

MARCH 1948 25 CENTS

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



Complete Novel ★ **SEE YOU IN THE MORNING**

IS THIS REFORM? ★ by Albert

MARY ELLEN W CATLIN
DE TOUR
MD 048
W
IRV 6588

Ford's out Front AT THE WINTER CARNIVAL

Ford's the Carnival Queen with that longer-lower look and baked-on beauty that doesn't come off!

For a smooth take-off Ford's way out front! And with that "Lifeguard" body, it has an all-steel physique!

Those "King-Size" brakes work like a charm—really smooth stuff!

Cuts a pretty figure with your choice of V-8 or Six!

Boys and girls together hand it to Ford. It's more fun to drive, costs less to run and it's the best looking thing on wheels!

There's a **Ford** in your future

Listen to the Ford Theatre over NBC stations Sunday afternoon 5 to 6 P.M. EST.



New note in Fashion. Filmy, feathery lace cascades from head to hem in this dramatic gown Betty models for Harzfeld's. Always in fashion, highlighting any costume, is a brilliant smile like Betty's—a smile she guards with Ipana Tooth Paste. And how right she is! Because dentists themselves recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste, a recent national survey shows.



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



In their Country Club District home, Karen shows how well she's learned proper care of teeth and gums, stressed in thousands of classrooms today. If your gums flash a warning tinge of "pink," see your dentist. Let him decide whether yours is a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."

What does it take to be a "Model" Mother?

What Betty Brookfield has—
two adorable youngsters, a lovely figure—
and look at that smile!

ANY WOMAN WOULD look good in a \$475 designer original? Probably. And many women have lovely children? True...

Ah, but how many women have a smile as sparkling as Betty Brookfield's?

Kansas City's finest shops think so much of hazel-eyed Betty and her dazzling smile that they call on her constantly to grace their most important fashion shows.

Do you wonder, then, that this "model" mother takes no chances with her smile? Or that she's taught 6-year-old Karen to safeguard her smile, too, by following this famous dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*

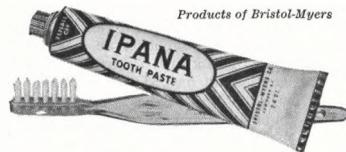
That's the routine of so many successful models. Get started towards a "model" smile yourself—get a tube of Ipana today.



"Diaper Dan" (that's what Mr. Brookfield calls his year-old son) asks you to excuse his back. But how else can he admire Mummy's and Karen's gorgeous smiles? Mommy knows that firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth—see to it that her family gets Ipana care.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Products of Bristol-Myers



for your Smile of Beauty

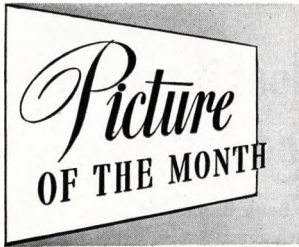
P. S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it!

COMPANION

Woman's Home

EDWARD ANTHONY publisher

WILLIAM A. H. BIRNIE editor



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"THREE DARING DAUGHTERS"

Starring

JEANETTE MACDONALD • JOSE ITURBI
JANE POWELL

with Edward ARNOLD • Harry DAVENPORT
Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

Original Screen Play by ALBERT MANNHEIMER,
FREDERICK KOHNER, SONYA LEVINE,
JOHN MEEHAN

Directed by FRED M. WILCOX
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK



If one picture is worth a thousand words, M-G-M's new Technicolor motion picture, "Three Daring Daughters" is worth a thousand eloquent adjectives that run the gamut from Applaudable to Zestful.

"Three Daring Daughters" is a Beautiful job, with a Captivating romance, Delightful comedy, Enchanting music, with Fascinating Jeanette MacDonald, Genius Jose Iturbi, Heavenly Technicolor—well, you get the idea. And you'll want to add your own enthusiastic adjectives when you've seen the picture. "Three Daring Daughters" is the latest of the fabulous M-G-M musical romances.

Jeanette MacDonald is gracious; her voice at its most thrilling. You'll welcome her back to the screen. Jose Iturbi, whose electrifying pianism scored in "Holiday In Mexico", does it again—and this time he plays a romantic role you won't forget. And teen-ager Jane Powell sings and acts with Jeanette and Jose to round out a talented threesome.

You've probably guessed that Jane Powell is one of the "Three Daring Daughters". Her small fry sisters are played by Ann Todd of "The Yearling" and appealing little Mary Eleanor Donahue. When these three start to break up their mother's second honeymoon, you laugh loud and long. Edward Arnold and Harry Davenport add to the gay proceedings.

For making "Three Daring Daughters" a triple treat of music, romance, humor, we offer three bravos to Director Fred Wilcox, and famous Producer Joe Pasternak, M-G-M's man with the magic touch in musicals.

Twelve musical numbers are rendered by real voices in this film. Perhaps the most hummable and one for the airwaves is "The Dickey Bird Song" with lyrics and music by Howard Dietz and Sammy Fain.

With so many gifted godfathers, "Three Daring Daughters" can reasonably anticipate a very happy and successful future!

Short Novel

See You in the Morning (complete in this issue) . . . Kenneth Patchen 19

Stories

But You Came from Utah Virginia Lee 17
Virtuous Lady Barbara Dickinson 20
Apron Strings Val Teal 23
Oh, Dangerous Dove Katherine Shepard 25

Serial

We Have Found Each Other (Part II of Three) . . . I. A. R. Wylie 29

Articles

Is War Inevitable? (Editorial) 4
Can You Follow Your Nose? Edith M. Stern 7
No Husband Shortage! Stella B. Applebaum 12
Is This Reform? Albert Deutsch 30
Be Selfish—Sometimes! Dr. David R. Mace 34

Features

Hollywood 10
Companionably Yours 14
How Do You Beat the Blues?—Companion Poll (Picture Companion) 153

Fashions

Top of the Spring Elizabeth Ambrose Madeira 26
Fabric Makes the Fashion (Patterns) Eleanore Merritt 122
What Will You Wear Easter Sunday? Mary-Alice Hamory 128
Bonnet on Your Budget 129
I Can't Find a Dress to Fit Me (Picture Companion) 166

Food

Pinchpenny Banquets Dorothy Kirk 92
Hot Cross Buns (Kitchen Pin-up Recipe) Doris Tisdale 94
Here's How 99
Your Way and Mine Elizabeth Walker 100
Food Calendar (Good Eating Along the Great Lakes) Nell B. Nichols 102
Dinner in a Basket (Picture Companion) 169

Good Looks

How to Bring Up a Good Complexion Hazel Rawson Cades 131
Adaptable Hairdo (Picture Companion) 156

Juniors

Student Nurse (Picture Companion) 149
Deck Out the Barrel 172

Our Children

Topsy-Turvy Town Gil Andrews 89
Easy to Correct—Hard to Live With Milton J. E. Senn, M.D. 116
Easter Tricks for Little Chicks (Picture Companion) 160

Homemaking

Mrs. Moore Is a Gift to Shut-ins 46
Mrs. Gault Washes Children's Sweaters 59
Build Your Own Garage 62
The Rug Takes the Floor Harriet Burket 86
Spring Begins a Garden John C. Wister 80
Your Gas Range Is a Piggy Bank Arlean Pattison 111
Bunny Greetings Florence R. Casey 127
A Place to Primp Anne Landor 133
Laundry Teammates Elizabeth Beveridge 136
Mix-Match Furniture (Picture Companion) 162

Picture Companion 149-170

Cover: Color Photograph Henry Dravneek Baby Model: Karen Golaschesky

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Your Cold...

develops in many ways...
requires
quick attention



GERMS called the "secondary invaders," are believed to be responsible for much of a cold's misery. These are already present in the mouth or may be transferred to you if you get in the way of a cough or a sneeze.



WET FEET or cold feet may lower body resistance, and so make it easier for the "secondary invaders" to invade the throat tissue and produce many of the miserable complications of a cold you know so well.



DRAFTS, fatigue, and sudden changes of temperature may also make it easier for germs to stage a "mass invasion" of the throat tissue. Reduction of germs is an important step in warding off a cold.

ANYTHING that lowers body resistance **A** makes it easier for threatening germs called "secondary invaders" to enter throat tissues and start trouble.

So, at the slightest hint of a chill, sneeze or cough, begin at once with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle and use it regularly.

Attacks "Secondary Invaders"

This pleasant precaution may "nip your cold in the bud," or lessen its seriousness

once it has started. Here is why:

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including "secondary invaders" . . . helps guard against their staging a mass invasion of the tissue. In short it gets after them before they get after you.

Germs Reduced Up to 96.7% in Tests

Remember, repeated tests have shown reductions on mouth and throat surfaces

ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

Also remember that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily in tests had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

Here are some types of the "Secondary Invaders" which many authorities say cause much of the misery of a cold. As you can see from their names, they're threatening in character.

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

Gargle with **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

IT'S NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?

IS WAR INEVITABLE?

AN EDITORIAL

The answer, from where we sit, is no. But the most dangerous habit in America today is the habitual talk of an inevitable war with Russia. We hear such talk everywhere—on the street, in stores, in trains and buses, at lectures, at the dinner table, even in church. We even hear of parents who are transferring their sons to military school, so that they will be ready for the war when it comes.

Note that word—"when." The phrase used to be "if we fight Russia." With all too many people it has now become "when we fight Russia." At first the talk was of "getting tough" with the Russians. But the recognition that this *might* mean an atomic war still carried with it a sense of shock. By degrees the shock has worn off and the assumption has become that a war is certain. What we began by fearing as a *tragic possibility* we are more and more assuming as an *inevitable fact*—and resigning ourselves to it.

Some of the talk, of course, goes further. There are some people who say we must use the atom bomb against the Russians before they crack its formula and use it against us. This has been well commented on by Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago. "If we seriously entertain the idea of a preventive war on Russia," says Hutchins, "we ought first to make our apologies to the Nazis we hanged at Nuremberg."

You may say words are only words. They break no bones and they will never harm us. But this is to take the force of mental habits too lightly. The recent writings on psychosomatic medicine tell us that bodily and mental ills are not separate things, but are deeply interrelated, so that one actually becomes the other. In the same way, the talk of war may become inseparable from the event for which it is preparing the ground. By dwelling so long on it, people may be ready to welcome it as a relief from suspense and as a fulfillment of expectation.

We are not implying that all is well in our relations with Russia. Obviously it is not. American-Russian relations have deteriorated badly in the postwar years. Former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, in his book *Speaking Frankly*, has drawn a detailed picture of the fantastic difficulties that American diplomats encounter with the Russians. He has described their uncompromising attitude inside the United Nations, their repeated propaganda blasts at American "imperialist" aims, their unwillingness to go along with the American plan for atomic control, their delaying tactics in international conferences, their use of Communist cells and political strikes in western Europe, the curtain of secrecy which they have drawn between eastern Europe and the rest of the world.

The accuracy of this picture cannot be denied—nor its grimness. It is true that the Russians have thrown their weight around in a way that makes international understanding and cooperation extremely difficult. Incidentally all American leaders and diplomats have not behaved like angels either. In

an effort to restrain the expansion of Russian power, many have tightened the screws hard on Russia and its sphere of influence. What is going on looks like a struggle for power between the only two remaining Great Powers in the world. Each fears the power, the ideas, the social system of the other. Only the naive can shut their eyes to these facts.

But it is dangerous folly to take a leap and conclude that a war is inevitable.

The plain truth, as we see it, is that Russia can gain nothing by fighting America. The Russian casualties in the last war were higher than those suffered by any other nation. The land and the people were ravaged, the houses were burned, the factories gutted, the crops and livestock destroyed, the power dams blown up. The Russians are a proud people and they prefer to hide their weakness. Yet every observer has noted the drastic shortages of man power, materials and machinery in the Russian economy. The recent sharp devaluation of the ruble, in order to deal with an inflation caused by a scarcity of goods, is an index of how hard pressed the Russians are.

The masters of the Kremlin are nothing if not realists. They may talk Marxian theory for home and foreign consumption, but what they practice is cold-blooded realism. They must know that a war against any nation as powerful as America, with our tremendous economic strength and our possession of the newest weapons, would be suicidal. In the showdown they will probably try to avoid, not provoke, such a war. Since we certainly won't provoke such a war, the "inevitable war" has no factual basis *except what it can itself create*. The real danger lies in protracting the "cold war" so long that an inflammable state of mind is created, whereby any international incident might set off a war.

Here we come to the crux of our relations with Russia. By the line of reasoning above, we don't mean that the United States should throw away its arms and let our future security rest on the good will of the masters of the Kremlin. Unfortunately it looks as if strength is the only thing the Russians will respect—at least for some years to come. We must maintain a strong army, a strong navy, a strong air force, a strong program of scientific research.

But at the same time, we must make it clear to the rest of the world, by both words and actions, that these arms are for defense and security only. We are *not* flexing our muscles.

This is a time for the kind of sanity and common sense on which Americans usually pride themselves. The tensions in this world are bad enough without increasing them by irresponsible talk.

What all this boils down to is this:

Nobody can predict the future with absolute certainty. **MAYBE** we will have to fight Russia some day. But that's still a maybe. This much is certain, however: If we continue to think and act as though war is inevitable, then we **WILL** have to fight—and no maybe about it. [THE END]

No wonder more women reach for that Big Red Package every day!



DUZ does Everything

IN THE FAMILY WASH!

NO SOAP CAN OUTDO **DUZ** AT GETTING OUT DIRT! **DUZ** GETS EVEN THE GRIMIEST OVERALLS CLEAN!

NO SOAP CAN OUTDO **DUZ** AT GETTING WHITE THINGS **WHITE**—EVEN THE DINGIEST, STREAKIEST TOWELS!

YET **DUZ** IS **SAFER** FOR COLORED THINGS—EVEN PRETTY RAYON UNDIES—THAN ANY OTHER "BIG-NAME" WASHDAY PACKAGE SOAP!



No other leading washday soap is so **TOUGH** on dirt yet so **SAFE** for colors!

It's easy to see why more and more women everywhere are asking for Duz today! Duz is *one* great soap that's made especially to do *everything* in the family wash—do it fast, do it clean and do it safe!

No matter how tough your wash is—*Duz does it!* Put the grimeiest overalls and dirtiest work shirts in rich Duz suds and see how *clean* Duz does 'em! Put the streakiest tablecloths and dingiest towels in soapy Duz suds and see how *white* Duz does 'em! No soap made beats Duz at

getting out dirt! No soap made gets white things whiter!

Yet, with *all* its amazing cleaning power, Duz is *safer* for colors—safer for your bright wash dresses and pretty rayon undies—than any other leading washday package soap!

So now that you can get the soap you want—get Duz! It's the famous "does-everything" soap that makes every washday brighter. There's *no* other soap quite like it!



MORE REAL SOAP SUDS FOR YOUR MONEY!

Yes, ounce for ounce, Duz gives more real soap suds—faster, longer-lasting suds in your washing machine—than any other leading granulated washday soap! And what clean, sweet-smelling, soapy suds they are! Richer, hard-working suds so you can do more loads of wash with the same amount of Duz—even in hard water! *Fast* for dishes, too—yet *kind* to your hands!

THAT'S WHY DUZ DOES MORE!

Leave those Dishes

UNTIL YOU GET SENSATIONAL
NEW IMPROVED DREFT!

Dreft - America's Favorite for Dishes

- FIRST to get dishes so clean they shine
—even without wiping!
- FIRST to cut dishwashing time in half!
- FIRST to give you greaseless dishwashing!
- FIRST to perform miracles no soap in
the world can match!



NOW 4 WAYS BETTER!



Such suds you NEVER saw! Turn on the tap and stand back, lady! Improved Dreft makes more suds, ounce for ounce in average water, than any dishwashing product known!



Mild as May! Improved Dreft is now even gentler on hands. Baby-gentle! Dreft never did contain alkali that can make hands red and rough. Now milder than before!



Your nose will tell you! Improved Dreft contains less irritating "sneezy" dust than any leading dishwashing product of its kind.



Your piggy bank will be heavier because a package of Improved Dreft now weighs more, too. So much more that you'll now get a quarter more dishwashings from every package!



You Must Try It! Nothing Like It!

**DREFT MAKES
DISHES SHINE**
—even without wiping!

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S
PATENTED SUDS DISCOVERY

© A DIVISION, PERMUT



CAN YOU FOLLOW YOUR NOSE?



BY EDITH M. STERN

DRAWING BY LOWELL HESS

MOST people at one time or another have had such a bad cold they couldn't taste a thing. But I wonder how many know they didn't lose their sense of taste—they lost their sense of smell. Our noses play a different—and far more important—role in our lives than many of us realize. Surprisingly, there are no popular books on the subject. So I combed medical journals and scientific works to find out What You Should Know about smell and its kindred sense, taste.

Clean people don't have any odor.
False. Everyone has a personal odor. It's important in attracting or repelling others.

Nearly all flavors are really odors.
True. There are only four primary tastes: sweet, sour, bitter and salt. But there is an infinitely greater variety of smells, impossible to classify. What we taste depends to a great extent upon what we smell.

Iced coffee needs more sugar than hot coffee.

True. Warmth stimulates the taste buds on your tongue, while cold

deadens them. Thus you are much more sensitive to seasoning when food is hot than when it's cold. Best example of this is the old trick for downing disagreeable medicine—rub your tongue with ice just before taking it and it will seem practically tasteless.

A little perfume is more effective than a lot.

True. Even the most delightful odor becomes unpleasant when it's too strong. Also, a strong stimulation of the sense of smell tends to dull the other senses while a delicate stimulation of the sense of smell makes the other senses more keen.

Dehydrated foods taste the same as fresh foods.

True. Though you may not think so because they don't smell the same. Processing doesn't change their taste but does destroy some of their natural aroma.

A keen sense of smell runs in certain families.

True. You inherit your capacity for smelling and tasting just as you inherit the color of your eyes. Good or

continued on page 8

Turn your wearables into "adorables" with All Purpose RIT

use the magic of color to give new beauty, new charm to all apparel

New color for your underthings

Make your slips, panties and bras sparkle with new color, look fresher and daintier by just tinting them the easy All Purpose RIT way.



New color for your blouses and skirts

Give your blouses, skirts, sweaters and slacks a "beauty bath" in new color—and they'll look new all over! Lovely, flattering shades are easy-as-pie with All Purpose RIT.

New color for your dresses

It's amazing what you can do to turn last year's frocks into this season's "eye-catchers". If you haven't ever done it, you have a treat in store for you—and your budget. Select several RIT shades that are most flattering to you—dye your dresses, your gloves, belts, collars, scarves and accessories—and revel in color that makes your clothes as gay as your spirit.



All Purpose RIT dyes nylon, Celanese®, acetates, spun rayon—literally any fabric except glass fiber!

the dye that's guaranteed

All Purpose RIT FABRIC TINTS & DYES



Become a "dye expert" with the first package Try RIT once . . . and see how quickly you become a "color expert"! Complete directions are in the RIT box . . . beautifully simple . . . ridiculously easy . . . loads of fun! You'll find dozens and dozens of ways to make your life lovelier with radiant color!

25¢ SAME PRICE IN CANADA

RIT PRODUCTS CORPORATION, 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7, Illinois

Are you in the know?



If urged to go when Mom's said "no"—

- Be cagey
- Pout and protest
- Lassie, come home

When the gang heads for forbidden ground—what's your cue? To moan about Mom (and be labelled "angel child")? Stamp your heels and be dubbed a bum sport? Be cagey! Suggest a spot where the eats or music's more fun. It takes tact! If/herever

you go—at trying times, you're super-smooth when you've chosen Kotex. For "tactful" is indeed the word for those *flat pressed ends* that prevent revealing outlines. With Kotex, no telltale outlines show. Your public need never know!



Why is she giving him the go-by?

- She's wolf-wary
- She's "specs" shy
- She's a snub-deb

Maybe her future just passed? She wouldn't know. Her glimmers need glasses. Why be "specs" shy? Lenses today look mighty swish when the frames flatter your features, your coloring. They'll keep you from missing fun and friends. At certain times, if it's *comfort* you're missing—try the new, softer Kotex. You've never known a napkin with such heavenly softness that *holds its shape*. Made to *stay soft* while you wear it. And your new Kotex Sanitary Belt gives such comfortable fit. It's adjustable; all-elastic!

Where to park purse and gloves?

- On your lap
- On the table
- Under your chair

If you'd escape the *raised eyebrow*, remember this at a restaurant: Accessories are taboo on the table. Avoid clutter . . . keep 'em out of the butter! The safe, proper place for your purse and gloves is on your lap. Let etiquette lead you, and poise is sure to follow. On "those" days, too, you can feel composed—knowing Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* that gives you *extra protection*. Try all 3 sizes of Kotex: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. See which suits you *best!*



More women choose
KOTEX than *all* other
sanitary napkins

KOTEX COMES IN 3 SIZES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

CAN YOU FOLLOW YOUR NOSE?

from page 7



bad hearing and eyesight are also inherited.

more aware of odors when your stomach is empty than right after you've had a big meal.

Unpleasant odors seem to get more disagreeable the longer you're exposed to them.

False. Experiments prove that when people are exposed to unpleasant—or even dangerous—odors over a period of time, they eventually become completely insensitive to them. This is known as *smell fatigue*.

Everything has some taste.

False. Only what can be dissolved can be tasted. Further, you can't taste when your mouth is dry. The taste buds on the tongue function only when the inside of your mouth is moist.

Dogs have a keener sense of smell than people.

True. So have most other animals. And insects have the keenest sense of smell of all.

Some people have no sense of smell whatsoever.

True. Of course anybody may lose his sense of smell temporarily—either because of dryness of the mucous membranes of the nose or excessive secretion. Others may lose it permanently as a result of some injury to the nose or to the brain centers which control smell. And some people are born without this sense, just as some are born blind. This condition is known to medical science as *anosmia*—smell blindness.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

False. Because the word *rose* is associated with sweetness in the minds of most people and whether an odor is pleasing or displeasing is determined not only by its nature but also by its associations. Some people, for instance, like the smell of skunk. That's because in their minds it's associated with a happy childhood experience, something like an especially delightful picnic.

Intense dislike for a food probably means you're allergic to it.

False. Most intense dislikes for foods are emotional in origin. For example, you may dislike something that your father, whom you once wished to imitate, disliked. Or you may have a habitual revulsion to a dish that you ate on a day when something particularly unpleasant happened.

The most fastidious people are the most sensitive to odors in a stuffy overcrowded place.

False. The individual's native capacity to detect odors determines how sensitive he is, rather than his personal habits.

A familiar odor will stir up more memories than a treasured snapshot.

True. Almost everybody can testify to the memory-provoking powers of smell. And there's a scientific basis for it: No sense is more extensively connected with the brain centers that control our other senses; thus no sense is more thoroughly tied in with past events and feelings. The mere whiff of an odor can bring to mind all kinds of complex memories.

Smoking dulls the sense of smell.

False. Experiments have not shown any significant difference between smokers' and nonsmokers' sensitiveness to various smells.

Pregnant women are imagining things when they think they're unusually sensitive to odors.

False. The metabolic changes that take place during pregnancy increase a woman's capacity to smell.

You can learn to like olives.

True. The sense of taste, like the sense of hearing in connection with music, can be cultivated. For instance, some professional wine tasters possess such educated taste buds that they cannot only tell the kind of grapes a wine is made from but they can also tell on what side of a hill the grapes grew.

Bees have more of a sweet tooth than humans.

False. A human being can taste a sugar solution one fifth as strong as the weakest solution a bee is able to detect.

Water has no taste.

True. Water itself—pure H₂O—is tasteless. What we taste are the minerals in it.

Women have a keener sense of smell than men.

True. Experiments show that women in general are more sensitive to a greater variety of odors than most men. Their likes and dislikes are more intense than men's, too.

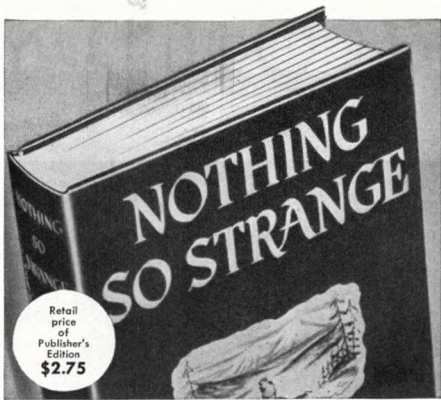
Perspiration nearly always has an unpleasant odor.

False. Perspiration itself is odorless. Only after it comes into contact with other skin secretions does it have any odor.

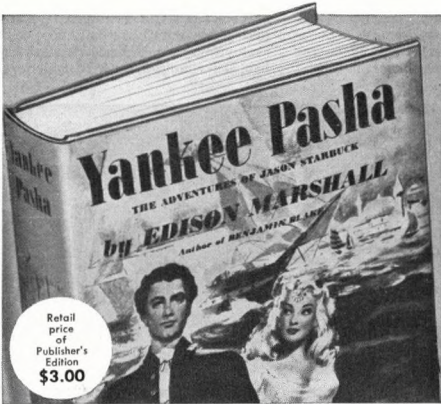
A hungry man has a keener sense of smell than one who's just eaten.

True. Capacity to smell varies throughout the day. You are much

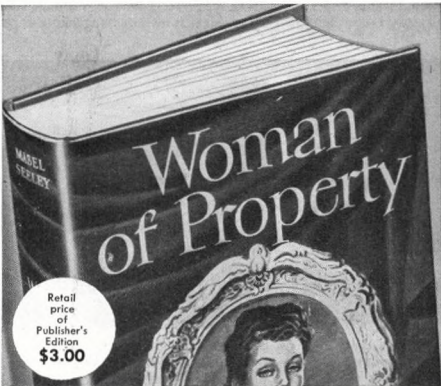
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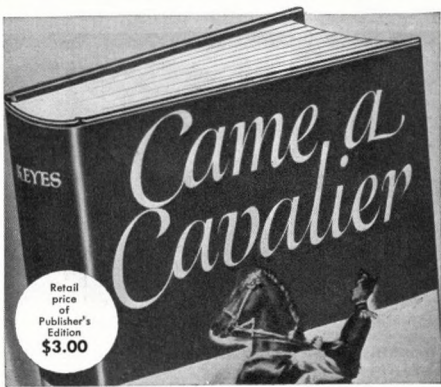
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ALL FOUR

OF THESE SENSATIONAL NEW BEST-SELLERS

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Here is an offer no book reader can afford to miss! The publishers' editions of these four great new novels would cost you \$11.75 at retail. Now you can get all four books absolutely FREE, your membership gift and three advance Bonus Books, at once, by joining

the Literary Guild—America's largest book club. Read about these sensational new smash hits below; read about the many advantages of Guild membership. Then mail the coupon, without money, for your FOUR FREE BOOKS—today!

HERE ARE THE FOUR BOOKS YOU GET FREE ON THIS OFFER

NOTHING SO STRANGE

By James Hilton

This exciting new novel by the author of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Random Harvest" and other smash hits now tells a deeply moving story about a brilliant young scientist and the girl who kept loving him when everything conspired to keep them apart!

YANKEE PASHA

By Edith Marshall

Here's excitement, magnificent drama and breathless action on land and sea as young Jason Starbuck wanders from the calm harbors of Salem to the exotic harems of Turkey halfway across the world—searching for the beautiful girl he had loved and lost!

WOMAN OF PROPERTY

By Mabel Seeley

Doomed to poverty and misery, Frieda suddenly decided to get money—no matter how! That was why she married again and again—cheated, lied and stole! Yes, she sacrificed decency, love, respect and four husbands for money—but was she alone to blame?

CAME A CAVALIER

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

Can a woman be fooled again after she has been hurt by her first love? Here's a new novel by one of America's great writers about a girl who thought she could win her fight against love—and lost! "A beautiful and passionate story."—*New Orleans Item.*

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You may have decided long ago to join the Guild, but forgot or just "put it off." Well, here is an offer which we believe will induce you to act now! Just mail the coupon below—and you will receive the four new best-sellers shown here at once, FREE! Then, as a Guild member, you will save up to 50% of your book dollars—and enjoy the convenience of having the books you want delivered right to your home, by mail, immediately after publication! No wonder the Literary Guild now has more than 1,250,000 members!

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LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., PUBLISHERS
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

MAIL THIS COUPON

FREE Nothing So Strange
Yankee Pasha
Woman of Property
Came a Cavalier

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 3WHC, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me FREE the FOUR BOOKS listed above and enroll me as a member of the Literary Guild. Send me "Wings" free every month so I can decide whether I want to receive the Guild selection described; if not, I will notify you not to send the selection. You agree to guarantee me against any price increase for a period of three years. During that time I can obtain Guild books at only \$2.00 each (plus shipping charge) regardless of the higher price of the publishers' editions. My only obligation is to accept four selections, or alternates, per year.

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Miss _____ (Please Print)

Street and No. _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Occupation _____ Age, if under 21 _____

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Perfect Platemates

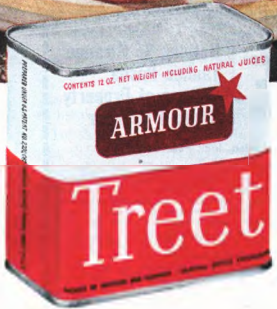
for your children -

Treet and tomatoes!

Watch even double helpings disappear from the children's plates - when it's doubly delicious Treet and stuffed tomatoes! This is the appetizing way to give the whole family all the high-quality meat proteins they need. For Treet - a blend of tender pork shoulder and sugar-cured ham - is full of these health-giving proteins! Like all the other Armour Star Pantry-Shelf Meals, Treet cuts down meal-making time and fuss - cuts down the meat bill, too!



ANOTHER ARMOUR STAR
PANTRY-SHELF MEAL!



Add Pepper-Corn Tomatoes to Treet!

It won't be long 'til this fix-easy meal is a regular on your menu - by popular request! Season cooked frozen corn with pepper and salt, butter and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped green peppers. Fill hollow tomatoes with corn and place in a shallow pan. Bake in 350° F. oven for 20 minutes or until tender. Slice Treet into 8 slices and fry in Cloverbloom butter for 3 minutes, turning once. Makes a wonderfully delicious meal for 4.

For additional recipes for Pantry-Shelf Meals, write Marc Gifford, Dept. 247, P. O. Box 2051, Chicago 9, Illinois.

The best and nothing but the best
is labeled

ARMOUR



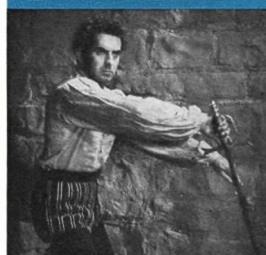
HOLLY



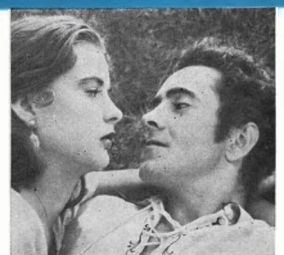
NIGHT SONG (RKO). Wealthy Merle Oberon falls for Dana Andrews, a poor young composer embittered by blindness. Hoping to attract him, she pretends she's



also blind. It works. Friend Hoagy Carmichael and aunt Ethel Barrymore help keep up the ruse. With Merle inspiring him, Dana finishes a concerto that brings



CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE (20th Century-Fox). As the handsome hero of a tale in Technicolor about sixteenth-century conquistadors, Tyrone Power fights



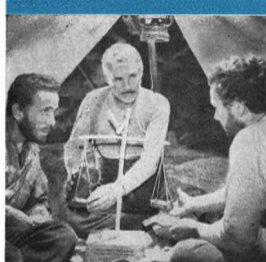
his way out of many a scrape and into many a lovely lady's arms. Loveliest is sultry Jean Peters who tags along with Ty to Mexico after helping him escape



DREAM GIRL (Paramount). Betty Hutton lives in a world of her own, day-dreaming even at her sister's wedding. Writer Macdonald Carey, a realist,



can't take the dreams but does go for Betty. In one of the amusing sequences which follow, Betty, after being propositioned by a married man, Lowell Gil-



TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (Warner Bros.). An expertly made movie. Humphrey Bogart, Walter Huston, Tim Holt discover that gold breeds greed.



SONG OF MY HEART (Allied Artists). Fictionalized biography of Tchaikovsky with Frank Sundstrom, Audrey Long. Music and production outclass the plot.

WOOD ★★★★★



success at last. His concerto gets a Carnegie première, Artur Rubinstein playing. Ormandy conducting. And his prize money gets him an eye operation that's



also a success. Then to make his happiness complete he discovers the beautiful heiress he's falling for is none other than the "blind" girl he's loved all along.



the Inquisition. She's about to make him forget his past when up turns old enemy John Sutton. However, Cortez (Cesar Romero) and priest Thomas Gomez per-



suaide Ty to renounce private grudges, fight only for Spain. The movie version of this best-selling novel leaves Ty marching with Cortez to attack Moctezuma.



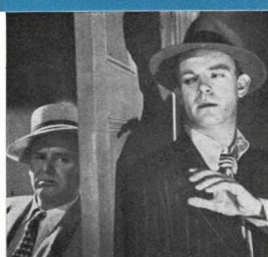
more, imagines she kills his wife and winds up a fallen woman singing in a cabaret in Mexico. Eventually she's so enamored in unreality she actually con-



siders eloping with her brother-in-law. But Carey finally snaps her back to earth, shows her that life can be more fun than dreams. And she elopes with him.

CURRENT

Sleep, My Love—Claudette Colbert and Robert Cummings vs. Don Ameche
The Senator Was Indiscreet—William Powell in a zany satire
To Live in Peace—Excellent Italian film of great good will
Tycoon—John Wayne builds bridges in Latin America, wins Laraine Day
Bush Christmas—Charming Australian movie about children, horse thieves
The Eternal Return—Modern French version of Tristan and Isolde legend
Good News—June Allyson. Peter Lawford cutting capers to music
Bambi—Reissue of the Disney gem about a deer



T-MEN (Eagle Lion). Wally Ford, Dennis O'Keefe in a documentary-like thriller showing how Treasury agents track down counterfeiters. With June Lockhart.

Keep your colors warm for winter wear

Wind-whipped cheeks and sparkling eyes call for glowing colors to match! So keep bright winter washables away from strong soaps and rough handling—remember, one wrong washing can turn them drab and dreary.

Take care! Give nice washables (those that show and those that don't) gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes. Then they'll come out fitting right . . . with colors clear and warm!

Keep your washables lovelier with this special care



BRIGHT IDEA for twilight hours, this dazzling plaid corduroy can be sudsed in pure, mild Ivory Flakes time after time and come out sparkling! Colors perk up when you wash 'em in Ivory Flakes.

NEW fashions call for wispy waistlines; smooth, round hips. So give your girdle frequent sudsings in Ivory Flakes and it will keep its snug fit far longer.

IVORY FLAKES CARE is so important for fragile atocking shades. It keeps colors truer, lovelier, up to twice as long!



Designed by Mary Blat

FETCHING flannel nighties like this need Ivory Flakes care to help keep 'em from shrinking and fading. No soap is kinder to nice things than pure mild Ivory Flakes.



If it's lovely to wear...It's worth

Ivory Flakes care

The fast flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory . . . 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% Pure



MEET YOUR NEIGHBORS, EXCHANGE IDEAS AND RECEIVE \$1500.00 IN CASH PRIZES EACH MONTH

A service to the women of America by the Pepsi-Cola Company

Here are the five top prize-winning suggestions in the sixth of this monthly series of "Good Neighbors Club" contests:



\$700.00 paid to Mrs. H. G. Connolly of Raleigh, N. C., for this idea:

We want our youngsters to regard policemen as friends, rather than as enemies to be outwitted. So we have parties for neighborhood children, at which the local policeman is both guest and speaker. Thus "the gang" learns to like and respect the police—an important step in preventing juvenile delinquency.



\$250.00 paid to Hazel S. Stafford of Madison, Wis., for this idea:

Neighborhoodness is fostered in our suburban community by a year-round cooperative community program. This program, supervised by a recreational director, arranges seasonal sports activities, weekend dances, summer play school for children, evening crafts classes, etc. A small village tax pays the cost.

Besides the winners named above, each of the following contestants received a \$10 award: Mrs. Roy H. Barker, Jr.; Mrs. Hugh Brown; Mrs. T. H. Campbell; Mrs. P. D. Cate; Mrs. Robert S. Clifton; Mrs. R. S. Craig; Mrs. J. A. Davidson; Mildred Elliott; Mrs. Joseph F. Greece; Mrs. H. S. Harris; Bertha M. Hartson; Mrs. John Holic; Mrs. H. P. S. Keller; Dr.

Send in your entries now... read these simple rules

1. These contests are being offered every month as a public service of Pepsi-Cola Co., to be of help to women in their daily lives.
2. Here's all you do: Write out in 50 words or less, the best idea you have which will help your neighbor. Then write your reasons for selecting the idea you did. Ideas can deal with any subject of interest to women.
3. Submit your entries in your own words... literary style will not count. The originality and aptness of the subject matter, and your reasons for selecting it, are the things for which prizes will be awarded. You may enter these contests as many times as you wish. Write each entry on a separate sheet with your name and address on each.
4. Mail your entries to Pepsi-Cola Company, Dept. W, Good Neighbors Club, P.O. Box 230, Long Island City 1, N.Y. All entries that are received during



\$125.00 paid to Mrs. R. Stone of Sierra Madre, Calif., for this idea:

In our community, we're becoming better neighbors and better citizens by giving pot-luck parties, to which we invite members of minority groups. By learning to know and like, as individuals, those whose race or beliefs may differ from ours, we learn to respect the rights and beliefs of all.



\$75.00 paid to Mrs. J. E. Vaughn of Crescent, Okla., for this idea:

I know that my idea works, because my neighbors and I have tried it. Simply take an old automobile gasoline tank, cut it in half lengthwise, weld a pipe on the lower side, and paint it white. Result—a very practical kitchen sink—still a scarce item on the market.



\$50.00 paid to Mrs. M. Davidson of Highland Park, Ill., for this idea:

We mothers are very grateful to our children's teachers for the wonderful work they're doing. So we say "thanks" by easing the strain on teachers' over-worked budgets. We invite teachers home to lunch; offer rides to teachers who commute, thus saving cabfare; do whatever we can to show our appreciation.

Lucy M. Maltby; Mrs. H. B. Marrin; Laura Maury; Mrs. H. S. McConnell; Mrs. Edson H. Nichols, Jr.; Mrs. John R. Notz; Mrs. Stanley D. Owen; Mrs. Grady Peerey; Mrs. R. R. Scott; Mrs. V. L. Sharar; Viola M. Sherrick; Mrs. E. W. Shipman; Mrs. E. C. Skiles; Mrs. Emory Smith; Mrs. C. E. Stewart, Jr.; Mrs. Flora Zachrisson; Mrs. John Zemla.

March, will be judged in the March contest.

5. Every month, 35 cash prizes will be given totaling \$1,000.00, in order of excellence as follows: 1st Prize: \$700.00; 2nd Prize: \$250.00; 3rd Prize: \$125.00; 4th Prize: \$75.00; 5th Prize: \$50.00; plus 30 prizes of \$10.00 each.
6. Checks will be mailed to prize winners in the Mar. contest not later than Apr. 30, 1948.
7. Pepsi-Cola Company shall have the right to publish all prize-winning entries in any form desired, with or without editing, and including names and addresses of winners, and also pictures of the five top prize winners. Do not send any pictures with entries.
8. Judges will be a nationally-known judging organization. Their decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned.



Enter the Pepsi-Cola "Treasure Top" Contests and Family Sweepstakes. 51 separate cash prize-winners... every state... every month. Ask your dealer.

NO HUSBAND SHORTAGE!

HAVE YOU been a victim of the "surplus women" scare? Swallowed whole all the ominous predictions of a dreary postwar man shortage? Well, here is news to throw your gears in reverse, to revive that sales resistance you once wielded so intrepidly.

There are still more than enough potential husbands to go around!

If you're between twenty and forty-four years old, you can revel in the knowledge that there are two million more single men than women in your age group. That's the comforting message buried in a recent population report from the Census Bureau. Of all the marriageable in that group, widows and widowers and the divorced, besides the single, the number of men

evitable spinsterhood alone, became panicky. The current high divorce rate among wartime marriages is commonly admitted evidence of their alarm—to a goodly number any man seemed better than none at all.

But the prognosticators slipped up. They based their predictions on the belief that we would have very large casualties during the war and on the fact that women live longer than men. Since our 1940 census showed an almost equal number of men and women in our population, it appeared obvious that at the end of the war we'd be left with fewer men than women. And so we are. But, paradoxically—and this has been overlooked—there are more single men of marriageable age than single women.



TOTAL POPULATION: 14 years or over, single, married, widowed, divorced
MALE 49,447,000 FEMALE 53,693,000

BUT...

SINGLE, WIDOWED or divorced in the most common marrying ages, 20-44
MALE 7,244,000 FEMALE 6,442,000

These figures are based on a sample survey taken by the Census Bureau. However, at the time of the sampling there were still three million men (about three fourths of them single) on active duty with the armed forces, which would probably raise the estimate of single men in the marriageable age group.

still exceeds the women by more than eight hundred thousand.

Even if you're over forty-five the figures are still in your favor. Only when you pass sixty-five are you warranted in taking a discouraging view of your prospects.

Early in the war, sociologists, statisticians and others looked at census reports and induction figures, shook their heads sadly and predicted a postwar America confronted with a sorry multitude of one to eight million permanently husbandless women. Not war widows, mind you, but millions of women who'd never be prospected to!

Precious paper went into publicizing this threatened unbalance of the sexes. Some authorities urged careers on women. Others offered advice about how to capture a husband when the odds are against you. In a few circles there was talk of share-the-husband schemes, with Brigham Young a new-found national hero. In England, where the problem was believed to be even more acute, Professor Cyril Joad of the University of London even came out quite openly for polygamy. Many women, rather than being comforted by the knowledge that they did not face in-

What explains this paradox? For one thing, there were fewer war casualties than predicted and many of them were married men. In addition, there is a steadily increasing number of widows and divorcees. Widowed and divorced women far outnumber the widowed and divorced men in every age group. As Dr. Hope El-dridge, population analyst, puts it: "Once you break a man's prejudice and get him married, he's more apt than a woman to remarry when he gets the legal chance." And lastly, because women do outlive men, there are a lot more older women than older men around. So you might say the "surplus women" in our total population are widows, divorcees and women in the "sixty-five and over" category.

Even in England, Dr. David Mace of the London Marriage Guidance Council reports that single women in their twenties and thirties have good chances for marriage today. Professor Joad's qualms notwithstanding. And in our own country a Bureau of Census analyst says that the way the figures stand now, even widows and divorcees of marriageable age have good chances for remarriage.

So heads up, ladies. It's still a woman's world.

BY STELLA B. APPLEBAUM

June Cotey's smile wins a career in the clouds —

THE SMILE THAT WINS IS THE PEPSODENT SMILE!



June Cotey, Airline Stewardess, flies the exciting New York-to-Chicago run for American Airlines. It's a dream come true for Chicago-born June. For she set her heart on flying when she was a student at Chicago's Austin High. After leaving De Paul University, June joined the Airlines as a reservation clerk . . . progressed rapidly to receptionist in the personnel section — and there she won her "wings." Now passengers often comment on June's winning smile. "It's a Pepsodent smile," June says, "I like the taste of Pepsodent Tooth Paste—and it really keeps my teeth bright. You know, a bright smile is part of my job!"

WINS 3 to 1
over any other tooth paste!

You'll find people all over America agree with June Cotey. New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles. In recent tests, families from coast to coast were asked to compare New Pepsodent Tooth Paste with the brands they'd been using at home. By an overwhelming majority . . . by an average of 3 to 1 . . . they preferred New Pepsodent over any other leading brand they tried!

Yes, New Pepsodent won 3 to 1 for its cool, minty flavor . . . for making breath cleaner, and making teeth brighter! For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!



Do YOU have a winning smile? If Pepsodent has helped your smile and career—send your picture and story to Pepsodent, 141 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois. If used in our advertising you will receive regular professional model fees.

Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

Companionably yours



Ballerina Blue

Two-on-the-aisle... for Spring's command performance of a spotlight color.

Suit-sandal trips a light fantastic 'neath swirling skirts
Strap-happy sandal poised on a high wedge heel

JOHNSON, STEWENS & SHINNE
SHOE COMPANY
Sart Lofts

Rhythm Steps

MORE than just beautiful shoes
♪ one ♪ two ♪ three invisible
Rhythm Treads to cushion every step

COVER • Model for the spring bonnet gracing our cover is Karen Golascheky, eleven months old when the picture was taken. Photographer Henry Dravneek says she was exceptionally well behaved, thinks it might have been due to a new toy she discovered—a small bottle in which her mother carries baby oil. This is Karen's first cover.

UNDERCOVER • Actress June Lockhart, star of the Broadway hit *For Love or Money*, models for our feature *Fabric Makes the Fashion*, pages 122, 125. June says she likes that gray dress so much she's going to buy it. Elsewhere in this issue June's name crops up in another connection—she's in the movie *T-Men*, a tale about Treasury Department undercover agents reviewed on page 11.

CRITICS AND CATS • Six feet tall, weight one hundred and ninety pounds, born and raised in a steel mill town (Warren, Ohio), excelled in school at football and track. That, believe it or not, is a description of Kenneth Patchen—the young man critics call “the most compelling force in American poetry since Whitman. . . . Undoubtedly one of the three greatest living writers.” We're proud to present this month a condensation of Kenneth Patchen's first novel, *See You in the Morning* (page 19), to be published by Padell soon. Mr. Patchen is entering the field of fiction to find a wider audience for his belief in the dignity and sanctity of human life, the theme which fires his poetry. The Patchens—she's Finnish—used to live in Greenwich Village in New



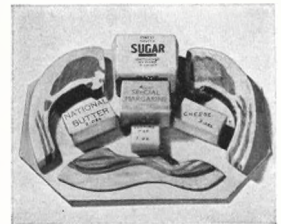
Kenneth Patchen

York City. They liked it, but found unexpected callers made work difficult. Now they live in a little red house in Old Lyme, Connecticut. And their latest triumph was finding an all-black cat.

TOO NORMAL? • Katherine Shepard, author of the exciting love story *Oh, Dangerous Dove*, page 25, says, “I'm too normal to make good copy.” She's married to an engineer, has two children—George, thirteen, and Ann, eleven—and lives in Caledonia, Minnesota. All of Caledonia's eight hundred inhabitants are tremendously excited about the publication of *Oh, Dangerous Dove*—the author's first story sale. To Katherine Shepard

her life seems typical of that of any housewife in any small town. And she likes it! “But sometimes,” she says, “I yearn to have my picture taken surrounded by Russian wolfhounds and with a rose between my teeth.”

FEELING HUNGRY? • Pictured below is the English meat, fat, cheese and sugar ration for one person for one week. The life-size plywood models were constructed by boys in the Heath Secondary Modern School, Hounslow, Middlesex, and sent to Executive Editor Helen C. Otis. Next time you sit down to a meal of a couple of lamb chops and apple pie with cheese on the side, we hope



Enough for a Week?

you'll remember this picture and the words of an English schoolboy: “Believe you me, our belts are tightened.”

THERE'S A LIMIT! • One of our readers recently requested our Service Department to write a jingle for her to enter in a contest.

FAMILY STORY • This story is all in figures—the neat figures of Mrs. Grace B. Caukin, a Reader-Reporter in Walnut Creek, California, who has kept a record of her family's expenditures for fifty years. The story begins in August, 1896, with “Food for two for week—\$3.40.” It ends in August, 1946, with “Food for two for week—\$13.49.” And in between we learn: For the first few months after the Caukins were married their income averaged \$32 a month. But they didn't go into debt. In 1910 daughter Cricket's birth cost her parents something less than \$100, while in 1946 Cricket's daughter's birth cost approximately \$1000. But commenting on examples like this of spiraling living costs, Mrs. Caukin says: “I remember the panic of 1893 when we paid \$1.25 a pound for butter and a dollar a dozen for eggs. Furthermore, nobody could lay high prices to high wages then, for wages were very low.”

MERLE OBERON • Notice something familiar about that final close-up of Merle and Dana Andrews in *Night Song*, page 11? Merle is wearing the dress that was our Hollywood Star Pattern for November.

The Editors



The new fashion in make-up for the new fashion in beauty! Just finger-stroke it on!

Not a cake make-up *Revlon's "Fashion Plate"* Cream Wafer—complete in itself

Off with the old mask-y look! On with the new dewy freshness, the sweet fragility—the 1948 look! On with Revlon's new "Fashion Plate"—the only cream wafer make-up in the world! Just *finger-stroke* it on for the instant illusion of poreless-as-porcelain perfection. Fluff matching powder over it for very, *ultra* velvety beauty. By *itself* it creates a luminous glow! Change your beauty personality *either way*—with "Fashion Plate"!

No water! No sponge! It makes everything else old-fashioned!



Special combination offer for limited time only! Gift size of matching Revlon Face Powder packed with "Fashion Plate" at its regular price, 1.75 plus tax! Genius colors.

“Close-up movie shots call for Shining Hair. I've switched to New Improved Drene because it reveals up to 33% more sheen!”

Joan Leslie

Star of Eagle-Lion's

"NORTHWEST STAMPEDE"



Not a soap . . .
not an oil . . .
not a cream . . .
it's the new
Liquid Shampoo
for every type of hair

"There's nothing quite like it," says Joan Leslie. "Drene-clean hair shines so brightly! It has so much body . . . is so easy to arrange in any style. And New Drene never dries out my hair!"

Are you still dulling the natural color and shine in your hair by using an old-type soap shampoo? Then switch today

to New Drene! Your hair can have up to 33% more sheen the very first time you try this liquid magic!


See how the rich, fragrant lather spreads to every single hair . . . instantly! Watch the loose dirt and dandruff quickly disappear!

No special lemon or vinegar rinses needed! New Drene washes out easily with

just fresh water . . . leaves no cranky soap curds to cause tangling.

Made by Procter & Gamble . . . New Drene is safe for even a young child. It leaves your hair so glossy and smooth that it brushes right into a wave and stays put! For naturally soft, naturally shiny hair, ask your dealer for this wonderful New Drene today!

Get New Drene for Hollywood Sheen



How do you make a man
fall in love with you twice?

But you Came from Utah

LORNA stepped into the Club Bijou, a victor who had won a two-year battle with New York and was about to announce her triumph. About her person the spoils of victory were becomingly draped—a black crepe dress of fashion's newest length, a black and coral hat sufficiently unbelievable to be reassuring to its owner, suede platform pumps and a discreet sprinkling of gay costume jewelry.

These were signs that Lorna had won the economic phase of her conflict with New York, which she had, thanks to a demanding and financially adequate job in a textile house. There were also indications that she had conquered other, less tangible aspects. Lorna held her head high with easy grace and greeted the headwaiter with an impeccable blend of friendliness and formality. She walked toward her friends at a corner table with the relaxed air of ownership, as if she were quite as much at home here as she was two years before in her cousin's kitchen in Utah.

Which she was. For Lorna Brent, who had come to New York because she was scared to death of the place, had finally reduced it to her own terms.

At the corner table her friends were already waiting—the five bright offhand amiable young people with whom she had spent most of her playtime in New York. They were her ardent companions and she knew at least enough about them to know what home towns they had come from.

"Don't let this surprise you, children," she said, sitting down and smiling around at them, "but I'm leaving you forever. I'm going back to Utah—tomorrow."

"Darling, what a perfectly wonderful opening line!" cried Dottie Matson. "May I use it sometime?" Dottie was a dark-haired, sleek-figured fashion designer, who was going to marry Freddy Watkins as soon as they could find the right apartment. They had been engaged since before [continued on page 46]

Whatever might come of this, she was going to be with Tom at least a little longer

BY VIRGINIA LEE

ILLUSTRATOR: WILSON SCRUGGS



Not trusting herself to speak she relaxed into the strength of his arms. The moment seemed to hang there forever

SEE YOU IN THE MORNING

BY KENNETH PATCHEN

ILLUSTRATOR: PRUETT CARTER

I WATCHED them through the window, the ordinary-looking young man with troubled eyes and the girl in a faded blue uniform. He moved to let her sweep under his chair. His was the last cottage on her morning round and she was hurrying to get done in time to enjoy a short rest before lunch. Summer resorts are not fun for the people who work in them. It would have been natural for her to envy the young man his ease and his freedom; but she did not—partly because of the uncommon simplicity and beauty of her nature and partly because she sensed a great pain and hurt in him.

You have seen clouds drifting slowly across the sky. You have lifted your head and felt clean. That day the clouds were like great flawless tents and the sky was pure and blue. On such a day you have been conscious of the wonder and dignity of being alive; you have thought with sadness of the time when you must die.

I touched a stone near the margin of the lake. Water came in and covered it, then rippled away again. Little waves fretted against the pier upon which the dance pavilion squatted like an ugly mad boat run aground in a storm of paper lanterns. Out beyond the marking ropes and the moored float with its diving boards, three tiny sails brisked like gulls; while within the safe area bathers frolicked, their voices bright as red bells.

The air was wonderfully clear and smelled of sun. From the sand millions of hot eyes glistened up. Two small boys played catch with a wadded-up pair of swimming trunks, the belt buckle making a silver arc between them.

An old woman looked up from her magazine to watch a girl in an ill-fitting uniform empty a vacuum cleaner on

the porch of the farthest cottage. Automatically she noted the girl's care that no dust escape the newspaper. Couples passed with tennis rackets under their arms.

Fortunately for variety the eight cottages were not alike; but unfortunately for appearance, seven of them were most unlike the prettiest, which in some miraculous fashion had escaped the popular resort-place custom of trying to force a union between screened-in chicken coop and Swiss chalet. The eighth cottage was lived in the year round by an old man who did odd jobs on the estates which sprawled greenly and expensively at the base of the mountain. He sat now on his porch, smoking his corncob and idly watched a bee at work on his flowers.

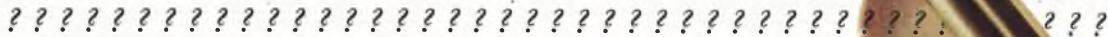
Absently he stared after the cleaning girl as she went down the cinder path. Her heelless shoes made a tiny scuffling noise; she carried the heavy equipment with tired ease. Her legs were like a child's in their cotton stockings. Though they had never spoken beyond casual greetings, the old man was very fond of this shy girl with her disconcertingly honest expression.

The old man wondered if that young fool in the next cottage up the hill had had anything to do with the abstracted half-worried look he had noticed on the girl's face during the last few days. Shame that she should have to tidy up after the likes of him, he thought angrily; him and his fancy motorcar and big-city clothes, swilling away night after night like a spoiled pig—he broke off to watch the young man climb behind the wheel of the sleek cream-colored roadster—look at him sitting there preening himself, the brazen young turkey cock!

Stephen Coulter put a cigarette *[continued on page 106]*

This is the story of the shining love of Emily and Stephen, and of a brief gift given them for all time

Virtuous



A woman is more desirable to her husband if she is attractive

to other men. But there was a flaw in the heart of Maggie . . .

AFTERWARD John remembered that the first hint of trouble had come from Esther Salter but at the time he was entirely content. It was the night he and Maggie had gone to the Salters' for dinner. There was to be a party later on and, in that interval between small dinner and large party, he had walked with Esther on the terrace. They wore coats slung over their shoulders against the still unawakened spring and they walked slowly but steadily, keeping just ahead of the chill. Regularly, rhythmically, their feet crossed the oblong of light that came through the living-room door. In the living-room Doug, Esther's husband, and Maggie, John's wife, awaited them.

This was the source of John's content: that he walked in silent companionship with this woman who was his good friend and the wife of his good friend and that close by his wife awaited his return, loved and loving. It was a quiet joy, very near to perfection.

As if summoned by his thoughts Maggie appeared in the doorway, her small body haloed, her fragile loveliness touched and emphasized. She glanced back briefly over her shoulder and then raised her hand to the knob of the French door. It opened quietly, almost stealthily. Maggie leaned forward and looked around the terrace and the garden that spread beyond it. John's heart caught at the sight of her. He knew that she couldn't see them in the darkness, even though her gaze was curiously intent, and he called, "Over here, Maggie—"

She turned quickly toward the sound of his voice and for a moment it seemed to him that she looked disappointed, perhaps even angry. But the light was poor and the shadows distorting. And she was instantly smiling.

"You startled me," she said. "I thought you were probably out in the garden." She hugged her arms about her and shivered exaggeratedly. "Darling," she said, "I just wanted to tell you. Don't catch cold."

"All right, darling," he parroted her obediently, tenderly. "I won't catch cold."

She laughed sheepishly. "I know it's a silly thing to say. But —but *don't*." With a final shiver she closed the door and

withdrew into the room beyond his range of vision.

Beside him, Esther said after a moment, "You love her very much, don't you, John?"

"Very much," he said.

They walked on, the hem of her long dinner dress whispering on the bricks of the terrace. Suddenly, harshly, she said, "I don't love her. I don't even like her. In fact, I don't like her one bit!"

He was surprised but, more particularly, he was amused. "Women are phenomenal," he stated flatly. "You and Maggie are supposed to be practically the very, very best friends in all this world."

Esther shook her head quickly. "No," she said, "no, no friends. Just very constant acquaintances."

"Well, that can be cured, can't it? Why be so constant?"

"I'll tell you," Esther said. "I have a notion that it's to my advantage to know what she's up to. Not," she added hastily, "that I subscribe to the theory that women are divinely endowed to 'see through each other.' Men see through them every bit as well and they correctly label most of what they see as mundane and unimportant. But a woman must see every other woman as a huge figure for only in that way can she believe in herself as a huge figure."

"Does that," John asked after a while, "mean anything in particular?" He laughed uncritically, knowing again how very fond he was of this woman. "I agree of course with every one of your statements, taken singly. But their logical progression escapes me. You're not usually so fuzzy, dear."

But he knew that he was glad it had been so. She had made one statement, before the theorizing took over, that he didn't want to examine.

Her grin was embarrassed. "Good of you to say so, dear," she murmured.

"You could get to the point," he suggested.

Very slowly Esther said, "She's so very pretty." He waited and only their footsteps sounded and then finally her voice came again. "That's all I can say, really. That's the only positive fact on which I can base the way I [continued on page 171]"

BY BARBARA DICKINSON

ILLUSTRATOR: BARBARA SCHWINN

Lady

????????????



Maggie's eyes were warm with the flattery she had seemed to disdain



"Make a man of him", Father said...

"He's still my little boy," said Mother

IT'S HARD to know now why I didn't want to go. I guess it was partly because Father was making me go and partly because Mother and Father didn't agree on it and partly because I was afraid of being laughed at because I wasn't good at sports. Anyway, it just goes to show—sometimes the things you dread the most turn out to be wonderful.

First of all Father read an article.

"You know," he said to Mother, "Bob's not well rounded. You mother him too much."

Mother bristled. "Do you mean to sit there and tell me how to do my job?" she said.

"No," Father said. "I don't. I admit I don't know how. That's what you should do—admit you don't know how and find out."

"Everyone says I'm a wonderful mother," Mother said. "I'll put my children up against any."

"They're all right," Father said, "but this article says they have to be sociable. And Bob isn't sociable."

Mother wouldn't admit to Father that there was anything she didn't know about being a mother but after he read that article she decided to go to a child psychology class anyway. "Not that I need it," Mother said, "but it's free; I might as well go."

When she got home from the class Aunt Susan was there talking to Father and I was reading. Mother came in, threw her hat on a chair and said, "Bob, tomorrow I want you to invite two or three boys around to play table tennis or something in the basement. I'll make some cookies. You aren't sociable enough, Bob. You'll never be successful unless you get in with more boys."

"I'm building that thing in the top of the garage," I said. "Tomorrow Rudy's going to help after he gets through helping his father clean the cornstalks off a field. You can help too, Pud," I said to my brother.

"Bob," Mother said, "I said to invite some boys over. I'm learning what you're supposed to do and you've got to do it."

"That," Father said, "is utterly wrong."

"Utterly," Aunt Susan said. "The class is for you. You are supposed to learn what he needs and then use your own subtle ways to obtain it for him. It's you who needs the psychology, not he."

"It's different with him," Mother said. "He's bright. You just tell bright people what they need and they go after it."

I took my book into the study. Maybe the teachers

of psychology classes don't always know what people need. I didn't need more friends. I had Rudy when he didn't have to help his father. I had my dog. There were lots of kids to play with if I wanted to play what they played. It seems silly to play if you don't want to. Lots of people would rather read or do experiments or build things. I had Pud too. Even if he is young, even if he is my brother, he's a good kid.

