mixture of 10 ingredients: poppy, sesame, millet and rape seeds, cuttlebone, corn syrup, soy bean grits, wheat germ, charcoal and yeast. A diversified food that adds variety and gives the diet an extra lift!

You'll And French's Bird Biscuit (in itself worth 10c) in every package of French's Bird Seed—*at no extra cost!*

### NEW 60-DAY DIET TEST DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

Feed your canary French's for 60 days. If you're not satisfied it's the right diet for him—return the package top and we'll send you double what you paid for French's!

WHEN DO CANARIES MOULT?  
 Send For NEW CANARY BOOK  
**FREE!** Answers questions about canaries—their care and treatment. 76 pages—many in color. Simply mail your name and address on postcard to The R. T. French Co., Dept. 2378, Rochester, N. Y.

**French's**  
**BIRD SEED and  
 Biscuit**



LARGEST-SELLING CANARY DIET IN THE U.S.



➤ YOU are looking for the newest fashion idea under the summer sun. You want a casual sports costume that makes you feel as fresh as a sea breeze, as young as a kindergartner. Well, your cue is to take a tip from the southern California designers and choose a play dress like this one. Each of its style points is an important factor in the resort-into-summer picture. Put them all together and you have practically the whole story.

The most outstanding feature is the brief full skirt. Short skirts are what make this year's play clothes look so childish. They swing over the beach, on the tennis court, in the garden. Some are as brief as a ballet dancer's. Others, like this one, just hit the knee. All of them have a wide spread, through either gores or gathers. And nearly all are attached to slim-fitting bloomers or panties.

Next comes the trim rib look. That long smooth line through the torso adds the well-groomed note that you want this summer, no matter how little-girl your play clothes may be. You find it in all the smartest California sports things from swim suits to slacks. Certainly it is especially effective in a play dress that has its full skirt gathered way down over the hips.

You can't see the next point, but it is a significant one. Under the short bolero pictured here there's an open top. To a designer the southern Californians are playing up the sun-back dress covered by a bolero or jacket. Another fashion of the moment to jot down on your vacation list.

Above all you'll want at least one easy-to-wash cotton in the bright red that looks so different this year in cabaña or patio. In Los Angeles and at Palm Springs you see this brilliant scarlet (some call it Mariposa red) used in all sorts of ways—sometimes alone, sometimes as an accent with dead white or an exotic print. And it colors everything—play shoes like these soft capeskin moccasins for example as well as play dresses, slacks and bathing suits.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES EGGLITZ

## Homemaking

HOUSING - GARDENING - HANDICRAFT  
INTERIOR DECORATION - ENTERTAINMENT

## Home Service Center

FOOD - EQUIPMENT - LAUNDRY

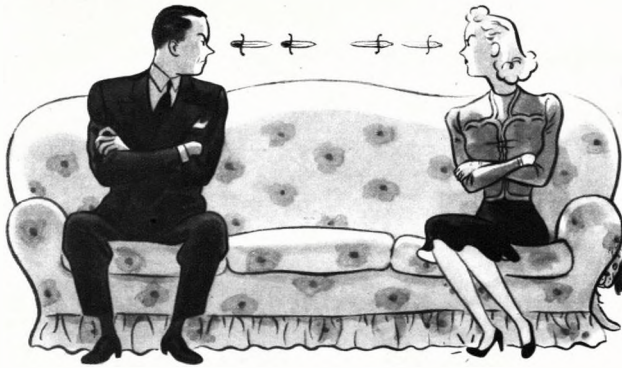
## Fashions

## Good Looks

## Reader-Editor Group







"It used to make me hopping mad—the way my husband was always kicking about his shirts. I know they were a mess—everything in my wash was full of tattle-tale gray. But I worked like a beaver. I didn't know my lazy soap left dirt behind. I had no idea what ailed my clothes until . . .



"The lady next door got me to wash the Fels-Naptha way—and glory, what a surprise! I've tried the bar as well as the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips. Both of them combine grand golden soap and gentle naphtha so effectively that even the grimest dirt hustles out! You bet my husband's showering me with compliments these days—I've got the whitest, most fragrant washes that ever danced on a line!"

## Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

WHEREVER YOU USE BAR SOAP — USE FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP. SEE HOW IT HUSTLES OUT DIRT—HOW BEAUTIFULLY WHITE AND SWEET IT GETS YOUR CLOTHES! SEE WHY MILLIONS SAY IT'S THE GRANDEST BAR-SOAP THEY'VE EVER USED!

WHEREVER YOU USE BOX-SOAP—USE FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP CHIPS. THEY SPEED WASHING MACHINES LIKE MAGIC BECAUSE THEY'RE HUSKIER — NOT PUFFED UP WITH AIR LIKE FLIMSY, SNEEZY POWDERS. THEY GIVE BUSIER, LIVELIER SUDS BECAUSE THEY NOW HOLD A NEW SUDS-BUILDER



Remember—Golden Bar or Golden Chips—  
FELS-NAPHTHA  
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



COPE, 1940, FELS & CO.



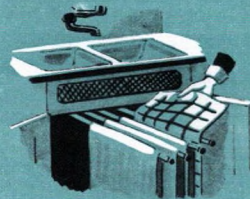
### IF YOU HAD DESIGNED YOUR OWN KITCHEN

"NO, Madam," said the cook, fixing gentle Mrs. Goodbody with a firm eye, "I can never serve another dinner for six, owing to having no place to set anything down in this kitchen."

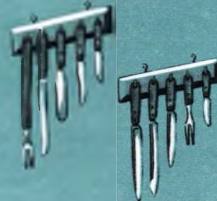
Lucky cook, she could move out! But can you, if your kitchen is badly planned? Hundreds of Reader-Editors—those dependable spokesmen for 3,200,000 COMPANION readers—have poured into our sympathetic ear a catalogue of the inconveniences that are wearing them down in the kitchens they never had a chance to design. Hard luck? "Not too hard," affirm the experts in the Home Service Center. "Practically no kitchen is hopeless. A little ingenuity or money, a little skill with tools will change a problem kitchen into a homemaker's picnic ground."

To prove it they have worked out on these two pages some particularly thrifty solutions to the troubles oftenest mentioned by our Reader-Editors.

Is your problem dealt with here?



This rack installed under the sink keeps towels out of sight and the kitchen neat



To insure sharp knives keep them separated as shown in this set of ten pieces

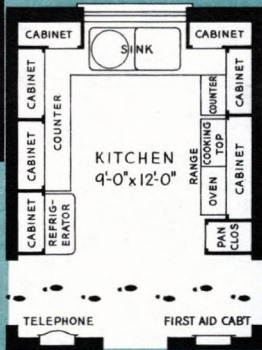
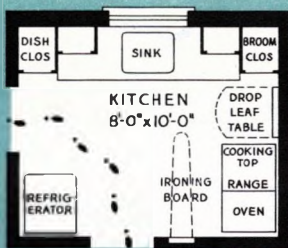


To help you reach high shelves there's a sturdy well-balanced step-stool

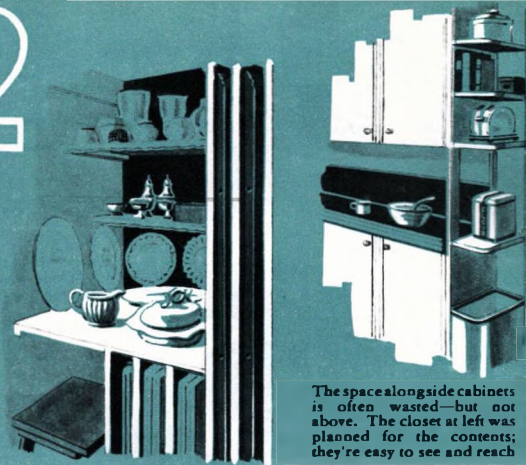
3







2



The slogan of the kitchen above is: "Use side road, main road for cook only!" And the kitchen at the right says: "Keep out!"

The space alongside cabinets is often wasted—but not above. The closet at left was planned for the contents; they're easy to see and reach

# 1200 READER-EDITORS QUIZ

**Question 1: What can I do to solve the problem of traffic jams in my kitchen?**

**Answer:** Good planning and convenient arrangement of work centers are the two fundamentals of efficiency in the kitchen. Gone are the days when a builder blithely placed the stove on one wall, the cupboards behind the door, the sink in a corner and the refrigerator, if there was one, in the back entry of a new house.

Yet a lot of us have to live in a not-too-well-arranged house and, like so many of the Reader-Editors who answered our questionnaire, want to know what to do about the kitchen traffic problem, especially at mealtime.

In houses where the back entrance opens into the kitchen and the path of traffic is straight through to the only door leading to the rest of the house, this lane sometimes seems as crowded as Broadway on a Saturday night.

I know of one household where the distracted cook finally tacked on her back door a big sign reading: "Guests, family and others, please use the front door from eleven to two and five to seven." A little cooperation from the family will also help this situation if there is no structural

change which you can make to improve it.

But sometimes with a little alteration it is possible to approximate one of the two recommended arrangements shown above. Perhaps by changing the position of a door or a piece of major equipment order can be imposed upon chaos. Here are two ways of insuring efficiency:

In the kitchen plan above at left you see a sensible scheme to prevent traffic jams. The three work centers are placed in an L formation around two walls and although the back entrance opens directly into the kitchen it allows those entering to pass through without bumping the cook, blocking the refrigerator or upsetting the soup. And while you are looking at the plan notice how conveniently each work center fits into the other to save steps for the cook.

The second plan to the right is by all odds the best to keep a kitchen free from unnecessary traffic. It is U-shaped. That means that the three work centers are planned continuously around three walls and the entrance and exit are placed at one end beyond all work centers. In this kitchen the traffic problem has been foreseen and forestalled.

**Question 2: How can I get more storage space?**

**Answer:** In the picture above right you see how rounded corner shelves have been built in. Each shelf provides a place for articles in almost daily use and the shelf which is on a level with the counter holds the flour container. Notice how the tin hammer is designed to fit neatly into the space under the shelves.

The closet shown at left of these shelves has a rack at one side to hold table leaves. Under the bottom shelf, placed at a height to leave room for a folded 38-inch card table, sections have been built so that tables may be easily pushed in. The large compartment under this shelf houses a step-stool.

The space between the first and second shelves has been measured to hold trays, platters and vegetable dishes. The next shelf is narrower, to give easy access to these articles, and holds smaller items.

The third shelf holds flower vases and flower arrangement gadgets. The top shelf is given over to seldom-used pieces. Placed where they can be easily seen they will not be forgotten and they can be reached when needed by using the step-stool.

*Ada Bessie Swann*  
DIRECTOR, HOME SERVICE CENTER

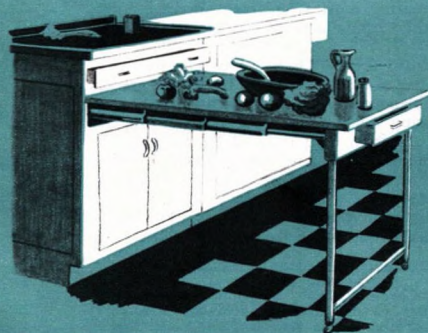
**Question 3: What do other people do for counter space?**

**Answer:** In the kitchen below left the drop shelves installed over table and beyond have proved helpful.

Also, there is a manufacturer who builds the pull-out counter with drop leg shown at right of these shelves. It is large enough to hold a light meal for a few and makes a good buffet for a kitchen party. It slides into the cabinet when not wanted.

**Question 4: Is there any way of getting more light and more outlets?**

**Answer:** Yes, fortunately they can be provided at moderate expense. The electric plug-in strip shown below can be installed by the foot or yard at any desired level. Every foot or so there is an outlet which, if the house wiring is adequate, provides current to operate your portable appliances. A luminaire lamp may also be plugged into this same strip and a dark inconvenient corner transformed into a well-lighted work area.



Left—shelf in use and, adjoining it, shelf dropped out of way. For salad-making or laying out a dessert the pull-out table above is perfect

DRAWINGS BY  
FRED FREEMAN

4



Many women do not enjoy full use of small appliances because their kitchens have too few outlets. This new plug-in strip is the answer





# ACCENT



I HAVE no quarrel with you if you serve cheese only as a relish or with pie. Or with your husband if he eats it as a between-meal snack. It is good in these roles. But why limit it to a walk-on part when it can play leads? It stars in entrees and desserts for four good reasons:

**Cheese is a muscle builder.** It is rich in protein; and since the best menus are built around protein foods cheese makes a fine main dish.

**Cheese is economical.** To be sure you can find expensive cheeses on the market. It costs to ship anything halfway round the world. But there are enough excellent inexpensive cheeses to suit the most pennywise cook.

**Cheese is adaptable.** Because it is smooth in texture it combines well with crisp foods like leafy vegetables, fruit and crackers. Since it is a concentrated protein it mixes well with starchy foods like macaroni, rice, potatoes, bread.

**Cheese is good.** Some types are mild, others sharp and piquant. There are all the gradations between the two extremes. Served uncooked with crackers and fruit it affords endless variations.

## HOW TO MELT AND HEAT IT

People often ask me what makes some cheese refuse to melt readily and why it sometimes becomes stringy when heated. If you want to avoid these kitchen tragedies use low cooking temperatures and pasteurized process cheese, for it is a standardized product, uniform in flavor and texture. Just how does this come about?

## THE TWO CHEESE FAMILIES

If you want to buy wisely you must get acquainted with the distinction between bulk and pasteurized process cheeses.

**Raw or Bulk Cheese:** Fresh milk is hurried from farms to the plant. Here it flows into large vats and may be colored yellow. In the case of American Cheddar rennet and a lactic acid starter are stirred in to aid in the separation of curd from whey and to provide for flavor development.

The whey is drained from the curd, salt is added and sometimes flavorings and the curd is pressed and molded to the desired shape. Next it is cured or allowed to ripen in warehouses or in caves, where man or nature controls the temperature, ventilation and humidity.

Differences in curing have much to do with the characteristic flavors of cheese. Especially influential are the types of active organisms provided by nature or the cheese-maker.

Cured cheese changes from week to week and from lot to lot in flavor and texture. Frequently a cheese in its prime deteriorates greatly in a short time. To make possible a product of uniform quality curing must stop at the desired point. This is the purpose of pasteurizing and processing cheese.

**Pasteurized Process Cheese:** Raw cheeses in various states of cure are selected by skilled graders and are blended by being shredded and heated to pasteurizing temperature. To overcome separation of fat from curd induced by pasteurizing, small amounts of an emulsifier are added. The hot melted cheese is then poured directly into packages and sealed.

At this point the ripening ceases. The cheese will remain constant in flavor, body and texture

What Cheese Is That? Descriptions of cheeses and uses, 4 cents. Order from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, New York City.





# ON CHEESE

for weeks. It can be delivered in as good condition to the remote neighborhood as to the city shops. And since this cheese, when cooked at low temperatures, melts without stringing and does not become tough, it is a favorite in the kitchen. It comes in sanitary packages of one-fourth, one-half, two- and five-pound sizes.

Among the pasteurized process cheeses available are American Cheddar, American Cheddar with pimiento added, Swiss, brick and Limburger.

One of the nice things about cheese is that it offers such a simple way of adding flavor interest to foods like macaroni (below left).

## CHEESE SAUCE FOR FLAVOR

For macaroni and cheese, put in individual baking dish 1 cup of cooked macaroni for each serving. Pour on about  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of melted cheese sauce. Place under broiler until bubbling and slightly browned. Garnish with strips of pimiento.

Or try a melted cheese Boston sandwich (top): Place 2 slices of toasted brown bread (without raisins) on each plate; pour melted cheese sauce on this and place 3 bacon curls on top. Make the curls by rolling cooked but not crisp bacon while very hot. Serve with buttered lima beans and garnish with radish roses. I recommend a mixed green salad on the side.



## FLAGSHIP SPECIAL CHEESE TIMBALES

The cheese timbale is the perfect nucleus of a meatless luncheon—dainty yet filling. This month it is our Flagship Special and will be served frequently on planes of this line:

Pasteurized process American cheese, medium or sharp, $\frac{3}{4}$ pound	Salt, 1 teaspoon
Milk, 1 cup	Onion, grated, 1 teaspoon
	Cayenne, few grains
	Eggs, 4

1. Combine cheese cut in small pieces with milk in top of double boiler; place over boiling water until melted; stir to blend well.
2. Remove from heat, add salt, onion, cayenne.
3. Beat eggs and add to cheese mixture; blend.
4. Fill greased timbale molds, place in pan of water and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about 30 minutes or until knife comes out clean when inserted in center.
5. Serve with hot tomato sauce, asparagus with olive butter sauce and tiny bread and butter sandwiches. Makes six servings.

The cheese sauce which is the basis of these two dishes is made as follows: Combine  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound pasteurized process or American cheese (medium or sharp) cut in small pieces with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water until cheese is melted, stir to blend well.

## CHEESE FOR DESSERT

Cheese with fruit is one of the delights of the true gourmet and certain of these combinations deserve to be better known. At right are shown:

Top: Thin slices of unpeeled apple and American cheese (mild or sharp) put together sandwich fashion. Serve on individual plates with salted nuts, grapes and dates or raisins.

Second: Cream cheese, strawberry jam, crackers.

Bottom: Orange, peeled and separated, and Roquefort cheese and butter crackers.

Just above: Halves of canned or fresh pears put together and topped with pimiento cream cheese.



**Nell B. Nichols**

FIELD EDITOR HOME SERVICE CENTER



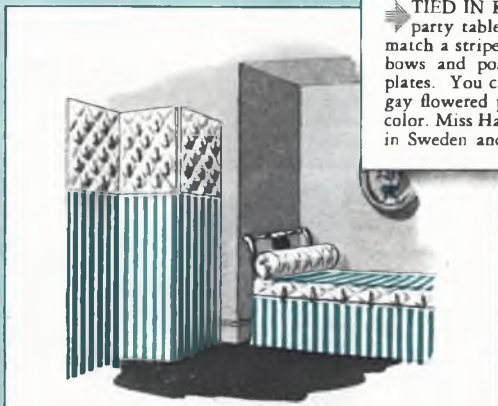
# BE ORIGINAL: DESIGN YOUR OWN

If the right color combination for your living-room curtains eludes you; if you want something different for a dressing-table skirt, a day-bed cover or a tablecloth; if you enjoy playing with materials and trimmings, you will find inspiration in these suggestions by Virginia Hamill

DO YOU like to plan new combinations of materials? Do you enjoy sewing? And have you a good eye for color? Then there is no reason why your draperies and other decorations cannot be completely original. Perhaps you have not been able to find an interesting decorative ensemble within your budget. Make it yourself. You probably have a sewing machine and need not hesitate to attempt large pieces such as daybed covers and curtains. Explore new sources of materials—the notion counter for example. You will have lots of fun creating individual designs which will be entirely different from anything your neighbors possess. We hope that these notes and sketches will suggest new ways of working out your own ideas.



TIED IN KNOTS: For a fanciful note on a party table make oblong striped napkins to match a stripe-bordered cloth, tie them in loose bows and pose them jauntily on the service plates. You can carry out the same idea with a gay flowered print or with a plain contrasting color. Miss Hamill found these butterfly napkins in Sweden and uses them at her own parties



QUILTED AND TASSELED: Add small curtain tassels to a plain quilted chintz and you have a textured modern fabric that gives a very luxurious effect. Combine it with smartly striped chintz to cover a screen and use the same materials to make a spread and bolster for your day bed, carrying out the tassel trim along the boxed edge. Fluffy balls cut from ball fringe or crisp ribbon bows can be used in the same way.



BELTS AND BUTTONS: Cleverly applied, these ordinary dress accessories make a nice harmony with the quaint wallpaper motifs of the horse-and-buggy age. The dressing table has a tailored skirt with white under-pleats and button trim, bound around with a shiny leather belt. White curtains are bordered with color and button-trimmed; the stiff valance boasts another belt and a third is used on the fabric-covered frame of the mirror.



WITH A CROCHETED SPREAD: If your guest room is papered in your favorite floral pattern and you are the proud owner of a hand-crocheted bedspread, you may be wondering what draperies to use for best effect. We suggest soft glazed chintz for curtains and bed flounce, in a color picked from the wallpaper. Hang the curtains under a stiff chintz valance decorated with a swag of crocheted net and drape them back with crocheted cords.

DESIGNED BY  
JOHN BIRKEN



# FABRICS



**STRIPED WITH RIBBON:** If you have not found the right color accent for your draperies, the above sketch presents a solution. By applying grosgrain ribbon diagonally on plain material you can make up any desired color combination, even if your room calls for an exotic scheme such as Ming yellow with jade green or horizon blue with Chinese red. Use ribbon to lace the curtains onto a bamboo pole and finish the ends with ribbon tassels.



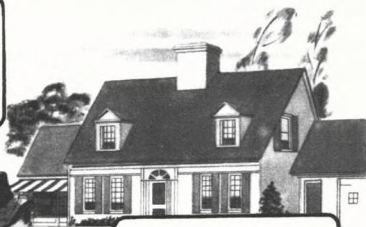
A HOW-TO-MAKE leaflet with diagrams and full instructions for unusual curtains, spreads, dressing-table covers may be had for 6 cents. Ask for FL-743.

PREVIEWS for April is on the subject of fabrics and trimmings for curtains and slip covers. The price of Previews is 3 cents.

TWO fine practical booklets by Miss Hamill are illustrated above. Making Your Own Draperies includes four pages of sketches in full color. Making Your Own Slip Covers tells you how to cut and fit covers that will do you proud. The price of each booklet is 25 cents.

Order from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

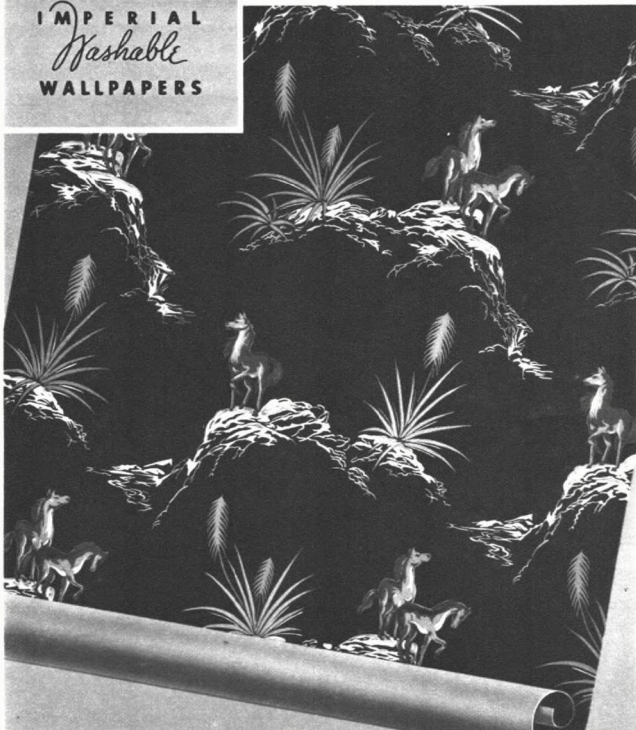
That's the prettiest home on our street, but if her children are anything like mine, it won't stay pretty long.



Oh yes it will. It's decorated with Imperial papers ... guaranteed washable and fast to light!



IMPERIAL Washable WALLPAPERS



**Acknowledged Leader in Style. Color Harmony and Guaranteed Washability**

3/4 of your home is wall space...so noticeable the beauty of your home depends on it! So take no chances when you decorate. Choose the finest... Imperial papers! Hundreds of lovely colorful patterns at really low prices. And all, even the most

exquisite, are sure to keep their beauty...guaranteed washable and fast to light! Think how much *that* saves! Ask your paperhanger or decorator for Imperial Washable Wallpapers, always identified in sample books by the famous silver label.

**Low Ceilings... High Ambitions?**

How to make low ceilings look high, how to plan a lovely home with color and design...and many smart decorating ideas, in Jean McLain's book (Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs.) Use coupon for her free individual advice. She will send you samples and tell you where to buy Imperial Washable Wallpapers.



Address: JEAN MC LAIN, Dept. W-28, Imperial Paper and Color Corporation, Glens Falls, New York

Give this information for every room

Type of Room \_\_\_\_\_

Size (Dimensions) \_\_\_\_\_

Exposure \_\_\_\_\_

Type of Furniture \_\_\_\_\_

Color Scheme Preferred \_\_\_\_\_

Please also send me your book, "The Romance of Modern Decoration," for which I enclose 10¢.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright 1940, Imperial Paper and Color Corporation

FRANCHISED DISTRIBUTORS, DEALERS AND REGISTERED CRAFTSMEN EVERYWHERE  
 Woman's Home Companion April 1940



# RED BARN HOUSE

IF YOU are longing for a little week-end house in the country how about building this three-rooms-and-bath?

It has the long low lines of a farmhouse and is painted a good rich barn red with white trim.

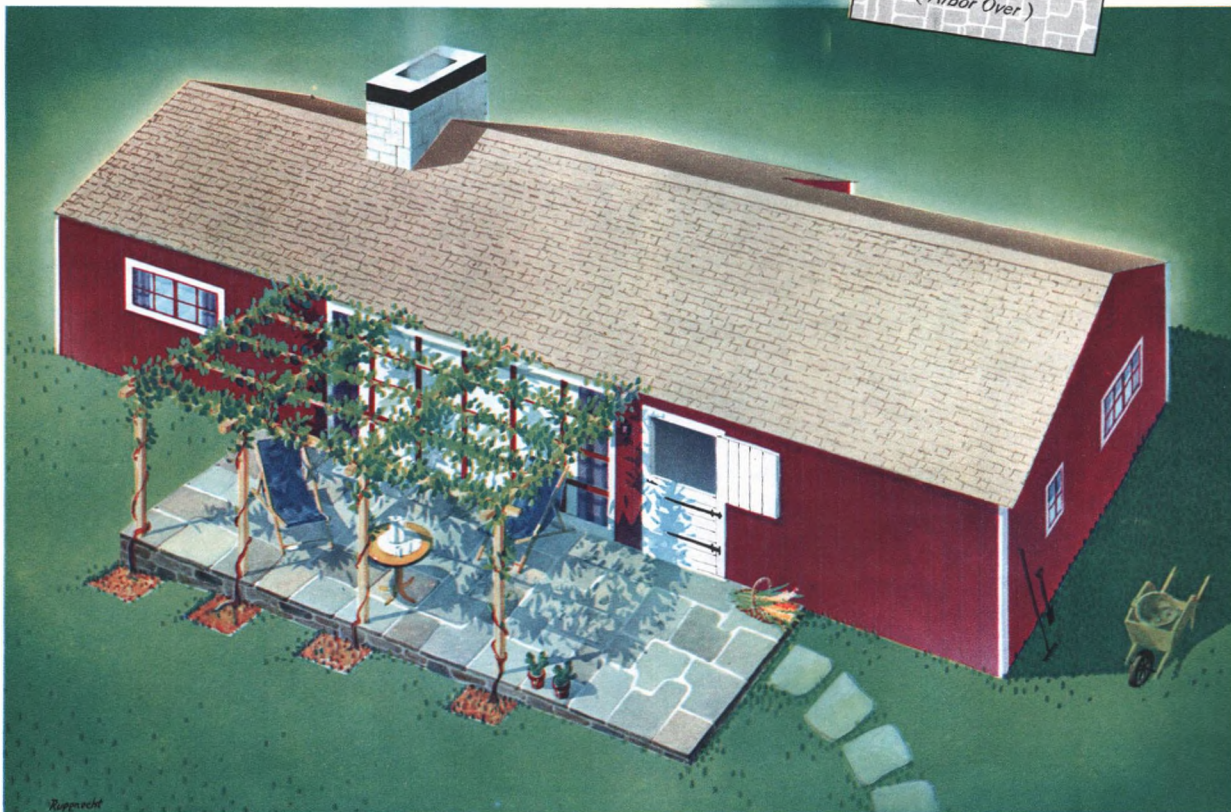
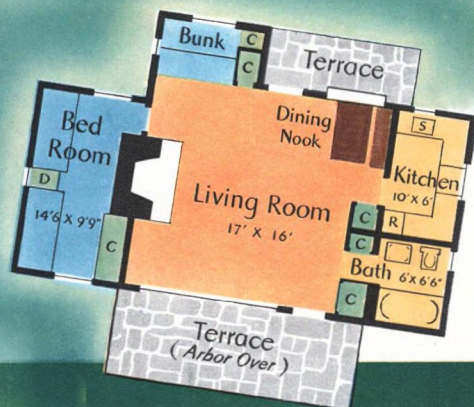
The walls are wide vertical pine boards, the windows are barn sash, the roof is shingled.

Two flagstone terraces invite to outdoor loafing and living.

The Dutch door to the living-room is a big convenience and a picturesque feature. You almost expect to see a horse's face look out.

One whole side of the big living-room is windows. The other side of the room has a bay window by which to set the dining table when you don't eat outdoors.

The ceiling goes to the peak, roof beams show.



The roof is well insulated for coolness in the summertime. The bunk room is for guests when and if there are any; otherwise it is a part of the living-room.

A big stone fireplace has a heating unit and so warms the bedroom as well as the living-room on early spring nights and frosty fall ones.

The modern kitchen plan was approved by the Companion Home Service Center. It has electrical equipment, plenty of cupboard space, is convenient for easy housekeeping.

An electric water heater furnishes hot water for the bathroom. The bathroom is thoroughly up to date. You may like the simple life but you enjoy modern conveniences.

There are six closets; when your quarters are small you don't want them cluttered.

The house is easy to build. The cost is estimated to be about \$2,000 in the east but would vary according to locality.



Complete working drawings and specifications by a registered architect (with wiring approved by the National Adequate Wiring Bureau) are available for \$1.50. Order Plan No. 74 and address Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

By George Rupprecht



*"Help Yourself to an Extra Shelf"*

IN THE GREATER

# NORGE

...at no extra cost



**B**Y LETTING you help yourself to an extra shelf, the stunning new Norge gives you *adequate space* for your foods . . . not only for your ordinary needs, but also for the extra food selected for parties, for over holidays . . . for even the extra food you may buy at money-saving sales. And, then, as an added convenience, Norge lets you store more yet in the Cellaret . . . in the reserve space set free by Rollator simplicity.

With this greater food capacity, Norge combines greater Rollator refrigeration. A roller rolls . . . and there's ice . . . there's *safe food preservation* . . . the uniform, unfailing low temperature that protects the wholesomeness and health-giving quality of your foods. Only Norge assures you the dependability and the economy of the refrigerant-cooled Royal Rollator Cold-Maker.

*See NORGE before you buy!*

**ROYAL ROLLATOR**  
  
**REFRIGERATION**

WASHERS • GAS RANGES  
ELECTRIC RANGES

NORGE DIVISION  
BORG-WARNER CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.





"Have you ever wished for a  
**BRAND  
NEW SKIN?**

*Well, you're going to get one!"*

*says Lady Esther*

Just beneath your present skin lies a Lovelier You! Help reveal your new beauty to the world with my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

EVERY SECOND that you live and breathe a new-born skin is coming to life upon your face—your arms—your whole body! Will it flatter you—be soft and lovely—make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, that new-born skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

**If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin will be revealed in all its glory!**

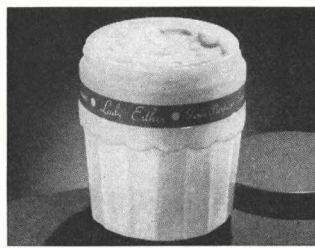
For these almost invisible flakes of old, worn-out skin can be the thieves that steal your beauty. They leave little bumps you can feel with your fingertips—they can make your complexion look drab and dull! My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently and soothingly wafts away these tiny flakes—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—loosens embedded impurities—leaves your complexion softer—lovelier—more glamorous!

**Get the Truth about Your Face  
Cream from Your Doctor**

He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and push vitamins or hormones into your skin. Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream clears away the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin concealing your new, young skin about to be born!

Then, says Lady Esther, try my face cream at my expense. Use it faithfully for thirty days. See what a perfect base it makes for your powder. See how it does help reveal your glamorous new skin—how it does help you to keep your Accent on Youth!

Accept Lady Esther's 10 DAY Sample FREE!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard)  
LADY ESTHER,  
7126 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (54)  
**FREE** Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*

# TAKE THESE ALONG IN THE CAR



For the young motorist (up to five years)—an elevated seat that keeps him out of your lap and gives him a chance to see what's going on. Straps and belt hold him securely.



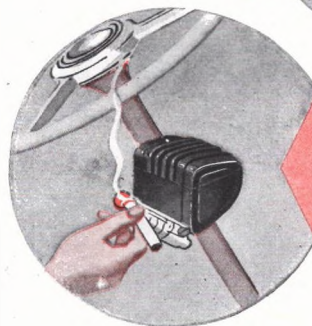
For the chief route-maker—a folding calfskin map case with transparent face, an inside pocket for additional maps and folders, and a red and blue pencil for marking.



For everybody—a very smart-looking portable radio that you'll be proud to be seen with. Three-way operation—on its own power, on either direct or alternating current.



For open-car addicts—a warm wool robe that zips into its own handled traveling case, becoming a comfortable pillow to tuck in a corner. Just the thing for picnic hounds.



And lastly, for the driver—an automatic lighter that delivers a lighted cigarette with one touch of a finger while eyes and attention remain safely focused on the road ahead.

DRAWINGS BY MARIAN GAYTON

Our illustrated leaflet, Automobile News, FL-747, will be sent for 3 cents. Order from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, New York City.



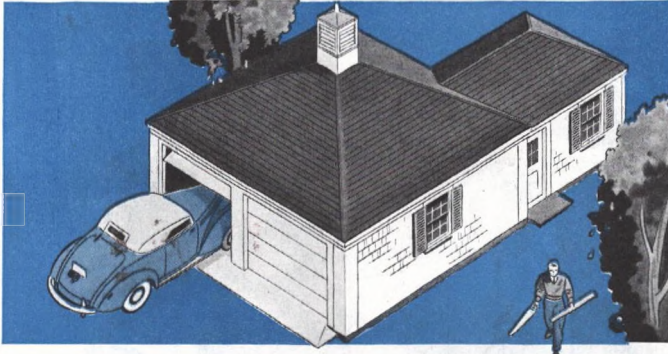
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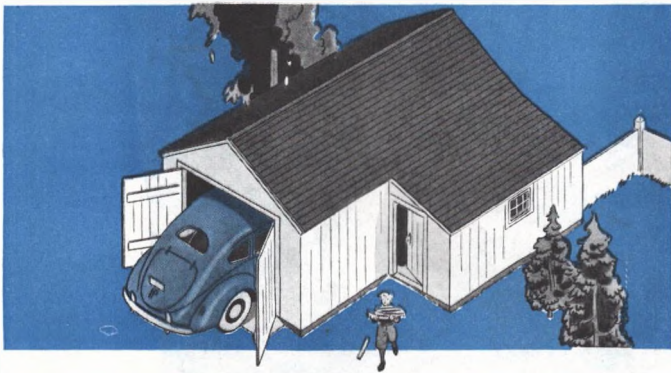
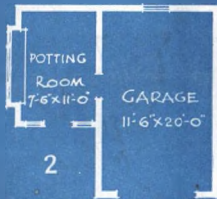
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# Designed by Lewis E. Welsh



If you go in for growing flowers or vegetables you'll find a garden or potting room a very handy addition to your garage. Including such a little wing on a single car garage improves the appearance of the building too. This garage is quite substantial with painted siding used for the exterior walls. The door is of the overhead sliding kind. A simple bay window in the potting room has a wide shelf for seed flats and plenty of other shelves for holding pots and garden tools.



You can have a playroom at very little added expense by building this two-car garage with the ridge running parallel to the front and off center making the rear wall lower than the front. Because of this arrangement, carrying out the same roof lines, a lower set-back wing can easily be added. The chimney may be omitted but a little stove is fun to have there.



Working drawings with specifications may be obtained for 75 cents for each plan. Specify your choice. Plans may also be had in reverse if desired. Address Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York.



**1** As soon as I saw this dress and hat in the store window, I lost my heart—and my head almost. But the \$60.00 in my purse had been saved for a new vacuum cleaner. Anyway, I just knew that dress was meant for me. As it turned out, it was . . .



**2** Like a good little wife I moseyed along to the store. I asked for a demonstration of the new General Electric vacuum I'd been reading about. A three-minute test showed me that the General Electric had everything . . . simply everything I wanted!



**3** But where does the dress and hat come in? Right here! When I asked the price of the G-E vacuum, it was ever so much less than we'd planned—twenty dollars less! So I got the dress and hat, too . . . and I figure they didn't cost me a cent.

## YOU'LL ALWAYS BE GLAD YOU BOUGHT A G-E!

A product of G-E engineering . . . this new Cleaner embodies all you are looking for in performance and long life. Yet it costs \$20.00 less than you probably expect! Your G-E Dealer will prove these three outstanding advantages:

1. Embedded dirt is loosened by a special tapping action of the motor-driven brush.
2. Super-suction whisks grit and dust into the bag—quickly, thoroughly, EASILY!
3. All difficult surface litter, like threads and dog hairs, disappears before the fine-combing action of the adjustable brush.

Be Sure To See G-E Before You Buy



# GENERAL ELECTRIC



## By Dorothy Kirk HOME SERVICE CENTER

IT IS not too early to think about picnics. Soon the roads will be humming with tourists again and even now the dogwood and redbud beckon from Virginia and the southwestern spring is a temptation to be yielded to and enjoyed.

For the motor-picnicker with an eye to fine views the packed-at-home lunch is best. Use the lists that follow in making your menus which may follow this pattern:

A hot soup or cold juice, meat in some form or a hearty salad; light salad (if meat salad is not included); sandwiches, one hearty, one light; rolls if you like; relishes; dessert (usually fruit and cake); and hot or cold beverage.

**TO PACK AND SERVE:** Since weight and bulk of containers need not be carefully considered on motor picnics, it is possible to simplify service by using the individual lunch-box method. Into each box goes a carefully wrapped piece of chicken or other hearty food; one substantial sandwich, one more frivolous; a carton of salad; a tiny carton or bag of relishes; sometimes the dessert. This leaves only the liquid to be served by the hostess. There may be fruit in a bowl or a basket of rolls for the extra hungry, or a whole layer cake for a special surprise, but for the most part the hostess is ready to eat with her guests.

**SANDWICHES:** Wrap separately in waxed paper or cellophane or slip into individual sandwich bags. Beware of too moist fillings, stringy slices of meat, tough crusts. Take at least one kind from each of these two groups:

**Plain and substantial:** Ham, tongue, chicken, crab, shrimp, tuna, salmon (with cucumber), sardine, meat ground and seasoned, baked beans, cheese spreads, vegetable, egg. Use white, whole wheat, cracked wheat or rye bread.

**Sweet:** Peanut butter and raisin, peanut butter and honey, jelly, honey and banana, sweetened apricot puree and cream cheese, marmalade or jam or dates and cream cheese. Use white, cheese, prune, nut, date, raisin or orange bread.

**SALADS:** Pack in individual cartons with tight-fitting lids; line carton with crisp lettuce.

**Hearty:** Vegetable, meat, fish, potato, macaroni, plain or combined with shrimp, ham, tongue.

**Light:** Jellied fruit, plain mixed fruit, Waldorf, apple and walnut, carrot and almond, crushed pineapple and shredded cabbage, pear and cottage cheese.

**MAIN COURSES:** Wrap cold food individually. Many hot foods may be carried in wide-mouthed vacuum jugs. Others are carried in covered baking dishes in which they were cooked, wrapped with newspaper and packed in a carton.

**Cold:** Fried chicken, assorted cold cuts, cold meat loaf, ham, tongue.

**Hot:** Half ham for crowds, meat loaf, stew, chow mein, scalloped potatoes or corn, spaghetti with tomato sauce, baked macaroni, rice with cheese, baked beans.

**ACCESSORIES:** Carry these in screw-top jar with cracked ice, pickles, olives, celery hearts, carrot sticks, cucumber sticks, tomatoes, sweet onions, scallions. Carry in waxed paper, cellophane bags or small covered cartons, deviled eggs, potato chips, shoestring potatoes, wedges of cheese, crackers, nuts, dried fruits.

**BEVERAGES:** Carry them in vacuum bottles.  
**Cold:** Tomato or other vegetable juice, fruit-



DRAWING BY PERRY PETERSON

# PICNICS FOR THE MOTOR-MINDED

ades, fruit juices (plain or in combination, such as equal parts of grape juice and apple juice, pineapple juice and cranberry, orange and grapefruit), iced tea, coffee, chocolate, milk.

**Hot:** Coffee or decaffeinated coffee, tea, cocoa, other chocolate milk drinks.

**SOUPS:** Carry in vacuum bottles, tomato, tomato and pea, chicken, mushroom, consommé, bouillon, other favorites.

**DESSERTS:** Firm fresh fruits, canned fruits, well chilled and opened at picnic or opened at home

and packed in glass jars. Cupcakes, coffee cake, sponge or angel cake and butter cakes baked in shallow oblong or square pans are easiest to carry and serve. Layer cakes are a treat; pack them with special care. Individual two-crust pies may be taken. Packaged and homemade cookies are good, preferably the kind that do not break easily such as soft molasses, brownies, hermits, coconut macaroons, date nut bars. Ice cream can be packed in dry ice or made at home and packed with ice and salt in the freezer. Baked custards and fruit whips travel well in the containers in which they were baked or molded.





“Eyes -  
*right*”

AND *sight's right*, TOO, FOR SAFETY PLATE GLASS IN CAR  
WINDOWS HELPS TO KEEP EYE GLASSES OFF THE EYES

These young ladies aren't having a bit of trouble seeing the lads in the high-buttoned military school togs.

And it isn't just a case of girls see boys, either—it's Safety *Plate* Glass that makes the vision of these girls so *right*, that makes them able to watch the passing landscape without eyestrain. Safety *Plate* Glass in car windows helps to keep eye glasses off the eyes.

These young ladies have “windshield vision” through the side windows of their cars. All car manufacturers have long recognized that they must put

Safety *Plate* Glass in windshields to insure clearer vision ahead for the driver.

Some manufacturers use Safety *Plate* Glass not only in the windshields but in the side windows as well—and for the same reason—clearer vision, not only ahead, but in every direction.

L-O-F Hi-Test Safety *Plate* Glass not only affords the clear vision of *Plate* glass, but it also insures greater safety with the new Hi-Test plastic. This plastic is the tough, flexible “meat” in the laminated safety glass “sandwich.”

Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company, Toledo, O.

**LIBBEY · OWENS · FORD**  
**HI-TEST SAFETY *PLATE* GLASS**



LOOK FOR THE L-O-F  
“PLATE” MARK OF  
QUALITY ON THE  
SIDE WINDOWS AND  
THE WINDSHIELD



# APRIL Food CALENDAR

**1 Silly Symphony:** For dinner on April 1 serve pie first. The pie is meat loaf baked in a deep pie pan. Just before serving top it with a "meringue" of fluffy mashed potatoes. Cut the pie at the table and serve it on a dessert plate with cheese on the side—just for fun.

**2 Vagabond Song:** When creaming butter or margarine for picnic sandwiches add a bit of dry mustard. It gives tang and taste to any sandwich, whatever you may have chosen for the go-between. Try it for those first spring hikes and also for motor picnics.

**3 Rhythm on the Range:** Lay several cabbage leaves on top of beef stew for the last 5 minutes of cooking. To serve, put two of the slightly cooked leaves on each plate; then pour on the stew. A good touch and a smart way of getting in a few additional vitamins.

**4 South of the Border:** When corn is scalloped Down Mexico Way, canned hot tamales, husks removed, are used to top the dish. Add them about 15 minutes (long enough to heat them well) before you remove the corn from the oven. Simple enough and very very good.

**5 It's a Hundred to One** that this cake will go over big. Mix  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup ground Brazil nuts and a pinch of salt. Sprinkle over the top of chocolate sour cream cake; bake as usual. Wonderful with large cups of coffee.

**6 Hearts and Flowers:** Arrange salads of sliced canned peaches, marinated in French dressing, like the petals of flowers. Use chopped dates and nuts for the centers. Pass heart-shaped sandwiches of cream cheese, avocado or chicken. Start them off with clear soup in bouillon cups.

**7 Charlie Is My Darlin':** Serve him Scotch scones for Sunday night supper. Bake rich biscuit dough in ordinary pie pans. When baked cut in wedges, split each one, spread quickly with butter and raspberry jam and put the halves together again. Serve with hot tea of course.

**8 Hail to California** and to fruit hors d'oeuvres: small steamed prunes and dates stuffed with cream cheese, skewered with toothpicks to orange slices, and circles of bananas dipped in lemon juice and honey and then rolled in chopped toasted walnuts. A real *bonne bouche*.

**9 Honestly—**It is a trick worth trying. Heat a clove of garlic with your canned string beans, removing it of course before serving. Such garlic-tinged beans give a springlike and tempting air to the familiar charms of the roast beef dinner. It's an aria for April, lovely prima donna.

**10 Maryland, My Maryland:** Chicken and hot biscuits of course. But have you at mealtime tried pouring thick chicken à la king into a fairly deep pastry shell, topping it with crisp canned shoe-string potatoes and shattering it to table? Give it a tryout wherever you are.

**11 It's All Over Town** how good condensed pea soup is, heated with an equal amount of tomato juice; and how good canned beets are, heated in their own juice, thickened, with 2 tablespoons of prepared horse-radish added—it gives them a nice tang and an attractive color.

**12 Three Little Fishes:** Still popular with diners. Broil smelt, trout or other small fish or fillets. Put on an oven-proof platter, cover with rich cheese sauce, sprinkle with crumbs and then brown slowly in the broiler. Serve with a green salad, French dressing.

**13 Little Buckaroo** will shout with delight at the sight of cooky sandwiches. To make them, put vanilla wafers or other packaged cookies together sandwich fashion, using confectioners' sugar blended with pineapple juice for filling. Quick to make, easy to eat.

**14 Memories:** Those of New Orleans in springtime include halves of large grapefruit (centers removed, sections loosened, vine-like garnish of fresh mint) on crystal plates for a first course. Crushed sugared strawberries were passed to pour on top. Good too for dessert.

**15 What's New?** This easy supper: Mix 1 can condensed chicken gumbo soup with 1 tall can spaghetti cooked with tomato sauce; bake 25 minutes. Serve with head lettuce salad, bran muffins, grape jelly; and for dessert have fresh, quick-frozen or canned berry pie.

**16 When Good Fellows Get Together** rye bread and Swiss cheese sandwiches are relished. Give them a spring touch by adding crisp sliced radishes. And for a hot appetizer try tamales cut in 1-inch circles, wrapped with bacon and broiled. Men will gobble them up.

**17 Scatterbrain:** Play safe and prepare the party salad early. Pit canned green gage plums, stuff with cottage cheese. Place in individual molds, surround with lime-flavored gelatine. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise. And of course a ready-to-serve soup. I'd favor cream of tomato.

**Smoke Gets in Your Eyes:** That's part of the fun at a picnic. Our leaflet, *Eat in the Open*, contains grand ideas for good meals to cook outdoors, menus and barbecue recipes. Price 3 cents. Order from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

**19 Stop! It's Wonderful:** Old-fashioned applesauce cake made with apple butter instead of applesauce. Use fewer spices if you wish and serve it with orange and black compote, consisting of dried apricots and prunes stewed separately, and pass cream if you like.

**20 Come Fill Your Glasses Up:** Do it by beating 1 quart each of orange juice, orange sherbet and vanilla ice cream until the mixture is smooth. Then add 1 quart of chilled ginger ale and stir. Garnish with orange slices. This makes about thirty servings.

**21 Singing in the Rain:** You'll do it if roast lamb is on the dinner menu. A grand salad to go with this is made of slices of canned cranberry sauce on watercress, topped with jellied molds made of unflavored gelatine and diluted mint sauce. The fruits and mint blend well with lamb.

**22 Tomorrow Night** try thin slices of fried ham in a gravy made as follows: Add condensed mushroom soup to the drippings; thin to proper consistency with top milk. Have corn muffins, plum jelly. And how about rice to go with some of that gravy?

**23 Happy Birthday to You:** Make the cake a Dixie layer—one layer white, the other chocolate. Put these together with lemon filling and frost with fudge icing and decorate with lemon-colored candles. Serve a half scoop each chocolate and vanilla ice cream.

**24 Aloha Oe:** Lemon chiffon pie is the farewell to dinner but let's give it a Hawaiian touch by putting drained pineapple tidbits in the baked pastry before adding the lemon filling and folding some coconut into the whipped cream before putting it on the pie.

**25 In a Little Spanish Town** in Arizona I had canned chili con carneserved like this: Make nests of mashed potatoes on a greased baking sheet. Fill with hot chili con carne. Pop into the oven for a few minutes and then serve; you'll find they won't be around long.

**26 Sweet and Low** (in cost): Partially fill baking dish with canned pitted black cherries, plums or apricots; thicken juice slightly with tapioca. Top with rounds of rich biscuit dough, brush with melted butter, sugar, cinnamon; bake at 425 degrees F. 25 minutes.

**27 Lilacs in the Rain:** They're a feature of April as are garden club meetings. If it is your time to entertain the club serve individual iced cakes decorated with strips of angelica for leaves and stems and use cordial drops and gumdrops in a variety of colors for flowers.

**28 An Apple for the Teacher:** Yes, but apple pie with brown sugar pastry for the top crust for the men. To 1 cup flour use  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon each baking powder and salt. Sprinkle mixture over apples in dish, pat down firmly and bake.

**29 Where the Tall Corn Grows** an Iowa hostess adds heated whole kernel corn to hot bacon-style German potato salad, heaps it in a salad bowl and sprinkles on it chopped dill pickle. Have cold tongue with this, also rye bread and assorted relishes. It's hearty and good.

**30 Faithful Forever:** And so are fruit juices, coffee, cocoa and cereals to the breakfast menu. But have you tried serving fruit juice or rich cocoa over the cereal instead of cream? It's a nice change and you'll find it is especially popular with small fry and fussy feeders.




30  
SPRING SONGS FROM

 Nell B.

 Nichols

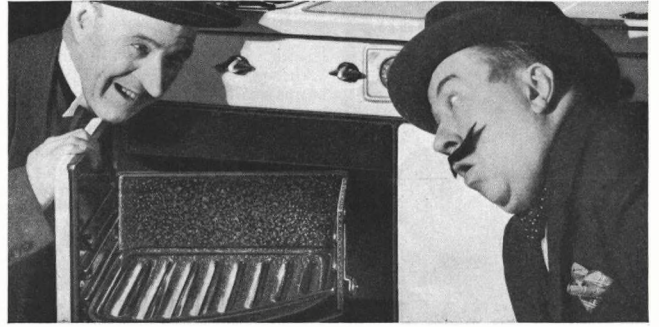
FIELD EDITOR  
HOME SERVICE  
CENTER



# "REGARDEZ, HENRI, THESE AMERICANS THEY NOW SWING EVEN THE BEEFSTEAK!"



"I SEE THIS THING with my own eye," say my friend Pierre. "Pah," I retort, "the American he is swing crazy. Soon one may expect the dancing pork chop. Do not attend them, my Pierre. The secret of the cooking she have not change since King Louis hunt the wild boar at Fontainebleau!"



"PARDON HENRI," respond Pierre, "I do not make the joke. One has only to see this miracle for oneself. Come!" We go to the store of the Magic Chef. We see a gas range of the magnificent whiteness. And the broiler, voila! . . . it is as Pierre say. She do not stoop. She swing out!



"QUICK LIKE A FLASH I buy this pearl among gas ranges for my home. When I entertain the Society of Chefs, they are amaze! The swing-out broiler she is as good as she is beautiful. The Red Wheel oven control is Magic like the name. The burners of the top ignite themselves and last for a life. And the price? Even my thrifty Mignon cannot believe her eye!"

**HONEST-TO-GOODNESS** you've never seen or touched a gas range that can compare with the new Magic Chef! The swing-out broiler, smokeless and non-spattering, ends stooping, makes broiling a pleasure instead of a pain-in-the-back! Non-clogging burners light themselves. Heavy oven insulation and Red Wheel heat regulator guarantee perfect baking. Why put up with a smoky old stove when a new Magic Chef costs so little . . . when you can own it on easy terms? (If you live beyond the gas mains Magic Chef and Pyrofax Tank Gas Service are available East of the Rockies.) American Stove Company, Dept. M 84, Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

**JOIN THE SWING TO GAS...** More than 16,000,000 women cook with gas, the ideal fuel. New CP (Certified Performance) Magic Chef gives the ultimate in speed, economy and performance.



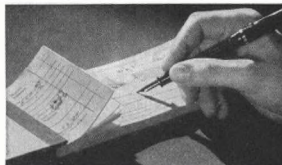
**LIFETIME  
BURNER GUARANTEE**  
All Magic Chef burners are guaranteed to the original purchaser against burning out or losing efficiency during the life of the range.

SAVE WITH A  
*Magic Chef*

THE "RED WHEEL" GAS RANGE WITH  
THE LIFETIME BURNER GUARANTEE



© 1940, AMERICAN STOVE CO.



**EASY TO BUY.** Don't miss the thrill of owning a Magic Chef because of the cost. There's a model to fit any budget. Ask your gas company or dealer about easy terms.



**FAMOUS RED WHEEL** oven regulator guarantees constant temperature and excellent results. No guesswork. Heavy insulation prevents wasted fuel. Keeps kitchen comfortable.



**BURNERS LIGHT** without matches. Just a flick of the finger and it's lighted. Exclusive Hi-Lo valve gives you instant choice of super-heat or simmer.



## I WAS ASHAMED TO TELL THEM WHICH CAKE I BAKED!



**HOW** could Lou confess that the cake she made was the one everybody poked fun at?

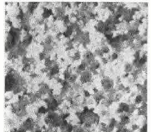
If only she had realized the *importance* of her baking powder. Any woman can be more certain of baking success *every time* with dependable Royal.

You see Royal, made with Cream of Tartar, has a *special* "steady action" that is different from most baking powders. Royal begins its work the moment it is stirred in the batter. Thus the expansion of the batter is *continuous and even*. That is why Royal cakes are fine-grained...light...fluffy. Why they keep their delicious moistness and flavor longer.

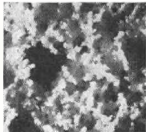
Many baking powders seem to have an *explosive, uneven action*. A greater part of the expansion is delayed until the cake is in the oven, and rising is often over-rapid. It may blow the batter full of large holes. Then the cake will be coarse...dry...crumbly.

See these actual photographs of cake, magnified, and the difference in results:

STEADY BAKING  
POWDER ACTION



UNEVEN BAKING  
POWDER ACTION



**Cheap baking insurance**—Royal costs only about 1¢ per baking. The rest of your ingredients cost 30 to 40 times that much. Pure Cream of Tartar makes Royal cost more per can—but the difference *per baking* between Royal and ordinary baking powders is only a *fraction of a cent!*

**Remember**, Royal is the *only* nationally distributed baking powder made with wholesome Cream of Tartar—a product of fresh, luscious grapes. Cream of Tartar leaves no acrid "baking powder taste." So ask your grocer for ROYAL. Use it whenever you bake. You'll agree it's well worth the difference in price.



### ROYAL COOK BOOK FREE

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## Family Reunion

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

I turned to enter the house, paused abruptly. A woman was standing in the open cupola of the barn. It was her attitude that caught my attention. She was absolutely motionless. She was staring down.

I started walking toward the barn. I kept my eyes fixed upon the woman in the cupola. She was small and plump, very chipper and completely self-contained in a shabby coonskin coat. She had brassy yellow hair, bobbed and curled elaborately, spilling from a cheap red hat. She didn't look like any family friend. Yet there she stood, boldly staring from her height toward a snowy slope beyond and below the barn. I glanced curiously at the little rise, barren except for the grotesquely beautiful shapes of three yellow pines, came into earshot, called: "Hello!"

She did not answer. I called again. This time she certainly heard. Still she didn't move. When I reached the barn she was gone. I know, I went inside. I passed by Princess and Betsy comfortably munching oats, and climbed a steepish ladder that mounted to the cupola. The woman with the brassy yellow hair had somehow contrived a swift departure.

I discovered a second door on the opposite side of the barn. The door stood ajar. Leading from it was a line of footprints in the snow. I made no attempt to trace them. I returned to the garden, to discover that Amos and the workman had gone. Uncertain and perplexed, I hesitated there in the long black shadow cast by the ugly fence.

➤ AT THAT point a bright red rubber ball sailed through the air and struck me squarely on the nose. The ball came over the high board fence and was followed by the prompt arrival of a wire-haired terrier. The terrier approached by means of a hole underneath the fence and made evident that the ball was personal property by sitting on his haunches and begging that I hand it over.

I was about to oblige him when a loud unseen voice called:

"Skipper! Skipper! Come here at once."

The terrier knew his rights. I still had the ball and he didn't budge. The loud peremptory voice called again.

"Skipper," I shouted back, "seems to like it here."

Skipper whined and begged. I held the ball just out of the dog's reach.

"You let me have that dog!"

"Why don't you come and get him?" I suggested meantly.

A moment later a masculine head appeared above the wooden barrier, followed by broad shoulders and a pair of long lean legs. A tall man, intensely blond, vaulted over the fence and landed at my feet. He straightened up.

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The words that were on his lips died there. He leaned back against the fence and looked at me. I looked at him. I saw everything about him very clearly and as though each detail had importance—the tie he wore, his ungloved hands, the dark brown hat worn askant his yellow head, the two tiny crimson feathers tucked jauntily into the band.

As we stared at each other everything was very quiet. It was one of those odd moments which come seldom in any lifetime when two strangers meet, not as strangers but as familiars.

Finally I said, "You must be my neighbor."

He seemed to wake up from a dream.

"Neighbor!" he repeated sharply. He took a backward step. "Oh, no! Decidedly I'm not a neighbor. My name is Ayres. Dan Ayres. Who are you?"

➤ I THINK I understood instinctively that his emotions went beyond any ordinary rudeness. I had been so sure that we had shared that brief and fleeting moment of intense awareness. I gazed at him, astonished.

"Who are you?" he demanded a second time.

"Anne Hieronomo."

"I thought as much. It's too bad, isn't it, that we've got to meet like this. I thought at first—well, let it pass! But somehow you don't look like a Hieronomo. Tell me, don't you sometimes find that hate is a heavy load to carry?"

"I don't understand—" And then I saw that high dividing fence and grasped not the truth but some dim inkling of it. It was as though a sudden bitter wind had chilled the sunlight day. Dan Ayres too was staring at the wooden barrier.

"Ugly, isn't it? A spite fence can be almost as ugly as the things it stands for. Your Great-uncle Richard put it there. That was his idea. Your great-aunts—the charitable Amanda and her sister Patience—"

"Whatever are you talking about?"

He broke off and the black look faded from his eyes. He frowned.

"Come clean, Anne Hieronomo! Don't stand there and pretend the Ayres-Hieronomo feud is news to you."

"I'm not pretending," I said and felt anger rise where quite another emotion had been. "But I'd like to point out it's not my fault that you dislike my people—"

"Dislike!" he cried. "Dislike! I hate them as they hate me, and with better reason. Go inside and ask your relatives about the Ayreses. Ask Amanda Silver how she tried to keep me from working in the village bank just because the sainted John S. owned it once. Ask her how she withdrew her account and caused an uproar that rocked the town. That was six months ago. Ask her why. Maybe she'll tell you how she and Patience killed my father years ago with their filthy lying tongues.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 81]



## Family Reunion

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

They broke his heart. They've done their damndest to run me out of town. They—"

"I—I don't believe it."

"I didn't expect you to," said he and started toward the fence.

Perhaps prideshould have halted me but I was too aroused to think of pride. I stepped squarely into his path. I grasped his arm. I shook it.

"See here, my friend. It strikes me that you carry a heavy load of hate yourself. You may be justified; I wouldn't know. But I do know no one would behave as you say my people have behaved without some reason. You started this, now suppose you enlighten me. What caused the trouble?"

HE PEERED at me as though, he could hardly credit my honest ignorance. Apparently he was at last convinced. I saw his mood change, his anger vanish. Once again he became the tall blond man who had leaped an ugly fence and for an endless moment looked at me. With an air of strain and urgency he spoke.

"We can't stand here talking. At least I can't. It—it's quite impossible. But—" he hesitated—"I do want to say—"

"What?"

"You and I aren't enemies," said he in that odd and hurried tone. "I know that too. I knew it from the first. Maybe you and I don't need to worry about a row that began when we were in our cradles. I hope you'll listen to what I say."

"I'm listening," I said faintly.

"Leave Hieronomo House," he said in a fierce low whisper. "Leave there at once. Believe me when I tell you that your own people—and I know them as you cannot—are cruel evil human beings. They don't even trust or like each other. Don't stay with them another minute. Believe me when I tell you that great bleak house itself is evil—"

His sentence broke squarely in the middle. He was facing me as well as the house. I watched his expression alter. I turned around.

Amanda Silver was coming through the winter garden.

FOR an instant I was rigid. Dan gave a low excited laugh. He leaned back against the fence.

"Now you'll see," he said. "Now you'll understand exactly what I was getting at. Just watch Amanda Silver when she finds me here."

That he meant to stand his ground I was certain. I have often wondered whether I would have changed the course of what was to happen afterward had I let him have his way. I could not do it.

I pushed him feverishly. "Please go, Dan. Don't make it hard for me."

"But I've got to make you understand. It's vitally important, Anne, that I talk to you. Let's face Amanda Silver now."

— — —

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"No," said I. "I'll meet you here this afternoon."

"Four-thirty then," said he, "and that's a promise."

With that he was over the fence and out of sight. The wire-haired terrier had long since vanished. I managed to push the red rubber ball through the hole to the other side as Amanda approached. If she noticed and wondered she gave no sign of it. She began to talk before she reached me:

"Anne, my dear, we were getting worried. You've been gone so long and without a bite to eat. We were driving into town to do our marketing and Patience thought you might like to go along. In consequence Wanda went up to wake you—"

I stammeringly apologized: "I had a headache. I came out to get a breath of air."

She accepted the explanation. Indeed she was so solicitous about my health that I felt like the veriest hypocrite. Looking at her, striding along beside me in her riding clothes, it seemed incredible that Dan's bitter words could be true. But I lacked the courage to mention him to my Great-aunt Amanda. I did not intend to maintain a deception but I did intend to keep my own confidence until I heard all that Dan Ayres had to say to me.

I found this position difficult to maintain. Patience was a more curious woman than her sister. Throughout a hurried meal she cross-examined me, and very thoroughly, about the points of interest I had covered on my walk. I don't know today whether her curiosity was purely idle or whether there was design behind it.

AFTER a close inspection of the weather Patience actually decided to use her car on the shopping expedition, although she did suggest that Amanda might fill the tank with gasoline. She further weakened the effect of her generosity by explaining her own desire to be back home again before Hoy and Glenn Hieronomo arrived.

Patience then got ponderously beneath the wheel and we were halfway to the village when I suddenly recalled the already half-forgotten visitor to the cupola. I described the incident and the woman in detail.

Great-aunt Amanda gave me a queer look. "You say you saw this woman in the barn?"


"Very clearly. She was standing in the cupola. She was blonde and middle-aged, not much over five feet tall, and wore a coonskin coat. She seemed very much at home. It did seem strange that she should make off as I approached, but I thought she must be a friend."

"Oh," said Amanda then, and with a clearing face. "I place her now. It must have been Verona Gay. Verona is in real estate and has arranged the sale of Hieronomo House. I suppose she was checking on some detail and didn't want to trouble us."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]

# Charm

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## Family Reunion

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

"Verona," Aunt Patience said suspiciously, "was gray when I saw her last. And if she was checking on the property, I'd like to know why she didn't call properly at the house and ask my opinion too. The place belongs to all of us, Amanda."

"Tomorrow after dinner," said Amanda soothingly, "we can discuss the matter as exhaustively as you like. Richard and Hoy can have their say too."

"Verona," persisted Patience stubbornly, "was as gray as a badger a year ago."

Amanda shifted to gaze thoughtfully at her sister's flaming mop. "Gray hair can change its color," she suggested.

AFTER that Patience gave her full attention to her driving.

The village streets were thronged with holiday shoppers and we were compelled to park some distance from the grocery store. Patience remained seated in the car and I followed Aunt Amanda down the crowded sidewalk.

We passed the little edifice of the bank which Great-grandfather had founded but which long since had passed into other hands. I wondered whether Dan Ayres was in the place at that very moment, whether he too had swallowed a hurried lunch and rushed back to his job.

The grocery store was jammed. Other women struggled for themselves but Aunt Amanda soon obtained the full attention of a clerk. I stood by while she collected a sea of parcels. I touched her arm. "Can't I help at all?"

"Thanks, dear. The clerk, I'm sure, will carry out my parcels." Suddenly she hesitated. "There is one thing. You might walk around the square to the hardware store and pick up a package. Just charge it to my account. I'll meet you at the car."

As I departed I had an impression that Aunt Amanda was gazing after me with a rather indecisive expression on her face. It was the haziest of impressions and very often afterward was I to wonder about it.

After the uproar of the grocery store the hardware store was such a peaceful haven that at first I thought it was deserted. A sharp rap on the counter eventually produced from the dark regions toward the back a dreamy-looking clerk. He held a small square package in his hand.

"I'm Anne Hieronomo," I said. "I came to—"

"Here's your parcel, Miss," he said and to my surprise handed over the small square package in his hand. Aunt Amanda's name was penciled on the wrapping.

"That will be a dollar and a quarter," said the clerk.

Aunt Amanda had spoken of a charge account but I meekly opened my purse and counted out the correct amount—not realizing that later on this small act was to be

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BOB: Oh yeah! Well, I'm pretty husky... I need a laxative with a wallop.

JIM: Don't kid yourself, Big Boy!... Ex-Lax may taste like chocolate, but it's plenty effective!



LATER

BOB: Thanks for the tip, pal! I tried Ex-Lax and it's great stuff!

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interpreted as significant. I fitted the parcel into my purse—it was very heavy for its size—and walked from the dusky dusty store. Aunt Amanda was waiting on the steps outside.

"Anne, dear!" cried she. "On second thought I decided I'd meet you here. The butcher shop is just next door and I had to get my turkey there. So here I am!"

To say that I was surprised was to put it mildly. She might as well have done her errand for herself. I handed her the small square parcel and allowed her to lead me into the adjacent butcher shop. A moment later she was demanding my opinion of an eighteen-pound turkey.