But when Mother kept going to the class and being unhappy because I wasn't sociable, Father got this idea about camp. Camp, he said, was the very thing I needed.

It used to scare me to think of it. I saw myself getting on the train and not knowing a soul. Then I'd finally get to camp and there I'd be with this big bunch of boys I didn't know. The men who run the camp would make me play games with them. I like to do the things I can do. With a football I'm a flop. With a baseball and bat I don't get any place. So why shouldn't I read a book? So why shouldn't I make some hydrogen and send up a few balloons? People ought to know what they can do and then do that.

"I won't go," I said. *[continued on page 96]*

IT LED TO AN AWFUL LOT OF TROUBLE


APRON **S** TRINGS

BY VAL TEAL

ILLUSTRATOR: ROBERT PATTERSON



Robert Patterson



It was plain she had
him fast, but somehow
it seemed right and
good and true

Dark slanting eyes, pale gold hair and the ways
of Robin Hood—that was Opal. She gave fair warning
and struck for what she wanted

*
*
John Whiteford



OH, DANGEROUS DOVE

ILLUSTRATOR: JON WHITCOMB

WHEN Jed Murphy proposed to my sister, De-light, Opal Wicket was hired to make the trousseau. Ma wanted only the best, for Jed was a good catch, even if it was whispered behind fans and over tea caddies that he was a little wild. Jed, who was visiting friends in the valley, was rich and witty, wore dashing clothes and flashed a wicked blue eye. All the girls were mad about Jed. All of them except Opal Wicket and she didn't count.

Most of our dressmakers were widows and withered maiden ladies, with shear-sharp noses and mouths bristling with pins. They lived in stuffy little houses with their cats and geraniums and stout seamstress dummies. They knew all the valley scandals and gossiped as they stitched.

Opal was different. She never talked much about herself or anyone else. She was secretive and baffling.

Mrs. Wicket, Opal's mother, was a valley girl who had gone west with her folks and married there. Years later she drifted back home, choked with asthma and frustrations. Whenever she was questioned about her life in the west, she was seized by a fit of coughing and sad dreary tears rose to her eyes. No one with a heart could keep on prying, so all the valley knew was that Mr. Wicket was dead and that Opal supported her mother and herself by sewing.

Opal had style and she could make chill fabric grow into fabulous designs and glowing gowns. She

was merciless, ruthless and rebellious with a pair of shears. But though she slashed and ripped like a madwoman, she never erred. She dealt in illusions. When she was through, the matronly looked stately, the skinny, willowy; the dowdy appeared smart. The upper crust admired Opal's Parisian flair. The middle class praised her thrifty use of every inch of material.

Ma often said it was a shame that Opal didn't fix herself up a little—that she could have been a beauty with those dark slanting sleepy eyes and her lovely figure. Though of course, Ma said, Opal's hair was a drawback. Tow yellow was too unfashionable.

But Opal yanked her pale locks back in a tight knot and she wore skirts that looked like old riding habits and shirtwaists without a bit of trimming. The story was that Opal hated men and wouldn't be caught dead talking to the valley boys. If one of them looked at her slantwise or whispered in her ear after church, Opal told him off with a few short venomous words and he never looked again.

I found out why Opal disliked men when she came to sew at our house that summer long ago. I was home with a broken leg—moping from weeks of interminable boredom. I don't know which bothered me the most—the women chattering or the doves moaning all day long.

Doves and women are a lot alike, anyway, in their ways of coquetting and [continued on page 54]

BY KATHERINE SHEPARD

TOP OF THE



Little hat, little flower—a roll-brimmed sailor, striped in black and white, wears a small arrogant orange flower. Florence Reichman.



Little hat, big trim—a huge bunch of pink roses on a little green hat spells gaiety for spring suits or dresses. Madame Pauline.



Slantwise sailor—pale pink straw, deeper pink roses and a dash of bright red velvet, in a sailor worn a little slantwise. Lenesta.

SPRING

New hats, clear and light as the colors that shift in a soap bubble, are the grace notes of spring fashions. You can wear your own most flattering color with half a dozen costumes—pink, for instance, with gray, navy, black, cocoa, green, wine red. And oftenest you'll wear a shape that's simple and close-fitting, to balance curved shoulders and swinging skirt

ALL DRESSES BY ADELE SIMPSON
JEWELRY BY CASTLECLIFF
AMERICAN-MADE LEATHER GLOVES
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL D'OME



Little hat, big flowers—a minute pillbox, worn to one side, is trimmed with a swish of veil and big amber-to-orange flowers—a hat to decorate a simple dress. John-Frederics.



Double-brim—red roses nestle in the double brim of a closely fitted hat made of felt in the color of lilacs, a shade that is news for spring. Mary Goodfellow.

Close-fitting bonnet—a yellow straw cloche with turned-back brim wears a wreath of anemones in poppy red, yellow and lavender. Hattie Carnegie.





There seemed at last to be peace between these two—Martin, so sure of himself, and Andrea, so bewildered. But could it last?

"What are you crying about?" he asked. "You shouldn't. You did a great job!"

PART II

THE two men stood side by side at the littered work-table by the window. Each drawing that Martin Bruce handed to him Roman Smynek studied with grave attention.

"Amazing stuff," he said. "Our best moderns would be proud to have pulled off some of it. This execution scene—you couldn't teach children to draw like that."

"The Germans could," Martin observed grimly. "Incidentally, that's Michot's effort."

"Dear God!" Roman exclaimed in Polish. He dropped the drawing as though it had burned him. "I drew pictures when I was a kid," he went on hastily—"nice pictures of cows and houses and my father's peasants working in the fields. It was the way I thought. When your way of thought is blocked forever, what happens to you, Doctor?"

"You blow up, sooner or later. Sometimes the explosion blows the block clear." He cocked a quizzical eyebrow at his companion. "Are you going to blow up, Roman?"

"I wish I could. I haven't enough explosive stuff left in me. You know, I tried to paint Andrea Standish's portrait. It was the worst mess. Not even a good photograph. Sascha thinks it is a punishment."

"For what?"

"I'll tell you one of these days. As a psychiatrist it might amuse you." He broke off. "Isn't this Andrea's effort—and Leon's?"

Martin glanced over his shoulder. "Yes," he said. "What do all these whorls and squiggles amount to—if anything?"

"A rather vulnerable disguise," Martin said.

"For what?"

Martin took the two squares of paper from him and returned them neatly to their files. "A physician doesn't say."

"That must put you in the devil of a tight place sometimes. Suppose a patient of yours with a vicious inheritance wanted to marry another innocent patient of yours—what would you do about it?"

Martin glanced up sharply. "Have you a case in point?"

"I don't think so. I was just wondering. By the way, I suppose you know that Miss Standish and our village hero have what Mama Jacqueline calls an

affaire? Oh very respectable, of course. Our hero means to marry her."

"I've no doubt," Martin added shortly. "I'm not concerned with either of them, thank heaven."

"Meaning that they are not your patients?"

"Meaning," Martin said with a grin, "that I have other work to do."

But when Roman Smynek had taken the hint and gone, Martin pulled the drawings out of their files again and sat for a long time in intent appraisal of their willful confusion. His mind worked like a surgeon's knife. He was too absorbed to hear the door open and a woman's voice speaking to him by name brought him in startled exasperation to his feet. It was Andrea, looking miserable.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I've cut my hand," she said meekly. "I didn't want to bother you. I do try to keep our bargain. But Martha brought me here. You know, since she's deaf and dumb, I can't argue with her—"

She sounded almost humble. He took her hand and examined it. The cut ran in a mean jagged line across the palm.

"What has Martha to do with it?"

"I was in her kitchen, helping her peel potatoes."

"Without benefit of an automatic peeler. So you didn't know how, of course."

She said demurely, "I was just trying to overcome my disabilities as a poor little rich girl who's no use to anyone and whom nobody loves."

"You exaggerate," he said.

He took her by the arm and marched her into his tiny surgery, where he made her sit down while he busied himself with gauze and liniments. She liked watching him. His hands were fine-boned and brown and beautiful in their expert's confidence. She wondered what he had meant by his last obvious crack and whether he had noticed her heightened color.

"I suppose the village is like other villages," she said lightly. "It has no secrets. Leon Ronsard and I are to be married. It's not official. It won't be till I go home. But you seem to know anyway—I dare say you're rather pleased—if anything."

"Why?" he asked. "About what?"

"My going away." [continued on page 64]

WE HAVE FOUND EACH OTHER

A NOVEL IN THREE PARTS

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATOR: FREDRIC VARADY

THE STORY SO FAR

• In the Children's Village in Switzerland are gathered together lost children, torn from their homes during the war, their families unknown. To this tiny world of lost identity comes

Andrea Standish, beautiful and wealthy American girl, seeking the child of her dead fiancé, Robert, who fought with the French underground maquis. Not even

Wilhelm Christiens, head of the village, knows why she has come. He knows only that Andrea wants to help by teaching singing. En route Andrea has met

Leon Ronsard, handsome virile Frenchman, former maquis hero, now athletic instructor of the village. An instant attraction sprang up between them—as sudden as the antagonism which arose between Andrea and

Martin Bruce, the dark intense English doctor who felt that Andrea was from another world. Gradually, however, Andrea became as much a part of this world as

Sascha and **Roman Smynek**, the mother and father of the Polish house, and

Mama Jacqueline and **Papa Pierre** of the French

house. With them she was elated at the chance to buy a mansion from the **Councilor** of the town. For this would mean a chance for more children like

Michot, the maquis child, frightening to Andrea in his cruelty and bravado; the sweet brave **Marie-Louise**; miserable little **Ulrich**, who remembered nothing of his past but hated his German name; and **Martha Lenbach**, the beautiful deaf and dumb girl from the town who adored Martin for having taught her the sign language and who was dangerously attractive to Roman, unhappy with his wife.

Andrea came to realize the tenderness and understanding of Martin on the night when little Ulrich awoke screaming with terror. Martin, a psychiatrist, knew that not only in the children were there hidden terrors. That was why he also had the adults draw pictures which would reveal their inner conflicts to him. Perhaps Andrea guessed more about his own past than he wanted her to; though they were drawn closer together, Martin still said, "You don't belong here." They made a bargain to keep out of each other's way, as friendly enemies.

So it was only in the arms of Leon, distrusted by Martin, that Andrea could find the security and love she craved in this little refuge from past cruelty.

IS THIS REFORM?

A black record of stupidity, gross brutality and human tragedy—that's a trained observer's report on America's reform schools. Most of us did not know these facts—can we tolerate them now that we do?

BY ALBERT DEUTSCH

THE ninety-odd state institutions for juvenile delinquents where twenty-five thousand or more American boys and girls live are commonly known as reform schools, or officially as training schools. But what kind of schools are they and what do they reform or what do they train for—when upward of seventy per cent of their inmates graduate from juvenile delinquency into adult crime?

I have just completed a survey of these schools. Over four months I visited ten institutions in six states and the District of Columbia—all said to be representative of the best. I consulted leading authorities on child delinquency and interviewed scores of institutionalized children. I read more than a hundred recent reports, public and confidential, about conditions in training schools outside my personal survey. My institutional visits were necessarily brief but I preceded and followed them by extensive interviews with staff personnel and others qualified to fill in the background.

The facts, as I found them, shook me profoundly. They add up to a black record of human tragedy, of social and economic waste, of gross brutality, crass stupidity, totalitarian regimentation and a corroding monotony even deadlier for children's personalities than physical violence. With notable exceptions the rule in most state training schools is one of fear and repression. A few institutions are good. Many officials and staff members try to give kindly and intelligent guidance to their juvenile charges, but for the most part they are handicapped by public indifference, legislative penury and administrative inertia, or by the traditional view that juvenile offenders are miniature criminals and child reformatories are juvenile prisons.

A shocking reflection of our social injustice is the large number of merely dependent or neglected children in correctional institutions. As one institutional head told me:

"Just being here is a form of punishment. Yet the community commits to us many children who are simply unwanted or homeless, who have never violated the law. We have to take them. They come here innocents and they leave prepared for careers in crime. They are candidates for adult prisons."

Another training-school staff member told me of questioning a boy who was about to be paroled after eighteen months at the institution.

"What did you learn here?" the staff member asked.

"Well, I learned how to pick a lock four ways," the adolescent answered promptly.

Of course I heard many modern phrases in the typical state training school. For the ears of the uninformed listener they may sound impressive, a symbol of progress. But to the experienced observer they often have a hollow and hypocritical ring.

The disciplinary or punishment barracks—sometimes these cell-blocks are more forbidding than adult prisons—are known officially as "adjustment cottages" or "lost privilege" cottages. Guards are "supervisors." Employees who are often little more than caretakers and custodians are called "cottage parents." Whips, paddles, blackjacks and straps are "tools of control." Isolation cells are "meditation rooms." Inmates are "students," former inmates "graduates." Children helping in industrial and farm work and ordinary kitchen drudgery—primarily to save expense, not to train the boy or girl for a useful occupation—are in "vocational rehabilitation."

Catchwords of the trade—"individualization of treatment," "rehabilitating the maladjusted"—roll easily from the tongue of many institutional officials who not only don't practice them—but don't even understand them.

Most of the schools present an impressive façade to the casual observer—tree-lined walks, spacious lawns, well-groomed gardens. One might even exclaim, as a companion of mine did recently driving past a training school: "I'd gladly turn delinquent to break into a place like this for a long vacation."

Well, let's see.

The Illinois State Training School for Boys at St. Charles is in an idyllic setting, forty-five miles west of Chicago. Its six hundred students seem well behaved and orderly as they march to their assignments, perform their set tasks or sit at the dining tables. The fourteen residential buildings or cottages (each housing up to sixty boys), display vigorously scrubbed floors and mirror-polished linoleum. (The boys at St. Charles, as at most training schools, must remove their shoes when they enter their cottages. As one superintendent told me, it serves to check escapes, besides keeping the floors clean.)

The inmates of St. Charles, as at most institutions, range from ten to twenty years. They include chronic runaways, petty thieves, burglars and even a killer or two—all jammed together in overloaded quarters, subject to much the same restrictions and repressions.

Corporal punishment is officially prohibited at St. Charles. But from staff members and from the boys themselves I heard that many a boy has had his ear drums broken in beatings.

I also learned of the water cure, or hydrotherapy. Every boy who had been in Pierce Cottage—the dis-

(continued on page 32)

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN F. O'REILLY
THIS PICTURE WAS SEIZED AND THE BOY WAS
PROTECTED FROM THE FORCE OF THE WATER

IS THIS REFORM?

The water cure, a brutal punishment used in many juvenile training schools. The child victims say: "You want to climb up the wall—three minutes seem like ten years."



IS THIS REFORM?

ciplinary building for violators of rules—either had experienced it or knew about it. The offending boy is taken to the basement, stripped naked and set against a corner. Then a seventy-pound fire hose is played on his back. A boy victim described the effect for me:

"You feel like your guts are being pushed out. It's like a million electric needles going right through you. You want to climb up the wall. You scream bloody murder. Three minutes of it seem like ten years."

The fire-hose treatment is also a punishment at Sheridan, the "security" branch of St. Charles for the tougher boys. Sheridan has been aptly described as a "cell-block on the prairie." It is a forbidding structure, surrounded by a high wire fence. I had to pass

IS THIS REFORM?

through two heavily barred prison gates to reach the cells where fifty-seven "tough" boys were incarcerated. The children at Sheridan are more closely guarded, in more confined quarters, than the adult prisoners at San Quentin.

Nothing is more symbolic of the generally repressive manner in which Illinois treats its juvenile delinquents than the armed guards mounted on horseback who watch over the Sheridan children as they labor on the school's farm.

Corporal punishment was "abolished" at St. Charles in 1941 after a boy inmate was beaten to death. An outstanding social worker, Russell H. Ballard, was installed as superintendent. Ballard succeeded in drastically transforming the place from a juvenile prison to a training school. It seemed that the change was permanent when he resigned in 1943 to become headworker at Chicago's famous Hull House. His successor, Richard Eddy, continued in the Ballard spirit but resigned in 1945 to give the new State Public Welfare Director, Brigadier General Cassius Poust, a free hand in choosing his own executives. General Poust appointed a man who served under him in the Illinois National Guard to be director of child-welfare institutions. He in turn appointed another fellow officer to be superintendent of St. Charles—Colonel P. J. Hodgin. In civilian life he had been a telephone line repairman.

I asked Colonel Hodgin what qualifications he had for running the St. Charles Training School.

"I've handled thousands of men in the army," he replied. "It should be easy to handle a few hundred boys here."

Last July a St. Charles counselor submitted a report on a boy who had been hospitalized after a beat-

ing. A chronic sufferer from enuresis, he had been violently strapped for wetting his bed. The counselor listed these bruises:

Across left shoulder below the shoulder bone and extending across the arm joint; along the lower left ribs; along the upper left arm; crossed bruises on right shoulder; small bruises along upper shoulder blade; a welt and bruise on the inside, inner area of the right shoulder blade.

Enuresis, or bed-wetting, is a symptom of an emotional or physical disorder. It is a medical, not a disciplinary problem and punishment often aggravates the disorder. The United States army recognizes the fact in an official order prohibiting any punishment of any soldier for bed-wetting. But what is acceptable and understandable in adult soldiers is still punishable in children at St. Charles, as it is in many other reform schools.

Corporal punishment has been condemned by every reputable expert on juvenile delinquency. Dr. Miriam Van Waters, noted child-delinquency expert, observes:

"The injury inflicted in correction institutions is not to be condemned because it gives pain, or is displeasing to sentimentalists, but because it wrecks the spirit of children and increases delinquency. It is an expensive display of inefficiency. If someone remarks that parents use the rod and other corrective displays of force, let it be clearly understood that chastisement by a loved parent is psychologically different from the use of corporal punishment by a state official. The social effects of repressive violent methods of discipline in state correctional schools is wholly bad and should be condemned by the community as costly, inefficient, stupid and dangerous."

One institutional head put the case pithily in a statement to the United States Children's Bureau:

"Corporal punishment is too dangerous. Too few people are blessed with enough judgment to use it. Those so blessed won't need it."

In many state institutions corporal punishment is officially forbidden, yet it is practiced in most with or without the superintendent's tacit consent. Supervisors or guards commonly carry blackjacks, clubs, switches, paddles or other "tools of control" on their persons. Some boast proudly—in private—of ingenious forms of corporal punishment that leave no telltale marks, such as "mugging" a boy with a stranglehold around the neck, swishing him with a wet towel or delivering well-placed "belly" punches.

A rather peculiar "game" is played by the supervisors of some institutions. It is called "flying home." The idea is to administer a kick or paddle-whack to a boy's backside so sharply and expertly as to shock his

• Children in many of our "best" training schools daily undergo these mental and moral tortures. But superintendents still boast: "Corporal punishments have been abandoned."

DUCK-WALKING—The offending child must grasp his ankles and waddle about like a duck.

THE SQUATS, or bouncing: Deep-knee bending for a specified period or number of times. Some children have been sentenced to five thousand squats, worked out in intermittent sessions to prevent collapse.

BRICK-COUNTING: Standing erect with one's nose touching the wall.

STAR-GAZING: Standing erect with eyes turned up to the ceiling.

STANDING ON LINE (also toeing the line): One of the most widespread forms of discipline I encountered, especially

nervous system and literally lift him off the floor. Failure or success is measured by the height reached by the victim and the distance he travels.

Occasionally the sudden death of an inmate brings such sadism to public notice—temporarily. A boy died in August, 1945, at the Eldora State Training School in Iowa. His death was attributed to "heat prostration" by the institutional officials. The coroner ascribed the death to a blow on the head. Inquiry revealed that on the day he died the boy had been hit with a blackjack by a supervisor, then set to work shoveling coal under a hot sun.

There was a riot at Eldora the day after the boy died, and a mass breakout—a hundred and seventy-nine boys running away the first day, forty-four more two days later and an average of fifteen to twenty daily for weeks thereafter. The official investigation revealed that corporal punishment had been administered harshly and frequently. As often happens when such scandals become public, the superintendent was replaced. But as also often happens, the legislators still did not appropriate the money needed to transform the institution from a punitive prison to a rehabilitative school.

Bad though corporal punishment is, it might be considered humane compared with some subtler cruelties imposed on children through many ingenious devices of discipline. Elsewhere on these pages is a shocking list of some of the punishments I saw or heard about in my rounds of the training schools.

IS THIS REFORM?

Other punishments still authorized in some institutions include wearing handcuffs, shackles or leg-chains; being handcuffed to bed; confinement in strait-jackets.

Some of the most stupidly brutal forms of punishment are those imposed for acts attributable to physical or emotional disorders rather than to willful misbehavior. Austin MacCormick, director of the Osborne Association and a foremost authority on correctional institutions, saw a boy confined in a bleak basement cell, bare save for a coffinlike wooden box which did for a bed. This was the institution's "bed-wetters' cell." In another training school MacCormick noticed a frail lad of thirteen who had to make frequent visits to the toilet. MacCormick learned that this sickly boy had been sentenced to do more "knee dips" than any of his fellow students—all because of his chronic enuresis. He was at the time working out a penalty of three thousand knee dips for

popular where corporal punishment is forbidden. The boy (or girl) stands erect in absolute silence, sometimes for hours, often with hands upraised.

At one school for boys in Ohio I watched boys standing on line, face against the wall, in the dining-room while the other boys ate the meal they missed. At two other institutions I heard of a "midnight line" where boys stood erect beside their beds for hours after the others retired. An Osborne Association report on the New Hampshire Industrial School at Lancaster tells how a boy had to "stand on line" for over two months, clothed in a nightgown and wearing leg shackles.

RICE-POLISHING: Boys crawl on their knees across a floor strewn with rice grains until bleeding starts or until suffering is intense enough to satisfy the disciplinarian that justice has been done.

THE SLICKS: Shaving the heads of returned runaways

or other offenders. The humiliation continues for weeks.

BURLAP PARTY: Rule-offenders are made to push piles of burlap bags across floors flooded with water. When the bags are soaked through, they have to wring them and then resume sopping up water with burlap until the floors are dry.

WALKING POSTS: Marching between or around posts continuously for a prescribed number of hours. In one institution boys carry forty-pound packs on their backs while making the circuit of the disciplinary "bull-ring."

RUNAWAY PILLS: Dosing captured runaways with laxatives to "help them run," a practice in at least one institution.

THE COLD TUB: A form of disciplinary "hydrotherapy" like the fire-hose "water-cure," wherein rule-violators are thrown into tubs filled with ice-cold water.

his latest "offense." Upon MacCormick's recommendation the boy was referred to the hospital where medical examination revealed he was suffering from a serious kidney ailment.

Corporal punishment, open or surreptitious, is far less prevalent in training schools for girls. But harsh forms of moral cruelty are practiced. In one institution refractory girls are made to sit with their backs toward the table at mealtime, while the others eat. Not infrequently girls are strapped into strait-jackets

IS THIS REFORM?

during temper tantrums. Girls caught in sexual misconduct at one institution are stripped and forced to parade nude before all the other girls.

MacCormick told me about a girl in a certain training school whose pride was her beautiful hair. She once violated a rule, whereupon the superintendent's wife took a pair of shears and cut the girl's tresses close to the scalp. That night they had to cut down the girl's body in the "meditation cell" where she had hanged herself.

Isolation in "meditation" cells or rooms, often in absolute silence, for periods ranging up to weeks and even months, is one of the devastating—and most common—forms of punishment. Occasionally the victim is also kept on a restricted diet of bread and water.

Bread-and-water diets are bad enough for adult prisoners. What may they do to the health of growing children?

In the disciplinary barracks of the California State Industrial School for Boys at Preston I saw an unusual variation of the restricted diet. For breakfast, dinner and supper the inmates were given only an unattractive three-by-four-inch baked cake. I was assured it was specially prepared and contained all the vitamins and calories needed in a minimum diet, but I tasted the strange stuff and found it difficult to repress nausea.

At the Indiana State Training School in Plainfield, I noticed a group of six boys—none more than thirteen—polishing the floor with wax cloths as they moved backward on all fours in unison. When I asked them why they were moving backward on their knees, they explained that they were being punished for having talked loudly at the breakfast table that morning.

Nothing, perhaps, is so heart-rending to the observant visitor as the long periods of enforced silence in many institutions. Where large numbers of chil-

dren are gathered, prolonged silence day after day seems unnatural, unearthly and inhuman.

Where hundreds of boys and girls, some of them emotionally disturbed, live, work and play together in a common home, some restrictions on noise must be imposed to prevent perpetual pandemonium. Further, measures for self-control form an essential part of a proper training program for delinquents. But what thoughtful adult could find excuse for the complete muzzling of adolescents? Yet silence was emphasized in nearly all the institutional handbooks I read—silence at meals, at work and even in some cases at play. Is this the way to train growing children for normal life?

Most institutions make a mockery of the term "individualized treatment." Symbolic of the mass treatment, or lack of any, was the bitter complaint of a boy at St. Charles who showed me the number printed on his khaki uniform and said:

"We're supposed to be juveniles, not prisoners. We have names but they call us by numbers."

Excessive regimentation and monotonous routine are twin evils characteristic of most training schools. Many of the boys' schools are operated along strict military lines, often under a former army officer specially chosen for his reputation for enforcing discipline. Unfortunately the ability to handle soldiers in a military setting does not in itself fit a man for the task of preparing children for life in a normal democratic community. There are warmhearted sincere military men trying to make the best of an essentially poor program, such as Colonel Harold L. Hays of Lancaster, Ohio. But too many drill-minded superintendents are martinets, trying to produce miniature soldiers. And they are apt to turn out automatons or vengeful rebels with twisted minds and souls.

Children, good and bad, need discipline. But in most training schools there is far too much marching. The children march en masse to school, to work, to recreation, to cottage, to drill ground, to toilet. They march, march, march. One of the shocking examples of regimentation I saw was the "toilet line" at the "lost privilege cottage" at the Whittier Boys School in California—ironically, it is named the Thomas Jefferson Cottage. Although Whittier is now headed by a progressive, Orrin A. Bell, it still retains many of the repressive features noted at the institution in 1941, when two boys committed suicide in the disciplinary cottage.

Twenty-seven boys, arms folded, stood in three straight lines in the center of the cottage lavatory facing three open toilets. The boys followed one another in rotation, each rejoining the line when finished. After each had taken his turn, they marched

out. There were seven "toilet lines" like this daily—before and after each meal and before bedtime. Individual visits to the toilet were rarely permitted and then only under a supervisor's guard.

At the Preston school, in northern California, I watched the boys in the disciplinary cottage (known as Company G) eat their noonday meal. The boys lined up at attention, in columns, outside the dining-room. A monitor, or cadet officer, barked a command. The first column marched stiffly into the dining-room and stood at attention over the table benches. Another command, and another column followed suit. When all five columns were in, the boys sat down in unison as the monitor cried: "Sit!" They ate their meal in complete silence. Exactly fifteen minutes after their entrance, they arose and marched out, column by column, in response to a series of shouted commands.

All this was happening in a state generally recognized, with justice, as being the most advanced in its treatment of juvenile delinquency.

A fetish is made of strict adherence to routine—routine that excludes nearly all privacy. The children eat, sleep, learn, work, play in groups or herds. Many

IS THIS REFORM?

lack a locker or a chest drawer of their own where they might board the buttons, pins and insignificant gadgets so precious to childhood.

When I asked Austin MacCormick what he considered the worst characteristic of the typical institution, he gave me a one-word answer: "Monotony."

The food is monotonous and often bad. The work is monotonous. (There is more drudgery than trade-learning for most children; many institutions depend mainly on child labor for maintenance work.) Schooling, such as it is, is usually monotonous. Even their recreation is monotonous as often as not.

Bedtime is usually at eight-thirty regardless of the age of inmates. At the Indiana State Training Schools, it is eight o'clock. That time may be good for the younger children, but imagine youths of eighteen and twenty forced to retire when summer daylight still streams into their dormitories.

In the California training schools at Whittier and Preston, I observed that students were frequently punished for "rag-sniffing." Upon inquiry I learned that boys in increasing numbers were going on rag-sniffing jags, sinking their noses into rags soaked with gasoline, kerosene, shoe [continued on page 37]

BE SELFISH— SOMETIMES!

"Peggy is so sweet. She never thinks of herself—just lives for her family. She's certainly a model wife and mother."

Most of us who try to be good marriage partners and wise parents know how often that wretched little ego of ours gets in the way and spoils the picture. We know how much trouble in the home—and in the world—is caused by self-centered people who insist on getting their own way. To be able to rise to complete unselfishness, all the time—like Peggy—surely that would be marvelous.

So our first impulse would be to agree that she is a model wife and mother. But is she?

The answer is no. I don't doubt that Peggy is a very sweet person. But a model wife and mother? No, not that.

I want to say, in all seriousness, that indiscriminate unselfishness can be a grave menace to good family life. Experience proves it again and again.

A mother came to ask my advice about her son, who had recently gone to college. It was the first time he had left home. Naturally she expected he would write her regularly, give her his news. To her disappointment all he wrote was a few scrappy little notes, spaced at longer and longer intervals. When his vacation came, things weren't much better. He was always out with friends. She only saw him when he came home to eat and sleep. She served all his favorite dishes but he accepted them without a word of appreciation. He didn't spend one evening with her; and whatever she did for him he just took for granted.

Ungrateful young wretch, I said to myself as I listened. Then the mother added something which gave me a clue to the real trouble. "You see," she complained, "I feel it so keenly because I've tried hard to be a good mother. I idolized that boy. I've done everything for him. Whatever he wanted, he had it—no matter what sacrifice it meant for me."

It wasn't easy to have to tell her that she had really been a bad mother. Her motives had been excellent, her self-sacrifice magnificent. Yet the sad truth was that she, and no one else, had made her son what he was. She was simply reaping what she had sown.

Because of the way he was brought up, that boy had come to think of his mother as a kind of free automat, a genie of the magic lamp, an ask-and-it's-yours servant who was there to take his orders and to fulfill his every whim. She herself had made him think that way. She had never taught him, in child-

hood and youth, to consider her feelings and her needs. I am not surprised that in manhood he has gone on acting the same way. What else could you expect from him?

It doesn't end there. That poor woman is taking the punishment she has brought on herself. But she won't be the only one to suffer. In a few years her son will find a girl he wants to marry. I'm sorry for that girl. Why? Because her husband will expect her to wait on him hand and foot, just as Mother used to do. Of course if she's the kind of girl who is going to find all she needs in life in ministering to a man's vanity and self-importance, she'll get along fine. But most modern women are made of sterner stuff than that. The girls I know just won't stand for it. A wife with any spirit will fight back. Then the sparks will fly. That's the way marriages come to grief.

To tell the poor mother all that would have been cold-blooded cruelty. Yet it is the sober truth. By her misdirected self-denial she has not merely brought sorrow to herself. She has made her son a bad citizen, a potentially bad husband, one of the unhappy people who have a down on life because they don't fit into a world where you've got to give as well as take.

And all this because she lived for her son, never thought of herself—just like Peggy.

I never knew anything about Peggy's husband—he has been dead for some years. But I know that blind unselfishness can be just as fatal in a wife as in a mother. I saw that all too plainly when Alice told me her story.

When I first met her, she was a stewardess on a passenger plane. It was a good job—but she wasn't

happy. She hadn't got over the failure of her marriage. She's the kind of woman who never will.

She and Walter started off with high ideals. She wasn't going to be the sort of wife who makes demands. Oh no, she was going to rise above that. So she was all sweet and yielding when Walter's widowed mother wanted to come and live with them, although it wasn't really necessary. And she was resolved to help Walter get on—success was going to mean so much to him. So she kept her job in order to bring in extra money. True, that meant no babies. Well, that was her bit of self-denial and she wasn't going to let Walter or anyone else know how she felt about it.

Thanks to her encouragement and help, Walter *did* get on. He earned more money—but spent it all. He went out evenings to cultivate "useful business contacts" while Alice stayed at home and entertained the crotchety old mother-in-law. As business prospered Walter found it necessary to make trips which kept him away nights too. But Alice never complained. She just went on being the model wife.

Then one day the blow fell. The facts came out about the other woman. Alice was stunned when Walter blamed *her* for it all. It took her a long time to accept the grim truth. She had acted as his obedient servant until he despised her for her lack of spirit. The strain of putting up with her mother-in-law had taken the sparkle and gaiety out of her. Walter had noticed that. Worst of all, Walter had secretly wanted a child and was disappointed because she didn't seem to be keen on starting a family.

The cruel injustice of it all crashed down like a sledge hammer on Alice's sensitive spirit. But it was vain for her to protest, to insist that she had done it all for his sake, that she had been trying to be unselfish. The damage was done. The poor girl was thrown into a nervous breakdown. Walter married the other woman.

Yet Alice had done no wrong. She had been sweet, kind, unselfish—just like Peggy.

What do these stories add up to? Just this—that while unselfishness is obviously a fine quality, it is a quality which must be exercised with intelligence and insight. If you are able to put aside your personal wishes and choices in a situation which calls for sacrifice and to yield graciously to the interests of someone else, you have indeed risen to the highest refinement of human culture. Yet if you make a habit of giving in thoughtlessly [continued on page 37]

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BY DR. DAVID R. MACE
General Secretary, National Marriage
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Be Selfish—Sometimes!

from page 34

at every point to husband or child, you may degrade that noble quality to a level at which it is neither becoming in yourself nor elevating to others.

In good family life a little well-planned selfishness now and then is healthy and invigorating. The wife who makes herself a doormat won't help her husband become a fine man. But she may make him an intolerable tyrant. The husband who habitually puts his own interests in the background in order to please his wife is likely to pamper the worst in her and stifle the best. The father who dotes on his daughter and indulges her every fancy is only encouraging her to make demands which no other man will be prepared to meet.

ONE of the hardest lessons we have to learn is that there are times when it is right to give in graciously and other times when it is equally right to demand our own way. The family ought to teach us this. But it must be the kind of family in which all the members take turns at standing aside—and that can only happen if they also take turns at being in the center of the picture. If one member habitually gives way to the others, he won't help them—he will hinder their proper development. You can't teach your husband or your children the joy of giving and serving unless you're prepared to sit back sometimes and let them practice on you. If you continually practice the virtue of unselfishness, you deny the same opportunity to others.

Do you aspire to be a model wife and

mother? Then insist on your right to a reasonable amount of privacy, to your share of recreation. It'll do Hubby a power of good to take over the household chores now and then so you can have time off. And if the children have to miss their fun and games once in a while to help you out, they'll appreciate all the more those times when you go out of your way to give them a special treat. The real fun of good family life is that we all share it—the rough and the smooth alike.

I'm thinking of something else too. If the family was the only thing that mattered, I suppose we could run it any way we liked. But what's most never forget in the family is that there's a bigger world to be served outside the family. That world badly needs mature well-developed men and women who know how to cooperate. It needs them so badly at the present time that it may go up in smoke if it doesn't get enough of them.

The selfish pig who wants his own way all the time and sulks when he has to take second place makes a bad citizen. But so does the soft spineless jellyfish who never asserts himself or stands up for his own rights. The kind of people our homes must produce are those who understand that there are times when it is gracious to yield and efface yourself—and other times when it is a matter of plain duty to set yourself like steel against all inducements to give way. The sure insight to distinguish between these two types of situation is perhaps the most valuable lesson which living in families can teach us. [THE END]

Is This Reform?

from page 33

polish, floor polish or anything else that gave off strong fumes. Severe penalties against offenders had failed to check rag-sniffing.

I asked boys in the disciplinary cottages of both institutions what made them take it up. This answer was typical:

"It makes you sort of dizzy. Everything goes round and round. You feel high. After a while you fall. Then you get sick in the stomach."

"That doesn't sound very pleasant. Why do you do it?"

"It's a change. You keep feeling the same all the time here. Rag-sniffing makes you feel different."

In nearly all institutions I visited, an excessive and almost fanatic emphasis was placed upon outward cleanliness. Signs of vigorous brushing, scrubbing and polishing of floors, walls and furniture are everywhere in evidence. But in some there is a sharp contrast between the highly polished furnishings and the shabby clothing of the children. Many look like scarecrows, draped in oversized, patchy or torn garments. I saw hundreds of boys who wore no underwear because the state felt too poor to provide it. In some institutions I visited, boys and girls were required to wash scrupulously before and after every meal and before retiring—with a small filthy face towel changed only once a week.

ANYWHERE from twenty to forty per cent of state training-school inmates are suffering from emotional or mental disturbances serious enough to require psychiatric attention. Yet most institutions have no staff psychiatrist and many lack even trained social workers. Even when an institution boasts a full-time psychiatrist, it is no guarantee of active treatment. Most staff psychiatrists told me they were so busy diagnosing and classifying new arrivals, preparing reports on paroled students and serving as the only medical officer for the entire staff and student population that they had little time for individual treatment.

Illinois provides no full-time psychiatrist for its training school for girls at Geneva, many of whose three hundred inmates have serious emotional or mental disorders. The St. Charles psychiatrist visits Geneva once weekly.

The psychiatrist of the New York State Training School at Warwick told me that adequate psychiatric treatment for the boys needing it was impossible without at least doubling his staff.

The superintendent of the Indiana boys' school at Plainfield, who was in the dairy business before a change in the state political tide swept him into his present post, expressed the all too prevalent skepticism toward psychiatrists when he said:

"We don't need any of those fellows here. We need practical men."

THE end result of such an attitude was tragically reflected last September by the "sex murder" of an eleven-year-old girl at the hands of a sixteen-year-old boy at Malden, Massachusetts. When it became known that the boy had been paroled from a state training school, a public outcry was raised against "easy paroles." A state legislative committee criticized the training school officials for letting the boy loose.

The training school trustees, in a report to the governor, revealed that the boy had been studied by two mental hospitals, which refused him admission because he was diagnosed as "not psychotic" although suffering severe emotional disorder. His commitment to a training school followed. The trustees pointed out that not a single state training school in the commonwealth had a psychiatrist on its staff.




"For the past several years," the trustees declared, "we have asked for one psychiatrist for the State Division of Juvenile Training. We realized that this was most inadequate but it was the belief of the Trustees Board that, although we need a psychiatrist for each institution, it would be impossible to have this request granted. Therefore, we limited ourselves by requesting the services of one psychiatrist. So far the legislature has refused to grant us money for this position."


No psychiatric treatment was available to the hapless youth at the training school; not even a psychiatric examination was possible before his release. A distorted personality might have been reconstructed, the life of an innocent child saved, by timely psychiatric


[continued on page 38]

Your teeth look like this



When decay starts,  it eats through the hard enamel and spreads into the softer dentine.  Unless checked, this infection reaches the pulp chamber from which it  may enter the blood stream, causing damage in other parts of the body.

Periodic examination, cleaning, and treatment of teeth by your  dentist can usually check decay before serious damage occurs.

Gums must also be guarded.  Bleeding gums, pyorrhea, and trench mouth can indicate infection. *See your*

dentist regularly to help safeguard your health!

Good teeth deserve good care

Dental authorities urge that you clean your teeth and gums carefully after meals and before going to bed.

You can help to maintain healthy gums, and to retard the rate of decay in teeth, by keeping your general level of health high. Eat enough of such foods as milk, eggs, vegetables and fruits.

The right diet is especially important for young children who need foods rich in minerals and vitamins to help build strong, sound teeth and healthy gums.

Vigorous chewing of tough, crisp foods aids in keeping teeth and gums healthy. Fruits, preferably at the end of the meal, help to clean the teeth and prevent decay. They are also helpful in preventing bleeding gums.

Don't wait for pain to drive you to the dentist. Visit him every six months,

or at such intervals as he suggests. His examination usually can detect hidden trouble such as abscesses at the roots of apparently healthy teeth. Prompt treatment can generally correct the condition before it may impair your health. For further helpful information on teeth and gums, send for Metropolitan's Free Booklet, 38W, "Good Teeth."

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HAIN'T THET ROMANTIC! LIL' ABNER IS A-CHASIN' DAISY MAE LIKE A FEEND!!

GULP!!—THET FEEND HAIN'T OUR CHILE! IT'S GAT GARSON, TH' CRIM'NUL THET LOOKS LIKE LIL' ABNER!!

LAP UP THIS ENRICHED 5 MINUTE "CREAM OF WHEAT," SON!! YO' GOT A RES-KEW JOB CALLIN' FO' VITY-MINS, MINNY-RULS AN' LOTS O' "GIT-UP-AN-GO" FOOD-ENERGY!!



?? DUNNO WHICH ONE IS LIL' ABNER—BUT, WHO-EVAH IS—"CREAM OF WHEAT," DO YO' STUFF!

IS YO' SHORE YO' IS LIL' ABNER? POSITIVE!! CAIN'T YO' SEE? AH GOT THET GEN-OO-WINE "CREAM OF WHEAT" FEELIN'!



GET THAT CREAM OF WHEAT FEELING!



"Cream of Wheat" and Chel are Registered Trade Marks and Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Is This Reform?

from page 37

attention. When the boy murderer was sentenced to prison for life, the judge expressed the wish that he might "never again breathe the fresh air of freedom." When the doors of the state prison closed on the boy, the public and legislature of Massachusetts returned to their normal apathy; the state training schools still lack the psychiatric service that might prevent the recurrence of similar tragedies.

The only place where I found a psychiatric service approaching adequacy was the National Training School in Washington, D. C., operated by the federal government. Two young psychiatrists were at the institution when I visited it, both assigned there by the United States Public Health Service. I observed a group therapy or "talk-out" session conducted by one of these psychiatrists, with a dozen boys participating. The boys were allowed to talk out their problems, their views and their aims, gathering strength from one another and insight into their own difficulties. This form of group therapy holds much promise as a technique for helping reform-school children understand themselves and their place in life.

It isn't only psychiatrists who are lacking. Salaries are so incredibly low in most state training schools that qualified professionals of all categories—teachers, social workers, recreational and vocational directors—don't even bother to apply. Several "training schools" haven't even one qualified teacher on their staffs. Custodians and maintenance workers substitute as teachers in some places.

Even in 1940—before the wartime crisis developed in the teaching profession—one state training school for juvenile delinquents had only three teachers for four hundred and fifty-five students (sixty pupils per teacher should be the maximum for adequate schooling). Another school had two teachers for two hundred and six students and a third had two for one hundred and seventy-nine. The average salary of teachers in eighty training schools in 1940 was \$1,028 a year—not nearly enough to attract qualified persons. The teacher shortage that hit America during and after the war has been even more of a catastrophe to institutions than to the normal community.

modern well-staffed educational program." Leading experts observe bitterly: "The public pays more to zoo employees for keeping animals than it does to training school staffs for rehabilitating children."

The "vocational training" I saw in most institutions was tragically inadequate. Children in some schools are taught shopwork with antiquated machinery and methods a generation behind the times. Many are taught trades that are nonexistent in the communities to which they later return. When they seek jobs based on their institution-taught "skills" they are often jeered at. Disillusionment leads to bitterness, to the feeling of having been betrayed, to a desire to wreak vengeance on society. Here and there some success is attained with realistic prevocational training where the children are taught general useful skills rather than specific trades which require more time, equipment and abilities than the institution can afford.

Cottage or house parents have the closest contact with training-school children. They are supposed to take the place of each child's real mother and father. The task requires a fund of love and understanding.

How many people of the required quality can the public get at fifteen hundred to seventeen hundred and fifty dollars per year per couple—the salaries offered by many states? Small wonder that I found so many cottage parents who were embittered failures, refugees from the normal community, misfits, alcoholics and shrews.

The real wonder is that I also found a surprising number of devoted and dedicated people who, in spite of disheartening difficulties, substandard wages, overwork and, often, bad living quarters, succeeded in doing a good job.

I asked one house father in a midwestern institution who obviously had no enthusiasm for his task why he had taken the job. He answered:

"Apartments are hard to get. The one they give me here is better than the one I had in my last job." He had been an assistant in a funeral parlor.

One group of boys told me: "Why should we respect our house father? Who is he to tell us to behave and not to use vulgar language? Why, he's a drunken bum. He curses and beats us all the time."

In one cottage where a house father seemed unnecessarily harsh to his charges I learned from a fellow staff member that he had just lost the greater part of his semimonthly pay check in a dice game with other employees. Gambling on payday is not unusual among institutional employees whose life is circumscribed, inhibited, recreation-starved, hard and thankless.

Such employees also tend to take out their frustrations and feelings of inadequacy upon the boys and girls. The children, hungry for fair play and understanding, develop a sense of being treated unjustly, of being rejected. They respond accordingly.

Some staff members, lacking understanding or self-confidence, hate or fear the children in their charge. Often a house parent will favor the larger boys out of fear of retaliation and take it out on the younger and weaker children.

The "cadet officer" or monitor system prevailing in many institutions—delegating powers of discipline to selected group leaders—results in serious abuses. Many monitors are deliberately used as "strong-arm" bullies, chosen for their muscular power and ability to terrorize. They beat up rule-violators with the tacit consent and sometimes even the direct incitement of staff supervisors. The misuse of a monitor's power to force bribes out of the other boys and to coerce some into homosexual practices is one of the most sordid

[continued on page 40]

Second Sight

I am not one of those who do not believe in love at first sight, but I believe in taking a second look.

HENRY VINCENT

A LITTLE more than a year ago the United States Attorney General called a national conference on prevention and control of juvenile delinquency in Washington. A conference committee report stated:

"It is a recognized principle in the United States that children from six to sixteen should attend school for a full school day and full school term. . . . Children in training schools for delinquents are entitled to the same educational rights. The mere fact that a child has been sent to a school for prolonged care does not thereby deprive it of its educational birthright."

How is this birthright recognized? The report says:

"Some training schools are being administered by officials who have no knowledge of modern educational methods and have no staff member to whom such responsibility can be delegated. Too many school programs are traditional, inflexible, academic. . . . The space used for classes may be an ill-lighted basement. Pupils go to an 'academic school' for half a day and some do not go to school at all. . . . Teachers in too many institutions are poorly prepared and poorly paid, often overworked, without any opportunity for summer school study. Many of the vocational 'teachers' are workmen about the institution, without educational preparation. . . . The state legislature too frequently looks upon this training school as a place of punishment for misdeeds instead of a school and treatment center. Accordingly appropriations made for its maintenance are utterly inadequate to provide a



Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr., goes dancing at the St. Regis

"Before I go out— always a 1-Minute Mask!"

A completely different type of facial mask is being used by beautiful society leaders today. A *lighter* mask—not heavy and stifling on the skin—but ice-cool and exhilarating! An incredibly *quick* mask—that "re-makes" your face not in 20 minutes—but in just *one!* Whenever you want to look your most glamorous, give your complexion this delightful beauty lift—a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

YOUNG MRS. GEORGE JAY GOULD, JR., makes every moment of her busy days count. The devoted mother of a small son, she is intensely interested in child welfare, and is active in the Child Adoption Committee. She loves the theatre, adores dancing.

"Always when I'm dressing for an important evening, I give my complexion a refreshing pick-up with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," says Mrs. Gould. "I know

of no beauty treatment that pays such quick dividends! Right away, it makes my skin look brighter and clearer—and so much softer! After a Mask, make-up is no problem at all. It goes on easily, smoothly—and clings!"

See what new glamour the 1-Minute Mask can bring to your complexion! Send to Pond's, 4-C, Clinton, Conn., for a free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream—enough for a full 1-Minute Mask!



*In only one minute—
a "new look" for your face!*

- 1 "Re-style" your skin in 60 seconds! Spread a cool white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face, except eyes.
- 2 Instantly, the Cream's "keratolytic" action starts to loosen and dissolve off dead skin particles. After one minute, tissue off.
- 3 Result—a smoother, more radiant complexion. Always remember your 1-Minute Mask—the perfect start to a perfect evening!

A lovely foundation cream, too

some Women



born under The Sign Of The Ram will stop at nothing...

In THE SIGN OF THE RAM, SUSAN PETERS triumphantly returns to the screen, in a compelling emotional role. Co-starring with Miss Peters in this picture based on the best-selling Margaret Ferguson novel are Alexander Knox, Phyllis Thaxter, Peggy Ann Garner, Ron Randell, Dame May Whitty and Allene Roberts. Screenplay by Charles Bennett; produced by Irving Cummings, Jr.; directed by John Sturges. An Irving Cummings production . . . a Columbia Picture.

Is This Reform?

from page 38

aspects of training-school life. The cadet officer or monitor system was abolished recently at one institution after a boy was beaten to death by his monitor.

In each boys' school I visited I obtained permission to talk to random groups of students alone, out of earshot of employes. From previous experience I believed I got a clearer and franker picture by talking to boys in groups rather than singly. At one institution the superintendent, who granted permission with some reluctance, warned me:

"Those boys are going to tell you a pack of lies. I wouldn't trust any of them on a stack of Bibles. They're just a bad lot."

The contempt reflected in those words tragically reflects a widespread sentiment among institutional employes. Many to whom the fate of problem children is entrusted are fatally impeded in their assigned task by a conviction that their wards are hopelessly bad and that nothing can change them. This doctrine of despair pervades too many schools and filters down to the children themselves. Lacking stimulus and encouragement toward self-improvement, they sink into premature cynicism.

SOMETIMES superintendents have a pet, the "model boy" or "model girl" whose institutional record is spotless. But experts know that the institutional environment is an abnormal one and a child may conform all too well. Many officials haven't yet learned a primary lesson: adjustment to normal life is not necessarily developed by institutional adjustment. Indeed, normal life may be impeded by it.

In fact, the repressive policies in many training schools discourage the development of wholesome character. Rather they encourage the children to "learn the ropes," to take advantage of the weakness of their custodians, to get away with as much as possible, to gain by stealth and dishonesty what they are prevented from getting openly and honestly. Conformity, not character, is what many officials want most in their wards. This attitude stifles the stunted spirit and warps the

molding mind. It perverts potentially useful citizens into bullies and flunkies. Their "trainers" often beat the good out of them in trying to beat out the bad; in their efforts to "break the spirit," they often break the heart and crush the soul.

Professor Alfred C. Kinsey of the University of Indiana, senior author of the recently published work *Sexual Behavior of the Human Male* has made an extensive study of sex problems in correctional institutions. He once told me:

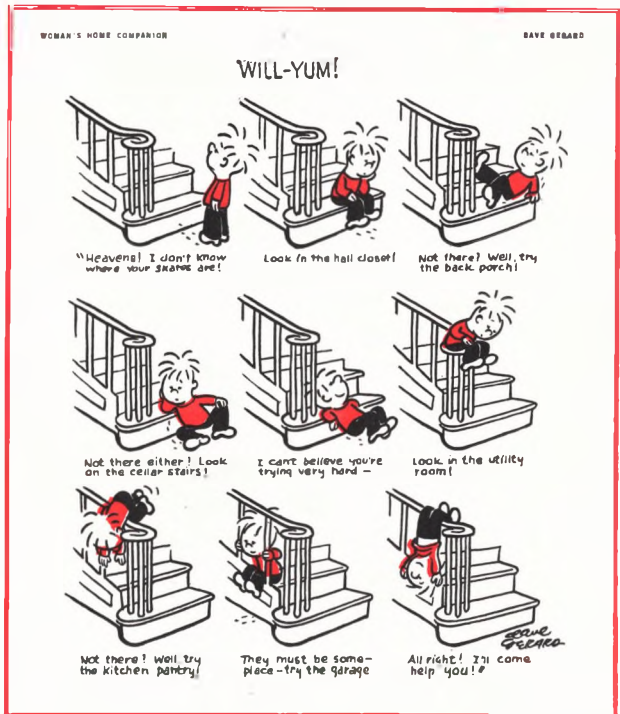
"If an evil genius were intent on creating an abnormal environment designed to check wholesome development, he might dream up the typical state training school to accomplish his ends."

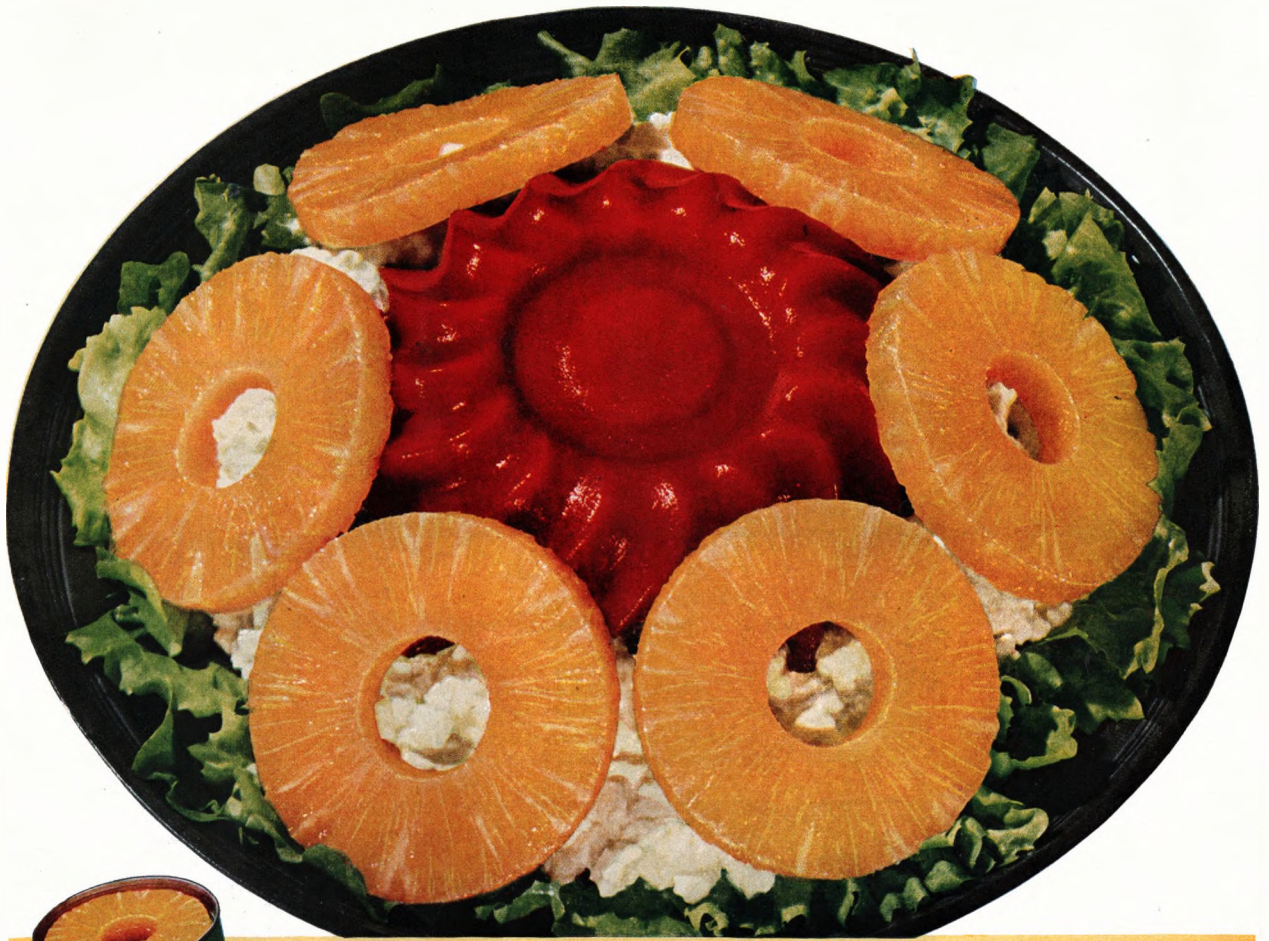
EVERY expert knows that the homosexual problem is serious in nearly every training school. Adolescent boys and girls are cut off from normal contact with the opposite sex at the most critically formative period of their lives. Society, in effect, forces the children into an abnormal environment where the development of socially disapproved sexual habits is virtually inevitable. Then it severely punishes those who "adjust" to that environment.

The grave problem of sexual maladjustment in adolescent institutions has been widely discussed among the experts. Thus far little has been done to improve the situation. Perhaps the boldest and most successful attempt to cope with the problem has been made at the Louisville and Jefferson County Children's Home. known also as Ormsby Village, a training school for boy and girl delinquents and dependents in Kentucky, where children of both sexes are allowed to mingle under circumstances approaching that in the normal community.

Here and there, as resplendent as diamonds against a black background, one meets house parents and other personnel who are boundless sources of inspiration to their young charges. Perhaps the best of these I encountered is an elderly Negro woman, Mrs.

[continued on page 43]





Brightest thing on lettuce this spring!



You can tell by that sparkling, sunny flavor—we let Del Monte pineapples take their own sweet time to ripen.

Only pineapples treated with such respect can give you the *full* measure of rich, tropical goodness you find in Del Monte. The slower the ripening, the finer the flavor.

Just set fork to tender, juicy *Sliced*. Give luscious *Crushed* a whirl in your favorite salad or dessert. Pour yourself a big, frosty glass of refreshing Del Monte Pineapple Juice.

You'll see (and taste) why it's always worth while to look for Del Monte Brand Pineapple—*any* style—and look for it *first*.

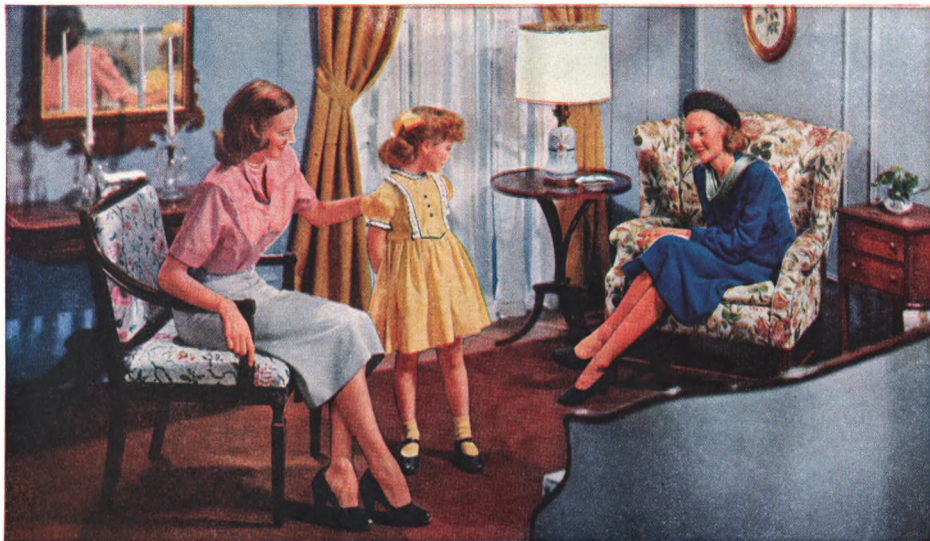
MERRY-GO-ROUND SALAD

- 1 No. 2½ can Del Monte Sliced Pineapple
- 4 tbsps. gelatin
- 2 tbsps. sugar
- 2 tbsps. lemon juice
- 2 tbsps. onion juice
- 4 tbsps. finely chopped green pepper (when in season)
- 2 cans Del Monte Tomato Sauce
- 2 cups cottage cheese

- Soften gelatin in 1 cup of syrup from the pineapple.
- Dissolve over hot water. Cool. Cut 2 slices of pineapple into thin wedges and combine with sugar, lemon juice, onion juice, green pepper and Del Monte Tomato Sauce. Stir in the gelatin mixture and pour into 3½ cup mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on greens; surround with cottage cheese and remaining slices of Del Monte Pineapple, as shown. Serves 6.
- GOLD SALAD (shown at left): Del Monte Crushed Pineapple teamed with dates, walnuts, and pimiento cheese.

Del Monte PINEAPPLE

the brand that always puts flavor first



*"Expensive? Heavens, no! I made her dress—
with the help of my SINGER SEWING CENTER!"*

YOU DON'T have to spend a fortune to have the best-dressed youngster on the block!

You can *make* pretty clothes—and save a pretty penny—with the help of your SINGER SEWING CENTER!

Easy-to-follow lessons show you every step from cutting

to finishing. And when it comes to tricky details like buttonholes and picoting, SINGER will do them *for you*—at prices so reasonable you'll wonder if you heard right!

SINGER has the best selection of notions in town, too. Why not stop in today? Start sewing for *your* little girl!



• **Learn to sew** the SINGER way—and you'll *always* get smooth-looking results! Course of 8 lessons is only \$10. (You can save more than that on your first few dresses!)