The shopping took a full two hours. When the aunts and I reached home we discovered that Hoy and Glenn Hieronomo, driving in from Boston, had preceded us by half an hour. In half an hour they had transformed Hieronomo House.

The vast funeral drawing-room was actually gay. A roaring fire leaped on the hearth. Sun streamed through draperies that had not been drawn in years. Rust and yellow chrysanthemums, great nodding armoilods, burst from half a dozen vases. A portable radio, placed sacrilegiously upon the grand piano, was grinding out floods of swing.

"Hoy! Glenn!" cried Patience in obvious delight.

AMANDA'S greeting was more reserved. Her nephew, like my father, had grown up in Hieronomo House; she wanted him to feel at home but she didn't forget that after all she was hostess. Hoy Hieronomo himself wasn't dignified. He was short and bald and hadn't the bearing or look of the Hieronomos, although he was plump like Patience.

He kissed the aunts soundly, kissed me too.

"You're Gavin's girl! Your daddy and I used to have some great old times together—"

Glenn, the medical student, was less exuberant than the father he patently adored, but I sensed that he might wear better. Glenn Hieronomo stood six feet tall, head and shoulders over Hoy, and he wasn't handsome in the least. His hair was carrotty rather than red and his face was splashed with freckles. He kissed me rather shyly, a glancing kiss that missed my nose.

"Hello, cousin." He added sotto voce, "It's a plot of course—but play up. Dad has made up his mind to bring a little life into the tomb. Does it suit?"

"Decidedly," said I.

Somehow I remember the meeting with the Boston Hieronomos as the pleasantest thing that happened in Hieronomo House—though possibly it is because those fifteen or twenty minutes stand out so frivolous and gay in the horror that was to follow. Hoy Hieronomo took his pleasure strictly in the moment. He was a born host, one of those open-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 83]



# Family Reunion

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82.]

handed souls who seemingly exist to make a party go.

The little interlude was short enough. I hadn't for an instant forgotten my appointment at the fence and I became restlessly aware that time was passing. Quite unconsciously Aunt Amanda helped me out. As the foyer clock struck four she rose to excuse herself.

"I'll have to dress," she said with a rueful glance at her riding habit, "before Richard comes. He detests straight hair and women who wear pants, and makes no secret of it. Lucy's lack of vanity has tried his soul for years."

"They don't arrive until half-past five," objected Patience. "That's an hour and a half."

"Not a minute too long," replied Amanda firmly, "to turn an ugly duckling into a swan for an exacting brother." She glanced at me. "You might run up later, dear, and help button me into the first dinner dress I've worn in years."

IN THE doorway she hesitated and looked back briefly on the family party. Afterward I was to be questioned exhaustively about whether Amanda Silver had seemed nervous or disturbed or in any way out of the ordinary. I was to answer that Aunt Amanda seemed neither nervous nor disturbed, but as usual the mistress of herself and the situation. I did fancy, however, as she hesitated in the doorway that I surprised a curious expression on her face—an expression of naked and almost grim determination, hardly the look of a woman who intended merely to change her clothes. She turned abruptly, crossed the shadowy foyer and climbed the stairs.

Very shortly afterward I speedily followed Aunt Amanda to the second floor. A tentative knock upon her door brought no immediate response. I gave up at once and started down again.

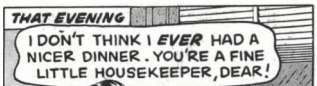
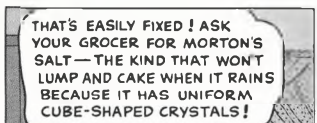
The three still seated about the fire were visible from the stairs. From their attitudes it was evident that the fun was over. Glenn was listening restlessly while his elders talked and I felt sure that if I were seen Aunt Patience would pounce and enter into a wordy cross-examination.

To reach the great front door it was necessary to pass in full view of the foyer, however, was an alcove from which opened another less conspicuous door; a side door that was flanked by an old-fashioned hatstand where visitors left their wraps. I departed quickly, not to say surreptitiously, by the exit on the side.

I must have reached the fence several minutes before four-thirty. Dan had been so urgent that I thought he too might anticipate the appointed hour. With a ridiculous leap of the heart, then, I heard a familiar scratching at the hole beneath the fence.

"Skipper!" I called cautiously.

**OBOY, DID I MAKE A HIT!**



**WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS**

A shaggy head appeared. An instant later the dog was capering around me. No Dan, however. I was puzzled.

Minutes passed and I began to grow impatient. It wasn't possible Dan could be mistaken in the hour; he himself had set the time. I called repeatedly, got no response. I even tried to find a peephole in the fence. The only opening I could find was the opening Skipper had dug for himself. At last I turned to the dog, who had watched my activities with bored contempt. "Go—go get Dan."

He disappeared at once. I had about decided the dog was gone for good when triumphantly he returned and laid at my feet the red rubber ball.

IT IS difficult for me to explain now, just as afterward I found it difficult to explain to the authorities, why on a chill winter twilight I would wait an hour on the rapidly dwindling chance that the appointment would be kept. It must have been that I could not conceive Dan would let me down. From one minute to the next I expected him.

That he wouldn't come was incredible. I tossed the ball for Skipper, I paced up and down beside the fence, I stamped my freezing feet and clapped my hands and always I expected Dan. And then—suddenly and sickeningly—I knew he wasn't coming.

The light ash-gray of twilight was rapidly fading into darker hues, the winter sun had disappeared and across the snow crept deepening shadows. Skipper licked my hand and whimpered.

"Go home, Skipper," I said. "Go home to your master."

I waited until the little dog had seized his ball and vanished before I retraced my steps to Hieronimo House. And then, in the stillness of the winter twilight, I heard the shrill blast of a distant automobile horn. I didn't pause to reflect that Dan would never publicly announce his arrival on my great-grandfather's property. I rushed toward and around the house.

I STOPPED dead. There was no car in sight. But standing on the great veranda, framed dramatically by the mounting columns of the portico, was a tall dark man. His lean figure was wrapped in a cape of rusty black, the hand that was about to press the bell wore a soiled white glove. Richard Hieronomo was fifty-eight, I had thought of him as a perpetual thirty, but I recognized him instantly.

He certainly saw and very probably identified me. He gave no sign of it. The outstretched hand dropped to his side, rose again in a sweeping gesture. He turned so that I caught in silhouette the flowing cape, the opera hat, the beetling brow, the jutting hawk-like nose so like the nose in the portrait upstairs.

In a throbbing vibrant voice Richard Hieronomo addressed the winter evening:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]

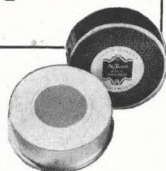
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## Family Reunion

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83)

"Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill."

No possible comment occurred to me. I coughed a little. Richard Hieronomo started violently. "You—you're Great-uncle Richard," I said and joined him on the veranda.

"Gavin's daughter? You're Gavin's daughter?" He registered astonishment. Real tears came into his eyes. "The oldest and the fairest of the family meet," cried Great-uncle Richard, "and here's my hand on it." With which he pressed the soiled white glove upon me and then said in a completely changed and natural voice, "I don't suppose, child, you could settle my taxi bill? My poor sweet wife and all our bags are held hostage on the road below. The driver couldn't change a twenty."

I shook my head and he sadly rang the bell. The door flew open. Patience, Hoy and Glenn spilled out. In the ensuing confusion, exclamations and embraces, I managed to slip inside and rid myself of my hat and coat. Glenn went loping down the hill and returned with a pile of battered luggage and a vague bewildered little woman who was a perfect foil for Great-uncle Richard. I fancy Lucy Hieronomo was born apologetic.

Champagne was produced and even Lucy, satisfied that there was sufficient to go around, was persuaded to sip a little. Five minutes must have passed before Richard demanded:

"Where's Amanda? Where's my eldest sister?"

Patience, exactly like a well-fed pouter pigeon in her gray lace and satin, looked around and said, surprised, "Amanda should have finished dressing long ago." Her eye happened to light on me. "You went up to help her dress, Anne. Wasn't that around four o'clock?"

ONE of those silences fell. My voice seemed too loud, too clear: "I—I didn't see her, Aunt Patience."

"You're not dressed yourself, child!"

"No," I said.

Patience started to pursue the topic and then changed her mind and heaved to her feet.

Richard had already stridden into the foyer. He directed powerful lungs upon the stairs: "Amanda, Amanda, come on down! The prodigal and his bride are here."

It was a call that would have waked the dead but it brought no response except that Wanda appeared from the kitchen.

"Mrs. Silver has gone out."

"Ridiculous!" Richard glared at the girl. "My sister would not be gadding at the hour her only brother was expected. Amanda, Amanda, come on down!"

"Yell away," said Wanda pertly. "Mrs. Silver isn't here. I heard her leave."

Said Patience sharply, "Amanda

The lady is happy  
because she has discovered

a ready-mixed French

Dressing which she says has a bet-

ter flavor than her home-made kind!

This French Dressing is made

by Kraft which of course

means that it is made of superb

ingredients skilfully

blended by experts.

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certainly didn't speak of going out. She went upstairs to dress. Did you see her go?"

"I heard her," repeated Wanda with slightly less assurance. "I was in the kitchen but I heard Mrs. Silver—or someone—go through the alcove and close the door. The side door squeaks a little." I opened my mouth, closed it. For Wanda added smoothly, "At quarter of five it was. The kitchen clock was striking. I was just putting on the ham for dinner."

I saw Hoy look at Glenn. "It doesn't sound like Aunt Amanda to walk off without a word."

"It's something to do with the house," said Patience suddenly. "Something's gone wrong about the sale. I can feel it in my bones."

That seemed rather far-fetched to me.

"Isn't it possible," I suggested, "that Eliot took Aunt Amanda on some last-minute errand?"

"Eliot," said Wanda, "has an attack of sinus. He's been in bed since three o'clock."

Patience was immediately diverted. "Sinus, eh? When work piles up we can count on Eliot taking to his bed."

"Enough! Enough!" Richard waved his hands. "Where is my sister? I say the fiends of hell themselves could not drag her from this house when her only brother was expected."

I TOOK this opportunity to do the natural thing which everybody had overlooked. I started up the stairs and in ragged order the others followed, Wanda continuing her protestations, Richard his loud summons of his sister.

I was the first to reach Amanda's door. It seemed impossible that she would not have heard the approaching clamor but I rapped anyway. Richard arrived and began a thunderous pounding.

In the fraction of a moment that elapsed between my rap and his arrival, a curious thing occurred. From behind the door I heard a slight noise. It sounded a little as though something small and metallic—a coin perhaps—had fallen from a height. Before I could mention the small sound, Great-uncle Richard had ceased pounding to try the door and had found it locked. This threw him into a frenzy.

"If the door is locked Amanda is inside!"

"Not necessarily," said Wanda and smiled her contemptuous little smile. "She always locks her room. She's very careful about it."

"Since when?" demanded Richard incredulously.

"Since Miss Patience Hieronomo arrived," said Wanda blandly.

Patience turned bright red. She would have spoken but I spoke first:

"Please, please, be quiet. I thought I heard a noise inside."

Great-uncle Richard at once increased his uproar: "You heard a noise inside. Then Amanda is in there. Good God, she must be ill."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 85)



# Family Reunion

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84)

She's fainted!" With one sweeping gesture he thrust me toward the others. "Stand back! Stand back! I'm going to break down the door."

It was my first experience with the artistic temperament and I couldn't cope with it. Richard Hieronimo tore off his dinner coat.

"Stop acting, Richard," snapped Patience. "I'm convinced Amanda isn't in the house. Anyhow you can't break down that door. It's solid oak."

That may have stopped him. He actually paused. Into the pause broke Wanda's voice, demure and innocent:

"What you need, Mr. Hieronimo, is an ax."

Triumph blazed in Great-uncle Richard's eye. "An ax! A sensible woman speaks at last!" He pushed Wanda toward the stairs. "You and I will find a way to reach my sister."

After that no further protest was of the slightest use. Five minutes after our disordered group had flocked downstairs, we were again collected at Great-aunt Amanda's door. Richard Hieronimo, ax in hand, was in charge.

"We're coming, Amanda," he shouted and raised the flashing blade. "In a minute you'll be in your brother's arms."

"Richard, really—" said the exasperated Patience.

"It might be better," Hoy suggested mildly, "if you used a crowbar first and tried to force the lock. Less destructive."

Richard's answer was to swing the ax. Splinters flew and flew and flew. The door was stout but Richard was too vain to permit either Glenn or Hoy to relieve him at his melodramatic and destructive task. At last the groaning panel gave. Panting breathlessly, red as a turkey cock, Richard laid down the ax and squeezed through the jagged aperture. The rest of us crowded pell-mell after him.

WE ENTERED a large, a pleasant and an entirely empty room. "She—she isn't here," said Richard.

"What did you expect?" retorted Patience in scathing tones. "Wait until she sees that door!"

Richard, looking suddenly bleak and crestfallen, glanced at his wife. "Well, Lucy, apparently you and I aren't so important to Amanda as I imagined!" The words were jaunty but the tone was not.

Hoy, like the rest of us, was gazing curiously around the room. He crossed to a dressing table set against the wall. Simultaneously Wanda pointed toward the bed where a velvet evening gown overlapped silver slippers wrapped in tissue paper.

"Mrs. Silver," said the maid, happy to seize the center of the stage, "came here and got out her dress and slippers. She came in

# Young Mr. Hubbard



Young Mr. Hubbard went to the cupboard...



For lamp bulbs...and he could have sworn...

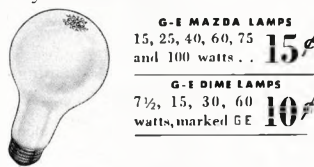


That his wife kept some there But the cupboard was bare



AND THAT'S HOW \*BULB-SNATCHERS ARE BORN!

\*BULB-SNATCHER... the person in nearly every household who goes around snatching bulbs out of one socket to fill another. Guard against this menace to eyesight by keeping a supply of G-E MAZDA lamps on hand. Enough so every reading lamp can have at least 100 watts, well shaded. But be sure they're marked G-E!



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and then she must have changed her mind. Remember, it was quarter of five when I heard her leave."

"You've told us that," said Patience tartly.

A closet door was standing open, revealing a row of battered boots, a pair of walking shoes and, hung in neat array, Amanda's modest wardrobe, mostly riding habits. The only incongruous note was a fluffy negligee in salmon pink. Wanda moved upon the closet, peered curiously inside.

"Mrs. Silver didn't take a coat. But then she seldom bothers." There was a vague air of disappointment in her tone. "Well, what do you intend to do next? Shall I serve dinner—or what?"

"We'll wait," said Patience firmly, "until we hear from my sister."

Somehow even then I had a cold and curious little feeling that we might have a long, long wait.

THE two hours that elapsed before the six of us finally sat down to a stone-cold dinner remain in my mind as hours of sheer torture. Great-aunt Amanda did not return. There was no word from her. Richard, who with every passing second became increasingly agitated and vocal, was determined to call the police. Patience stood firm against it.

"What are we to tell them? That Amanda chose to leave her own home without notifying the household?"

"She wouldn't leave when I was coming."

"You don't know what she'd do. No more than I. I'm convinced that something's gone wrong about the sale. I know Amanda hasn't been herself. Not since I arrived last week anyway. Why should she lock her door against me?"

Richard turned to peer at me suspiciously. "You said you heard a noise."

"I thought I did," I said wearily. I had failed completely to discover the origin of the sharp small sound. "I may have been mistaken."

"I suppose," said Patience slowly, "Amanda didn't drop any hint about her plans when you went up to help her dress?"

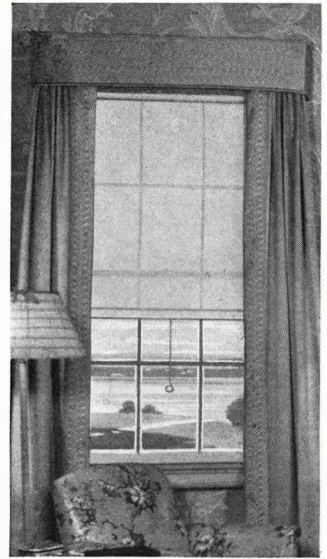
"You've forgotten, Aunt Patience. I didn't see her after she left the drawing-room."

Patience gave me an odd look. "But surely, dear, you went upstairs almost directly afterward."

"I—I only knocked at the door. She didn't answer. Then—then I decided to go outside awhile."

I tried to speak steadily but my voice quivered slightly. Even from myself I had attempted to conceal my hurt and disappointment at what had happened at the fence. I had tried to shut it from my mind. Nevertheless, insistent and compelling, my personal problem had run like a thread through my thoughts during all the anxious talk of Aunt Amanda. I told myself in vain that I had met Dan Ayres exactly once; I tried to feel proud and angry but I couldn't

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 86)



LONG-LASTING BEAUTY

# Columbia WINDOW SHADES

THE INSTANT you dress your windows with the exciting new colors of Columbia genuine cloth shades, your home takes on an over-tone of charm and good taste.

NEW COLORS FOR SPRING

Your Columbia dealer is now offering a wide choice of colors including LEGHORN, PARCHMENT, and beautiful PEACHSKIN, so popular with decorators this season. These lovely colors may be had in all types and styles of shade cloth.

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"THIS CAN'T LAST FOREVER DEAR..."

"OH YES IT CAN, THESE SPOONS ARE INLAID WITH TWO BLOCKS OF STERLING AT THE POINTS OF WEAR."



THESE ARE THE TWO BLOCKS OF STERLING SILVER THAT MAKE HOLMES & EDWARDS SOMETHING MORE THAN PLATED SILVER. THE MOST USED PIECES ARE INLAID AT THE POINTS OF WEAR FOR LIFETIME BEAUTY



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**HOLMES & EDWARDS**  
**STERLING INLAID**  
SILVER PLATE



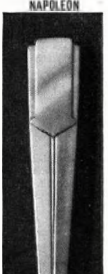
DANISH PRINCESS



FIRST LADY



MASTERPIECE



NAPOLEON



LOVELY LADY



CENTURY

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Woman's Home Companion April 1940

# DRESS UP THE DOUGHNUT

By  
**Dorothy Kirk**

HOME SERVICE  
CENTER



BUY a package of doughnuts and see what you can do with them. We did and were surprised at the tricks we turned. Here are five of our pets:

**Marmalade sandwich:** Split doughnuts, toast and serve with marmalade and American cheese.

**Hawaiian sandwich:** Split doughnuts; lay small pineapple slice, drained, between each two halves; fill holes with whipped cream. Make pineapple mint sauce: sweeten and thicken pineapple juice, add butter, lemon juice, mint flavoring to taste; tint green.

**Surprise shortcake:** Split doughnuts; lay drained canned sliced peaches (or other fruit) between each two halves. Frost entirely with whipped cream; leaving hole. Stud with shredded toasted almonds or other nuts.

**Winter specialty:** Split doughnuts and toast; put liberal serving of hot mincemeat between each two halves. Serve with rum-flavored fluffy or hard sauce.

**Orange refrigerator cake (illustrated):** Line sides of mold with split doughnuts. Fill with orange-flavored gelatine whip. To make whip, dissolve gelatine according to directions on package, adding 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Chill until it begins to set, then place over ice water and beat until light and foamy but stiff enough to hold shape. Fold in 3/4 cup orange sections. (Any juice that collects may be used as part of liquid in dissolving gelatine.) Pour into mold; chill. Unmold, decorate with split doughnut, orange sections and whipped cream. Good with other flavors too.

## Family Reunion

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85]

manage it. Nor could I conjure up any possible excuse for Dan. He had suggested the engagement and he had broken it. I could hardly tell the assembled Hieronimos that I had gone forth on that dismal afternoon to meet a family enemy who had not appeared.

Patience may have sensed something unsaid. She frowned at me. "This was at four o'clock?"

"A little afterward," I said faintly. "Anyhow I went outside."

RICHARD'S glance had become intent. He leaned forward in his chair. "That's right. I remember now. When I arrived, you were coming around from the rear grounds. You were out then for an hour and a half."

"Yes," I said. Our gloomy anxious group was gathered in the formal dining-room—for all its Chippendale and Sheraton, a cheerless kind of place. The house was still without electric power. In the candlelight everyone seemed very quiet.

"I took a walk," I said. Uncle Richard made no comment. I saw him glance at his wife and then at Patience. Hoy, a bald-headed man of forty-seven, had been eliminated from the agitated

counsel of his elders exactly as though he were as young as Glenn and I. He saw a chance to make a remark.

He said cheerfully, "You should have invited Glenn along. Glenn's quite a walker too."

An awkward pause ensued. Patience suddenly stood up. "To satisfy you, Richard, I'm going to telephone Verona. I wouldn't be at all surprised to find Amanda there."

She went out and presently returned apparently in a more cheerful frame of mind. She had not reached the real estate agent but that very fact seemed to be proof to her that the two women were together. She pointed out that Verona Gay had been on the grounds that morning.

Eventually she silenced Richard. Our dismal little party trailed into the drawing-room that now was dismal too, all its temporary gaiety gone. We spent a wretched evening.

I went upstairs rather late. Glenn, who had spent the evening in my vicinity, possibly to protect me from the dour suspicious glances of my Great-uncle Richard, was sharing a bedroom with his father on the lower floor but he followed me out into the foyer.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]





### SUNSWEET Molded Prune Fluff

2½ cups cooked SUNSWEET prunes  
 1½ dozen marshmallows  
 1¾ cups liquid in which prunes were cooked  
 1 package (3¼-oz.) orange flavored gelatin

Pit prunes. Form a circle in bottom of a 2-quart mold or pan by alternating prunes and marshmallows. Slice remaining prunes, and cut remaining marshmallows into small pieces. Heat prune liquid; pour over gelatin and stir to dissolve. Chill until thick but not firm; whip until light and fluffy. Fold in prepared prunes and cut marshmallows. Pour into prepared mold. Chill until firm . . . Unmold onto serving plate. Garnish with sweetened, cooked SUNSWEET apricots and whole prunes as shown. Serve with soft custard or whipped cream. Serves 8.

## Sunsweets are 'Tenderized' and Foil-sealed



FOR BIG SUCCESS with your prune desserts, always make them with "Tenderized" SUNSWEETS. And be sure to serve prune dishes often. Everybody likes them and they're good for everybody, big and little alike.

**Packed with Wholesome Goodness**  
 SUNSWEETS are really tree-ripened. They hang in the California sunshine till so heavy with juicy goodness they drop from the trees of their own weight. Full of rich natural prune flavor. Packed by nature herself with Vitamins A, B, and G. Rich in Calcium and Phosphorous, and Iron for healthy nerves and red blood.

Unsurpassed, too, as a wholesome, gentle, natural laxative . . . Nature's own way to regular habits.

"Tenderized" by SUNSWEET (an

exclusive process) to make them extra tender and extra good, these fine prunes are packed in foil-sealed cartons to keep them extra tender and extra good. And we mean extra good.

**SUNSWEET Leads Again... with Foil**  
 SUNSWEET was first with the modern prune carton, first with the "Tenderized" process, and now leads again with the foil-seal. The foil protects the fruit from air, dust, light, and heat. You can tell the difference when you open the carton.

Good cooked or uncooked. Eat 'em like candy, you'll like 'em that way. Put a handful in the school lunch box every day. Keep an opened carton handy for anybody who wants a tasty wholesome nibble. Remember—SUNSWEETS are the only "Tenderized" Prunes and the only prunes packed in foil-sealed cartons. Packed and guaranteed by the growers themselves.



SUNSWEET Prune Juice, pure prune pulp for quick prune whip, infant feeding, etc.



SUNSWEET Whip-Prune, pure prune pulp for quick prune whip, infant feeding, etc.



SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Apricots. Packed in foil-sealed cartons for perfect protection

Grown and Packed by  
 CALIFORNIA PRUNE AND  
 APRICOT GROWERS ASSOCIATION  
 San Jose, California

# SUNSWEET 'Tenderized' PRUNES

ALSO APRICOTS & PEACHES

Sign and send the coupon for free recipe book





## "Who's going to pick whose car?"

**FATHER:** Quiet, *please!* This time we're not going to argue about what car this family is going to buy. I've decided—and *that's final!*

**MOTHER:** Now, George, you wait! After all, I'm the one who's in it every day, marketing and shopping—and I want *comfort*. I want lovely, luxurious cushions, and lots of nice little trimmings. What's more, I've already—

**FATHER:** 'Comfort'? Why, this car has nothing else but! It's the most wonderful ride in the world—just you wait and see. It's smooth as *silk!*

**SALLY:** Well, *I* want a car that *looks like itself*, and not every other thing on the road! What's more—I've picked it out. A real blue-blood that'll make 'em all sit up and take notice!

**BUD:** Sa-ay, how about *me?* I got an entry for this meet—and when she takes off, the others look chained to the ground! Can that car step!

**MOTHER:** Well, I've selected *my* car, myself. It's a dream to handle, and I parked it in traffic without even stretching my shoulder seams. What a relief!

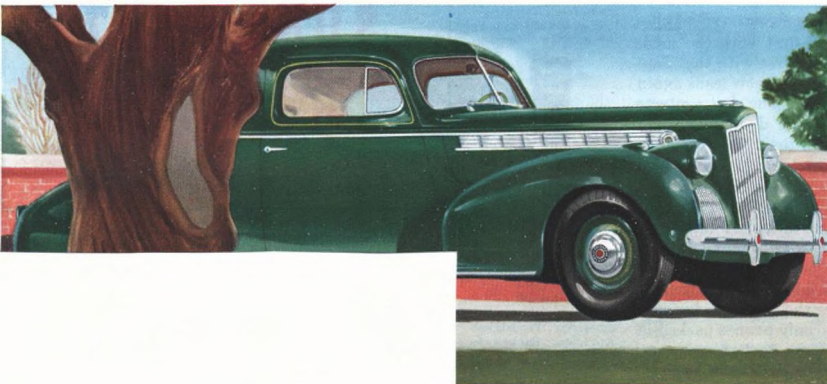
**FATHER:** Sorry, folks, but discussion's over. We're

buying *this* car on sound, honest, dollar value. And at its low selling price this year, we'd be raving crazy to consider any other. So—we're buying a Packard.

**CHORUS:** A Packard? Why—that's *MY* car!

**This scene**, with slight changes in cast, is being staged in literally *thousands* of American homes—*right now!* This year's Packards are the finest ever built, and everyone seems to have discovered it. At their surprisingly low prices, they already promise to make 1940 the biggest year in Packard's long, distinguished history!

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



PACKARD

\$867

AND UP, delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra. Prices subject to change without notice.





# Miles of Styles

## COMPANION-BUTTERICK PATTERNS

IN THIS section are new clothes for spring, planned particularly around those multiple activities of yours that mean trips in the car—but just as smart of course whether you walk or take a plane. First comes the three-piece suit, ready to give you lots of fashion mileage—if it is built as the 1940 sedans are, for comfort as well as style. Note, from the practical angle, the easy swing of 8864's skirt, the streamlined simplicity of its blouse and bolero. Consider, as part of the 1940 set-up, how perfectly all its parts lend themselves to three different fabrics in three contrasting colors.

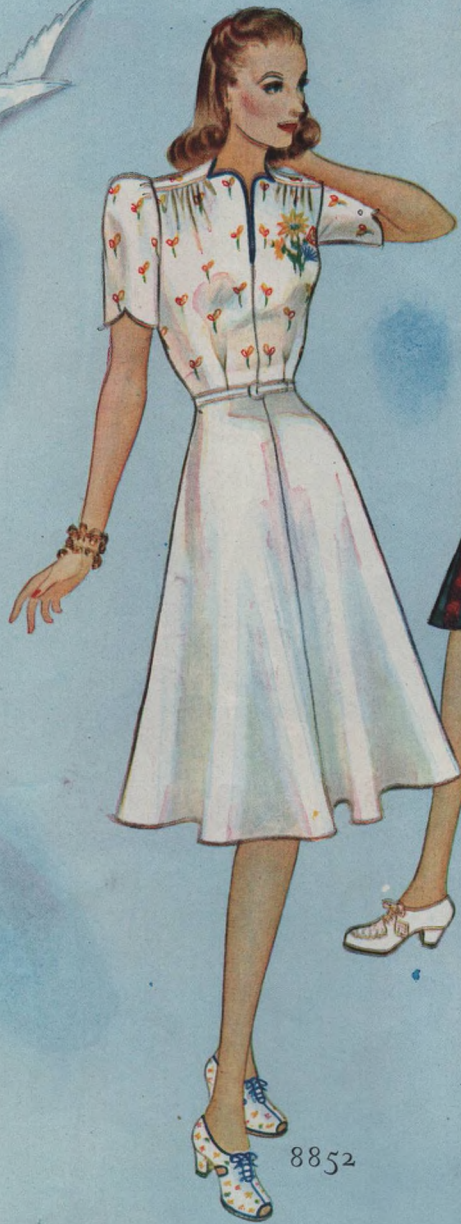
*Ethel Holland Little, Fashion Editor*

The hats, shoes and accessories, as well as the fabrics shown in this section, were carefully selected from the best of our fashion markets.

**8864** Three-piece Suit. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 42 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires 1 3/8 yards of 39-inch material for blouse, 1 3/8 yards of 54-inch material for skirt and 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material for bolero and belt. The price of the pattern is 50 cents.

For back views see last page



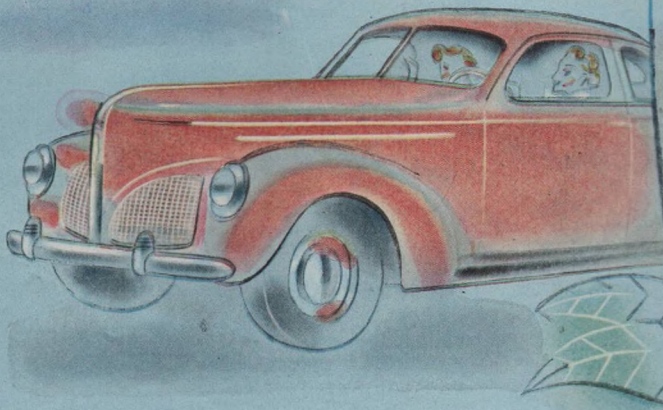


8852



8853

# Dresses Easy



For back views see last page.

► **MOTORISTS** talk about cars that are easy to handle. Well, that's a phrase we'd like to borrow in describing these four dresses. First, because they're the open-at-front type you love to jump into mornings when you're hurrying to drive your husband to the train or the children to school (and speaking of driving, the two across the way have action backs). Second, because they're smart enough to keep on all day, no matter what your errands. Third, because they are literally at your needle's end, they're so simple to put together.

**8852** Dress. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 44 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires 3 5/8 yards of 35-inch material. Price of this Companion-Butterick pattern, 50 cents.

**8853** Dress. Junior Miss sizes 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 20; 30 to 38 inch bust measure. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. Price, 45 cents.

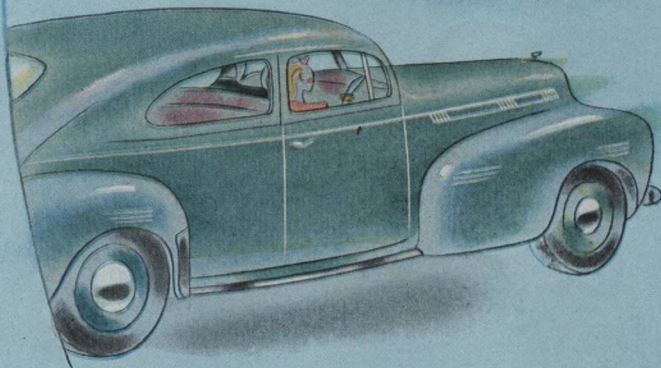




8858

8860

to Handle



IF EASY lines are important for all the chauffeuring you're called upon to do day after day, so are fabrics and accessories. That's why we chose materials that can take it for all four of these patterns—a sturdy piqué for 8852 (a top fashion if you add the easy embroidery pictured); a nonsoiling plaid gingham for 8853; a crush-resistant linen for 8858; and an equally practical striped seersucker for 8860. And that's why we suggest for shoes the fabric-topped rubber-soled-kind that look so smart and cost so little; and to keep your hair in place almost anything you like from a mere ribbon to a twisted turban or a snood.

8858 Dress. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 46 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 35-inch material. This Companion-Butterick pattern is 45 cents.

8860 Dress. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 44 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 35-inch material. The price of this pattern is 45 cents.

For back views see last page.

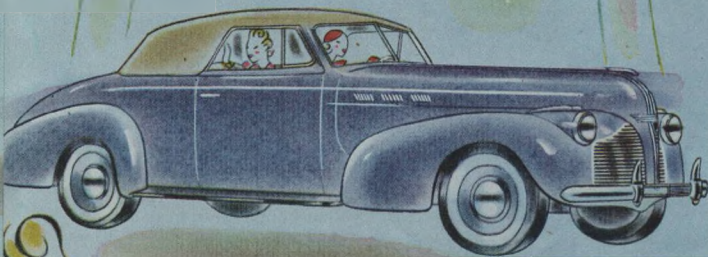
man





8855

8854



For back views see last page.

8855 Jacket Dress. Junior Miss sizes 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 20; 30 to 38 bust. Size 16 requires 4 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards 39-inch material with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard contrasting material. Price, 50 cents.

8854 Dress. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 40 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires 4 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material. The price of this Companion-Butterick dress pattern is 50 cents.