• **A counterful of braid!** Dainty lace, peasant banding, crisp ruffles—you can get them all at your SINGER SEWING CENTER. Plus every notion from appliques to zippers.



• **Everything's in reach** in a SINGER Sewing Cabinet. Holds all your notions—serves handsomely as night stand or end table. Many charming styles to choose from.



• **Fancy trims are easy** when you use the zig-zagger—SINGER attachment for stitching braid and appliques. Buttonholer, zipper foot are timesavers, too.



• **Just the right buttons** set off a dress in style! Your SINGER SEWING CENTER has a rainbow selection. They'll cover buttons, make belts in your own material, too.



• **Pressing's no problem** with a SINGER® Iron! Left: perfectly balanced "home" model. Right: folding iron for fine pieces and travel. Both with Fabric Dial.



• **Select your SINGER® new!** Featherweight portable or handsome cabinet. Get your name on the list. No obligation. It costs nothing to register. Orders filled in turn.

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SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

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Is This Reform?

from page 40

Mary Foster, who has been a matron at the Illinois Training School for Girls at Geneva for the past twenty-two years. Geneva segregates its white and Negro students. But Mother Foster, as she is known, was revered by all the generations of Geneva students who have come under her care. Her rheumatism now prevents her from jiggerbugging with her girls as she once used to do, but she still participates with spirited warmth in their activities and is prepared to share her unschooled wisdom with any student who seeks her counsel.

I asked Mother Foster for the key to her successful approach.

"I love them like a mother, and they know it," she replied. "I try to be firm when necessary, but I try to be fair always. They trust me and I trust them. They put their heads on my knees and I tell them stories, or they tell me their troubles. I tell every one of them: 'You're not really bad, but I just don't like the way you've behaved. It gets you into trouble.'"

One of the cottage girls said, "Mother Foster never gets mad; she doesn't hate anyone."

The superintendent of Geneva remarked, "Mother Foster's girls seldom come back as parole violators, but a great many visit her often out of gratitude and love."

A good staff is the vital essence of a well-run institution. Without qualified people the most beautiful institution with the most impressive equipment and the most progressive theory must still fail. As Karl Hollon, director of the California Youth Authority, put it tersely to me in Sacramento:

"We need people, good people, who care about children. All else is trimming. We need people desperately."

But we can never hope to attract and keep enough qualified employes at the miserable wages and difficult working and living conditions that obtain at most of our public training schools. And so long as the added blight of political interference hangs over such institutions—as happens in many states—not enough experts will be attracted to them and the children within their walls will be denied the chance we promise them in our high-sounding statements of purpose.

IT IS shameful that children in trouble should be made the profitable pawns of partisan politics. Many states have extended the merit system, or civil service, to training-school staffs. But even in some of these, the top positions are civil-service exempt and subject to the vagaries of political fortune.

Such has been the case in Indiana, for example, where the schools for delinquents are considered a legitimate part of the political patronage. Executives in state training schools include former storekeepers, accountants,

salesmen, undertakers and aldermen—apparently selected for their political party affiliation rather than their skill in training child delinquents.

The Illinois State Board of Public Welfare Commissioners, in an official report a few years ago, stated frankly:

"During the forty years of its existence, the St. Charles State Training School has been directed by a Republican during a Republican administration and by a Democrat during a Democratic administration. Undoubtedly all the men appointed were well-intentioned. Many did a creditable job, but no one had the training or experience which prepared him to discharge the responsibilities of this position. Very few staff members were employed because of particular competency to do the job."

Even the low-paid institutional jobs are not free from the political blight; they are the cheap plums which a grateful party sometimes turns over to the lesser ward-healers.

THIS political change in the guard plays havoc with any sincere effort to transform a children's prison into a real training school. At times the public conscience is pricked by an institutional scandal like the fatal beating of a child. Reform is demanded and a competent superintendent is put in charge. But it takes years to develop a decent program. Often, midway in the process, the expert finds himself suddenly dismissed and his post turned over to a political hack by the new party in state power. Reform is forgotten and the school returns to its traditional repressive politics until a new scandal repeats the cycle of reform and regression.

Certainly there are institutions that can boast of particular bright spots in their program—efficient academic, recreational and vocational activities, effective prohibition of corporal punishment, sufficient quantities of wholesome food, unusual quality of staff, excellent buildings, grounds or equipment. The tragedy is that the typical institution may be rich in one or a few of these advantages but poor in all others.

In this account I have stressed the prevailing defects and abuses in our public training schools. I have done so because they add up to an over-all condition that is incompatible with human dignity, a preventable evil society inflicts on children, a renegeing of pledges inscribed in our statute books in which we pay lip service to the concepts of rehabilitation and redemption as the modern substitutes for retribution and punishment. Above all, the abuses add up to a monumental and costly failure that pays off in adult crime.

What can be done to raise the standards of our state training schools to levels compatible with human dignity and decency, to make real

[continued on page 44]

BE ROMANCE • READY WITH

that Always-Fresh look



HAZEL BROOKS

in

"SLEEP, MY LOVE"

A United Artists Release

Try Hazel Brooks' Beauty-glow Cleansing

"First—smooth on Woodbury Cold Cream," says Hazel. "Tissue off—deep cleansing oils lift away make-up, grime. Now pat on more Woodbury for softening. Yes, four special softening ingredients smooth dryness. Tissue again, rinse with cold water. Look! Skin is glowing clean... you're the girl with the Always-Fresh look."



Daytime: Before Hazel shows up on the movie set, she makes sure her complexion will be perfection in close-ups. "Woodbury Cold Cream is my wake-up-and-glow facial—deep cleansing for flower freshness."



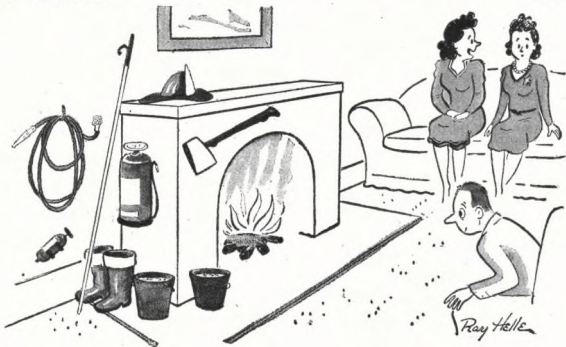
Dateline: "Away from studio lights I date Woodbury first. Its richness cleanses and smooths dryness. I'm off to a date with a soft to the touch, romance-ready complexion."



Woodbury Cold Cream

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

RAY HILLE



"Nothing would make him happier than to have an ember pop onto the rug."

I know a sweater is
dynamite...



Is This Reform?

from page 43

training schools of them? The main solutions lie, in large part, outside the institutional walls. For the roots of many institutional problems lie deep in the community—in the many homes, schools, agencies and courts that dump their rejected children on training schools, in the unwholesome environments which develop unwholesome child personalities long before the institutional stage begins. Every institutional inmate represents a community failure. I hope to deal with these sources of juvenile delinquency in a later article.

The state training school is but one station along the road that carries so many child delinquents to the terminal of adult crime. But it is a strategic junction of vital importance in determining the child's future direction, for good or ill.

THE following recommendations for improvement are confined to the state training school itself:

1 Qualified people selected for special skills and knowledge—and above all possessing a genuine love of children—are the greatest need. They can never be attracted to the institutions without decent pay scales, good working and living conditions, opportunities for promotion and freedom from political upsets and interference.

2 Institutions should be built and maintained to fit the needs of children; the children must not be manipulated to fit the institution.

3 Corporal punishment, official and "unofficial," must be abolished everywhere.

4 Good food in sufficient quantity and well prepared is essential in the development of healthy children. There is something wrong when children consistently turn away from food in disgust, as I observed at mealtimes in several institutions. There is something wrong when children are fed tasteless stews when their supervisors, seated at separate tables in the same dining-room, have menus including roast beef and tasty desserts.

5 A varied program recognizing individual differences and needs should replace the pulverizing regimentation and monotony that characterize most training schools. Character-building, not conformity to rigid institutional routine, should be the goal.

6 The institution should approach as nearly as possible the atmosphere of a real home. A recent report on the Michigan Boys Vocational School at Lansing prepared by a special survey committee ably states the essential conditions:

A cordial atmosphere of human acceptance by those charged with the child's care. This should include informality of social intercourse, a feeling of warm welcome, open expressions of affection and interest in what the child does and feels.

A mutual exchange of feelings and social gestures among children living in the same "family"—a chance to talk, sing, yell, play, rough-house and wrestle at times.

Stimulating activities and things to do, such as informal singing, listening to the radio, interesting books and magazines to read; and, by all means, without any pressure during their recreation period to do these things in a certain way.

Friends from other areas, guests to bring in stimulation from the outside world.

Freedom and relaxation from the strain of restrictions unavoidable in the more professionally geared hours of the day. Certainly this time should permit informality of posture and provide hours that a child might call his own.

A dwelling which in layout and decoration has some resemblance to a natural home.

7 The third-rate educational systems found in many training schools should be raised to the normal community level.

8 Since many delinquents are handicapped by severe emotional disturbances, competent psychiatrists should be employed with an opportunity to furnish individual or group treatment to those who need it.

9 Most of our present state training schools—with populations running up to a thousand—are far too large to provide a homelike atmosphere and individualized attention for their inmates. The California Youth Authority, under Karl Holton, is blazing a trail in the break-up of big centralized institutions like its training schools at Whittier, Preston and Ventura. The Youth Authority has for several years been building and maintaining small camplike schools, without fences, for boy and girl delinquents. These small colonies permit careful classification on the basis of age, background in delinquency and personalities.

10 The State Youth Authority idea, which works well in California, should be extended to other states as rapidly as possible. The Authority supervises and guides the treatment of the juvenile offender from the time he leaves the court until he is rehabilitated in the community, whether or not he or she is committed to an institution. Leading advocates of the youth authority system include Karl Holton, Austin MacCormick, James U. Bennett, director, Bureau of Prisons, United States Department of Justice, and John R. Ellington of the American Law Institute. The latter has served as the mainspring of this progressive movement. The American Law Institute has drafted a model State Youth Authority law, copies of which may be obtained by citizens desiring to press such legislation in their own states, by addressing requests to the Institute at 3400 Chestnut Street, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

11 Since there is an acute shortage of trained personnel in institutions for child delinquents and since many states find it difficult if not impossible to conduct a training program on their own, federal grants-in-aid for such purposes should be provided. Several bills toward this end have been introduced in Congress.

12 No institutional program, no matter how well planned, can succeed without the active interest and support of large numbers of citizens. Sufficient public pressure must be developed to obtain adequate legislative appropriations for the training schools. A good program is expensive from the short-term viewpoint, although if widely adopted it will save untold millions of dollars lost in criminal depredations and spent to maintain adult prisoners.

Every citizen has a direct stake in the operation of our state training schools for delinquents. As presently operated, most of them are disgraceful blots on a democratic society. It is up to us to erase those blots.

[THE END]

I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

Bright you are and right you are! When snug-fitting wool traps underarm odor, other girls catch the men! You play it smartly—help guard your charm with Mum!

Even in winter there's a heat wave under your arms. Odor can form without any noticeable moisture. Everyone should remember: a bath washes away past perspiration but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness and charm.

Mum safer for skin

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Mum safer for clothes

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

FOR WOMEN'S CLUBS WITH A PURPOSE

If your woman's club wants to "get its teeth into" subjects of importance, with possibilities of community action, and wants meetings of vital interest besides, the Woman's Home Companion has complete program packages based on its public service articles, available each month to its readers without charge. For details write to: Betty Carter, Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City 17.

The happiest brides have

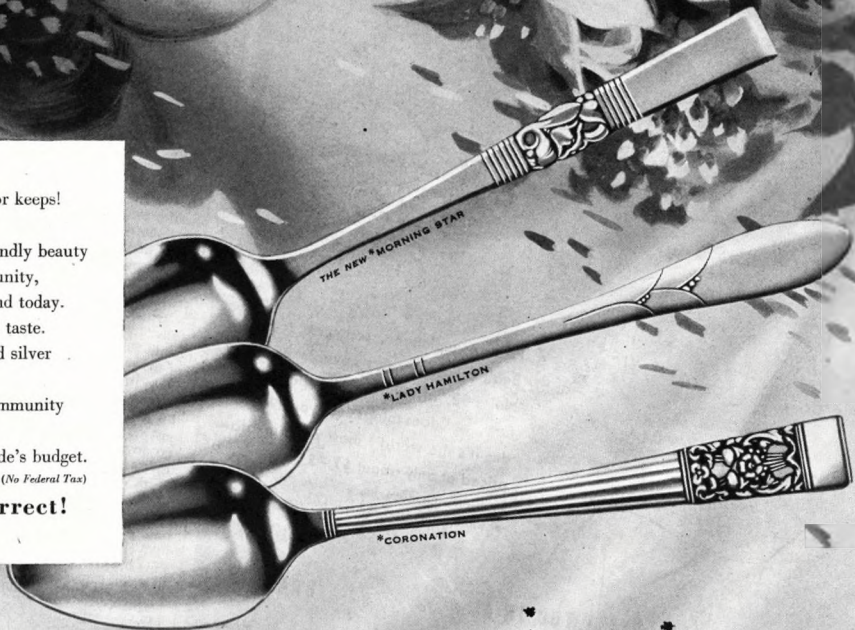
Community

Spring in your heart . . . stars in your eyes
... this is *your* day . . . to cherish for keeps!
For keeps, too, happy bride, you'll treasure
the proud craftsmanship, the friendly beauty
of your precious, hospitality-inviting Community,
beloved by brides of long ago . . . and today.
Community patterns are distinguished, in good taste.
Community's famous "Overlay" of solid silver
keeps your table an enduring delight.
And fine jewelers are showing Community
dinner services in four loved patterns†
thoughtfully priced to bless the bride's budget.

(No Federal Tax)

If it's Community*...it's correct!

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Jon Whitcomb

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Pretty as a picture... seductive, too! Miss Beall Baldwin wears Lovable Brassiere No. 902, artfully cut to separate and firm... it "does things" for you. No wonder it's the world's most popular bra—priced at only about \$1.75.

In rayon satin, nude, black or white, with latex insert.

MISS BEALL BALDWIN of Atlanta, Georgia. Chosen most "lovable" from among 425 lovely New York models!

BLOUSE. Sidney Heller Created

YOU'LL LOOK LOVELY TOO, IN A *Lovable* BRASSIERE
 LOVABLE BRASSIERE CO., 358 Fifth Avenue New York 1, N. Y. BRG-9-3-782-078

MRS. MOORE IS A GIFT TO SHUT-INS

BY SARAH LINDSAY



DRAWING BY JAMES VALENTI

- Handicrafts have long been Alice Moore's hobby and now she meets inflation by selling her knowledge of them. Her specialty is a kind of private occupational therapy service—if you've sprained your ankle, had an operation or are recuperating from an illness Alice will visit you and teach you one of the many easy crafts that can be worked on the road to recovery.
- In a one-hour lesson the average person can learn the rudiments of basketry, cloth weaving, book binding, simple wood carving, linoleum cutting, making costume jewelry, woolly toy animals and so on. Handicrafts are especially fine for recuperating youngsters or menfolk—all of whom get a bit difficult when they're nearly well.
- Alice furnishes materials and lends tools for one week. After that the patient can purchase his own from her if he wants to continue the craft. She will of course give him further lessons if he wishes. She also has a weekly class in crafts at her home which anyone can attend for \$1.50 a lesson.
- Often someone will send Alice to a sick friend—instead of flowers, books or other presents. When this is done she walks into the sickroom with her cheery smile and, for fun, an attractive gift card of her own design dangling from her lapel. A gift lesson from Alice is novel and may be the start of an enjoyable handicraft hobby.

Maybe you can make money this way too!

But You Came from Utah

from page 17

Lorna knew them, but they wanted to start married life in a perfect setting of striking upholstery, modern gadgets and good address. So they were waiting.

"But I mean it," Lorna said, dimpling. "I'm going back to Utah tomorrow."

"But don't you remember, you came from Utah!" cried Fran Whitney.

"Apparently the place is habit-forming," Tom MacCreedy said.

As usual Tom was slouched on his spine. He had a big well-proportioned body that he held erect while standing, but otherwise allowed to slump. Lorna saw that his intelligent face was wearing its wry look. An easy-going fellow, Tom had left a newspaper for a publicity agency and for the first time in his life had a little money to toss around. Soon after she had come to New York Lorna had fallen head over heels in love with him. For a long time she had tried to impress him with her newly won sophistication and charm but, failing conspicuously, she had gradually given up and grown to think of him as just one of the crowd.

"Now for the confession angle," she said gaily. "The true story of Lorna Brent. I admit that I didn't come to New York for any of the reasons you did. I only came because I was frightened. I was born and brought up in Utah and ready to stay there forever, but I said to myself, 'Lorna Brent, maybe you're just staying in Utah because you're afraid to go anywhere else. How do you know there isn't a better life somewhere? You know New York's the most exciting glamorous place in the world but you're scared to death of it. Now you go see what's what.'" She spread out her hands in a small gesture of triumph. "Well, I'm not scared any more—so I'm going back to Utah."

"She came, she conquered, she scrambled," intoned Freddy Watkins and ordered a round of cocktails.

"Your story deserves an Oscar," said Joel Greenleaf and handed her a pretzel. Joel was an athletic blond who managed to tear himself away from the golf links often enough to hold down a job in the brokerage office with Freddy. "May I also add that any similarity to facts living or dead is—"

"No! It's true! I'm going back tomorrow! Look!" Lorna fished hurriedly in her handbag and pulled out her railroad ticket. These friends, with whom she had shared so much festivity, would not be hurt because they had not known sooner that she was leaving them. On the contrary, they would think it original and diverting of her. She had kept her plans secret because she was in deadly earnest and didn't want any comment until everything was settled.

JOEL reached for the ticket. "The Lady in Black," he announced, "is leaving Grand Central tomorrow evening at nine-thirty for Chicago."

"Lots of people go to Chicago and get back all right," Fran said.

"Here," Lorna said and tossed the second half of the ticket onto the table. They all leaned around it.

Tom picked it up. "The day after tomorrow she starts west from Chicago by covered wagon."

"Look out for the Indians," Joel said.

"But, darling, you can't go way off to Utah!" Dottie cried.

Lorna smiled. "On top of a mountain in Utah I own a house—thirty rooms, plumbing and electricity. My grandfather built it when he struck gold. Prospector's Poison we called it. It's one reason why we ran out of gold a generation ago. Now the local bankers are willing to help me work out an antidote for the Poison. They're lending me money to turn the place into a guest house—the best beds,

[continued on page 49]



BY APPOINTMENT PERFORMED TO H. M. GISEN MARY, YARDLEY, LONDON



natural, young and lovely...
an English Complexion

Skin petal-soft, lips alive with color . . . an "English Complexion" is naturally, delightfully charming. To make its attractions yours, there's the simple beauty routine of fashionable women the world around — daily care with Yardley Aids to Beauty.

by **YARDLEY**



Your one-step to loveliness . . . Yardley "English Complexion" Cream is ermine light, snowy cool — it softens, cleanses and tones.

To keep looking smooth and fresh, use an undertone of new Yardley Make-Up Base that harmonizes with your powder.

Your skin glows soft and silken with Yardley "English Complexion" Powder. Use "Pink Pearl," for instance — it's new, and one of Yardley's nine flattering shades.

On your lips, the lasting radiance of "Holly Red," or another of Yardley's six lipstick shades, is gay and fashion right.

All items \$1. plus tax

*Do you speed through bathtub cleaning
this safe, easy way?*

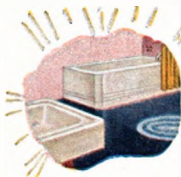


Why mar that beautiful finish?



You don't have to dull bathtubs and basins even to get the dirtiest dirt. Smooth, fine, white Bon Ami cleans quickly but without scratching. Protects household surfaces. Gets housework done fast. Rinses clean. Leaves no gritty particles behind.

Why struggle for a sparkle?



With Bon Ami, you get a polish as you clean. And without any extra work. Bon Ami helps keep that shiny "new" look of sinks and bathtubs. Imparts a rich sparkle that really says "clean." And Bon Ami keeps surfaces looking bright longer.

Why redden pretty hands?



Harsh, gritty cleansers do. Smooth, white Bon Ami doesn't. It's so fine hands stay soft and nice—proof that Bon Ami is better for sinks and bathtubs. Clean today the safe, easy way.

Bon Ami



"hasn't scratched yet!"



But You Came from Utah

from page 46

the best food and the best view in the United States."

"Once I knew someone who was bitten by a dude ranch," Freddy said. "He went around all the time saying, 'Yahoo! Yahoo!'"

"But darling, we're so used to you!" Dottie moaned. "Oh well, we'll all come out to visit."

Lorna felt herself blushing. Much as she liked these friendly diverting playmates, she wasn't at all eager to have them visit her in Utah. She wanted a different sort of guest, quieter and more self-contained, better able to appreciate the beauties of scenery and the pleasant atmosphere she intended to work hard to provide. Because she was ashamed of herself she tried to put extra warmth into her voice. "Of course you must come."

"I'll give a buffet supper for you tomorrow evening at my apartment, then we'll all see you off on the train," Fran planned.

"As a gesture of farewell and entirely because it's free," said Tom, "I now invite you to dance."

Lorna put her handbag on the table and stood up. "Order calves' liver and bacon for me," she said. The calves' liver would cost two dollars and a half without benefit of salad, dessert or coffee. Dinner would set her back about five dollars. But it would hurt less tonight than usual, because tonight would be the last. From now on she wouldn't be paying prices way beyond her pocketbook for the privilege of sitting in a room of determinedly exotic décor in company she considered sophisticated and amusing. Once these things had seemed a necessity and a challenge. Now they appeared merely silly.

THE Club Bijou provided a dance floor as smooth as it was small and an orchestra of corresponding qualities. Tom was a natural dancer, easy-limbed despite his bigness. Lorna saw that his wry expression had given way to one of detachment, a little reflective and sober. His dark hair, always apt to assert its independence, had already started to lodge over one eye at the angle she liked. By her standards Tom MacCready was an attractive man. He had a distinctive face, with rugged features and an air of self-possession.

"As a prelude to parting," he said after they had circled the floor for the third time in as many minutes, "would it interest you to know that once I was madly in love with you?"

"Why, Tom!"

"For about three months when you first came to New York. You had a plaid coat that fitted you like a bag—"

"Oh, that terrible coat!" Lorna flushed at memory of the shapeless servicable coat in which she had stormed the best-dressed city in the world. "But it was good material," she said defensively, "and very warm."

"It was wonderful. It hung on you like a sack and your eyes were eager and level and your hair was sunny and untamed, and you looked like a promise. I thought, here she is, the queen of the world—and my woman."

Lorna stared up at him in astonishment. He had been in love with her at exactly the time she had been in love with him! And she had never known! "I don't remember that you did much about it," she said, trying to keep her tone light.

"I didn't know what to do. I was enchanted. I'd been in love a couple of times before but now it was as if a magic circle had been drawn around me. I wanted to lay all the world at your feet. Unfortunately all I had at hand was the publicity account of the Pottle-Dinkelberger Lilliputian Novelty Company. I worked like the devil getting that account. It was for you. Well, I got it. Then one day I looked around for the enchantment. It just wasn't there any more."

"The Case of the Missing Enchantment," she said. Her voice was airy but her heart had suddenly contracted with pain.

Her mind flew swiftly back to her first months in New York. Almost immediately she had met Fran in a job-hunting agency and Fran had introduced her to the others. Yes, Tom had come around a lot at first without

the rest. He had come bounding up to her rooming house with flowers, a magazine or a puzzle. He had rung her on the phone and turned up at her office at lunchtime. And all the time she had been trying so hard to attract him by being alluring and urbane that she hadn't realized he was already in love with her! Then he had stopped coming. Even now she recalled it with a pang. He had settled down to seeing her in the larger group where couples paired off occasionally but always as if they were conscious of being a small segment of a much more interesting whole.

From time to time after that he had taken her out and several times he had kissed her. As he kissed her, she remembered, she had always been wondering nervously if she was being lightly sophisticated enough and if her lipstick was staying on.

"Not to change the subject," he said in a casual tone, "I see our dinners are on the table. While I'm totally ignorant of the laws of economics, intuition tells me that only a sucker would let a four-dollar steak get cold."

His expression was as pleasantly impersonal as usual. *Sic transit the MacCready affection*, Lorna thought acidly.

BACK in her own room several hours later, she cleaned out the last of the bureau drawers and transferred the contents of the medicine cabinet to her bags. With her hands full of bottles and jars she stood in the middle of the floor and fell into a reverie about Tom.

She tried hard to recall every detail of their first days together. He had read his own poetry aloud to her, but she had no idea now whether it was good or bad, or even what it was about. She had been so impressed with the fact that a New Yorker thought her a worthy audience that she hadn't really listened. Instead she had busied herself trying to think of comments that might sound witty and informed.

So skip it, she said severely to herself. He loved you once, he doesn't any more. It's over and done with and that's that.

WHEN the packing was done, she collapsed in a chair and cast an impersonal eye around the room that had been her quarters for two years. Its principal merit was not apparent from the inside—its fashionable address. For the rest it was a small dark room with a day bed made up as a couch, shabby makeshift furniture and occasional cracks on the light green walls. For this she had paid a far greater part of her salary than a budget allowed. It had been a place to dress in, sleep in and leave. She had done nothing to make it homelike, as Fran and Dottie had with their small apartments. For one thing, all her money beyond expenses had gone for clothes and her share of the gang's entertainment. For another, it had never occurred to her that such a room might substitute for a home.

Maybe if I had made it more homelike, she thought ruefully, and invited Tom up for an occasional quiet evening. . . . She would always be wondering now where she had made her mistakes. And he was a man who could feel magic! He could love a girl enchantedly, as every girl wanted to be loved. Once he had loved her that way. She felt wistful, as if she had been cheated of something that belonged to her.

Now you look here, Lorna Brent, she said sternly to herself, that's finished and past. There's no accounting for magic. You're going back to Utah tomorrow and make a good life for yourself. You've thought your last about Tom MacCready.

The next morning at eight o'clock she woke up thinking about him. She waited impatiently until nine-fifteen, then called him at his office. "How about taking the Covered Wagon Lady to luncheon?" she asked lightly.

"I'm afraid I can't make it." There was a new vibrant note in his voice that struck her immediately. "Something big's come up."

"Tossed aside like last year's mink," she said.

"I'll see you tonight at Fran's party."
[continued on page 50]

Here's what the wise ones say:

①



An ounce of prevention...

②



is worth a pound of cure

③



A little Drano every week...

④



prevents slow drains!

THAT'S ALL IT TAKES! You can avoid the annoyance of slow-running drains with just one tablespoonful of Drano poured down your drains once a week!

For Drano boils out clogging waste. Filthy sewer germs, too!

So don't just sterilize your drains—use Drano regularly, to boil out the dirty mess that breeds germs and slows up your drains!

Remember, too, Drano opens a stopped-up drain—fast! Without fuss or muss, fumes or odor. Get Drano today.

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Drano

T. M. Hoe, U. S. Pat. Off. by The Dracott Co.

**OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS—
KEEPS THEM FREE-RUNNING**



Harmless to septic tanks: makes them work better—cuts down odors.

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"I cut ironing time 1/3 with a new General Electric Iron"



"... AND THERE'S NO MORE SCORCHING OR RUINING OF MATERIALS!"

Says MRS. J. G. MCFARLAND
3703 E. Tenth St., Long Beach, Cal.

YOU, like other women, will find that this remarkable General Electric "Visualizer" Automatic Iron will help you do a much better ironing job—and in less time than with average irons.

There are many reasons why this is so:



YOU tune in to the correct temperature for linens, rayons, silks, cottons, and woolsens. The "Dial the Fabric" Control helps you do smoother ironing because the heat is right for every fabric!

YOU find this General Electric Iron cooler to work with. Between the sleek, form-fit handle and the base of the iron there's space for circulating air to keep the handle cool!

YOU know the instant your iron is ready, for the temperature-indicating light tells you!

YOU get all these advantages, too: Exclusive Double Button Nooks for faster ironing around buttons . . . built-in thumb rests . . . and the famous Calrod* Unit that heats the iron faster. It also has a larger ironing surface (27 1/4 sq. in.), yet it weighs only 2 3/4 lbs!

Your General Electric retailer will gladly show you this wonderful iron. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MORE WOMEN BUY G-E IRONS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE!
(according to authoritative electrical trade sources.)

GENERAL ELECTRIC

But You Came from Utah

from page 49

"I just thought that, well, since I'm going away—and—well—"

"Look, Lorna, I'm as busy as a beaver with seven tails." Yes, there was a quality of rushing cheer in his voice that had certainly not been there before.

"It's just that today's my last day and I thought that we—that you—"

There was a brief pause. "Look, I'll tell you what: Meet me at Ben's Place at one-thirty. I may have to cut it short but I'll get there."

AT TEN minutes past one she walked into Ben's Place, a small second-class restaurant in the Fifties, where her gang was accepted on a fraternal basis, always accorded a table and allowed ample time to dawdle over a second cup of coffee.

For the first time since her arrival in New York Lorna went to a luncheon date without a hat. A lot of girls walked around the city without hats but it was the code of the circles in which she moved for women to be provocatively hatted on all but formal occasions.

The day was warm and lovely. Lorna brushed her hair loosely around her face and let it swish in the breeze. She wore an olive-green dress and black fabric gloves. She wore the gloves for the same reason that she did not wear the hat, because it suited her. If she were to stay in New York, she thought, she would dress as she pleased, do as she pleased and only be impressed with things that struck her as having intrinsic value. She would be as

much at ease here as in Utah and, having conquered this monstrously self-confident city, she would be at home any place in the world. It was a nice feeling.

Ben ushered her to a table as if she were a dear relative from whom he was expecting a small legacy and left her to her vigil of door-watching. She twisted her fingers together nervously and wondered if there would be some change in Tom's manner to correspond to his voice. Or would there be some small telltale sign to show that a trace of the magic still lingered? At one-forty he pushed in, with a sort of loping eagerness, and Lorna's heart leaped and pounded.

"You aren't wearing any hat," he said, sitting down. But his tone was one of cursory comment. There was no magic that she could detect.

"Look, Ben," he boomed, "I'm in a terrific rush. How's about the chicken potpie?"

While he ordered Lorna studied him. He seemed to have been revitalized. His expression was alert with the reflection of some inner determination and his big body seemed charged with energy. Yes, something remarkably fine had happened to Tom MacCready.

"So a big deal's come up, tycoon," she said.

"The biggest"

"I hope you put it over, Tom."

"I will. There was never anything surer than that. This deal has a very special personal significance."

"Tom! They've offered you a vice presidency!"

"They have offered me a vice presidency."

"Oh, Tom! I'm so glad!"

"Baby," he said, leaning across the table,

"you are looking at a king. I always knew that I was a king. It was just a case of finding a kingdom. Even when I was a Scotch-Irish kid growing up in upper New York State, with holes in my shoes and a bottomless pit in my stomach, I knew that I was a king. Later when the family moved to a cramped apartment on Amsterdam Avenue and I worked my way through Columbia, I still knew. After that I'll admit I've had bad mo-

ments of doubt and made a lot of mistakes. Well," he spread out his hands in a happy expansive gesture, "now I've found my kingdom."

"A vice presidency," Lorna said and hoped he would hear the note of scorn in her voice.

Apparently he didn't. "Believe," he said, shaking an admonitory finger at her. "Have faith. Remember that on your mountaintop in Utah."

"I'll write you a letter about it," she said. "As a vice president where will you be living?"

"Living? Living? Where do vice presidents live?" His good humor was infectious. "In Great Neck, in Scarsdale, in an apartment in the East Sixties. Depending on the size of the family, I presume."

"Family! Are you going to get married?"

He grinned. "As a Scotch-Irishman who has just come into a kingdom, I feel it my duty to produce heirs to the throne."

"Baby vice presidents," she scoffed.

He bolted his chicken potpie and just as she was about to suggest that Nesselrode pudding would be nice for dessert, she found herself standing on the sidewalk with him.

"The MacCready version of jet propulsion," he explained. "Say, you didn't want dessert, did you? Well, I'll see you tonight at Fran's."

"The parting guest was never speeded with such enthusiasm," she retorted and couldn't help the hurt that flickered over her face.

"Now, now." He was instantly contrite.

"You know how it is with us. Any excuse for a party." And he leaned over and kissed her, a light swift kiss of apology. Then he turned and threaded his way through the crowd, head and shoulders above most of them.

Lorna watched until he disappeared around a corner. Make way for the king, she thought. Here comes the monarch! The kiss had been the airiest of gestures, but it was a full five minutes before she shook off its spell enough to realize that she had been standing stock-still in the middle of a busy sidewalk. She whirled around and started back to her room as fast as she could.

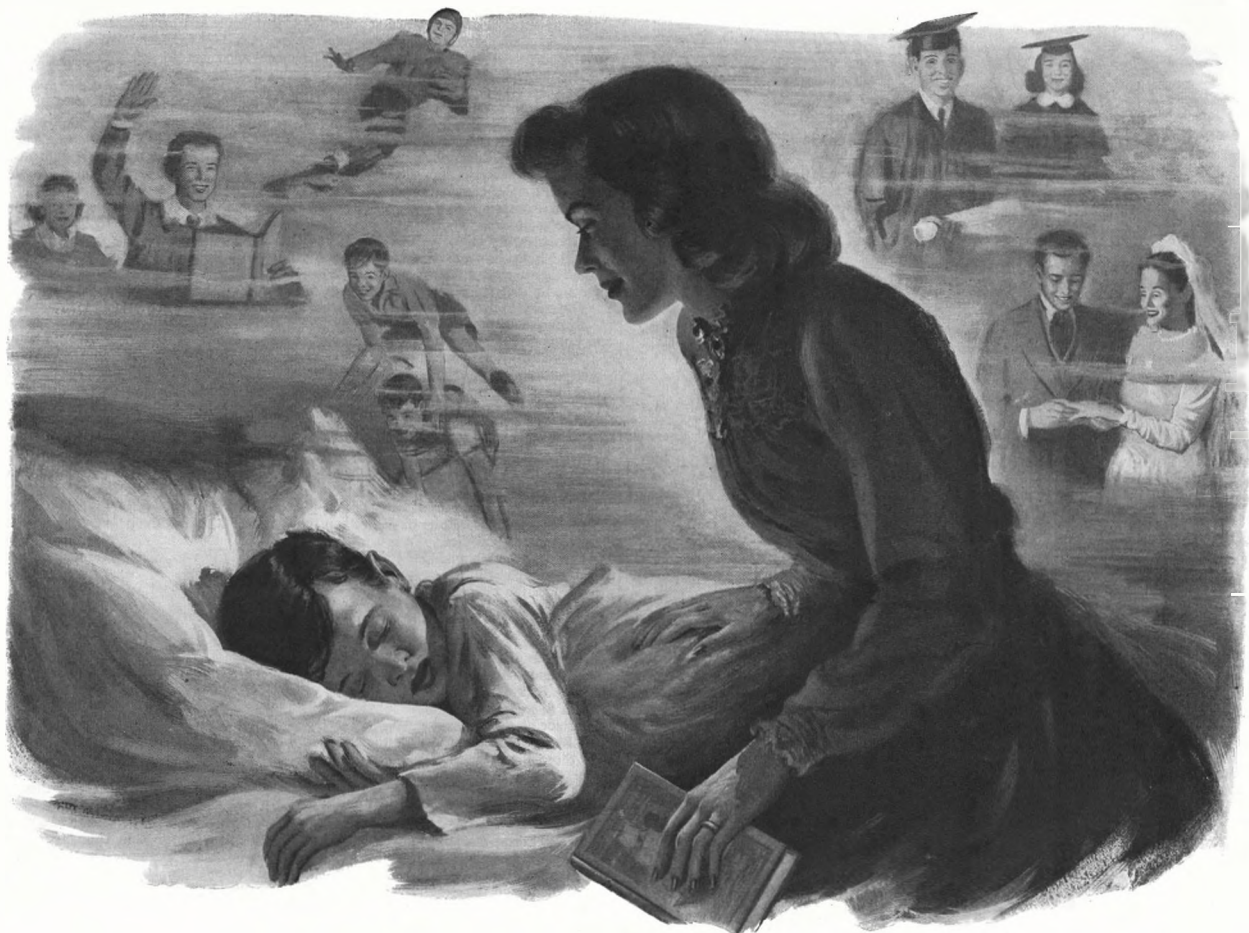
WITH blank dismay she stood staring at the two fully packed suitcases on the bed and thought, I can't leave him now, because I'm in love with him again! I'll get another job or get my old one back. I'll tell them tonight that I've changed my mind. They'll think it amusingly quixotic of me. She took the top three dresses out of one bag and laid them on the bed. If she had only herself to consider there was no doubt that the life in Utah would suit her best but now she had Tom to consider too. And if she stayed in New York she would stay as a different person, taking from the city what she wanted, instead of always doing its bidding. On a vice president's salary Tom ought to be able to support a marriage without too heroic a tussle.

Oh, so he's going to marry me, is he? She scoffed at herself. Yes, because I'll make him fall in love with me! I'll buy all the perfumes in the stores! I'll be irresistible! Slowly she picked up one of the dresses and put it back in the bag. She already owned more perfume than she could afford and except for one brief burst of magic, Tom had had no trouble resisting her.

Then I'll be comradely, a good sport, the simple type, she decided with a rush. With a sad shake of her head she laid the other two dresses on top of the first. The Tom she had seen today would not be tricked by any devices. He would choose his own woman, for his own reasons, and she would stay chosen.

[continued on page 52]

DOWN THE YEARS THAT LIE AHEAD..



WILL HE HAVE HIS CHANCE IN LIFE ?

Here's one little thing you can do every day to give him a good healthy start.

Of course he will "have his chance", if you keep him healthy in heart and body and mind. All three go hand in hand. And so, if your child shows signs of being nervous and tired, begins to look frail and underweight, remember always that the most common correctable cause is faulty nutrition—even among supposedly well-fed children. And this cause is one that you, the mother, can do something about.

That's why, in situations like this, many mothers turn to Ovaltine. Because Ovaltine contains a very wide variety and scope of food elements, both common and rare—particularly those elements that are most apt to be lacking.

For Ovaltine is a rich supplementary food that fills in the gaps, the chinks, and the loopholes of an otherwise "good" diet. It contains, for example, the important Vitamins

A, B₁, C, D, G, Niacin, the valuable minerals Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus, besides high-quality proteins and quick-energy foods.

And when you give two to three glasses of Ovaltine a day, plus normal meals, you can be certain that you have done just about everything you can do to improve nutrition.

A New Flavor

The postwar freeing of many materials has enabled us to produce an improved sweet, chocolate flavored Ovaltine which children *really like*—an important consideration in getting children to take the nourishment they need.

So, why not give your child Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine every day for 30 or 60 days and carefully note the results. When you consider all the food values which Ovaltine supplies, the price is economical.

READ WHAT YOU GET IN 2 GLASSES OF OVALTINE MADE WITH MILK

- MORE PROTEIN THAN 3 EGGS
- MORE CALCIUM AND PHOSPHORUS THAN 2½ SERVINGS OF AMERICAN CHEESE
- MORE FOOD-ENERGY THAN 2 DISHES OF ICE CREAM
- MORE IRON THAN 3 SERVINGS OF SPINACH
- MORE VITAMIN C THAN 4 OUNCES OF TOMATO JUICE
- MORE VITAMIN A THAN 2 SERVINGS OF PEAS
- MORE VITAMIN D THAN 10 OUNCES OF BUTTER
- MORE NIACIN THAN 6 SLICES OF ENRICHED BREAD
- MORE VITAMIN B₁ THAN 3 SERVINGS OF OATMEAL
- MORE VITAMIN G THAN 1 POUND OF BIRCHIN STEAK

OVALTINE

SWEET CHOCOLATE FLAVORED AND PLAIN

Walk-Over
EASI-GAITS*



"Have a fling
at Spring—"

• Come on! Coax that wanderlust along with get-up-and-go shoes! Easi-Gaits by Walk-Over! Welt-soles so light you'll simply waft. So smart you'll be singled out for second glances.

And how about this for a spirited start: Our stirrup-strap sling and matching calfskin handbag. Know a better way to blossom forth?

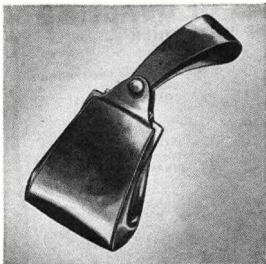
Walk-Over Easi-Gaits \$16.95.

Other Walk-Over prices from \$13.95.

Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.



*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Handbag designed exclusively for Walk-Over by Silvie Hamilton. \$18.95 plus Fed. tax.



But You Came from Utah

from page 50

Lorna sat on top of the bag and jounced unhappily up and down until it closed.

She finished packing, dressed and presented herself at Fran's apartment at seven-thirty. Everybody was there but Tom. Happy to be having a party, they were gaily bantering around repartee dedicated to their version of the wide open spaces. They were sorry to see her go and ready to welcome someone in her place. Freddy was wearing a ten-gallon hat, souvenir of his dude-ranch days. Fran had concocted a delicious supper around lobster salad and water-cress sandwiches. Joel had brought champagne.

At eight o'clock Tom barged in, looking wilted and weary but strangely content. Joel handed him a drink and said, "How's about an account of the ten years you've just spent on a deserted island?"

Tom grinned. "It's been a busy shipwreck."

By a miracle the only empty place was next to Lorna on the sofa and he sagged into it.

"Tom, why don't you come out to Utah on your vacation?" she said in an urgent undertone. "I'm sure we could have a wonderful time. The scenery is right out of a travel folder, purples and reds and fascinating rock formations. And the sky's only a hand's reach away." She was thinking with all her heart, come out to Utah, Tom, come! See the magic scenery, breathe the heady air and maybe you'll like me again. Maybe you'll get me all confused with the beauties of nature and I'll look good to you. See me in levis and boots and perhaps I'll be more like the girl you have in mind—whatever she may be.

"We could make trips to Bryce and Zion Canyons and Monument Valley. Every American ought to see them," she concluded lamely.

"Reach me a couple of those deviled eggs, will you, Lorna?" he said. "Better make it three. Fran and the hen certainly have cooperation down to a fine art."

While Lorna was still trying to choke her tears securely back, Freddy announced that it was time to start to the station. Final toasts were made and the gang presented her with an enormous wreath of white lilies, tied with a gigantic satin bow. "Rest in Utah!" it said in big gold letters. They slipped it over her head and she laughed almost gaily. The men grabbed her bags and she put her old plaid coat over her arm.

"What's this?" Tom asked, lifting it up. "My old coat," she said defiantly. "It'll never wear out and it's too heavy to pack."

"I'll carry it," he said, taking it from her. They went in two taxis and Tom was not in hers. Maybe the coat will bring back some of the magic, she thought, as the taxi jerked and spurted through the streets. Maybe the enchantment's in that and the spell will begin to work again.

WHEN they piled out at Grand Central it was just six minutes before train time. As they hurried through the station Lorna was conscious of the attention they were attracting. She could walk through the station now, even with a wreath of lilies draped around her neck, perfectly assured that in her smart gray suit, with her red alligator shoes and bag, she looked a suave and polished woman, who could indulge in pranks without losing caste. With whoops and yahoos they rushed her onto the train and dumped her bags in her roomette. Then they hurried her out on the platform to say good-by.

"Board!" bellowed the conductor. Good-by! Good-by! Good-by, Freddy and Dottie and Fran and Joel. Good-by, New York! "Board!" Good-by, night clubs and sidewalk cafes and tense gay good times! Good-by—"Board!"

She held out her hand to Tom. And suddenly she knew that she did not have the

strength to say good-by to him, nor of her own volition to make herself walk onto a train that would take her away from him forever.

"Oh, I—I feel so funny," she said, putting her hand up to her forehead. "Dizzy—and . . ."

"Board!" Out of the corners of her eyes she saw the train begin to move.

"I—I think I'm going to faint," she mumbled and pitched herself headlong at Tom.

Now it was done. Whatever might come of it, she was going to be with him at least a little longer. Her clothes were going to Utah and eventually she might have to follow, but she was with Tom for the present.

HE CAUGHT her neatly, but instead of hurrying with her toward the waiting-room, as she had expected, he started to run after the train. For a horrible moment she thought he was going to heave her bodily into the vestibule. Instead he jumped in with her. He carried her along the car to her roomette and sat her down in the seat. Then he ran some water on a towel and sluiced it over her face.

"Oh, I—I, what happened?"

"You fainted."

"Oh, but Tom, the train's moving!"

"That's okay. I'll get off at One Hundred Twenty-fifth Street in about seven minutes. How do you feel? You look all right."

She lifted the wreath from her neck and handed it to him and he put it on the rack.

"Say," he said, looking around with interest, "these roomettes are darn nice. Ingenious planning." And he began to examine the job in detail. He had just approved of the blue night lights when the conductor yelled, "One Hundred Twenty-fifth Street!"

Harmon, Lorna thought desperately. We'll stop there in about three quarters of

an hour to change engines. He's going to spend the rest of his life being a vice president and I'll be all alone in Utah. It won't hurt him to ride to Harmon. The train slid to an easy stop.

"Well," Tom said and started out of the roomette and down the aisle.

Lorna followed him. In the vestibule he turned and grinned at her. "Well," he said.

"Good-by, Tom!" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck. "Oh, good-by!" and she tightened her grip to a stranglehold.

He did his gentlemanly best to get away. "Look," he mumbled through a mouthful of her coat sleeve. "Look."

"Good-by! Good-by!" she cried, renewing her clutch. When she saw the train moving safely out of the station she let go and extended her hand politely. "Good-by, Tom. It's been awfully nice to know you."

He rolled his heavy eyebrows ironically toward the passing platform.

"Oh, for heaven's sake! Oh well, you can get off at Harmon," she said lightly. "It's a nice ride." As she turned around she saw that her farewell had been witnessed by a conductor, a porter and a couple of fascinated passengers.

It was the porter Tom chose to address. "The woman is mad about me," he said.

"Yes, *sub!*" said the porter.

Lorna marched back to the roomette and plunked herself down on the seat with a snort. A minute later Tom shut the door and stood looking down at her. There was a brief silence after which he said, "Several random thoughts of a philosophical nature occur to me, of which I will now deliver myself." He looked around the roomette and frowned. "No space to pace up and down," he said. His eyes came back and fixed levelly on hers. "First, it was very discriminating of you to fall in love with me, Lorna."

"Ha!" Lorna blushed and looked speedily out of the window. [continued on page 54]



*It's really two
hair-dos in one*

For evening: Brush short top-hair around finger and pin in swirl at side of forehead. Brush right side-hair down over ear and pin in swirl at side of head. Brush back-hair to right side, tuck ends under and pin behind ear. Roll left side-hair into soft disc over ear.

For daytime: Brush down into page-boy. To set—Five pin curls on top plus end curls all around. Curls all go in same direction.



You're a lovely quick-change artist

Try it—this new night-into-day
hair-do by Charles of the Ritz.

And see how Hughes
"deep-action" brushing brings
out new luster in your hair.

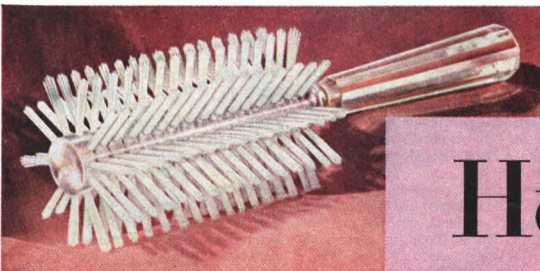
● Look—just a few deft flicks of your Hughes hairbrush—and you change from night-time siren to daytime sophisticate.

It's easy—especially when you've made your hair soft and manageable with Hughes "deep-action" brushing.

This is no skim-over, top-layer brushing. The long, springy bristles in a Hughes hairbrush are designed to reach scalp-deep with every stroke. Each lock is separated and polished till it gleams.

Make the most of your hair. Get a Hughes hairbrush today—at your favorite drug or department store.

Tek Hughes, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York
Makers of a complete line of quality brushes, popularly priced.



Hughes Hair Brushes

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But You Came from Utah

from page 52

"I might have saved you the trouble of such feverish demonstrations but I'll admit the temptation was too great for me. Secondly—and you may have to listen closely to this—we come to a little homily on man's position in life. A man is not born knowing his proper place, nor how best to attain it. He must discover these things by experiment. In the process he often loses his bearings. Such mistakes are not to be held against him. But once he knows his true destination, if he cleave not unto it until death do him part, he is in no sense a nian."

"You sound faintly ecclesiastical," she sneered.

"Thirdly, the matter of faith. Without faith a man is as rudderless as a leaf in the wind. At all costs a man must preserve faith in himself, in life and in those he loves."

"Maybe we'd better look at the scenery until we get to Harmon," she suggested. "That's a nice billboard we're passing."

"Fourthly—"

The porter stuck his head in the door. "Your berth's ready in the next car, suh," he said.

"Upper six, isn't it?" Tom said and slipped a bill into his hand.

Lorna's mouth flew open and her eyes began to pop. She felt as if wheels were going around and around in her head.

"I lost faith in you," she heard Tom saying from somewhere beyond a whirling mist. "I fell in love with you because I thought you were all I wanted. Then I fell out of love because I believed you'd grown into a shallow superficial person. I know now that in your own way you were trying to conquer a world. I thought the world had conquered you. By losing faith in you I lost two years out of my life."

For a few minutes there was no sound but the wheels of the train whirring in urgent competition to the wheels in Lorna's head.

"That house in Utah is going to be in terrible shape," he said cheerfully. "Luckily I'm a pretty good carpenter and plumber, having lived most of my life in cheap places that were always falling down around my ears. I am also capable of writing publicity that will bring in all the people you want. I can see that I'm going to be a big help."

LORNA'S eyes had begun to focus better. The difficulty now was with her wildly racing heart. "But your vice presidency!" she gasped.

"I was never cut out for a vice presidency. I resigned it at nine-thirty this morning. I've had the devil of a busy day."

"But your kingdom!"

His gray eyes burned deeply into hers. "You," he said in a quiet voice. "Utah. A world of our own to create."

Tears came into her eyes and started to roll down. Soundlessly, steadily, they welled up and streamed over her cheeks.

He sat down beside her and took her hand. "I'm crying too," he said, "only my tears don't show."

For a long, long time they sat that way. By degrees Lorna's tears dried and she sat there feeling her hand in Tom's, slowly adjusting herself to the miracle. Lights of a town twinkled by and the train braked into a station.

"Fifthly—" she said at last.

"I was just coming to that. Fifthly, I am about to kiss you."

The train gave a sudden jerk that catapulted her neatly into his arms. The big Diesel engine had just been hitched on and was beginning to pull rhythmically for the west. [THE END]

Oh, Dangerous Dove

from page 25

complaining and cajoling. And there is the same beguiling but firm note in their voices. The doves began talking long before sunrise and right after breakfast Ma, Delight and Opal took over. Opal had little to say but Ma and Sis were never done talking and arguing.

Half the time they forgot I was there and it was. "Don't you think, Mama, that the rose silk is a little more suitable than the yellow taffeta?" and, "It's a pity your feet are so large. You could wear my wedding pumps, Delight. My father sent to New York for those shoes and I never wore them except at the wedding."

Then Delight would toss her head and say angrily, "Well, they do think girls' feet are growing bigger with every generation. That's because we wear more sensible shoes. At least I don't have bunions."

And all the time the doves went on and on—bandishing their true loves or just making that lonesome lonely sound for the devil of it.

Ma was doing her best to marry Delight off in the grand tradition. She worked like a galley slave and planned like a general but sometimes in the evening I saw tiredness and worry sag into her face. Ma liked Jed well enough, but she was a little peeved at Sis for having thrown over Tom Morgan and never hesitated to say so.

"I do hope you will be happy," she said that afternoon. "To my mind you made a big mistake jilting Tom. The Morgans are our best friends."

"Oh, him," Delight said, drawing in her breath and staring down at Opal Wicket, who knelt at her feet. "Mama, he's not one bit romantic. I've known Tom for years and never once felt the way I do with Jed. Why, sakes alive, I get the chills up and down my back just thinking about him."

Ma gave a little snort.

"Chills ain't everything," she said. "Though I'll admit Jed cuts a pretty figure for a man and dances well, and has plenty of spending money. But he comes from far places, nobody

knows where, and Tom's a boy you can trust your whole life long."

"Jed came by his money honestly," pouted Sis, rolling her round eyes. "He's got letters to show he's no fly-by-night. He's got a big ranch in Arizona and lots of friends out there." She said Arizona with awe, as if it were the moon.

"Maybe Jed knows your folks and friends in the west," said Ma to Opal chattily. Ma was always one to include the help in the conversation, even if Opal was proud and noncommittal.

Opal, who was running pins into Dee's hem, gave a savage little jerk and Sis yelped. She informed Opal in a testy voice that she had run a pin right into her knee, and that she might get blood poisoning and never be married. Her voice was shrill and high with nervous tears.

Opal sat back on her heels and said she was sorry and Ma told Delight she was as skittish as a witch on Halloween.

"I went all to pieces before I was married," said Ma solemnly. "All girls do it. It's natural and proper."

Not to be outdone, Delight swayed and gasped that she was faint from standing the whole day. My mother helped her into the bedroom, comforting her with soft words.

OPAL looked unhappily at me staring from my wheelchair in the doorway. She looked at the foaming satin collapsed on the Brussels carpet and then out the window where the summer wind ran lightly through the trees. "Oh, Bud," she said, "don't you just want to scream when people talk about far places? About the west. That's where I was born and that's where I belong. I'm saving every cent I can, so some day I can go home again."

A look of longing came over her face—a tender, hopeless, yet determined look.

"You must want to go awful bad," I said. "My paw was a westerner, you know," said Opal. "He was big and bold too, and moved like a hawk." Suddenly I knew she was think-

ing of Jed Murphy, whom she knew only by sight.

"Was he a rancher?" I asked, interested. Opal gave a low little laugh. "He was and he wasn't. Paw was the slickest, wildest and the most honest cattle rustler in all the west. Since I've been grown, I've never met a man who could fill Paw's boots, up till now. And I've never told another soul about him."

"Glory! Didn't he ever get shot or thrown in jail?"

"He got shot at. And he never had the law after him because he only took from bad men. And he never kept anything for himself. Paw died honorable," she said, gathering the satin into her arms. She leaned toward me and I looked into her dark urgent eyes. "He died a fitting death, trying to save an old miner whose shack burned down. Everybody loved Johnny Wicket, Bud—there were hundreds of people at his grave. They came from miles and miles across the desert and every last one shed tears."

I was enchanted. Opal sat there in a bar of sun dust with a needle in her hand—and her curved pale cheeks and the strange droop of her eyelids made my heart leap.

She told me in her deep slow voice about the danger, the excitement and the romance of her childhood. She told me about her father, Johnny Wicket, who never did a shabby deed. Her words were magic.

WHEN I saw the top of Jed Murphy's hat jog debonairly up the walk I felt a sudden interest in Dee's beau. Up to now he had been just another of her pesky silly fellows. But he too hailed from the west, which that day had become meaningful to me.

Jed was whistling a saucy tune between his teeth and Opal grew paler and let the dress spill over her knees.

"What's the matter?" I cried, having no idea what to do with a swooning woman. But Opal stood up straight with her lips tight together and said in a matter-of-fact way, "Paw used to sing that song. It brings back old times, even the ones I forgot to tell you about." She slapped on her bonnet any old way. "Tell your maw I'll be back this afternoon, later," she said. "I've got a sick headache and can't sew another stitch just now."

Opal and Jed met head-on in the hall. I saw their awkward collision. Jed made a startled bow as Opal stormed past him. She tossed him an icy look and rushed down the steps.

Jed stood looking a little dazed; then, seeing me, he broke into a grin.

"By all that's holy, who was that?" he said tossing his hat accurately to the hall-tree.

I told him in a breathless rush that she was Opal Wicket, from the west, like he was, and that I would give my game leg to go out west myself. I begged him to tell me more about the adventurous country.

A sense of dignity and rowdy grandeur hovered in the room—Johnny Wicket's ghost was still at large. I watched Jed with a new intentness, peevish that he didn't seem to hear me.

He had flung himself onto one of Ma's flimsy wicker chairs and lolled back—his dark shiny hair all tousled—his blue eyes very light under straight dark brows.

"So that's Johnny Wicket's daughter," Jed said at last and my mouth fell open. "We wondered what became of the kid," said Jed. "Why, I knew Johnny well!" He gave a delighted whistle. "So that's Johnny Wicket's daughter!"

Of course, just then Ma and Delight sailed in. While Jed was gallantly embracing Sis, Ma swept up the wedding finery and shooed me out.

FROM that day on everything was different for me. The doves of discontent were heard no more. For weeks I had sat idle, bored, troublesome, prying. The soft clip of the carpet sweeper and the clink of dishes in the sink and the monotony of doves calling weighed me down like stones. I lived captive in a dull woman's world.

Now against this backdrop of boredom shone a hero and a heroine. Two gods of a golden age who came from a world peopled by wild stallions and blazing suns and moons as big as cartwheels.

I could hardly stand it when Jed or Opal was out of sight. I asked questions and begged for stories and Jed always entertained me when the women were busy. I was moonstruck, tipsy with youth and half in love with Opal Wicket. I nearly drove my mother crazy.

"Forevermore!" she said, stumbling over my wheelchair, which was placed between parlor, hall and kitchen so I wouldn't miss a thing. "I'll be glad when you're up and around again, young man—and mortally glad when your sister is finally married." She frowned at a jar of mustard pickles in one hand and a gift pewter service set in the other. She had already forgotten where she was going or what she meant to do.

From down the street I heard the rattle of hoofs.

"Now here's Jed again," said Ma wearily. "And Delight's downtown shopping. Hasn't he anything better to do than pounce on us all the time? I never know when he's going to catch Dee in her chemise!"

It was true. Lately Jed had been coming every day—sitting in the way, with his long legs sprawled all over and threads on his coat. He was the soul of courtesy and always stopped at the sewing-room door, if Delight was not having a fitting, and called out a greeting. Opal would nod coldly, with no apparent effects on his high spirits.

He came in now blithely beating a little tattoo on the lion's-head knocker to announce himself. He bowed to Ma and took off his hat.

Jed said to me, "There you are, Bud. How would you like to go for a ride?"

"A ride?" I said stupidly. "What'd you mean?"

Jed politely begged Ma's permission to push me down to the blacksmith's shop while his horse was shod. She had thrown a shoe that morning, he said. [continued on page 56]



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Oh, Dangerous Dove

from page 55

Ma was more than pleased to get rid of the pair of us. As we wheeled past the sewing-room Jed stopped and called out to Opal that it was too nice a day for anyone to be cooped up in the house, especially a westerner.

Opal gave him a bleak winter smile and the shears flamed up in the sun.

"Business," said Opal curtly, "before pleasure."

Jed tipped his hat again, looking a little foolish, and wheeled me out the front steps. He was gentle as I never dreamed a big man could be and strong too, for he carried me down, chair and all.

It was a splendid day, not yet too hot and sultry, though the doves sounded warm and uneasy. I could smell the clover, red and sweet and wild.

Jed untied his mare from the hitching post and she clapped beside us down the street—leaning her lovely sleek head over the curb now and then to snatch at a weed. I remember how thick the monarch butterflies were that year. They blew in great brown swarms over the street, over the mare's head and into my lap.

"Gee, this is swell!" I said, breathing in the soft air. I looked back up into Jed's face. He was rolling what Ma disapprovingly called a "coffin nail" with one hand and pushing me with the other. He was grinning, his hat as usual on the back of his head, so one triangle of dark hair fell over his forehead. He gave his mare a fond look.

"Rewey Belle and me thought you wouldn't mind coming along with us, Bud."

Mind! I took it all in. Rewey Belle stepped along like a queen with her court and little boys along the way stared at us with admiration.

We rolled along to the smithy and Rewey Belle cantered archly through the massive doorway. Jed stood close to his mare and she rolled her velvet eyes at him and stamped the floor.

"I'd be dead in a week, Bud," he said as he stroked her side, "if I didn't have a horse at my elbow. There ain't nothing loves you and works for you and keeps your mind off mischief like a good horse."

WHEN we came out into the blinding sun, Jed told me I could ride Rewey Belle the minute I was able. That time seemed a feverish million years away.

"It's too bad Miss Delight doesn't care about riding," he said. "I'd buy a fine little filly I've got my eye on back home just for her."

Funny how young and cruel we are when we are fourteen and half in love and half grown up. Sis and I were enemies. We had been in one continual quarrel for years. So now, with no sense of disloyalty, I thought Jed was throwing himself away on my sister. Delight was definitely not the rugged sort. She liked to gossip and tattle sociably with other women. She was dish-wise, kettle-wise and broom-handly, like Ma. She hated horses. She hated being outside, getting her skin roughened and her bangs blown out of place.

I said in disgust, "Oh, Sis! What in the world do you ever see in her?"

Jed looked astonished. Then he laughed.

"I keep forgetting you're just a kid, Bud. You don't understand at all and you won't until you start making eyes at the gals yourself. Y'know, I fell in love with Delight when I first saw her. She was sitting in the Methodist parsonage eating grapes and she had such a pretty little way of peeling the skin with her teeth."

I snorted.

"She'd rather eat than do anything," I told him. "What are you going to do with her out west? Dee's just a big sissy."

Jed banged me lightly on the head. "That's a fine way to talk about your sister!"

We went the long way home over the fields. Rewey Belle cried aloud with delight—her eyes shining on the young green corn and the little blue flowers that grew among the stalks.

I said, "This is sure a lot better than sitting

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will be
pretty
on the
avenue



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around listening to those women cackle!" I drew air into my lungs.

Jed chuckled. "I tried to talk Miss Delight into a quiet wedding. Bud, but she and your maw wouldn't stand for it."

"Was Johnny Wicket a bad man?" I asked.

"Now, whatever made you think of him?" Jed was still for a minute and then he spoke, slowly and seriously, as though he wanted to make himself clear.

"Y'know, Bud, when you grow up you'll find out sometimes the law is wrong and the rustler, right. No western jury would ever convict Johnny for what he did, though they usually hang a man out there for rustling cattle. But Johnny only took back what rightly belonged to his friends and there wasn't a soul dared open his head. Johnny was against the wicked and the dishonest and, what's more, Johnny did something about it too, in his own way."

I said, "Opal says she won't have any truck with a man that can't fill her paw's shoes."

"Does she, now?" said Jed reflectively. "Miss Opal's quite a looker, isn't she? Bad-tempered too, like a high-strung horse. Needs good handling and a good man. But there ain't many like her paw."

I HAD no chance for more questions for Opal came down the path walking like the wind. Jed must have known she would come that way and that she always went home to fix dinner for her mother. I saw his eyes light up.

Opal gave a start of surprise, then she nodded at us. But her eyes were on Rewey Belle.

"Oh, what a love!" she said softly and she came up to the mare and ran her fingers over her arched neck. Rewey Belle nuzzled against her, adoring Opal with her melting eyes.

Jed cleared his throat and said, "Would you like to ride her, Miss Wicket?"

Opal looked at him and then down at her long awkward skirts and there wasn't any coldness in her eyes. It seemed they both looked alike for a second; there was the same tenderness on their faces.

Suddenly Jed picked her up in his arms and set her gently on the saddle. Rewey Belle turned her head and whinnied inquiringly. Opal picked up the reins, gave a little cluck and off they flew across the fields.

Opal rode as if she knew by heart the shining curves of horses' thighs and the switch of their tails and the glimmer of their eyes. She rode like a mermaid on a wave—smooth and careless and supple, and there was a wildness and a light around them both.

They came back at a canter, which was a delight to see. Opal slid to the ground, thanked Jed and, with a caress for Rewey Belle, went quickly down the path.

Jed stood looking after her with his hat in his hand. I knew in my bones that Sis wouldn't have liked the look on his face—not when it was for Opal Wicket.

THE next week it turned hot and thunderous, with quick storms and baking sun. The corn sprang up hip-high.

In the sewing-room tempers were short as the wedding gown submitted to the last precise stitches. Sis clacked away with a bitter nettle tongue. I heard her needling Jed one sultry night. They were sitting in the porch swing under my window.

"Seems to me," said Sis, "that you should be looking for a job here, Jed. And you haven't done a thing about a house to live in. And the wedding only a month away!"

"Only a month, is that a fact?" said Jed in a surprised voice. "But I figured we would go back west, honey. I thought you knew that, Delight!"

Sis was spoiling for a fight.

"Anybody can ride around and be a rancher. Here you could work in the bank or—or be a salesman or something respectable. Anyway, it's so far away and I don't know a soul out there in the desert, and any way the people are all roughnecks and horse thieves. And all that lovely china I have would be ruined."

"Why, there're real decent folks out there," Jed said patiently. "And just wait until you see the moon come up some night. It's big and

[continued on page 59]

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Preparation: Have all ingredients at room temperature. Preheat oven and set at 375°F. Line bottoms of two 8-inch squares (or 9-inch round) layer cake pans with waxed paper.

Ingredients: (Use standard, level measures)

1/2 cup Swift'ning	3 tsp. baking powder
2 cups sifted cake flour	(4 if tartarate type)
Be sure to sift flour before measuring.	1 tsp. salt
Spoon lightly into cup	3/4 cup milk
1 1/2 cups sugar	1 tsp. vanilla
	2 eggs

Step 1: Put Swift'ning in mixing bowl. Sift in flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Add milk and vanilla. Beat for 2 minutes—by hand, using

about 150 strokes per minute; or at medium speed of electric mixer. Keep scraping batter off sides and bottom of mixer bowl with rubber scraper. After 2 minutes, scrape beaters or spoon and mixing bowl thoroughly.

Step 2: Add the unbeaten eggs. Beat 1 minute. Scrape beaters and bowl thoroughly. Continue beating 1 minute. Pour equal amounts of batter into prepared cake pans. Bake about 30 minutes. When cake is done it will spring back quickly when pressed by the finger. Cool on cake rack 5 minutes; loosen sides carefully with spatula, invert on rack, remove pans. When thoroughly cool, fill and frost. Decorate with whole blanched almonds, tips dipped in melted chocolate.

Mocha Frosting: Put 1/2 cup Swift'ning into mixing bowl. Sift in 3 1/4 cups confectioner's sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, and 2 tablespoons cocoa. Add an egg and 1/4 cup strong black coffee (cold). Beat until thoroughly blended and fluffy.

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BY SARAH LINDSAY

• In prewar years Sally dressed her little daughter in lovely pastel woolens. But small Sara didn't live up to dainty garments—she was a romper, a roller and a spiller. Sally found herself with at least one sweater to wash each day. Sweater forms obviously were the answer and, as Sara expanded, Sally's collection grew. Now she has twelve forms ranging from infant-size up.

• Almost any time you visit Sally you'll find most of the forms in use. She can slip seven or eight sweaters on these stretchers in the time it will take you to pin down one sweater if you own no form. That's an important point because a few months ago Master Thomas Gault joined the family and Sally has no time to spare. She charges ten cents to twenty-five cents a sweater, accepts only regular customers and earns a very satisfactory amount of extra cash.

Maybe you can make money this way too!

DRAWING BY E. ROBERTS BALOWIS



Oh, Dangerous Dove

from page 56

gold as corn, and the stars shine like diamond brooches. There's nothing like it in the whole world!"

Delight wasn't listening—or was pretending not to listen.

"I always thought Ma's Haviland was the prettiest I ever saw, but my dishes are even prettier—little rosebuds and gold leaves . . ."

"Y'know," said Jed, dreamily, "there's a little filly, the sweetest horse I ever saw. I'll teach you to ride her."

"Oh, stop!" cried Dee and I heard the thud of her heels on the porch. "Why, I'm sick to death of horses and the great big beautiful stars!"

The porch door slammed and she rushed through the house in a fury of weeping. Jed didn't go after her. He sat creaking the swing slowly back and forth and I could picture him there below me in the dark, his pipe squeezed between his teeth, pondering on women. After a while he got up and left and Dee cried harder than ever.

OF COURSE they made up again, though I couldn't see any sense to it. A marriage between those two was like dough without yeast. Funny how kids know those things by instinct. I've never been half so wise since.

Every day Opal came and sewed like crazy in the heat, and her eyes grew bigger and her little waist thinner. Jed stopped calling greetings through the door and Dee was forever whisking him away to look at something.

In the middle of August I began to walk with crutches. Jed dropped over one evening when Dee was at some girls' party, and offered to take me to the band concert in the park.

The little lake, shaped like a powder horn, held all the colors of the setting sun and the two swans slid across like ancient ships, white as snow, and proud. The Working Boys' Band roamed into the stand, still buttoning their red jackets and slapping at mosquitoes with their caps.

I settled back to listen to the music. And

all the witchery of the summer night—the music rich and tender, moon glades and starlight, churned together in my mind.

Jed started up suddenly and put out his hand, and there stood Opal Wicket, all alone.

Jed said huskily, "Fancy us meeting like this, Opal—I mean Miss Wicket! I would be honored if you would sit with us."

She hesitated a moment, then sank down on the end of the bench. She asked me how I was, while Jed twirled his hat in his hand and looked at her with a bashfulness not like him.

"I get pretty lonesome and homesick on nights like this," he said.

"So do I," said Opal with a new warmth in her voice. "When I see the moon come up so big and yellow, I just ache inside."

"I used to ride for miles when the moon was full," said Jed. "It does something to me, Opal. The moon gets in my blood and makes me half crazy!"

Opal leaned a little nearer. Her dark eyes were wide open and awake; her lips parted to say something.

"You know, Miss Wicket," said Jed desperately, "the color of the moon makes me think of your hair, all floating, wild and shiny!"

Opal drew back like a scared rabbit and her nose went up and her lips shut tight. Jed whirled his hat faster and faster.

"I shouldn't have said that," he apologized. And he began telling about his roan and silver filly, which had silver feet that shone in the dark. Opal said she'd heard that wicked horses always had white feet. And Jed flashed his teeth and said he liked the wicked wild ones best.

People were starting to drift home and Opal and Jed stood up too. It seemed to me that he yearned toward her, that a silent struggle of renunciation went on between them.

He asked to walk her home and she said no, and no again, and suddenly she turned and was gone. The white glimmer of her dress

[continued on page 61]

"3 times easier to iron my husband's shirts!"

WRITES MRS. ARTHUR STARK, SHELburnE FALLS, MASS.



Mrs. Arthur Stark, a pleased Satina user, with daughter Kathy.

"I have 8 or 9 shirts to do up each week," says Mrs. Stark. "Adding Satina to the starch makes them 3 times easier to iron. The iron moves so easily!"

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CARTON-CHILL**
Deltrich stays in sealed bag.
No mold needed. No waste.

**4 SLICE AS
NEEDED**
Makes neat servings in
quarters or in patties.



Oh, Dangerous Dove

from page 59

melled into the dark. Jed shook his head savagely. Then he remembered me and helped me to the path.

The end of summer came, sultry and humid. The wedding gown was finished and was hung reverently away, shrouded in tissue paper. Opal was hard at work on a dress for the garden party, which was to be held a week before the wedding. She had little time. She slaved away, basting and hemming and stitching dots of lace on the shimmering cloth. She and Dee were at sword points all the time because Sis wanted the dress trimmed with wisps of lace and true-love knots, while Opal thought it should be plain and clinging. Their tempers were short and they quarreled often.

"Anyone would think you were getting married instead of me," Sis said tartly. "I don't care if you are considered the last word in fashion. I want this dress just like I want it!"

"I don't believe Mr. Murphy cares for frills," said Opal calmly, half-smiling.

"And how do you happen to know so much about Mr. Murphy's likes?" asked Dee ominously. "He's my fiance, just in case you're interested!"

Opal laid down the shears and looked over at Dee. "I know the kind of man he is," she said. "He's like my paw, and he was never one for frills."

"I'll thank you to keep your opinions to yourself," said Dee with a little hiss. "You've been pretty quiet about that precious father of yours till now. And when you've found your own man, if there's any that care for broom-thin towheads, I give you permission to make your own gown just as you please!"

Opal kept on stitching and suddenly she said, "But I have found my man and I'll never let him go."

I could see it was on the tip of Dee's tongue to ask her who he was. But something held her back. She was afraid, and I was sorry and afraid for her too, for the first time. But she only clucked her tongue and said, "Indeed!" though I knew she was seething inside. They had both forgotten I was reading in the alcove.

"Yes," said Opal, "and I'll tell you about my paw. He was a rustler. And I'm a rustler, the same as he was. He never took from someone who had nothing, though. And he always warned before he struck, like an honest rattler. What I want, I take, but I always rattle first!"

"You forget one thing," said Dee and she was white as death, for now she knew. "There's two men have asked my hand in marriage this year. Tom Morgan's dying for love of me." And her voice was ugly and bitter but a little sad and regretful too.

"That's what I mean," Opal said without raising her voice. "You should stick to Tom Morgan. He's your kind. The other is mine."

Dee ran from the room crying, "Mama! Mama!" in a stricken voice. But when my mother came running, Delight sobbed that the heat had made her sick. She went to bed and stayed there, hiding, with the rattle of the snake in her ears.

OPAL finished the dress that night, as Dee wanted it, and went home and never came back. Sis recovered and was in radiant spirits for the garden party.

The night of the party she came in to show her gown to the family first and it was stunning. Dainty and fragile and made for moonlight. The only trouble was that Sis was a big girl and the dress made her look like an outsize Titania. Opal had been right, but I said I liked it fine.

I wore my first dress-up long pants and sported a hickory cane. I had to sit on the sidelines but that was all right too. Girls made me sick—all giggles and curls and sashes. And

of course not one could hold a candle to Opal. From where I sat I could look up into the barn and see the silly doves sidling back and forth, ogling the lights. Women and doves—doves and women!

Dee was the belle of the ball. Jed danced with her proudly and Tom Morgan danced with her, with his faithful heart bleeding on his sleeve, and all the others swarmed around her. Ma sat back and closed her eyes and slipped off her shoes when she thought no one was looking.

NOBODY saw Opal Wicket when she came into the garden—nobody saw her but me. She wore a plain white dress that fitted like a queen's glove and every move she made was a delight. Her yellow hair hung straight down her back like golden water. It was curled in bangs over her long dark eyes and she wore a snow-white rose in it. Opal Wicket was the most beautiful thing I ever saw.

She sat down beside me and asked in a whisper, "How do I look, Bud?"

All trembly, I told her she looked swell. Opal shook out her skirt.

"How do you like my dress?"

I said, "It's swell too."

Opal sat back and said softly, "It's the kind of dress my paw always liked. He liked my mother to take the pins out of her hair and let it down." She had a wise and waiting look.

I asked her if her mother was coming tonight; it looked as if the whole town was here. "Maw's home in bed," said Opal. "Maw

depends too much on me. Sometimes I think the best thing for Maw would be for me to go away, a long way away. I'm bad for her." The waiting look grew stronger.

Pretty soon Tom Morgan wandered by, looking miserable, and asked Opal for a two-step. They moved into the light under the full moon. I watched how heads turned and people whispered. Then someone said, "Oh, it's only Opal Wicket!" and they stopped staring.

I doubt if even Sis saw how Jed Murphy, by the punch bowl, kept following her slender figure with his eyes, as if time had stopped and he was rooted there forever.

Not long after, they danced by together. Jed held Opal formally and stiffly, and looked like Jacob wrestling with the angel. He said something to her and Opal bent her head like a dove and with a dove's eyes she looked at him, and I knew she had him fast.

I knew it and I was glad, because for me this was right and good and true. I never thought of all of Dee.

I had some ice cream and then I went to the stable to talk to Rewey Belle, but someone was inside with her. I stood back and rested on my cane in the shadows. But what I saw then was no business of mine.

At midnight the fiddlers tuned up for the last waltz. The lanterns were burned out now and only the waning moon and the blue gas jet on the porch lit up the garden.

I was tired, but I meant to stay to the end. I saw Sis looking high and low for Jed—over her fan, from the corners of her eyes. The orchestra blew out the first notes and with a fretful sigh and a piqued look, Dee let Tom lead her away to the tennis courts where the dancing was held. They looked good together, Tom and Delight. They were the same kind of people—good plain ordinary faithful people.

Sis was too proud to ask anyone where Jed was. She probably thought he had taken too much punch. She was so sure of her hold on him. But I could have told her.

I could have told her that I saw Jed Murphy riding through the moonlight on a horse that went like the wind. And holding tight to his narrow waist, her bright hair flung out like a snowfall in the moon and her white slippers gleaming, went Opal Wicket, the rustler's daughter. [THE END]



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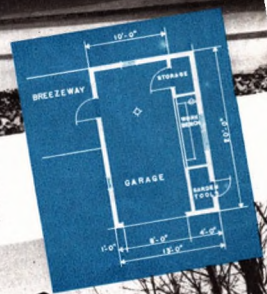
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Above: Door is easy to build, easy to operate; the one-car garage accommodates the longest car.
Right: Toolroom shown at right of plan serves as workshop and also stores garden paraphernalia.




Pattern includes directions for a door 8 feet wide, 7 feet high, also for larger door and other styles. Hardware comes in a complete set at lumber and hardware stores.


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PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. S. LINCOLN

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SAVE MONEY, have fun and build yourself this garage with automatic swing-up door. As the floor plan indicates, a 10-by-20-foot area is reserved for the car. Beneath the two casement windows at right of garage, there is room for a 6-foot workbench. Here the man of the house can be hammer-happy to his heart's content. To the rear a closet offers 100 cubic feet of storage space for screens and storm sash or, if these are kept on rack overhead, for canned food.

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We Have Found Each Other

from page 29

He seemed not to have heard. He was making a neat bandage. His fingers had a woman's subtlety and a man's decisiveness. She wondered why his touch disturbed her so that involuntarily she winced away from him. He stopped once to look at her.

"Did I hurt you?"
They were so close to each other that she could see the curious spots of brown and green in his gray eyes.

"Would you care?"
"Don't be so coy. Of course I care. Good doctors don't willfully hurt their patients."
"However tiresome?" His eyes had dropped back to his job. But she guessed that they took an occasional wary glance at her from under the thick black lashes. The knowledge amused and puzzled her a little.

"It did sting," she said. "But it doesn't matter. I'm not normally a fuss-cat. I guess I'm tired."

"You work too hard."
Before she could stop herself, she cried out, "Please—don't be so beastly to me all the time." It was as though an irrational stranger had used her voice to make that humiliating childish appeal. His face had flushed to the roots of his dark hair. She had, at least, the consolation of knowing that he was as disconcerted as she was.

"I'm sorry. I suppose I have my weaknesses. I didn't realize I was hurting you."
"Or that I could be hurt?"

"Not in that way."
"Just another hard-boiled American. Well, I can be hurt. I don't like not being liked."

"You're just not used to it." His voice was edged with the old sarcasm. But he was watching her anxiously. Maybe he was afraid she'd break out again and send them both flying to cover.

"No, I'm not," she retorted, "and I don't see why you dislike me. You ought to have more—more detachment. You ought to realize that I can't help being what you don't approve of—and that I'm doing my darndest to be good."

He threw his head back and laughed, and after a moment she smiled shakily, unwillingly, like a half-placated child still on the verge of tears.

"You're working overtime," he said. "As a matter of fact I'm not so stupid as you seem to think. You have the children singing like cherubs instead of adenoidal sparrows. I'll even admit that you're doing a good job."

She stood up nursing her bandaged hand and looking very young in her frank pleasure.

"So you do listen?"
"I can't help myself. I work right under your windows."

"Oh."
He added awkwardly, "I—I like to listen."
"Thanks. You're working overtime too, aren't you? Won't you finish the good deed and congratulate me?"

"On your engagement? Why should I? I don't feel like it. Besides it's not official."

"I thought you'd be pleased that someone liked me. It might cure—whatever's eating me, as you put it." She asked abruptly, "What do those silly drawings tell you? I—I saw them on your table. You must have been studying them."

VERY deliberately he rolled down his white shirt sleeves. He had trouble with one of the cuff links and involuntarily she tried to help him. He drew sharply away from her.

"I have another saying," he said. "Dree ye ain weid."

"That's Scotch for 'The devil with you,' isn't it?"
"More or less."

"So you're Scotch?"
"No," he said irritably. "I'm a Scot, a Scotsman or Scottish. I am not a bottle of whisky."

"Or an Englishman?"
"But I can be just as rude," he said.

This time they laughed together, but rather conspiratorially as though no one must know that they were laughing together—not even themselves. She gave her hand a little pat.

"It feels fine. What do I owe you, Doctor?"
"It's on the house," he said.

She walked slowly to the door. There she turned and looked back at him.

"All the same—I wish you'd tell me just what the drawings mean. Perhaps it would help me—with the children, for instance. Some of them—like Michot—frighten me."
"Michot frightens himself," he said.

"And Leon and I—we know so little of each other. We might be happier if we understood. Isn't it your job to help us to be happy—to help us to understand ourselves?"

He leaned back against his table, his ankles crossed, his arms folded—the embodiment of scientific detachment.

"I hate Leon Ronsard," he said. "I hate his guts. I believe that I hate him because I understand him. But I can't be sure. In his case, I can't trust my judgment."

"But you don't hate me—not that much. Or do you?"
He took a deep breath.

"We made a bargain," he said. "Have the generosity to keep your share of it."

She went out at once, closing the door gently behind her.

He had said "generosity" as though out of some submerged grief he had appealed to her.

WITH winter waiting in ambush just beyond the mountains, the work on "our house" had gone ahead fast, so that today one of the children had climbed up and set a young pine tree on the completed roof. It was a great moment. Everyone stood round to watch him and the children raised their triumphant cheers. It was their own triumph that they celebrated. Every one of them—even Baby Bini—had his part in the new house. The older people stood smilingly silent, as though they recognized that this great moment didn't belong to them.

Leon stood next to Andrea. His shoulder touched her lightly. And as always when he touched her, she felt reassured. The vague uneasiness in her, like a sort of heart-sickness, subsided. All that mattered was that she was alive and young and passionately in love again. The place left empty and aching by her lost grief was filled. She could look at the tall dark fellow at Wilhelm Christien's side with a cool appraisal. Whatever secret thing he stood for, it meant nothing to her.

But the children shouted at him, "Uncle Martin! Uncle Martin!" as though he were part of their happy pride, and he laughed and waved to them. When he laughed he was someone different.

"Why 'uncle'?" she had asked him once when she had had to bring a sick child to him for treatment. He'd been unexpectedly gentle.

"As I can't be a Herr Papa, they have made me the next best thing." He'd given the child a friendly little smack on the behind. "Uncles are good for something too," he'd added unexpectedly and they had smiled at each other. And then, as suddenly, they were not smiling. She had been thankful to close the surgery door between them.

"They do love him, don't they?" she said to Leon unwillingly. "He's rude and rough to most of us. But he's even closer to them than Herr Christien. He knows why they cry at night."

Leon mimicked Martin Bruce's accent: "Now, my young friend, just tell me what you dreamed and I will tell you why you had the stomach-ache. Don't imagine it was the green apple you stole last night. It's because, just after you were born, you stubbed your toe and your mother didn't kiss it to make it well. She kissed your father instead. So in all probability, my young friend, you are suffering from a mother-fixation of the most fixed kind—"

It was very clever. She had to laugh and then for some reason she was a little angry—not with Leon but with herself.

"You make fun of everything!" she said.

"Why not? Almost everything is funny. Take this setup. How absurd it all is! Do they really think that a handful of children, some of whom would be better dead, are going

[continued on page 68]



"I DIDN'T BLAME BILL for his indifferent interest in me. My hair had lost its softness, sheen and manageability. I pampered it . . . worked with it endlessly . . . still I wasn't happy with it UNTIL . . ."



MY LUCKY STAR banished the problem. A noted hairdresser introduced me to Lustre-Creme Shampoo . . . and lo! My hair loveliness shone again. "Lustre-Creme," he explained, "is not a soap, not a liquid, but a dainty, new, rich-lathering cream shampoo. Created by Kay Daumit, famed cosmetic expert, to bring out natural hair beauty. That's the Lustre-Creme magic you're looking at now!"



"KEEP IT LOVELY," the hairdresser urged. "Use Lustre-Creme Shampoo at home. It gives hair this three-way loveliness: (1) makes it fragrantly clean . . . free of dust and loose dandruff; (2) highlights every hair strand with a lovely glistening sheen; (3) leaves your entire head of hair soft, pliable, easy-to-manage. Its instant billowy lather is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the natural oils in a healthy scalp."



MY DATE with Bill that night found me newly self-assured . . . confident in the new-found glamour of my sparkling Lustre-Creme-lovely hair. Bill couldn't keep his eyes off its gleaming highlights. His cheek touched its new alluring softness while we danced. And the spell lingered on after the music stopped and we returned to our table. My heart stood still when he murmured: "Dream Girl, that gorgeous hair rates a bridal veil."

I never thought I'd be Bill's DREAM GIRL till I became a "LUSTRE-CREME" GIRL

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THE RUG TAKES

Have you ever stopped to think how the rug on your floor can influence the life that goes on in your room? Actually it is the background for everything that takes place there—more than anything else it expresses you and your personality, the kind of life you and your family live. So in selecting a rug be very sure it is right for *you*, then build your room around it. Today that isn't difficult because there is such a marvelous variety to choose from. There are rich wonderful colors—turkey red, warm gray, yellow-green, dark brown—practically every shade you can think of. There are deep lush textures. There is an excellent assortment of one-color rugs with pattern expressed in the texture. And there is a fine choice of big splashing designs—some reproductions of antique rugs faithful in both color and pattern, others authentic in design but using a color palette of today, still others that are as modern as 1948.

BY HARRIET BURKET

INTERIOR DESIGN EDITOR

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRAY O'REILLY

A lovely lady, above, deserves a lovely background—give her Virginian, a big litting floral design in grayed white on lime. Wonderfully useful for all sorts of rooms—living-room, dining-room, library, bedroom—it's a rug with definite character, demands a definite room scheme. In design it calls for fabric with plain textures or small all-over patterns. In color, practically anything goes.

Turn to page 176 for list of stores featuring
Rug-Takes-the-Floor displays.

Peace and comfort for the man of the house (right). Grosvenor, an interesting design using pattern in texture in five variations of gray, gives the effect of a solid color on your floor, has the advantage of subtle pattern. Good with modern or traditional furniture, it's an extremely versatile background for gay chintzes or plain colors, can be used with equal advantage in a room that is casual or formal.



THE

FLOOR



Antique design with a new look—Young Victorian in fifteen shades of green.



Luxurious and lovely—Serenade, sculptured leaf design in lush colors.



To build your room around—Quaker Needlepoint, fine copy of a fine original.

Tea party with the dolls, right. Fresh and young for a very little girl's room, Caracul in clear aqua is as practical as it is pretty, for its twist-weave construction can definitely take it. Strong colors—like the red we've used here—team beautifully with it but you'll find it equally effective used with pastels. Incidentally, if you're planning a room that will grow with your child, Caracul will go right along with the two of them!



After-dinner coffee for two, above. Cassandra, a rough clipped texture weave in cardinal red, brings a wonderful splash of color to your floor, means that your room will always be light-hearted and gay. Use with it a handsome paper on your walls and keep your fabrics plain; or reverse the procedure, paint your walls a plain color—maybe apple green—and go all out with bold pattern in your fabric to include touches of the red.



your

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We Have Found Each Other

from page 64

to change the ordained course of history?"
"Is it ordained?" she asked. "By whom?"
"Not by a bunch of good-willed weak-kneed cranks," he answered.

"How hard that sounds!"
"And how defiant you sound!" he retorted gaily. "And yet in your heart of hearts you love hardness. You know you can build on it as you can never build on a morass of spongy illusions. You're hard yourself, my Andrea, under all that romantic loveliness. You're an American. Americans build with steel and concrete—not with dreams."

"But they did," she persisted stubbornly. "They were the greatest dreamers. You just don't know them—"

"But I shall—one day soon, when you are ready to get away from here."

"You hate this place, don't you, Leon?"

"How could I?" He had an amusing trick of switching from one language to another, according to his mood. He said in German, "It is here we found each other."

Perhaps he had known that in English it would have sounded a little commonplace—a little obvious. He took her hand secretly and pressed it against his side. The magic familiar touch wiped out all the landmarks of her life. It was always like that. Sometimes, when she was away from him, she recognized

his perfect physical beauty, his headlong vitality, as an intoxicant that turned his vague past and their uncertain future to no account. Only the moment and the warmth and comfort of him mattered.

"If I do hate the place," he went on, "it's because of you too, Andrea. I'm afraid of it."

It comes between us. It is taking not just your time but something of your heart and mind that I can't spare. I want to escape soon—to our own place, our own life."

It sounded simple and ardent and she turned eagerly to meet his eyes. They were intensely blue. But she had never broken through their brilliance. She did not now. Suddenly, for the first time, she knew a forlorn bewilderment, as though after some intoxicated flight she had crashed in a strange and hostile country.

THE children had formed into their national groups. They marched past Wilhelm Christiens and his companions who stood together under the village's multicolored flags. They sang the songs of their people. They should have built up to an ugly meaningless dissonance. But instead the songs welded themselves into a happy triumphant chorus. The two Eds marched alone. They were the British. They sang Rule, Britannia raucously but gallantly and winked at Martin Bruce.

"Fine brats!" Martin said. "We'll make fine men of them."

Wilhelm Christiens winced. Men and women, he had to learn, might be inspired by the highest purpose—they still had themselves to reckon with—their pasts, their confused loyalties, their starved insistent egos. Even here in this little world, dedicated as they were to those child-victims of adult madness, there were strains and stresses, resentments and failures. Christiens knew that he had failed too, believing too much, too easily. He had too innocently taken Councilor Thaler's spoken word that the deed for the old mansion was as good as signed and sealed. But something had happened. Every day the councilor dug up some fresh excuse for delaying the sale. And even delay was disastrous. It meant that fifty homeless children, scattered among the wretched camps of Europe, would have to wait and already they had waited too long. Christiens almost wished he didn't know by name those few chosen out of a multitude. Their names had lifted them out of the impersonal official files into a living suffering reality.

Christiens would have been thankful to share this new puzzling difficulty with Martin

Bruce or even Pastor Heilig, who had great influence with the Waldstadt townfolk. He might put the fear of next year's elections into the sly ambitious Councilor. But Martin had his own troubles. Christiens could not bear to remind him that if the Thaler mansion were lost to the Children's Village, his two cockney youngsters, his two Eds, would have to be sent home, such as it was, to make room for those who had no home of any sort. As to Pastor Heilig, any special appeal for his help would only exasperate Father Ignatius and increase the tension between the two of them. Yet both men loved God and the children and would have given their lives for them.

Well, there was nothing for it but to hope patiently that Thaler's delaying tactics were only the offshoot of a stubborn slow-moving peasant mind. Only it wasn't easy, with all those sadly waiting children, to be patient. Sometimes, like tonight, even to hope was almost beyond his strength.

ON THE steps of the French house Sascha Smynek had gathered about her the children who were too small to march. The boy Ulrich Keller had fallen and had hurt his leg so that he limped worse than ever. Marie-Louise had refused to march with Michot in order to stay with Ulrich, and Michot had been very angry. He had taunted her. She wasn't really French. She was a silly girl who didn't know or care who she was or where she belonged. But she was wearing the red woolen stockings she had knitted with her own hands and felt proud and warm and quite able to stand up to him.

Crash

A man no sooner gets married and domesticated and helps around the kitchen than things start to break for him.

R. C. O'BRIEN

"How did you fall, Uli?" she asked gently. But Uli turned his head away and wouldn't answer. It was always like that when she forgot and spoke to him by his German name that she knew he hated. She said with her habitual gentle patience, "But I must call you something. I can't just poke you and say, 'Hi, little French boy! I'm speaking to you. Please pay attention.' After all, everyone has to have a name." She added wisely, "Perhaps if you had a name you wouldn't be so frightened—" He didn't seem to hear her. And then suddenly he lifted his head and said loudly, with a flicker of excited pleasure in his thin shrill voice, "All right. I'm Globi. That's my name. I'm not like anyone else. I don't belong to anyone. I'm really a bird, just dressed up like a little boy, to make people laugh. When people tease and hurt me I can fly away."

"What a funny name!" Marie-Louise said. But then she remembered the picturebook Mama Sascha had shown them while they had been waiting in the station and the comical little fairy-story creature Globi, that had amused them all and helped them not to be afraid of the new place where they were being taken. It seemed that the strange boy beside her had remembered and liked it too. She put her arm over his thin shoulder and kissed his cheek. "If that's what you want, you shall be Globi," she said compassionately.

His strange eyes shone behind their glasses. "I'm Globi!" he shouted. "Globi! Globi!" The Polish group was marching past. Ten-year-old Stanislas Korski heard and frowned indignantly. He said between his teeth, "The little French rats think they can insult us! They dare to call us stupid!"

He was sure Michot was responsible for those words the little boy was shouting. Only Michot would have been smart and mean enough to find out that "Gluppi" was a Polish word for "stupid" and put it into the mouth of someone too little and weak to be beaten for it. Big insolent bullying Michot thought because he had been a French magus and killed Germans that he could give himself airs. But one day Stanislas Korski and his brave Poles would teach him a lesson he wouldn't forget. [continued on page 70]

“THE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION OF CUSTOM CAR STYLING”

Maurice Rentner

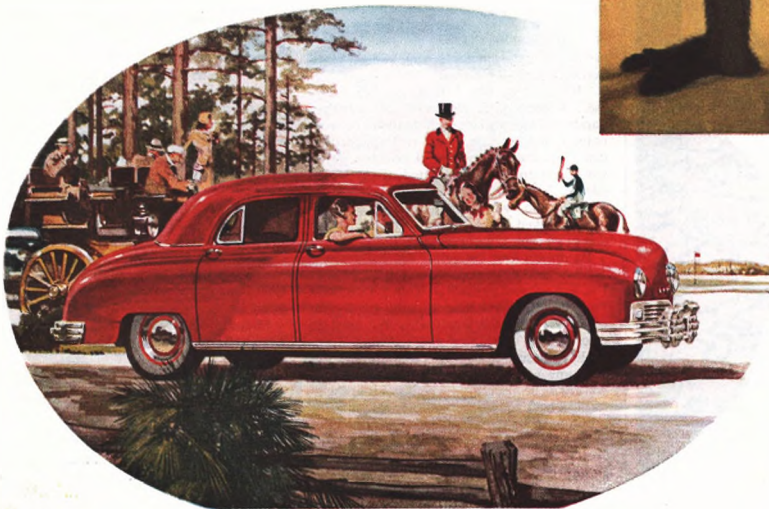
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We Have Found Each Other

from page 68

Sascha looked almost happy. And when she was happy her beauty came to life and glowed.

"You'll see," she told the children around her, "our brave new house will be ready for Christmas. Many of you don't know what Christmas is like. It's the happiest time of the year. Everyone is gay and has little presents for everyone else. On Christmas Eve we have a wonderful party. Perhaps, if we're lucky, dear Casse-Gueule will be with us, with his poodle Fili. She does such clever tricks and her master sings comical songs for us. He has a cruel scar across his cheek. That is why he has given himself that funny name—Casse-Gueule, which is a sort of slang French name for someone with an ugly face. You see, he hasn't a real name. Like many of us here, he doesn't know who he really is. He has forgotten. But he doesn't lose heart either. He travels all over the country, dressed as a clown, amusing people, trying to find someone who will perhaps remember him and give him back his real name. Perhaps it will happen here—this Christmas."

"Perhaps I shall remember him," Baby Bini said hopefully.

Everyone laughed.

"You are too young," Sascha said. "You were a real baby when poor Casse-Gueule lost himself."

But her voice tightened. She could feel Roman standing beside her. A few minutes ago she had seen him with Martha on the outskirts of the grown-up group. The deaf-and-dumb girl's face had worn a strange look, that of someone very innocent who has been overwhelmed by an emotion that she does not understand. But Sascha understood. She knew that the women of the village had begun to talk. Roman had painted Martha's portrait and for once his old talent had come back to him. It was a good portrait—almost inspired.

SASCHA'S whole body stiffened. Roman had taken her by the arm, and was lifting her gently but firmly to her feet. She didn't resist. What he did meant nothing to her.

"Please, Sascha, come for a walk with me. It's such a lovely day. The children can do without you for once. Mama Jacqueline will take care of them. Please, Sascha, it's important to us both."

Nothing that concerned this man could be important to her. He mattered to her so little that she turned acquiescently to walk beside him. Only when he tried to take her hand she withdrew it implacably. That would be too great an admission. It might seem to mean something that she didn't, couldn't mean—that could never be true again.

But at least they were together. As they climbed out of the shadows into the late afternoon sunlight something long dead walked between them like a ghost.

"It's like the day I asked you to marry me," Roman said. He thrust his clenched hands into his pockets to hide them, to seem natural and at ease. "I was frightened to death—just as I am now. I couldn't say a word. I suppose you got tired of my stupid silence. You turned and laughed at me. 'I love you too,' you said. Do you remember?"

She walked beside him as though she had forgotten him.

He drew a long struggling breath.

"Sascha—we've got to get away from here. I've had an offer to teach at Robert's studio in Paris. I would have time to paint. It's a great opportunity. But it won't wait. We must go at once."

Her silence was stronger, more implacable than any protest. He began to lose his self-control as he always did when he felt his helplessness beat against her will. He said angrily, "You have no right to stand in my way. I've given two futile years to this place to placate you. It's enough. Things are going bad in me. I can't be sure of myself much longer. You ask too much. You give too little. I'm a sick man, Sascha, and terribly alone."

"We are all alone," she retorted. "And I'm not standing in your way. Go where you please. My place is with the children—"

"To ruin them!" he shouted at her. He had only one urgent need now—to smash down her defenses—to hurt her as he was hurt. "You think you're sacrificing everything to them. But you're not. You're sacrificing them to yourself. You frighten them with your guilty love. Everyone knows it. Martin Bruce knows it. Mama Jacqueline complains against you. You bring your anguish with you and unload it on the children's helplessness. You teach them in their terror to cling to you because you cannot stand alone—"

She stopped and faced him. She was so deathly white that he was frightened. But her eyes evaded his. It was as though she were pretending that she had not heard him.

"Lead your own life," she said.

He said brokenly, "It's not my life. It's yours. You bought it. But the price was too high, wasn't it? You'll never forget that or let me forget, will you? Why then did you pay it? Why did you lay this burden of your remorse on me? I'm like the children. I'm not strong enough to carry it. But I could have helped you carry it—if you had loved me—if you had let me love you."

Then for the first time she turned her dark tragic eyes to meet his. But he knew that they were looking back into the past. She was seeing, as she saw in every moment of withdrawal, that Nazi official's face with its smirk of triumphant malice. She was hearing that harsh merciless voice: "Tell us where your Partisan husband has hidden himself, Frau Smynek—or your son will be shot with the rest. You can choose—"

Her son had been ten years old.

But she had chosen—without faltering.

"Do you think," Roman cried out with all the anger of despair, "that he wasn't my son too—that I didn't share a sacrifice for something greater than either of us? Do you think I don't hunger, as you do, for my own flesh and blood?"

She did not answer. Perhaps she had not even heard him. The look in her eyes had become pitiful and pitiless. He shrugged a bitter resignation.

"All right," he said. "We stay. I can't leave—not to save myself—or both of us. I've always been a weak fellow. Loving you is part of my weakness—my greatest—"

He raced down the hill, stumbling like a frantic drunkard. She stood where he had left her, looking down at her beautiful clasped hands. She prayed aloud—

"Mother of God—give me strength."

LEON RONSARD had organized an expedition to climb the Weisberg, choosing carefully among the French children. The chosen ones he called "my men" and they knew proudly how different they were.

As a concession, Marie-Louise had been allowed to come along. Michot had pleaded for her. He said that though she was a silly little girl she didn't cry and fuss like most girls.

"Why do you want her, Michot?" Leon asked, narrowing his eyes teasingly. "What does a maquis want with a silly little girl?"

"I don't know," Michot had said sullenly. "I think I want to make her cry."

So now Marie-Louise tagged at his heels.

The two Eds, though they were guests of the French house, had been left behind, indignantly sniffing. "We don't want Englishmen," Leon had told Michot. "It's a tough climb. Englishmen have let us Frenchmen down too often."

Michot nodded. They were fellow maquis. They understood each other. They hated and loved together.

It was, as Leon had said, a tough climb. Their lungs ached. Their legs wobbled under them. Their hearts beat against their ribs like small frantic animals trying to escape from an iron cage. But the man ahead of them climbed on remorselessly. They could not, dared not, betray his faith in them. Michot, with Marie-Louise, brought up the rear. He could hear her hard-drawn breath but he wouldn't so much as turn and look at her. He was waiting for her to cry and to appeal to him to help and carry her pack for her.

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At last they broke out into the still warm sunshine. Out of the sea of gray rolling fog beneath them the mountains, glittering white in their fresh snow, thrust up like peaks of a lost world into the glacial cloudless blue. Leon found a little plateau among the crags sheltered from the biting wind. He gave a curt military order and they set down their rucksacks and made a precise circle round him. They locked their arms about their knees, as he did. They watched his face, hungry for a sign that he was pleased with them.

"This is better, isn't it, Frenchmen, than that old woman's village?"

"Yes—yes, indeed, *mon capitaine!*" they shouted back at him.

On purely French expeditions they called him "*capitaine.*" It was a secret name—a sort of password. It differentiated them from the other children to whom he was just Herr Leon. It made them feel that they belonged to him. So long as they were "his men" they were strong too. Now they were afraid only of failing him—of being unworthy of his trust in them.

He looked them over laughingly. He could be stern. But he could relax too. The maquis had been like that. Michot remembered their pitiless discipline. But when the fight was over they had relaxed and laughed and joked among themselves.

"Time to eat, men!"

Leon distributed the rough simple food among them. He took a long drink from the vacuum bottle of steaming coffee and the children drank reverently after him. Marie-Louise sat a little apart, munching her big cheese sandwich. No one bothered about her.

"Tell us a story, *mon capitaine.* Tell us how you climbed the Matterhorn—"

Leon grinned, showing his strong white teeth.

"Mountains are like women, Michot. Once they have been conquered they cease to be difficult. So they cease to be amusing—"

Michot scowled fiercely. "I hate women."

Marie-Louise swallowed a big lump of cheese and almost choked. "You're very rude, Michot. I am a woman too."

"Oh no, you're not. You're only a silly little girl." His fists were clenched. He wanted to hit her, to make her feel how strong he was.

"When you're a woman I shan't so much as look at you," he said.

Leon shook his head.

"Leave her alone, Michot. Women don't like to be teased. And some men are like women. They take offense. Then they get mean and revengeful." He stopped for a moment, frowning—as though debating with himself.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you, Michot, that Stanislas Korski is very angry with you. Under a little pressure Baby Bini confessed to me. Do you remember the day we put the tree on the roof of the new house? It seems that you insulted Stanislas and his precious Poles. You incited Globi to shout, 'Gluppi!' at them and the word 'gluppi' means stupid in Polish. So Stanislas is planning to get even with you. Poles are cowards. But they're savage cowards. Best be on your guard."

THE furious blood seethed into Michot's cheeks. "I have my knife still—"

"Oh, he won't attack you alone. They'll gang up on you when you won't have a fighting chance."

"We'll gang up on them first," Michot stammered. "We'll thrash the lot of them."

Leon shrugged.

"Herr Christians wouldn't approve, would he? Or Uncle Martin? Herr Christians is Swiss. The Swiss don't fight. And the English run away. People like that don't understand that a little blood-letting is good for men—real men. Why not plan a little campaign? Let us pretend that the Polish house is a fortress that you Frenchmen have been ordered to capture."

He began to draw a map on a snow patch beside him and they crowded round, eager, attentive. "An attack at dawn is always best," he said. "Then the defenders are worse than

asleep. They're drowsy. They can't tell dreams from reality—"

Marie-Louise had stopped munching. She sat and listened. Her small heart-shaped face grew anxious. Presently she got up and walked away from them to the edge of the plateau. No one noticed her. She felt sad and lonely. She wished that she had never come. The village people, like Uncle Martin and Globi and Herr Christians, didn't want to fight and hurt one another. She liked Stanislas Korski. He was a proud boy, but kind and generous. Once when she'd been very hungry he'd given her his share of cake. She didn't want him or any of the Poles to be hurt in a fight. At the thought she began to cry quietly. Then she remembered how pleased Michot would be to see her cry. And she dried her eyes and blew her nose firmly. She wouldn't cry. She'd be like Michot. She'd fight in her own way.

MAMA JACQUELINE had a cold and Uncle Martin had ordered her to go to bed early. But she did not entirely trust Papa Pierre with the children and the American girl was altogether too chic to be reliable. She did not like Leon Ronsard well enough, for all that he was *beau garçon*—and Mama Jacqueline had a bright brown eye for handsome fellows—to ask a favor of him. So she sent the children to bed too. She had trouble with Michot, who gave himself the insolent airs of a grown man. But, unasked, Leon Ronsard intervened. He gave an order, curtly yet scarcely above his breath, and the boy pulled himself up straight as a ramrod and with a humble beseeching look on his hard young face turned, like a soldier, obediently on his heel.

Now there was no one left in the austere pine-walled living-room but Leon and Andrea and Papa Pierre who had drawn up his stiff-backed chair to the oven and was reading a

belated edition of the Paris Soir. Leon strolled over to the door and looked over his shoulder and made a gay mischievous sign to Andrea to follow him. It was all right. They had to be alone sometimes—somehow. They had so much to say to each other. But as she smiled back at Papa Pierre from the door she caught his elderly French eyes over the edge of his newspaper. They were disconcertingly amused and cynical.

"Good night, Monsieur Pierre."

"Good night, mademoiselle."

The night was cloudless but very cold. The stars had a hard jeweled brightness that caught the peaks of the white distant mountains so that they too gave off a light, vague and sinister like the chill phosphorescent gleam of ghosts. Leon felt Andrea's involuntary shudder and took her hand, warming it against his side.

"It's too cold," he said almost angrily. "We can't go on like this—prowling like fugitives. Never mind. I'm an old soldier. I'll find a foxhole for us."

He had remembered the old barn just outside the village. It was among the many odd bits and pieces of information that, almost from habit, he stored away in his mind against emergency. The door of the loft, opening against the hillside, had been left unlatched and it was an easy climb. He scrambled up and gave Andrea his strong hand, drawing her up beside him in the warm sweet-smelling dark. At the farther end of the loft a window looked out over the valley. They blundered through the knee-deep hay toward it and knelt down, side by side. The keen intoxicating air breathed against their faces. Their bodies, half-submerged in the warm hay, relaxed. They laughed secretly together. It was a game. It was like Andrea's childhood days when she and Robert had escaped and hidden themselves. For a moment she could have believed that Robert was there beside her—that the years had never happened to them and that they were innocent and unaware, sure that life would be always the same.

The illusion dropped from her brutally. This man wasn't Robert. Now that she could not see his face he had become a stranger. This

[continued on page 72]

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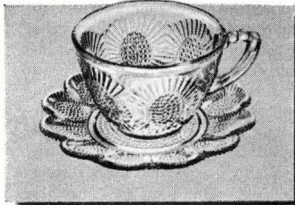


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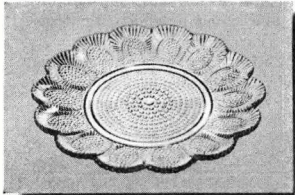
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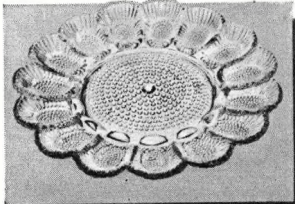
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wasn't a childish escapade. She was aware of danger, bearing down on her and rising in a suffocating tide within herself.

Leon had stretched himself out beside her. He had taken her hand and laid it tenderly against his cheek.

Why didn't his tenderness reassure her? She remembered that once she had said to him half teasingly, "You are too clever, Leon. You know too well how to make me happy. It's rather frightening—" And he had laughed, "I don't like amateurs—"

He seemed to know that she was frightened now. Not of him, but of the deep disturbance and uncertainty within herself.

"I'm sorry, darling. Don't you like it here?" "Yes—I do. It's lovely to be quiet for a little while. But I suppose we shouldn't. In this place one isn't just oneself—"

He laughed ruefully. "You see how it gets you! Darling, we've got to get away from here—soon, before the frost gets into us." He became suddenly dangerously urgent "Why can't we go now—tonight? What's stopping us? What are we waiting for?"

Now was the time to tell him—about Robert and his last pitiful appeal to their old love. She knew she couldn't—not yet, not until they had reached some understanding beyond those brief passionate moments. She could almost see his quizzically raised brows. She could hear, as though he had already answered her, his amused and scornful arguments:

"My darling, be reasonable! How can you expect to recognize a child you've never seen, whose name you don't know, who mayn't be here at all—who may be dead. Do you believe in miracles?"

She had. She didn't any more. But it was as though her will and pride interlocked. Perhaps it was because she had been so rarely thwarted. Perhaps there was some secret driving instinct in her.

SHE said quietly, "Soon, Leon," and heard him stir in restless discontent.

"When? You ought to tell me. It won't be so easy for me. I'm a European, not an American. I can't wander about the world as though I owned it. I have to make my plans—get myself passports, visas . . ."

"But, Leon, for you it should be easy. Surely everyone knows your record—"

"People forget," he muttered. "Today's hero is tomorrow's beggar."

"If it's just money—" she began and broke off awkwardly. They had never come down to such stark realities. It was not his fault or hers. It was inevitable that, in their painfully snatched moments of escape, they should have sought a different knowledge of each other—a different reassurance. She realized now to her astonishment that she knew nothing of him but that he had fought heroically and hopelessly. Of all his troop he alone remained miraculously alive. But beyond the war was emptiness and silence.

"I have enough," he said. "When I saw how things were going I made myself a cache. But I've got to lay my hands on it. That will take time too. I have to get away from here—"

"Why did you ever come?"

"I told you before. I had to have a breathing-spell. Old soldiers aren't given much choice in jobs—" He pressed closer. And yet she knew that in that closeness he was evading her. "Andrea, I'm very much a man. I'm very

much in love. You are too—" He repeated gently. "What are we waiting for?"

Pity for him, for the starved and brutal years of his young manhood, as well as her own frustration and loneliness, surged over her pride, her instinctive resistance. She bent over him. His breath was on her face. His arms had closed about her. She was being drawn down into a warm sweet oblivion from which there could be no return—not to her world, not to the self she knew. She would have crossed a frontier into a strange country which she would have to brave with this stranger.

They both heard the cautious opening of the barn door. Through a crack in the loose boards a light flickered beneath them, then went out immediately. The door closed again. Someone spoke—a man's urgent whisper. But there was no answer.

ANDREA freed herself from those insistent hands. He whispered, "Wait. They will be gone presently." But she stood up and with a calm suppleness he sprang up beside her, looming against the clearer darkness of the window. The starlight shimmered on his blond hair and in his eyes and she was shaken by the almost inhuman beauty of him. Then impatiently he motioned to her. There was a six-foot drop from the window.

She nodded in answer to his unspoken question and he slung himself astride the sill and slid out of sight. She heard the surreptitious thud of his landing—the intense and waiting silence. She was too sick with humiliation to be afraid. As she landed, his arms closed about her, supporting her with an easy implacable strength. For a moment she rested against him. It was the old disintegrating enchantment. With the roughness of sheer panic she pushed him away from her.

"How beastly! How—how ludicrous!" He strode evenly beside her.

"You're acting like a Victorian young lady, Andrea. Did you think life was really different here—just because this place is built on a hill-top and inhabited by horrible adult children who don't believe in anything and childish adults who believe in fairies? It's the World-in-Little. Our Herr Christians says so. And he's more right than he knows."

"Who was it?"

"Roman and Martha. I'd know his voice anywhere—and her silence. Why be shocked? Sascha doesn't give him even a raw deal. She deserves a slap in that lovely frozen face—"

"But Martha—she's a child—she's not like normal people. She's not accountable."

"She's a woman . . ." He shrugged ruefully. "And just a few minutes ago you were almost a woman too—"

She didn't answer. She had almost given herself to him. Her last-minute stand had been a sort of cheating. At least that was how he would feel it. He had a right to strike back and hurt her if he could, for she was, as he said, behaving like a prudish girl. It was insulting and self-righteous of her to shrink away from him. At the door of the French house they faced each other in a hot and hostile silence.

Then he smiled charmingly like a guilty shame-faced boy. "I've behaved atrociously. But should you be quite so angry? Is it fair?"

"No, it isn't," she said. "I'm behaving badly too. I'm not angry with you at all. I'm just plain angry. I can't help myself—"

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He took her hand and kissed it. He said in German: "Tomorrow, beloved, don't be angry with me."

She ran up the short flight of uncarpeted stairs. Her hot face was bowed so that she didn't see Martin Bruce until she had almost fallen over him. He was sitting on the top step, his arms locked about her knees. He had to unlock them to steady her.

"Now what are you running away from? Did I scare you? I'm sorry. I've been waiting for you. It didn't seem quite right to wait in your room and I couldn't watch out of mine like a cat at a mousehole. Besides, I'm so tired, I might have fallen asleep."

"You mean—you wanted to see me?"

"Well—to talk to you."
"You could have left a message—" Her mouth quivered. She had been on the verge of angry tears. "Or an order. After all, I'm just an amateur—nobody. I take orders."

"I didn't want to," he said rather crossly. "In fact I want to ask a favor—"

HE TURNED and led the way down the passage. She saw that he had made an awkward attempt at playing host. An armchair had been pulled up to the untidy table and a tray with two glasses poised precariously on a pile of newspapers. He produced a quaint-shaped bottle.

"I thought you might need something warming," he said. "It is a nipping and an eager air."

Whatever the stuff was, it sent a wave of comfort to her chilled unhappy heart. He pushed some of the disorder aside and perched himself on the corner of the table, swinging a long leg with a forced casualness. She noticed that he was dressed carefully. With a puzzled amusement she realized that he had set himself to please her.

"This doesn't look much like our contract, does it?" he asked dryly. "But life is a fluid business. Circumstances, to be specific, alter our case."

"Now I am scared," she said. "The Greek is bearing gifts. He's even being polite."

"And I suppose he's been pretty rude, according to Trojan lights?"

"I should say according to any lights."

"Well, I'll admit it. I'm prepared to admit anything. The fact is, I need your help."

"You could have ordered it—"

"Please don't repeat yourself. You said that before and I explained that I didn't want to give orders. I wanted to ask a favor." She was silent, perplexed but suddenly almost happy. He continued firmly, not looking at her, "I'll admit, among other things, that you're behaving much better than I expected. Whatever you think you're doing, you're doing it very well—"

"I've done nothing, at least not what I came to do."

"Don't interrupt, please. I didn't say you were good. I said you were better. But you're still an outsider to the reality of this place. You expected sunshine and light—life tied up with blue ribbons—"

"Are you trying to be rude again?"

He gave her a fleeting grin.

"I don't have to try. I am. No—but it's true, isn't it? Do a little admitting yourself. A children's village sounds such a pretty place—a made-to-order background for one of your Hollywood stories. But this place isn't. It's the backwash of the most damnable human conduct the world has ever seen. Every child here represents a tragedy beyond the average adult's belief and understanding, which is one reason why the average adult walks on the other side of the street with his eyes averted and his ears closed—not to mention his pocketbook. You and I are rather different. For our several reasons—I'm not inquiring into yours—we have a sense of guilt and responsibility. But we too are problems to ourselves. Even you, perhaps—" Her head was bent. He said, "I'm not asking you. I'm telling you. Every one of us has come here to make some sort of peace with himself—"

"With himself?" she echoed.

"It's the only peace that matters. If we had it we should not be fighting each other."

"Have you found it?"

He cocked a black mocking eyebrow at her.

"You've got more gall than I have. You do ask questions. Well, yes, I'm finding it. Sometimes I think I've found it, then again I'm not sure. . . . But I didn't wait for you tonight in order to be dissected or to satisfy a vulgar curiosity. I want to talk about Michot—"

She stiffened involuntarily.

"He frightens me," she said.

"You said that before too. You are a repulsive female. And I told you that he frightens himself. He's so scared that he carries a knife under his arm. Oh yes—of course I could take it from him. It wouldn't do any good. He'd think up something worse. He's dangerous, all right. One day, unless he can get hold of his terror, he'll kill himself or someone else." He began to walk up and down the room, his hands thrust in his pockets. There wasn't much space and he had to pass close to her. It was like being in the track of a prowling tiger, but she felt released and at peace with him.

"Now there's trouble between Michot and Stanislas Korski. It's one of those silly feuds men work up in order to shoot a war so that they don't have to admit that they can't live with themselves. Young Ulrich Keller has adopted the name 'Globi.' He thinks that's who he really is—a comic figure out of a Swiss storybook. But 'Globi' happens to resemble the Polish word 'gluppi' which means 'stupid.' So the Poles consider themselves insulted. They've done their best to reply in kind and their best is good. Now Michot and some of the French boys are rolling up their sleeves in earnest. They're out for trouble. It's slated for next Sunday, before daybreak when the Poles are on their way to Waldstadt to early Mass. It happens to be Michot's birthday. A blood-letting is his present to himself."

She asked, "Did he tell you?" And he shot her a dark speculative glance. It was like a question that he didn't want to ask.

"I'm not in Michot's confidence. But Marie-Louise told me. He drags her at his chariot wheel like a Roman emperor a war-captive, partly to show he can and partly to hurt Globi. It's his best, most reassuring show-off. But this time the show back-fired on him. Marie-Louise, being a woman, has no sense of honor—men's honor, I should hasten to add, which is a very peculiar brand and makes no sense whatever. My two Eds, for instance, though they probably know the whole rotten business and heartily disapprove, would rather be skinned alive than spill the beans. Marie-Louise has spilled them—without compunction—right in my lap."

He had reperched himself on his table-edge, his arms folded. She could feel him looking down at her and in spite of herself she had to look up at him. She wondered why she had ever thought him ugly. There was a disarming friendly youthfulness about him. He was appealing to her and he wasn't sure of her—or even of himself.

"Don't you see—" he went on urgently—"that it mustn't happen? We have to heal wounds—don't tear them open—don't infect them. Once a fight starts—even between children—it spreads like a virulent disease."

"Didn't you ever fight?" she asked.

"Yes," he said simply. "I was a navigator in a night-bomber. I told the boys when to go and when to drop their eggs. I had a charmed life. Men liked going along with me. I was a sort of mascot."

"But you were a doctor?"

"Not quite—not quite enough."

SHE asked gently, sensing his sharp withdrawal, "What can I do?" And he became brisk and a little rude.

"If you'd only stop talking so much, I might have a chance to tell you."

He began to pace up and down again. "I want you to take the Polish group away from here—on a picnic, on anything you can think up. After all, you teach them singing too. It should be easy. They know now that they were mistaken—that nobody willfully insulted them. They're ripe for peace-making. But they're stubborn fellows. And they don't know how. You're going to show them."

"Show me," she said smiling.

"He stopped in front of her. 'I mean to,' he said. 'But Leon is out of this—promise me.'"

She said rather stiffly. "Of course I promise—"

[continued on page 74]



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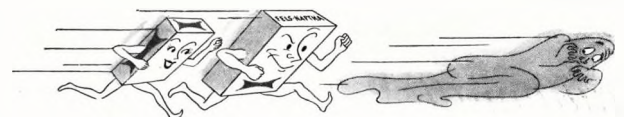
even shirt collars and cuffs—it's no use.

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Later on, when she stood up to go, she gave him her hand and he took it and held it briefly but firmly. Now there was no malice in his eyes. Their strange restless colors had merged to a gray serenity.

"Thank you for asking me," she said—"for trusting me. It makes me feel at home and happy here for the first time."

He smiled faintly. But it was as though she had recalled something that he had wanted to forget. His face was somber with it.

"I didn't suppose you knew I existed—except as a ruffian, best ignored. After all, you've found your own happiness—elsewhere—apart from us."

She said evasively, "But I've not been happy."

"If it's my fault—because I've been a mean unhelpful colleague—I'm sorry." His eyes dropped. He picked a shred of straw from her sleeve and flicked it negligently aside. He was probably the world's untidiest man. But not forgetful. She wondered with a sick disgust at herself and an irrational grief, if afterward he would remember and draw his own cynical conclusions.

"Just one thing, Andrea. Did you know about all this? Did Leon tell you?"

She made a movement of sheer astonishment.

"Of course not. How could he?"

He opened the door for her. She was amazed at the brightness of his face.