## Designed to

➤ A LUNCHEON here, a bridge party miles away—so that's your spring schedule and you are wondering what to wear. Here's what—any one of these designs. All four have the lines you want for going places: soft width through the shoulders, flattering curves at the waist, a graceful flare in the skirt. Two include a practical jacket.

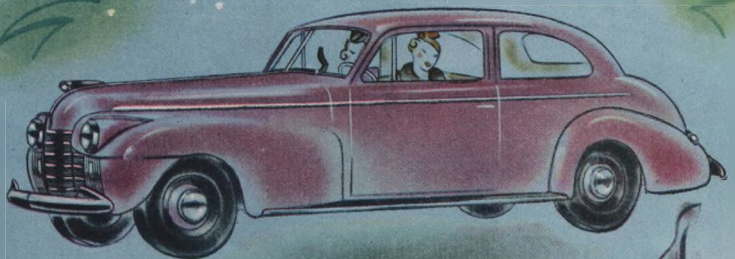




# Go Places

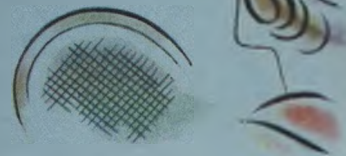
➤ THESE are dresses for the latest notes in fabrics, the last word in color combinations, up-to-the-minute accessories. For example: small all-over floral prints or subtle stripes; the shimmer of rayon jersey; the new look of cloud gray set off with white; the shine of patent leather in 1940's easy-going shoes, combined with faille or gabardine.

**8862** Dress. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 40 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material. The price of this Companion-Butterick dress pattern is 50 cents.



For back views see last page.

**8856** Jacket Dress. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 40 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material for dress, 1½ yards 54-inch material for jacket. Price of pattern, 50 cents.





Do

ALL you short women, five feet four and one half or less, know what a rare joy it is to step into clothes that fit without complicated alterations. These are your clothes. You can choose only one or make the compact wardrobe shown on these two pages. With these four dresses (Triad pattern 8850 and jacket dress 8844) drive off on long week-end visits and motor trips in the serene possession of the right thing to wear no matter what turns up. And know that each dress is practical and simple without pleats to sit out or frilly lingerie to wilt. To make it all complete just add a cloud-gray top-coat to go over gray, pink and blue dresses alike.

The blue jacket dress you can set off best with comfortable dark blue oxfords, a blue hat with a



8844 Jacket Dress. Designed especially for women 5 feet 4½ inches or under with hips larger than average. Sizes, 34 to 52 bust measure. Size 40 requires 5 yards of 39-inch material with 5¼ yard of 35-inch contrasting. Price of this Companion-Butterick pattern is 50 cents.

For back views see last page.



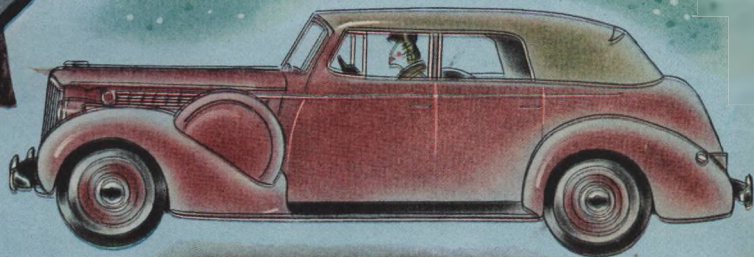
# You Take Short Cuts?

touch of white, blue or white gloves and bag.

A print for general use, a sheer for dining out, a cotton for country wear, these are the other three dresses in our short-cut wardrobe. All made from one Triad pattern. All designed to give a slender effect—notice side seams pushed to the rear for a narrow back.

Although you use the same familiar pattern

three times no one would guess that these three dresses were related in design. Each one has a special feature. The striped piqué has a speedy slide fastener. The printed silk has no fussy details or trimming to get out of order. The heavy sheer rayon is softened by hand smocking. The same accessories may be used with both the print and the plain dress.

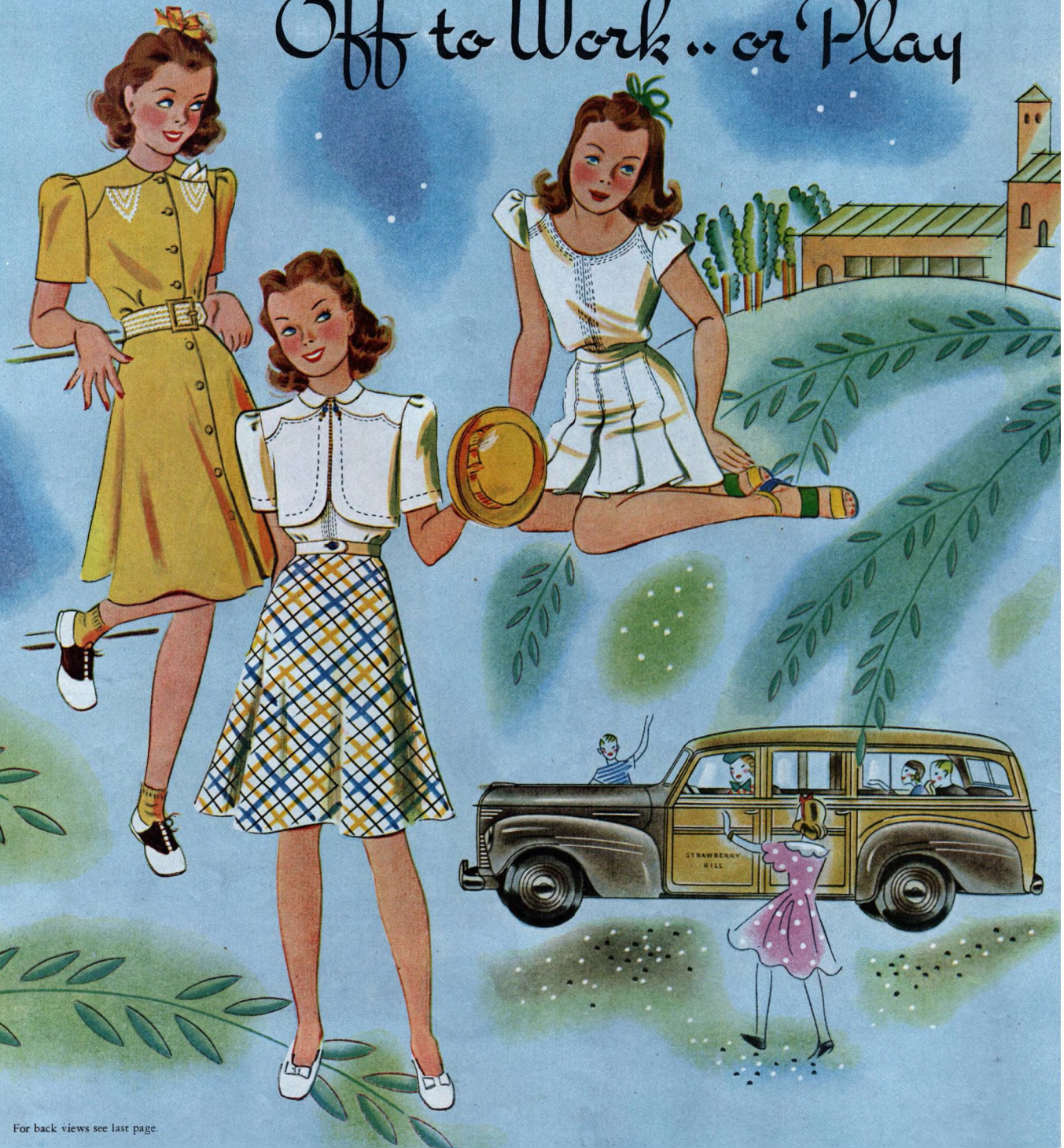


8850 Triad Dress. For women 5 feet 4½ inches or under with hips larger than average. Sizes, 34 to 52 bust. Size 40 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch material for printed version; 4¼ yards 39-inch material for smocked version; 4¾ yards 35-inch material for striped version. Price, 50 cents.

For back views see last page.



# Off to Work .. or Play



For back views see last page.

**885T** Triad Dress. Sizes, 8 to 15; 26 to 33 breast. Size 12 (30 breast) requires 3 yards of 35-inch material for dress;  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 35-inch material for play suit;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 35-inch material for bolero and belt;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35-inch material for extra skirt. The price of this Companion-Butterick pattern is 25 cents.

IF YOUR child is one of these modern youngsters who are driven off every morning for a full day's schedule of work and play, you know that comfortable clothes mean a lot to her happiness. So here is a pattern planned for her, and for you too, since you can use it for two school dresses as well as a dress for summer vacation.

First you make a two-piece school dress of heavy linen or spun rayon. Then a white piqué blouse and shorts play suit and an extra skirt of plaid or striped cotton. Next a white piqué bolero. She'll love the way blouses, skirts and bolero are interchangeable. You'll love the way the patterns go together, the easy cutting and sewing.



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# Shoes Are So Important

➤ SHOES this spring have about everything you can think of to make them important. First, their fashion points, important to the costume—such colors as bluejacket blue and turftan as well as black; the new look of patent leather combined with faille or gabardine, moccasin-type fronts, dressmaker stitchings. Second, their comfort features, important to you—because your face shows it when the shoe doesn't fit. These include the elasticized crushed leathers and fabrics that hug the instep so easily, the many medium heels, the cool structural cut-outs. Third, their look of youth—important to you because there's nothing like a youthful shoe to make you feel young.

At the right: the kind of tie you'll want for tramping in the country. The walled line in front gives you plenty of room for toe action. The low heel, squared at back, is as smart as it is comfortable. The leather, a lizard type in bright tan, is sure to go with practically any tweed you've set your heart on.

At the left below: a shoe that's news—the elasticized step-in that clings to the foot as snugly as a tie. It is elasticized crushed kid in front, plain kid in back. Its color is that favorite spring shade—navy blue. Its open toe and cut-outs are for cool comfort; its delicately patterned perforations for good looks.

At the right: emphasis on a tie that's as casual and young to look at as it is easy to walk in. Mark how low the heel is, yet how graceful. Note the openings at the toe and on the sides—for extra lightness. The leather is soft crushed kid; the color, that new earthy tan that goes with all kinds of sports woollens.

At the left below: that combination of leather and fabric most talked-about this year—patent leather with faille. The stitchings on the patent and the pleated faille ruffle standing up like a tongue in front give this shoe a dressed-up look. It is perfect for all your soft tea-time dresses—pale or dark.

At the right: another smartly styled oxford featuring the rounded mudguard line in front; playing up also the new combination of crushed calf and plain—plain calf for the lace-stay and mudguard, crushed calf for the rest of the shoe. The feminine punchings and perforations add a light touch.

At the left below: Elastic gorings at the sides make this another one of those step-in shoes that are so easy to get in and out of, so comfortable to wear. It is made of bright navy calf perforated for coolness. Note that functional cut-out, right over the instep where the "bite" sometimes comes.

At the right: Here is the gabardine you like "because it is so soft to wear and so easy to keep clean" carried out in your favorite type of shoe, the medium-heeled oxford. The stitchings on the gabardine and the patent leather trimming make this shoe as up to the minute as it is comfortable.

At the left: a patent leather step-in with a spat-like top of elasticized gabardine. Here again is the kind of shoe that slips on as easily as a glove and feels just as light. Here too are the punchings and cut-outs that add grace and look cool; and youthful lines that literally swing from heel to open toe.

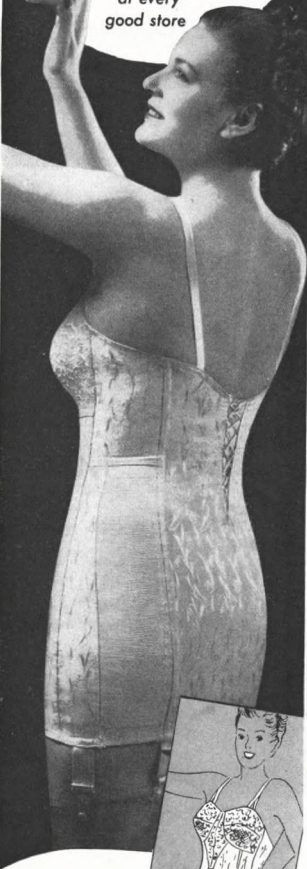
At the right: black crushed calf in a changeabout tie. We call it a changeabout because the tongue can be worn outside the eyelets—as you see it here—or inside in the usual way. The moccasin-like front, the stitchings and the medium heel make this an excellent shoe for both town and country.





# Rengo Belts

for every figure  
at every  
good store



Style 993  
at \$5



Typical of the outstanding values offered in Rengo Belts is this corset-brassiere combination, Style 993, made of rayon batiste with two panels of knitted elastic. Talon fastening in front. Lacing-to-the-waist in back gives glove-like fit. Sizes 36 to 46.

Write to Dept. W-4 for illustrated booklet... to help you choose the Rengo style you need.

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Woman's Home Companion April 1940

# California Plays Up



TOP: a four-piece swim suit in satin-striped rayon with stretch where you need it. You dive in the bra and trunks, wear the skirt and tie-on top on the beach. Center: another four-piece sand-ensemble—this time in a specially ribbed and dotted fabric of Lastex yarn. Bottom: the functional one-piece suit in a wool and Lastex knit with panel front cut to prevent water drag.

## Swim Suits



TOP: the casual loose jacket you wear with almost any sports dress—in sky blue suede as soft as silk. Center: news in a twin sweater set. The cable-stitched cardigan ends at a new line—at the top of the pull-over's high-ribbed waist section. Bottom: the neatly fitted stitched flannel jacket that goes over everything.

## Jackets



TOP to bottom: 1. A cowboy belt in white buck studded with stones. 2. The shell necklace in a snail design. 3. Twisted strands of natural-colored corn. 4. California fish made of pottery. 5. Rows of wooden beads. 6. California's cotton pods, eucalyptus buds and such in a pastel-colored boutonniere.

## Jewelry



## Family Reunion

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

We paused a moment beside the stairway. I found my ugly second cousin's presence oddly comforting. Since dinner it had seemed to me that slowly and imperceptibly a chasm had widened between me and the other members of the family. It wasn't only Great-uncle Richard whom I caught watching me, but his wife and even Great-aunt Patience.

Glenn put out a freckled hand which swallowed up my own.

"Nervous, cousin?"

"Not—not particularly."

"Say the word and I'll ask Aunt Patience to put me on your floor."

"That I couldn't do."

When I reached the blackness of the upper corridor, however, I wished I had him along. My candle threw great flickering shadows, shone eerily on the shattered door of Great-aunt Amanda's room. I went on into my great-grandfather's room. Beneath John S. Hieronimo's somber watching eyes, I got my night things. My candle threw a yellow circle around me, a spot of light that moved as I moved. The air was icy cold. I was shivering as I undressed. Perhaps it was imagination, reaction from that endless evening, but all at once the room itself became horrible to me. The tremendous canopied bed seemed not yards but miles away. I could sense, not see, its ghostly outlines in the gloom.

I STARTED bravely in that direction, clinging tightly to the candle. A draft of freezing air blew across my face, something moved and rustled. I gasped.

The window on the balcony was open.

The draperies were stirring in and out, dragging across the snowy floor beyond. I had not been able to force the warped pane, but someone had stepped through the window and to the balcony. Even by candlelight the prints of heavy riding boots were visible in the snow.

At that I fled.

By the time I reached Aunt Patience's room I had conquered my causeless terror, but I was frantically determined that Patience should admit me. I knocked and pounded until finally she came. She had obviously climbed from bed. Cold cream glistened on her cheeks, a net restrained her hair, a chin strap held her quivering chin in place.

"What in the world?"

"Aunt Amanda was in my room this afternoon! On the balcony. Her boots left marks in the snow." Patience didn't say a word. "Shouldn't we call the others?" I asked, made desperate by her quiet.

"What purpose would that serve?" she asked slowly and in a friendlier tone. She drew me into the room. "You've let yourself become unstrung, my dear. Why shouldn't Amanda have stepped

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

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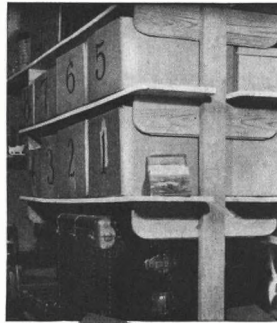
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Cardboard cartons make neat and handy storage containers

## ORDER IN THE ATTIC

OUR atticana continued to pile up despite annual purges. Something definitely had to be done.

A very satisfactory system was evolved by building some free-standing shelving. Two-by-four-inch posts, to which one-by-six-inch cross arms had been previously fixed, were fastened to the floor and again at the ceiling. To the cross arms were nailed one-by-six-inch tongue and groove boards, two to each side of the posts. The lowest shelves were of a height to allow a wardrobe trunk to stand upright and an old-fashioned trunk to open below them.

This shelving is particularly advantageous in an attic because of the slant of the roof ceiling above. It will accommodate a wide assortment of box sizes. It is also good in the cellar, when it seems advisable to keep shelves away from the outside walls. Here the supporting posts can easily be attached to the overhead joists and wedged to the floor. In any case, the cantilever shelf supports on the single center posts make superior shelving at low cost.

IN ADDITION to shelves for our stuff, we provided excellent containers from corrugated cardboard cartons. Because when the four top flaps serve as an unsealed cover, the carton is hard to handle, we bent the flaps down in, fixed them to the sides with glue, and from another piece of corrugated board made a lid with lift holes in the center, to fit snugly down into the box. This made a light sturdy easily handled storage container.

We borrowed from business and filed our attic accumulation. We numbered the containers boldly with crayon and in a five-and-ten index set wrote down what we had in the attic and just where it's at. LLEWELLYN PRICE

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Meanwhile, write for your copy of "Window Wisdom"—the Fincastle book containing 22 illustrated window treatments, color swatches and ideas for redecorating. Send 10¢ in stamps or coin to Dept. L.

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Ready to hang DRAPERIES Yarned Goods  
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## "I told you she was too old to have a baby!"

A new mother at 36  
learns some of the new things  
about baby care



**1. 1ST FRIEND:** Great heavens! Susie's having trouble again!  
**2ND FRIEND:** Well, what can you expect! Raising a first baby at her age! She's too set in her ways, I always said.



**2. 1ST FRIEND:** Don't be silly! Being up-to-date is not a question of age! It's a state of mind. And I'm going to tip her off right now.  
**2ND FRIEND:** She'll never listen.



**3. AT SUSIE'S HOUSE.**  
**1ST FRIEND:** Susie darling, we heard you were upset about your baby. And we thought we'd show you some of the new things we learned raising our babies.  
**SUSIE:** New things? Name one!



**4. 1ST FRIEND:** Well, for instance, there's all this special care the doctor has been talking about lately. He says a baby's system is too delicate to experiment with. So everything he gets should be made especially for him. . . . from special baby food all the way to a special baby laxative!



**5. SUSIE:** A special babies' laxative!!  
**1ST FRIEND:** Sure! It's FLETCHER'S CASTORIA! And it's designed especially for a baby's needs. It has no harsh "adult" drugs, so it just can't cramp or gripe. And believe me, it's SAFE!



**6. SUSIE:** But what about the taste? My little Indian fights any medicine that comes near him.  
**1ST FRIEND:** Don't you worry about Fletcher's Castoria. Even the *taste* is made especially for children. . . . Try it. You'll wonder how you ever got along without it!

Chas. H. Fletcher

**CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially for children

Woman's Home Companion April 1940

## Family Reunion

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]

into your room? Possibly she was hunting for you."

"On the balcony?"  
She said sharply, "One thing's certain, Anne. I am convinced Amanda left this house of her own free will. That's enough for me until morning. I've had enough excitement tonight."

Then she looked at me indecisively, sighed and asked if I cared to stay the night with her. I accepted gratefully a narrow bumpy couch. I expected to lie awake but despite my firm resolves, I slept.

ACTUALLY I didn't wake until nearly eight o'clock. Patience was already gone. I threw on my bathrobe and stepped into the hall. Wanda, equipped with a broom and mop, was just going into the room I had vacated with such relief. She saw me coming from Patience's room and paused to stare.

"Any news of Aunt Amanda?" I asked eagerly.

"She isn't back," replied the girl assuming an air of unconcern.

Your Uncle Richard's got his way at last. They're phoning the police."

I went down immediately. Glenn, Patience, Hoy and Lucy were clustered anxiously around the telephone closet. Richard hung up the telephone. "The sheriff is coming," he began. "He seems to think—"

Great-uncle Richard never finished the remark. From the upper floor came a piercing scream and then another and another.

I don't know who first reached

John S. Hieronimo's room. I do know that when Glenn and I rushed in, the others all were there and Wanda was continuing her senseless screaming and no one was attempting to bring her back to sanity.

The room that had been so dark the night before was bright with sunlight. One might have wondered at Wanda's screams, at the horrified faces of the family. Even before we crossed the room, however, and went around the bed, I think I must have known what we would find.

The crumpled body of Amanda Silver lay on the far side of the carpeted platform. She was still in riding clothes. Her booted feet touched the floor, one of her hands clutched the coverlet of the bed, the other trailed along the steps. Blood, now dried and dark, had spilled in an ugly flood from a forehead wound and stained her blouse and jacket.

"Murdered—my sister—foully murdered!" This was Richard in a choked voice.

"She—she never left the house at all," someone said.

The voices were far-off and queer. And then I felt Glenn's steady fingers on my arm.

"Pull yourself together, Anne."

He swung me toward a window. In a kind of nightmare dream I saw that the window now was closed, that window on the balcony! The snow beyond and the footprints that had marked it were no longer there. The balcony floor was swept clear and clean; the footprints had vanished.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN MAY]

## A Marvelous Surprise

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

save her money but somehow always had just the opposite effect. It wasn't that he was really selfish and thoughtless. He was just young and didn't figure things out.

Not, she had to own, that figuring things out always helped you much. Look at the way she had figured everything out when she bought the cottage. Something happened suddenly and the whole outlook changed.

That, she told herself, had been sheer bad luck and a thing no one could foresee. There were always things no one could foresee, however good they were at foreseeing!  
And here was Peter, just letting her in for a lot more expense when money was so tight already. She could have cried.

He was so elated with his new acquisition, she hadn't, as ever, the heart to say what she really thought. Obviously he had been horribly swindled, made to pay five pounds for a thing she felt in her secret heart was not worth five shillings. She put out a finger and touched the mudguard. It flapped like the wing of a dead bird.

"Bit loose, isn't it?"

"As a matter of fact, that one sometimes drops off. But it makes a funny drumming sound to warn you so you can usually stop in time. The engine is what really counts and it's in first class order."

MRS. BRADBOURNE went to her room and stood in the window looking out into the garden where not enough people came to tea to make it pay.

Up to now she had fought the conviction that Peter was just another of the modern young men of the day—rash, car-mad, inconsequential. She had till now fought her suspicions that he was really no different. Now the worst of them was confirmed. He had had a legacy, the only legacy he would ever get. And had squandered it recklessly and foolishly.

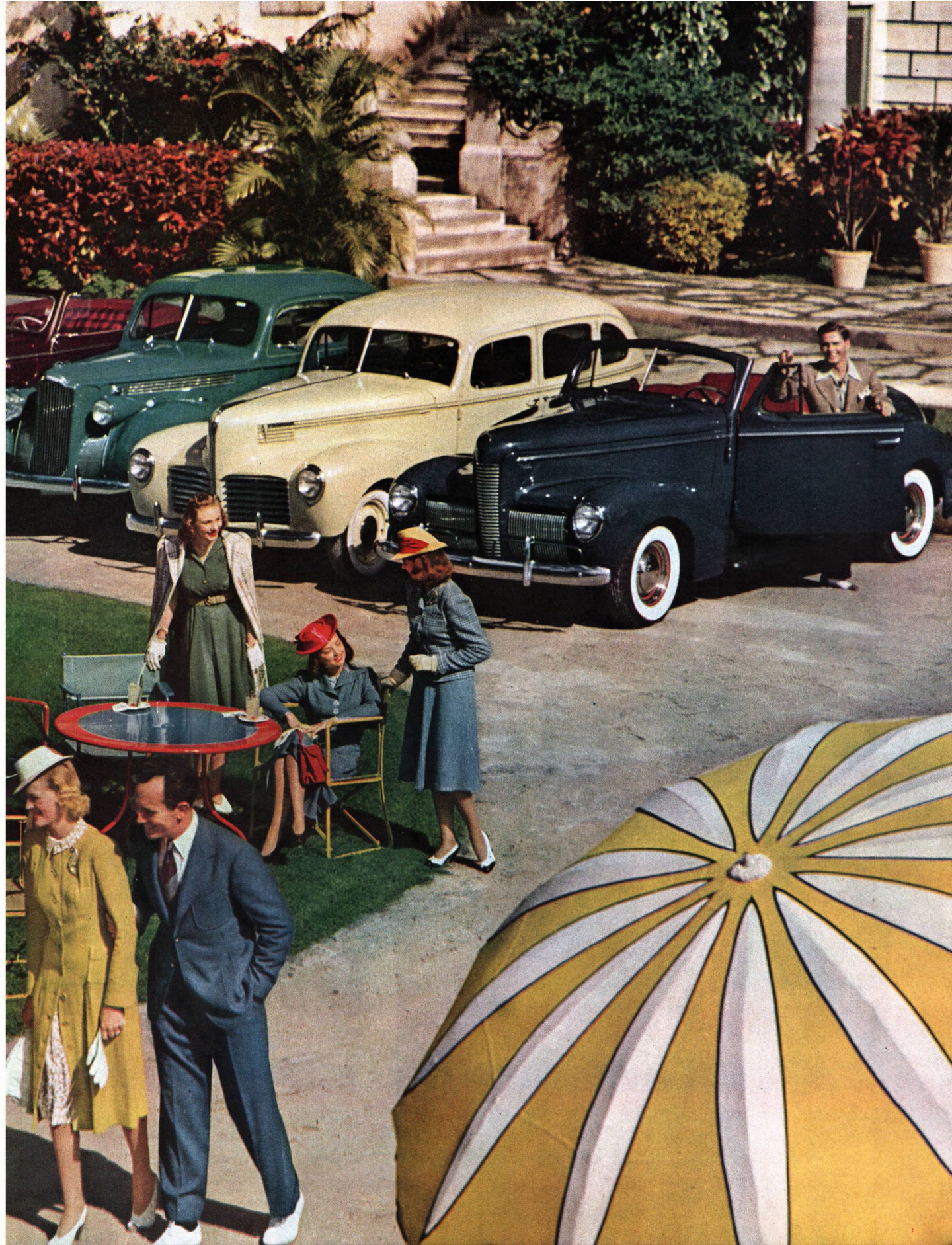
He came to her room later on that night, flushed and just a little anxious and uncertain.

"You do like it, don't you, darling?"

He was so young and silly, and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]









## Show Your Colors

▶ PATRIOTIC colors went south this winter and patriotic colors are sure to come north with the first breeze of spring. So a word to you who want a country-going costume with as much verve and dash as one of 1940's new cars: show where you stand on the international fashion front by the colors you wear. One way is to go in for the flag's red, white and blue. You can do this neatly with a double-breasted jacket of blue hopsacking woolen, a jumper sweater of red, a white flannel skirt and two tri-colored chessboard scarfs—one around your head, the other under your chin. Again you might carry out your nationalistic notions in a brilliant red corduroy coat spiked with a swagger felt in desert gold and desert gold doeskin gloves. Or you might pick out a Norfolk-pleated suit in that medium blue called camouflage and wear it with a censored red jersey shirt, ballibunt hat and calf bag. Last, over a sheer wool dress in the censored red put a greatcoat of soft Swedish blue camel's hair, lined with the red, add moccasin oxfords in navy suede.

FULL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR KEPPLER. CLOTHES FROM JAY-THORPE, INC.



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# A Marvelous Surprise

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

she loved him so much. For his sake she told the supreme lie with what conviction she could muster.

"I think it's a marvelous little car. It will give you some fun."

"Us," he corrected, hugging her. "I'll tool you round and show you the beauty spots."

He was only home on Saturdays, which she always hoped would be her busy day. How he thought she was going to get away, she couldn't imagine. He just didn't think.

"The man in the garage said it was a real good investment."

No doubt, thought Mrs. Bradbourne, it had been. For the man at the garage.

"If you don't speculate, you can't accumulate," said Peter grinning at her. "Now can you, Mrs. B.?"

It certainly saved bus fares. But when you set that against the fee she had to pay for garaging it near the station, there was nothing in that, and when Peter turned in at the front gates too quickly one night and removed the side post, they were definitely down on the month. He apologized profusely but pointed out that accidents will happen.

He christened his car the Wheezobus, from the noise it made starting, and now it seemed to Mrs. Bradbourne there had never been a time when the ramshackle little car had not lurked in the woodshed. She got used to its crashing start, its sobbing when the engine was turned off.

But being tooled round the beauty spots, that was a thing she could not get accustomed to.

SHE stood it three times and then put her foot down. He took her to Leith Hill and once into Guildford and once to the sea. They rattled, bounced and slithered about the road.

"The steering is a bit off. With age, you know," roared Peter genially. "But it's safe enough when you understand it. I wouldn't let anyone else drive you out in this, I can tell you."

Nothing on the Baby Foskins worked quite as efficiently as it had done sixteen years previously, but the marvel was that it worked at all, that more things did not drop off, oftener.

The time they went to the sea was perhaps worst of all. For the road was full of busses that towered over them and passed at colossal speed, and Peter drove in and out of these slaying monsters like an adventurous but inebriated bee.

"Hold the door shut, darling, we're going to touch thirty," he called to her. "The door comes off when we touch thirty."

MRS. BRADBOURNE clung to the door and prayed. She could bear no more of it, but since she did not want to dishearten him or hurt his feelings there was nothing for it but to invent symptoms. She borrowed a few from Tilly and had risings and sinkings of a strange nature all that summer, lest worse befall.

But Peter was in the seventh heaven. He was always singing the praises of his car. He became nothing but another of the modern young men of the day, car-mad.

Mrs. Bradbourne had days of dark depression. The tearoom wasn't paying. Soon Peter's gas fund would be exhausted and he would start borrowing from her to replenish his tank. And there was another and worse bogey, that haunted her with worse nightmares. One day the telephone would ring and it would be a police station: Peter would be dead or maimed for life. Or perhaps he would have killed someone. She had no idea what would happen after that, only without a doubt all their hopes for his future, so carefully planned, would come to nothing like the rest of her dreams.

She didn't share her terrors with him. It is wrong to intimidate the young. She also had a strange terror that by putting the thought of accidents into his mind, she

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



*beauty is as beauty does*

... and today "does" means going places and doing things gracefully. Formfit gives you the new Scissors Silhouette, but also such ease of movement that you feel and look "corset-free". All Panel-Art foundations have been inspired by Madame Schiaparelli and each garment bears her personal label of approval—your guarantee of fashion rightness. At all the better shops and corset departments.

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HIPS TRIMLY TAILORED

**HOME SERVICE CENTER  
SCRAPBOOK**

Should be able to keep my upholstery good and clean with this! Revolving brush makes it more effective. (Use as inducement to Tom to keep the car dusted out?)

April Poster: Motor picnic helps, information on new electric irons, 3 cents; six consecutive copies, 15 cents. Order from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, New York City.

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Woman's Home Companion April 1940





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Tampax lets you dance without care and travel with a light heart. It cannot come apart and is easily disposed of. No belts, pins or odor. Now sold in three sizes: Super, Regular and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (4 months' supply) saves up to 25%.

Read about the 3 sizes: REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



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Woman's Home Companion April 1940

The Home Service Center  
presents the third in a  
series of Diplomatic Menus:

# A FINNISH FEAST



## MENU

- KBSAKEITTO  
(Creamed vegetable soup)
- KALAMIIPKKO  
(Steamed pudding of firm whitefish)
- PAISTETUT KANANPOJAT  
CUCUMBER SORELIN  
(Boiled cucumber with spinach)
- GREEN SALAD AND HAM ROLLS  
(Ham rolled round Madrilene aspic, watercress at each end)
- MERIMARJA  
(Ice cream of arctic brambles with jelly or sauce of same)
- DEMITASSE

WHEN M. Jarnefelt was still in Washington as Minister from Finland, two years ago, Mme. Jarnefelt used to delight in celebrating her husband's birthday by gathering some of his close friends among the diplomats and giving him a surprise dinner party consisting of native food prepared by the Finnish cook. The capital will miss the affair now for the Jarnefelts have been transferred to a new post. In offering our readers the menu shown above, Mme. Jarnefelt has included chicken as being typical, although she says that in Finland chicken can be served only at a mixed gathering, because the men consider it baby food! The salad is just American lettuce and tomato—and is very popular in Finland.

### Paistetut Kananpojat

- |                                  |                     |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| YOUNG CHICKEN,<br>4 pounds       | FLOUR, 1 teaspoon   |
| BUTTER,<br>2 tablespoons         | SALT, 1 tablespoon  |
| PARSLEY, minced,<br>1 tablespoon | WATER, 1/2 cup      |
|                                  | WHOLE MILK, 2 cups  |
|                                  | FLOUR, 1 tablespoon |
|                                  | CREAM, 1 cup        |

1. Clean chicken, cut in pieces for serving.
2. Cream butter, add parsley, teaspoon of flour, place in iron pot.
3. When pot is hot, add chicken and brown on both sides.
4. Add salt, water, milk, cover tightly, cook slowly over low flame, in oven or on back of stove until tender, basting.
5. Remove chicken to hot platter, reserving excess liquid for soup another day. Serve this sauce: Make paste of tablespoon of flour and stock, add cream, heat until slightly thickened.