"I was almost sure," he said. "I had to be quite sure. I'm awfully glad—"

THE next day Andrea asked Roman and Sascha for permission to take her Polish singing class into the country. It was a crisp lovely autumn day. The children laughed and danced about her. When they came to a point where they could look over the valley, Andrea sat down on a little hillock with a songbook on her lap. The children grouped themselves about her. Their laughter died down. There was no sound for a moment but the rustle of the wind in the near-by fir trees and the intermittent sleepy note of a cowbell.

Stanislas Korski, his arms locked about his knees, sat close to Andrea. She was, he thought, a very lovely and sweet lady. He would like to sing better and louder than any of them. He even had an impulse to confide in her (as he could never do with Papa Roman and Mama Sascha, who seemed always so sad and troubled) about Michot and the bitter quarrel between the French and Polish houses. It was such a stupid quarrel. But there seemed no way out of it—especially for the Poles, who were very proud and couldn't bear to admit that they had made a mistake.

Suddenly he realized that Fraülein Andrea was looking straight at him. It was as though she knew. There was a little friendly smile at the back of her gray eyes.

"We are going to learn a new song, Stan-

islas," she said. "It's our secret. You see, it is to be a birthday present."

Michot hadn't dared to sleep. He was like the two Eds. His sleep was deep and dreamless. Waking was the struggle of a half-drowned swimmer fighting his way up from the depths of a black sea. And he had to be awake at the hardest time of all, before dawn. His men were counting on him. He had boasted, "I can wake any time I choose." If he failed them they would never believe in him again.

So he had sat up in his bunk all night, with his arms locked about his knees. Sometimes his head nodded like the head of a toy he had had once—a china mandarin—and his thoughts were like silly sheep rushing hither and thither. It was a sort of half-waking dreaming. He dreamed stupid things that he would have disdained as thoughts. Marie-Louise, for instance, kissed him on the cheek, as she had kissed Globi. She said softly but so clearly that when he jolted back to full consciousness he couldn't believe she hadn't really spoken, "Michot, you're really such a nice little boy—"

He wasn't a little boy. He was a man who had killed men—who knew how to fire a machine gun and throw a hand grenade. He wasn't nice. He was Michot le Maquis.

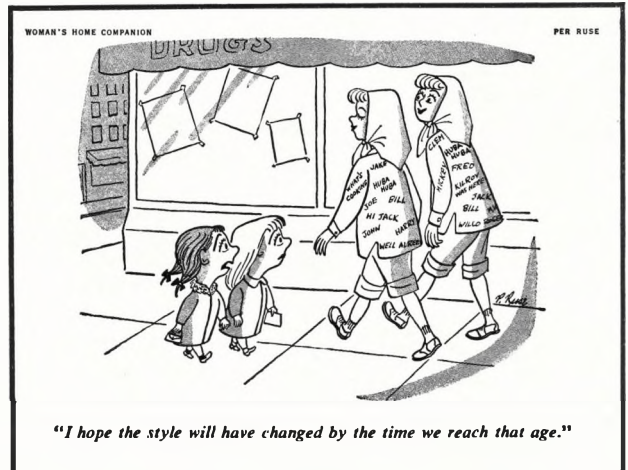
For a time he stayed sternly awake, scowling against the tug of his heavily drooping eyelids. But then the sheep were off again. They wandered into a lovely garden. He could smell honeysuckle and the borders of the path that led up to the low white house were bright with flowers. Someone called to him out of an open window. "It's time to come in, Michot. All your birthday guests are waiting—"

He knew the garden. He knew the voice—his mother's. Presently if he dared to listen it would scream at him: "Run, Michot darling—run—don't ever come back, darling." He had run. But he had come back. Stealthily he had hidden himself in a hollow tree-stump which was an old playtime hiding place and he had watched. He had seen everything. Now there was no garden any more—only gray smoking rubble. No voice called to him, "Michot, my poor darling, your birthday cake is all burned—"

From far away the patient plodding clang of the church clock interrupted his dream. He counted along with it, afraid that in his drowsiness he would miss a stroke. Six. There was no light yet in the sky but by the time he had scrambled down noiselessly from his bunk the Polish house opposite had opened one bright eye that he fancied watched him.

He had laid out his clothes in readiness. He was trained to dress and move swiftly and silently. Even the wretched little Globi, who woke screaming at the creak of a door, didn't stir. The two Eds snored peacefully. Michot

[continued on page 76]



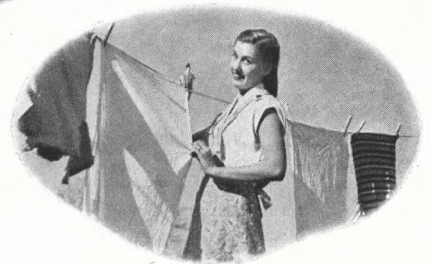
"I hope the style will have changed by the time we reach that age."



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We Have Found Each Other

from page 74

crept out into the passage and along the corridor. At each door he stopped and tapped the signal and waited for the counter-signal. Once it was so long in coming he had to tap again. He thought bitterly of the men—his comrades—who had been shot for less.

Then he was on his way down the stairs. He set the door cautiously ajar. Crouched back in the dense shadow he could watch the enemy's approach, but he himself, till the last minute, would be unseen and unsuspected. He folded his arms tight across his breast, steadying his quick breath. One hand, under his armpit, grasped a knife-hilt.

His men weren't as stealthy as he knew how to be. They shuffled and bumped against one another in the narrow hallway. Their whispers were hoarse and frightened.

"Where are you? Are you there, Michot?"
"Of course I'm here. Shut up, can't you? You'll wake everyone. Don't move till I give the signal."

At least they were docile. They tried to obey orders. Only once in a while he heard a little restless sigh and smiled scornfully to himself. They weren't really men, though he tried to pretend they were. If it weren't for his iron will and their fear of him they would slink back to bed and hide their heads under the covers. But as Leon Ronsard said, one had to make the best of one's tools.

Pressing his shoulders into the corner of the door, he could see through the narrow opening how a pale light had begun to spread over the village square. Perhaps in spite of himself he drowsed for a second. Someone said gently, "A happy birthday to you, darling."

Then he was wide awake. He gave a whispered order to those other shadows who crowded timorously closer to him. "Now they're coming. At the word 'Gluppi!' I'll tear open the door. Smash down on them. Never mind the old priest. He'll run for his life—"

With his free hand he wiped the icy sweat out of his eyes. He was trembling slightly—not with fear but with a terrible excitement. Now at last he could throw off the bitter humbling pretense of childhood. He could smash his fist into some gaping aghast face, hear whimpering of pain and terror. Perhaps he would be killed. That would be best of all. Death on the battlefield, Leon Ronsard had said, was a man's death. Maquis Ronsard would be proud of his dead comrade.

ANDREA hadn't undressed. For several hours she had sat at her table, writing to Louis Brandon. The letter had started out cheerfully. She was being sensible now. She had done her best, she wrote, but she knew now what Louis had known at the outset, that hers was a foredoomed quest. If Robert knew, he would understand. So after Christmas, as soon as the village found her substitute, she would be coming home. She hoped Leon would be able to straighten out his affairs and come with her. If so, as soon as they landed, they would be married.

"I shall be glad to come home, Louis," she wrote. "But I shall miss the people here. I shall miss this place and the feeling of belonging a little to something bigger than myself. Above all I shall miss the children—"

"They're such strange children, Louis. Perhaps they'll be much better than we are, as this Dr. Bruce thinks, because they have suffered so much . . . I don't know. There is one boy—a French boy—who frightens me. He looks at me sometimes as a vicious and cruel man might look at me.

"At night some of them dream terribly. They wake screaming and crying until Mama Jacqueline or Dr. Bruce arrives to comfort them. Everything tonight is so quiet that I could imagine those evil dreams crawling up the stairs, ready to pounce on me. I'm glad that Martin Bruce has his room just down the corridor and that I know he is awake too, and

waiting. I'm sure he has never been afraid—only perhaps unhappy—"

She was getting tired and the cold was seeping into her heart. She pulled a blanket off her bed, wrapped herself in it and turned out the light. Now from her windows she could see the stars shaking their light down on the black roofs. If she could only keep awake she would see the dawn break in the east. She wondered if it would be as glorious as the western afterglow which she and Leon had watched together.

A HAND touched her. It was still dim and gray but she could see Martin's dark shadow and the pale luminousness of his face. He was bending over her and she had a strange sense of relief, as though she had been ill and terribly afraid of death. But now he was there and everything would be all right.

"Sorry. But you didn't hear me knock. Are you dressed? That's fine. It's horribly cold—"

He helped her wrap the blanket about her and led her along the corridor to his own room. It looked out onto the square and he drew her beside him, against the lintel of the open window. He put his arm over her shoulders and held her close. But she guessed that he was scarcely aware of her except as a liability who might catch cold and make a nuisance of itself.

"Can you see them? They're underneath—the whole boiling lot of 'em. And Michot's gang are waiting for his signal. It's nip and tuck. Another minute they'll be at each other's throats. Oh, damn you hide, Stanislas Korski—get on with it!"

She could see them dimly—the Polish children grouped in a dense silent shadow around the door of the French house, just beneath the window. At last Stanislas must have given the signal. Children's voices shattered the tense and waiting silence. The song rang out with a clarion splendor—the Marseillaise:

*"Allons, enfants de la patrie
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"*

At that moment, as though at the waking call of trumpets, the whole square began to flood with morning light.

Michot's hand dropped from the knife-hilt. For a bewildered moment he believed that he was back on the street of his home town and that the troops were marching past with flags flying and that he must run out and march with them and sing their beloved anthem—

"Formez vos bataillons!"

He wrenched the door open. But he gave no signal. He had forgotten it. He stumbled down the steps into Stanislas Korski's arms and clasped the boy to his breast and kissed him on either cheek. He was sobbing so that his whole body was racked and torn—the tears ran down his cheeks and mingled with the tears of his Polish enemy. The two boys laughed and cried together and thumped each other's chest, and their followers danced about them and yelled in delighted mocking chorus.

"Gluppi—gluppi!"
"Gluppi yourselves!"

Everyone in the village was awake now. Lights sprang in the windows of the surrounding houses as Stanislas said breathlessly, "*Nos félicitations, les plus sincères, Michot.*"

Andrea pulled Martin Bruce back from the window by the coat sleeve. "You'll fall out and break your neck," she said severely.

He stood up straight and turned to her. He was laughing exultantly. But his eyes were wet. "What does my neck matter to you, woman?" he asked.

"I don't like accidents—especially messy ones."

"You might have said it's a good neck with a good head on it. I was right, wasn't I?"

"I'm sure you always are."

(continued on page 78)

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We Have Found Each Other

from page 76

He said, "Don't be so damn mean—" He snifled ludicrously. It seemed that he hadn't a handkerchief. She gave him hers. It was like the worn-out movie cliché in which the hero blows the heroine's nose for her, only the other way round. Regardless he stuffed her property into his trouser pocket.

"Of course I'm sniveling. I'm proud of it. That's a great song, isn't it? It's a fighting song like none other in the world. But you see—it can be a birthday present." He began really to notice her. "Now what are you crying about? You shouldn't. You did a great job with those Polish brats. They sang the Marseillaise like Frenchmen!"

But she was tired and cold and emotionally past saving. She broke down helplessly against his shoulder and he held her as he had held the frantic nightmare-haunted Globi, with a protecting gentleness. So the light brightened about them both. And presently when the storm had worn itself out he let her go. She stood looking at him woefully.

"What a fool I've made of myself. And what a sight—"

He grinned and rubbed his hand over his black-stubbed chin. "We're both sights. Personally I like our looks. I think they do us credit." He clapped her gleefully on the shoulder as though she had been a man and a good comrade with whom he had won a victory.

LEON RONSARD had set up his workshop in the cellar of the French house. He had made the most of meager equipment. Every tool was in its place; there was not a speck of rust on their gray gleaming surfaces. Along the wall at the rear end of the shop a row of skis, graduated in size, stood in their racks like a strange ghostly guard of honor. They represented the laborious work of many months and were to have equipped his troop for winter. Now, for all he cared, they could be tossed onto a bonfire. He was working on his own skis, polishing their lovely surfaces with an angry diligence, and his hand slipped and cut itself against a lathe. It was a mere scratch. But it infuriated him. He had an almost unbalanced distrust of insignificant setbacks. They were straws in the wind—cracks in the facade of a house. You ignored them. But presently there was a storm blowing you from your course. In a dusty roar the house collapsed about your ears. He had seen it happen.

The door opened quietly, letting in a breath of winter, and Ronsard glanced up and his anger froze to a look of blank indifference. He went on working. But now he was humming a little song under his breath.

"Please—Monsieur Leon—"
He took no notice.
There was an agonized pause.
"Mon capitaine—"

Leon Ronsard stood up, straightening his broad shoulders. "What do you want?"

Michot's face was white and drawn as though with illness. There were shadows under his eyes. His mouth was tremulous—the mouth of a child fighting his tears. He said faintly, "I want you to speak to me, mon capitaine."

"Why should I? You don't belong to me—"

He resumed his work. But his body had the tension of a man listening with all his senses to hesitant footsteps. Some sixth sense made him aware of the half-outstretched pleading hand.

"I'm sorry—I don't know how it happened—"

"I can tell you how it happened. You disobeyed me. A trap was baited for you and you fell into it like a silly rabbit. You made a mess of everything and a fool of yourself—falling for a silly sentiment—a song."

"But it was the Marseillaise, mon capitaine."

"What of it? That was the bait." He said roughly. "Run to your precious uncle. You're his man—"

"But I'm not—I don't want—I can't be—you can't throw me off like that—"

The man stood motionless, looking down on the bowed head. A spark flickered in the blue eyes and he was smiling faintly. When

Michot lifted his head his face flamed with a desperate courage. "You can punish me. You can kill me. But you can never drive me away from you—"

"Can't I?" The man and the child stared at each other. "Very well. Perhaps I don't want to." He set his skis neatly in place and took down his fur cap and short fleece-lined coat. "But there must be discipline," he said.

The village square lay empty under the gray winter sky. But inside "our house" sounded the lusty crack of hammers. The workmen were setting up the stage in the big hall, so that it should be ready for Christmas and the Pageant of Nations and perhaps for Casse Gueule and his poodle Fifi. Rumor had it that they were on their way.

Leon Ronsard walked fast with long determined strides. The boy beside him did not dare to run or double his own steps. Fortunately their road led downhill to the Thaler mansion. It was a handsome house—almost patrician in its size and dignity. The Thalers had been rich peasants for generations. They had had ambitions. One of them was gratified. Old Gustav Thaler had become a councillor. At the door Leon Ronsard halted abruptly. With his hands thrust in the pockets of his coat he looked down at his companion. The boy had kept step. But the sweat of exhaustion ran down from his thick blond hair into his eyes.

"Incidentally—who taught those Poles to sing our song?"

"Mlle. Standish—"

"At Uncle Martin's orders?"

"I don't know, mon capitaine—"

"Perhaps I do." He rocked thoughtfully on his heels. "I have business here," he said after a moment. "It may take some time. You will stay outside on guard duty. You will parade the length of the house and back—until I relieve you." He pinched the boy's ears. It looked like a good-humored caress but it hurt cruelly. Michot tossed back the involuntary tears. "If you fall out of step—if you rest to get your breath—you will have to tell me—you understand?"

The boy stood rigid. "Oui, mon capitaine."
"Then I shall know whose man you are."

COUNCILLOR THALER was old and stiff-jointed. For his own convenience he had his office next to his bedroom on the second floor. It was a dim low-ceilinged room, massively comfortless with peasant furniture that generations had polished to a somber luster. With him there now was Herr Lenbach, the brother of Martha.

Leon took off his fur cap and bowed to the two men. Jacob Thaler, seated at his desk, was too stout to rise easily and merely lifted a gnarled rheumatic hand in greeting. But the younger man, whose heavy features were set in an expression of chronic resentment, stood up and nodded perfunctorily.

"You and Herr Lenbach doubtless know each other?"

"Naturally!" Leon said. He slid easily into the local dialect and their peasant distrust of the foreigner eased a little. "I also know Herr Lenbach's sister Martha." He grinned. "And I enjoy her cooking."

The young Lenbach flushed and folded his arms truculently. "You wouldn't—if I had my way. But it seems a brother hasn't any authority—even if his sister happens to be a helpless halfwit—"

The councillor grunted in protest.

"Surely an exaggeration, Lenbach. I have seen your sister. A sweet and lovely girl—"

"Very much beloved," Leon added.

Klaus Lenbach exploded. "I know what you're hinting at. You've hinted at it before and I'm not deaf and dumb. That's why I'm here. When I heard the councillor was to sell this house and land to your village, Ronsard, I thought he ought to know what he is about. I've talked to some of the townspeople. A lot of them don't like the way things are going, either. I've told them about my sister. She should be on our farm, working for me, under my protection. But it's that doctor. He talks

[continued on page 82]

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Measure all ingredients into a bottle or jar. Cover tightly and shake well. Chill. Shake thoroughly before serving. Delicious with fruit salads. Makes 1 3/4 cups. (Vinegar may be used in place of lemon juice, if desired.)

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SORRENTO TOMATO SAUCE

1 half-inch slice fresh white bread
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1 six-ounce can tomato paste
1/2 cup water
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon paprika
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup MAZOLA Salad Oil
1/4 cup cider vinegar

Remove bread crusts. Cut garlic in thin slices and insert in bread. Let stand one hour; remove garlic. Crumble bread into small bowl and add tomato paste, water, salt, sugar, paprika, and pepper. Beat in MAZOLA Salad Oil and vinegar. Cover. Chill well. Stir before serving. Delicious with any fish or as a dressing for simple green salads. Makes about 1 1/2 cups.



For other MAZOLA recipes, write Home Service Department, Corn Products Refining Company, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y. © C. P. R. Co., 1948

SPRING BEGINS

If it's yours now is the time to get to work; but whether it's yours or not you can enjoy a garden

BY JOHN C. WISTER

Companion Garden Consultant

SPRING is the time of unfolding and in all parts of this country nature is taking on new life. In Florida and southern California some flowers have been blooming all winter and some vegetables and fruits have been ripening. But even there the fresh leaves of deciduous trees and shrubs now gleam against the deeper tones of the evergreen and the browns and grays of meadow and hillside are replaced by the vivid color of annual grasses or wild flowers. In southern gardens camellias have long been in bloom but the azaleas of Charleston, Mobile and other centers are just beginning.

The deserts of the southwest have been bleak and bare but now, following the rains, the cactus and countless annuals burst into bloom, painting hundreds of square miles with rainbow hues. In the Pacific northwest the long rows in the daffodil farms are gorgeously yellow. And along the basin near the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, people await the first bloom of the cherries.

● **Indoor Preview of Spring:** Even before outdoor nature awakes in the north, there are the March flower shows. The most magnificent of these are in cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, but today there is hardly a city or town without some kind of flower show.

At home too you can enjoy the spring before it actually arrives by forcing branches into bloom in a bucket of water indoors. Pussy willows and forsythias are the most familiar but countless others can be handled just as easily. Winter honeysuckle is one of the most delightful for the delicate perfume of its tiny flowers will fill an entire room. A common tree whose leaves are fragrant as they unfold from the tight sticky buds is the balm of Gilead poplar. The budding leaves of the horse chestnut are lovely and their horseshoe-shaped bud scars will interest children because they are complete with "nails" which show whether the leaf that grew there the year before had five or seven leaflets.

Early-blooming fragrant species of viburnum good for indoor forcing are *Viburnum fragrans* and *Viburnum Cuslesii*. Flowering cherries and peaches come into bloom indoors reasonably quickly. Maple, barberry, hazel, birch, privet are charming as they open their first leaves in a warm window.

But before most of these come out there is still time for garden planting. Start now, if you have not already done so, to read a few garden books and magazines. Study seed catalogues and place your order soon, for labor is scarce this year and seed houses are working under great strain.

Wherever deciduous trees and shrubs have not yet come into leaf, there is still time for pruning and dormant spraying. New garden beds can be prepared as soon as the frost is out of the ground; plants in old beds may be fed

● **Why and What to Prune:** Nature strives to produce the greatest number of flowers and fruits. Man is more interested in their size and quality and has learned from long

A GARDEN

experience that pruning will accomplish his purpose.

Fruit trees such as apples, pears, peaches and also grapevines and bush fruits can be pruned during mild weather in March in the north, but before you begin, make sure you know why you are doing it. In fruits, pruning is to thin out interfering, unneeded or weakened branches; to open up the center of the tree to permit light and air to enter; to keep the crown of the tree low to facilitate spraying and picking and by reducing the number of fruits to increase their size, color and quality. So with grapes, pruning reduces the number of fruit spurs, leaving only enough to mature fruit of good size.

In bush fruits pruning is done to remove the old fruit canes for the best fruit is borne on the new canes of the previous year's growth.

Ornamental plants are pruned to make an attractive specimen as well as to remove interfering or unhealthy branches. In shrubs new vigorous growth is encouraged by cutting old stems entirely to the ground. But since most spring-flowering shrubs such as forsythia, spiraea, deutzia, mock orange and weigela, bloom on the old wood, pruning at this time will destroy much of the coming bloom. Wait to prune these until immediately after the flowers have faded. Many later-blooming shrubs, such as hydrangea, buddleia, vitex, flower on the new growth of the current year and should be pruned now.

Old and overgrown shrubs such as lilacs and mock oranges may even be renovated now by cutting entirely to the ground, thus allowing new main stems to form. This drastic treatment is better than cutting to some arbitrary height which invariably produces bristly growth from the cutting. Those who hesitate at such drastic cutting may cut out half of the old growth this year and the other half a year from now, leaving the young stems which have come up in the meantime.

Evergreen shrubs such as yews, junipers and box, which are used for foundation planting, may be cut occasionally, heading back the branches to keep them shapely and within bounds. Except for this they need little pruning and as for rhododendrons and azaleas, they need only removal of unsightly or broken branches.

Wherever You Are

Plan the garden and order seeds and supplies.

Sharpen lawn mowers, pruning saws, shears, knives. Check and clean other tools if you didn't last fall.

Inspect dahlia tubers, gladiolus corms and similar material, discarding any that are molded or rotted to prevent spread of infection. If any are very dry or shriveled moisten slightly the sand or other material in which they are stored.

Prune or spray on mild days (not below 40°). Lime-sulphur or miscible oil are the sprays for scale and insects to be controlled at this season. Burn prunings that may harbor insects or disease. Compost other garden refuse.

As weather warms take off part of mulch on bulb beds and press back into soil plants heaved out by frost.

If hardy bulbs have been forced indoors, keep them watered and growing until foliage dies down. They can be planted in the garden later. Feed house plants with a complete fertilizer, one-half a teaspoonful to a six-inch pot.

In Mild Climates

Dig soil deeply, turning in any vegetation not composted. Divide and reset chrysanthemums.

Prune evergreens and roses as they start into growth.

As peonies come out of the ground spray with Bordeaux mixture to control botrytis.

Mulch strawberries.

Plant the hardier vegetables like peas, carrots, beets, cabbage. Start tomatoes, eggplants and peppers indoors.

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We Have Found Each Other

from page 78

to her on his hands. Who knows what he says to her? What notions he puts into her head? He's a black lusty devil. And she's lovelick anyway—"

Leon shrugged. "That's natural. She's young and probably grateful to him."

"She's crazy." Lenbach jerked his head at the old man hunched broodingly over the papers spread before him. "You'd best watch out, Councilor. At the elections next spring a lot of people are going to ask you questions. Among other things they'll want to know why you helped bring in more foreign brats when we have hungry orphans of our own—"

"It's a point," Leon admitted. He slung himself astride one of the grim straight-backed chairs in an attitude of easy masculinity. "It's a very natural reaction. You Swiss have done more than your part. There comes a point when to do more is an injustice to your own people."

The councilor stared at him.

"Are these Herr Christians' sentiments?"

Leon threw back his head and laughed. "No, they're not. They're mine. I'm a rough old soldier, Councilor. I blurt out what's in my mind. In fact I shouldn't have been chosen to conclude a poor bargain with you. My heart's not in it. But there are the papers. You can sign or not, as you think best."

"A poor bargain?" the old man echoed.

"What people must have they must pay for," Leon observed obliquely.

The councilor threw him a sly dubious glance. "One would think you hated Herr Christians and the whole business—"

"One doesn't hate Herr Christians," Leon said. "He means too well. Well-meaning people are easy tools for cranks and muddleheads — and others. I'm an employe of the village. I am bound by loyalty. Later, when I am free, perhaps I shall have my say."

The old man pulled himself painfully to his feet, lumbered over to the window and stood, with his hands locked behind his back looking down into the gray winter dusk. He asked suddenly: "Who is that down there?"

"One of our boys. The very devil of a fellow. He has murdered people and will probably murder again before they hang him. But he happens to have lost his father and mother. So that our best is not good enough. At the moment he is being disciplined."

"Harsh discipline. It must be bitter cold out there."

"Harshness, Councilor, is all he understands."

The old man pulled the curtains roughly, as though to shut out what he did not want to see. He came back to the table and slumped down, turning over the papers in front of him.

"I gave Herr Christians my word," he muttered. "But it may be my civic duty to refuse—"

"It would be enough, Councilor," Leon told him easily, "for you to raise your price."

THE cold and darkness closed in about Michot. Although he marched back and forth at parade step, his legs were numb and his heart seemed to be growing small and faint in his breast. As long as he had seen a light in the upper window he had felt reassured. His captain was there. His captain would not forget him. But now the curtains were drawn and he was shut out in the bitter darkness. It was right of course. Every fighting force had to have discipline. And he, Michot le Maquis, had failed. But now how could he make Stanislas, whom he had kissed as a brother and a comrade, understand that they were still enemies who must hate each other? Even his captain must see how impossible it was and that they must find another enemy.

Back and forth. Back and forth. At least he could hate Globi. He could torment and frighten him and make Marie-Louise see what a cowardly sniveling little mouse he was. He would like to hurt Marie-Louise too—but differently. One day he would find a way. She would come to him crying for pity and he would turn his back on her.

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It was so dark now he couldn't see where he was going. He stumbled and fell and when he stood up his knee was bleeding. He had seen blood often enough. There was no reason for this terrifying sickness—this whirling inside his brain as though he were a top being spun and whipped by a remorseless hand.

Leon Ronsard saw him lying there in the momentary path of light. He closed the door and picked the boy up and carried him easily against his breast.

"I fell, *mon capitaine*—I had to tell you—"

"I know. I'm satisfied," he said with a soft exultancy. "You are my man again."

WIDOW GRETCHEN HORNER, the owner and hostess of Waldstadt's famous inn, the Golden Crown, busied herself in her spotless kitchen with her famous lamb stew. She was a big handsome woman with a good and generous heart. At the moment it was troubled by the girl who stood near the window, watching her. Martha Lenbach was her niece—the daughter of a beloved sister who had died giving her life. A sad death. A sad life. It was hard to be motherless, hard to be cut off from ordinary give and take with one's fellow-creatures and, hardest of all, in Gretchen Horner's estimation, to have a brother like Klaus Lenbach. Frau Horner had, in fact, no use whatever for her precious nephew—a mean-spirted hardhearted brute, if ever there was none.

She knew the girl liked to drop in silently on her shopping visits to town. Sometimes she even helped out with the guests. She was very quiet. You could make her understand what you wanted with a gesture. But what she wanted—what went on behind her helpless silence—no one, except perhaps the English doctor, knew. He, at least, could talk to her. Perhaps, as Klaus insisted angrily, Martha was in love with him? Why not? What was there to be angry about? It was natural for a girl to fall in love, especially with someone who had been kind to her and who, into the bargain, was so good-looking in his lean dark way. Frau Horner was quite in love with him herself. That was why she was fussing now about the stew. He was upstairs in her dining-room, waiting for it to reach perfection. Perhaps also that was why Martha stood there, as though she couldn't bring herself to go home.

Frau Horner threw the girl's half-averted face an uneasy questioning glance. Klaus insisted that the Herr Doktor was up to no good. It wasn't believable. It was just Klaus' malicious mind. And yet something was wrong. The girl turned and met her eyes with a sort of desperate appealing sadness. It was as though she were trying to say something—appealing for help in some deep trouble—and in spite of knowing better, Frau Horner said aloud, "What is it, child? What's wrong?" as though Martha could hear and answer.

At that moment little Paula Horner cascaded into the kitchen, shouting gleefully, "He's come! Casse Gueule is here!" and Frau Horner put down her ladle.

"So—now winter has really come!" she said.

CASSE GUEULE'S equipage pulled up, snorting and rattling its old bones under the gold crown which even on a still day swayed gently in a little breeze of its own. Casse Gueule did not travel, as do many itinerant artists by anything so obviously picturesque as a donkey cart. He had a car. The radiator had once belonged to a royal Hispano-Suiza. The rest was a conglomeration of tin cans, wire and bits and pieces rescued from junk heaps or donated by some mechanic in return for a gay song. It went. It climbed mountains. It descended them. No one but God and Casse Gueule knew how.

He had no proper official papers which, in a world where no one can move without documents to prove not only that he is alive but should be, until further notice, allowed to stay alive, made him almost internationally famous. Several countries had conducted him several times to their several frontiers. Others had tried, out of sheer exasperation, to legitimize him. But you cannot present even a card of identification to a man whose identity has

[continued on page 84]



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We Have Found Each Other

from page 82

been totally mislaid and the Swiss, at any rate, had given up trying. Some humorous police official had scrawled on a piece of official paper, "This is Casse Gueule. He is harmless—except when he makes you laugh. Then he is dynamite." And that was enough.

Fifi the poodle was her own passport. Frau Horner didn't like dogs. But Fifi, as Casse Gueule, had successfully argued, was not a dog but an *artiste*. Didn't all Switzerland know and love her apricot-blond curls, her light brown lacquer nose, her amber eyes, the topknot that rivaled the craziest feminine hairdos and the mincing prance of a lady more used to a Parisian boulevard than the rough cobbles of a Swiss village? Didn't Frau Horner admit that she was *mignonne—tres mignonne*? Frau Horner had admitted everything. Now as Fifi tagged at Casse Gueule's heels into the sacred kitchen, she carried her short stump of a tail—coiffured *en pompadour*—with the assurance of a welcome guest and sniffed audible appreciation of good smells.

FRAU HORNER wiped her hands on her apron and kissed Casse Gueule on both cheeks but especially on the cheek that was torn by a livid scar that ran up from the corner of his mouth to lose itself in his black hair and gave his small thin face a permanent expression of ludicrous astonishment. Once upon a time he hadn't been Casse Gueule. He had been *beau garçon*. And Frau Horner, who was Swiss and not usually emotional, kissed him for it. In turn he hugged her ardently. He kissed Martha too, paternally, on either cheek. He held her off from him, pretending hurt indignation.

"What is this? Do I make you cry, my lovely? That is not my business. I'm supposed to be a funny fellow—who makes laughter."

"Take no notice," Frau Horner said, impatient because she didn't know either what to make of those sudden tears. "She is in love, I think—the dear God knows with whom. Be off with you. A friend waits for you upstairs and there's a stew to make your mouth water."

"My darling, it has watered for the last hour."

"Have you brought new songs with you?"
"Not for your ears, my angel."
"Scoundrel!" she said amiably, and slapped him on the head with her ladle. Casse Gueule lurched up the dim short flight of stairs. In the dining-room he advanced on Martin's table with the rolling gait of a seaman which partly disguised his lameness, and his arms outstretched.

"Ah, *mon cher docteur*—"
Martin met him halfway. There was no one to witness his disgrace. He allowed himself to be kissed. He tossed Fifi in the air and saluted her gallantly if unhygienically on her button-nose and set her down beside him on the table-bench.

"How goes it, my friend?"
"Not badly." Casse Gueule laid his hand on his heart. Two fingers were missing but the gesture was charmingly gallant so that the disfigurement was scarcely noticeable. He chanted:

"*J'ai fait d'amour,
J'ai fait d'amour—*"

"I'll bet you have," Martin said.
"Why not? Love makes the world go round. You Anglo-Saxons say so—"

"Also it turns it upside down," Martin added grimly. "I am a doctor and I say so."
Martha stood at his elbow. She set a dish of the stew in front of him. The tears, Casse Gueule observed, were dry now. She was only very pale. Her smile—that of a lost child who finds itself for a moment among friends whom it can trust—was one of the saddest things he'd ever seen.

He knew that she could not hear him. But he had a gentle and sensitive spirit. He waited till she had gone again.

"Is that a case in point?" he asked.
"I'm afraid so."
"She's in love with you?"
"That was inevitable. But that's not the trouble."

"You mean—you're not in love with her?"
"She never wanted me to be. She loves me as she loves God. In a way I gave her the little life she has. No—it's something else—and worse."

"Poor child!" Casse Gueule looked keenly at the dark face opposite him. "I perceive some new gray hairs, *Monsieur le Docteur*."

Martin laughed ruefully. "If you listen carefully you will hear a joint creak."
"Farceur!" Casse Gueule mocked him. He tucked his napkin under his chin and leaning across the table tapped Fifi's nose with his spoon. "You see how the lady looks at you—with what shameless adoration. There is no doubt of it, *Monsieur le Docteur*, you may creak. But you have still the bedroom manner."

"Bedside," Martin corrected.
"It is the manner, not the word, which is important," Casse Gueule said. "Ah, what a soup!"

He gulped hungrily and Martin ate patiently along with him. Casse Gueule had to play the clown until his professional zest wore itself out. Then, if their luck held, they would talk, with the eagerness of men who have been for a long time silent, until Frau Horner indignantly turned off the lights.

Martin filled their glasses with the thin red wine. They drank to each other. Then they rose politely and drank to Fifi, who blinked gracious acknowledgment.

"And how goes our village, Uncle?"
Martin smiled back into the bright brown eyes. It was "our" village. In different ways they were all building the ruins of their lives into it.

"It's growing. But Christens wears out his lungs clamoring to the world's conscience for it. It's a queer thing, Casse. Men and women who will sniffle their hearts into their handkerchiefs for some celluloid infant victim of man's inhumanity to man will close their eyes and their pocketbooks when faced with the unromantic bloody facts—"

"Sentimentalists are stony-hearted," Casse Gueule said. "It is a phenomenon you must have observed often."

"All the same, by Christmas we shall have another houseful. And for you, Casse, a magnificent surprise from Santa Claus."

"Bien. I believe in Santa Claus. But the children—do they believe in him?"

"No. For them it is too late. But they believe in Monsieur Casse Gueule and Madame Fifi—even those who have never seen either of them. They are counting the days till you come."

CASSE GUEULE scrubbed his plate vigorously with a thick crust. "This is November. There are still many days to count. First we give performances at St. Gallen—at Apfelweier—even in Zurich. I must come back to our village a rich fellow. My car must bulge with gifts—"
He looked at his companion shyly, almost timidly. "No doubt there will be many new children to be made a little happier—perhaps from my own France."
"Yes," Martin said briefly. He stroked Fifi's ears. He felt tired and singularly helpless.

"Good." Casse Gueule rubbed his hands. He laughed with dangerous exalted undertones. But it was laughter. "And perhaps one of them will stand up and shout, 'But that is not Casse Gueule! That is Monsieur So-and-so from our town!' And hey-presto! I shall see myself that I am Monsieur So-and-so—a scoundrel, no doubt, who has deserted his wife and little ones and who is wanted by the police. And I shall take to my heels."

It was an old joke. Martin laughed too. But he had turned to the window. He did not want to see the light gathering in his friend's eyes, to have to recognize the desperately concealed and piteous chaos.

"Or perhaps," Casse Gueule stammered on a rising note of exaltation—"it will be someone who will be glad to know me—who will run to greet me and throw his arms about me—"
"Bon jour, Papa. Why did you leave us? Where have you been all these long years?"

Martin said quietly, "Things may be better as they are, Casse."

The other drew back into himself. The light went out instantly. The flaming eyes had become opaque and blind-looking.

"That is what you doctors think," Casse Gueule said quite calmly. "Forgetfulness is a gift of merciful nature—an escape from the intolerable. But to me to forget what I was is to make what I am meaningless." He shrugged. "Well, one day I shall be remembered. I shall remember—"

THEY ate Frau Horner's famous stew in peaceful companionable silence. Casse Gueule, who had donated the choicest morsels to his fellow-artist, helped himself for a second time. He was not looking directly at the man opposite him. But he must have seen the lean brown hand that had lain casually relaxed on the checkered cloth suddenly tighten to a tense immobility. He looked up. He laid his knife and fork aside. The town church stood at an angle to the inn, divided from it only by a narrow cobbled street, so that the man and woman who had climbed its steps were within a stone's throw and almost on a level with the dining-room window. The woman's face was lifted to the low gray sky from which the snow was falling fast now and she was smiling—rather wistfully. Her companion looked down at her. His back was turned so that Casse Gueule could see only that he was a fine tall fellow. He laid his ungloved hand on his companion's arm. He might have been pleading with her.

"A charming face!" Casse Gueule observed with satisfaction. "Not Swiss—not French—not English. So innocent—so unhurt—so self-assured. A *femme du monde* who does not know the world at all—"

"An American," Martin said grimly. "Voilà! I am a magician. *Eh, bien*, it does one good to see a face so ignorant of real life as that. If I were that man I should be in love with her."

"He is," Martin said. "And if I were she—" The man had turned at last. He looked up at the sky too, wrinkling his handsome nose. He was telling her, perhaps, that a real storm was coming up. Casse Gueule went on in a harsh strained whisper—"I should run and run. I should hide myself in the farthest corner of the earth—in the depths of the sea—" He broke off, staring aghast into Martin's dark and startled face. Now he was not a light-hearted wandering clown but a man whose hand had been maimed, who limped, whose face had been mauled to a grotesque mask. The scar flamed. It was like a scream of terrified and anguished memory. "Why did I say that?" he asked.

"How should I know, Casse?" "How should you? I don't know myself. It came over me suddenly—out of me from nowhere. I have never seen the man. Have I? A handsome fellow. Any woman—even she—would be proud. And yet I wanted to tear the window open and shout at her, 'Run fast, my dear—run fast away from him. Run for your very life—'" He asked abruptly, "Who is he? What does he call himself?"

The man and woman had gone into the church. The snow fell so fast that their footprints were already obliterated.

"A newcomer," Martin said, "at least since you were here. His name is Ronsard—Leon Ronsard. A fellow countryman of yours with a great war record. A hero. Some of the children worship him—"

"And you permit it?" "Why not?" Martin asked. "What can I do? I have no proof—"

"You permit him to make love to the woman you love, my friend?"

Martin pushed back his chair. It was a movement of escape from an unbearable approach. His face had a strange tragic look of vulnerability that made it young.

"Even from you, Casse, I've never heard such nonsense—"

Casse Gueule picked up his knife and fork. He went on eating equably. There was nothing left of terror but the faint tremor of his hands.

"I have, often," he said. "It is excellent—magician's nonsense. Tell me about her, Uncle. You are a doctor. You know it eases the heart to talk of what one loves."

It was the difficult time of the day. After supper everyone was tired and a little on edge. But in the summer and fall the children had been able to run out for a last explosion of exuberance and the grown-ups had had a breathing spell. Now with the first snowfall packed tight with frost, they sat around the tables bent sleepily over their picture-books and games. At intervals Mama Jacqueline, knitting with ferocious concentration, took a surreptitious peek at the wall clock and her massive maternal bosom creaked audibly in a sigh of thankfulness. In half an hour they would all be in bed. Herr Christiens' conference would be over and she and Papa Pierre could discuss *les affaires* like sensible adults.

Andrea sat at the long dining-room table and wrote:

"I'm getting homesick or something, Louis. Anyway, the trouble with this place is that we are all too close to one another—too aware of one another and of every little wind that blows. Tonight, for instance, the wind is contrary. Something is wrong somewhere. The children feel it. They are restless and I am afraid for them. Those bad dreams are just around the corner, waiting to pounce on their defenseless sleep. The two Eds have their bullet-heads bent over a checkerboard. But for ten minutes they haven't made a move. And Michot—"

She wondered about Michot. Somehow her horror of the boy had become part pity. He sat with his face stemmed between his fists and pretended to read. But really he was watching Marie-Louise and Globi. Marie-Louise was showing the little boy a colored picture-book that she had found. She whispered, "Look! There you are, Globi! A bird dressed up in a blue sweater and red-check trousers, with his pack on his back and a big walking stick. He looks so happy, as though he knows that he is setting out on a wonderful adventure. Perhaps he is going to find a princess locked up in that castle on the mountaintop. Is that really you you are, Globi? Are you looking for a princess?"

She yawned sleepily and Globi looked up over his glasses. He saw Michot glowering at him and the blood rose in his cheeks.

"I can fly away—" he said. "But I don't want you to. Please, Globi, don't fly away—"

"She is teasing you," Michot hissed between his teeth. "She pretends to like you because you are a halfwit and will believe anything—"

"Michot, keep still!" Mama Jacqueline exclaimed indignantly. "You have the bad heart, my son."

Michot threw the man standing by the big porcelain stove a strange look of mingled triumph and humble appeal. But Leon Ronsard seemed unaware of him. Until dusk he had taught skiing to his chosen few and still wore his long pants, tucked neatly into the heavy boots. They added to his slender height. The wind and sun had burned his face to a bronze in which his eyes became a sharper more brilliant blue, and polished his thick fair hair. He carried his male beauty almost with aggression. It demanded that Andrea should turn to him. And when she did at last, his answering look was one of such intensity that it was like an assault upon her deepest, most carefully guarded self. Part of the defense ran out to meet that look, to surrender. But there was another part that fought back in a kind of furious panic. She knew that Michot watched that silent encounter and appraised it with his bitter adult knowledge. He is like someone bewitched by evil, she thought. And yet there was suffering in the hard cynical eyes.

"HOW quiet it is—why is it?" she asked I nervously. "Where is everyone?"

"At Herr Christiens' conference. Didn't you know? He is breaking some bad news—" "Why weren't we asked?"

He made Mama Jacqueline a little bow. "Mama is deputed to keep an eye on all of us. You and I, Andrea, are outsiders—on our way out—not of the sacred inner circle—not to be confided in."

Why should she be hurt—even angry, as though at an injustice? It was true of course. She and Leon were birds of passage, poised for flight. A few months from now, perhaps,

[continued on page 86]

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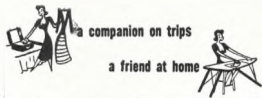
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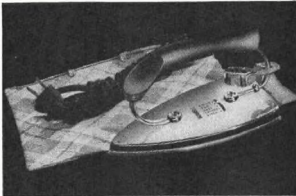
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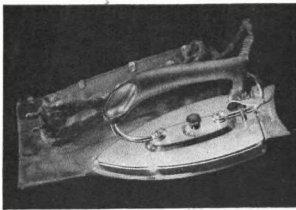


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they would remember this way-station only as a place where they had fallen in love. (She and Robert had loved each other. They had grown up loving each other in the different phases of childhood and youth. Passion had been a slow deep growth. But to fall in love! For the first time the familiar phrase sounded violent and almost ominous in her mind. When you picked yourself up—what dusty hurt had you sustained? What would be left to you?)

Madame Jacqueline laid down her knitting. "And what is the bad news, Monsieur Leon?"

"It's a dead secret. But I will confide in you. Councillor Thaler has finally and decisively gone back on his bargain. He is not selling his fine house. So fifty children will not make their Christmas debut among us." He gave the two Eds a teasing glance. "Some of us who are here will be returned whence they came, with thanks."

Mama Jacqueline's brown eyes caught fire. "If that is true, it is unkind, monsieur." "The truth so often is, madame."

THE two Eds hadn't moved—hadn't flicked an eyelash. They were not used to warm rooms. They had frozen through so many bitter winters. Now the sweat gathered at the roots of their slicked blond hair.

"Uncle Martin will break his heart," Ron-sard said lightly. He strolled over to the window and pushed aside the curtains. The moonlight reflected from the white floor of snow flooded his face. How sure he was! And Andrea was so unsure. Of late she had lost all sense of direction—even of her own reality. She told herself, this man and I are going to live together. But those were just words. She tried imagining that life, painting little pictures of it. She saw them both leaning on the bulwarks of a great ship. She was pointing out all the dear familiar landmarks. Now they were in her apartment and she was saying, "This is home, Leon." It would be spring, perhaps, and they would sit together in the dusk of her garden. But then the vision failed her like a lighted candle blown out by a sudden wind.

"Have you ever skied by moonlight, Andrea? It's a fantastic experience. Get on your things. I know an easy slope." Leon looked smilingly over his shoulder. "That is, if madame permits—"

"But certainly," Mama Jacqueline assured him with glacial politeness.

The conference was at an end. "If I had that old fox's head under my arm," Nils Bjomsen, the Norwegian house-father, said ferociously, "I'd punch his snout for him."

After that there was nothing more to be said. The little group of men and women drifted to the door of Christies' living-room, murmuring reluctant good nights to the stoop-shouldered man standing in an attitude of tired courtesy by his desk. Both Pastor Heilig and Father Ignatius wanted to say a word of consolation. But they were too angry with each other. There was a new conflict over a little boy who called himself Globi. No one knew his real name or whether he'd even been properly baptized. He was French, and so, as Father Ignatius asserted, most certainly a Catholic. Then, of course, Pastor Heilig came up with his Calvinists. On top of which he had, at the chess board, by dint of such a pro-cratinating game that Father Ignatius had been caught literally napping, checkmated his opponent in ten moves. A dirty underhanded trick, Father Ignatius had asserted to anyone who would listen to him. "The fellow can't take a licking like a gentleman," Pastor Heilig had retorted smugly.

Their anger canceled out their kindness. At the door they collided, pretending unawareness of each other, and claiming rightful priority Father Ignatius stalked ahead.

Martin Bruce, his hands thrust in his pockets, stood in the moonlight by the uncurtained window. He had caught Christies' signal asking him to wait. He had expected it. He said in a low too casual voice, "This means the ax for my two cockneys." And winced at the other's weary helpless gesture. It hurt to see this man so nearly beaten.

"There's nothing I can do about it, Martin.

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"If it's the money—" Martin began. "It isn't. It's sheer house space." Christies exploded with a rare anger: "What got into the old Thaler? The rise in terms was only a subterfuge. He didn't mean to sell to us. He wouldn't look me in the eyes either. He hinted at things. He said that many of the Waldstadlers are talking against the village. It is something to do with Martha Lenbach—and with you, Martin."

The man by the window stiffened. He had seen two shadows glide over the moonlit square beneath him. They were gone instantly, like wraiths. He grinned cynically at himself. Old wounds were apt to ache. But the pain signified nothing.

"That's Klaus Lenbach's dirty work," he said. "He wanted to keep Martha a dumb beast of burden and he's never forgiven me for what little I've done for her. He's like a vicious bull. I waved a red flag at him. Now he's ready to gore the lot of us."

"Ill-will breeds scandal," Christies commented in his exhausted voice. "And we can't afford it, Martin. It's an uphill fight at best against callousness and indifference. Hatred might be too much for us. What happens to us isn't important. Our generation has had its chance. We've at least had our childhood. We owe these children a debt. We can pay only a few and only in part. But we've got to pay—at any cost."

Martin left his remoteness and came over to Christies' side. He would have liked to lay his hand on the thin shoulder in a gesture of affectionate reassurance. If only he could have shaken off this baffling stupefying desolation.

"As far as it lies in my power no one is going to mess things up," he said. "You know that you can count on me." He added after a moment's hesitation and on the verge of stammering, "The two Eds, Christies, must it be right away—before Christmas? I mean—the two poor little devils have been looking forward—"

The older man glanced up at the hot embarrassed face. His own was lighted with a melancholy amusement.

"Sometimes, Martin, you are very young yourself. But it's no good. It'll be worse for them—knowing that in the end they'll have to go. You'll tell them, won't you? You're their fellow countryman. They'll take it best from you."

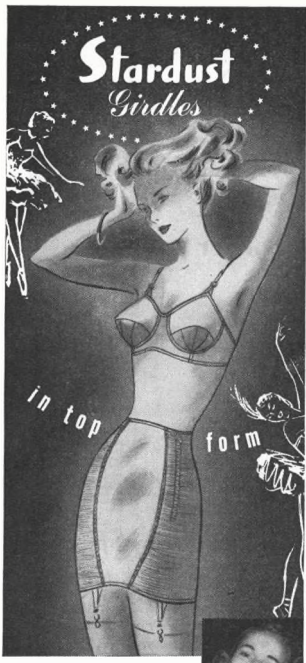
"They'll take it on the chin," Martin said.

A BRIEF thaw had set in. The children, in groups, slushed downhill to Waldstadt's little station. They were very quiet and there was a sort of purposefulness about them. Some of their carried gifts in their pockets or under their arms. Globi, with Marie-Louise's help, had cut out the gaily colored picture of his namesake, setting out so gallantly on his own secret journey, and pasted it on a piece of paper with "Love from Globi" written under it. Even Michot, unknown to anyone, had made two knives like the one he carried under his arm. But at the last moment he had stalked off by himself and no one had even noticed him. He stood in the shadow of the village barn, his arms truculently folded, and watched the procession wind down into the valley.

"Good maquis aren't silly sentimental babies," his captain had said, laughing. But his eyes had been angry. These days he was often angry.

The two Eds had driven on ahead with Martin Bruce and the two Smyekns in the village bus, so that they were already standing on the platform when the children caught up with them. They wore neat new suits and overcoats and their blond hair had been freshly cut and slicked down so that it shone. They stood, caps in hand, grinning politely. In their cheerful stolidity they were more absurdly alike than ever. If ever they cried the tears would be the same size and run down their cheeks at the same pace. But no one had ever seen them cry.

The children grouped themselves in a compact circle. Someone must have given a signal. They began to sing shrilly and unevenly:



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"Rule, Britannia—
Britannia rules the waves!"

In their several accents, the foolish beloved old song sounded more foolish and more beloved than ever. Martin looked round. He didn't expect to see her. She had been going with Leon Ronsard to a play at the St. Gallen Theater. Ronsard had talked loudly about it at lunch, and she had sat quiet, her head bent in what might have been a glad submission. But she hadn't gone. She was here. She looked back at Martin over the children's heads. Her face was white under the pretty fur cap. She did not try to smile back at him.

The conductor's voice sounded: "All aboard!"

Mama Jacqueline was taking the two Eds on the first lap of their journey. They helped her politely aboard and she stood behind them in the window. Her eyes glittered fiercely and she was breathing fast and hard so that her bosom wheezed like an old accordion.

The song had broken down into a miserable silence. Martin Bruce gave his hand solemnly in turn to each of the two Eds. Their grip was almost too firm. They might have been clinging to him.

"You'll be coming back one of these days." They knew they wouldn't. They grinned down at him. Their freckles blazed like small suns in their white faces.

"You bet, Guv'nor."

"Kiss Piccadilly for me."

The idea of kissing Piccadilly tickled them. Their grins steadied. They were flags nailed to the masthead. Globi, his hand in Marie-Louise's, held up his picture to them.

"It's from him, with his love," Marie-Louise explained. She was crying. It was lucky, sometimes, to be a girl. You could cry openly, without disgrace.

The whistle sounded. The train gave a preliminary jerk, flexing its muscles. The two Eds looked from one to the other of the upturned straining faces. They understood a grief even beyond Uncle Martin's understanding. They shared it alike with Czechs and Poles and Dutch and French and Norwegians and Belgians—the knowledge of dreadful loss and homelessness. But some of them were stronger than others. It was up to them.

The two Eds leaned precariously out of the window. They waved their caps, grinning madly, proudly. "Are we dahn-earsted?" It was their old battle cry. The children knew the country.

"No—no—no!" they shouted back. They waved and cheered until the train had rattled downhill and out of sight.

Now as they turned to plod homeward there was a sort of triumph in their quiet. Two of them had met the great ordeal of return and come through with banners flying. None of them would ever be so terribly afraid again.

INSIDE the church had the chill musty flavor of places dedicated to formal occasions. Its stark white walls and handsome stuccoed ceiling looked down on rigid benches, a lofty adomitory pulpit, a stem and simple altar. Martin Bruce sat on one of the middle benches, his forehead bowed on a clenched fist. But he was not praying—not, at least, in a sense that either Pastor Heilig or Father Ignatius would have recognized.

Oh, damn this too sharp remembrance of young girl. Damn this vision of two freckle-nosed brats—rolling tearless into their bleak future. Damn pity—

He heard the soft warning creak of the side-door with a start of resentment. Even here there was no escape from jostling shoulders, the pressure of other tangled and battered lives. Then the resentment became something that was part panic, part a fierce delight, head-long and reckless as a river that, regardless of disaster, overflows its banks. The footsteps were light and quiet and self-assured. No other woman, he thought exultantly, walked like that. A lightning shaft of poetry shot through his dark mind.

*My dust would hear her and beat
Had I lain for a century dead*

How Tennyson's stuffy Victorianism could blaze into such devastating poetic vision!
[continued on page 88]

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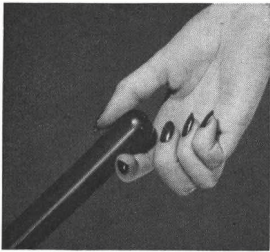
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you were trapped, stricken and dumfounded in the very midst of your modern ironic laughter! Must be forever be a fool who, having traveled the road once, had to drive headlong over the selfsame precipice!

The footsteps had halted. He felt her sit beside him, felt her warmth. And now there was a sweetness in the dank air, faint and deadly. He sat up and thrust himself back hard against the bench and half turned to her. For a moment he saw only her profile. It was all he had ever dared to look at with any deliberation. The lines of the short straight nose, the firm rounded chin, the fine brow and full curved mouth were etched in his inner vision. But now, in her quiet, these features were new to him. There was something generous and even noble in their severity, as though in this place with him she had cast off all the easy glamour of her life. Turning to him at last, her wide-spaced gray eyes were grave and steady.

"I followed you," she said simply.
"So I see. At least, I see you're here." He scowled down his own stuttering confusion. "I didn't expect you to come at all. Ronsard said that you and he—"

"Yes. We were going to a play at St. Gallen. But in the end I couldn't. I had to go with the children—with all of us—"

"Ronsard can't have been pleased," he said grimly.

"He wasn't." She took a deep breath, remembering Leon's incredulous anger at her stubborn resistance to him. And then there was another memory, persistent, ugly, rising at unguarded moments to confront her. She saw Leon, that night when the others learned Thaler had raised his price, gliding like a dark graceful nightbird in exultant curves down the moonlit mountainside. She saw herself, poised immobile, the question thundering against her heart: If Christens' news was a dead secret—how did you know, Leon?

She had never asked him.
"I saw how unhappy you were, Martin," she went on. "I wanted to tell you that I understood, as much as I suppose I can."
"That sounds positively humble."

"I am humble. Really. You could be as rude as you like. I wouldn't be even mad at you."

"But I don't like. I don't feel rude. I'm even glad you came—"

"I had to. We're so little alone and I knew what your two brats meant to you."

HE FOLDED his arms harder over his breast. He was fighting for his voice.

"They're good brats," he said at last quite steadily—and brave. I told them how it was. I said, 'It's you or two others who are worse off than you are.' And they grinned—you know how they did everything in unison. 'You bet, Guv'nor. Them poor blighted foreigners—' British to the last—and genuinely sorry for those who didn't have the luck. They laughed with me. But they knew what they were going back to—a woman who doesn't want them—a bed in some overcrowded room in a half-ruined slum. Their father and mother were killed there by one of the last V-bombs. It was a nice family. We're apt to think that old-fashioned family life is confined to the countryside, but those four slum-dwellers loved one another. They had a dignity that transcended squalor, and they had guts. They were given a chance to move out of London. They chose to stick it out. The night of the last raid they hadn't time to make the shelter. They put the twins under the bed—" He gave a short unwilling laugh. "The damn thing held. It kept the rubble off them. They lived for twenty-four hours in a sort of tent, breathing dust and a little air through a lucky fissure—and listening to their mother and father die. The mother died almost at once. But the father kept on saying, 'Are we dahn-eared, tykes?' And they'd gasp back, 'No.' And then he'd crack jokes—well, until he couldn't crack them any more. It's the sort of story we don't tell any longer in cultivated society. We don't want to remember. And so we pretend that such stuff is merely a lot of make-believe. But it was our flesh and blood—" She put her hand on his arm and he turned to her. He had a strange and sudden sense of peace. "We seem to sniffle easily together," he said.

"Things happen in this place," she went on rather unevenly—"that I hadn't believed could happen. I'd never even thought about them. A kind of sorrow and trouble that a few months ago wouldn't have been real to me. And there they are—so real that suddenly one finds oneself crying—"

"But this time, at least," he said solemnly, "I have a handkerchief."

If he could make her laugh, if he could laugh himself they might come safely out of this dangerous place. He wondered if she was aware of danger. Probably not. The very notion of danger between them might be enough to make her laugh.

"The village means a great deal to you, doesn't it, Martin?"

"It's my life," he answered simply. But he gave her an ironical side-glance. "I suppose you think that's strange and even ridiculous. What does the problematical salvage of a few hundred lives amount to in the aggregate? What are the two Eds but two drops out of a bottomless bucket? But each drop says 'I' to himself. It is an 'I' who suffers as I suffer. When you look at it from that angle a drop becomes a lot of water."

SHE was so quiet he wondered whether she had been listening. She sat very straight, her face lifted to the light. It was strange that a profile could express so much wistful gravity.

"I used to think you were hard and even cruel, Martin," she said. "The first time I saw you, you know, you were shouting at the children, threatening them with Germans and dreadful punishments. I saw you bump their heads together. Afterward Sascha told me you frightened the children. But I noticed that they ran after you and called you Uncle. So I wondered if you understood them—perhaps better than she did."

"They're like disabled veterans," he said. "They want to be like the rest of us who can take care of ourselves and stand on our own feet. I don't want them to forget the Germans or what happened to them. If they forget there's no hope for any of us. I want them to build their present and future firmly on the past, so that they won't collapse at the first breath of storm—won't blunder into the old pitfalls. Sascha doesn't understand. To shield herself, she shields them. She makes them feel that there is a devil just round the corner, waiting to devour them and that without her they won't have a chance."

She turned to him. There was a sort of still radiance about her. Or was it his mad fancy?
"Thank you, Martin."

"For what?"
"For talking to me—as though I'd understand, as though I weren't quite outside—"

Outside! He thought. If you only knew! If I began to spout Tennyson to you—if I were to lay my whole shocking imbecility at your feet—would you laugh your head off, my darling, or just be sorry?

He could use the "darling" recklessly in his mind. It could do no harm there. He was a doctor of sick souls. He could assure himself that it was better, in the end, to outface one's craziness—that to lay his hand on hers, to feel its warmth flood through his starved body was no more than a gesture of peace between them.

"I am always asking you for help," he said.
"What can I do to help?"

"Tonight, at bedtime, sing for some of us. Some of the children are sore at heart—even a little frightened. They've felt the ground shake under their feet again. It might comfort them."

"What shall I sing?"
"It doesn't matter—just sing out of your heart."

Perhaps that was what old Ludovici, her teacher, had meant when he'd said a lovely voice was not enough. He'd meant that you must sing out of your heart. But perhaps she hadn't had a heart—except for Andrea Standish and her love. And that was not enough.
"I'll try—my very best," she said.
"That'll be good," he said smiling.

Outside Martin and Andrea stood together for a moment looking up at the gray sky. The strange interlude with each other was over. This was the real world. They had to live in it.
"The snow is coming back," Martin said.

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He added in his thought, when it has gone, my darling, you will be gone too. And, please God, I shall have my wits again.

The children, excited by the secretive grown-up preparations, pooled their memories of Christmas. Some of them contributed very little things, like an orange or an apple or a particular present they had loved so much that they had clung to the thought of it. Some of the children had nothing to offer. In the death camps there had been no Christmas and they were even rather frightened of it now, as they were of everything that changed, by a hairsbreadth, the new security of their lives.

The really superior children, the old-timers of the village, swaggered a little. They talked of Casse Gueule and Fifi as of old friends who would not fail them. They described Fifi's back-somersault and the sly wink she gave you afterward. They shouted with laughter at the thought of Casse Gueule's make-believe astonishment.

"Is this the way to behave? Such nonsense!"

BUT the night of the two Eds' departure the children of the French house, where they had been guests, were very quiet. They didn't like to talk about a time to which their two friends had looked forward so eagerly and which, after all, they wouldn't share together. In their different ways they followed them on their dark swift journey. Secretly they trembled, thinking of the time when they too would have to set out and wondering whether they would be brave and strong enough.