By Nancy Archibald

## PALE CHEEKS DON'T THRILL HEARTS!

... White faced women look old ...

Here... revealed for the first time is one of Hollywood's most important make-up secrets: To make an actress look old or unromantic, they whiten her cheeks. To make her look younger, fresher, more desirable, they give color—the glow of real, live color to her cheeks.



Any woman, no matter how young in body or mind, adds unwanted years to her looks by going about with white, lifeless cheeks. Colorless cheeks are repellent... they look sickly... corpse-like... cold... no one wants to touch them. And flat, one-tone rouges do little better. They look "fakey"... painted and repellent, too. They give you artificial, lifeless color... no radiance... no way to charm. But oh how different is lively duo-tone rouge!

It's really alive... it glows... its color looks real, as if it came from within... it radiates vivacity... sweetness... so warm that no one, just NO one, can ever resist its invitation! Duo-tone rouge is the easiest in the world to get, too. Simply ask for PRINCESS PAT duo-tone rouge. All stores have it in all shades. See them... one is sure to be YOUR "shade of romance"... the shade that will make YOU look younger... more really exciting to hearts!

### PRINCESS PAT duo-tone Rouge



Every pair made with loving care... to bring you glamour, beauty, extra wear. Preferred by millions of women... Sold by over 6,000 stores, coast to coast. Popular prices.

MOJUD  
the dependable  
HOSIERY

TRADE MARKS REGISTERED COPYRIGHT, 1940 MUCK, JUDSON, VORSEINGER CO., OF N.Y., INC.

## A Marvellous Surprise

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109]

might make him accident-prone! He was so gloriously cocksure, so utterly confident, meantime.

The tearoom did worse and worse. When Peter came home, finished for good with his training, he was ready to be launched on a world where, it seemed, there were already too many young men wanting to be engineers.

It was a Friday afternoon in what should have been the busiest month, only for the Cotrage Tearoom unfortunately it wasn't. Tillie had developed symptoms so distressing that Mrs. Bradbourne had sent her home for the day, to rest.

She made the day's cakes herself, a job she detested; then got the tea tables ready for the visitors who so seldom came. She felt tired and depressed and her head ached. She cooked herself an egg for lunch and brewed a strong cup of tea. While she ate she read the paper.

It wasn't exactly heartening. There was nothing in it but disasters. Returning on her bicycle late at night from Little Pipplekin, Miss Susy Malice was knocked down... Four men in a car threw a brick through the window of Messrs. Sparks and Thomas, jewelers, and got away with—

MRS. BRADBOURNE laid the paper aside. She felt creeping over her something she could only call foreboding. She wished Peter were at home.

He had gone clattering off in the Wheezo-bus that morning after a valiant effort to take her with him.

"Expect me when you see me, Mrs. B.," he said waving a careless hand. Only that day he had broken the sad news to her that his gas fund was finished. He had borrowed ten shillings to replenish it.

"I'll pay you back as soon as I get a job," he assured her airily. "You forget that I shall be earning money at any moment now."

He thought you picked up jobs, easy as gathering blackberries or picking mushrooms.

"Look on it as an investment, darling," he said pocketing her last note cheerfully. "If you don't speculate, you can't accumulate..."

She loved him so much! She found herself making excuses for him, even though she longed to spank him, for where, after all, would the world be if the young were not wildly hopeful and cocksure?

The telephone tinkled. Even before she lifted the receiver in her shaking hand, she knew!

Peter's voice said thinly from a distance, "Is that you, Mother? Can you come?"

So it had been foreboding, after all, she had been suffering from. She said breathlessly, "Peter, where are you? What is it? Are you hurt?"

"Yes. No. At least, nothing

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]



In the interest of sound merchandising and the better information of the public, groups of General Motors dealers in various sections of the country have put their names to this and similar advertisements in numerous local newspapers. We re-publish it here because of the importance of its message to all buyers of 1940 automobiles.



This is the standard price tag used by General Motors dealers to show what makes up the prices of new cars delivered to customers. "PRICE OF CAR" means the price we charge for the car itself, including reimbursement for Federal Tax and conditioning — "TRANSPORTATION CHARGE" means a charge for transportation from factory to you, based on rail rates — "OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT AND ACCESSORIES" means the charge for any extra equipment or accessories you elect to buy.

# Let this Tag help you *check automobile values*

**T**HIS standard GM "plain-view" price tag you see pictured here looks mighty simple.

It is, but once you've studied it over, you have the complete story on the price you pay.

It brings right out into the open the charges that occasion the difference between advertised at-the-factory delivered prices, and the delivered prices you pay here in your home town.

You can see how much you are being charged for transportation of the car from the factory to you, based on rail rates—how much for

any extra equipment or accessories that you may elect to buy.

**W**e General Motors dealers are marking every car on our showroom floors with this "plainview" price tag, to enable you more completely to measure the values we offer.

The merit of the cars themselves is plain to see — their good looks and good workmanship are reflected in every detail.

Yet value is always relative — it necessarily involves not only the price you pay but *what that price includes* — and this is true irrespective of what car you buy.

So keep this tag in mind when you're pricing cars, and if you encounter charges not listed here or that you don't understand, you're forewarned and can do your own policing.

**W**e invite you to look over the stunning new 1940 General Motors cars we're now showing — on every count of size, utility, style and finish they reach a new high.

Examine their features. Check their quality, point by point. Then consider the price tag. Thus you can appraise for yourself their outstanding *value* and see exactly what your money buys.

LESTER H. ...  
220 LEX...

NY

ALLEN L. ...  
10 ...

CHARLES ...  
800 ...

JOHN ...  
SON ST. ...



# GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC



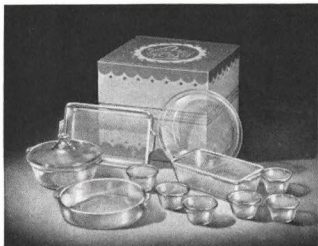
**NEW VALUE!** Economy Set #179. 9-piece Ovenware set contains 6 custard cups (4-oz.) in handy cooking rack, 9 1/2" pie plate, and brand-new 8-oz. level-full red-marked measuring cup! Gift packed, for only..... **79¢**



VISIT THE SPRING DISPLAY OF PYREX WARE AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE

LOOK what's happened to Pyrex ware sets! Unit prices were reduced 30% to 50% two years ago and now there are new savings on sets. Visit your favorite dealer's during the Spring display while selections are complete. Every piece protected by famous replacement offer. Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York.

# NEW! PYREX SETS AT NEW SAVINGS!



**BRAND-NEW COMBINATION!** Gift Set #245. 11 pieces: contains 9 1/2" loaf pan, 1 1/2 qt. knob casserole, 10 1/2" utility dish, 9 1/2" pie plate, six 4-oz. custard cups, and new 8 3/4" cake dish, gift boxed, only... **\$245**

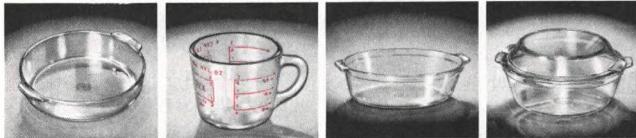


**WORLD PREMIERE!** Home Baker Set #295. 17 pieces: 12 1/2" utility dish, 8-oz. measuring cup, 9 1/2" loaf pan, two 8 3/4" cake dishes, 6 custard cups, cooking rack, 9 1/2" pie plate, 4 deep pie dishes. Gift boxed **\$295**

WHAT HAPPENED 2 YEARS AGO THAT 7 OUT OF 10 WOMEN DON'T REALIZE?

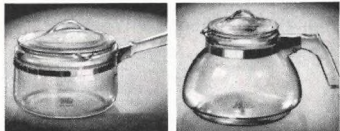


PYREX OVENWARE PRICES WERE REDUCED 30% TO 50%



**NEATEST TRICK of all!** Cake 8-OZ. MEASURING CUP. AN OVAL open baking DISH helps you make better meat pies and puddings. 2qt. 35¢; 1 1/2qt. 45¢; 1 quart 35¢. **DOUBLE-DUTY** round casserole with pie plate cover. 3 qt. size 95¢; 2 qt. size 85¢; 1 1/2 qt. size 50¢.

## Exciting Spring Values IN PYREX FLAMEWARE



**NEW!** Pyrex Flameless saucepans with detachable handles. 1 1/2 qt. \$1.95; 2 qt. \$2.25; 1 quart size only **\$1.65**

**REDUCED!** Pyrex flameless teakettle. Year's replacement offer. 2 1/2 qt. size was \$2.95; \$3.25, now only... **\$2.95**



**A FEATURE ATTRACTION!** Round, individual deep pie dishes. Transparent. Acheer is more oven heat. Bake 4 eggs, better eggs, cobbler, vegetables, spaghetti. 12-oz. 15¢; 8-ounce... **10¢**

**PYREX OVENWARE-FLAMEWARE**

\* A recent survey proves that 70% of American housewives still don't know how little Pyrex Ovenware costs today. In many cases a dollar buys twice as much as it did 2 years ago!

## A Marvelous Surprise

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110]

much. Now don't fuss but just come. I'm at the police station, Morton. Come at once."

How did he imagine she was going to get there? The next bus did not pass along the road till four forty-five. It was the old story. He simply did not think. And there was no one to look after the teamom except Zoe, a girl without sufficient organizing ability to keep her own stockings up.

Zoe was strangely responsive. Her dull face lit up with an almost intelligent look. She liked the idea of running the place alone.

"Of course I can manage, Mum," she said and started arranging the flowers without being told.

Mrs. Bradbourne went and stood out in the road and gave herself up to the unpleasant task of trying to stop passing cars.

She had almost given up hope when a chauffeur-driven limousine slowed down and glided silently to rest beside her.

A middle-aged man with a round and wholesome pink face and iron-gray hair looked out of the window.

"Is there anything wrong, Madam?"

Breathlessly, trying not to cry, she told him what was wrong. He opened the door for her courteously and told her to get in. He said to the chauffeur, "Go by Morton, Wilkie. And stop at the police station."

How courteously he was and how charming.

"THIS is frightfully good of you," Mrs. Bradbourne said breathlessly. She was usually dumb in the presence of strangers, but misery loosened her tongue. By the time they reached Morton her companion had the whole sad story. All about the legacy that had been so rashly invested in a Baby Foskins 1923 model. And how well Peter had done at college, and how difficult it was to get a boy started, and how inconsequential he was, car-mad like all the rest of the world, when he really could not afford it; and how this last disaster, whatever it was, seemed like the last straw.

The stranger's face lit at the mention of the Baby Foskins. Mrs. Bradbourne thought dimly, "He's just as bad as Peter."

He said, leaning forward with interest, "A 1923 model! And it still goes!" He laughed and slapped his knees. "This car is also a Foskins," said the stranger.

"Oh, is it?" said Mrs. Bradbourne weakly.

"A later model of course," said the owner of it, looking at her and laughing again.

They pulled up in front of the Morton police station. There in the afternoon sunshine reclined all that was left of the Wheezo-bus. It looked dignified in death. Everything that could drop off had done so and its little hood pushed

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]

## New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold... Try a jar today.

# ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS (Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

## New Odorless\* Cream safely REMOVES HAIR

A fragrant white cream without sulphide depilatory odor... Painless, not messy, easy to use... Economical... Does not irritate healthy, normal skin... Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, clean and fragrant.



**NAIR** 39¢ a tube of stores or from Carter Products, New York.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rario\* to Go



The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢. Stubbornly refuse anything else.



# A Marvelous Surprise

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112]

down gave it the air of a man whose bowler hat has been smashed over his eyes.

She had never liked the thing but it made her feel sad to see it like that. The stranger stood looking at it as if he were sorry too. There was in his eyes the expression of one who meets, long after, a once prosperous friend, tragically reduced.

Mrs. Bradbourne forgot all about him.

"Peter!" she cried. What, in all this wreckage, had become of Peter?

A large policeman appeared. "Is it the young hero himself you are after looking for?" he asked. "Indade, M'am, 'tis a great work he has been after doing this day."

"Hero? Great work?" gasped Mrs. Bradbourne, all at sea. "Oh no. It's Peter Bradbourne I've come to see. I'm his mother."

"Thin many congratulations to you, M'am, and here's the young gentleman himself."

Peter's arm was in a sling. He had a strip of plaster over one eyebrow. Something had happened to the end of his nose and a great deal to his suit. His only good one too.

"Oh, Peter," said his mother wildly, "what have you done?"

"Wait now," the policeman said, "till I tell you."

➔ THERE seemed to be a lot of people listening to the story. There was a young man taking notes in a book. Outside, someone was getting a camera into position. Peter wasn't dead. He wasn't even maimed for life, and it seemed he had not killed anyone. What, then, had Peter done? With an effort she concentrated on the policeman.

They had, it seemed, a message that morning telling them to look out for a car that had been concerned in the smash and grab raid at Brighton and they picked it up on the Kingston by-pass. It was making for London but, seeing the police, it turned and made south.

They followed it to Guildford and had a fine chase down the

Portsmouth road and through Horsham, but they lost it on the Downs, and it doubled back on them and a message came it had passed through Swallowfield and was making for London again, via Morton. The streets of Morton go uphill and down, and cross and recross.

"We'd have lost them there, 'tis certain, if it hadn't been for this young gentleman. For what did he do, when he saw them coming and us after them, but draw his car right in front of them in a narrow street where they couldn't get by at all, so we had the lot of them. There'll be a reward for this and 'tis a better car he'll be able to buy."

➔ PETER went out and stood beside the wreck of the Wheezo-bus, looking down at it. Cameras clicked. The reporter made notes.

"No one could want a better car," said Peter sadly. "It was the finest little car that was ever put on the road. I shall try to get another exactly like it."

The stranger was still standing there, his good-natured face creased with amusement.

"Well, all's well that ends well, M'am," he said to Mrs. Bradbourne. "You'd better let me drive you home. It doesn't look to me as if the 1923 model was going to be of much use to you."

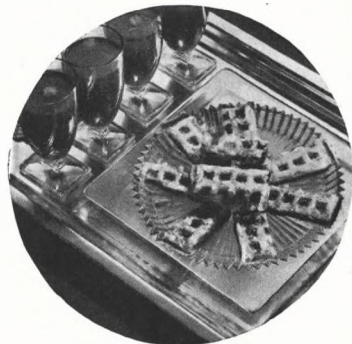
Most of the way back Peter and the stranger talked cars without ceasing. At his age, thought Mrs. Bradbourne a trifle scornfully, you'd think he might have grown out of it, but he hadn't.

He came in and had tea at the Cottage Tearoom before he returned to town. It wasn't until he had gone that Mrs. Bradbourne said, "We never asked his name!"

It did not seem to matter.

The story was in all the papers. Not only with pictures of Peter and the Wheezo-bus, but also of the Cottage Tearoom. "Home of Mr. Peter Bradbourne, who was responsible, with his Baby Fostkins 1923 model, for the arrest of the smash and grab raiders."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



## ARE YOU A WAFFLE WIZARD?

➔ THERE'S more than one way of using a waffle. For instance they make good appetizers. We have developed more than thirty ideas for serving waffles, including desserts.

Order by name. Ways with Waffles, price 15 cents. Address Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Woman's Home Companion April 1940

NO WONDER  
4,061 ENGINEERS  
BOUGHT DODGE IN THE  
LAST 12 MONTHS. DODGE  
ENGINEERING  
CERTAINLY GIVES MOST  
FOR THE MONEY!



JESS E. RAUCH, Refrigeration Engineer, San Francisco

I'M NO ENGINEER,  
BUT I CERTAINLY  
APPRECIATE DODGE  
BEAUTY AND  
LUXURY!



MARGARET YOUNG, Fashion Expert, New York City

THIS IS OUR  
THIRD DODGE  
AND IT'S THE  
GREATEST  
MONEY-SAVER  
OF THEM ALL!

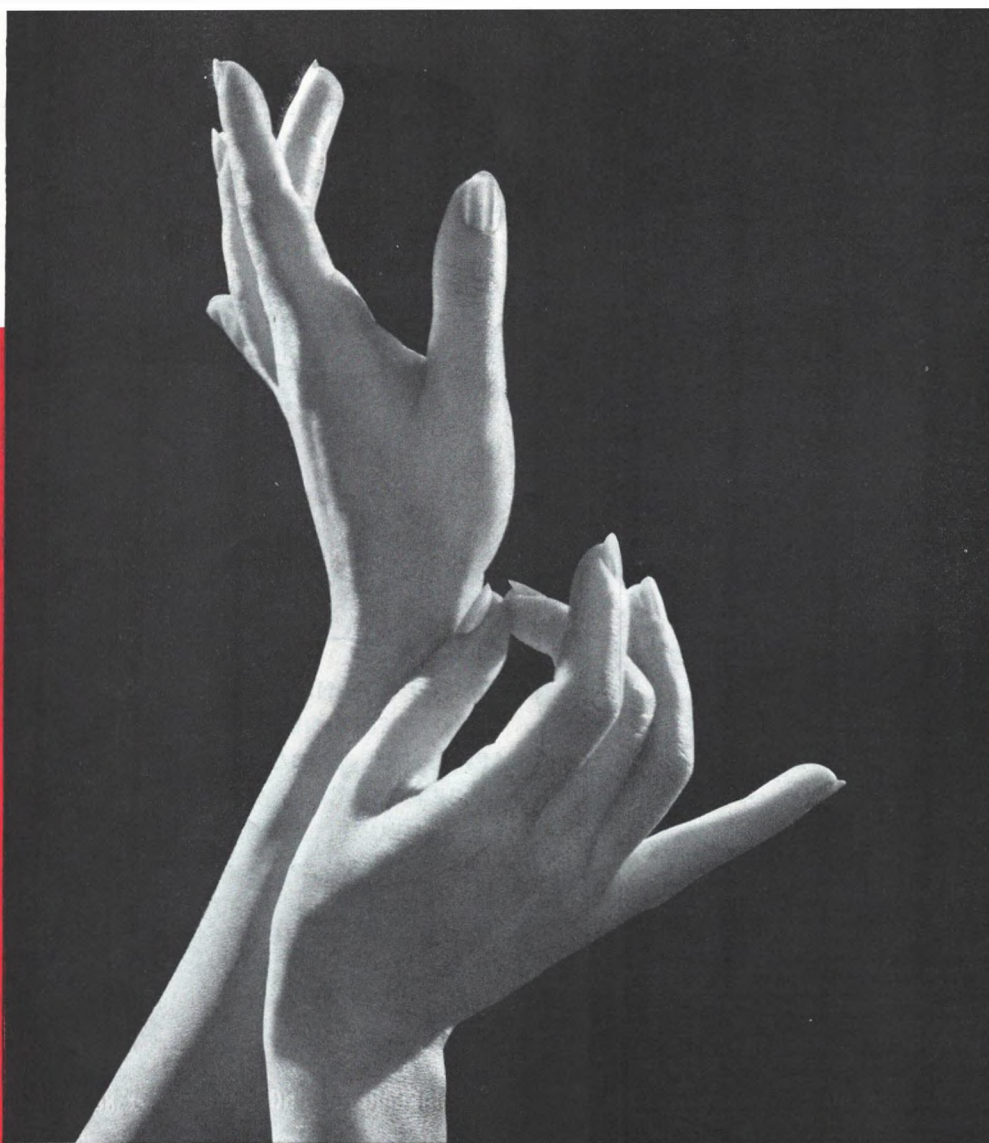


EDNA GRAVES, Buyer, Detroit, Mich.

★ DODGE ENGINEERING COSTS NOTHING EXTRA ★

DODGE PRICES START AT \$755 FOR THE COUPE. DELIVERED IN DETROIT. ALL FEDERAL TAXES AND ALL STANDARD EQUIPMENT INCLUDED. TRANSPORTATION, STATE AND LOCAL TAXES (IF ANY), EXTRA





PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR KEPPLER  
DRAWINGS BY THE BALDWINs

# Finger-tip Control



▶ THESE are the hands of Maria Gambarelli, première danseuse of the Metropolitan Opera Company and creator of that ingenious dance *Javanaese Porcelaine*, which, like so many Eastern dances, is primarily an interpretation by hands and arms.

Dynamic, sensitive, forceful—here is finger-tip control indeed. Hands, freed of inhibitions, mobile, dramatic—as expressive of emotions as the most sensitive face. But hands, my friends, that tell no more about their owner than do yours and mine.

There are no dead-pan hands. You can veil your eyes, close tight your lips and mask your face—but you cannot sit permanently upon your hands! Never, since I've had to do with good grooming, has the spotlight bear so mercilessly on our hands. Never have we been so conscious of their deficiencies. Never so impressed by the need of finger-tip control.

HAZEL RAWSON CADES





Ten years ago women said, "My hands look simply terrible," and resigned themselves fatalistically to an act of God. Today they say, "My cuticle splits," "My hands are dry," "My fingers are rough," "My polish doesn't stay on." But principally they say, "My nails are brittle. What shall I do?"

Out of eighteen hundred women whom we questioned this winter, forty-five per cent said they had brittle nails. I myself am a little sceptical as to whether this brittle plague has increased at the rate the testimony would indicate. I'm inclined to think that the fashionable spotlight that heats on our hands so fiercely has made us all more critical and aware of our deficiencies. But whether nails are worse or just look worse to their owners, I'm glad to see that women are now determined to "take steps."

What steps, however, shall we take? What causes brittle nails and what can we do about them? Although a very great deal of money has been and is being spent in research on this subject by eminent dermatologists, no one has yet pinned the blame on a single scapegoat. It is believed, however, that there may be several contributing causes, such as physical conditions, harsh manicuring methods and outside influences of living and working (i. e., exposure to weather, hard water and strong alkalis).

And so, though we probably do not yet know all, we certainly know enough to plan a campaign around a slogan which might well be, "Be kind to your nails!"

It is pretty definitely established that the base of the nail is sensitive to outside influence. So you mustn't dig and poke around the edge of the nail with sharp instruments, but rather soak the fingers well before manicuring, push back the cuticle gently when damp, and use day in and day out plenty of oil around the base of the nail. Since liquid polish and remover are slightly drying, it is also a good plan in applying polish to leave a generous moon instead of carrying polish clear to the lower edge of the nail.

Always file your nails from the sides toward the center. File twice a week, two strokes per finger, to keep nail edges smooth and so avoid catching and tearing. Be careful never to file nails too far in at the sides; manicure experts warn that this weakens nails. If your nails are thin, use a fingernail board instead of a steel file.

It's only a stopgap and quite unorthodox but my manicurist sometimes patches up one of those "layer splits" with a little china cement well hidden by liquid polish. Another stunt is to apply a tiny piece of wet tissue paper, let it dry on the nail and then cover with polish.

If in spite of faithful precautions your nails still break distressingly, the obvious thing to do is to ask your doctor to check on you to try to discover whether there's some basic physical cause behind it all. And then you might also check with yourself as to whether you are not perhaps expecting just a little too much of your nails.

People who never use their hands can grow nails with the best of the Chinese, but if you're scrubbing the back porch, setting out tulip bulbs, tapping a typewriter or playing a piano, certain difficulties are introduced. And you must style your finger-tips as you do your hair or your clothes—not only to your hands but also to your manner of living.

It's hard to avoid having your hands in water if your life is nothing but dishes and diapers. You can use a water softener, however, choose soaps that are as easy as possible on your hands and—very important—always dry your hands thoroughly and use a hand lotion afterward!

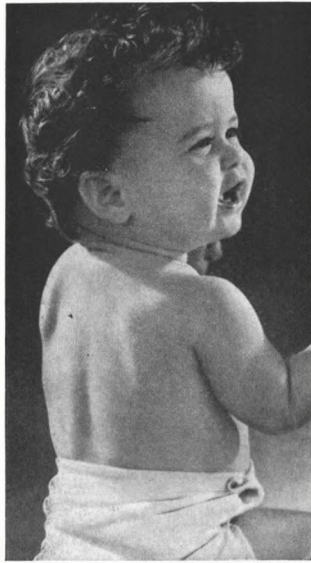
By all means, if you want to do right by your hands, don't scorn gloves! Rubber ones for hands in water, heavy canvas ones for mud work, soft leather ones steeped in lanolin for dusty duties, washable ones to keep hand cream off the sheets at night. And now, even little metal finger mitts to slip on over wet nail polish so that you won't have an excuse in the world for smearing it.

And last but not least—don't overlook the value of massage for healthy mobile graceful hands. Professional massage—as they give it in a manicure salon—if you can afford it, but massage anyway—if it's only just wringing your hands at some poor girl's plight in the movies.

Our monthly bulletin, the Good-looking Glass, brings you news about what's going on in the good looks world. This month it's about hands: what you can do to recondition and smarten them up. If you would like to have this bulletin each month, free of charge, send request with name and address to Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, New York City.







**Straight, strong back**

Because Squibb's Cod Liver Oil is a recognized source of Vitamin D, mothers give it from the time babies are a few weeks old... to help build a straight, strong back, a sturdy frame like this.



**a well-shaped head**

To help build the strong bones that make for a well-shaped head, fine, full chest, straight legs, give your baby Squibb's Cod Liver Oil regularly.



**Sound, unovercrowded teeth**

Strong, properly spaced baby teeth help ensure a good set of permanent teeth. Since sunshine often fails to provide enough Vitamin D for sound teeth, babies get Squibb's Cod Liver Oil.

Get full value! Squibb's contains more than twice as many Vitamin A units and three times as many Vitamin D units as cod liver oil which just meets U. S. Pharmacopoeia minimum requirements. Specify Squibb's! At any good drug store.



**AUTOMOBILES PLEASE WOMEN**



DRAWING BY JO KOTULA

*By Anna Steese Richardson*

▶ FORTY years ago—to be explicit, in the February, 1900, issue of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION—there appeared what is said to have been the first magazine article about women automobile drivers. It consisted of practical suggestions for handling a car.

It followed close on the heels of the first license issued to a woman driver. License boards had withheld this privilege because they claimed that women were too hysterical to control wheel and brake. The loss of life would be terrific!

Since the birth of the industry it had belonged to men. Men produced cars and bought them. Wives had little voice in the selection of automobiles even for family use and years were to pass before single women would buy and drive cars by the hundred thousand.

But the display of 1940 models revealed an amazing change of sentiment. From New York to San Francisco women as consumers, customers or advisers to their husbands were received with enthusiasm.

Among the changes emphasized as especially interesting to women were these: Fingertip gear-shift control attached to the steering post. An automatic top on convertible models. Seats reinforced with full spring coils built so that edges will not break down. A door-check friction grip which prevents the door closing sharply on the driver or rider entering the car with her arms full of bundles. A gadget which moves the front seat forward so that the short driver has unimpaired vision of the road. Good reading lights over the center of the back seat. Lower floors for trunks to make packing easier. A window closing which replaces the upturned handles and makes it harder for children to unlock the door.

Taken by and large, women have good reason to feel that their wishes have reached the ears of the higher-uppers.

**CORNS GONE!**

**Away Goes Pain, Out Come Your Corns—**

All So Quick, You'll Be Amazed!



Imagine—relief from pain ever so quick, easier removal of your corns and then the greatest satisfaction of all—keeping FREE of them! These are the benefits you enjoy with New Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These thin, soothing, cushioning, fluffy, Scalloped Edge pads are the outcome of 33 years of study, laboratory experimenting and clinical tests by this noted foot authority. 63% softer than before! Prevent shoe friction and pressure... stop corns, sore toes and blisters before they can develop. Don't come off in bath.

**CORNS—CALLOUSES Quickly Removed!** Separate Medications are included in every box of the New Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for removing corns or callouses quickly and gently. Cost but a trifle—greater value than ever. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Get a box today at your Drug, Shoe, Dept. Store or Toilet Goods Counter. Remember—There is a Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Remedy or Appliance for most every common foot trouble. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.

**CALLUSES**  
**BUNIONS**  
**SOFT CORNS**

**NEW Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino pads**

HAND-KNOTTING—LOWEST PRICES FREE  
**YARN** For Sport Suits—Coats—Dresses—Hosiery—Underwear—Baby Goods  
J. C. YARN CO., Dept. M-6, 111 Baring St., N. Y.

**LOVELY MAKE-UP always**



The new POWD'R-BASE stick keeps powder and make-up on, nose-shine off! Non-greasy, waterproof. Brings new loveliness to your complexion.

**POWD'R-BASE hamptden**

At all cosmetic counters • Over 6 million sold

**FREE! Powd'r-Base and Rouge!**

Hamptden Sales Dept. K  
251 5th Ave., New York

Canada mail to 10 McCaul St. Toronto

Send me 1 large trial size of POWD'R-BASE  
ROUGE in shades checked. Enclose \$c in coin or stamps for mailing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Powd'r-Base  
 Rachelle  
 Brunette  
 Flesh  
 Rosy  
 Light  
 Bright  
 Dark

**A Marvelous Surprise**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113]

Toward one o'clock Saturday Mrs. Bradbourne became aware of something unusual afoot. Car after car slowed down and did not pass, but turned into her park. People looked out of windows and said, "There it is!"

By two she was sending people away. By four she had to send over to Prim's Pantry for supplies and telephone to the village for help. When a fresh rush of cars arrived for supper she promised Tillie such a fat tip that all symptoms of a goiter that had been collecting over the week-end went whistling down the wind.

▶ AT NINE that night Mrs. Bradbourne got her first chance to sit down and collect her scattered thoughts. The day's haul had wiped off her overdraft at the bank. She had been so furious when Peter bought the Wheezobus. It had seemed such a silly thing for him to do; but after all, was it?

She hadn't decided the problem when Peter came into her room. He threw a letter onto her lap.

"Read that, Mrs. B. It came this evening, but I didn't show it to you before, in case you got over-excited."

He stood looking down at her grinning, wearing exactly the same expression he had done years ago in his pram.

The letter was written on thick luxurious paper with thick blue heading, from an office in Pall Mall:

Dear Peter Bradbourne,  
I was much touched by the unsolicited advertisement you gave the Baby Foscins.

It was the first car I invented, and I still keep for it, in my heart, the tender spot humanity has for all its first efforts.

I have always thought myself it was a grand little car, but even I did not know there were 1923 models still going.

If you would like to call and see me at the above address, I think I might be able to put you in the way of employment here.

Yours sincerely,  
GEORGE FOSKINS

"Did you ever? It must have been the famous Sir George himself. What a bit of luck! Look at me long and carefully, Mother. For all you know, I may be a motor magnate of the future."

He kissed her and laughed and said, "What did I tell you? If you don't speculate, you can't accumulate." And then his eyes darkened and his face grew serious. "But I think I ought to tell you, darling, that really I'm not a hero at all. As a matter of fact I knew nothing about the police or the bandits. I heard that queer drumming sound but this time it happened too late. I had no choice but to pull up. Both the mudguards dropped off!"





**"ONLY \$36.00 FOR A 2½ DAY TOUR OF YELLOWSTONE" AND OUR CHOICE OF 3 SCENIC ROUTES TO THE PARK!**

**He:** Just think—\$36.00 for accommodations and meals at fine hotels and transportation to and from the famous Cody and Gardiner gateways. That's the lowest price in history! There's only a small extra charge thru the new Red Lodge gateway. The lodge-way tour is even less—only \$33.50.

**She:** The round trip train fare is low this summer, too. And if we go Burlington, we get an 80 mile motor trip over the famous Cody Road at no extra cost!

**He:** Yes, and we get our choice of three routes—from Chicago direct to the Park; or alongside the Black Hills, thru the Dude Ranch country of the Big Horn Mountains; or, we can even ride the Denver Zephyr to Colorado, sightsee around Denver and be at the Cody gateway the next noon. And we can go one way and return another.

**She:** Certainly sounds like a bargain. Let's mail the coupon and get Burlington's illustrated booklet. It will give us the whole story.

\*\*\*

Why don't you send for the details of this outstanding bargain? For years you've wanted to see Yellowstone with its awe-inspiring canyon and waterfall—Old Faithful and scores of other roaring geysers—boiling pools and mud volcanoes. This summer you can do it at the lowest price in history!

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Send me your free illustrated booklets, rates and information about Yellowstone Vacations.  
Name.....  
Street and Number.....  
City.....State.....  
 Check here for special information about All-expense Escorted Tours

## The Triple Standard

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

plastered on. "Oh, and I came across something while I was clearing the bedroom." She held out her hand, the perfume bottle lying against her palm.

Tim took it slowly. "I had a bunch of people in one evening. The girls went upstairs." He paused briefly. "I know whose this is. It belongs to someone you haven't met yet, a friend of Enid's." He looked at her directly. "I've seen her a bit this week."

"Then you'll give it back to her?" Linda made her voice even. "Yes. Tonight," he said. "I'd better get dressed, I'm late."

When he came downstairs she glanced quickly at him. No wonder a woman would want him, she thought, a woman who went about dissatisfiedly, without peace, from man to man.

THEY went out to the car and Tim turned it with a near long rush into the road. She didn't want to wade through conversational sawdust. Tim perhaps felt the same way. Or perhaps he had various things to think of. Beyond a few scattered sentences, just enough so there wouldn't be an uncomfortable blank, they drove to the country club in silence. As they walked to the door, Tim caught her arm casually, like any man on any steps.

## HARRY'S HARD WINTER OVER AT LAST

MRS. H. FOUND A GRAND "SPRING TONE-UP" THAT THEY ALL SIMPLY LOVED



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**AT 11 A.M.**—TEA HELPS YOU TO WORK BETTER, THINK FASTER.

**LUNCHEON**—FOR A GOOD AFTERNOON'S WORK, LET TEA PEP YOU UP.

**AT 4 P.M.**—SO REFRESHING—TEA CHASES AWAY 4 O'CLOCK FATIGUE.

**DINNER**—TEA TASTES SWELL AND MAKES FOOD TASTE BETTER.

**EVENING**—ENJOY TEA FREELY—TEA LETS YOU SLEEP.

## IT'S AS EASY AS A-B-C TO GET A REALLY GOOD CUP OF TEA

- A** - ALWAYS USE BUBBLING BOILING WATER AND POUR IT ON THE TEA.
- B** - USE 1 TEASPOONFUL PER CUP PLUS ONE FOR THE POT.
- C** - STEP TO ANY STRENGTH YOU PREFER. (MOST PEOPLE WHO USE CREAM OR MILK CHOOSE A 5-MINUTE BREW.)



MARY MURRAY - TELEPHONE OPERATOR

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THESE GOOD BLACK TEAS ARE ESPECIALLY SUITED TO THE AMERICAN TASTE. FOR ECONOMY AND FULL ENJOYMENT, BUY QUALITY TEA.

# TEA PEPS YOU UP!

DELICIOUS, VITALIZING—ECONOMICAL TOO—COSTS LESS THAN ½ CENT A CUP



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SODIUM BICARBONATE U. S. P. CAN BE CONFIDENTLY USED. KEEP IT IN YOUR MEDICINE CABINET.

THIS BAKING SODA IS BICARBONATE OF SODA



ARM & HAMMER and COW BRAND BAKING SODA Are Identical

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc. 10 Cedar Street, New York Please send me Free Book, describing uses of Baking Soda, also a set of Colored Bird Cards. 1-64

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(Please print name and address) Woman's Home Companion April 1940

# NAME YOUR HOBBY



DESIGNED BY RUTH PRICE

IS THERE an accordion player in your crowd, or a golfer or a skating enthusiast? Then next time you give a party dress up the table with individualized hobby place cards. Besides those shown above there are a dancing couple, a roller skater, a skier and a camera fan.

Patterns to cut out. Ask for FL-746. Enclose 3-cent stamp and address Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

tasty brain teaser

**WHO ARE THE BEEF EATERS?**



BRIGHTENS FOOD FLAVOR

**ANS.** — Beef Eaters is the popular name for Yeomen of the Guard instituted by the English Royal Household in 1485. Still in service; still wearing costumes identical with the quaint fifteenth century originals, they continue to have the well-fed look from which they got their name. Good English roast beef is famed the world over. Likewise famed is Lea & Perrins Worcestershire, the spicy, tangy seasoning sauce epicures consider indispensable for bringing out the delicious natural flavor of the meat. Steaks, chops, soups, fish, salads and gravies, too, are wonderfully improved by this fine old sauce. Try it!

**LEA & PERRINS**  
 THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE  
*Sauce*

# The Triple Standard

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117]

or maybe I thought she'd got over it."

"Get over it in her grave," George murmured gloomily, wiping his forelock out of his eyes.

"Never you mind," said Linda. "I'll just chalk it up to experience. And pick up a few pointers, maybe, on the right line to divert Tim with."

"Goodness, I'm glad you take it like that," Enid exclaimed. "I've been worrying, when they were together all the time."

"Come on and dance, Linda," growled George, who was decidedly more perceptive than his wife. He swung Linda out on the floor. "I hate to talk while I dance," he added for good measure.

Linda gratefully let him take her into the music, looking out over his shoulder at the white walls circling her, at the faces smiling at her that she had to smile back to, at the lights swooping toward her and away again. She fixed a smile on that would stay awhile without attention.

"Suppose you'd better meet her?" George asked suddenly.

"Yes," Linda answered.

TIM and Beryl suddenly floated into view, dancing slowly, not talking. They weren't dancing particularly closely together. They've got beyond that stage, Linda thought savagely; they're amusing themselves being cool, they know now.

George turned her so she couldn't see them any more. The music stopped. Couples merged and laughed and chattered.

"Now?" asked George. "There they are."

"All right," Linda answered from a dry throat.

She took a last long breath. Then they were facing Tim and Beryl, Tim expressionless, Beryl still with the proud face of the portrait.

"Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Carr, our house guest," George said easily.

Linda and Beryl exchanged a correct greeting. Beryl looked at Linda, estimating her openly and coolly. Linda looked back, estimating Beryl as frankly and, she trusted, as coolly.

The salute being over, Beryl Carr flicked her foil. "And you know Tim, of course?" she asked with incredible naturalness.

Tim's face changed briefly, as though something moved under the muscles. "This is my Mrs. Lawrence," he said calmly. "She's been away, you know."

"Of course, how stupid of me," Beryl said, placid and diverted.

"I never bother with people's last names." She smiled unexpectedly at Linda. "He's nice, isn't he?" she remarked to Linda, generously sharing Tim with her.

"This was too much for George. "The music's beginning," he told Linda with decision. "Come on."

She was half the room away be-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]



# AGAIN-THE PINAFORE

WHENEVER the pinafore comes back into favor, little girls look especially adorable. And they are high style now, worn over simple wash frocks for dress-up and play. Our pinafore, of warm rose or clear blue gingham, is embroidered on shoulder straps, front yoke and sash ends with bright bouquets of field flowers (see detail photograph). It buttons up the back.

DESIGNED BY  
ELIZABETH BORN

DRAWING BY  
NUTH BINGHAM



3093—Design stamped on fine quality rose or blue gingham, sizes 2 to 10 years, floss for embroidery, buttons, directions for making, 85 cents. Please specify size and color. Order from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Do not send cash.



## The Triple Standard

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118]

fore she found conscious thought. Her breathing grew steadier and the room swung into focus. George was cursing with sultry success under his breath.

"Sounds good to me," Linda said wearily. "But I'm more appreciative of the way you got me out of that. Nice work."

"Nice work yourself," said George.

"I'll have to do a bit more talking, though, before the evening's over."

"I don't see why you have to—" he began.

"Never mind," she interrupted. "Do you think there are a million people on the porch?"

"Not on the side porch," he said taking her through the doors.

No one was there. The air was blessedly cool.

"You all right?" George asked uneasily.

"I should like a glass of water," she said, needing room to think.

He went away and she sat on the balustrade with her back against a pillar. So that was Beryl. And she wanted plenty from Tim, and expected to get it; even the way her fingers touched his coat sleeve proved that. And Tim didn't seem to be coldly shouldering her off.

Probably Beryl wanted him to

marry her. Maybe it stepped up her fun a bit higher, to snatch a platinum ring every time the merry-go-round turned. And what did she expect a wife to do? Exit gracefully?

Linda looked off into the dark grounds, seeing against them a neat little scene in which she told Tim that his happiness was her dearest wish. Not while she knew it. This was the sort of situation that got handled firmly, if the handle would stop spinning so she could get hold of it.

SHE struggled with the sick pain of realizing that this was Tim, letting trouble in upon her. She wondered when he had stopped thinking about her side of it, or if he thought about it all the time and went ahead because he had to. If she were the one who had started to wander, Tim would pull her back by the hair. She didn't want to, but that didn't make it fair for Tim to do as he pleased.

Nice well-trodden ground I'm on, she reflected dismally. Woman wants single standard, man wants double. There was more than that to the situation, though, more than their two points of view. There was Beryl, with a separate point of view, and obviously a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



# "So Lovable!"

whispers this perfume of you

How enchanting, to discover for yourself a new perfume that brings out the most lovable you! This "fragrance of romance" intensifies your femininity...It whispers of mystery and caprice and glamor. Make it yours—your own special invitation to romance!



Evening in Paris Perfume, 55c to \$10.00.  
Face Powder, \$1.00. Also Bath Powder,  
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# Evening in Paris

## BOURJOIS

NEW YORK

Woman's Home Companion April 1940



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Woman's Home Companion April 1940

**PROMENADE**  
SEVEN  
COWBOY  
DANCES

CONTRIBUTOR: THE REV. HENRY H. HUBBARD, PH.D., PH.D.  
**A WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION BOOKLET**

▶ A WAVE of merriment and high spirits is sweeping over the country. The square dance has come back—and with a bang! In suburban country clubs, in city schools, in rural community centers the voice of the old-time caller and the notes of Turkey-in-the-Straw are heard. A popular form of party is a baked bean and corn bread supper followed by a series of "squares." Guests often come in pioneer costume to add to the fun. With our booklet Promenade to guide you, it is not difficult to work up the calls and steps of these lively cowboy dances, described by Mr. Lloyd Shaw, of Cheyenne Mountain Schools, Colorado. Price of Promenade is 10 cents.

**Bib Puppets**

A WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION BOOKLET

▶ ARE you looking for a skit that is easy to produce and yet different from the usual run of theatricals? Then tie a puppet around your neck bib fashion and let your audience in on the romance of Pretty Prue and Captain Horace or the vicissitudes of shipwrecked Crytonia and Dick or the antics of Mary and John Robinson and the theater tickets. The script for these three plays, which are independent in themselves, as well as full directions for making the puppets, costumes, properties, and stage and putting on a show are contained in this new booklet, Bib Puppets. The price of the booklet is 10 cents.

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Use Sani-Flush twice a week. Don't scrub or scour. Don't even touch the bowl with your hands! Sani-Flush does the work for you. Rust, stains and incrustations vanish. Sani-Flush even cleans the hidden trap. Cannot injure plumbing connections. (It is also effective for cleaning out automobile radiators.) See directions on can. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

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CLEANS TOILET BOWLS  
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**Protect Your Hands**

Ebonettes of DuPont Neoprene let you enjoy keeping your hands lovely. Easy on and off, hold tailored fit, won't swell. Guaranteed 6 Months against damage by dry cleaners, oils, household liquids—outwear rubber, save you money. Women everywhere pleased. The Pioneer Rubber Co., Willard, Ohio.

Ask Your Dealer for **Ebonettes**  
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**It Settles your STOMACH**

When overindulgence in rich food or drink causes your stomach to be "upset", try a pleasant tasting glass of Alka-Seltzer and see how much better you feel. Alka-Seltzer offers surprising relief because it has more than just a superficial distress-relieving action. Alka-Seltzer contains alkaline buffers which act by holding in check excess stomach acid, usually the immediate cause of distress in "upset" stomach, or acid indigestion.

**Alka-Seltzer**  
AT ALL DRUG STORES

The Triple Standard

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119]

forceful and effective one. Considering Beryl that way, Linda saw the whole setup differently. Beryl's desires, Beryl's intentions, couldn't be dismissed as an outsider's invasion. What this sort of thing amounted to was a triple standard, and the standard of the third party forced the situation.

Linda caught hold of the handle, at last. She must stop running around in circles of resentment and pride and hurt. She must focus on Beryl as an accepted part of the issue, to be dealt with openly.

The decision didn't make her any happier, but it steadied her. When George arrived with the water, she had her feelings firmly under hatches.

"Did I take long enough?" George asked.

"Beautifully timed, George." "Want to go back, or want to stay here?"

"We'd better go back. How about launching me on the floor and letting somebody pluck me away?"

"All right," said George. She was cut in on soon after they started dancing and after that the men she knew best began to give her all the trimmings of a fast and furious rush. I haven't been so popular since I was married, she thought grimly. They were all doing a fine job of rallying to her defense, but the glare of publicity on her private misery hurt.

▶ TIM and Beryl appeared on the floor from some more sheltered spot. Linda began to be aware that Beryl was watching. Her steadily, without effort to conceal the fact. Using that discovery as basis for a plan, Linda went to the dressing-room. On the way she asked Enid to make sure that if Beryl followed her, no one else would go in to interrupt them. Beryl wanted direct action too, she believed.

Inside, sitting down before the mirror, she began to reweave her lipstick with detailed slow care. No one was there but herself. No one came in. Then the door clicked and she saw white satin gleam. Her heart jerked. Zero hour.

"Counting up the damages?" Beryl's cool voice asked.

"Replacing them," Linda answered. "Do you want the mirror?"

"No, I don't need it," Beryl said with insolent emphasis. Her powder lay in a smooth film; her lipstick made a wide mouth, so heavily outlined that the thin lips barely showed underneath.

Linda went on fixing her face, waiting for Beryl to open fire. Beryl had followed her there, as she had hoped; so Beryl must have something to say.

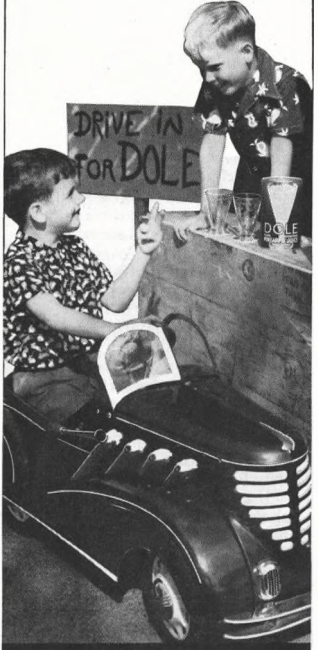
"I suppose you're in love with Tim," Beryl said finally.

"It would be customary, wouldn't it? Or haven't you usually been, when you got married?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]



"I'm driving in for Dole," said the wise young man,  
 "And make mine a BIG glass,  
 as fast as you can."  
 "It's a pure fruit juice," the grocer did reply,  
 "You can't find a better drink,  
 however hard you try."



**DOLE** PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII

**KVP** DUSTING PAPER

*Livelier... Lovelier*  
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**QUILT BOOKLET:** New quilters' guide contains many hints to make quilts more beautiful. It's yours for a 3c stamp. Address: Stearns & Foster Co., Dept. D-25, Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio.



## The Triple Standard

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120]

"There are so many different kinds of love," Beryl observed with an effect of lining the varieties up on the wall and pointing a connoisseur's finger.  
 "Very true," said Linda.  
 "Though you may have overlooked one or two. But don't you get tired of talking about love?"  
 "No," Beryl said.  
 "I did, in high school."  
 "Ah well, you didn't go in for the advanced branches," Beryl drawled.

There's one I didn't see coming, Linda thought. But she was collecting weak points of the enemy: Beryl was vain of her success; Beryl believed herself more sophisticated than she was; Beryl enjoyed the role of trouble-maker.  
 "Are you in love with Tim?" Linda asked calmly in her turn.  
 Beryl looked at her then. "He's nice," she said in an appraising tone.  
 "You'll be the seventh, then," Linda remarked powdering her nose.

"H'm?" said Beryl.  
 "Women fall for Tim," Linda explained. "He gives them a whirl, but not a very long whirl and it doesn't cover much ground. The first time it happened I was a little annoyed. Then I realized that after all, it was fun to have what other people wanted."

BERYL sat up, her heels clicking on the floor. "Did it ever occur to you that he might do more than have a whirl, as you call it, with somebody?"  
 "Oh yes. I read modern books, you know."  
 "Books. Do they mention Reno?"  
 "Dusty," Linda murmured.  
 "They gamble there, I understand, but it's all pretty enervating. Do you usually stay at the same hotel when you go there?"  
 "All this is nonsense," said Beryl.

"It passes the time," said Linda. "I get tired of dancing."  
 "I'll show you I'm serious," Beryl exclaimed.  
 Linda shut her compact with a sharp snap. "Do that," she said crisply. "Have you picked Tim as the next candidate for your chain-marriage project?"

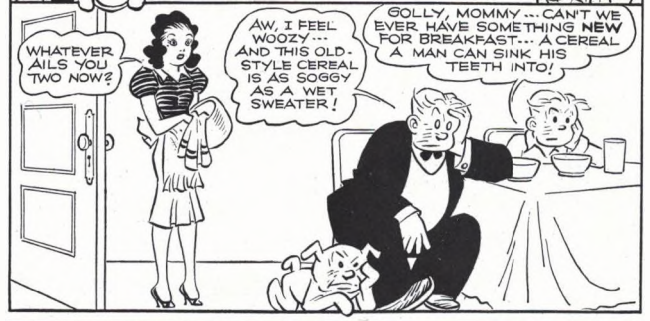
She swung around, looking at Beryl's face, and the lovely portrait cracked into angry lines.  
 "Yes," Beryl said with acid.  
 "Then hurry up and get to work," Linda said briskly.  
 "What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," Linda answered. Beryl stared doubtfully for an instant.

"You see," Linda continued, standing up, "Tim might get stirred up a bit, if you worked hard. But if he ever got really serious about you, he wouldn't be worth much and the sooner I get rid of him the better. Anybody who could want to marry you, I

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]

## DUMB DORA SHE'S NOT SO DUMB



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 No Muss, No Crumbling

**NOW A CEREAL FLAVOR SO NEW, SO DIFFERENT, IT'S GUARANTEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

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This world-famous lipstick doesn't blur or smear. It goes on smoothly, stays on, and helps prevent chapping. Tangee looks orange in the stick but magically changes, when applied, to your own most becoming shade of rose or red.

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World's Most Famous Lipstick  
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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



**SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP SET**

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**SPICK AND SPAN UPHOLSTERY**



By Elizabeth Beveridge  
HOME SERVICE CENTER

YOU may remember that in October we printed an article by Lynn-Ray Hunter called Campaign for a Clean House. Mrs. Hunter is a COMPANION Reader-Editor and before preparing her article she and the Home Service Center collaborated in an exhaustive program of research and testing, all based on the needs of our readers as revealed in our house-cleaning questionnaire. So much material resulted that we are presenting the balance of our findings in a series of short articles, each of which will take up the proper technique for the cleaning and care of one type of furnishing. Here is the first. Clip it for your files. If you do this you will have a complete handbook of housecleaning technique at the end of the series.

Any piece of furniture that is used and enjoyed is sure to show it and indeed acquires a special charm by this very fact. But this does not mean that it should be allowed to grow shabby. Naturally pieces of better quality may be expected to grow old more gracefully than those that are not so good. But in any case, care of furniture should be started while it is new. Do not wait until it has lost its looks and then try to restore it.

The first rule for the care of fabric-covered furniture is to brush or vacuum often—at least once or twice a month. The minute the fabric begins to look soiled clean it; don't wait for the dirt to become ground in or the job will be much harder and results less satisfactory.

Foamy upholstery cleaners will do a good cleaning job if you use them before dirt becomes embedded. Brush or vacuum the piece first. Try an inconspicuous spot to see that the material is waterfast. Then use the cleaner according to the directions on the package. Use only the dry foam so



**• SHE COOKS as smoothly as SHE RIDES**

She is a noted horsewoman, but she is even more famous for her meals. Every dish is a masterpiece, and, as the crowning touch, she always has A. 1. Sauce on her table to give full flavor perfection to her steaks, chops, roasts, fish, and baked beans. She has learned the secret of using this piquant sauce in her tomato juice, gravies, salad dressings, stews, and many other recipes. You, too, will find A. 1. Sauce adds zest and flavor to many different dishes. Urge the family to use it generously.

**ADD "PEP" TO YOUR COOKING**

**BOILED BEEF ON TOAST**—Season 1 pound of ground beef with salt, pepper, 1/2 teaspoon grated onion, and 2 tablespoons A. 1. Sauce. Moisten with 3 tablespoons top milk. Toast slices of bread on one side, butter the other side lightly and season. . . . Spread the beef evenly and to the edge. Broil for 5 to 10 minutes under a hot flame.



G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

**A. 1. SAUCE**  
THIS WHOLESOME RELISH MAKES FOOD TASTE BETTER  
(Use in cooking, too)

**Scours**  
Quicker..Easier  
Even long-used pans become bright when scoured with this efficient metal sponge. Insist on the original. All stores.  
Metal Sponge Sales Corp., Phila., Pa.

**Gottschalk's**  
The Original METAL SPONGE

**"PURELY VEGETABLE" LAXATIVE**

**ADVISED BY NOTED OHIO DOCTOR**



If you are troubled by constipation and its often resulting bad breath, headaches, mental dullness, lack of pep, dull eyes and aggravated pimply skin—DON'T take harsh cathartics—especially when you can enjoy the gentle yet most effective action of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets (used so successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in his own private practice!).

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! And WHAT'S IMPORTANT; they ALSO stimulate liver bile flow to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢. All drugstores.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

that the padding of the furniture will not become wet.

The more soiled the fabric the more vigorous must be the rubbing. If the material is good enough to stand normal wear it can stand occasional rubbing. A firm sponge is good for applying the foam; in very soiled spots a small brush is helpful. A large pad of soft cloth then removes any remaining foam and helps to dry the surface. Dry the furniture quickly and thoroughly in a good circulation of air. An electric fan, the blower attachment of the vacuum cleaner or a hair dryer will help to speed up the process. Pile fabrics should be brushed lightly while still damp and brushed well against the pile when dry.

Dirt that has been removed from the fabric by cleaning with upholstery foam sometimes appears as dust on the surface when the piece is dry again. A good brushing or cleaning with the vacuum cleaner will quickly remove it.

Suds with mild soap and whipped to a dry froth may also be used for shampooing. Care must be taken to remove soap well by going over the surface with a cloth or sponge wrung as dry as possible from clear water, working quickly so as not to soak the material. Soap, if not removed, may form a dirt-catching film.

If any greasy spots remain after shampooing use a good nonflammable dry cleaner. Use the cleaner on a pad or clean cloth and rub gently in straight strokes with the thread of the fabric. Apply the cleaner beyond the spot, making the strokes very light toward the edges to avoid forming a ring.



THE urge to freshen up the house is strong at this time of the year. Inside and out, nothing will do more to counteract that shabby look than a coat of bright new paint. Floors, woodwork, walls, old furniture that needs refinishing, new unpainted pieces, porch and lawn chairs that have weathered and faded—all call for your brush. Painting is a job in which a few professional hints help a lot—and you'll find plenty of sound counsel in Miss Hamill's booklet, *Doing Your Own Painting*. The price of the booklet is 25 cents. Order from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



# The Triple Standard

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121]

wouldn't wipe my shoes on." She smiled brightly at Beryl, looked her over and walked out.

Linda stopped in the doorway of the ballroom, looking for Tim. Finally she saw him and moved to cross his line of vision.

"Lin—" he said, cutting through a group of people to reach her. "I'm sorry I walked out on you for so long. Where've you been?"

"Out on the porch and around," she told him. "I haven't had much sleep all week. I think I'll go home early and get caught up."

"Lin—" He hesitated, first in solicitude, then in other disturbance.

"You stay," she said swiftly. "George and Enid will take me home."

He stood there, clearly distressed, pulled two ways. But not able to think his way through, she saw, watching the baffled look in his eyes, seeing his shoulder twist with nerves. He was deeply held in indecision, hating himself.

"Tim," she said, and when he looked at her, "Tim, take Mrs. Carr home. Because George will be gone, with Enid and me."

Then it lay clearly between them, almost acknowledged.

"Lin," he began, "I want to tell you—"

"No," she said, stopping him before it could be said, ir retrievable. "Tell me later."

SHE turned away without waiting for an answer. Now she had left him to Beryl and it was all done and she couldn't change it. If this feeling was suspense it was pure poison.

"There you are, Linda," Kitty said in her high voice. "I've been looking for you. Can you and Tim come over for bridge tomorrow night?"

Kitty was disturbed and trying to help but suggesting bridge as ammunition for the situation was a little like offering pussywillow buds for bullets.

"I haven't asked Tim what engagements he's made for us," she told Kitty. "Why don't you ask him?" That would put it up to him, she thought.

Linda went on, finding Enid and George, asking them if they minded leaving then with her, finally emerging with them into the darkness.

"You talked to Beryl?" Enid asked timidly as the car swung into the road.

"Yes, we talked," Linda replied. "But will you people understand, if I don't say any more about it tonight?"

They both murmured reassuringly and Linda leaned her head back. By this time Tim and Beryl would be together.

At her house they dropped her with repeated good nights and the taillight flickered down the road. She sat down on the front steps. She didn't want to go in till Tim came back. She had done all she

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]



*Good eating anytime!*

▶ **WITH BEER...** Sandwiches spread with Underwood Deviled Ham are perfect! Try adding cheese or mayonnaise or chopped pickles.

▶ **WITH COCKTAILS...** Canapés are easy! Just dab bits of Underwood Deviled Ham on tiny crackers or rounds of toast.

▶ **WITH TEA OR COFFEE...** Trot out a box of crackers, a table jar of Underwood Deviled Ham, and say, "Help yourself!" Underwood is fine *whole* ham, ground, blended with savory spices by a rare old recipe. Try it today!

**FREE: "FINE FOODS,"** colorful new booklet, brings you mighty useful recipes... If your grocer does not carry Underwood Deviled Ham, write us and we will see that you are supplied. Wm. Underwood Co., 31 Walnut Street, Watertown, Massachusetts.

Also made IN CANADA, sold at the same price.

**UNDERWOOD**

IN TABLE JARS OR IN TINS



"Want Dollars for 1001 Things?"

## Paste On A Penny Postal

JUST clip this coupon and learn how you may earn plenty of extra dollars by looking after new and renewal subscriptions for WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and the other Crowell-Collier Publications. Write to:

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dumbly. There was no need for words. Six heaters extinguished, more going out. The fruit wouldn't last an hour in this insane cold.

Pete turned a drawn face toward her. He didn't speak, but she saw him look beyond her, toward the long white fence encircling the grove like a battlement. The fence was desperation in his voice.

"Hally, I'm going to light the fence. It'll give off some heat."

A quiver ran through Hally. The fence was the proudest emblem of their handiwork.

"Pete, don't. There's wood in the garage."

"We'll burn that too. We'll burn everything," he said, holding the torch.

We tore a page in The COMPANION to show how easy it is to mend with SCOTCH TAPE

TRANSPARENT

# SCOTCH Cellulose TAPE

*Seals without Water!*

TRY this simple new way to do a hundred-and-one home and office tasks — mending, sealing or holding — with Scotch Tape.

Then you will understand why thousands are saying, "I just can't get along without it!"

This magic tape, made of heavy weight cellophane, is fully transparent and seals tightly with a touch of the hand... no moistening required... no messy fingers.

At Stationery, Drug, Hardware, Department and 5 & 10c Stores... or mail coupon below.



- MENDS:** Torn books and sheet music... transparent aprons and capes... window or lamp shades... curtains... wallpaper... maps.
- SEALS:** Gift packages... lunch packages... incinerator packages... jam and jelly labels... envelope flaps... mothproof bags.
- HOLDS:** Snapshots in albums... clippings in scrapbooks... shelf paper in cupboards... coins to letters for mailing... window posters.

**AT YOUR DEALER'S OR SEND COUPON BELOW**

SCOTCH TAPE—791 FOREST ST.  
DEPT. W-40, SAINT PAUL, MINN.  
Gentlemen:

Please send me a 300 inch roll of Scotch Tape in the new utility dispenser, for which I enclose 25 cents.

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Address .....

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## IF A PRICE TAG wrecks your hopes

If you're passing up lovely clothes for something sensible but ordinary . . . do this! Learn to make your own clothes, and have the dress of your dreams! You can take . . .



## 3 FREE LESSONS at your Singer Sewing Center



No purchase or obligation! You can get any kind of help you need . . . a beginner's lesson, or the latest secrets of fitting and finishing. It's all easier than you think, with an expert teacher to show you how!

## OVER 200,000 WOMEN came to Singer for help last year!



You, too, can have lovely clothes at a *fraction* of ready-made costs! Phone your Singer Shop today. Choice of four subjects: dressmaking, slip covers and draperies, children's clothes, or craftwork. Classes are held morning, afternoon, or evening. Sewing clubs and other groups are welcome. And lessons are *free!*

**P. S.** 75¢ a week covers the cost of a "learn-to-sew" Singer electric practice machine, if you haven't one at home.

# SINGER

SEWING CENTERS EVERYWHERE

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Woman's Home Companion April 1940

# IRONS ARE NO LONGER SAD

OF COURSE they're not. You can see by their looks that they have come up in the world and exciting things have been happening to them.

**They Rest Better:** The iron at the extreme left tips to a resting position without being lifted. Touching a button at the front of the handle brings it up; pressing down at the back of the handle brings it down. Most of the other irons rest firmly but lightly on their heels. In many cases the heel rest and body are made in one piece to insure greater durability.

**Comfortable New Handles:** Great care has gone into designing the new handles to fit them to the curves of the hand, provide an easy grasp and prevent callouses. They are also set at an angle to give the iron balance as you handle it and prevent wrist strain. Air-cooled vanes in the handle mountings prevent overheating and thumb rests add to the general comfort.

**They Have Reduced:** The popularity of the new light-weight irons (3½ to 4½ pounds instead of 5½ to 7) is easy to understand. Since smoothing out wrinkles is mostly a matter of sufficient moisture, proper heat and occasional pressure, extra pounds do little more than add to the labor.

**Automatic Heat Controls:** Formerly women regulated the temperature of their electric irons by pulling out the plug when the iron grew too hot and plugging in when it grew cool. Automatic irons eliminate this bother by enabling you to dial the heat you want just as you dial a radio station. The dial markings are sometimes "low, medium, high" but oftener "rayon, silk, wool, cotton, linen."

"Rayon" gives you the lowest temperature which then grows progressively higher through the other settings to "linen," the highest. This regulation is achieved

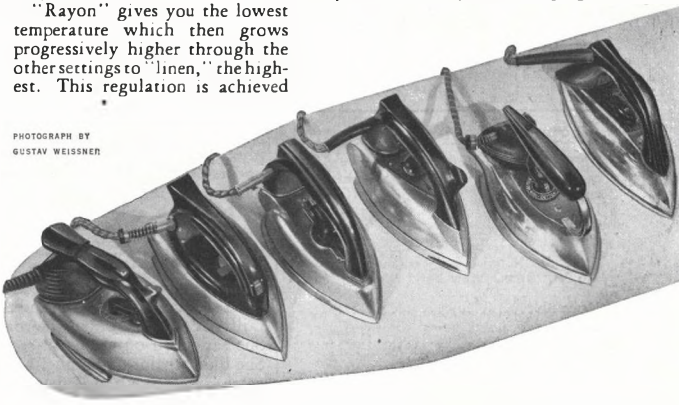
by means of a thermostat within the iron.

Since no two women iron at the same speed, the setting that is right for your neighbor may not be for you; for a given material you may need to set the pointer higher or lower on the dial. Women who work fast can safely use an iron that would scorch in slower hands. The weight of the material and the amount of moisture make a difference too.

Take cotton for instance; you work faster and so extract more heat from the iron as you iron a sheet than as you iron a sheer blouse. Therefore you may need to switch to a lower setting than cotton for the blouse. This regulating device not only facilitates ironing but also keeps the iron from seriously overheating if you are called away. It also eliminates the grave risk of fire if you absentmindedly leave the iron connected. The manufacturer has perfected this device to the best of his ability. But because he cannot cover all conditions he expects you to set the dial according to your own requirements whether or not it coincides with the fabric reading.

**No Chills, No Fever:** The rating of many of the new irons has been increased to 1000 watts (from 600 and thereabouts) in order to make available a greater supply of heat. This maintains the temperature of the iron at top-notch efficiency even under the most trying conditions such as ironing moist table linen. Such an iron heats and is ready to use in a minute. It is also subject to more perfect heat regulation than one of lower wattage.

**No Corditis:** Have you ever wondered why the cords run straight into many of the best new irons? Tests prove that they last over five times as long that way. It does away with the plug



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUSTAV WEISSNER



By  
**Gertrude L. Smith**  
HOME SERVICE CENTER

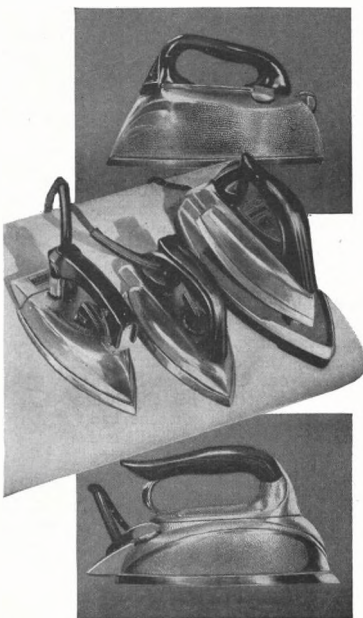
and the plug connections which are the weakest part of the iron. You can replace one of these new cords in only a few minutes.

The cord annoyance is overcome also by cordless irons which draw their heat from an electrified stand while pieces are being rearranged. This is possible because they heat rapidly. One of these is shown at the extreme right on the ironing board below.

**Steam Adds Its Benefits:** The new steam irons (shown directly below and at bottom of page) draw electrically and have a water compartment from which steam is generated. It emerges from small holes in the soleplate and provides moisture for the clothes, so that pressing can be done without a press cloth and ironing without sprinkling of clothes. The exception is heavy materials like table linen which require extra moisture when they are ironed.

**CLEAN CLOTHES**

This booklet is the last word in laundering technique. A Reader-Editor writes: "After all these years of ironing, your booklet taught me how to fold shirts!" Price 15 cents. Order from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



**Chase the winter look of furniture. O-Cedar it! Polish it as you clean it, Mother. Do both at once.**

**Make your furniture lovely.**

Mother, all your furniture can have again the silken soft and lustrous look that it used to have. You can O-Cedar it, Mother, and watch the muggy dingy winter film of dirt leave; you can watch the clean wood take on the lustrous, soft and silken look that made you love it, a year, ten years, ago.