Even in Christians' living-room, after supper, they were subdued. It was a great treat to be invited by Herr Christians. For half an hour before bedtime they would sing their favorite songs and end up, hand in hand, in a polonaise and dance themselves out of the room, downstairs, out under the stars, back to their own homes. The music would follow them more and more softly, like a friend calling after them, "Good night, children! Happy dreams!"

Marie-Louise sat cross-legged on the floor and knitted at a new pair of stockings. She was always busy. She had learned already that life is too short for all the things one wants to do. She had made Globi sit beside her, out of reach of Michot's vicious proddings. Michot leaned against the wall, close by, his arms folded, and scowled at them. She knew that he was planning how to hurt Globi and make everyone laugh at him. He was a cruel boy.

And yet sometimes Marie-Louise wanted to put her arms round him and say, "Please, don't be so unhappy, Michot! Don't be so unkind—"

The little restlessness died down. Herr Christians and Uncle Martin and the beautiful American girl and Herr Ronsard came in.

"Now you must be quiet, children," Mama Sascha said in her tense anxious way. "Fraulein Andrea is going to sing to us."

That would be lovely, Marie-Louise thought. She even laid down her knitting and took Globi's hand. Although his hand lay limp and unresponsive in hers she had an idea that in the far-off prison where he lived he had recognized a signal.

"Please, really listen, Globi!" she whispered to him. Because if he really listened, there was a chance that the walls around him would break down and he would run out, happy and free like other children, to meet her. They must break soon or it would be too late. Everyone knew now that soon Globi was to be sent away to some place where they took children who were "different"—"a nut-house." Michot had called it and made a hideous frightening face.

It was Michot who had spread the rumor. No one quite knew how he had come by it. Marie-Louise wasn't sure that Globi had understood or even heard the taunt.

Now she nudged him gently.

"Please, wake up and listen, Globi!"

How lovely the lady was! What pretty clothes she wore. (Marie-Louise, being a woman, wasn't deceived by their simplicity.) Andrea sat at the piano, her hands folded on her lap, looking at them each in turn with a sort of friendly wistful questioning: Who are you? What shall I sing to you? Leon Ronsard, his arms crossed, leaned easily against the piano. No doubt he had a right to look at her like that. They were in love with each other and one day soon would be married and go away together. It was a great pity, Marie-Louise thought. She did not like Herr Ronsard, perhaps because Michot loved him so desperately.

Leon turned over the pile of songs. He said in an undertone, "Please forgive me. I was angry and very rude. But I was disappointed. We have so little time to be alone. Besides, it was a good show. I hated your missing it."

She met his eyes, narrowing her own as though shielding them from a fierce and painful light.

"It was a good show here," she said.

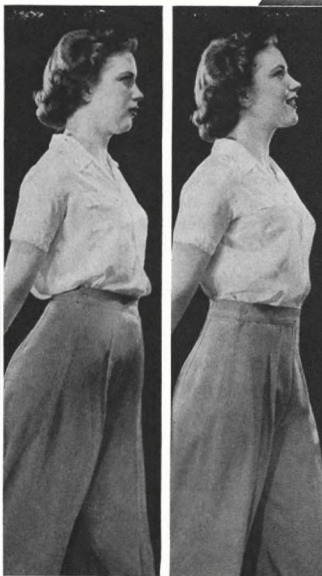
(continued on page 90)

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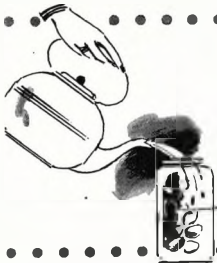
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He shrugged good-humoredly.

"My darling sentimentalist!" She picked out a few tentative dreaming chords. She wondered if this time the dark fellow standing beside Wilhelm Christens in the shadow would walk out on her again. Would he recognize that she was "singing from her heart" as he had asked? Would he like her songs? She knew that he watched her. She was so troublously aware of him.

She sang first Solveg's Farewell. It was of no use pretending a gaiety none of them felt. It was better, as Martin Bruce said, to use one's sorrow, to build it into the fabric of one's life. The children sat so still that she knew they understood and that they were answering her. She sang a German lullaby, a quiet drowsy little song that tiptoed among the children, touching their battered hearts with light kind fingers.

"Sleep, my children, sleep . . ." Then, at the end, a French song flashed into her memory. She had never sung it before. It seemed to come from nowhere, insisting, pleading.

"Little bird, so gay, so lovely . . ." The cry was so unearthly in its poignancy that for a moment she did not hear it for what it was. It might have been a sound that she had imagined or the cry of some small wild thing lost in the dark and snow outside, clamoring for sanctuary.

"Little bird, little bird—"

The last note died in her throat.

Marie-Louise tugged frantically at Globi's sleeve. But she couldn't save him. It was as though his body had been shot through with such anguish that he was too strong for her. He stumbled out into the open circle, holding out thin pitiful arms.

"Maman, Maman!" The joy in the high-pitched voice, because it was so reasonless, incapable of fulfillment, rent the heart. His eyes behind his glasses had the look of someone who has been blind and who sees for the first time, in a moment of complete vision, the beauty of the world. He took a last step forward.

Then whatever power held him up released its hold. His matchlike legs buckled under him. He lay in their midst, a shabby discarded little heap of nothing. The sound of his breaking glasses sounded shrill in the appalled silence.

He was so near Andrea that inevitably she reached him first. He lay limp and content against her, his strange eyes closed. But his hand groped at her breast. In a last spasm of consciousness, it clung to her.

"Maman—Maman—"

Like a voice calling from a long way off, dying to a whisper.

MARTIN BRUCE tapped at her door. She had been waiting for him. Her assurance that sooner or later he would come was something she did not even try to understand. She accepted the fact. His shirt sleeves were rolled up to the elbow. His black hair had a trick of flying wild when he was excited. It gave him a look of youth and impetuous purpose. But he sounded tersely matter-of-fact.

"He's come out of it," he said. "It was like an insulin shock. But he's very frail. So it was nip and tuck. You wouldn't know him, Andrea. He's a happy normal child. I gave him a dose to make him sleep. When he wakes up he will be asking for his mother."

"Who is she?"

He gave her a dark undecipherable glance. "You are." He cut short her protest, her bewildered and already resentful protest. He came close to her, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. "Listen. Please listen with all the heart and understanding I believe of you. You must, by some chance, have picked on a song that he remembers out of his past. His mother must have sung it to him. So he has made a

transference. Perhaps for a long time he will be balanced between sanity and insanity, a decent reasonable life and the horrors of an asylum. The choice is yours—"

"What has it to do with me? What can I do?"

"Accept him for what he thinks he is." She stepped back as though escaping his hold on her. But he had not even tried to touch her.

"You're being ridiculous. I shall be going away soon—"

"It might be long enough." He waited a moment. He was not, she realized, hesitating. He was giving her time. "Or you may have to take him with you."

"It's impossible. Absurd. He means nothing to me." She made a final protest, complete and cruel. "He's—he's—not even lovable—"

HE WAS suddenly very angry. But with an unreasoning exultation she knew that he was not fighting now for this child but for something personal—something unacknowledged and vital to both of them.

"You don't know who or what he is. I do. His parents were Jewish. They were simple shopkeepers in a little French town, harmless decent people who lived in peace with their fellow-townfolk. But the town had harbored some English aviators. So it was destroyed. Globi's father and mother and he himself were machine-gunned with some dozen other hostages. His mother's body fell across his and he lay there for hours under her, wounded in

the thigh, so that he couldn't move. The Germans found him and for some reason kept him alive—sent him to Auschwitz. It didn't matter much. His child's mind had escaped them into a dream country. Now it has come back. He stands on the frontier, waiting for the signal to cross over."

They were both locked in a hostile desperate silence. It was as though they too stood on a frontier. Then suddenly he turned to leave her. But at the door he looked back over his shoulder. He was smiling grimly. "I'll bet my shirt on you," he said.

She did not sleep till just before dawn. It was a light uneasy sleep, peopled by fantastic incoherent dreams. She dreamed of her own mother and father. She relived, with all the intensity of dreams, the agony of their loss. She dreamed of Robert. They were married and she had given him the child he had so urgently wanted of her—a dark unlovely child, who limped a little. "A strange fellow," Robert said laughing. "But he is an 'I', you know. He says 'I' to himself. He suffers as I do. He may be happy as I might have been." And then Robert wasn't Robert. He was Martin Bruce. "It's up to you," he said.

She woke late, to full daylight and a soft but resolute tapping at her door.

She hardly recognized him. Without the glasses, though still short-sighted-looking, his eyes were beautiful. He was smiling with a shy happiness and held out a little bouquet of spruce tied with gay red ribbon.

"For you, Maman."

She had, after all, no choice. She knelt and took the child in her arms. She felt the utter surrender of his love.

"Good morning, my little son."

It seemed a long time afterward that she became aware of the man standing at the head of the stairs, watching them. He grinned contentedly.

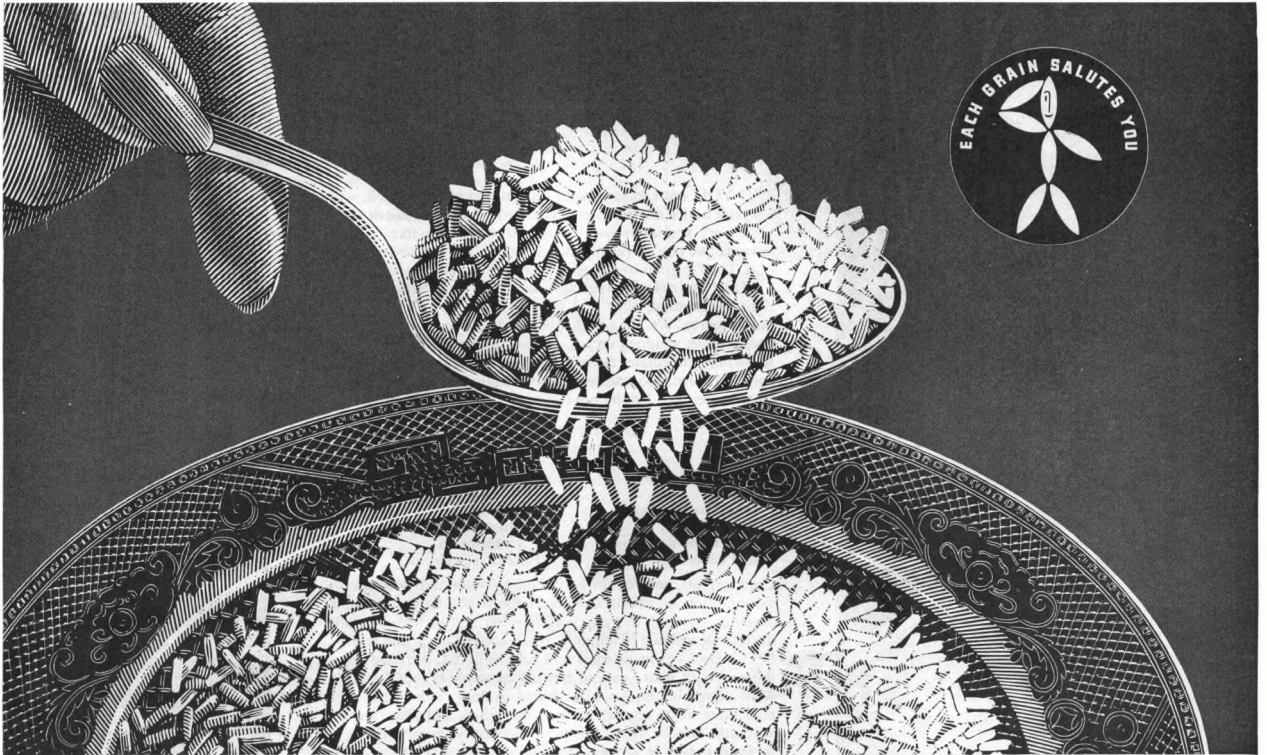
"Globi went out early this morning to pick roses for you," he said. "Those are roses, you know, if you look at them in the right way."

She asked wrathfully, "Do you always win your bets?" He shook his head, his eyes lowered. "This," he said gravely, "is the first time."

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

NEW KIND OF RICE

Anyone can cook it like an expert



It's so easy to prepare. Sunny-colored grains that cook white and fluffy every time. The grains stand apart—"Each grain salutes you." Richer, fuller, nut-like flavor

The new idea in rice that created so much interest among food chemists and the Army's food experts early in the war, is now becoming available at food stores everywhere.

Fluffs Up—Looks Nicer

Leading chefs like it because it fluffs up—looks nicer on the plate. They have learned, too, that it may be kept, either hot or cold, without gumming up or sticking to the pan. Naturally it goes further. You will like it for the same good reasons.

White Magic in Cooking

The first thing you will notice about Uncle Ben's *Converted* Rice is that the grains are sunny colored. But presto! In cooking, the grains turn white and fluffy.

No Pot Watching

You don't have to time Uncle Ben's

Rice to the minute. If dinner is delayed a little, you can still have fine, fluffy, good-tasting rice.

Richer, Fuller Flavor

Another happy discovery about Uncle Ben's will be its flavor—a delicate, nut-like taste—a richer, fuller flavor than you have ever known in rice. It's a taste you don't tire of... a wonderful new eating experience.

And best of all, you'll find that it's a lot less trouble to cook Uncle Ben's Rice. You can forget about the washing, rinsing and steaming that take extra time and require extra utensils.

B Vitamins Saved

This is the product that The Reader's Digest called a "Revolution in Rice."

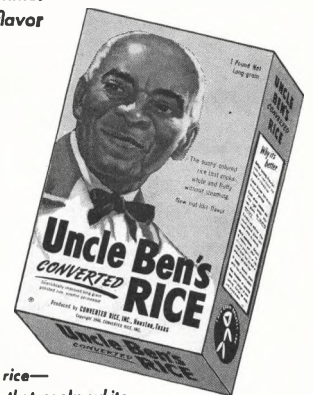
This is the product that the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps took

control of during the war because of its high vitamin value and because it kept better in any climate.

This is the product that nutritionists have been enthusiastic about because our new patented process (exclusive with Uncle Ben's) saves, in the rice kernel itself, a high percentage of B vitamins and other whole-grain properties that are largely lost in ordinary polished rice.

Try this grand-tasting new rice—in your favorite rice dish—soon.

Scientifically improved long-grain polished rice—vitamin permeated. The sunny-colored rice that cooks white.



Uncle Ben's RICE

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PINCHPENNY BANQUETS

BY DOROTHY KIRK
FOOD EDITOR

Help! Help! That's what you need when the budget is about spent out. And here are four schemes to satisfy your hungry family's clamoring for a good hearty meal—but thriftily!

SO YOU want to have your budget and eat too! Well, you have a nice dilemma; you'd better be Superwoman or take some very special recipes on tap. If you don't like to take chances (we *don't!*) pinchpenny banquets are the saving solution. They're good to see, good to eat and very modest in cost.

Take the colorful vegetable stew and meat puffins at the right—with soup, slaw and two-tone tapioca it looks every inch a party. We start with hot tomato soup bonneted with horse-radish whipped cream, finish with a tapioca cream dessert—half chocolate flavor. (Just add a little unsweetened chocolate, melted, and a dash of sugar to half the tapioca cream when you finish cooking it.)



Try savory tuna-vegetable croquettes—very special with parsley sauce!



Something good and hot? Have an onion bean-bake with sausage stuffing.

Or if you're a casserole cook, here's one with rice, cheese and asparagus.



VEGETABLE STEW With Meat Puffins

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Carrots, pared, sliced,
2½ cups | Boiling water, 2 cups |
| Potatoes, pared, diced,
2½ cups | Green beans, No. 2 can
(2½ cups) |
| Onions, chopped, ½ cup | Fortified margarine,
3 tablespoons |
| Salt, 1 teaspoon | Flour, 3 tablespoons |

Cook carrots, covered, in 1 cup boiling water and ½ teaspoon salt until tender, about 10 minutes. Cook potatoes and onions together, covered, in 1 cup boiling water and ½ teaspoon salt until tender, about 10 minutes. When cooked drain and reserve liquid. Drain canned beans and reserve liquid. Arrange vegetables to suit your fancy in greased casserole (about 2-quart). Melt margarine in saucepan, blend in flour; slowly stir in 2 cups liquid from vegetables, cook until thick and clear. Season with additional salt and pepper if necessary. Pour over vegetables in casserole. Cover. Place in hot oven, 425°, for 15 minutes to reheat and blend flavors. Serve casserole on large platter surrounded by meat puffins. Makes 6 servings.

MEAT PUFFINS

- | | |
|---|--|
| Biscuit mix, 2 cups | Chili sauce or sweet
pickle relish, ½ cup |
| Milk, ½ to ¾ cup | Prepared mustard,
½ teaspoon |
| Ground beef, ½ pound
or cooked beef, veal or
lamb, diced, 1 cup | Salt, ½ teaspoon |

Combine biscuit mix with milk; roll on floured board to ¼-inch thickness. Cut into 3-inch squares; it should make 9 squares. Combine meat with remaining ingredients, stir until well blended. Place squares of biscuit dough in greased muffin tins (medium size) so that corners stick up. Put a spoonful of the meat mixture in center of each. Bake in hot oven, 425°, for 15 minutes.

FRUIT SLAW

- | | |
|--|--|
| Oranges, seedless, 3 medium | Mayonnaise or mayonnaise-
type salad dressing,
¼ cup |
| Cabbage, shredded, 4 cups | Pineapple juice,
1 tablespoon |
| Crushed pineapple,
canned, drained, ½ cup | Salt, ½ teaspoon |
| Green pepper, chopped,
½ cup | |

Peel and section oranges. Add cabbage, pineapple, green pepper and toss all together. Combine mayonnaise, pineapple juice and salt; mix with salad. Makes 6 servings.

continued on page 96



MENU

*

TOMATO SOUP
with horse-radish cream

VEGETABLE STEW
with meat puffs

FRUIT SLAW

TWO-TONE TAPIOCA CREAM
MILK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. T. WILLIAMS

HOT CROSS BUNS

If it's Eastertime there *must* be piping hot cross buns—and here's an

easy-does-it way to make them

BY DORIS TISDALE

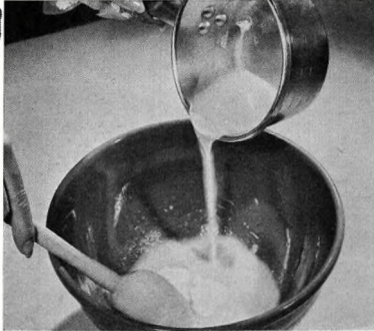
HOME SERVICE CENTER

To make two dozen buns you'll need:

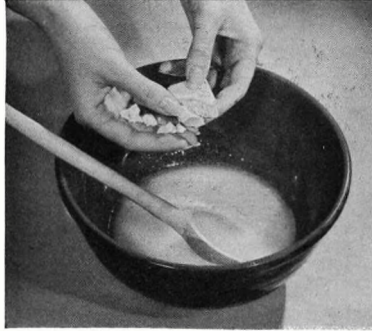
Flour, enriched, 3½ cups	Yeast, compressed, 1 cake, or dry granular, 1 package
Milk, ½ cup	Egg, 1
Sugar, 4 tablespoons	Raisins or currants, ½ cup
Salt, 2 teaspoons	Lemon rind, grated, 2 teaspoons
Shortening, 4 tablespoons	Nutmeg, ½ teaspoon
Cold water, ½ cup	

BAKING TEMPERATURE: 425° (hot oven)

BAKING TIME: 15 to 18 minutes



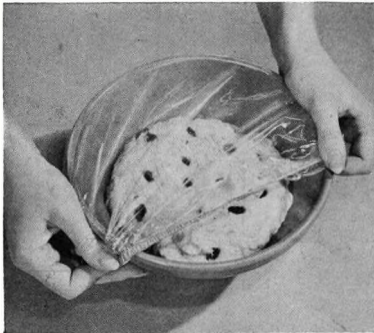
1. Sift flour, measure. Heat milk to scalding over low heat. Meanwhile measure sugar, salt and shortening into bowl. Pour in hot milk, stir until ingredients dissolve.



2. Add cold water to mixture to cool to lukewarm. Crumble in yeast cake, stir to dissolve. (With granular type add first to the cold water, let stand 5 to 10 minutes.)



3. Blend in 2 cups sifted flour. Add unbeaten egg, beat well with spoon until batter is smooth. Add remaining flour, raisins or currants, lemon rind, nutmeg; mix well.



4. You can store dough in refrigerator three days, shape buns as you need them. Turn into greased bowl; brush with melted shortening or salad oil. Cover tightly.



5. Or you can use at once without chilling. Cut dough into 24 equal parts on lightly floured board, shape into balls. Place evenly in rows in 2 greased 8-inch square pans.



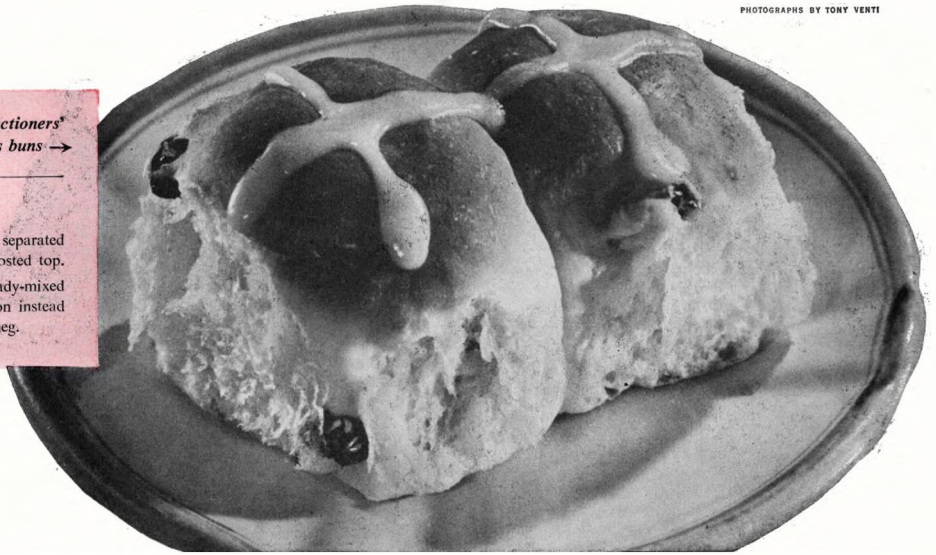
6. Cover with towel, let rise in warm place (80° to 85°) free from draft until doubled (about 1½ hours). With sharp knife cut crosses in tops; let rise 10 minutes; bake.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY VENTI

This way, with an extra trim of confectioners' frosting, they're hot cross buns →

This way they're all-year-round buns:

Bake—without crosses—in 8-inch pan or separated on baking sheet. Serve with or without frosted top. And for variety—use 3-ounce package ready-mixed fruits and peels and ½ teaspoon cinnamon instead of raisins or currants, lemon rind and nutmeg.





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No need now to cross your fingers while your cake's a-baking... Just put your trust in Spry with Cake-Improver. It gives you thrilling new cake success. And its One-Bowl mixing method is a miracle of ease and speed. You'll get lighter, more delicious, velvety-fine layers for joy-in-eating and the sweet music of compliments.



Try this Festive Killarney Cake
So easy the **SPRY** One-Bowl Way

2 cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups sugar
2½ teaspoons baking powder (tartrate powder, 4 teaspoons)
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Spry

1 cup less 2 tablespoons milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla
¾ teaspoon almond extract
½ teaspoon orange extract
2 eggs, unbeaten

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt into mixing bowl. Drop in Spry (no creaming needed). Add ¾ of milk, then flavorings; beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed). Scrape bowl and spoon or beater. Add eggs and remaining milk; beat 200 strokes (2 minutes more). Isn't Spry's One-Bowl Method easy? Such creamy-smooth batter!
Bake in two deep 8-inch

Sprycoated layer pans in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 25-30 minutes. Spread *Creamy Bonbon Frosting* between layers and on top. Decorate with shamrocks cut from green gum drops.

CREAMY BONBON FROSTING

2 tablespoons Spry
1 tablespoon butter
¾ cup light cream or top milk, scalded

3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
¾ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon almond extract
½ teaspoon orange extract

Melt Spry and butter in scalded cream. Pour over combined sugar and salt and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add flavorings. Beat until thick enough to spread. Tint if desired.



"Another fine Lever Product"
says Aunt Jenny

WITH CAKE-IMPROVER

PINCHPENNY BANQUETS

from page 92

• Broiled grapefruit is a handsome starter for this inexpensive feast, then lima beans with the croquettes; butter-scotch pudding and lots of hot coffee for dessert.

TUNA-VEGETABLE CROQUETTES

Bread crumbs, dry, 1 cup
Milk, ½ cup
Grated tuna fish, 6 to 7-ounce can
Onion, minced, 1 tablespoon
Celery, diced fine, ¼ cup
Carrot, shredded, 1 cup
Salt, ½ teaspoon
Pepper, ¼ teaspoon

Soften bread crumbs in milk. Add undrained tuna fish, onion, celery, carrots, salt and pepper. Mix well. Shape into 6 croquettes. Place croquettes on greased baking pan and bake in hot oven, 400°, for 20 minutes. Serve with parsley sauce.

Parsley Sauce:

Fortified margarine, 2 tablespoons
Flour, 2 tablespoons
Salt, ½ teaspoon
Pepper, dash
Milk, 1 cup (or ½ cup evaporated milk and ½ cup water)
Parsley, chopped fine, ¼ cup

Melt margarine over low heat; add flour, salt and pepper, stir until well blended and bubbly. Remove from heat. Gradually stir in milk and return to heat. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Add parsley. Makes 1 cup.

• Glazed apple slices, a mixed green salad—plus French dressing—and hot gingerbread with orange sauce make

this casserole dish a dandy for informal entertaining.

RICE-CHEESE CASSEROLE

Eggs, 3
Milk, ¼ cup
Cream of mushroom soup, condensed, 10½ to 11-ounce can
Rice, cooked, 1½ cups
American cheese, processed, grated, 2 cups
Asparagus spears, canned or cooked, 9

Beat eggs slightly with fork, add milk, soup, rice and cheese; mix well. Turn into greased casserole (1½-quart). Lay drained asparagus across top. Bake in moderate oven, 325°, for 1 hour and 30 minutes. Serve at once. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

• Hot brown bread and fruit salad are the right partners for this goody—

ONION BEAN-BAKE

Onions, medium, 6
Sausage meat, ¼ pound
Bread crumbs, dry, ½ cup
Salt, ¼ teaspoon
Parsley, chopped, 2 tablespoons
Baked beans, canned, about 3 cups
Canned tomatoes, 1 cup

Peel onions and cut a slice from top of each. Cook uncovered in large amount of boiling salted water about 25 minutes or until almost tender. Scoop out centers; chop centers very fine, combine with the sausage, crumbs, salt and parsley and fill onion shells. Pour beans into shallow baking dish; add tomatoes and mix slightly. Set stuffed onions in beans. Bake in moderate oven, 375°, for 30 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Apron Strings

from page 23

"Won't," Father said, "is a word a nice boy never uses to his father. If I had said, 'I won't,' to my father I'd have been taken out in the woodshed."

Father's life always sounds so wonderful. "Gosh!" I said. "I wish we had a woodshed. I could keep guinea pigs in it."

Father looked at Mother as if she had said something insulting.

"He didn't mean to be impertinent," Mother said. "He really would like to have a woodshed."

"You'll never get closer to it than you will at camp," Father said. "I'm signing you up. You've got to let go of your mother's apron strings." Father should never have said that. Mother had fire in her eye.

"I have always believed that home is a place of refuge and security," she said. "If he doesn't want to go he doesn't have to. I won't push him out of this home."

"As long as I am here, honey," she said to me, "you can stay if you want to."

Father glared but Aunt Susan was not there to back him up. Mother glared back at him. Times like that I'd think maybe camp wouldn't be so bad after all. I guess the most awful thing in the world is for your mother and father not to be friends.

"I read an article," Mother said. "It said summer camp was just for people who could not stand having their children around. I love my children. I'm glad to have them around."

"That isn't so," Father said, "moreover I get just a little tired of them myself. That two weeks they stayed at your mother's—one of the most peaceful times of my life."

Mother gasped. I thought she was going to light into my father. But she didn't. She was worse than mad.

"I am sorry," she said and her voice was

very quiet, "that I have forced fatherhood on you. I am sure there were half a dozen men I could have picked who would have been grateful for such lovely children."

Father laughed but he didn't think it was funny. "I love them too—in my own way," he said. "I try to give them what they need. When they get to a certain age they need to get away from their mothers."

"They need fathers who will take the time to help them," Mother said. She stalked into the dining-room. She sat by the table and put her head down on her arms.

I COULDN'T read my book any more. I sat and looked out the window.

"Hey!" I said. "Look at that robin. Hey! There're two. They act funny."

Mother came and looked. "Aren't they sweet?" she said. "They're building a nest. Pud, come and look. They are going to build a home and raise a family."

Father came and stood behind us. The nest they were building was down low and it was made of some sticks and hay and mud.

"Pretty dumb!" Father said. "They've built it between our evergreen and our old Christmas tree the children propped against it. I mean to burn it tomorrow."

"Not now, you can't," Mother said, excited and ready to be angry.

"No," Father said. "I guess not. I guess I'll have to let the poor fools raise their family first."

He put his arm over Mother's shoulder and stood and watched the birds flitting back and forth with pieces of grass and stuff. I felt good and warm inside. Mother and Father were friends again.

The man from camp came to see us one night after dinner. I hid. I still didn't want to

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go to camp. The kids would laugh when I'd knock the stick off when I tried to high-jump. It would be pretty terrible to have to go to bed at night without even seeing Mother or Father. If Father wanted to get rid of me, he'd see. I wouldn't go.

"He's not going," Mother said to the man. "Oh, didn't I tell you, dear?" Father said. "I sent in the application."

After the man left I stood at the study window. My eyes felt as if something was pushing in back of them and I blinked. Then I could see the robins. One of them was sitting in the Russian olive tree a few feet away blinking too. The other one was flying around like crazy, chirping and flying and chirping. It was a little chilly outdoors with a big wind. Why didn't those dumb birds just sit in their nest and keep warm? I looked at their nest but for a minute I couldn't see anything. I kept thinking how it would probably be cold at camp and it's lots more lonesome when it's cold. But I rubbed my fist over my eyes to get the dust out of them and then I saw!

"Hey!" I yelled. "Come look at this!" They all came running. "Oooh," Mother said, her voice all soft like when she sees a new baby. "Gosh, that's cute," Father said. "It's cuter than cute," Pud said. "That's beautiful!"

There was an egg in the nest. A greenish blue egg. We all looked at it as though we couldn't believe it. It is kind of magic—there is the common brown nest one day and the next day there is this wonderful green-blue egg in it that will some day be a bird.

Finally Mother said, "You know what would be fun? Let's look at some movies." So we did—movies of us when we were babies. Mother said once or twice, "Oh, it's so wonderful it just kills me to have it pass." She meant she would like to have us stay babies for a while. I think she was crying but that kind of crying isn't bad. The only thing that's really awful is fighting and Mother and Father were friends again and nobody said anything about camp.

But nobody had changed their minds. "Don't worry about it," Mother told me. "You are much too young for camp. You don't have to go away. I'll see to it."

But then Father came home and said, "It'll be great, son, swimming and canoeing and tennis and baseball and shooting."

The thought of swimming and canoeing made me feel green. I couldn't swim and I didn't want to learn. Once when I was a lot littler Mother took Pud and me to a swimming class. They put Pud in a little kids' class that just had to put their face in the water but in my class I got so scared I threw up. A person doesn't really have to learn to swim if he just has enough sense to live where there isn't any water. I thought maybe I'd be a rancher when I got big and it would be wasteful to learn to swim.

The very next day Pud yelled from the study window. "Lookit," he yelled, "there're two." If one had seemed like magic, two were a miracle. The perfect little green-blue eggs were

so beautiful they almost made your throat hurt. They were little and rounded, and you knew without touching them how they felt—kind of breakable and inside was something! Something that could make a little bird that could chirp and fly and eat cherries and grow feathers that were brown in some places and red in others.

Father said, "Where is the dumb mother? Shouldn't she be sitting on the eggs?"

"She's off having fun," Mother said. "While there's time. She'll be tied down soon."

"Yes," Father said. "With one gone this summer you ought to have a lot less to do."

"I don't want less to do," Mother said. "If I hadn't wanted the children I wouldn't have had them. While they're babies I'll keep them home with me. I'm happy to be tied down."

"Come on," she said to me. "Get out the checkerboard. I'll beat you tonight or treat you to a soda."

I got the checkers but I didn't want to leave my book. Mother is very good at a lot of things but checkers is not one of them. I kept having to hold back so she could win some of the time. I was beginning to feel very tied down myself.

The next day I heard Father say, "When I've invested my money, it's settled and I've invested my money, my dear. If we had had girls it would have been your department, but I won't allow you to make sissies of the boys."

"A natural father," Mother said, "would spend his own time teaching his son to be a man. You're lazy so you want to send him away to eat his heart out."

"Ha, ha," Father said. "Eat his heart out, is it? A great grown boy! Ye gods, the sooner he leaves the better."

Mother came into the study to call me to dinner and her eyes were red. I felt sorry for her but at the same time I wished I didn't have to be feeling sorry for her all the time. It was swell in the old days when I could read by myself and know that Mother and Father would just take care of each other.

MOTHER looked out the window and I heard her draw in her breath.

She said, "Three. Three just alike. My goodness, but nature is wonderful," and there they were just below our eyes in this crazy little nest. Three bright eggs.

If you haven't ever had a couple of robins trust you enough to build their nest right under your nose, you don't know how we felt. People are always finding birds' nests out in the woods but these birds were practically laying their eggs in our house.

All at once Mother and I both laughed. Because birds could be so foolish and trusting and lucky to have picked us. Pud and Father came out and looked too.

Then the robin came and stood on a branch near the nest and glared at us and in a minute the other one came too and it looked very cross. It chirped away for all it was worth and scowled at us all the while and Father laughed and said, "Well, whose house is this anyway? We built here first, I guess!"

[continued on page 104]

FAITH BALDWIN SAYS:

- One of the many things beyond my comprehension is prejudice based on difference in race or creed. Surely each of us experiences the same great emotions, is vulnerable to pain, failure and despair, to sin and sorrow? Surely each of us when wounded bleeds red and each in his own way worships God?
- I have—as who has not—disliked individual Gentiles and Jews, Catholics and Protestants. But my reason has always had to do with the impact of a particular personality upon my own, never with national origin or religion. The same is true of the friends I love—the Jewish friends and the Gentile, the Catholic and the Protestant.
- Today, with a hideous war just over, how dangerously we drift apart. I do not believe that we or any nation will attain peace until each man, in his mind and heart, greets all men as his brothers.

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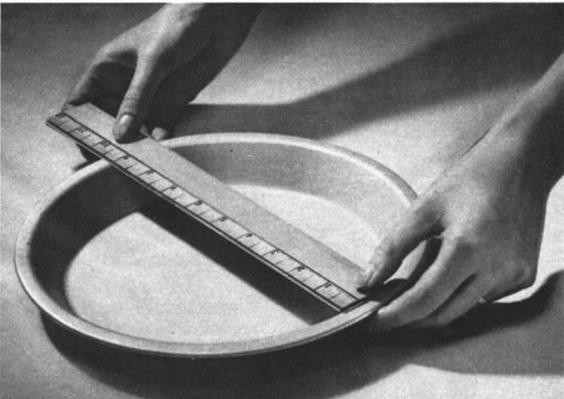


Be sure to read and follow the directions given on every package—food manufacturers take great care to tell you how to get perfect results with their products. And don't forget different brands of similar products may need to be used differently.

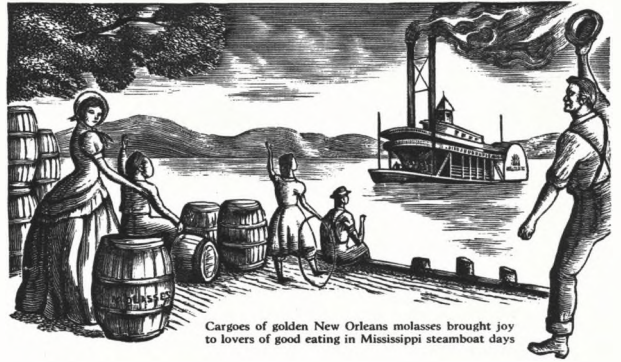


Choose a recipe from a dependable source; then, before you start, read it through and get out all the ingredients required. Use level measurements and be sure to measure your ingredients accurately; follow the directions exactly—and you'll be a big success!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAMS STUDIO



The right pan does the right job. A tested recipe calls for exact pan size and the baking time and temperature are correct for the size specified. Measure the width across center top from one inside edge to the other; the depth straight up on the inside.



Cargoes of golden New Orleans molasses brought joy to lovers of good eating in Mississippi steamboat days

For those who love the sun-soaked flavor of real New Orleans molasses

As if dripping with the sunshine that warms the soil of its plantation home, Brer Rabbit Molasses gives special golden richness to your gingerbread and molasses cookies.

This sunny-rich mellowness comes from the freshly crushed juice of the sugar cane that grows as nowhere else

on the plantations down around New Orleans. Golden, liquid, Brer Rabbit is the secret of delicious homemade molasses desserts and a flavorful spread for table use.

Two FLAVORS: *Gold Label*—light, mild-flavored molasses; *Green Label*—dark, full-flavored molasses.

Rich in Iron—needed for good red blood!

FREE! New, quick, easy molasses dessert recipes. Also 52-page cook book; 116 fine recipes; washable cover.



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A fresh, clean towel each time—and no laundering!

● Something spilled? Quick—a ScotTowel! Use it. Then throw it away. No messy cloth to wash out.

What a convenience to have ScotTowels handy—for wiping grease from pans . . . draining bacon . . . slicking up the sink . . . drying hands. You'll find dozens of uses for these fresh, absorbent towels that you don't have to wash! Made of thirsty cellulose. 150 to a roll. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

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Trade Mark "ScotTowels" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Buttered Biscuits

RECIPES

TRY THESE NEW **Butter-Heart** BISCUITS

Piping hot-biscuit bowls of flavory yellow BUTTER
 Quick and easy! Old friends in a new guise. Use favorite biscuit recipe or mix. Roll dough 1/4 inch thick. Cut out rounds with 2 1/2 inch cutter. With smaller cutter, cut out centers of half the biscuits. Spread plain rounds on cut out centers of half the biscuits. Spread plain rounds on with melted BUTTER. Lightly press cut-out halves on top. Brush with MILK. Bake at 450° F. 12-15 minutes. Place pat of BUTTER in center of each. Serve immediately (and be prepared for encores).



TWO MORE EASY WAYS TO SERVE **Butter-up Biscuits**

CHEESE-FILLED BISCUITS *A different biscuit taste*
 Roll biscuits 1/4 inch thick. Cut out rounds. Spread one-half of them with melted BUTTER and grated CHEESE. Press remaining rounds lightly on top; brush with MILK. Bake at 450° F. 12-15 minutes. Mmmm... Good... every bite a delight!



BUTTERY BISCUITS *Quick to fix and easy to eat*
 Break open hot baked biscuits and insert pat of BUTTER in each. Replace top half. Serve immediately. Ah-h-h, more!
 As a spread, in seasoning... baking... frying... BUTTER accents the goodness of food. Only BUTTER can be BUTTER.



It's Better with Butter



AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION

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"Voice of the Dairy Farmer"

YOUR WAY AND MINE

CLAM CHOWDER



Manhattan

CLAM CHOWDER

● Clams, salt pork, potatoes and onions all go into a big kettle to make a hot and hearty clam chowder. Up to this point all chowder fans agree—but from there on it's another case of your way and mine! Tomatoes—and not one drop of milk—make the clear rosy-red Manhattan-style clam chowder that New Yorkers love.



New England

CLAM CHOWDER

● Around Boston and Down East they'll have no tomatoes in their chowder. To them only rich milk and plenty of clams are needed to give the true flavor to chowder—thickened a bit to make it creamy smooth. And many a New Englander maintains that chowder tastes even better the day after it's been made.

DRAWINGS BY LOWELL HESS



Rhode Island

CLAM CHOWDER

● Rhode Island and eastern Connecticut cooks are the independents—or maybe the diplomats! They hold out for a touch of tomato with the milk. But Yankees all agree that "common crackers", pilot biscuit or hardtack go with chowder—split and added in the kettle, crumbled in the bowl or munched out-of-hand.

TO PREPARE FRESH CLAMS: Buy them shucked at the market (the hard shells sometimes called quahogs are usually used for chowder). Drain clam juice from cans and put aside. Put clams in bowl; add 1 cup cold water. Carefully rinse each clam, removing any grit and particles of shell. When they're cleaned, strain the water through very fine strainer or cheesecloth wrung out of cold water. This clam water should be used as part of the clam juice and water called for in the recipe.

IF YOU USE CANNED CLAMS INSTEAD OF FRESH: You'll need two 10-to-15 ounce cans of minced clams. Drain juice from clams, measure and add enough water to make up for clam juice and water called for in each recipe. Because canned clams are already cooked, add them to the *cooked* potato mixture, heat and serve.

BY ELIZABETH WALKER
HOME SERVICE CENTER

Clams, 2 dozen	Canned tomatoes, 2½ cups
Fat salt pork, finely diced, ½ cup, (4 ounces)	Bay leaf, 1
Onion, chopped, ½ cup	Celery, diced, ¼ cup
Potatoes, diced, 2 cups	Thyme, ½ teaspoon
Clam juice and water, 2 cups	Salt, ½ teaspoon
	Pepper, few grains

Prepare clams (see directions above) and chop fine. Slowly sauté pork until lightly browned; add onion, cook until soft. Add potatoes, clam juice and water, tomatoes, bay leaf, celery, thyme, salt and pepper. Cover, bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer about 15 minutes or until potatoes are tender. Add clams; cook slowly uncovered 8 minutes longer. Makes about 7 cups. Some versions call for diced carrots (about 1 cup for the above quantity), and a bit of garlic, finely chopped, added with the vegetables—plus a dash of Worcestershire for a final savor.

Clams, 2 dozen	Butter or fortified margarine, 3 tablespoons
Fat salt pork, finely diced, 2 tablespoons	Flour, 3 tablespoons
Onion, chopped, ¼ cup	Milk, scalded, 4 cups, or 2 cups evaporated milk and 2 cups water
Potatoes, cubed or sliced, 2 cups	Salt and pepper
Clam juice and water, 2 cups	

Prepare clams (see directions above) and cut into pieces. Slowly sauté pork until lightly browned; add onion, cook until soft. Add potatoes, clam juice and water. Cover, bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer about 15 minutes or until potatoes are tender. Add clams; cook slowly uncovered about 8 minutes longer. Melt butter or margarine, add flour, stir until well blended. Remove from heat, gradually add milk, cook over low heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Combine with clam mixture, season to taste. Place over very low heat about 10 minutes (do not boil). Makes about 8 cups.

Clams, 2 dozen	Tomato juice, 1 cup
Fat salt pork, finely diced, ½ cup, (4 ounces)	Pepper, few grains
Onion, chopped, ¼ cup	Baking soda, ¼ teaspoon
Potatoes, cubed, 2 cups	Milk, scalded, 2 cups, or 1 cup evaporated milk, 1 cup water
Clam juice and water, 2 cups	Parsley, chopped, ¼ cup

Prepare clams (see directions above) and chop. Slowly sauté pork until lightly browned; add onion, cook until soft. Add potatoes, clam juice and water. Cover, bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer about 15 minutes or until potatoes are tender. Add tomato juice, clams and pepper. Cook slowly uncovered about 8 minutes longer; add soda, mix well and add milk. If necessary season with salt. Sprinkle with parsley and serve at once. Makes about 7½ cups.

For a richer chowder use 1 cup light cream in place of 1 cup milk.

Now 3 Magic Dromedary Mixes!

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★ And all so quick, wholesome, sure-fire perfect!



RICH DEVIL'S FOOD:

Rich, yes! A velvety, chocolaty dream-cake . . . with no fuss, no bother, no failures! AND a cool 40% CASH SAVING! 40% less than the same fine

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Newest Dromedary Mix is a magic box of menu tricks! Makes wonderful muffins, finest you ever ate! Delicious

for dessert too! Just fill muffins with jam before baking. Package makes 12 to 18. And so easy! 2 minutes from package to oven. 15 minutes to bake!

NELL B. NICHOLS
talks about
GOOD EATING
along the
GREAT LAKES



MARCH

FOOD CALENDAR

1948



EMPIRE STATE DINNER

Tomato juice
Cheese souffle *Broccoli*
Cherry pie
Coffee

7 Gay salad. Mix crisp greens, grapefruit sections, thin slices of raw cranberries (or radishes), salted nuts. Toss with French dressing. It's just the right tart touch with fish or with cheese souffle.

14 Illinois oysters. Add 2 beaten eggs to 1 cup drained canned tomatoes and enough cracker crumbs to make thick mixture. Season. Brown spoonfuls in little fat, serve with cheese sauce, paprika-sprinkled.

21-28 Color wheel. Tint peeled hard-cooked eggs various hues with food coloring. Slice them diagonally. They make a brilliant garnish for vegetable plates, salads and all kinds of dishes for the buffet table.



1 Pretty hat for cherry pie. Cut rolled pastry in a long strip. Starting at center of cherry-filled pie, twist and coil the strip over the fruit to form a curled spiral top crust. Bake to a light golden crispness.

8 Navy bean soup. Boil 1 cup of soaked beans till tender, add crisp bacon bits, small onion grated. Just before serving stir in seasoning and a cup of thick sour cream. If soup is too thick, thin it with hot water.

15 Lake country tricks to try. Toss tender dandelion greens with French dressing. . . . Add touch of ginger to baked beans. . . . With meats serve a relish concocted of prepared horse-radish and cream cheese.

22-29 OHIO BRUNCH
Pineapple juice
Oatmeal with raisins, maple sugar
Sausages
Apple butter *Toast* *Coffee*



2 Scandinavian touch from downstate Michigan. Mix 3 cups of cooked diced beets with ½ cup sour cream, 1 tablespoon prepared horse-radish; salt to season. Heat in casserole. Lovely as it's tasty.

9 Wisconsin egg specialty. Stand peeled hard-cooked eggs in rings of mashed potatoes. Blanket them with rich yellow cheese sauce, piping hot, and bring them to the table right away. A good meat saver.

16 INDIANA LUNCHEON
Tomato soup, Hoosier snow
Cottage cheese roll
Apple muffins
Cocoa

23-30 Party dress for oatmeal. Simmer raisins in water a few minutes to plump. Cook oatmeal, or other cereal, in the raisin water, fold in raisins and serve cereal topped with shaved Ohio maple sugar.



3 Lumberjacks like it. Boil equal parts brown sugar, water and light corn sirup about 5 minutes. Add butter or margarine and pour the mixture hot on pancakes—or on fritters and similar fried foods.

10 WISCONSIN DINNER
Barbecued lake fish
Buttered limas *French fries*
Green salad
Cranberry or mint sherbet

17 Hoosier snow—that's what big white kernels of whole cooked hominy are called in Indianapolis. And there they are floated in tomato soup for a dish that's a conversation piece—beautiful and delicious.

24-31 Sausage country style. Fry little pork sausages till brown. Pour off fat. Mix prepared mustard with sour cream—a teaspoon of mustard to each ½ cup of cream—pour over sausages and brown lightly.



4 MICHIGAN SUPPER
Baked beans
Fig-bran muffins
Pineapple-cabbage salad
Coffee

11 Barbecued lake fish—a Milwaukee treat. Wipe cleaned bass, whitefish or trout dry, salt inside and out. Lay in shallow pan, pour on your favorite barbecue sauce. Bake from 40 to 50 minutes at 375°.

18 Cottage cheese roll. Mix 2 cups cottage cheese, 1 cup shredded raw carrot, ¼ cup chopped toasted nuts, little celery seed. Shape in roll and serve on greens—or roll in tender lettuce leaves to make finger salads.

25 Golden mounds. Gently broil slices of Canadian-style bacon. Top each with a canned apricot, rounded side up, and heat in broiler. These apricot mounds are a perfect border for a platter of macaroni and cheese.



5 Maple milk dream. Beat 2 egg yolks, 1 egg white. Add ¼ cup maple sirup, 1½ cups milk. Boil ¼ cup maple sirup and pour hot over 1 beaten egg white. Beat. It makes a fluffy crown for the milk mixture.

12 Minnesota circle. Add grated nippy cheese to biscuit dough—¾ cup to 2 cups flour. Bake biscuits in ring on pan. Serve hot creamed salmon and peas in the center, chilled pineapple salad on the side.

19 Apple muffins. To muffin batter add chopped raw apples, 1 cup fruit for each 2 cups flour. Pour in muffin tins, sprinkle tops with touch of cinnamon mixed with sugar and nuts. Smell them baking!

26 Salad tang. Grind a lemon, all but the seeds. Add 2 cups grated raw carrots, 2 tablespoons sugar. Let this mixture stand a few minutes, then serve spoonfuls of it in canned peach or pear halves.



6 Are smelts running? Here's what to serve with them. Instead of adding chopped green onions to corn-dodgers, as southerners do, add a bit of chopped green pepper to corn muffins—an old northern favorite.

13 Cauliflower for company. Cook head of cauliflower in salted water. Drain, top with thin slices of cheese and run in broiler to melt cheese. Garnish with slices of stuffed olives or with pimienta and parsley sprigs.

20 Jelly note. Use sherry wine as half of liquid in making cherry-flavored gelatine to mold Bing cherries in. (For apples use cider.) Serve wreathed with cream cheese nuggets rolled in crushed pecans.

27 ILLINOIS DINNER
Beef stew
Garlicked hard rolls
Fruit cup *Gingerbread*
Coffee

Chocolate Lover's Dream!

MAKE IT WITH A DOUBLE BOILER AND A CLEAR CONSCIENCE!

You'll see why more women buy Swans Down than any other packaged cake flour in America!



Saving up for a big occasion? Here's one richly-luscious cake you can make with a clear conscience!

Saves eggs!

Only two eggs! Yolks for the cake, whites for the frosting.

Saves shortening!

Only 4 tablespoons of shortening—that's a record!

Saves chocolate!

You mix the whole cake in the double boiler in which the chocolate is melted. You use every particle of your precious Walter Baker's.

Saves dishwashing!

The batter is made so quickly and easily—no mixing bowl to wash. No extra tablespoon, no egg beater.

Yet for all its hurry-up mixing—its food-saving economy—this cake looks, tastes, feels rich.

Fine, fine Swans Down imparts its own downy-soft tenderness to even the simplest cakes!

Remember—this quick, easy recipe was worked out just for Swans Down. It's guaranteed... but not with any other flour.

Try it, next time you need a cake. Enjoy the compliments, the eager questions, the thrill of pride that only a home-baked cake can give!

SWANS DOWN BLACK MAGIC CHOCOLATE CAKE

4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate	$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons shortening	2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (and be sure it's Swans Down!)
2 cups sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg yolks	1 teaspoon soda
$1\frac{3}{4}$ cups milk	

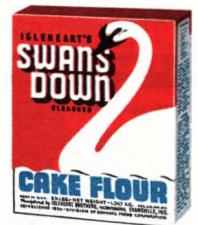
Melt chocolate and shortening in top of a 2-quart double boiler. *No creaming!* Remove from boiling water and cool to lukewarm. Then add sugar and mix well.

Combine egg yolks with 1 cup of the milk; add to chocolate

mixture and blend. Add salt and flour and beat until smooth. Add vanilla and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup more of the milk and stir until smooth. Dissolve soda in remaining $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk. Stir quickly into batter. (Batter will be thin. But tested and retested—sure to succeed—with Swans Down!)

Turn into two 9-inch layer pans which have been lined on bottoms with paper, then greased. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes, or until done. Gently fold (do not beat) 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted and cooled, into seven-minute frosting after removing from heat. Spread between layers and on top and sides of cake.

Watch for marvelous new recipes in every Swans Down box!



Swans Down is a product of General Foods

Bake a better cake with Swans Down



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New Hotpoint Refrigerator

A Big, Roomy Refrigerator That Gives You The Extra Storage Space You Need Without Taking Up Extra Floor Space . . . Biggest Advance In Refrigeration History

STAR-STUDED with revolutionary new postwar features and advancements, the brilliant 1948 Hotpoint Refrigerator sets new high standards for the industry—with more space, more freezing speed, more of everything, in the same kitchen area as before! Here are just a few outstanding advantages of this value-packed beauty: Up to 50% extra storage capacity; 58% faster freezing; larger meat cooler that easily holds a big family-size roast.

Designed to stand a quarter century of service, Hotpoint's new sealed-in-steel mechanism is so compact it takes far less

space—so efficient it speeds up freezing on even less electricity. Among the many great advancements are a new butter conditioner, two Hi-Humidity chambers for vegetables and fruits, a big flexi-cold compartment for low temperatures and a super-speed freezer that holds 31 pounds of frozen foods.

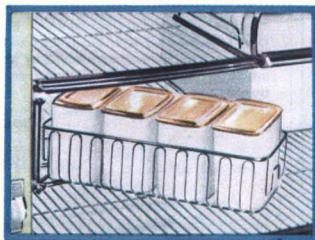
See the new Hotpoint before you buy any refrigerator. There's a model for every purse and purpose. Your Hotpoint dealer is listed in the phone book.

Hotpoint Inc., 5600 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

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58%
FASTER
FREEZING



● Enclosed on all 6 sides, Hotpoint's improved speed freezer provides lower temperatures for quick freezing, holds 31 lbs. of frozen foods.



● Swing-out leftover rack has covered glass jars for storing leftovers, jams, cheese and meat spreads. Also ideal for egg storage and can be lifted out to use as a snack bar.



● Hotpoint's new and improved butter conditioner furnishes a temperature controlled compartment for keeping butter fresher longer—always at the right consistency for easy spreading.

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UP TO
50%
EXTRA
STORAGE
SPACE



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Top suit

Two-piece, washable Sanforized gabardine, in fast color.

Sizes 2-6X in red, navy, maize, pine green, gray, misty blue, \$10.95. Reversible jacket with blending plaids in Dan River fabric on reverse side, \$12.95.



Weather Winky



Write for name of nearest dealer, Saph & Sons Mfg. Co. Minneapolis 1, Minn.

Apron Strings

from page 104

a little bit. It was Saturday and Father kept watching them.

"They're really disgusted with him," Father said. "He's a scaredy-cat."

It was funny to watch them. They scolded Greeney and they pushed at him but poor Greeney just huddled back farther in the nest. They left him alone again that night. He looked so lonesome and we could hear him chirp.

ON SUNDAY morning I found Bluey and Reddy back of the alley in a locust tree. Greeney just huddled in the nest. He must have been hungry and afraid.

"I bet he'll die," Mother said.

But one of his parents came by to see him pretty soon with a skimpy little worm for his breakfast. He cheeped and opened his mouth to eat it. The robin scolded him and he got up on the edge of the nest and fluttered around a little bit. He looked pretty silly with his brothers two days ahead of him. Pud yelled, "Scaredy-cat, Scaredy-cat," at him. I was disgusted with Greeney too but Mother kept watching him the most of anyone and she looked as if it bothered her. She was very quiet and she didn't talk about Greeney at all.

"What he needs," Father said, watching, "is a push. He doesn't know what he can do and he's afraid to try."

It looked as though the robin understood Father. She got behind her son and pushed him off the edge of the nest. Mother gasped. I thought surely Greeney was a goner.

But once in the air he really fluttered his wings and made a short little flight to a near-by branch. My, but he looked proud of himself.

Greeney caught up with his brothers before the end of the day. He really went to town, once he got going.

Sure enough, we did see them again. They were always hopping around the yard while the parents taught them how to get worms. We sat and laughed at them, all of us. Mother wasn't cross with Father any more and every once in a while I'd catch her watching me and not saying anything. Nobody had even mentioned camp for several days.

Once while we were watching the robins

Mother said, "They're bigger and fatter than their mother and father and they just hop along after them and let them feed them."

"Take a look at Greeney," Father said. "Why, he's almost grown up." Mother said "He's digging his own worms."

"Yeah," Father said. "If his mother hadn't pushed him out of the nest I suppose he'd still be sitting there with his mouth open."

Mother looked sidewise at Father but Father was just smiling, watching Greeney. And I know now that it was Greeney that made Mother change her mind about camp. And having Mother change her mind and be on Father's side with everybody feeling good and happy again made me change my mind.

If Mother and Father both wanted me to go, I guessed it must be the time to do. So that's how I found out I wasn't a dud at all the sports because I got the top award in swimming and canoeing for my age. I found out I wasn't afraid at all in a lake with lots of room and I liked the kids.

But right then when Greeney was turning out to be the best one of the baby robins, Mother went in the house for some cake and lemonade. We drank the lemonade and pretty soon Mother said, "When is it that that camp opens?"

"Another week," Father said, looking almost scared.

"I'd better be getting the stuff ready," Mother said. She brought out a bunch of clothes that Father had sewed tapes in and spent the whole afternoon cross-stitching the little labels on with colored thread. They looked pretty keen.

"Gosh," I said, "you don't have to do it so nice as that. The boys won't look at them."

Mother laughed and said, "Boys aren't the only ones," and she blew Father a kiss behind his back as she ripped out some of his terrible stitches.

So I remembered what she had said about why Mrs. Robin laid such beautiful eggs. Mother was cross-stitching the tapes on to impress Father! It was so nice to have Mother trying to impress Father again I didn't even care if I died going to camp.

"Oh," I said, and I felt sure of it, "I bet I have a wonderful summer." [THE END]

See You in the Morning

from page 19

into his mouth. It looked very white against his tanned skin. Blond hair grew into a little peak at his forehead. His face was very handsome in a rugged masculine way. Tiny laugh-wrinkles stood at the corners of his dark blue eyes. He looked as though he would be equally at ease on a football field or a tennis court—or a dance floor, for that matter. A California-college-boy sort of face—but with a difference. Yet a difference not to be found in the obvious marks of excessive drinking, the puffy bluish drag of the skin under his eyes, the slight twitching of nerves at his temples—no, the difference went deeper, it went deep enough to reveal a raw naked terror looking out at you.

His hand trembled as he flicked on the ignition key. The motor purred like a well-fed lioness. After a moment he shut off the switch and stepped out of the car. He dug the toe of his tan oxford into the cinders of the path, hesitating, his cigarette unlit still; then, with an almost imperceptible shrug, he squared his shoulders and set off toward the beach.

The white stretch of sand, the lunchtime bustle around the hotel, the beautiful sweep of clouds all the way up over the ranges of mountains and out across the wide serene lake, as far as the eye could see. . . Coulter turned and walked without interest or haste back to his grim cottage. The old man, puzzled, thoughtfully tapped out his pipe.

Coulter heard the lock catch with a tiny dry snap behind him. He stood for a moment with hands thrust deep into the pockets of his jacket, fists bunching the tweed; then he walked over to a table and sat down. His

strong fingers drummed on the scarred wood. He lowered his head to his arms and, turning it slowly from left to right, began to hum. I knew that he was quite unaware that he did this; it was terrible to watch him then.

I looked out across the lake to where several sailboats were racing in the sunshine. On the point a swaggering gang of bluejays had taken over the best clump of wild bitter-haws and the tiny crimson berries looked like drops of blood in their curved bills.

COULTER was getting drunk. He had closed the window and lowered the shade. A half-empty bottle stood at his elbow, the pieces of a broken glass were strewn about the floor. He was stretched out full length on the couch, his coat and shoes off, shirt open at the throat, the bottle on a chair beside him. Two cigarettes were smoldering foully on the rug, another ate at the veneer of the mantel. He was sweating heavily and little beads of saliva had gathered in the corners of his mouth.

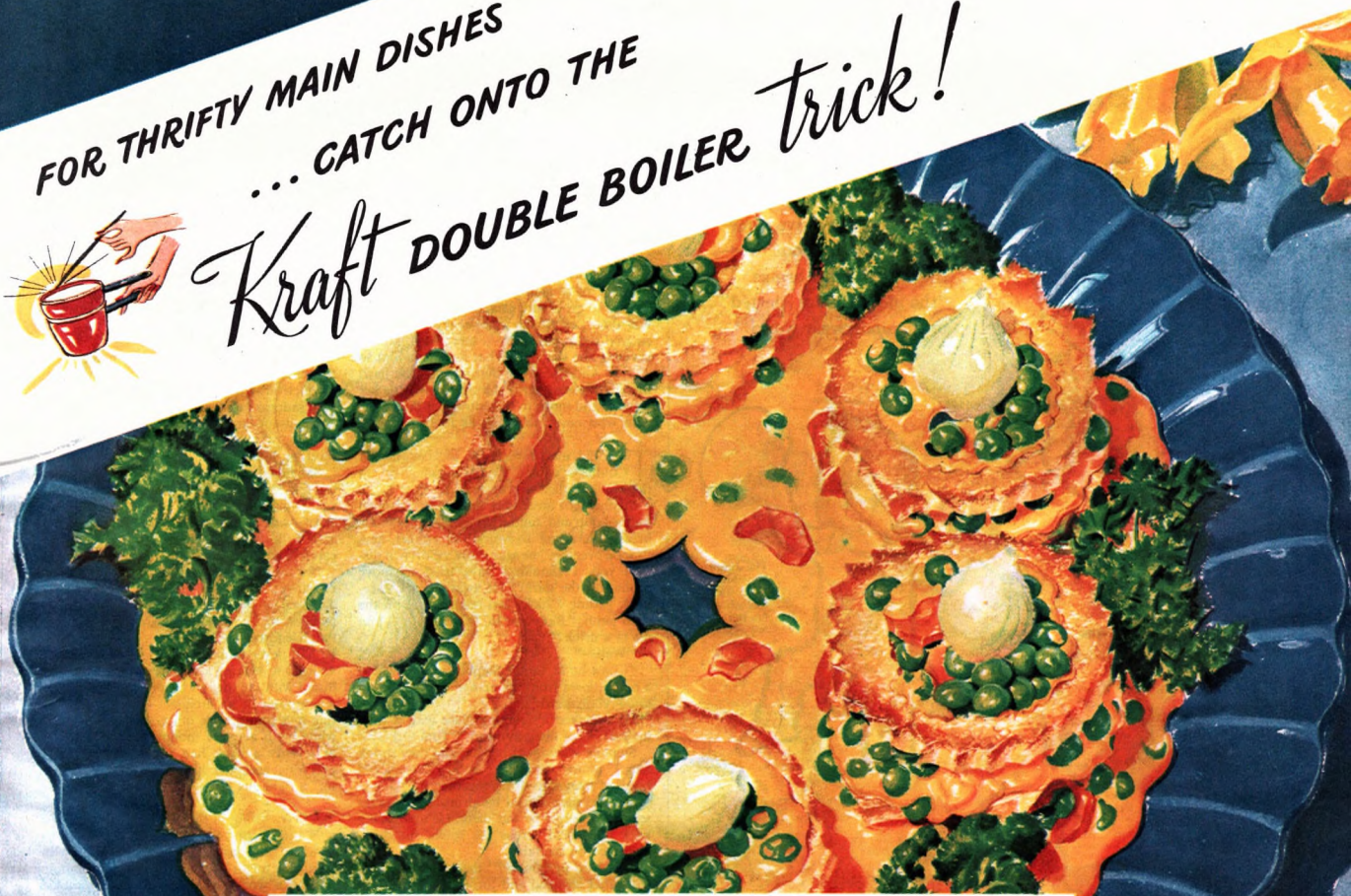
He staggered to his feet, knocking over the chair; the bottle splashed open against the leg of the couch. His foot caught in the lamp cord and he fell with a resounding thump.

The star of evening glowed purely in the velvet sky. As I looked up at the waking stars, I thought they would taste of pine and the sweet bitterness of those little flowers which are sometimes found in the snow.

Emily Taylor sat at the single window of her tiny room and watched the great fox of night [continued on page 108]

FOR THRIFTY MAIN DISHES
... CATCH ONTO THE

Kraft DOUBLE BOILER *trick!*



A KRAFT CLASSIC YOU'LL USE DOZENS OF WAYS—quick-made Velveeta sauce

It's smooth as satin . . . golden as a buttercup . . . rich tasting! And to make cheese sauce the speedy Velveeta way you simply do this: Put $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Kraft's famous cheese food in the top of a double boiler. When it has melted, (which Velveeta always *does beautifully*) gradually stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of milk. Your glorious sauce is ready—to add cheddar cheese flavor and fine food value to many a dish. Actually Velveeta helps supply high-quality, complete protein plus other important milk nutrients.

Better buy Velveeta by the 2-pound loaf so you'll have plenty to spread and slice for snacks and sandwiches as well as for cooking. Try the "double boiler" trick soon; serve the Velveeta sauce on eggs, fish, macaroni, etc.—and in this grand vegetable main dish:

With a $2\frac{1}{2}$ " cookie cutter cut circles from $\frac{1}{8}$ "-thick slices of day-old bread. With a smaller cutter, remove center ring from two thirds of your circles. Brush with melted butter or Parlay Margarine and toast under the broiler. Make Velveeta sauce as described at left. Add 1 cup cooked peas and 1 cup cooked, sliced carrots. For each serving use one circle for the base and two rings for top decks, filling generously with the Velveeta mixture. Garnish the top ring with a small cooked onion.

SAVE MONEY—Remember that ounce for ounce there is no other basic food that matches cheese for high quality complete protein . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other nutrients from milk.



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The world's favorite cheeses are made or imported by **KRAFT**

It's tantalizingly sharp! And "Old English" is a Kraft pasteurized process cheese—always cooks perfectly.

It's mellow as old wine—this golden Chantelle with scarlet coat. Gay and delicious on your cheese tray.

MacLaren's Imperial is the aristocrat of aged cheddars, famous over 50 years in this country and Canada.

Kay Brand is a mellow natural cheddar made of pasteurized milk. The newest Kraft triumph.



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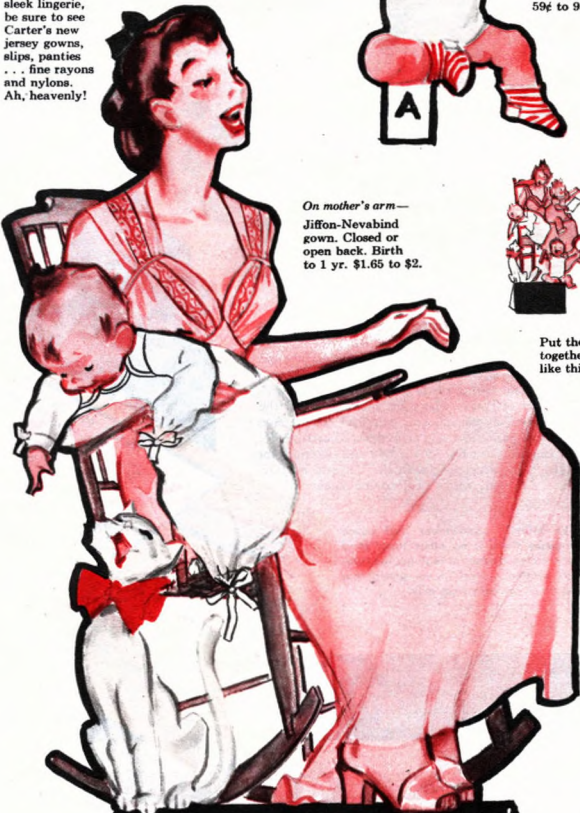
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Twoosome saves
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Carter's always give some-
thing to shout about. Yes—
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See You in the Morning

from page 106

eating the last feathery cloud above the lake. It was the hour she loved best of the day—an hour to dream and be lazy. After supper she would take a walk or write a letter to her married sister; or perhaps one of the other girls would ask her help in getting ready for a date. Lights went on along the pier; a little wind sprang up, bringing the pungent smell of balsam—she felt its touch on her cheek.

She was aware suddenly of a feeling of restlessness, of a gnawing inward tension that seemed to grow with each passing moment. It was almost as though a physical presence had entered the room. Why is there such pain in his eyes, she thought. What has made him so afraid? And she knew that it would be hard filling the hours until she could go with her brooms and mops to the cottage of the young man who never so much as looked at her.

THE old man rattled the locked door of Coulter's cabin. "What's going on in there?" he called nervously.

Stephen got unsteadily to his feet, snapped on the lamp and, muttering irritably under his breath, managed to work the rubber key. "Good evening," he said stiffly. "Sorry to disturb you. I shouldn't have tried to move around in the dark." He swayed back carefully, getting a lucky last-minute grip on the door jamb. "But come in. Perhaps you'll join me in a drink?"

"Well—"
"Come on in, then," Stephen said, reaching a bottle down from the mantel. "I don't even know your name."

He accepted a dripping glass with a little inclination of his gray head. "Tom Orkley."

Stephen introduced himself and they shook hands, almost solemnly, feeling the age-old bond of men who drink together.

The old man sipped his drink and Coulter seemed to forget he was there. He was pacing back and forth across the room, his drink neglected on the table.

"Are you in trouble?" the old man asked. Coulter stopped and turned slowly to face him. He took his hands out of his pockets. "Yes," he said simply. "I am in trouble." He sank down on the edge of the couch.

The touch of the old man's hand on his shoulder moved him as few things in his life ever had. He said, "I am going to die."

Something seemed to enter the room and stand near them. The old man withdrew his hand, awkwardly, the gesture almost apologetic for his previous warmth. He cleared his throat, reaching back of him along the table for his pipe. "What kind of talk is that?" he demanded without conviction, his faded old eyes full of doubt and hurt.

Leaning forward, Coulter said slowly, carefully, as though explaining something to a child or seeking the advice of a sage. "Two weeks ago I went to the doctor, for one of those routine check-up affairs." His fingers opened and closed across his knee. "The doctor told me nothing whatever could be done ... a matter of a couple months ... six ... at most a year—something out of whack with my heart." His gaze lowered slowly, regaining focus; suddenly he looked very tired and quite sober. "But why should I be bothering you with it?" he said, trying to judge the old man's awareness, for he had noticed the half-withdrawn relaxed expression in the faded eyes.

The old man uncrossed his knees and shifted in his chair. "Is that really the truth ... 'bout you going to die?"

Coulter let smoke out slowly. "That's really the truth," he said quietly. "I'm going to die."

He threw off his robe and sank down on a fallen tree, near the lake. The sun was like a dry warm hand on his unprotected back and shoulders. From the point, perhaps two hundred yards away, came the sound of children's voices, the bark of a dog. As the slow lazy moments passed Coulter tried again and again to force his mind back to what had filled it so completely and maddeningly since that day two weeks ago—but it was no use; his nerves were like countless tiny arms dragging him out of himself into a suddenly unfamiliar world of almost pure sensation.

He felt himself wanting to speak to the sun. What is it like, he might have said, being the sun? Is it ever lonely for you in the sky? Is it—
A fly settled on his arm. What did it think about? Why had its wings been made with such incredible care?

The sun—the fly—and the man—I am the man—the mountain—the lake—I am the man, this is my body, these are my hands, my legs, my chest, and all the things inside me, the elaborately simple things hidden in my flesh—what am I that the sun and the mountain and the lake are not? What is expected of me that is not expected of them?

Three girls sauntered by, their bodies very trim and brown in their scanty bathing suits. Instinctively Coulter made his choice of them. And sadness came into his eyes as he watched them disappear across the sand. That would be one of the hardest things to leave, he thought, his mind hurting open again.

Stephen Coulter had encountered altogether too few "hard" things during his twenty-eight years; girls, friendships, position, health, respect—what other things are there for a young man to have?—all these had dropped into his careless hands as though magically.

Naturally he made little or no use of his blessings; what came so easily was as easily disposed of—he had had any number of romances, had never been in love; discovering that friendships could be made in five minutes, he had never found it worth while to devote an hour to making a friend; in college he had flirted with the idea of becoming a painter or a composer or an architect—six years of sitting in a comfortable office and flashing even white teeth above a monogrammed desk set at seventy a week had taken care of that; everyone accepted him at sight, he "fitted in," a right guy if there ever was one. . . .

NOW, sitting in the sun on the beach of a little second-rate resort-place, halfway to nowhere and back, and face to face with death, he might—for all the real ties binding him to a world—that instant have tumbled down out of the sky from another planet.

No one knew where he had gone; until last night he hadn't so much as thought of telling anyone what had happened to him—what purpose would that have served? He had simply thrown a few things into a suitcase, the suitcase into the car, and himself into the vast anonymity of the countryside.

He stood up and stretched lazily, rocking back and forth on the balls of his feet, his toes curled upward against the fine rain of sand. Soon he would have to start thinking about what he would do; perhaps another week or so here, perhaps not. . . . The only important thing—oh, the only important thing was to place one foot before the other in this hot yielding sand. . . . oh, to keep in the quiet, and not to think and not to think at all!

Arrived at the water's edge, he waded out until only his head showed. Then he swam out into the beckoning stillness of the lake. Over, under. . . . What do you do up there all day, clouds? Over. . . . under, over. . . . What am I going to do? Don't think. . . . Don't think. . . .

The only important thing is to reach your arm out, to pull your arm back. . . . oh, to remain in the stillness, and not to, not to, not to—

Lulled by the hypnotic rhythm of swimming, it seemed that he moved without effort or will, tirelessly, with unmaped magnificence of strength; his goal, the sleeping horizon's; his direction as uncharted and unhurried as the breeze which gently fingered the silver wound of his going.

Then it came to him that he need only not stop—the rhythm holding forever. . . . the fine clear song of it lifting and flowering into that dark sweet music which only the stars and the dead can hear. Over, under. . . . out and in. . . .

A sudden stabbing pain knotted the muscles of his leg. His head went under—then he was churning to face the distant beach, a savage raging hunger to live flooding every cell of his being. With thunderous intensity of spirit and body, he fought the enemy. Every movement brought its own new agony; tongs of fire gripped the tendons of his thighs, to enter his

chest like merciless claws bent on ripping the heart and lungs out of him.

Yard after thousand-mile yard—then his hand closed over the rope; held.

I watched the golden head, bowed as though in supplication.

Two birds flew close above him; but they did not seem to notice him hanging there.

Stephen awakened late that afternoon feeling refreshed and restless after a heavy untroubled sleep. There was one important development resulting from the day's near-tragedy; but this event, since it had taken place deep beneath the surface of his awareness, would only make itself known when he least suspected it was there—it was a simple thing; not fear of death, but a terrible all-powerful hunger to live.

Coulter got into fresh clothes and went out to his roadster. It was just getting dark. He eased down the hill and drove slowly between the rows of elms which stretched away in front of the hotel.

Immediately he switched the headlights on, they picked out the figure of a girl walking along toward town. Without thinking particularly one way or the other about it, Coulter drew up and stopped beside her. He threw the door open and said, "Want a lift?"

"No, thanks," she began, prepared to go on; then she said hastily, "Mr. Coulter—why, yes; yes, I'd like a lift."

Mildly curious, he said, as she settled herself, "I'm afraid I don't quite place you." A rather interesting face, he thought; not at all pretty, but not altogether plain either.

"I come every day to clean your cabin," she said without reproach or guile.

Their eyes met as he turned. "Of course," he said quickly. "I didn't recognize you out of that awful uniform. You going any particular place or—"

"Just for a walk. It's such a beautiful evening." She studied his strong profile, every feature clear and vivid against the pale sky. "My name is Emily Taylor," she said, an undercurrent of emotion in her voice, something almost solemn and breathless.

Coulter looked at her in surprise but, recovering quickly, held out his hand in a matter-of-fact gesture. He said with easy gravity, "Glad to know you, Miss Taylor."

They rode for a few moments in silence. The fat chirp of frogs came to them from the willow-shrouded banks of a creek. Emily said, "I think I'd better turn back now."

Stephen slowed the car. "Take me a minute to drop you off at the hotel, if you like—sort

of a lonesome stretch along here," he offered. "Oh no, thanks. I come out walking almost every night," she said quickly, opening the door and stepping down. "Good night and thank you very much, Mr. Coulter."

"Not at all. Good night." Now what was that all about, he wondered idly, sending the needle down the dial. One of these intense self-centered types—probably had a row with her boy friend or the housekeeper, he thought; and then he promptly forgot her as the powerful motor purred louder and louder.

Emily watched until the taillight blinked out in the darkness; then she started to walk back along the road, her stride full and even and her heart still stopped from the touch of his fingers against her hand.

Coulter was sitting in front of the cottage when she came up the path the next morning.

After greeting her he felt a little annoyance that she didn't take her mops and stuff and go in about her work, instead of waiting there before him, her too-widely-spaced eyes fixed expectantly on his face. Did she expect him to disappear in a great cloud of smoke or something? "Where does that little path go?" he asked finally, as a substitute for lowering his eyes.

"It leads to the village," she said. "A really beautiful walk . . . through a lovely woods, past a pretty little river—and it goes way up above the valley, so you can see for miles."

He was again surprised by the intensity in her quiet voice; the simple words seemed to take on dimension, a troubled depth—it was almost as though she were trying to tell him something, to offer him sympathy, reassurance—the devil! "I'll have to try it sometime," he said.

She shifted the heavy equipment in her arms. "I'll be glad to show you the way, Mr. Coulter."

"Thanks," he said briefly.

"When do you want to go?" she asked. He frowned as he noticed a smear on one of the white-walled tires of the roadster. Getting to his feet, he sauntered over to examine it. "Oh, one of these days," he called back.

A brush slipped out of her hands and as she bent to pick it up she said, "I'm free this afternoon, if you'd like to go then. I can be here any time after one o'clock."

Coulter grinned in spite of himself. "Well, let's make it one-thirty, then. Okay?"

She nodded, brushing hair back from her eyes with a dustcloth, and quickly disappeared to her work. [continued on page 113]

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY VENTI

With meat the biggest item in the food budget you're saving pennies and dollars when you get more servings from each purchase.



Low controlled heat does it and that's what your gas range will give you

Braising: Better a tender pot roast than a tough oven roast, so you'll find braising a good method to use on much of the meat you're cooking these days. Here's how you do it to get the results you want:

- Use a heavy skillet or Dutch oven, with a lid that fits tightly so it will hold in the steam.
- Flour the meat if you want browner gravy.
- Brown meat slowly on all sides, using a moderate flame—or an even lower one if meat is floured.
- Add liquid; ½ cup is plenty. If this cooks away it's a sure sign that the flame is too high or the pan cover too loose. Add more liquid, a little at a time.
- After liquid is added and pan covered turn flame to tiny blue beads.

POT ROAST OF VEAL WITH APPLES

Rolled shoulder of veal, 3 to 3½ pounds	Fat, 2 tablespoons
Flour, 2 tablespoons	Water, ½ cup
Pepper, few grains	Apples, 4
Salt, 1 teaspoon	Brown sugar, 4 teaspoons
	Gingersnaps, crumbed, ½ cup

Rub meat with mixed flour and seasonings. Brown slowly on all sides in hot fat (takes 20 to 30 minutes).

Add water, cover pan and reduce heat. Simmer 1½ hours or until almost tender. Add whole apples, cored and filled with brown sugar. Cover pan again and steam until apples are tender—30 to 45 minutes. Remove roast and apples. Skim off any excess fat; add water to make 2 cups of gravy. Stir in crumbed gingersnaps and boil until smooth and thick. Planned for 4, plus leftovers.

Roasting is just about the easiest way to cook meat. And better still, the easy way to do it is the one that keeps meat from shriveling and the oven clean.

- Roast only tender meat—braise the others.
- Season before or after cooking. Don't use flour.
- Place fat side up on rack in open pan; add no water.
- Roast at constant temperature throughout—300° for large roast of beef, lamb or veal; 325° for chicken or poultry; 350° for fresh pork or small beef roasts.
- Use a meat thermometer, inserted in solid meat, to tell when it's done. No basting is needed.

ROASTING A HALF TURKEY

If yours is a small family you'll be glad to know that a half or a quarter of a meaty broad-breasted bird can be roasted as well as a whole one. Have butcher cut dressed bird in half. Clean as usual. Tie leg to tail. Rub cut side with salt. Heap the cavity with stuffing. Fit brown paper over stuffing and fasten paper to skin with 6 or 8 skewers. Place stuffed turkey skin side up on rack in open roasting pan. Roast in moderate oven, 325°. Allow 20 to 25 minutes per pound of stuffed weight for half a small turkey, 15 to 20 minutes per pound if turkey is large. Count on ¾ pound dressed weight per person.



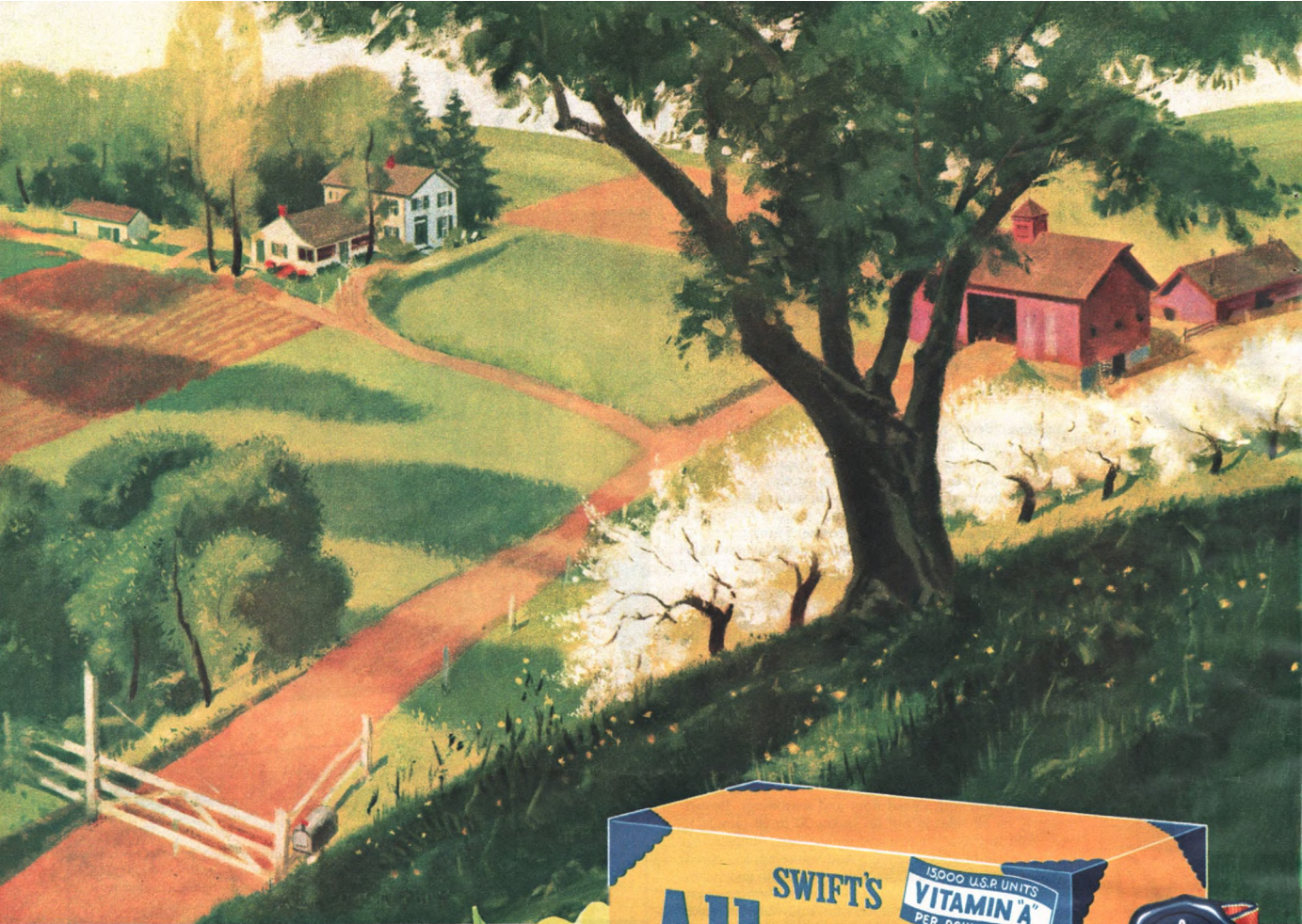
This veal pot roast with apples—or any pot roast—is cooked slowly in moist heat. It's the ideal method for beef, lamb or veal that isn't tender enough for dry oven roasting. The secret of plump juicy meat is cooking over a low flame in tightly covered pans.



When you do splurge on a tender roast or a turkey get the most out of it by cooking it uncovered in the dry heat of the oven. Set oven control at a low temperature for the whole process. When the turkey is done the meat thermometer should register 185°.

BY ARLEAN PATTISON
COMPANION EQUIPMENT STAFF





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See You in the Morning

from page 109

As he fooled around the car he could hear her bustling about inside and he tried to figure out what had prompted him to accept her invitation to go tramping off on a hot sticky afternoon. He shrugged. It was beyond him; not that it mattered much one way or another—give him something to do.

He drew up at the cottage at twenty past one.

There she was, sitting on the steps, looking very cool and neat in a white cotton dress. For the first time he noticed that her hair was really strikingly black, black and shiny as the wing of a bird.

"I'm not late, am I?" he said, smiling as he came up beside her. "I was down having my car checked."

"Oh no," she said, rising and stepping quickly forward, almost as though she expected him to stretch out his hand. "I got through early, so I . . . I just thought I'd come up and wait here in the sun for you. I can see your cabin from my window—I saw you drive away."

The awkwardness of the morning returned to him; amazing, he thought, how this girl has the power to raise the most inconsequential action, the most unimportant exchange of words, to the level of earth-shaking drama. "Just let me get into some other shoes," he said, walking around her and up the steps.

She was just waving to the old man when he got back. Coulter waved too, feeling a little more human in a fresh shirt.

"Goin' for a ride?" the old man called.

"For a walk," Emily told him.

"Cooler ridin'," he declared, frowning.

"But walking's more fun."

This could go on all day, Stephen thought. "Shall we get started?" he said to her, turning to face the hill, and indicating by a little bowing motion that she should precede him.

"Oh yes," she said quickly. "Good-by, good-by, see you tomorrow," she called across to the old man.

"Ain't you comin' back tonight?" he called, his voice swelling up with suspicion.

A blush colored her cheeks and throat. "Of course," she said, "but we'll be walking in the other way, by the road from town."

The devil! Coulter put his hand lightly on her arm. "If you'll just go ahead and lead the way," he said as cheerfully as he could.

"Oh no, you go first," she said, stopping very suddenly and looking at him with what he could only imagine to be great earnestness.

All right, if she thought he cared a hang about whether she had thick ankles or whatever, she was sadly mistaken. He strode off briskly into the head of the thicket and immediately tore a big hole in the leg of his pants on a strand of barbed wire. His toe caught in a trailing root and he managed with great agility and presence of mind to land feet-first in a pool of brackish water.

HEARING suppressed laughter behind him, he stopped rubbing the mud out of his eyes long enough to turn around and stare at her in black-faced amazement.

"I'm sorry, I couldn't help it. You looked so funny." But the mirth was rapidly leaving her and now she was almost more surprised than he was. "Did you hurt yourself?" she asked with her usual gravity.

Coulter grinned, stepping back into the path. "It was worth every muddy moment of it," he said. "You know, I had no idea that you had a sense of humor, Miss Taylor."

"I'm afraid that wasn't very nice of me," she said, her little face very serious.

"It was very nice of you," he declared solemnly, moving nearer, his forehead drawn up in mock frown lines. "But now I—" He paused, frowned even harder. "You see, Miss Taylor—" he suddenly grasped her shoulders, made as though to wrench her into his arms, "I suppose it's my fetish, the break in the armor of my unconscious, but whenever young ladies laugh when I jump into frog ponds, I—" he opened and closed his fingers, like talons, "I just lose my head—" he made his eyes very fierce, bared his teeth.

During this heroic declaration she had been

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watching him with delicious expectancy, her shoulders very still under his fingers, her eyes tiptoeing through pretty lights; and now she crinkling conspiratorily. "Then what do you do?"

Awkwardly he let his hands fall. "That old man should see you now," he said, taking out his handkerchief and trying to wipe the two huge handprints off her white blouse. "This time you walk ahead."

Gaily she set off along the path, arrows of leaf-blunted sun striking down upon her black hair. The only thing wrong with her ankles, he noticed, was that they made his walking hazardous. He found himself listening to the voice of the woods as he tramped along behind her. It came as a great discovery that the birds all had different songs, that even the trees and bushes and vines were singing. Above them the sky listened—it was not hard for him to imagine that above the sky there was a listening too.

WHEN the path widened into a field they walked along side by side; and presently the field ended in a highway. They crossed the road and walked up to the top of a hill which overlooked the valley for miles around. Emily settled down on the grass and smoothed her dress over her knees.

Stephen rested back on his elbow beside her. He studied her relaxed face. He noticed that her lips were unusually full and soft, though artificially pink-looking without make-up.

"Like your work at the hotel?"

She smiled. "Fairly well."

"What do you do in the wintertime?"

"Work in the school cafeteria at home."

"Where's home?"

"Larchville—that's south of here."

He selected a blade of grass, bit into it.

"Warm day."

"Yes, it may rain tomorrow."

"Sky looks pretty clear to me." He trained a deep blue but unpracticed eye up at it.

Emily brushed a wisp of dark hair away from her ear. "What do you do?" she asked, folding her hands neatly in her lap again.

"Oh—nothing much," he said, bending over to scrape half-heartedly at one of his ruined shoes. "Office work, mainly."

"Then the girls were wrong," she declared almost sadly.

He straightened up, frown lines lifting toward his copperish hair. "What's this?"

"The girls on my floor—they thought you might be somebody from Hollywood."

"Like a used-car dealer, eh?" he said, not being able to resist the temptation to tease her.

But she smiled, her face very youthful with the fun of it. "No, like an actor. And don't ask me which one, because I won't tell you."

"And what did you think?" He grinned.

Her eyes became too widely spaced again. "An artist," she said softly. "I thought you were perhaps a writer . . . or a painter."

Stephen felt his light mood disappearing but he said easily. "You don't miss much from that window of yours, do you? Other people get drunk once in a while too, you know."

"That wasn't why," she said almost sharply. Then she went on in a more normal voice, "Besides, the really good artists are too busy to . . . to—" She hadn't meant to say it.

"To get drunk," he finished for her. "So you didn't think I was a really good artist?" It wasn't all teasing now.

She said quietly, with obvious intent to explain rather than force an explanation. "No, Mr. Coulter, I . . . I thought you were in some kind of trouble."

"Trouble?" An expression at once guarded and challenging came into his face. "I see." Then, after a little pause: "But you don't think so now, is that it?"

"I don't know," she answered simply.

There was a sudden dull whirring sound, faint at first, then louder, louder, as the shrill fury of a low-flying plane filled the valley; then, while they raised their heads to watch, a fleeting dark wing blotted over the earth where they sat. Coulter got to his feet and said, "I suppose we should be getting back."

Emily nodded and stood up beside him. With instinctive though not real concern, she smoothed out her grass-stained skirt. As they set off down the hill a group of tiny clouds,

[continued on page 115]

SPRING LILT



There's a youthful lilt to this slimming, side-buttoned Mynette with sweeping one-side flare. Modern tree-and-dear print in wonderful, washable Marbet rayon broadcloth. White on Blue, Tan, Green or Coral. Sizes 12½ to 22½. About \$11.



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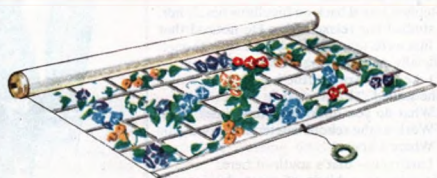
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*Table cover, window shade, cupboard lining, valance, 2 table mats, 4 drawer linings - 2½ yds. Morning Glory, 54" - 53c yd.; 1 yd. solid red, 46" - 45c yd.



TAILORED AND TRIM—that's the way your cupboard will look if you line it with easy to clean Marvalon. A damp cloth keeps it spotless. Grease, fruit juices, alcohol will never leave a stain.



GET MARVALON in gay patterns or sparkling solid colors—42" wide—39c yd., 46"—45c yd., 54"—53c yd. Shelving: 12"—15c yd., 14"—17c yd.

Marvalon

Ask for Marvalon at your neighborhood department, variety, hardware, or 5c and 10c store. Product of Munising, 135 South LaSalle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois.

See You in the Morning

from page 113

like a ballet of lambs, chased on before them. At a crossroads near two rusting cannons they came to a tiny looped-wire-enclosed plot where flowers grew. Emily stooped down at once to admire them.

Stephen was conscious that she looked rather sweet, almost pretty, in fact, as she knelt beside the flowers; but he was more conscious that soon he would be able to take a shower, relax with a drink, relieved of the odd sense of tension he felt when he was with her.

"What are these?" he asked.

"Bluebells." She bent to look.

Stephen moved off around the bed. "Here's one with a funny shade of purple." He twirled the tiny trumpets in his fingers for her to see.

Without thinking she cupped her hands under his, lowering her face very near, and said in a whisper, as though afraid to shatter the delicate thing lying upon their hands. "Oh, it's beautiful!—like a little velvet pine cone."

Suddenly he was quite aware of her as a woman—the rich haunting fragrance of her hair; the cool pulsing touch of her fingers; the lovely flowing fall of her shoulders; the funny pretty imperfection of her ears; the ancient wondrous mystery of woman . . . I'll put the flower in her hair, Stephen thought.

At that moment Emily raised her head and saw it looking out of his eyes. For a second she watched it, her heart beating rapidly, her lips and throat feeling tense under new nerves, her own eyes examining and judging its substance with that practice which only perfection of instinct can give; then, dropping her hands, she took a little step backward, halted, got all pink, said, "It's one of my special favorites."

Stephen smiled and twirled the flower very fast. Again he squirmed under her uncanny ability of bringing things sharply to a head—mine, he would have added. The devil! Abruptly he held the flower out to her. "Here," he offered with new-world gallantry.

They continued on their way. Finally they reached the drive which led up to the hotel. I saw them stand briefly together before the side entrance and part after conventional leavetakings; and I wanted to tell them that with merciless and terrible speed the seconds were ticking away into a stillness as complete and final as the grave's. But—how could I tell them? There is no way to tell anyone that.

THE next few mornings Stephen was out when she came to clean. It just happened, perhaps. He was not at all conscious of any special desire not to see her; to stay in the cottage meant to think and he didn't want to think. He walked; he swam out to the ropes and back, then out to the ropes again, until his body ached like a tooth; he batted around the countryside in the roadster, discovering lanes unused since the days of the oxcart; he walked, he swam, he drove; and always he thought and always it seemed that there were a thousand new heads to think it all over again—the scene in the doctor's office: the running away, taking his death to a place where he could die it on his own terms—if in darkness, a darkness out of himself . . . and he might have added: if in the light, then a light which he had found in himself, or had found somewhere in the world—or somewhere out of it.

One evening in the cabin he again tried to get a bottle to face it for him; but it was no good—it was no good at all. After the second drink he walked down to the beach.

Several times, lazing in a deckchair on the beach or strolling at his idle ease, he had seen Emily as she moved with drab persistence from one dusty round of her treadmill to the more-dusty next.

Perhaps he had quite forgotten the incident beside the dreary cannons and the tiny purple flowers; had quite forgotten the wonderful helpless-looking nudity of the little hollow which pulsed in her throat. . . . Perhaps?—if such a thing can be forgotten by anyone.

What does a man think about when he is going to die?

Stephen thought about everything, and about nothing. His mother and father had

Expecting
a new
Boss?



Here's a
warning

You may be heading for that problem of pregnancy . . . the discomfort of swollen legs, the threat of surface varicose veins.

So for protection and beauty's sake, do as so many women have done . . . wear Bauer & Black Elastic Stockings. They provide firm, comfortable, scientific support . . . yet are practically invisible under regular hose!

Two-way stretch, lightweight and cool, neutral in tint, they have large lisle heels and authentic fashioned leg and instep. Yes, they'll launder over and over again.

Ask your doctor's advice . . . then be sure you get Bauer & Black Elastic Stockings for the finest combination of relief and beauty.



At drug, department and surgical stores

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Division of The Kendall Company
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died of pneumonia within a week of each other during his second year at prep school. His guardian, an uncle, with whom he went to live, had been one in name only; for, having lost his brother's money in a series of bad investments, he had proceeded to make good his own investment in his nephew's education by giving him an opportunity to work his way up from the bottom of the family's business. A couple of months as glorified office boy and Stephen had chucked both relatives and job. As now, he had packed up and run out on the whole deal; then the doctor—

Absently he took out his wallet. I've got seven hundred dollars in there and a couple of thousand in the bank, he thought, rubbing his fingers slowly across the expensive soft leather; that should be enough to last me now.

LATE one afternoon, after a blowy sullen day of fitful rain and clearing, Emily set out for a short walk before dinner. For one of the rare times in her life she felt strangely depressed and on edge; not even the prospect of enjoying the magic hour of twilight from her window could still her feeling of inquiet and restlessness—indeed, it was partly to escape that once-cherished time of daydreams and peace that she had dropped her mending and fled out of doors. Those hours had become almost hateful now; for it was during them that her mind went over every detail of her afternoon with Stephen Coulter. But sadly, in all this, she was forced to revive another memory too—the memory of all the hours she had spent wondering why he was so deliberately and coldly avoiding her.

She walked along quickly, trying to outpace a mood which she neither understood nor wished to analyze. She was not aware of the car until it stopped beside her.

"Hello," his voice said. "Lift?"

Emily hesitated but his manner was as easy and friendly as ever; she opened the door and got in beside him.

They rode for a moment in silence, then Stephen said casually, "We seem to have been missing each other the last few mornings."

"Yes," she said, her eyes on the road.

He glanced over at her, noticed the erect tilt of her head, the almost severe set of her lips. Turning back to his driving, he tried to overcome a mild sense of irritation and constraint. "Nasty day," he said.

"Yes," she said, with the obedience of a guest, her eyes still on the road.

"That's right," he agreed, grinning. "How about having a hamburger with me? I know a pretty good place out of town a way."

"Well—"

"It's early—you don't have to have dinner at the hotel, do you?"

"No. And I love hamburgers," Emily said.

Three-quarters of an hour later they were sipping malteds beside the flattened-out roadstoolish magnificence of a drive-in, their hamburgers uncooking under the red flutter of neons. Stephen, his jaws working manfully, one of his two straws already sucked limp, was watching Emily out of the corner of his eye. "I'm going to have another round," he stated firmly. "How about you?"

Emily hesitated. "They're awfully good." Stephen called the waitress over and watched her purple nails scurry over the pad. "And a piece of coconut custard pie—with two à la modes." He turned expectantly to Emily.

"Just ice cream," she told the girl, being very conscious of her unsparring envious intensity. I wish I had worn my dimity dress, Emily thought, enjoying herself.

Stephen drove slowly on the way back to the hotel. The sky was clearing but occasionally the dark brush of a cloud would paint out some part of the moon.

As he pulled up in front of the gate, Stephen asked, "How far are we from the nearest city?"

Emily paused, with her hand on the door. "About fifteen miles is the nearest, I think." she answered, stepping down. "Thank you ever so much for the wonderful hamburgers—"

He dismissed it with an airy gesture. "I wonder if you'd like to have dinner with me tomorrow night? We could drive in early, maybe go to a movie or something afterward."

[continued on page 118]

GOODBYE HEADACHE



Alka-Seltzer brings Relief
No matter where you roam
It pays to keep an EXTRA
At work and in the home.

There's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer! Millions have discovered bubbling, effervescent Alka-Seltzer brings wonderfully fast and dependable relief from the pains of a headache.

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You can depend on Alka-Seltzer for quick relief for stomach upsets and acid indigestion! Next time try Alka-Seltzer yourself—and discover why it's so popular!

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Alka-Seltzer's analgesic brings fast, effective relief from muscular aches, neuralgia and similar pains. Alka-Seltzer is popular with millions because it's dependably effective.



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Alka-Seltzer's unique formula brings quick relief from the "ache-all-over" feverish feeling and other discomforts of a cold. Makes an effective gargle, too.

BUY 2 PACKAGES INSTEAD OF 1

It's wise to buy an extra package, so you'll have it when you need it. 30c and 60c—all drugstores, U. S. and Canada.

Alka-Seltzer

Here's chocolate flavor beyond your dreams!

THE FLAVOR SUPREME IN MILK DRINKS...
AND NEW 'N' EASY DESSERTS LIKE THIS



BOSCO
REFRIGERATOR CAKE

(Serves 4)
¾ cup heavy cream
12 large vanilla cookies
Bosco

Chill cream, whip rather stiff. Blend in 3 tbsp. Bosco. Spread between cookies, stacking diagonally and pour on Bosco. What a dessert—with chocolate flavor more glorious than any you've ever tasted! Because Bosco is delicious extra-strength... it tastes richer—goes further in making chocolate-flavored whipped cream, frostings, puddings, cakes. Makes hot or cold milk a delight for a child—adds important Iron and Vitamin D, too! Get Bosco at your grocer's today—it's the finest-quality chocolate-flavored syrup there is!



Hot or Cold



THRILLING SHOW!
Tune in "Land of the Lost" Saturday mornings, A.B.C. Network

PHOTOGRAPH BY TANA HOBAN



EASY TO CORRECT - HARD TO LIVE WITH

NO TWO babies are ever alike. They're different because the small particles from the male and female germ cells which carry hereditary traits unite in an endless variety of chance combinations. But babies differ too, depending on whether they get proper conditions in the mother's body before birth.

That's why it's important for expectant mothers to have a balanced diet with vitamins, iodine and other substances. These help ensure the child's normal formation.

Except for syphilis, German measles and certain infrequent blood diseases there are very few illnesses which the mother may suffer during pregnancy which can injure her child.

But sometimes in spite of all we do a baby is born with a defect or a peculiarity. Even those that are not serious threats to health may handicap him in developing the physical skills that mean much to a child; they may make him less attractive and therefore less self-confident.

Fortunately many minor defects can be corrected. Some will be outgrown as time passes, others will need treatment. Parents should get expert medical opinion before deciding and should also consider how a particular child will react to treatment which may cause suffering and shock. Is he emotionally ready for a physical ordeal? Above all, it's important for doctor and parents to do everything to make a child feel he's been fairly dealt with.

What I tell you about the following minor defects can only be very general. The right treatment for your child must be decided by a doctor who examines him.

Protruding ears: It's doubtful that tight caps or adhesive tape can correct this and most such children

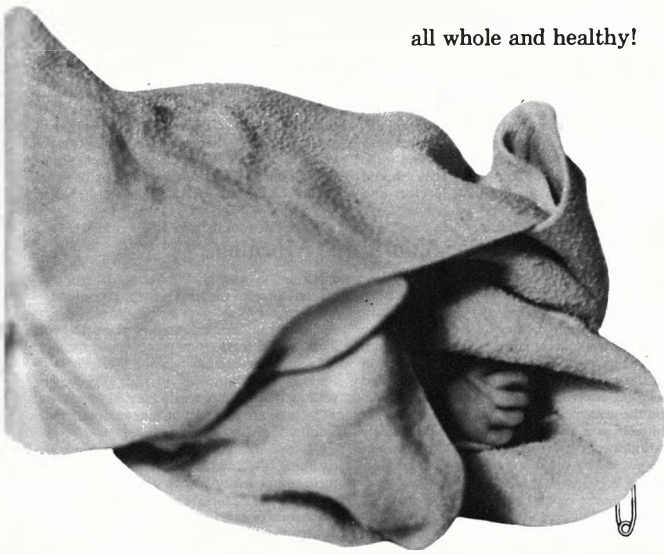
should be let alone. In very extreme cases plastic surgery may help.

Flat foot: Proper nutrition is basic for the good muscle development necessary to correct this. The child should go barefoot frequently, or do foot exercises such as picking up marbles with toes, or play games that call for walking on the outside of the foot. These should be tried faithfully before resorting to orthopedic shoes for these may prevent the strengthening of the very muscles needed to correct the defect.

Clubfoot, due to a faulty position of the infant in the uterus may be corrected soon after birth with the expert use of plaster casts; these will need frequent changing. The mother must also learn ways of manipulating the child's feet when out of the casts. Some authorities recommend that older children wear their shoes reversed (right shoe on left foot). I would never advise this if it makes the child a laughingstock or makes him feel conspicuous. Whenever a child must be in a cast or is not allowed to move about, parents and others should encourage him through games and stunts to use whatever muscles and limbs he can. They should talk to him, play with him and furnish every incentive for his personality to develop normally. Leaving him alone to vegetate can cause serious damage.

Harelip is best repaired within the first six weeks of life. But **cleft-palate** which frequently accompanies it must wait until the tissues are more mature. Although from the surgical standpoint three or four years of age is a possible time, defective speech often continues when repairs are made this early because the child is not old enough to learn a new way of talking. The early twenties may be a

What greater joy than your own newborn baby,
all whole and healthy!



BY MILTON J. E. SENN, M. D.

The overwhelming chances are that your baby will be born perfect. But even in those cases where a child starts life with slight peculiarities or blemishes, much can be done to restore complete normality. Dr. Milton J. E. Senn of the New York Hospital and pediatric consultant to Our Children tells you briefly what science can do.

ANNA W. M. WOLF

Editor, *Our Children and Better Babies*



better time to learn new speech habits, since then a person is old enough to see the importance. However, since postponement may prolong suffering from the stigma of being different, it may be unwise to wait.

Bowlegs are the rule in infants and straighten out gradually as the child begins to walk. If the condition persists after this it is commonly the result of malnutrition and is easily corrected through a fresh fruit, milk, and vegetable diet and dosage with additional vitamin D. It is *not* due to having walked too early unless walking has been forced.

Knock-knee often accompanies flat foot and is due to poor muscle development of the legs. It is commoner in girls than in boys. In children under three years, treatment consists in exercises such as those mentioned under flat foot. In addition the mother may hold the child's foot securely in one hand and press outwardly on the knee with the other. Pressure should be exerted until there is an uncomfortable feeling in the knee, when it should be released immediately. Twenty such exercises once or twice a day seem to help.

Cross-eyes are normal during the first weeks of life because of undeveloped eye muscles. If the baby still has them at eighteen months, consult an eye specialist. He may wish to prescribe glasses or have the child wear a patch over the straight eye, thus forcing the use of the weaker eye. Further eye exercises may be

successful but must wait until a child can cooperate. When an operation is necessary, the earlier it is performed the better from the point of view of sheer surgical success. But this is a case where the emotional shock of an operation in the early years may be great, so that the pros and cons need careful weighing.

Birthmarks can usually be removed in early infancy through the use of chemicals, X-ray or radium with excellent results. Where the birthmark is very large less is accomplished; where it involves a portion of the body such as the eyes, the result too is doubtful. Most so-called birthmarks—appearing as pink or reddish blemishes around the eyes or the nape of the neck in a newborn baby—vanish with time. They should be watched and if they get darker in color or larger, a skin specialist should be consulted.

Moles should usually be left untreated but when they tend to become irritated through chafing, or when really disfiguring, a physician can remove them by electric needle.

Protruding abdomen is normal in early infancy but if it persists into childhood may be a sign of malnutrition. When this is not the case exercises may improve posture. Remember, these are useless unless the child enjoys them and cooperates.

Concerning surgical operations, I recommend postponing these until after the age of six, whenever possible. At that time *(continued on page 118)*



Weather-Bird Shoes

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

LICK ALL WEATHER with ALL-LEATHER!



FOR BOYS

Style 6977



Style 7062



FOR GIRLS



Style 6511

WEATHERIZED 5 WAYS

1. **Outsoles** specially treated to repel water, wear longer
2. **Goodyear Stitched** with stout, hot-waxed thread
3. **One-Piece, All-Leather Insoles** will not curl; insulate against dampness
4. **Pliable Uppers** of plump, selected leather, expertly styled and finished
5. **Linings, Eyelets, Laces** of highest quality for peak performance, extra reinforcements in vital parts, special fitting qualities



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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ARE *Weatherized*

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Look in Classified Phone Directory or Write Us for Your Dealer's Name



"Here's how I avoid harsh laxatives"

**JUST
HEALTHFUL
LEMON
IN WATER**

JUICE OF ONE
FRESH LEMON

IN A GLASS
OF WATER

FIRST THING
ON ARISING



This simple fruit drink is all that most people need to insure prompt, normal elimination day after day!

Harsh laxatives irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition. If you are like most people, you will not need such laxatives when you take a daily glass of lemon in water. It's not a purgative. It helps your system regulate itself. Lemon in water is good for you.

No fruit more healthful than lemons! Generations of Americans have taken

lemons for health—and generations of doctors have recommended them. They're among the richest sources of vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B₁ and P. They help prevent colds. They alkalinize and aid digestion.

Not too sharp or sour, lemon in water has just enough tang to be refreshing; clears the mouth, wakes you up. Try lemon in water yourself! Take it daily when you first get up. Give it time to establish regularity for you.

LEMON in WATER first thing daily

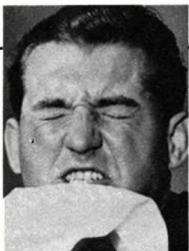
California Sunkist Lemons

FIGHT COLDS WITH LEMON & SODA

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 or 3 hours. Take a hot lemonade to induce perspiration when you go to bed. Continue with lemon and soda 3 or 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives all vitamins of lemons, plus increased alkalinity.

To make lemon and soda: juice of 1 fresh lemon in a half glass of water; add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.



Easy to Correct—Hard to Live With

from page 117

a child is old enough to see the sense. Before that he's likely to feel merely that he's been subjected to meaningless agony. Too frequently this results in chronic fearfulness and other anxieties. Parents and doctors should tell the child what's going to happen and why, avoiding, of course, lurid and alarming details.

Parents whenever possible should stay with a child while he's being anesthetized and while he's regaining consciousness. They should visit him often in the hospital. Doctors and

nurses often forbid mothers to be present, hoping thus to avoid emotional display, but I do not agree with this policy. A child who can show normal feeling is better off in the long run than the child who is in terror at his mother's absence or is gripped by the desperate calm of one who believes himself abandoned.

Good surgical therapy has long been awake to the dangers of physiological shock. Emotional shock in young children deserves equally careful safeguards. [THE END]

See You in the Morning

from page 115

The quick joy that filled her eyes was answer enough but she managed to make some fairly prosaic acceptance; and Coulter said, "Arouse seven, then," as he released her arm at the side entrance. Walking away, he could hear her heels striking like little trip-hammers on the uncarpeted stairs and he almost forgot himself in a pleased whistle; but the lonely withdrawn look was back on his face again as he pushed open the door of his silent cottage.

THE next day passed slowly for both of them. Stephen, alternately sorry for his impetuosity in having invited her and as often glad that he would have something to do with himself that evening, dawdled about the beach watching other people enjoy themselves. He had discovered that it was possible for him in this way to submerge his own sense of disquiet and frustration.

Had someone told him three weeks ago that a young man with a few months to live would spend those months diligently seeking new ways to waste his time—why, who would ever dare suggest such nonsense! Now he "wasted" his time almost with zest; it was important to watch the fat businessmen and their wives throw green-and-red-striped balls back and forth over the sand; it was important even just to pick up a little stone and toss it back and forth from one hand to the other; to loaf around rubbing time off his sleeve, like dust off a shelf—it made no sense—some of it was sky; some water; some, a ball going through the air; some, a tiny round stone you squeeze in your hand; and some of it was taking a little drudge out to a nice dinner.

Stephen walked slowly up the hill to get dressed for dinner.

And Emily, at her window, saw him pass. "What do you two talk about?" one of the girls asked, her mouth full of pins. "Hold still now."

"Oh, so far not much of anything at all. . . I mean nothing unusual," Emily said, surveying herself in the mirror.

"Is he fast?" Emily blushed. "I think the skirt could be taken in just a little more," she answered.

"Well, is he? Has he kissed you yet?" "Oh, leave her alone now, Sarah. Can't you see she's getting flustered and red. . . nobody'll want to kiss her if she goes off looking like a dishrag that's just been wrung out. Besides, if we don't get a move on, she'll have to wear that 1847 dimity affair after all."

They yanked here and patted there and when Emily was sure that there wasn't a single other thing for them to think of, Becky struck her forehead and groaned. "Her hair! We can't let her go out with that hair!"

So they unlooped the braids and brushed them out and swept her hair back flat as a bird's wing above her ears, the part true as a silver string down the middle. "Say—you look real—what's that word?" Constance asked.

"Patrician," Leona said.

"Oh, it's seven o'clock already!" Emily cried and three seconds later she was calling her thanks up the stairwell.

Stephen said, as he escorted her to the car, "Well, it didn't rain after all."

"The wind was the wrong way," Emily said, carefully arranging the folds of her dress.

"The right way, you mean. Hungry?"

"Yes, very."

"I hope we can find a good place. Do you like Chinese food?"

"I've never had any."

He blew his horn at a truck. "You've got your hair fixed differently."

"Are you fond of Chinese food, Mr. Coulter?"

"I love it." He relaxed back against the cushions, the road clear before them. "But there aren't many places where you can get really good Chinese food—couple in New York, one or two in Boston, half a dozen out on the coast—"

"You must travel a great deal. Which city do you like best?"

"Um, New Orleans, I guess—though they're all pretty much alike. Which one do you?"

Emily shook her head. "I've never been there, but New York sounds very exciting."

"Depends on what you think is exciting. Theaters, night clubs, the Garden, Beckman Hill. . ."

"I want to look at all the wonderful stores, see all the buildings, visit all the galleries, go to concerts. . ."

"What did you study in college?" he asked, glancing over at her.

"I didn't go to college."

HE TOSSED his cigarette out and said, "You didn't miss much. Mind if I ask how old you are?"

"I'm twenty-three." She watched his face. "You've got lots of time for lots of things."

Stephen said casually, his eyes on the road. "How old are you, Mr. Coulter?"

He told her twenty-eight and added, "Now maybe you'll drop the 'mister' part. I still don't see how you managed to get interested in music and painting and so on. Most people—me, for instance—never seem to get around to things like that."

"Oh, I know almost nothing about them," Emily protested quickly. "It's only that some day I hope to learn to appreciate some of the beautiful things that've been done—like Beethoven and Shelley and Rembrandt. . ."

They make everything seem so honest and beautiful and real— she broke off, a little embarrassed by her outburst; added in a calmer voice, ". . . the way it is in a dream."

He returned his attention to the job of threading through the city's traffic. "In other words, art is an escape," she said.

But Emily answered quietly, "No, usually the way people live is the escape, while art takes us back to the real heart of things."

"The way it is in a dream?" he teased.

She smiled. "I didn't exactly mean dreams you have at night," she answered slowly.

"That leaves daydreams."

"Well, not just wishing for something to happen, or things like that," she tried to explain. "I meant the kind where you sort of float away and. . . well, sort of wonder. . ."

Stephen looked over at her and asked, "About what?"

"Oh, about all kinds of things. . . about the stars and the trees, about the moon and about people and the animals and birds. . . oh, about all kinds of things—why we are born and what death means. . . There's a parking-place, behind that big green car."

"Hydrant. But here is one," Stephen said, maneuvering into the shallow space. "There.

[continued on page 120]

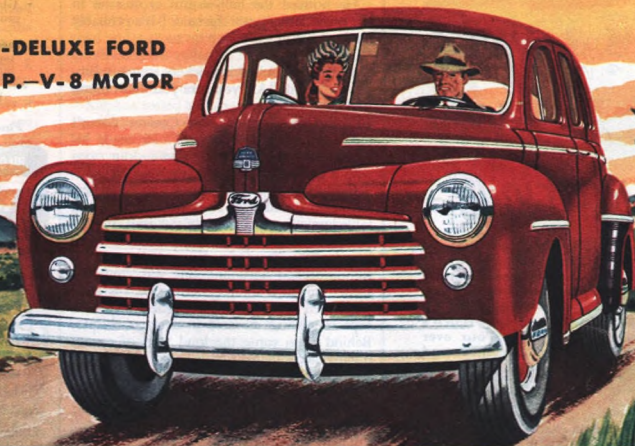
20 FREE 20

SUPER-DELUXE FORD "FORDOR" SEDANS IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

PLUS \$2,500.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

4 CARS GIVEN AWAY EACH WEEK FOR FIVE WEEKS

SUPER-DELUXE FORD
100 H.P.—V-8 MOTOR



EASY! FUN!
JUST FINISH THIS JINGLE:

For faster cleaning, with new ease,
Just say, "New Postwar Old Dutch, please!"
With ACTIVATED Seismotite

FREE ENTRY BLANK BELOW

SUPER-DELUXE FORD "FORDOR" SEDAN—
Powerful 100 h.p. V-8 Motor. New, self-centering hydraulic brakes. Sensational LifeGuard all-steel body. Beautiful baked enamel finish. Colors subject to availability.

HOW YOU CAN WIN YOUR CAR

WHAT A THRILL to wake up some morning and find yourself the owner of a Super-Deluxe Ford "Fordor" Sedan — given away in exchange for just a few minutes of your time!

20 CARS TO BE GIVEN AWAY! Yes, 20 lucky entrants can win new Super-Deluxe Fords in this exciting New Postwar Old Dutch contest. Four "Fordor" V-8 Sedans will be given away each week for 5 weeks—plus 50 crisp, new \$10 bills per week! A total of 54 prizes each week.

SIMPLE, HERE'S ALL YOU DO. Just write a last line for the jingle shown above. It's fun, easy—so get busy on your last line right away!

Sample Last Lines and "Pointers" on Winning

To write a winning last line, get the rhythm of the jingle by reading it over

quickly 2 or 3 times. Then make a list of all the words you can think of that rhyme with "Seismotite"; "light," "might," "bright," for instance.

It's so easy—last lines will come rolling off the tip of your tongue, like: "It makes your housework fast and light" or "Cleans sink and bathtub shiny bright."

But you'll be able to write much better last lines once you try the amazing New Postwar Old Dutch Cleanser made with Activated Seismotite. The more you know about the fast, easy way it cleans—the more last line ideas will keep popping into your head.

So enter now, and as often as you like. Go to your dealer, get New Postwar Old Dutch Cleanser (in the same familiar package) and more free entry blanks. Then send in your entry or entries today!

Facts to Know About NEW POSTWAR OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

READ THEM! THEY MAY HELP YOU WIN!

Utterly Different The only cleanser made with ACTIVATED Seismotite.

Has New Action New Postwar Old Dutch cuts grease faster! Thanks to Activated Seismotite—cleans, polishes with a new, smooth *gliding* action that means less work, less rubbing!

Has New Ease New Postwar Old Dutch removes dirt and stains with new, miracle-like ease. Speedy in hard or soft water.

Has New Appearance Now *snappy white*, New Postwar Old Dutch Cleanser made with Activated Seismotite rinses away quickly. Try it today on sink, tub, pans for new speed, new ease in cleaning!



LISTEN

to "Nick Carter—Master Detective" Sunday nites for contest details and names of weekly winners. See local paper for time, station.



FREE ENTRY BLANK...Mail Now

A New method to make more entries gives you a Ford or Cash Prize!



For faster cleaning, with new ease,
Just say, "New Postwar Old Dutch, please!"
With ACTIVATED Seismotite

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. F4, Box U, Chicago 77, Illinois
Here is my entry. I am enclosing 2 Windmill Pictures from 2 cans of Old Dutch Cleanser (or facsimiles).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

RULES. 1. Print or write plainly your "last line," using sufficient words to complete the jingle. Make sure the last word in your last line rhymes with "Seismotite." Use entry blank at right, or one side of a sheet of ordinary paper. Additional entry blanks may be obtained at your dealer's. Print or write plainly your name and address. All entries must be the original work of the contestants and submitted in their own names.

2. Mail to Old Dutch Cleanser, Dept. F4, Box U, Chicago 77, Illinois. You may enter as many times as you like. Each entry must be accompanied by the windmill pictures from 2 cans of Old Dutch Cleanser (or facsimiles).

3. There will be five weekly contests, with identical prizes each week. Opening and closing dates:

OPENS		CLOSES	
1st Contest	... NOW	Midnight, Sat., Feb. 28	
2nd Contest	Sun., Feb. 29	Midnight, Sat., Mar. 8	
3rd Contest	Sun., Mar. 7	Midnight, Sat., Mar. 13	
4th Contest	Sun., Mar. 14	Midnight, Sat., Mar. 20	
5th Contest	Sun., Mar. 21	Midnight, Sat., Mar. 27	

Entries received before midnight Saturday, Feb. 28 will be entered in the first week's contest. After that, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received.