**It does it all so easily.**

Dampen a clean cotton cloth with water and wring the water out. Now, add a dash or two, or three, of O-Cedar . . . and smile . . . and apply that to your furniture (woodwork or floors) . . . then wipe it dry.

You've cleaned and polished your furniture; you've done both at once; and all your woodwork has a lovely silken luster.

When you dust . . . use a cloth you have treated, sprinkled, with O-Cedar. Then, your cloth picks up the dust instead of moving it around. It's the modern way to dust.

**O-Cedar It, Mother**  
Ask your neighborhood store for O-Cedar. Look for the famous triangular O-Cedar maps, too.



**O-Cedar POLISH**  
MOPS, WAX, DUSTERS, CLEANERS AND O-CEDAR FLY-MOTH SPRAY

**ANGEL FOOD CAKE**  
8 inches square—8 inches high.  
Learn to make exceptional cakes by my original method. Perfect cakes produced every time. Big profit possibilities. Full particulars FREE. Write me today.  
Mrs. Grace Osborn, Box 44, Bay City, Mich.



**Economy** Low in cost. No waste. All food. Today's leftovers can be deliciously combined many ways in tomorrow's dishes. Serve Comet Rice often, its economy will reflect in your food budget.

**Variety** Comet Rice thriftily provides family pleasing dishes in wide variety—as a breakfast cereal—as a luncheon salad—as a vegetable with meat and gravy—with creole sea foods—as a delicious dressing for chicken.

**Nutrition** Every pound of Comet White Rice is 100% all food. Energy building, satisfying, economical nutrition. Comet Brown Rice, in addition, is rich in minerals and Vitamin B<sub>6</sub>.

**Quality** Comet is extra-lancy whole-grain uncooked rice and requires no washing before cooking. Vacuum sterilized while in sealed, spout pouring containers. Guaranteed pure and clean. At grocers in several sized packages.

**Serve Comet Rice**  
WHITE OR BROWN



**The Triple Standard**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123]

could. Now she had to wait for the election returns.

She had tried to build a fire under Beryl, she thought, to start an explosion and show Tim what Beryl was really like. She had tried to taunt her into a mistake. Maybe it would work. Maybe it wouldn't. It all depended now on what Tim really felt for Beryl.

As she sat there, her confidence drained away. After endless time she heard Tim's car.

Tim's footsteps sounded muffled, near her, on the grass.

"Hello, Tim."

"Good lord," he exclaimed.

"I forgot my key."

He didn't say anything for a moment. He sat down on the bottom step, in the dimness at the end, away from her.

Finally he spoke, in a level voice that gave no hint. "Beryl says you don't want me."

Linda said nothing.

"I wouldn't blame you, Lin."

Still she said nothing. She thought, what is he thinking? What has he decided?

"Beryl said you were tired of me, Lin."

"Beryl exaggerated."

There was a longer silence. "Do you care about her?" she ventured.

Tim whirled around on the steps, caught her knees and gripped them. "Linda—honey—not like that. Lord, what have I done to you?"

He dropped his head against her knees.

THE bands around her chest loosened. But she didn't rouch him.

"It was like being knocked on the head, Lin. It was like a long drunk." He stopped. "You know? You saw her. It's all through, but the hangover."

"What happened after I left, Tim?"

"She made a scene." He spluttered. "Right in front of Kitty. Said I had to choose between the two of you. Said you were through with me. You're not, are you, Lin? I was talking to Kitty on the porch and Beryl came, all upset, and right away she cut loose. She screamed like a parrot."

Then he raised his head. His quick movement had his own rhythm. Something had caught him back entirely to himself, that instant. "Good lord," he exclaimed with horrified blankness.

"Linda, I did the same thing to you. People staring, I mean. I never realized. But you had to take it. People being curious, wondering. Linda—I said I'd look after you, and look what I've done. Linda—"

She reached her hand out, now at last he was back again.

"It's all right. Come on in the house, Tim," she said. "By the way, did you give her back her perfume bottle?"

"Merciful heavens, Lin, I forgot," Tim said in an aghast whisper. "Can't we send it to her, registered mail?"

**MOTHS WILL NEVER EAT THIS SUIT**



YESTERDAY Bill Johnson bought this \$45 suit. When it arrived, Mrs. Johnson immediately sprayed it all over with LARVEX. That took only a few minutes and cost less than a single "pressing"—yet gave Bill's suit the positive LARVEX protection against moth damage that has been used for years by leading woolen mills, laundries and dry-cleaners.

As a result of spraying all their clothes—old and new—once a year with LARVEX, the Johnsons will never find a moth hole.

**WHY NOT?**

Because moths starve to death rather than eat LARVEXed clothes, sofas, rugs and drapes . . . and there's no odor, no wrapping, no storing away! Your woolens are protected against moths for an entire year and not even dry-cleaning will impair this sure protection!

And LARVEX is inexpensive—only 79¢ per pint, \$1.19 per quart. So it costs less than a single pressing to mothproof a suit for a whole year with LARVEX. At all drug and department stores. LARVEX, Chrysler Building, New York.

**LARVEX IS DIFFERENT . . .**

<b>QUICK!</b> A few minutes with LARVEX will mothproof a woman's coat for 12 months.	<b>CHEAP!</b> 67¢ worth of LARVEX will mothproof your expensive upholstery chairs.
---	---

**EASY!** The LARVEX sprayer gives a continuous spray—so simple a child can use it.



**SURE!** See this spectacular display at your Larvex dealer's.



A covered dish showing treated and untreated cloth with live moth worms. Proof right before your eyes that moth worms cannot thrive on Larvexed material!

**LARVEX**

ONE SPRAYING MOTHPROOFS FOR A WHOLE YEAR  
Woman's Home Companion April 1940



# O-O-O! YOU STICK OUT IN BACK JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER



*Above—In her ordinary corset, note how her figure bulges both in back and front. Below—In her Spencer, posture is improved, backline is beautiful.*



←HER MOTHER TOOK THE HINT and sent for the Spencer Corsetiere who made a study of her figure. A Spencer was then designed to give her a beautiful backline. It improved her posture and smoothed away every bulge. The pictures at left tell the story.

### How to lose your bulges

Your Spencer corset and brassiere will effectively correct any figure fault because every line is designed, every section cut and made to solve your figure problem and yours only.

Spencers are light and flexible yet every Spencer is guaranteed to keep its lovely lines as long as it is worn! No other corset, to our knowledge, carries this guarantee. Prices are moderate—depending on materials. Stop experimenting with corsets that lose their shape after a few weeks' wear!

### Have a figure analysis—free

At any convenient time, a Spencer Corsetiere, trained in the Spencer designer's method of figure analysis, will call at your home. A most interesting study of your figure will cost you nothing.

### See your future beauty lines in fascinating free booklet

Send us the coupon below, or look in your telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere" and call your nearest corsetiere, for interesting illustrated booklet, "Your Figure Problem." This will not obligate you in any way.

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### Write Anne Spencer

Anne Spencer, Spencer Corset Co., Inc.,  
145 Derby Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut.

Please send me your helpful booklet. I have checked my figure fault at right.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



### Do You Want to Make Money?

Ambitious women may find business openings as corsetieres in every state. We train you. If interested, check here. . . .

Also made in Canada and England at Rock Island, Quebec, and 33 Old Bond, London, W. I.

# SPENCER INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED CORSETS

Woman's Home Companion April 1940

DESIGNED BY  
MAREN THORESEN  
AND  
CHRISTINE FERRY



## MURAL FOR A MODERN ROOM

3091—Stamped on linen, candlewicking thread, directions, \$2.10. Order from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, New York City.

➤IT'S the Norwegian influence which makes this wall piece so congenial with the simple forms of modern furniture. If your taste inclines that way, you will like the accent which its clear rainbow colors give to blond woods and neutral walls. The embroidery is done in many graduated shades of candlewicking thread on natural linen. The finished mural measures approximately 37 by 29 inches.

## Snow in April

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

idly; I'm a shell, a charming shell. All these years—and I'm nothing but emptiness inside. I wonder if I'll ever be alive again.

Little plump Madge Weaver, one of the eight bridesmaids, who had since married Tommy Weaver, paused and said enviously: "Arden, you're really the loveliest thing I ever saw! You're marvelous!"

Arden laughed, knowing the envy was only skin deep. "You're a true friend, Madge! Have you parked the twins in the refrigerator?"

"Mother's staying for the night," said Madge earnestly. She took her maternity with a deep seriousness. Arden felt a stab of envy for the placid sweet sureness that underlay the other's whole existence.

"Come along," she said. "Don't keep your Tommy waiting all evening. Madge—awful thought!—do you know this is my eighth consecutive golf club annual?"

Madge said: "It can't be!" But they both knew it was.

The golf club dances were noted for one special feature—a real old-fashioned Paul Jones. No excuse was acceptable for not dancing. Chaperon to subdeb, everyone was on the floor. Twice Arden found herself dancing with a tall grave stranger. The second time, with a demure and somehow meaningful

little bow, Tubby Jones had stepped aside in the other man's favor. Tubby was without doubt the wickedest gossip in town. Arden hated dancing with him; an insatiable curiosity gleamed behind his glasses and moistened his red lips. And she liked the stranger; his lean dark face, the spare flesh modeled over fine bones, the stern mouth; she liked the flavor of his slow speech and rare smile.

➤BUT Tubby's deliberate sidestepping stirred a vague uneasiness in her, touched a nerve which had almost stopped throbbing. Nevertheless, they danced, without talking much, yet with a strange sensation, as of invisible wires drawn between them, of unseen currents pulling. It was sometime later in the evening, stepping through one of the tall French windows together, her shoulder touching his, that someone had said: "Hello there, Clive!" and she had been aware of whispering renewed behind her. She was grateful for the cool darkness of the veranda. She said in a strained voice: "Do you mind telling me who you are?"

"Clive Eveleigh," he said. She felt as though she had known it all along. She said quietly:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 28]



# WRONG INTO RIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
EUGENE WEIDNER



## Wrong

Table too small in proportion to chair, curved lines confusing; lamp too low to give adequate light; scarf is awkward, accessories crowded

## Right

Proportion of table to chair good; lamp of approved height gives proper light; sufficient table space for attractive placing of accessories



By Virginia Hamill

➔ GIVE your large upholstered chair the attention it deserves. Augment its comfort with a good light and an adequate table. In our "wrong" photograph many of the possibilities of this chair have been lost. The table is too small and its ugly lines are not in keeping with the well-designed chair. The lamp is too low to give adequate light for reading and throws harsh circles and shadows on the walls. The group as a whole is not effective because the proportions are inharmonious. No matter how attractive the individual pieces in a room may be, they will not be pleasing to the eye unless they are proportioned correctly one to another.

You will notice how much more inviting this same chair appears in our "right" photograph. The drop-leaf Pembroke table is large enough to provide space for an attractive arrangement of lamp, flowers and smoking accessories and also allows room to put down

a book or sewing for the moment.

An increasing amount of study is being given to proper lighting. To insure good eyesight, the proportions of lamps and the amount of light necessary for different tasks have been worked out. The purchase of a lamp is extremely important, therefore, because it involves more than the decorative effect; the design, the proportion with relation to the chair and table with which it will be used and the amount of wattage all contribute to correct appearance and proper efficiency.

The lamp in the "right" photograph is well designed, correctly proportioned to the chair and table, and equipped with proper wattage and a diffusing bowl to eliminate glare. Notice how its height adds variety to the group.

A little additional time and thought spent on the planning of the proportions of related furnishings will add greatly to the decorative appeal of your rooms.

If you had tea  
growing in your  
garden, you'd pick the  
tender, **TOP** leaves



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by Standard Brands, Inc.

GOING out to the garden to pick tea would be a novelty! You'd have a chance to study the difference in tea leaves—how small, tender and delicate they grow near the tips of the branches—how much coarser and tougher farther down.

Soon you'd be selecting the small, tender leaves for your own tea—for these leaves have the wonderful flavor and fragrance you like!

Now, at your own grocer's, you can select the choice, young, flavor-filled leaves in a very simple way. Just ask for "Tender Leaf Tea"—every package is filled with choice, young tea leaves. No coarse, heavy leaves are included.

Listen to "One Man's Family" on the  
N.B.C. Red Network every Sunday

Your grocer has this special tea in 3½- and 7-oz. packages, and in the new FILTER tea balls. Call for "Tender Leaf Brand Tea"—today!

Woman's Home Companion April 1940



"Each guest enjoys making his own  
**SALAD BOWL** at my **SALAD BAR**"

—says

**Mrs. HENDRIK VAN LOON**  
wife of the famous author and historian



"The new way of serving the **WESSON SALAD BOWL** appeals to your guests. You serve a Salad Bowl of mixed greens as a starter, then *they* add the chicken, anchovies, cheese, eggs or whatever they like best from the side dishes. I mix my greens with Wesson Oil, vinegar and seasoning because Wesson Oil is so pure, delicious and healthful. It blends appetizingly with all the flavors of the salad. Here is my recipe for the **Wesson Salad Bar**.

### THE WESSON SALAD BAR

**FIRST** Prepare and arrange on small plates around the Salad Bowl

Chicken and cheese cut in thin strips  
Sieved hard-cooked eggs  
Anchovies or smoked herring  
Finely chopped green pepper, chives  
Sliced radishes

#### THEN

Mix in Salad Bowl

1/2 teaspoon salt	Dash of anchovy paste	} optional
1/2 teaspoon pepper	Touch of garlic	
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard	1/2 cup Wesson Oil	
1/2 teaspoon paprika	2 tbs. vinegar or lemon juice	

This is enough for a salad for six. Then place chilled, torn lettuce or other greens in the Salad Bowl and toss all together.

**NOW**—Serve a portion of green salad to each guest; let him add his own selections from the side dishes. He then mixes these with his salad to get the tang of the dressing."

Wesson Oil is America's favorite for salads, for waffles, for delicious vegetable cookery and for crisp, digestible fried foods. Get Wesson Oil and the other essentials for this new idea in salads at your grocer's.

### Send for FREE Booklet—"The Wesson Salad Bar"



WESSON OIL & SNOWDRIFT PEOPLE, DEPT. KK  
210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

Gentlemen:  
Please send me free your new booklet "The Wesson Salad Bar"—  
all about the smart, new way to serve the Wesson Salad Bowl.

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## Snow in April

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126]

"I'm Arden Forrest. So now we say good-by!"

He turned and looked at her deliberately, stopping her with one word: "Why?"

"Don't you know?" said Arden with a little catch in her voice that was half anger and half despair. "Don't you feel it? You've been through it too! They're all watching, they're waiting to see what we'll do now. I can't stand it again. I've kept my chin up; I've outfaced them once. I can't do it again."

His voice was so cold it steadied her. She was aware even then of the cool stubborn strength behind his quiet manner. "Why not, Arden Forrest? Why should we care? We both carry scars, we're marked people. We both know what a farce it all is, what folly. We'll understand each other. Who else can?" He had smiled down at her, a one-sided smile, a little rueful. "An offensive and defensive alliance," he said. "Will you sign, Arden Forrest?"

Deliberately she put her hand in his. His hand was strong and cool; with a tiny sense of shock she realized that she was clinging to his strength. Don't be a fool, she told herself in sudden panic, don't let yourself be a fool again. Keep your head.

"An offensive and defensive alliance," she repeated with a desperate gaiety. They went back to the dance again, both smiling.

SNOW fell on the day of their wedding, unseasonable snow, slow flakes that covered the gold and purple of the crocus with a thick cold whiteness.

Only the day before, with her stepmother and Clive, Arden had walked on the terrace in a soft radiance of April sunshine; feeling herself tired and unyoung, out of key with spring. An early song sparrow sang hopefully among the swelling red buds of the maples; the lawn wore a sudden triumphant greenness. Marmee waved a hand at the well-tended borders and said, "Darling, isn't it lovely to see the crocus in bloom for your wedding day? An omen of happiness—"

Arden said drily: "Isn't it rather the season for crocus, Marmee?" and saw Clive's mouth pull downward in his familiar bitter little smile. We are still strangers, she thought; and panic tightened around her heart.

The snow lay thick on the imposing flight of steps before the city hall. Clive was standing at the top, under the portico, but still a few wet flakes clung to his uncovered dark smooth head. Marmee ordered Bray to park the car, then to come in and be a witness for Miss Arden. Her lips trembled, remembering that other wedding day.

They went into a room where other people were waiting. They had to wait their turn. They made,

Arden felt, a far too conspicuous group—good-looking Clive, Marmee's fluttering elegance, Bray standing like a watchdog, not too near, with his smart uniform and shining leggings. Marmee said, "I know you're going to be beautifully happy. After all," she had to touch her eyes with an absurd lace handkerchief, "after all, no one could have been happier than Paul and I. No one—" It was perfectly true. Remembering her own mother striving against life, fighting for happiness, it had amazed Arden that her father should be happy with anyone as soft and silly as Marian. She had been a little scornful of their happiness, resentful even. How long ago that resentment had died, dissolved in a baffled and reluctant affection! She thought now with a startling sudden perception, why—how gray her hair is! It was at that ghostly time that gray first had touched it, like mist deepening over the pale gold of October foliage.

She thought now, perhaps after all it had been hardest for Marmee. Grandmother was old, old enough to care for no one's opinion but her own and God's. Arden herself, after the first sick shock, the first awful despair, had all the defiant courage of youth on her side; a gaiety brittle and shining as glass, a treacherous gaiety, hardening slowly all around her heart. But Marmee had nothing, no weapon of defense against the too ready sympathy, the too ready tongues of her world, and still she stood by her stepdaughter—Marmee, absurd nickname! The second Mrs. Paul Forrest, because she adored Little Women, because her easy tears flowed happily over the book's more sugary passages, had begged her husband's child to call her so. Arden smiled suddenly at her stepmother, wanting to reassure her, to protect her.

AT LAST the moment arrived when Clive and Arden stood in their turn before the scarred mahogany desk. And suddenly the ghost of Patrick stepped between them, laughing, his blue eyes crinkled with a familiar reckless mirth, his yellow hair like a crown. What am I doing, she thought crazily, beating down the terror that rose in her, what am I doing here with Clive, when my heart can still hurt like this because of Patrick's yellow hair? Don't be a fool, she told herself again. This time don't surrender yourself, keep your heart safe. Her face set like stone. She was unaware of Clive's twisted rueful smile. A gray-haired man took the license. Without raising his eyes he wrote in the big register. Then he straightened himself and looked from one to the other of them, piercingly. The kindness, the questioning in his eyes were oddly disconcerting.

In the car afterward the back of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]





By  
Ellen D.  
Wangner

ILLUSTRATOR: ELY ALEXANDER

IN THE days of our ancestors a cock's crow at dawn might well have been the most disturbing noise of the day, but we face different conditions. If you are accustomed to noise you are not necessarily wakened by it. But you are less rested, and bad morning dispositions are often due merely to broken sleep.

Even if you are not building or remodeling so as to permit the introduction of new sound-proofing construction there is still a great deal that you can do to reduce noise.

The racket of children in the playroom may be deadened by a floor of cork, rubber or linoleum. Or, if there is an allover rug in the room, it can have a sound-deadening cushion underneath—a good idea for any room in the house. Walls of linoleum or cork are also sound-lesseners and offer a variety of beautiful textures.

Instead of the doorbell buzzer there are several types of soft-toned electric bells operated by the usual push button at the door. They have a mellow and agreeable note which is easily heard but not disturbing.

A HEAVY door stop will hold a banging door in place. If the door is wanted slightly ajar, the stop can be merely a thin metal strip to slide easily under the door, its rubber bumpers preventing noise, or a wedge of rubber can be used. Still another slam-silencer is made like a thick rubber strip with end holes to slip over front and rear doorknobs; the strap passing around the door edge prevents any noise.

Also helpful are small metal domes to be put on chair or stool legs to prevent scraping and similar ones of rubber for doors at the spot where they might bang against a work table or sink. The noiseless carpet sweeper fitted with rubber buffer will scarcely be heard.

For the snapping window shade there are small rubber clamps to fasten at the bottom of the shade, with cord attached for holding the shade. Small wooden blocks are

made to hold a rattling window quiet, and a rubber window shade, which is easily attached, will prevent noise.

Dishwashing is done without racket by means of rubber sink accessories such as dish drainer, sink strainer and scraper, and a rubber pad to place in or under the bottom of the pan in the sink. The foot-controlled garbage can comes with a rubber-rimmed lid and bottom. Work spaces covered with linoleum or other silencing material will do much to eliminate noise.

THE manufacturers of all pieces of home equipment are taking cognizance of the growing demand for quiet. As a result, electric motors of all sorts are running with less noise; refrigerators are practically silent; washing machines run quietly, so do modern dishwashers. Work tables, tea wagons, vegetable bins have rubber casters and if those now in use do not have them, attachable rubber casters can be found at any hardware shop.

If a strong water supply causes knocking when the tap is quickly shut, a pressure-reducing valve will correct the trouble. Often noisy water closets only need new fittings inside the tank for it is usually the refilling of the tank which makes the noise.

We can now purify the air in our rooms by means of a small air conditioner that keeps a great deal of noise out while it brings good air in.

This noise and dirt remover becomes almost a must-have if only a driveway separates you from your neighbors, so that automobiles and parties are easily heard from house to house.

If you are really thorough, needless noise in outdoor tools will be controlled with rubber tires and rubber teeth for rakes. For this is the modern way to give your nerves a rest.

# Here's that New Maytag!

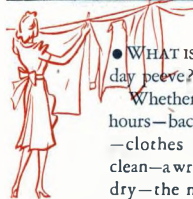


The new Master Washer that makes home washing-

Easier  
on you!

Easier on  
your clothes!

Easier on  
your purse!



• WHAT IS YOUR pet wash-day peeve?

Whether it's the endless hours—back-breaking work—clothes that never get clean—a wringer that doesn't dry—the mess—or breakdowns—just name it—then dare this new Maytag Master washer to do something about it. And get set for the surprise of your washday career!

NEW FEATURES HELP WASH  
50% MORE CLOTHES

Here, now, is the first washer with everything it takes to banish every washing bugaboo you ever had! It's a brand new washer—not last year's model in a fancy dress—but new from its casters up. The tried-and-true



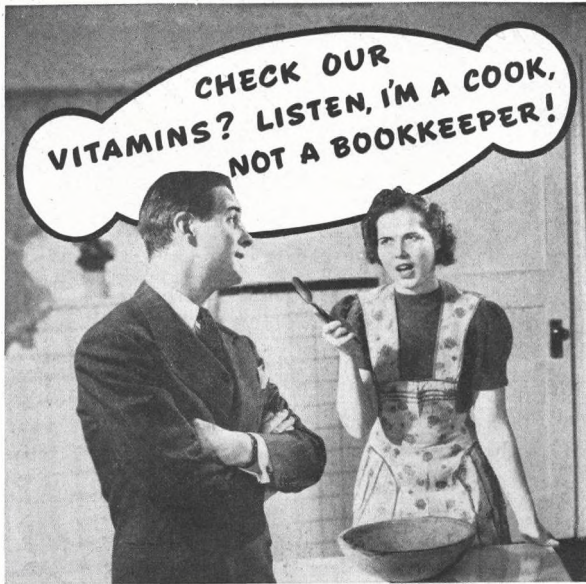
Maytag features are here, of course. In addition, you'll find such new washing aids as touch control, a fool-proof damp-drier and a heat-retaining double tub—plus many other distinct aids to better washing! And this is important—it is the best built washer Maytag has ever produced!

There is one at your Maytag dealer's now—waiting to show you how easy your washing can be. Let it!

**FREE TRIAL**—Test it on your own washing at home. Absolutely no obligation. Pay for your Maytag as you use it. Small easy payments—Your Maytag dealer will give a liberal allowance on your old washer—see him soon. Available in white or grey finish, with or without water discharge pump. Other Maytag models as low as \$59.95 at factory.







**1. WIFE:** Of course I know my nerves might be better with vitamin B... and that vitamins A and D might help us all fight off colds this spring...and I've heard one of the best ways to get vitamins is in food form—because they're probably better assimilated that way. I know all this. But—



**2. WIFE:** Have you ever tried to figure out what foods give you which vitamins and how many they give you? Take a look at this chart if you think it's so easy!  
**HUSBAND:** But darling—we can still get vitamins in food form, be sure how many we get and get them inexpensively, too! Jim Barton put me wise.



**3. HUSBAND:** He says to get the new COCOMALT. It's fortified with vitamins A, B, and D—along with calcium and phosphorus, the minerals vitamin D must have to do its work. It contains iron, for the blood, too. And 3 glasses a day, with milk, give the average person his minimum daily requirements.



**4. WIFE:** I should have thought of the easy, inexpensive COCOMALT way myself!  
**HUSBAND:** And you can get COCOMALT at any grocery or drug store. It's swell served piping hot, or cold, whichever you prefer. And on top of everything else, COCOMALT is energizing!

Through the cooperation of the Boy Scouts of America, boys can get Official Boy Scout Equipment by saving the thin aluminum seals under the lids of COCOMALT cans. Encourage boys to help themselves by saving the seals for them.

# FROM SEEDS TO

➤ OF COURSE you are ready for the fun and excitement of growing many if not all of your garden seedlings, with the All-America selections from which to choose.

But many a fine seedling never gets to be a strong plant. One reason is that it may suffer a setback. All plants are full of the will to grow, an urge that must never be frustrated even for a short period—perhaps an hour—especially with certain things. Often on seed packets you find the warning that these seedlings must be kept "growing on," which means that here is something so sensitive that it can never recover from that hour's struggle, no matter how it may be coaxed subsequently.

Since this is so, isn't it astonishing that we throw seeds about and still have such a measure of good luck as we do? But don't rely on luck. Don't try to grow seedlings at all unless you are ready to attend their needs as these arise. Never postpone anything!

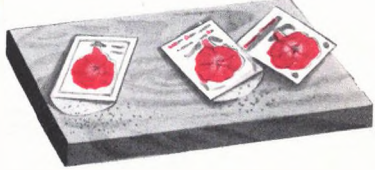
The texture of soil for growing seeds must be fine and porous, and a poor rather than rich quality is preferable. Never use any fertilizer whatsoever in a seed-bed because soil nourishment is not necessary to the seedling until its true leaves are out or beginning to be put out. Up to this point there is enough food within every seed for the tiny plant to live and grow on.

➤ THE ideal time for transplanting seedlings into new quarters, into a soil that may now be of average fertility, is at the time when the second leaf or the first pair of leaves are grown, and the next ones are to be seen within the plumule or growing tip of the little plant. Not until real maturity is reached, however, and flower buds begin to form—in other words, until the reproductive stage of life is reached—is any extra feeding desirable. Then you may give light applications of liquid manure or a similar stimulant to hasten bloom.

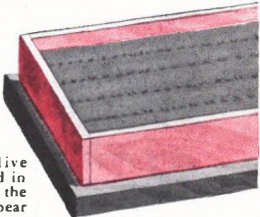
There can be no setback if you transplant your seedlings just at the moment when their need of a little nourishment in the soil develops. There can and will be setback if you lag in attending to it, though the plants are not likely to die. They will only pine and never amount to much.

How deep ought seeds to be planted? How close together? How often should the seed pans or flats be watered? Should they stand in the sun or not?

Well, first of all the rule for depth is two to four times the seed's diameter. This means that a kernel of corn, for example, which is about a quarter of an inch in size, should go under from half an inch to an inch of soil. I prefer the deeper planting because the moisture and tempera-



Petunias lead off in the All-America selections this year



Tiny plants live on food stored in the seed until the true leaves appear

ture conditions are more even as you go deeper into the soil. Furthermore the seed that puts out its root stalk under four times its depth of earth will have a longer stem rising upward to the surface of the soil and so will be ready for deeper transplanting than a short-stemmed plant—and deep roots are the best guarantee of endurance and general well-being throughout a plant's life.

Of course the very smallest seeds can hardly be planted in the earth at all. They are rather dusted onto its surface. Then you can press them down with a flat piece of metal preferably—metal is better than wood because they will not stick to it. Use a kitchen spatula if you have no small garden trowel.

Seeds that are of appreciable size usually go into the ground in little rows, spaced far enough apart not to touch each other. Count on having about three or four times as many seedlings as you will really need because there must be wide allowance for defective specimens as well as possible mortality.

➤ AFTER seedlings are properly in the soil, watch regularly to discover when water is needed. Do not force it on them when they don't want it, but don't keep them waiting a minute when they thirst.

I think the very best method to insure proper moisture at all times, with never too much, lies in the pot-within-pot arrangement. A small pot with a cork set firmly into the hole in the bottom is centered in a larger pot filled with earth in which seeds are planted. By keeping the small pot two-thirds full of water, just the right degree of moisture in the depths of the soil around it is maintained for the seeds by slow seepage

By Grace Tabor



# PLANTS

through the pot's porous walls.

Keep seedlings in a sunny window and preferably in a room that maintains fairly even temperature—ordinary living-room temperature is satisfactory, especially if you will keep a pane of glass over them at night and much of the daytime, always lifting it slightly for thorough ventilation during several hours daily. Remember

that hothouse temperature will generate under it when the sun shines on it.

▶ IT IS good news that the petunia leads off in the All-America selections this year for everybody everywhere, in town or country,

can use these decorative flowers in window and porch boxes; beds or borders. The new winning types are in dense rounded bush forms about a foot high, which cover themselves with flowers of medium size throughout the season. Of them all Glow, described as bright rosy-red, received more points in the judging than any

other Silver Medal variety ever was given in the trials. Some judges thought it sufficiently outstanding for the treasured Gold Medal not often awarded.

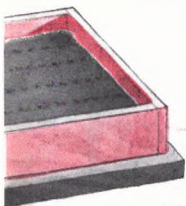
There is a new ageratum, Midget Blue, which forms dense tufts of uniform character that are a mass of the rich blue flowers all season. The plants are only three to four inches in size. Among sweet peas there appears a new spring-flowering type that is suitable for forcing as well as for the garden, with long stems and exceptional resistance to heat. Southern gardeners will welcome these.

▶ A SNAPDRAGON called Rosalie is described as topaz-rose with deep center and gold suffusion, rust resistant, tall and strong-growing. A smaller-flowered scabiosa which does not need staking is Heavenly Blue, with striking flowers that are very high-crowned and thus ball-like in effect.

Another lovely blue newcomer is a salvia named Royal Blue which grows very erect with long spikes nice for cutting. Its grayish leaves make it just as effective in the garden.

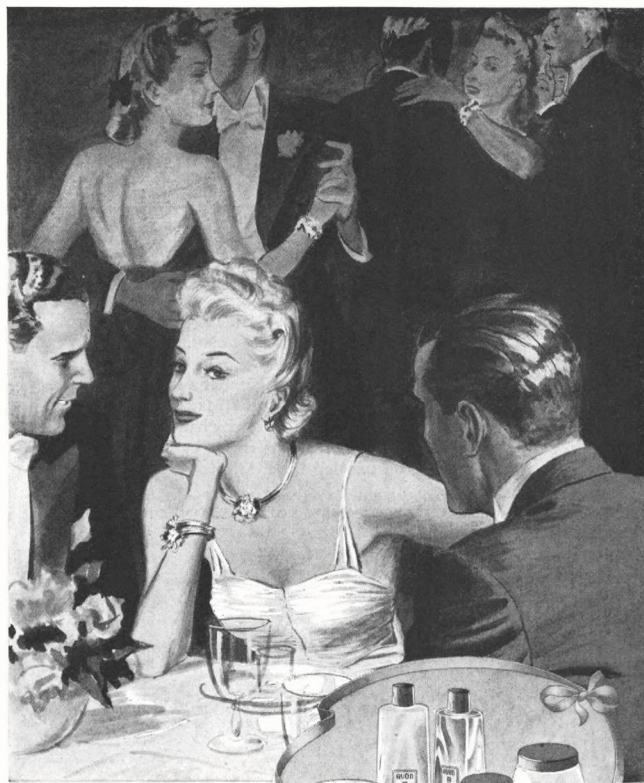
With the transfer of your seedlings to outdoor quarters vicissitudes are bound to press in upon them. But if you are watchful, and prepared to meet instantly every kind of insect attack, they will come out all right. Keep insects assorted in your mind into their two great divisions—the juice-sucking kind and the tissue-devouring kind—applying the proper spray accordingly, if either kind appears at work on your plants.

With two leaves out and the next starting, transplant for space and for better soil



H.H.

DRAWINGS BY HIRAM HURD





## Rendezvous with Loveliness

The fascination of soft, youthful skin...smooth as a gardenia petal. Cheeks abloom with just a touch of color. Luscious lips, gay, moist and tempting. *Breathtaking*, this beauty that is your birthright! And delightfully easier to achieve the Avon way.

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*Woman's Home Companion* April 1940





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**CHAFE GUARD**

**\$1.00**  
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Other Styles from **50¢** up

## DON'TS FOR GARDENERS



- Don't let tree branches rub together; always prune one out when two interfere.
- Don't leave air pockets underneath plant roots or bulbs when planting.
- Don't put plants in poorly drained soil.
- Don't work the soil when it is wet. This makes it cake and lump badly.
- Don't let garden soil cake on the surface. Work it and keep it dusty.
- Don't plant anything near the roots of a tree.
- Don't water unless you soak the ground to a foot at least.
- Don't, oh, *don't* cut the lawn grass too short.
- Don't plant things that like shade in the broiling sun.
- Don't set plants that love sun in the shade.

GRACE TABOR and  
 HOWARD H. EDGERTON  
DRAWING BY MIRAN HURD

**PETUNIA**  
LARGE FLOWERED OR BALCONY MIXED

**10¢**




Actual color photograph

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To assure maximum growth, most exquisite color and fragrance, this breathtaking garden of 8,000 rose bushes is fed one plant food exclusively . . . Vigoro!



Feed everything you grow with **VIGORO** A product of Swift  
 The complete plant food

## Snow in April

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128]

Bray's neck was crimson with pleasure and excitement, though his attitude had been impeccably formal all through the ceremony. He had a white carnation pinned to his uniform jacket. And there were white carnations tied with a white satin bow to the silver bird on the radiator cap.

Funny, Arden thought, how easy it is to make the right gestures, to do the expected thing. They sailed through lunch smoothly, sitting with Marmee and Grandmother at the familiar table in the gracious dining-room with its Hepplewhite sideboard and old silver, the portrait of Paul Forrest, slim and tall in khaki, medals on his breast, dominating the whole scene. Clive's eyes met hers smilingly; Marmee, forgetting tears, was almost arch; even Grandmother was ferociously gay. Bray had changed to a white linen jacket but still sported his carnation. When the plates were changed for dessert Cook came right into the dining-room, resplendent in her best black silk and a fancy apron, carrying a glorious three-tiered cake festooned in sugar sculpture. This was her wedding gift to Miss Arden.

They all exclaimed over it with the proper degree of surprise and enthusiasm. "You'll have to cut it with the bridegroom's sword!" said Clive gravely and Cook g

gled with pleasure. He handed Arden his pearl-handled knife and she cut the first slice with the big blade. The knife was sharp and true and the cake cut without crumbling. Cook said: "Oh my, that's a good sign!"

➤ ARDEN gave the knife back to Clive without looking at him. Men are extraordinary, she thought. Julia had given him that knife and he still carried it. A woman would have thrown it away in fury or hidden it among her deepest secrets. But Clive handed it to his bride to cut her wedding cake. What a fool I am, she thought again; it's a good knife, a sharp knife. Why shouldn't he carry it and forget? All day long, at the far back of her mind, she had wondered tormentingly, what is Clive thinking? What is he remembering? The knife was like a sign in the road that might point either way.

Grandmother said peremptorily: "You must all drink to the bride! Call the others!" Grandmother blandly took precedence in her daughter-in-law's house. Cook summoned the maids—they were not far from the door—and Bray poured the wine. "It's Paul's best champagne," said Marmee breathlessly. "I know he would like it used today."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]



Here's the  
**SIMPLE COOKING SECRET**  
that made me famous



It's an open secret that I use Sun-Maid Raisins to add new appeal to simple, everyday dishes. For example, I wouldn't think of making rice pudding without Sun-Maid Raisins—or cupcakes, either, or pot roasts. Scores of ordinary dishes like these are given new goodness and flavor simply by adding Sun-Maid Raisins.

**REMEMBER:** All Raisins aren't alike. Say "Sun-Maid" to your grocer. Look for the Girl on the package when you buy. Write today for free booklet of delicious raisin recipes. Simply address Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Ass'n, Dept. W-24, Fresno, California.



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For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other irritatingly caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

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**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!**  
Your money back if you are not entirely satisfied with your roses. 10 Roses, 2 Pink Radiance, 2 Yellow, 2 Red Radiance, 2 Pink Radiance, 2 Yellow, 2 Red Radiance. Send just \$1.00 today for rose collection.

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• Corns are caused by pressure and friction—often become large, painful and ugly. Home paring can only give temporary relief—means risk of infection. But there's no need to suffer. Millions have ended corns this easy way. Just put a Blue-Jay Corn Plaster neatly over the corn. It acts quickly and gently as shown above. You have glorious relief and simply by avoiding the pressure and friction which caused your corns, you can prevent their return. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today—only 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

**BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS**

**Snow in April**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132]

"Quite right, Marian!" said Grandmother. "You're quite right. The bride—may God bless her!"

"To the both of ye!" said Bray, his grin quite beyond control. "A long life and a merry wan!"

There was a murmur of good wishes. Clive stood and said, "Thank you all!" in a voice that shook a little. A few moments later Arden escaped and fled to her room.

HOW strange it looked, how poignantly familiar. She leaned her back against the door and closed her eyes. She was remembering too many things and memory had a bitter taste. Someone knocked very gently on the door behind her. Swiftly she crossed the thick soft carpet to the dressing table. When she called, "Come in!" she was leaning toward the glass, touching up her mouth with elaborate accuracy.

It was Marmee. "Arden darling, are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right."

"Would you like me to help you?"

"Everything's quite ready." In spite of herself her voice had an edge of impatience. It was terrible, seeing her dear room so cleared and empty, the packed bags, the bared tables—like a line ruled across her life. This is the end of Arden Forrest!

"Oh Arden, don't be cross with me! I'm going to miss you so. You're all I have—"

"Now Marmee. Don't!" Contrite, she turned and put her arms about her stepmother. Marmee's whole face lighted with pleasure. "You've been terribly sweet to me," Arden murmured. "I haven't always deserved it, darling. I've been a tiresome child."

"Oh no! Oh no! I couldn't have loved you more if you'd been my very own daughter. You are my very own daughter! You—you don't mind my saying that, Arden?"

"MARMEE!" She didn't know whether she was moved closer to laughter or tears. This was ridiculous, a sort of deathbed drama. "There! Kiss me for good luck! We've got a train to catch."

"But I do so want you to be happy. I've been so frightened, Arden, over this marriage."

This was dangerous ground. She stiffened a little, defensively. "You like Clive, don't you?"

Marmee said: "I can't help liking him. Only, Arden darling, I don't believe you love him."

"Oh—love!" Her face hardened. "I don't want to have anything to do with love. I don't ever want to fall in love again. Love's insane, too dangerous. Clive and I understand each other, Marmee. We'll be all right."

"But it's all wrong! You don't know what you're talking about,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

*Roses-and-Spice*  
FOR  
REMEMBRANCE



16 oz. Bottle . . . \$3.25  
8 oz. Bottle . . . \$1.75  
4 oz. Bottle . . . \$1.00



An unforgettable aura of crushed rose



petals and tangy spice—fragrantly symbolic of this

flower-laden season. A spirited, refreshing

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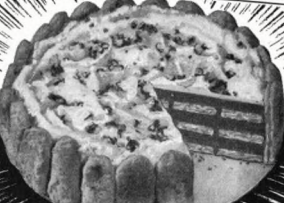


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## Snow in April

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133]

Arden. Why can't you let yourself love him? Why shouldn't he love you? I mean—what's past—the past—" Her voice broke.

Arden said swiftly: "Don't say it, dear. Forget it all. We've got to forget all about it." She kissed the older woman warmly, firmly, on her mouth, on her round childish cheeks.

"You must tell Bray, Marmee, to take those absurd flowers off the car. I don't want to drive to the station like a circus parade."

"Oh, Arden! I can't hurt his feelings! Couldn't you—"

"Oh, all right!" Arden picked up her handbag and the spotless new gloves. The new ring, plain and shining, looked strange on her hand.

THIS was definitely a bad moment. Grandmother was waiting in the hall, leaning with both hands on her ebony cane. Behind her Clive stood silent, his mouth taut and a little grim. Grandmother stepped forward and offered her cheek for Arden's dutiful kiss. She said hoarsely, more gently than Arden had ever heard her speak: "Well, dear, well! God bless you!"

Arden said: "Thank you, Grandmother!" and could find no other words. The old lady looked at her with a searching glance. She said amazingly: "I'm proud of you, Arden. You've got pride, my dear. You've kept your head up like a Forrest. And don't forget what I say about happiness. Happiness isn't the most important thing. It won't come if you demand it. But there, the young never believe that! Good-by. God bless you both—" She tilted her face up to Clive unexpectedly. But Clive was not to be surprised out of his grave good manners. He bent from his tall height and kissed her gently on the mouth.

Marmee went out to the car with them, mincing a little on the slushy walk. Every crows in the garden wore a heavy gnome's cap of snow, the soft spring green of the lawn was covered with a white cloak. An unearthly pale gray light reflected itself from the snow to the clouded sky.

"Poor crocuses!" Arden said idly. "Marmee, your pretty symbol is rather badly snowed under."

Marmee's small hands fluttered in consternation. "Oh, Arden—Arden!" Arden tucked her hand into the other's arm.

"Now, darling! It doesn't really mean a thing!"

But Marmee was suddenly radiant. "Of course it doesn't matter, darling," she said happily; eager and yet shy. "Don't you see, snow won't hurt them. The snow will be gone tomorrow. It's only frost that kills things."

ARDEN woke in the morning and lay with her eyes closed, feeling the sunlight warm on her face; she lifted her lids drowsily,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]



Heavenly blue...and heaven-on-heels for all the walking you'll do! Spring's new Cabana by Walk-Over, the shoe that put the world on breezy, easy feet. The Cabana Spat (photographed) in soft calfskin and gabardine, elasticized to clasp your instep sleekly. And Cabana's kid lining smooths your way to comfort. In many colors and materials at smart shops everywhere, Cabana is an exclusive creation of **WALK-OVER**

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Spectator Cabana (right) in white calf with blue trim. Left, Cabana Sandal, blue calf. Most Cabana styles \$9.75. Other Walk-Overs from \$6.95. Higher West. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.



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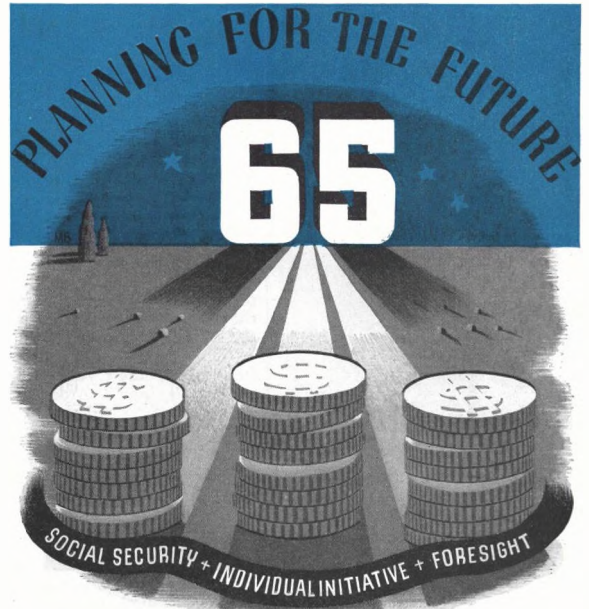


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Woman's Home Companion April 1940



By Seymour A. Sutorius

➤ SHORTLY before the enactment of the Social Security Act, government records indicated that out of one hundred Americans attaining sixty-five years of age, eighty-four were dependent on relatives, friends or charity. Under the Old Age Benefit portion of the act, such an appalling state of affairs is to be remedied to some extent beginning this year.

The remedy is to result from enforced thrift on the part of employees and enforced contributions from their employers, after January 1, 1937 and up to the retirement age of sixty-five, if such age occurs after January 1, 1940.

It has been estimated that more than forty million men and women will thus have the opportunity to provide themselves with retirement incomes when they are sixty-five.

➤ IT IS important that men and women who are affected by this act should try to gain some conception of how much their monthly retirement income will be at the age of sixty-five. For example the act provides that a qualified employee who receives a salary of three hundred dollars a month for twenty years starting in 1937 or later, and before the age of sixty-five, will receive forty-eight dollars a month upon retirement at sixty-five.

The maximum monthly benefit allowed under the act is eighty-five dollars. For a person, working for no more than one employer in any one year, to qualify for this maximum monthly retirement income, he would have to start earning three thousand dollars a year each year from the time he was slightly younger than nineteen years until he was sixty-five.

This example will indicate that many people might not be able

to maintain an accustomed standard of living on their government old age benefits. They might then decide to continue working after sixty-five, if possible, to continue to receive a larger income from personal earnings. If and while they do this, however, they will enjoy no income benefits from their own and their employer's contributions toward their retirement provisions.

➤ ON THE other hand, others will retire at sixty-five and may wish to augment the government retirement income. The sooner they start to solve this problem of increasing their retirement income the easier it will be.

A simple and practical solution is to cut your own salary by a small percentage each month; then seek a qualified expert on insurance which is supervised by laws as strict and tested as are the insurance laws in the State of New York. Ask him to help you estimate how much you might receive per month at the age of sixty-five under the Social Security Act. The more information you give him about your resources and circumstances the more useful he can be in helping you determine how much you need to save and what form of insurance would be most advantageous.

The annual premium Retirement Annuity requires no medical examination and from its rates you can figure what your retirement income can be.

For example: If a man of thirty wished to provide an additional fifty dollars a month to his Social Security income when he is sixty-five, about one hundred thirty-seven dollars a year from the age of thirty to sixty-five would make such provision. A girl of twenty-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 138]



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## Snow in April

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135]

so drowsily that for a moment she was puzzled to find the windows in the wrong wall. Then abruptly she knew where she was.

Strange how a few hours of travel brought one so far into spring. She could see leaf shadows moving against the cream-colored wall; she turned her head and saw through the open windows branches of trees clothed in a deeper green. The air was soft; clouds of a marvelous whiteness moved against the new blue sky.

Clive was still sleeping in the other bed. She put her feet to the floor, gathering the laces and satin of her bridal negligee around her, and stood looking down at him.

He lay with one arm outside the covers, his dark hair tousled, his eyelids, with their fringe of short dark lashes, white against the light bronze of his face. His mouth was a weary mouth; the mouth of a man who had nothing but his own strength to hold to in a long stern march. In spite of the faint blush shadow of beard about his jaw, in spite of the length and bulk of him stretched under the clothes, he looked so young, so endearing in the odd defenseless innocence of sleep that Arden felt her heart stop.

WHAT a fool I have been, she thought at last, what a coward, to be so frightened for my own happiness! Her thoughts whirled, incoherent. But out of them one thought crystallized.

I must be kind, she told herself. I can be strong enough for both of us if I can learn to be kind. I can build for both of us, in kindness. "It's frost that kills things," Marmee had said. There was a sort of simplicity of wisdom in Marmee; a deep loving-kindness that drew love to her. Paul Forrest had adored her. Arden found herself remembering, with a new understanding, the rested smiling look he had for her alone; even Grandmother, with all her tyrannies and intolerance, loved her son's second wife. I must learn to be kind, Arden told herself again; most of us are so afraid to be kind, to forget ourselves. Kindness is the hearth fire, warming and beautiful. Kindness is sweet air and cool water. Kindness is the sure earth beneath our feet.

She stood looking down at her husband. It wasn't the past that counted but the new days and years ahead. Her heart was free. She was alive again, exalted. Clive's hand on the covers was lightly clenched, a brown hand, lean and finely modeled. "You're sweet," she thought with a sort of passionate gratitude. "I'm going to make you terribly happy—"

Very softly she stooped and brushed the untidy hair away from his brow. Instantly he stirred, smiled up at her. Arden said, "Hello there!" and added with a sudden absurd shy childishness: "Look, the sun is shining."

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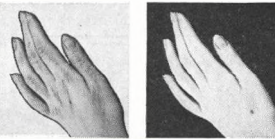
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AMERICA'S QUALITY MATTRESS FOR 87 YEARS

Woman's Home Companion April 1940

## Psychology Begins at Home

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

orderly and lawful. The old fundamental laws are at work here as they have always been. Children are exquisitely impressionable, exquisitely responsive. This child like all others has been responsive. To what? That is the question.

As to what can be done in this case and in many others like it: the old-fashioned way was to lay down some particular remedy, something very definite that the mother could do to cope with the stubbornness, the tantrums, the moodiness, the fears.

But again because children are so sensitive that each through its own individual experiences has a different individuality and personality from all others it is found that what might be a remedy in one case would not be effectual in another.

➤ THE older-fashioned psychologists still cling to the "remedy" methods; the more modern believe that more is accomplished by a parent really understanding the fundamentals of psychology than by many remedies. A parent who thoroughly understands that great fundamental of psychology that human nature is exquisitely and constantly impressionable, that it is forever learning, becomes by that very fact enlightened and careful as to what his or her child learns as to the lessons that are set before it in the home.

And back of this lies the great fundamental fact—that psychology begins at home—for normally little children are more in their homes than elsewhere. It is here that they receive their first and most constant impressions.

And back of this, again, lie the stimulus and inspiration of understanding fully and deeply the importance and beauty and influence and power that lie in the home.

We have plenty of sentiment

concerning the home. "Home sweet home." We believe there is "no place like home." But too few of us understand the wonder and the power of it that lie in our hands—your hands and mine; too few of us remember that here, in the first and strongest impressions of the child's life, the pattern is being daily set for his future happiness and success and attainment.

So the whole subject broadens out. Modern educators, who are familiar with the newer viewpoints opened up by general psychology, know what the schools can do to educate children. This department continues to receive hundreds of letters from educators, principals and superintendents and teachers relative to this subject; but those who write know too that back of all that they can do lies the older earlier influence of the home.

Modern science and modern psychology are teaching us more and more about this. Psychology begins at home. How that belief puts meaning into the day!

"When I see the dawn," one woman writes me, "I think, 'Just another gray day!'"

I am reminded of those amusing galloping verses by a modern poet in which, trying to describe the flaming exuberance and courage and daring of that fantastic character, Jesse James, the poet himself resorts finally to amusing and delightful extravaganzas. The verses end:

*"And when you see the sky in flames  
That isn't a sunset!—it's Jesse  
James!"*

I feel almost tempted to resort to extravaganzas too; to say, "When from your home windows you see the dawn—though the sky be gray or in flames—that isn't a dawn! It is another day of magnificent possibility, magnificent opportunity in the home."

NOTE: To those who wish to be better informed about general psychology, there will be sent free a graded list (with suggestions for study) of books on psychology; also Tower Room reprints on Parent-Child Psychology and Preventive Psychology. Address Anne Bryan McCall, Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

## Planning for the Future

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136]

five could reach the same goal for about one hundred twenty-seven dollars a year. A married couple, each thirty-five years old, would pay about two hundred and five dollars a year for such provision during the life of both with two thirds to the survivor. (These rates are based on the assumption that current annuity rates continue.)

If you are married or plan to be, make sure that the contract you select will allow you the privilege of electing a *Joint and Survivor Annuity* or a *Joint and Two-thirds to Survivor Annuity*, if desired at retirement age.

It was inevitable that our government should adopt a Social Security provision of some kind for the aged. Ours is one of the last of the so-called civilized countries to do so. This does not mean, however, that our American concept of individual initiative, thrift and planning has ceased to be important and fruitful. Our government's social old age plan looks to assure an existence for most of the future sixty-fivers. To expand such existence into mellow comfortable living the answer is Social Security—plus individual initiative and foresight.





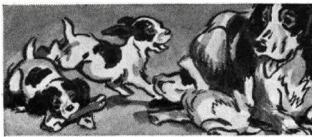
**Do YOU KNOW** your type of hair? **What would you do** if your scalp felt tense and your hair dry and brittle? **How would you treat** excessively oily hair? **What would you do** if your hair were lifeless? Unmanageable? Falling? Greying? Dandruff? Don't let these troublesome questions stump you and rob your hair of its radiant beauty. **Get the answers** from the Ogilvie Sisters consultants at drug and cosmetic counters and beauty salons. Ask for special preparations for your specific type of hair. Request a demonstration of the famous Ogilvie Sisters routine of cleansing, lubricating and stimulating that helps restore the vitality of your hair and keeps it perfectly groomed and radiantly beautiful.

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I don't try to fool myself — every litter's going to get worms sooner or later. And it's no joke — they carry off too many pups! Of course, I'm wormed with Sargeant's SURE-SHOT CAPSULES before the pups arrive. Then we worm the pups at six weeks with PUPPY CAPSULES — and keep on watching them for new signs.



That's the system the Master learned from the Sergeant's DOG BOOK. Says he wouldn't have a dog if he couldn't have a DOG BOOK too. Get your free copy of a drug or pet store (they have SURE-SHOT and PUPPY CAPSULES too) — or use this coupon.

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Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:  
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# MOVIE MASQUERADE



DRAWING BY THE BALDWIN'S

➤ DON'T let your Saturday night get-togethers develop into routine affairs. Introduce a new note now and then. For instance the next time that the crowd is scheduled to meet at your house, send each member the following message typed on a penny postcard:

*Did you ever wish a wish  
To be a movie star?  
Then come as one you'd like to be  
And we'll guess who you are*

On the great night hand out to each arrival a pad and pencil. Then announce that you will give a prize to the one who lists the greatest number of movies that have been enacted by the stars your guests represent.

For instance if one of the fair sex has come with a baby doll in her arms, she is undoubtedly trying to impersonate Ginger Rogers of Bachelor Mother fame. So a smart contestant might list Fifth Avenue Girl, Swing Time, Top Hat and Follow the Fleet on the page devoted to this masquerading guest. More notations would follow for Jean Arthur, Robert Donat, Deanna Durbin and Clark Gable or whichever Hollywood stars are represented at the party.

Pictures of film stars, cut from magazines and mounted on paper, make a good identification quiz. But add a bit of spice to this. Before mounting each picture, snip off the head of each figure and then attach the stray heads to shoulders not their own. Wallace Beery's head on Fanny Brice's shoulders for instance is sure to be puzzling.

Such a party as this calls for Hollywood food; Norma Shearer's stuffed crabs maybe, together with Hedy Lamarr's health salad and Rosalind Russell's apple gingerbread.

These and other recipes from Hollywood have been collected for you by Kay Mulvey, the COMPANION movie reporter. You will find them in our gay little booklet with the unusual cover.

Write for Recipes and Parties of the Stars, price 10 cents. Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

# I'M ON A SIT-DOWN STRIKE TILL MOM GETS DELSEY!



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But her "Grecian" (average) Flexees molds her waist to greater slenderness, accents the curves of hips and bosom, transforming her to the perfect "fashionable" type. And your Flexees will do the same for you . . . beautifully, comfortably! Let the Flexees-trained corsetiere at your favorite store fit you with your type. now!

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Not for wishful, wistful women, this letter-paper breathes of a crisp, assured and exquisitely feminine personality.

Eaton's Chalk-Stripe — a smart, delicately sheer paper rustles provocatively as it is drawn from the lined envelope. Fashionable without being faddish, like all Eaton's Fine Letter Paper it is always correct.

Sincerely yours  
*Eaton's*



Pittsfield, Mass.

# Boy Meets Oyster



➤ ANYONE who imagines that men seldom see and never use the COMPANION had better reconsider. One day we got this letter — one of many such:

Dear Editor: I have a large file of your recipes which I use to advantage. While your publication apparently is written for women you might possibly be surprised at the large number of us men cooks who learn many new tricks from your Home Service Center. I look forward to another year's study of the magazine. P. J. R., Louisiana

And a few weeks later, like an answer, came this tip from an equally attentive male reader—a tip you will want to make use of before the oyster season ends:

Dear Editor: You should call this: **DISCOVERY BY PUBLIC-SPIRITED ENGINEER AND LOVER OF SEA FOOD: COOK OYSTERS NEVER MORE THAN TWENTY SECONDS**

All cookbooks—even those endorsed by the celebrated Home Service Center of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION—encourage housewives to put oysters into a stew and cook them until "the gills curl up." This is a mistake. If oysters are cooked like this, the "eye" which is so succulent in raw oysters becomes leathery. When making oyster stew, don't bother about curling up the gills.


This is an error, handed down from generation to generation until it has become a tradition. In engineering, if you follow tradition you get behind in the procession. In cooking—well!—in cooking it simply means that the poor unsuspecting masculine devil goes on eating leathery oysters—just as his fathers did before him.

Here then is emancipation for the lover of oysters. Make your stew any old way you like—just leave out the oysters. When the dinner bell rings, bring the stew (without the oysters) nearly to a boil. When conversation has died down, then—and not until then—drop in the oysters, stir them for ten seconds—and SERVE.

Oh! Boy! If anybody will try this, they will find out some things about oyster stew they never knew before.

E. H. P., New York

**Z. B. T. BABY POWDER WITH OLIVE OIL . . . THAT'S MY SECRET OF HAPPINESS!**



MOTHER, when you give baby Z. B. T. Powder with Olive Oil, you help his disposition, too. For comfortable babies are happy babies, and Z. B. T. Powder is especially soothing to sensitive young skin. Its superior "slip," its downy softness make Z. B. T. more effective against chafing. And Z. B. T. is long-clinging, moisture-resistant—better in protecting against wet diapers and perspiration. Mother, be sure to get Z. B. T. with Olive Oil, the powder hundreds of leading hospitals use.



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when I said goodbye to stay-at-home days with **KURB Tablets**. At drug counters where other **KOTEX** products are sold. Just say **KURBS!**

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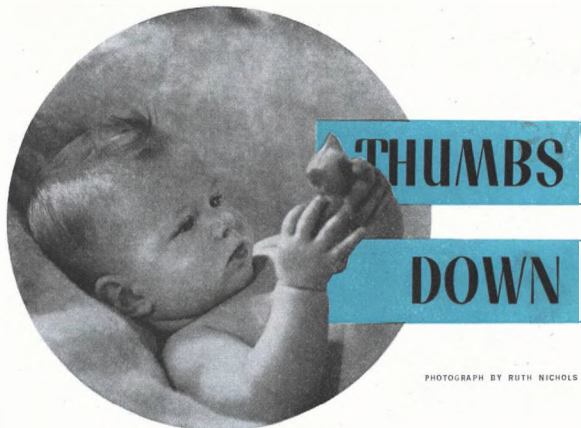


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EVEN in spare time, you may increase your income as a Community Representative for WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and the other popular Crowell-Collier Publications. For free outfit, just paste the coupon on a penny postal and mail now!





PHOTOGRAPH BY RUTH NICHOLS

IF YOUR baby has joined the great order of infant thumb-suckers you have doubtless been delving into the subject of how to break up the habit. Of course it is an undesirable one, but in your anxiety to correct it you can be too severe at times. It is encouraging to know that there is a tendency for a baby to outgrow it.

Thumb-sucking is one of the first habits a child may acquire and often it is one of the hardest to correct. There is no one method of curing it. Vigilance on your part and prevention are better than stern measures to stop it after it has already become a habit.

A baby's instinct to suck is a natural one because by this means he secures food to satisfy his hunger. He will suck his own finger or thumb if that accidentally gets into his mouth. And if the baby is not receiving enough food, he will continue to suck his thumb in an effort to secure the food he requires.

THE first step in prevention of thumb-sucking is to be sure the baby is receiving food sufficient in quantity and quality for his needs. If even then thumb-sucking does start, the tiny baby a few weeks old may have his hands restricted without disturbing him too much. Muslin mitts that may be tied over the hands will usually make him forget to put the fingers into his mouth. If he should begin to suck on the mitts, they may be

pinned to the blanket so that the arm cannot be raised.

The older the child, the more difficult it is to correct the habit. Do not scold or punish the thumb-sucker. Instead, study his daily schedule and plan it so that he will have enough active play out-of-doors or in a well-aired room when the weather is bad.

Do not let him get overtired. Take time to sit with him or read or play quietly with him before he is put to bed. During the day offer something more interesting than the thumb whenever he shows a tendency to put it in his mouth.

TOYS which he may grasp, pull apart or put together are helpful in keeping his hands occupied. Changing the toys every day, putting some out of sight and bringing new ones to the child, will give them added interest. If you see the thumb being raised to the child's mouth and give him a toy to grasp instead, the thumb will be forgotten.

When the habit has become fixed, it may take two or three weeks of close supervision to guide the child into using his hands for playing with toys instead of putting his hands in his mouth. Be reasonable and gentle in correcting the habit. Punishment or rigorous restriction of the hands or arms often causes more harm in upset nerves and tension than the thumb-sucking would.

ARE you one of the mothers who are worried about their babies' habit of thumb-sucking? You will find practical suggestions about preventing it in our leaflet, Thumb-sucking. Included is a bibliography of books that discuss the subject. A copy of it will gladly be sent on receipt of three cents postage.

If you would like to have the benefit of the advice and help of the Better Babies Bureau why don't you become a member of one of its clubs? To members of the Expectant Mothers' Circle we send a series of nine monthly letters and additional pamphlets. To enroll send fifty cents for covering postage and state the date when your baby is expected.

For the first year of baby's life there is the Mothers' Club. Twelve letters, one each month, are sent with additional leaflets to each member. When enrolling in the Mothers' Club send fifty cents and give the baby's birth date.

For mothers of children from the ages of one to five or six we have the Nursery Club material—diet and book lists, leaflets on health and habits—sent in one envelope for only fifteen cents.

Membership in any of these clubs carries the privilege of writing to the Better Babies Bureau for specific help when you have special problems. Address Better Babies Bureau, Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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UNIVERSAL'S New Superheat Surface Unit with Multi-I-Heat Control gives 101 different heats—two exclusive new developments which help make the UNIVERSAL the Nation's fastest range.

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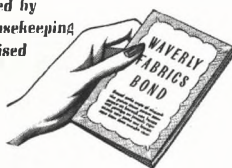


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COMMON SENSE AND CHILDREN SERIES

By Dorothy Blake

**THEY AREN'T BORN CONSIDERATE**



Suggest to him thoughtful gracious things to do for other people

DRAWING BY ILSE SHANK

▶ TWENTY-THREE first graders focused their forty-six eyes on a little girl who stood facing them at the front of the room. It was a French class and the little girl held a doll and pointed out the features—naming them in French. She made a mistake and called the nose "les yeux." A giggle started, hands waved violently in the air. The teacher waited for quiet and then said, "It is not kind, ever, to laugh at the mistakes of another. You will make mistakes too and I am sure you would not like to be laughed at. Always remember—it is not kind."

I visited several grades in that school, from the kindergarten up to the sixth or seventh. Everywhere I found the same effort being made to train these children in thoughtfulness, consideration for others. For children aren't born considerate. It is a quality of slow growth and needs patient effort to cultivate it.

▶ EVERYTHING is of necessity done for a tiny baby. As he grows older much of the time everything continues to be done for him, everything is given to him. "Let Mother fix that for you," "See what Aunt Alice brought you," "Daddy will be home soon and make the sand box for you." The child gets no practice in the happiness of doing something for others. Is it any

wonder that when the baby has become an adolescent his parents wake up to the disturbing fact that they have on their hands a self-centered young person who does not give a hoot what anybody else wants or feels?

But the blame lies not with some mysterious set of glands or the vagaries of "that awful age." It goes back to the child's younger growing years when we might have been suggesting to him thoughtful gracious things to do for other people. Children need to be trained in that direction even though the force of example always has its influence.

▶ THEY need to be told, "While Aunt Alice is sick and can't get outdoors, why don't you pick her some violets from the woods?" "Daddy is very tired tonight and he would be glad if you played quietly." "It would please Grandma to get a letter from you on her birthday."

Even quite a young child can be helped toward being considerate and away from being self-centered if he is given something concrete to do. Learning to say please and thank you in return for other people's considerate acts or gifts fits into the picture at this age too.

Children aren't born considerate, but they take to it surprisingly fast, and actually enjoy the process, if we show them the way wisely and pleasantly.

**TANTRUMS:** Spank, reason, throw cold water? Mothers discuss what to do for temper trouble in this booklet, 10 cents. Order from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

**"Simply Thrilling"**

That's what girls and women declare when they make extra dollars with us.



COME with me behind the scenes—I will introduce you to a few of our fine women who turn their spare moments into dollars and cents. If you are a woman who wants to help her family and herself please meet

**Mrs. Walker:** "Thanks a million for all those perfectly scrumptious gifts. You've been so good to me always. When the stockings came I sighed happily because we were down to our last pair and having to mend and mend. That check looked so good! I wish I could have saved it but it paid the telephone bill."

**Mrs. Allison:** "My membership in the Club means necessary dollars. But as the poet said, 'Take from out thy dole and buy sweet hyacinths to feed thy soul.' It has also meant sweet hyacinths to me because these necessities have made my family healthier and happier."

**Mrs. Byrd:** "Thanks again for the lovely hose. I think it is grand to have such nice hose extra. They help out wonderfully when the budget can't allow much for hose. I hope to earn more very soon."

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Our free booklet, *An Adventure in Dollars and Cents*, will help you to get started. You can make extra dollars too! Send a letter or card to

*Margaret Clarke*

Secretary, Pin Money Club  
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IN LIQUID AND ICE FORM

# AT YOUR SERVICE

For the Dirt Gardener we have over forty leaflets on practical garden work and on raising different flowers and fruits. Time now to send for Seeds and Seedlings, Pruning, Vegetable Gardening, Annual Flowers (with color list), Perennial Flowers (with plan), Climbing Plants, China Asters, Iris, Delphinium, Herbs, Lupines, Ground Covers, Grapes, Pit Fruits. Each leaflet, 3 cents. Complete list sent on request. Garden Tattler (quarterly news sheet), 3 cents. A year's issues of the Tattler, 10 cents.

DRAWING BY JEVA CRALICK

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  - Two Weeks in Florida
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ON THE AIR: Weekly broadcasts by Jean Abbey, shopper reporter.

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