Entries for the last week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, Mar. 27, and received by April 10, 1948.

4. Prizes for each week's contest are: 4 new Super-Deluxe Ford "Fordor" Sedans (colors subject to availability)—plus 50 additional cash prizes of \$10 each.

5. Entries judged on originality, suitability and aptness. Decision of judges final. Fancy entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become property of Old Dutch Cleanser.

6. Any resident of Continental United States may compete except employees of The Cudahy Packing Company, their advertising agencies and their families. Contents subject to all United States and local regulations.

7. Weekly Ford winners will be announced approximately one week after close of each contest over Old Dutch Cleanser's "Nick Carter" radio program. All winners to be notified by mail. Complete list of winners sent on request after May 1, 1948.

Leftovers

I love you



you're very nutritious

ZESTY MEAT SAUCE—Blend 1 tablesp. melted butter or margarine with 2 tablesp. flour. Add 1 cup boiling water and 2 bouillon cubes. Cook until thick. Add 3 tablesp. French's Mustard and 1 tablesp. French's Worcestershire Sauce. Pour over sliced or cubed leftover meat and heat to serve.

you taste just



delicious!

CHEF'S CASSEROLE—Combine 1 cup cooked rice, 1 cup cooked fish, ½ cup milk, 1 egg beaten, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine and 1 tablespoon French's Mustard. Pour into greased casserole and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes. Serves 3-4.

FREE! NEW RECIPE BOOK . . . "MEALTIME MAGIC." Send your name and address to The R. T. French Company, 1440 Mustard Street, Rochester 9, New York, for free copy.



SMOOTHER CREAMIER!

Largest selling prepared mustard in U. S. A. today
Also made in Canada

See You in the Morning

from page 118

And what conclusion did you come to?" He went around and held the door open for her. Emily got out, being very careful not to get things muddled. "Conclusion? Oh, you mean when I wonder . . ."

"Yes, when you wonder," he said, taking her arm and waiting for several couples to pass. "About why we're born, and so on." They joined the before-dinner procession. "Maybe we should start looking for a place to eat—don't you think?"

"Most of the restaurants are down below the square," Emily advised him, and they set off purposefully.

After rejecting half a dozen places as being either too dingy or too crowded, or both, Stephen suggested a hotel dining-room.

"That little place across the street, upstairs over the barbershop—You don't think the food would be good there?"

He noticed the half-wistful expression in her eyes. "Why not?" he said. "It's probably the best bet in town."

AS THEY climbed the rickety stairway Emily asked, "Are you sure you don't mind, Mr. Coulter?"

"No, Miss Taylor, Mr. Coulter doesn't mind. Do you, Mr. Coulter?" He made his voice gruff. He shoved the swing-door open with a gallant and teasing gesture.

Emily's laugh seeped away as she found herself being stared at by eight men who sat at a table immediately in front of the door. Five of them were wearing berets, six of them had beards; the eccentric remainder wore tall ribbon-decked hats, and one was confiding something to a monkey sitting on his arm.

Stephen nudged her on. "I guess they were expecting you," he said in a stage-whisper. Behind them came the loud skirl of mouth organs, accompanied by a bass voice singing a very plaintive song.

There didn't seem to be any waiter handy, so Stephen settled her at a table in the corner near what looked like an elevator shaft.

There were perhaps forty diners: most of them sitting by two's, in the fashion of the ark, candles making it a little easier for the young men. Somebody was beginning a speech at the table in front. Directly across from Stephen and Emily, a lone young man was staring savagely at his glass of wine.

Emily, her eyes dancing with interest, asked softly, "Are they painters—those men with the beards?"

Stephen pushed the candle to one side. He shook his head, smiling. "It'd be fun to say yes, but my hunch is they're workmen out to celebrate one of their country's holidays—Rumania, Hungary, I don't know—they're having a swell time, anyway." He glanced quickly around the noisy room. "I wonder where the devil the waiters are?"

At that moment there was a groaning and creaking behind them and a heavy iron door grated open to permit five men with swaying trays to make a desperate scramble to leave the elevator all in a body before the last of the soup spilled. That was all they carried, soup: everyone present got a bowl, or what was left of one. Then breathlessly they clanked off down the shaft, their sideburns quivering.

"Well, that was service," Stephen said, tilting his bowl at a sharp angle in order to begin. "Um, good. Perhaps we should order another spoonful."

Emily's eyes opened wide as the elevator rattled to a stop and the five-in-one body of waiters charged out again. This time they brought steaming dishes of cabbage and lamb steaks, then disappeared.

A dull thud signaled another safe landing at the kitchen.

"Aren't you enjoying yourself?"

"Oh yes; but you were planning on chop suey and—"

"Heaven forbid!" The elevator banged open.

But this time they were served crescent-shaped salt sticks, a green salad, wedges of sharp yellow cheese and a bottle of red wine.

Emily settled back in complete enjoyment. "Shall I pour some wine for you?"



Guard the precious beauty of your new stove . . . add gay charm to an old one

Glamorize your kitchen as you protect fine surfaces from heat, scratches, spilled foods. Use cheery, gay Aristo-mats on stove tops, table tops, under electric appliances. For lasting beauty and dependability, insist on the best—Aristo-mats, wherever housewares are sold. Finest Quality Money Can Buy!

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Finest Quality Yarns at Low Prices. Send for FREE! samples. Prices and Illustrated Knoolit **SUNRAY YARN HOUSE** Dept. C, 348 Grand St., New York 2, N.Y.

He bit lustily into a salt stick. "Please. Aren't you having any?" She shook her head and put the bottle down. "Ever taste it?"

"No, but I don't like the smell." She pushed his glass back gently. "No, really, Mr. Coulter."

"Okay, Miss Taylor. Are you aware that our staring young friend at the next table has found his ideal?"

She blushed, though she had been conscious for some time of the quite unsavory scrutiny of the young man. "He's probably had a quarrel with his girl friend," she said lightly.

"He certainly would have if she could see him looking at you now," Stephen declared.

She looked down at her plate. "Those first days I saw you, I . . . I wondered if something like that was bothering you."

"You mean call love?"

"No." She lifted her head. "I wondered if you had quarreled with someone . . . someone close to you."

He shook his head. "You wondered wrong," he said, unable to keep his voice altogether casual.

"But something is troubling you," Emily said and Stephen could again feel that curious sense of tension which he had experienced on their first meetings. "Even when you're joking and seem most relaxed, there's still something that—your eyes don't laugh . . . oh, I don't know . . . I have no right to pry, but—"

"It's all right," Stephen said quietly. "I suppose I do look pretty grim now and then." He raised his eyes to her face. The obvious sincerity and simplicity of her concern had weakened his guard. "If I were in your place, I'd've been firing questions long ago."

After a moment Emily asked softly, "Is it . . . is it someone?"

Stephen shook his head as he hesitated. "Let's say it's, well . . . let's say it's business."

There were peals of laughter and loud stamping of feet at the front table. Someone started another speech, which was interrupted frequently by thunderous waves of applause and ear-splitting bursts of mouth organ and accordion. Through it Stephen heard her say, "But it isn't business that worries you."

I suppose her eyes would be called brown, he thought; but they're not really brown at all. They're more—the color changes as you look at them. "No, it isn't business," he said.

THE noise subsided to the pitch of a well-behaved riot and the waiter brought apple pie and coffee.

Emily studied Stephen's bent head. "You have a beautiful tan."

"Huh? Oh, sure. Wonderful pie."

"It is good pie: green apple, I think. You look ever so much healthier than when you first came."

"Do I? Too bad you can't get out in the sun more."

"Which college did you go to, Mr. Coulter?"

"Northwestern. It had a good football team those years."

"Did you play?"

"Oh sure, I had a scholarship."

They ate in silence a moment, then Emily said in a chatty tone, her eyes wandering about the busy room, "I was reading an article in a magazine the other day that said quite a number of football players die of heart disease."

Stephen finished his coffee. "So do a lot of other people," he said.

At that moment a smiling little man bustled in from the elevator and, since their table was the first in his path, hurried up to them. "Ah, my friends!" he announced warmly, making a stiff penguinlike bow to the lady. "Is everything all righting?"

"Couldn't be better," Stephen said heartily, adding, "I wonder if we could have some more of that delicious pie?"

"Ah, ha!" He whipped a pad from the pocket of his bright red vest. "The delicious pie—!" He bowed again, rubbed his hands together quickly and trotted eagerly off to the next table. When he completed his round he went to a wall telephone and spoke frantically into it for a few minutes, emphasizing his remarks with a magnificent display of face-destroying scowls and grimaces. He was still delivering the orders when the five waiters charged in with absolutely staggering trays.

(continued on page 126)

CHIQUITA BANANA SAYS:

BANANAS FOR BREAKFAST

with Cereal and milk



Quick and Easy



Flavor Pals



Look! You get 5 Teaspoons of Sugar in one fully ripe banana



"Topping" on cereal - bananas flecked with brown



For light, or late, suppers - bananas with cereal



Packed with Punch - Fruit Sugars Vitamins Minerals



A year-round breakfast fruit



For hot cereal too - sweet ripe bananas

PATTERNS

Great designers often choose the fabric first, work a dress around it, and this is a good idea for anyone to follow. Here are two pages of patterns and fabrics, closely tied together

FABRIC MAKES THE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL D'ORB

DRAWINGS BY HILDA BLARGOW



4469 • A soft printed crepe turns a neat shirtwaist pattern into a dress for afternoons. Sizes, 12 to 18. Size 14 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material. Price, 35 cents. The fabric is a confetti print—a spaced jade-green, coral and lemon pattern on dark gray, by Skinner.



June Lockhart, bright young ingénue soon to be seen in Eagle Lion's T-Men, poses in a crisp taffeta afternoon dress.

4470 • Sizes, 12 to 20. Size 14 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch fabric. Price, 35 cents. The deep gray taffeta is a Tuller fabric.

FASHION

BY ELEANORE MERRITT



4477 • A flat-surfaced heavy sheer looks new in an afternoon-to-dinner dress. Sizes, 12 to 20. Size 14 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material. Price, 50 cents.

The Fabric Story

Spring fabrics are a beautiful piece of art work with color and texture playing the leading role. You'll see nubby woollens, buttery smooth flannels and doeskins, twills and serges, seven-ounce fleeces for your new spring coat or suit, pastel flannels of cotton and wool mixtures that are completely washable. Glistening tissue failles, elegant spaced prints on dark or light grounds; filmy nylon marquisette, printed rayons that wash like a dream; tie silks, surahs, paper-thin taffetas in deep shades or pretty plaids that look like ribbon candy are made for gala clothes. There's even a feather-weight worsted brilliantly printed like the finest pure silk.

You'll have a wide choice of new crease-resistant cottons that don't lose their finish in the tub—dark piqués and plaids with a slick city look, dotted swiss, organdy. There's eyelet too for a sentimental touch or the petticoat peeping out under the hemline of your best frock. These are fabrics designed to match the mood of the new fashion.

Colors have been created with subtlety and imagination. Pale neutrals and pastels stand side by side in importance with startling courageous high shades—brilliant orange combined with deep elephant gray or a new light-hearted navy blue; arresting turquoise with deep woody greens; pastel pink with soft lilac as dreamily pretty as a Laorencin painting.

Designers have coordinated fabrics in color, design or texture, sometimes all three—big checks to go with little checks, matching mother and daughter prints, big and little stripes, solid colors to enhance the loveliness of a clear print—they even combine checks with plaids and stripes.

READING TOP TO BOTTOM:
ART GALLERY PRINT BY BURLINGTON (REPEATED BELOW)
PURE SILK PRINT BY OROBABA
CHECKER WORSTED BY JOHN WALTHER (REPEATED BELOW)
PURE SILK PRINT BY OOKARA
COTTON BY BATES
PINK BANCKILLA CREPE BY BURWIL

FABRIC COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY BAUMAN-GREENE

TURN THE PAGE FOR MORE FABRIC NEWS AND PATTERNS

Butterick patterns at local dealers or
Woman's Home Companion, P. 8, Service Bureau,
250 Park Avenue, New York City 17.

FABRIC

The Fabric Story

(continued)

Experienced home sewers know that the right fabric gives you a head start on a successful dress. For instance, you wouldn't try to tailor a suit in a heavy fleece or any other coat fabric; it would be better to use a gabardine or flannel that has body without bulk. Soft fabrics such as silk or jersey should be used for any dress that requires intricate draping; closely woven cottons take naturally to the crisp lines of sports dresses.

You must decide what you want from the fabric. Do you want a suit that will take hard wear and not "sit out"? Get a firmly woven material rather than one that's loose and spongy. Are you making a dress that should be washable? Read the label on the fabric carefully, consult the salesgirl at the counter. Do you want to know how your cloth will drape? Hold up a length and try it. Make up your mind whether you're prepared to sacrifice wearing quality to beauty; sometimes you have to look a long way to find the combination.

Too many inexperienced sewers have found, much to their dismay, that they haven't measured the paper pattern before they cut into their fabric or haven't allowed for the extra yardage needed when the fabric has a nap or a design.

Finally, before you buy it's worth while to take time to study your cloth from every angle—cutting quality, beauty, durability, quantity—because in the end, the fabric is the dress.



READING TOP TO BOTTOM:
PLAID COTTON BY EVERFAST (REPEATED BELOW)
RAYON GEOMETRIC PRINT BY SKINNER (REPEATED BELOW)
BUTCHER LINER BY LARTER
FURB SILK PRINT BY COHAMA
COTTON PRINT BY BATES
WARRABLE RAYON PRINT BY BATES



4412 • Tightly woven wool, a gabardine or a men's-wear fabric, plays up the clean lines of this neat classic suit. Sizes, 12 to 20. Size 14 requires 3 yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 50 cents.

MAKES THE FASHION



4482 • Softer lighter wool takes nicely to the curved shoulders of this jacket, the closely fitted waistline, the swing of the flowing skirt. Sizes, 12 to 20. Size 16 takes 2 yards of 54-inch fabric for the skirt, 1 3/4 yards of 54-inch fabric for the jacket. Price, 50 cents.



HAT BY BETHAN

June Lockhart poses again, this time in a slim princess coat of soft gray wool crepe. She added a white pique collar, gloves and hat. 4459 • Sizes, 12 to 20. Size 14 requires 4 yards of 54-inch fabric with nap. Price, 50 cents. Fabric by A. D. Juilliard.



"Sunday" Quality at Weekday Prices!



LESS THAN 19¢ A SERVING*

Macaroni-Fish Loaf

- | | | |
|--|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 package (8 ounces) Ann Page Elbow Macaroni | 1 medium onion, chopped | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 2 cups cooked flaked fish | 1 can condensed mushroom soup | 2 eggs, slightly beaten |
| 2 tablespoons parsley, chopped | 1 can tomato sauce | 10 stuffed olives, sliced |
| | | ½ cup grated cheese |
- Cook macaroni according to package directions; drain. Combine parsley, onion, mushroom soup, tomato sauce, salt and eggs. Pour over macaroni and fish. Place slices of stuffed olives in bottom of greased 10x5x3-inch pan; cover with grated cheese. Carefully put macaroni into pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., for 50 to 60 minutes. Unmold. Garnish as desired. Serve hot. Serves 6.

*Cost based on average prices of ingredients at AGP Super Markets at press time.

MAIN COURSE
INSPIRATIONS
...TO FIX YOURSELF



...OR READY FIXED!

Main dishes with glorious flavor and real stick-to-the-ribs heartiness needn't cost a lot... not if you know about the "Sunday" quality Ann Page Foods! These famous foods are made of carefully selected top quality ingredients... prepared with infinite skill... and priced to save you money!

Ann Page Macaroni, Spaghetti and Egg Noodles, for instance, are made of high quality Durum Wheat—which experts say is best for macaroni products. Yet they're not expensive, and there's no end of delicious dishes you can make with them. Once you try Ann Page macaroni products you'll agree they give you "Sunday" Quality at Weekday Prices.



ANN PAGE VEGETARIAN STYLE BEANS
are a perfect main dish for Lent. They come in a delicious tomato sauce—without meat—all ready to heat and serve. And Ann Page Beans in Tomato Sauce with Pork and Ann Page Boston Style Beans are both "heat 'n eat" favorites, too!



ANN PAGE PREPARED SPAGHETTI
is another hearty dish that's quick as a wink to fix. It comes all ready-cooked with a luscious tomato and golden-rich cheese sauce. All you need do is heat it and it's ready to serve... and for only a matter of a few pennies per portion!

ANN PAGE
33 Fine Foods



Among the 33 famous Ann Page Foods are also such favorites as Salad Dressing, Mayonnaise, Preserves, Jams, Jellies, Peanut Butter, Sparkle Gelatin Desserts and Puddings, Mustard, Spices, etc.

See You in the Morning

from page 120

Another speech broke out at the front table. The now-dreamy-eyed savage young man put cream and sugar into his wine and carefully stirred his coffee. Several new people wandered in and ate dessert while they waited for their soup. The monkey was riding blissfully in and out of the tables on the back of a huge sleek black tomcat.

Quietly Stephen laid his fork across the crumbless plate. "Ah, that was a bit of all righting," he said contentedly. "Penny for your wonders, Emily," he said, smiling.

"Oh, I haven't any," she told him happily. "Unless... unless I wonder how anybody can possibly have as nice a time as I'm having."

"I liked your hair better the way it was before," he said gravely.

"The girls fixed it." Instinctively her pleased fingers sought for unruly strands.

"The ones who thought I was somebody from Hollywood, I'll bet," he said, helping her into her coat and looking around for the manager to get their check.

"It's a dollar apiece," one of the middle-aged patrons told him.

Stephen thanked him and deposited three bills beside his coffee cup; then, waiting for Emily to walk ahead, he leaned over the savage staring young man and said, "Boo!"

A fine mist of a rain was falling as they reached the street. Agreeing that a movie would be something of an anticlimax, they made their way leisurely to the car, enjoying the soft lingering caress of the rain on their faces. Emily helped him put the top up and they drove slowly out of the city.

There was a pretty little white church sitting all by itself on the side of a hill overlooking an ancient cemetery. I watched the rain falling. The stars were dark in the sky.

How many snows and springs—lovers and thieves lying side by side in the dark—forgotten by the world of men? 1793, 1856, 1905... the names fading off the stone... How many snows and springs remain to the world of men? 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951... The stars shall grow darker in the sky.

When Stephen pulled to a stop before the servants' entrance of the hotel it was raining quite hard. In the sheltered doorway Emily told him that she didn't know how to thank him enough for a very wonderful evening. He smiled down at her, then he bent and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "See you in the morning, Emily," he said.

She managed to find the knob and open the door. "See you in the morning, Stephen," she said in a wondering voice. And then her heels were hitting against the stair treads.

IT WAS still raining very hard when Emily made her rounds the next morning.

The old man was dreaming on his porch. When he saw Emily, he got up and walked quickly to the railing. "Miss," he called. "Come up a minute. I want to talk to you."

"I can't now," she called back. "I'll stop in when I get my work done."

Grumbling to himself, the old man returned to his rocker.

Stephen helped her off with her coat and stood the cleaning things in a corner. "It's a crime to send anybody out in this weather," he said. "I think there's some tea in the kitchen. Get your breath while I put on some water." He started to hurry away.

"I must do my work first," she said.

"Huh-uh." He shook his head. "No more dirty work for you in this cabin while I'm here," he stated flatly. "If you like, though, you can help me rinse out the cups. It's the damndest thing; all I have to do is look at one and it breaks into a million pieces." He grinned, spilling water out of the kettle.

"Here, let me," she said with that lack of consideration which all women show to males in kitchens and grocery stores.

Obediently Stephen surrendered the dripping utensil. "I'll bet you're a good cook."

"No, I'm not at all—I don't know a single fancy dish."

"Do you know how to broil a steak?"

"Why, yes. That isn't hard."

"Well, then"—he stood poised in the door-

way, the teacups tilted precariously in his hand—"one of these days I'll get two couple-pund sirlons and put you to work."

She followed him in with the rest of the service arranged neatly on a tray. "This is the work I should be doing," she said, running an appraising eye about the room.

"Oh, if you're going to let it worry you, maybe I'll get you to help me straighten up a bit after we've finished our tea," Stephen said lightly. "These cookies have pretty well dried out, I'm afraid."

"They taste very good," Emily said. "You know, last summer when I went with a hiking group up to the top of the mountain, there was the prettiest little cabin sitting..."

"On top of the mountain?"

"No, just as you start up the trail. And it has a wonderful big fireplace. I think hunters and fishermen stay overnight there when the weather's bad. There was a huge broiler rack in the fireplace. Almost new, and it had—"

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place? We'll do it tomorrow night. I'll shop for the steaks first thing in the morning."

Emily relaxed back, her eyes smiling. "It may be raining tomorrow," she warned him. "These summer rains never last very long."

It had completely slipped Emily's mind that the old man wanted to see her. He was busy fixing lunch and didn't see her pass.

THAT afternoon Stephen tried to think himself back to some normal awareness of his predicament; but always the sense of loss and fear slipped away, leaving in their stead an amazing feeling of peace and well-being. I must face it, he thought, striding back and forth across the worn carpet: I can't just go on like this, doing nothing, acting as though... well, as though I had all the time in the world to think it out...

I still have a few months.

He felt an odd excitement and he got to his feet again. I still have a few months... months of peace, months of discovery. He walked slowly back and forth.

All my life I've been lonely, at loose ends, wasting my time with things and people I don't care a hang about—I don't have to bother now—I'm free of all of it. There's nothing complicated any more. Everything is settled. All I have to do is wait.

And Emily—I better go a little easy there. Poor kid, I guess she's had a pretty dull time of it. She's just the kind to take things a bit too seriously. But seeing her now and then can't do any real harm. As a matter of fact, I— Funny... I can't think of anyone I ever felt so... well, relaxed with— It just seems sort of... natural; almost as though—

I better stir out and get something to eat. The thing is, when I'm with her it's almost as though I didn't have to remember all the time that— Now wait a minute! I better watch my step. I can't be dragging her into it... Nonsense, it's not as though either of us had the remotest notion that I was courting her.

That night the rain beat down sullenly. And out on the dark point little animals huddled together for warmth.

"THE road wasn't this bad last year," Emily said, reaching for the food basket.

"It won't rain," Stephen said. "Those clouds are blowing right over. I guess we have everything now."

They started up the path to the mountain cabin.

I stopped to look at a tree. It was an unusually beautiful tree. There was something very proud and humble about it. Meeting such a tree for the first time can be a very stirring experience.

I watched them enter the cabin. They looked quite beautiful together.

It was not hard to imagine that they belonged in the same world as the tree. I watched them through the window. They were sitting before the fire. Outside it was getting dark. A bird sang farewell to that day.

I went in beside them.

"That was the best steak I ever tasted," Stephen said, sighing with content.

"Everything tastes better cooked over an open fire," Emily said as she moved the coffeepot a little nearer the coals. "Where will we go tomorrow in the motorboat?"

"Speedboat. Oh, I don't know . . . up and around the lake . . . whatever we like." He bent over to poke a log back. "That coffee smells wonderful."

"Another minute or so."

"I think the wind's picking up a bit."

"Maybe we should start back now."

"It won't rain—" Stephen began.

There was the splatter of big drops on the roof—in an instant it was pouring.

Stephen smiled ruefully; then, noticing her look of concern: "Now don't worry about it. After a while it'll slacken up. Relax and enjoy the fire."

The rain beat down harder and harder.

"How long is your vacation?"

"No definite time. Pretty well as long as I want it to be."

"You must be very important on your job."

"I wouldn't say that, it's . . . well, I've been there quite a while."

"Come down here beside the fire," Emily invited and he sat down beside her.

The logs crackled cheerily. The rain swept back and forth across the roof.

"Quite a shower," Stephen said, leaning back comfortably on his elbow.

"I wish it would stop," Emily said, feeling his shoulder brush against her as he shifted his legs away from the heat.

STEPHEN watched her for a minute. She looked quite pretty in the firelight, he thought. The lines of her face were softer, less determined-looking, somehow less—oh, he couldn't think of the right word. I certainly don't feel uneasy when I'm with her now, he thought. It pleased him to see that her hair was back in braids again. "You're a good sport," he told her.

"Why?" She turned her head quickly to look at him. "Why do you say that?"

"Oh . . ." He lowered his eyes to the fire. "Most girls would have been remembering

along about now who said it wouldn't rain."

"But I could have gone then if I'd really wanted to. It's my fault we stayed."

"How do you figure that? You can't drive, can you?" he asked half-jokingly.

"No, but you would have started then if I'd asked you," she said simply.

Stephen swung round on his elbow to face her. "What makes you so sure of that?"

Her eyes were steady on his. "I know you would have."

Sitting up, he leaned close and then their lips were pressing together.

Her mouth was full and soft and warm. In a moment her arms were about his neck.

Stephen pulled away almost roughly. "I'm sorry," he said. "I—I didn't mean—"

He stopped abruptly.

In her eyes he saw something he had never seen in anyone's eyes before. He saw love there. A naked trusting undemanding thing.

It made him feel like a beggar, an emperor. It made him feel like crying.

"Oh, Stephen, Stephen . . ." And she buried her face against his chest. "I love you so very much," she said in a muffled whisper.

Awkwardly he placed his hands on her shoulders. All the words seemed wrong then.

She was suddenly so tiny. A feeling of great tenderness swept through him. He would have given his life that instant to be a thousand miles away.

The rain beat down on the tar-paper roof. In the pines the wind moaned.

Emily raised her head. He lowered his mouth gently upon hers—His arms tightened almost imperceptibly around her. It was the sort of kiss a man can give a woman only once in their lives.

Slowly she withdrew her lips and, cradling back against him, placed the moment in his hands.

"I didn't mean to tell you," she said simply.

"Only . . . only the words said themselves—as soon as I knew."

"But how could you . . ." he floundered.

"Why, you know nothing whatever about me."

[continued on page 132]

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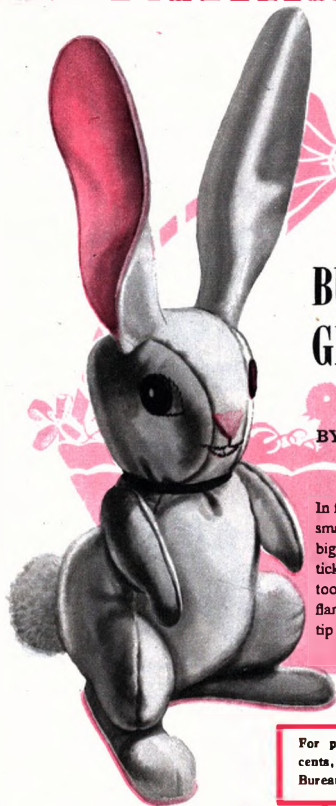


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BUNNY GREETINGS

BY FLORENCE R. CASEY
HANDICRAFT EDITOR

In for a good loving from your favorite small fry is this cuddly bunny with big, big ears, a funny nose and a tickly tail. You'll love making him too—it's easy to do in felt or flannel. From his toes to the tip of his ears he's 15 inches.

For pattern and directions order No. 3217, 10 cents, from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.

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DRAWING BY FRED WRIGHT



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WHAT WILL YOU WEAR EASTER SUNDAY?

BY MARY-ALICE HAMORY

Easter is the day to look your extra best, to wear
the clothes that suit your own special kind of good
looks. This year's fashions give you a chance to
ring the changes, to be yourself in a different way

HAIR BY HELLIE POBMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL O'CONNOR



If you're in the mood for a woolen suit get it in a pink wool covert with
wide skirt, curving shoulders, nipped-in waist. About \$25.00. Juniorite.



If you like to look nicely sophisticated be loyal to black faille but get it in a suit-dress snugly fitted through the body. Wear an eyelet petticoat beneath the whirling skirt to match the collar and cuffs. Suit about \$15.00. Majestic. Petticoat by Opera



If you like crisp clear-cut clothes try a fitted coat of gray men's-wear flannel, about \$35.00. Junior Prom.



If you like prints, choose one with a dark ground, a widely spaced design. Use small rounded shoulder pads. About \$18.00. Jonathan Logan.

BONNET ON YOUR BUDGET

An innocent-looking off-the-face bonnet of white pique has a band of black ribbon and a brief black veil. About \$5.00. Debbway.



A small white rough straw hat with roll brim dips to one side, sports a flower. About \$5.00. Betmar.

A wide white sailor is saucily worn on the back of your head, carries an open-meshed black veil. About \$8.50. Brewster.



A shaped wreath of big spring violets settles snugly over the back hair. About \$5.00. Heineman.

A little stiff sailor is made of rough natural straw, trimmed with gay red and blue field flowers. About \$5.00. Debbway.



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What a treasure...a capable gal! But don't forget to be the romantic, *cape-able* girl he married! Blossom out for Easter in this charming two-piece dress of Pacific wool. See how gracefully the fabric ripples in the capelet and the wide swing skirt! It's a soft woolen, with a capable worsted warp to add strength and to combat wrinkles. You'll find this and other smart garments of Pacific worsteds and woolens at better stores. Look for the Pacific label.

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HOW TO BRING UP A GOOD COMPLEXION

Is your skin a problem child? Perhaps it needs discipline. Perhaps it just wants more sympathetic care. Here's how you can teach it to behave like a lady

BY HAZEL RAWSON CADES

GOOD LOOKS EDITOR

Be neat. First rule for any skin: Keep it clean. Double-star this for the skin that's inclined to be oily.



Be quick. A lazy skin is up to no good. Massage and stimulating preparations are especially important.



Be careful. If your skin is dry and easily chapped—shield it with protectives and coddle it with creams.



The lipstick you buy this spring will probably be what my grandmother used to call "pretty as a pink." As a matter of fact, it may well *be* pink. You'll be keying your rouge and nail polish also to this lighter look. You'll be cultivating a very sheer effect with your makeup base and face powder.

Now's the time when a really good complexion gets a chance to show off. Now's the time when a less than good skin should be helped and encouraged to look better. There are three problem children that may need special attention:

Is *your* skin bumptious? Overoily? Soap and water are fine discipline for this baby. Wash thoroughly at least twice a day. Use an antiseptic drying preparation at night. Your face cream should be one with a nonoily base. Choose a powder foundation of the liquid powder type especially planned for oily skins. Learn how to meet emergencies such as blackheads and occasional spots. Blackheads may be softened with a hot cloth, removed gently with a comedone extractor. Dab a little alcohol on the occasional pimple—and then let it alone! Watch your diet and give the sun a chance to help your face.

Is *your* skin stubborn? Inclined to be lazy? You can pep it up with soap and water—plus a complexion brush for extra discipline. Cleansing grains are often helpful to a sluggish skin. You may like a liquid cleanser with a little zing to it. The massage movements in a simple facial—which you can learn to do yourself—help to bring up the circulation and give a glow to a dull skin. Mask treatments work much the same way. And don't forget that plenty of outdoor exercise and the proper diet can do a lot to put roses in your cheeks.

Is *your* skin "easily hurt"? Overdry? Here's where pampering pays. Cleanse with cream or wash with a gentle soap or one of the new detergents. Protect from sun, wind and extreme cold with a sympathetic cream or lotion. Look into the possibilities of powder bases designed for dry skins. Set up a defense plan against little lines and wrinkles by using a good oily cream at night. An occasional facial will give your skin more self-confidence. Get plenty of sleep, which is one of the most dependable beautifiers—and try not to worry too much. With proper care, this sensitive child can, like the others, overcome its difficulties. Handsome *is* as handsome *does*.

from page 127

Super De Luxe Boston Cream Cake

The dreamy filling is *Jell-O Vanilla Pudding*

2 cooled 8-inch cake layers
1 package *Jell-O Vanilla Pudding*
Split each cake layer in half. Prepare *Jell-O Vanilla Pudding* as directed on package, using 1½ cups milk. Remove from heat and add almond extract. Chill. Spread between layers. Cover top of cake with *Chocolate Glaze*. *Jell-O Pudding's real vanilla* flavor makes this filling delicately delicious beyond words!

Chocolate Glaze. Melt 1 tablespoon butter and 1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate in saucepan. Combine 1½ tablespoons hot milk, ½ cup sifted confectioners' sugar, and a dash of salt; add chocolate mixture gradually, stirring to blend. Cool before spreading.

Maple Nut Butterscotch Pudding

Jell-O Pudding . . . for real brown-sugary flavor!

1 recipe *Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding*
2 tablespoons chopped peanuts
Maple-flavored syrup
Peanut halves

Prepare *Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding* as directed on package. Add chopped peanuts and pour into sherbet glasses. Chill. Use the syrup as a sauce and garnish with peanut halves. Makes 4 or 5 servings. Most people find they can't please their butterscotch-lovers with anything less than real *Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding*. That buttery, brown-sugary goodness is *Jell-O's* own!

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Jell-O's Richer Chocolate Pudding

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So wonderful—all by itself—that you scarcely need a garnish. But add whipped cream for cool snowy contrast and you have a dessert for the world's most particular quent. Chocolate is a flavor that everybody has opinions about. But they're unanimous about *Jell-O Chocolate Pudding*—it's super! For that matter, every *Jell-O Pudding* flavor—*Choc-super!* For that matter, every *Jell-O*—is in a class by itself. If you olate, *Butterscotch*, *Vanilla*—is in a class by itself. If you don't know real *Jell-O Puddings*, you're missing plenty. Ask for them today!

"I've known you all my life."

He lowered his eyes to the fire. Finally he said, "I don't want to hurt you, Emily, but . . . but you've daydreamed me into something I'm not at all. Hold on to your pictures . . . but don't try to fit the wrong people into them."

Tears came to her eyes and she made no effort to conceal them.

Coulter felt rotten, but he had to fight it with the only weapons he had.

"You're in love with being in love—all girls are. That's why men like me have such an easy time of it. I'm putting this straight so you'll remember it, so you won't go rushing into something you'll spend the rest of your life regretting." He kicked a log back into the fire. "All my life I've been kidding other people and myself into thinking I was capable of having any sincere feeling about anything. The others caught on before I did. I never had any real friends—by the time I got on to myself, I knew anybody'd be a darn fool to want to get involved with me. Not that I'm unusual. The woods are full of us—the young men born into a class where money takes the place of everything . . . But even without that—call it whatever you like—apology, explanation, excuse—it doesn't really explain anything."

"How do you mean, it doesn't explain it?" she asked in a low voice.

"Because nobody really believes in anything any more," he said.

"I believe, Stephen."

He said softly, "Don't let people like me spoil it, then."

They were silent, watching the fire.

AT LAST Emily said, her voice almost inaudible, "You won't want to see me again now, will you?"

After a moment Stephen said, "No. I think it's better to leave it this way."

He watched the fire. It had been a hard thing to say. Hearing a smothered sob, he turned quickly to find her sitting with her arms clasped about her knees and her head bent over them.

Stephen pulled her head gently against his shoulder. Awkwardly he patted her. "I was a heel to say all that stuff to you," he said, not knowing what else to say.

"You weren't at all," she sobbed. "It was very fine and decent of you. It wasn't that. I must have made you think I—"

Puzzled, he turned to look at her bowed head. Her hair felt wet against his chin. "Think what?" he asked.

"That I expected you to tell me you loved me too," she answered, her breathing more normal now. "But I never did, Stephen. From that first day I knew that . . . that you were involved with someone else."

"What made you think that?" he said, relieved that the worst of it had passed.

"I could see it in your face. You always looked as if you . . . well, as if you were waiting for someone to come." She leaned back against the wall again. "In the beginning I thought it must be someone you were afraid of—you were so tense and sort of on edge. But later I knew that you wanted whoever it was to come. I understood then why sometimes you were so friendly and—and other times—" Her voice trailed off.

After a moment Stephen asked, "Does it seem as though I want . . . that someone to come now?"

"I don't know," she answered slowly. "It changes. Stephen—Stephen, don't you believe I love you?"

Now her eyes were looking steadily into his. Once again he felt the staggering impact of her directness.

When he didn't answer she said, "You needn't see me again. I want to know for myself."

He said quietly, "Yes, I believe you."

Emily smiled. She turned back to the fire. "All my life I will be glad you said that."

"Did you know?" Stephen asked, after a moment.

"That you believed me? Yes, I knew."

Stephen said, "Emily, I . . . I don't want

you to think I'm a complete louse. It's just that I . . . oh, what good will any explaining do now . . ."

"You don't have to explain, Stephen. I'd rather you didn't tell me at all, than have you make up something to explain it away."

Frowning, he stared into the fire. "Explain what away, Emily?" He waited, watching her.

She raised her head and said reluctantly, "To explain why . . . why you were afraid to admit to yourself that you loved me."

Recovering, Stephen said, "This is getting beyond me. Just a minute ago you said you never expected me . . . to love you. Because—I think you said—I was involved with some mysterious person or other. Now—"

"I said I didn't expect you to tell me you loved me. I know now that there's some reason why you can't."

"Look, Emily . . . I don't want to start any more speeches, but—let's be sensible for a minute. I think we're getting things a bit confused. Now, let me see if I have this straight. You think I'm in love with you, is that right?"

She shook her head. "No. I think you were in love with me. I've seen it in your eyes several times—that day beside the cannons, when we were looking at the flower together . . . the night you kissed me on the forehead, after we'd come back from dinner . . . and in that crazy restaurant . . ."

"And those times I was in love with you?"

"Yes."

"On and off, like a faucet?"

"Because something made you afraid. It was there tonight, when you kissed me—but only for an instant."

Stephen stood up and began to pace back and forth. "It's amazing," he said. "This is the damndest conversation I ever heard of. I'm afraid to admit to myself that I was in love with you—several times, no less."

"Oh, that's only part of it, Stephen. I said it that way because . . . well, because I won't have another chance to talk to you—and because I knew it would make you think about it," she explained carefully.

"All right. So now I've thought about it. What comes next?" He was more agitated than he realized.

Emily stood up and walked over quickly to stand facing him. "Stephen, I know you're in trouble. I'd do anything to help you."

The noise of the rain was slackening. "I know you would," he said, the suddenness of her action dropping his guard. "I'll drive you back to the hotel now."

She turned and went back to the fireplace.

COULTER watched her, his mind filling with the dead ashes of emotions which burned out to no purpose at all. The rain fell away to a gentle tapping.

"Emily . . ."

She felt the touch of his hands on her shoulders. "Emily," he repeated and gently he turned her around to face him.

Little light reached there. Her bowed head was indistinct in the shadow. Her shoulders were quiet under his hands. "Stephen, I know I shouldn't ask you; but—will you kiss me once more—?" her voice faded to a whisper, "before we go?"

Coulter hesitated, but in an instant his mouth was upon hers and the strength of his arms crushed her body against him. He spoke into the fragrant secrecy of her hair . . .

Then he was standing free, his voice shaken as he said, "No, no . . . It's wrong . . . It's all wrong, Emily . . ." He sank down on the edge of the cot and lowered his head into his hands.

It had started to rain again.

I watched Emily cross over and sit down beside him. I saw her put her hand on his shoulder. The night was very dark. The logs sputtered.

I heard Emily say, "Can't you tell me, Stephen? I—I don't understand at all now."

He sat up and put his arms around her. "I had no right to see you, Emily. From the beginning—if I hadn't been such a blind selfish fool—if never entered my mind that something like this would happen."

[continued on page 134]

A PLACE



TO PRIMP



A POWDER TABLE is a pretty important part of your life. There's something about just having a place to primp that builds morale. A good mirror to see yourself by, a place to stow cosmetics, a spot to display your prettiest accessories, all make for a more radiant and attractive you. Your powder table needn't be expensive and you can actually make it yourself. Here are four suggestions for out-of-everywhere frames and ways to drape them.

BY ANNE LANDOR INTERIOR DESIGN DEPARTMENT



Adapt a Lamp Table. A round one makes a charming shape. Drape with short swags of fabric. Use with it an old shaving mirror on stand.



Packing Crate into Table. Tack gathered valance around three sides of crate. Fling over it a tablecloth of contrasting color. Use easel mirror.



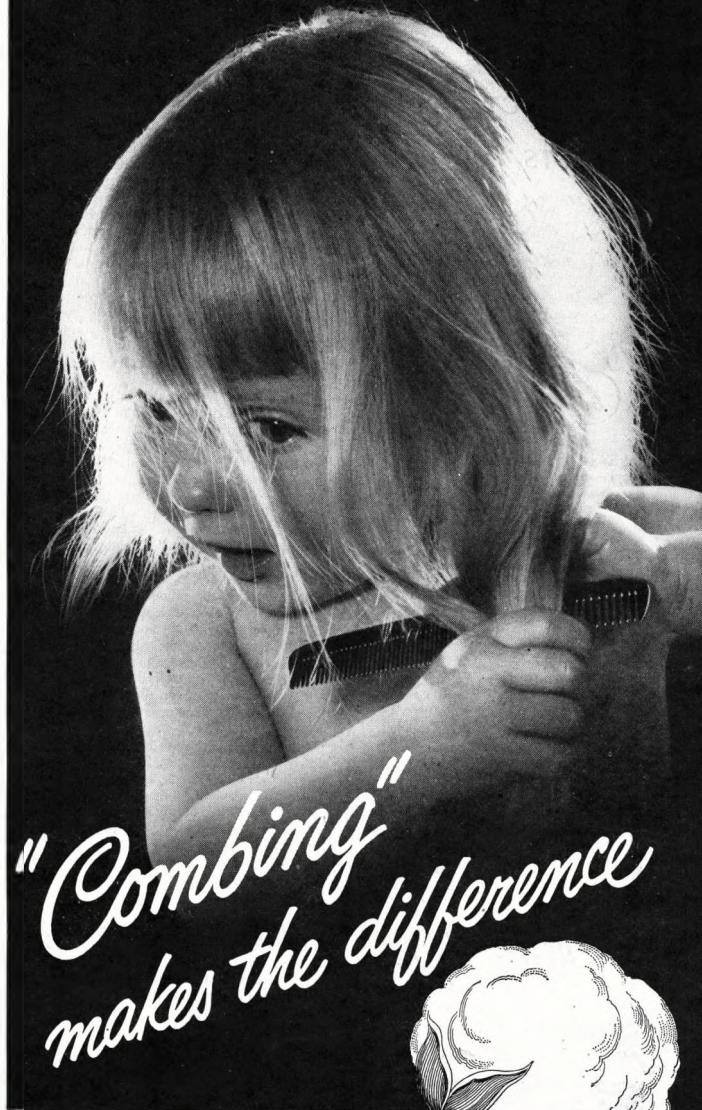
Standard Frame with Swinging Arms from any department store. Make pettiskirt of sprigged chintz, trim with eyelet embroidery, bow.



Improvisation. Put flat board over top of two low unpainted chests. Make a tailored skirt and mirror valance and attach with snap-on tape.



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT SILVERSTEIN

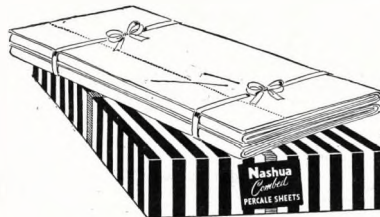


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See You in the Morning

from page 132

"Stephen, I—" she began. He interrupted: "Please, just let me say this—before I have a chance to scheme up some slick way out of it. I'm not in love with you, Emily. I don't think I've got it in me to love anyone—not even myself. But I do have some idea now of how you must feel, of how I've hurt you. Because suddenly—I want you to know the truth, I don't want you to think it's something else—suddenly I'm all alive inside, more alive than I've ever been in my life." He paused, wondering how to say it.

Emily said quietly, "You mean you're attracted to me?"

"Yes—just that. But I don't love you. Love doesn't come into it at all."

"My love for you has that in it, Stephen."

There was the distant rolling of thunder and the rain came down in a solid sheet.

"We should have gone before—when we had the chance," Stephen said. "Perhaps we should move back beside the fire; hard to tell how long we may have to wait."

Emily stood up, and he joined her. "We can watch the storm from the window," she said. "Sure, but won't you get tired standing? After all, you worked today," Stephen answered.

She arranged the pillows on the cot and stretched out beside the window. Thunder rolled majestically. "Oh, you can see all the way down into the valley," she said.

"It's quite a show all right," Stephen agreed, bending to look out of the window. "There's the room enough for you, Stephen," she said, not taking her eyes from the working heavens.

After a brief hesitation he lowered himself slowly down beside her, being careful that their bodies didn't touch. He swung blankets out over the cot and Emily directed them into place. "I think I'll slip my shoes off," he said.

"Oh, it's beautiful out," Emily said as he settled down beside her.

"I'll bet that road's beautiful now," he said. Minutes passed. They lay very still together. Neither of them was really watching the storm now. The latch rattled. The wind moaned.

I could see the same look of pain and doubt in their eyes. They lay side by side like children.

I wanted to tell them that they had less time than other people ... that—but there was no way I could tell them.

THE storm was beginning to move on off the mountain. From somewhere a ghostly light played upon the wet tumbling cement sacks of cloud. Give it an hour and the moon would be out.

"Oh, I see a star," Emily said, lifting her head from his arm.

"Aren't you supposed to make a wish?"

"All right."

"What did you wish?"

"You're not supposed to tell. Have you made yours?"

"Not yet."

"Hurry. Before another star comes out."

"Okay. Tell me what you wished."

"That would spoil it, Stephen."

"Then you spoil my wish. That was mine—that you tell me what you wished."

"But that's not fair."

"So—you made me lose my wish. I'll just put the star in my box alongside Santa Claus."

Emily turned from the window. She said slowly, "I wished ... I wished that we could have one more day together. One day as we were before ... a sort of 'let's pretend' day."

Stephen was silent a long moment; then he said, "You gave me my wish, Emily. I'll try to give you yours."

"I don't want you to think that ... that I—"

"Even I'm not that big a heel. I couldn't resist tricking you into telling me. Now I only hope I can play your 'let's pretend' as straight and honestly as you will."

"I'm so glad. ... Oh, I'm so glad."

"But I want you to know this, Emily—if I thought I could hurt you any more than I have, I'd have backed down on it ... I'd have put your wish away in the box too." He

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swung his legs out on the floor, and leaned over and kissed her gently. "Come on, I'll help you up." With a great sweep of his arms he lifted her from the cot.

Smiling, her eyes moist and shining, Emily walked over to the table, started to put the supper things into the basket. "I don't think we'll have to do much to the fire," she said.

Stephen poked the final crumbling pieces apart with his toe. "What do you want to do tomorrow?" he asked.

"I've never ridden in a speedboat," she answered. "And I've always wanted to."

"All right." He turned from the dead fire. "A boat ride it will be."

As they turned in under the elms in front of the hotel, Emily said, "I'll be very happy tomorrow. But you must help me not to spoil it for you, Stephen."

He gripped her arm lightly with his fingers. "It's not myself I'm worrying about, Emily," he said. "By now I'm so good at dodging in and out of things, that half the time I forget what it was I wanted ... or what it was I was running away from." He pulled the car to a stop in front of the side entrance. "Only, I've never been around people like you before—all I can hope is that you'll go on believing in the music and the poetry books—I don't fit in there, Emily—I'm not big enough or good enough; but mainly I don't care enough." He reached across her and flicked the door open. "But I'd cut off this arm before I'd dirty any of it up for the somebody who will come along one of these days and help you believe in them all the harder."

Coulter stepped quickly out of the car before she could say anything and it took him an unusually long time to walk around and join her at the foot of the steps. "Good night, Emily," he said, smiling down at her. "I'll show you what a good speedboat driver I am tomorrow."

"Good night, Stephen," she whispered as she felt his lips touch her forehead. I turned away.

THE sun stood at its supreme height in the blue sky. "All set?" Stephen asked.

Emily nodded. The swirling feet of the speedboat kicked into the blue water. They swept out past the ropes, now drunken and slack after the storm.

"Oh, this is wonderful!" Emily breathed.

They cruised all up and down and along the shore and off into the middle again, and they talked when there was nothing much to say and were silent when there was. Around one-thirty, Stephen said, "What say we get out and stretch our legs a bit?"

Coulter eased the boat into a landing and, stepping out on the warped planks, he swung her up beside him. After a little silence, he said, "Would you like to walk around a bit?"

"Yes. I'd like to."

Great woolly clouds filled the sky. The sun was hot. Birds sang. They passed a little white schoolhouse. There were orange poppies and sunflowers and carts with crooked spokes and an apple-pie man with about seventeen fingers pasted on the windows.

About a mile farther on they came to a sign which advertised riding horses for hire by the day or the hour. "Do you like horseback riding?" Stephen asked.

"I haven't ridden since I was a little girl—but I loved it then," she answered.

"I haven't either." He grinned. "I mean, not since I was a boy in prep school. But I'm game, if you are."

As they neared the red-tiled stables a groom, who looked and acted exactly like a floor-walker, escalated up to them.

Their horses were black—every inch of them, as black as the pupil in a seal's eye. They were very fond of each other. They cantered down between the trees as close together as they were allowed to get.

"Was he English?" Emily asked.

"Who—the stable boy? No, just English movies," Stephen said, adding, "Whoa, fellow. They forgot to put innersprings in this saddle."

"He had the funniest way of emphasizing his words."

"That's what comes of listening to too many radio commentators. How's your horse?"

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"Oh, he's very nice." She patted his neck admiringly. "Look out, Stephen!"

"Thanks," he said, after just barely ducking a limb in time. "It should have signaled it was going to stop like that," he said, grinning as a horsefly lighted on his arm. "Ouch!" The horse obediently broke into a gallop. Seeing that Emily's immediately did the same, Stephen called back over his shoulder, "I'll race you down to that fence."

"All right. But be careful, Stephen."
"Here we go. One, two, three. . . ."

At first they swept along shoulder to shoulder, the horses either too well matched or too reluctant to be separated for even those few moments; but then Stephen, by dint of a series of loud whoops and excited but well-behaved thumping of his knees, drew ahead.

Emily, her eyes shining and her scarf whipping back in the wind, leaned close against the sable neck and patted the muscling withers until the gallop settled into a run. As she flew past them, Stephen's horse followed suit; but it was too late. They were at the fence. Reining in, Stephen saw her hold the streaming head straight on; saw her soar up and over.

"Bravo!" he told her as they met at the gate. "That was a sweet piece of work!"

She twined her fingers in the silky mane. "Oh, it was his idea, not mine," she said, smiling. "I could feel him wanting to jump."

"I'm glad his brother managed to restrain himself," Stephen answered. They turned into the road. "Let's see what's over this way."

A forest. Dark beautiful trees. The smell of ferns and sun which has been handling wet leaves.

Farmhouses. A little town. Three stores and a lumberyard and a feed mill. Massive stone waterwheel at the bend of a sprinting creek. The day going over little by little.

The minutes ticking away.

They came up to a haywagon, but neither of their horses showed any interest in taking any. The farmer waved his whip and said, "How 'do." The horses looked sympathetically at each other.

A plane went over. Cars passed.

"Getting tired?" Stephen asked.

"No. Not at all. Are you?"

"I'm fine. What do you say we detour off across this field?"

"That's timothy."

"Who?" he teased.

"Hay."

"Yourself."

They both laughed. Stephen said, "We should have a little dance to go with that."

"Here's a path we can take."

"Be funny if we couldn't find the stable."

"All we'd have to do is give the horses their head."

"Heads."

"What time is it, Stephen?" she asked after a moment.

He looked at his watch. "Early. Only a little after four. Let's let them graze awhile, and walk a little."

"All right."

When they came to a garden, Stephen walked down the rows until he came to a bush of tiny roses. After a moment's study he selected one. Emily waited. She felt his fingers lightly touch her hair. "Thank you, Stephen."

The red rose looked very beautiful against her black hair.

THEY climbed a fence at a wobbly stile; picked their way carefully across a brook on flat moss-fringed stones. As they started up the hill the clouds seemed to be coming down to meet them. There wasn't any path. The going got harder. Stumps gave way to flinty rocks. Stephen was ahead. They were about halfway up. He reached out his hand to grasp a root. Then he stopped there.

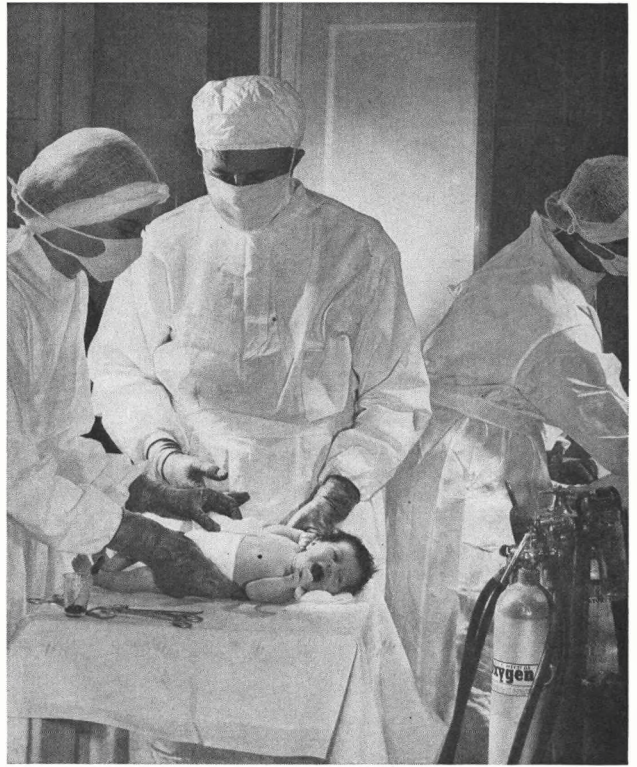
"What is it, Stephen?"

"See that vapor—coming from that little clump of bushes? . . . I think it may be a cave." In a moment he was calling to her: "It is a cave, Emily. Looks like a big one, too. . . ." His voice trailed off, as, parting the bushes still further, he plunged his head and shoulders in out of sight.

"It's so dark," she said as she came up beside him.

"Wait until your eyes get accustomed—"

"I can see it now." [continued on page 138]



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FEATURE

LAUNDRY TEAMMATES



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAY-O'REILLY

Be a Managing Woman:

The automatic washer and dryer do the work, you call the signals and an easy washday is in the bag. You work out your own plays as you learn to use your washer and dryer, but we have set down some rules to get you off to a flying start:

1. Wash the heavily soiled pieces together in a load that is one of your first so they'll have the cleansing benefit of the very hottest water.
2. Wash a load of bath towels and other things that need no ironing as they collect; it's not much bother.
3. Dry starched things together—otherwise they lose part of their starch to pieces that don't need it, don't benefit by it. Wring starched pieces as dry as possible so no dripping starch will be thrown around in blobs and streaks.
4. Avoid drying clothes longer than is really necessary. Over-long tumbling can damage some pieces—especially fragile ones; long drying at high heat may yellow some fabrics. Follow the manufacturer's directions for best results.



Gone is the need to save a special day of your week to get the ironing done. With this efficient laundry team you can whizz through an entire washing and ironing in the time you once had to allow for washing alone. You're free to spend most of your time and energy on the ironing; washer and dryer will keep you supplied with things ready to iron as fast as you need them.

NONE OF THIS IF YOU HAVE A DRYER

When the automatic washer first made its bow it got a hearty welcome from the women because it was always ready to go at the snap of a switch and because it took so much of the work out of washing—no more filling and emptying of tubs, no more toting drippy clothes from one tub to another. Now the washer has a teammate that takes the labor—and the headaches—out of the drying job. With this team you don't do the washing at all—they do it and you just boss the team.

By ELIZABETH BEVERIDGE
HOME EQUIPMENT EDITOR



No toting heavy baskets to and from the backyard clothesline.



Both you and the wash escape icy breezes and sloppy weather.



No dodging of wet festoons or frozen ghosts in your kitchen.



None of the anguish or labor that comes with a broken line.

In Case You Haven't Met the Dryer:

It is, as you can see at the left, a handsome piece that is made to stand by the washer in any modern laundry or utility room. It takes clothes from the washer and tumbles them in a cylinder which revolves slowly in heated air inside the cabinet. Some dryers provide for three different temperatures to suit different fabrics. Other makes provide one temperature only but one that is safe for all fabrics which should be dried in them. All have automatic time controls which allow you to set a dial for a drying period up to sixty minutes. The heat is supplied by either gas or electricity. Ask your dealer about what it will cost to operate a dryer at your gas or electric rate. Since heat and moisture from the dryer are usually thrown into the room, you should have a ventilating fan to carry them to the outside of the house.



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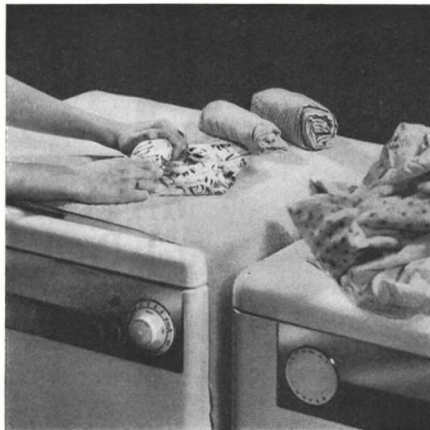


You don't spend hours sprinkling clothes, then waiting to iron.

DRAWINGS BY BIE HOWARD



Light-weight cottons and rayons from the washer need very little, if any, drying before ironing; so wash them in your first load, roll them in a towel and get the ironing under way while the washer and dryer carry on.



You'll want bath towels and mats to be thoroughly dry; since they're heavy and hold lots of moisture it's a good idea to separate them from the rest of the wash and let them make up the last load you put in the dryer. You'll love the soft fluffiness it gives them.



If you have no ironer—an ideal third on this team—remove sheets and dish towels before they're bone dry; smooth as you fold and stack. Their own weight does the pressing, saves loads of ironing.

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with the right care**

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Lanolin-Soften by Night—Work the extra-richness of Pond's Dry Skin Cream over face, throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or all night for full lanolin-softening help.

Lanolin-Protect by Day—Smooth a very little Pond's Dry Skin Cream over face before make-up. Gives a protective, soft screen to shield skin from dryness all day.

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See You in the Morning

from page 135

"Here. I'll go in first."
"No. Please, Stephen. We don't know what might be in there." The rose was hanging precariously in her hair.

He pushed the stem true again. There was an edge of excitement in his voice as he said, "Tell you what. You wait here a minute. I'll just go in a little way. Nothing can happen. I've always wanted to see—" his voice echoed against the rock walls, "a cave. And now's my chance. You just wait there."

Emily, her lips squeezed tightly together, hoisted herself into the moist darkness after him. She could hear his scrabbling progress a short distance ahead. Then the sound stopped. A scream gathered in her throat—she saw the weak flicker of a light. She called his name . . .

Stephen lifted her to her feet in the opening. "I thought you were going to wait," he said sharply. He picked a candle up from a shelf where he had stuck it, and its light fell on her face. "I'm sorry, Emily," he said, his voice soft with contrition now. "I didn't realize—" "I should have waited," she interrupted, looking about in the massive room of stone.

He raised the plump candle. "How do you like my cave? Isn't this something?"

"Yes . . . but there's . . . oh, I don't know—it takes my breath away." She looked down again. "What's that you have in your other hand, Stephen?"

"This? It's an old lard can. Somebody's cut the side out of it. I think the candle fits in here. See? It was across there at the head of that passageway." He walked over, showing the light down between them. "I wonder what it does when it gets up around the turn there?"

"Oh, Stephen—and then you'll just want to go farther in."

"Well—" He pushed the flower straight again. "How's this? Give me ten minutes. I'll light you back outside and then I'll just follow that one tunnel down a little ways. Okay?" "I'll go with you."

He shrugged. "All right. Tell me if I go too fast." And with a reassuring grin at her, Stephen stooped into the clammy throat of the tunnel. A thick-feeling cold water dripped over their fingers as they felt their way forward.

They came out into a gigantic mouth and monstrous jeweled teethlike cones crunched in and out of the darkness above them.

"Oh, it's beautiful! And terrible!" Emily said softly.

In a proud voice Stephen said, "Now, isn't it worth seeing?" He motioned to some heavy outcroppings of stone. "Let's sit down for a minute, then we can start back."

EMILY looked extraordinarily tiny under the vast arch. "It's like a theater, or the inside of a castle," she said. "You can almost imagine that men in suits of armor are moving about in the shadows."

"Or a throne room. . . ."

Then they said together: "The throne room of the gods."

Emily looked at him quickly, her eyes smiling. After a moment she stood up and said, "Let's just see where that hall goes—the one on the other side of that little stream of water."

Stephen grinned, said teasingly, "I thought you didn't like exploring caves?" "I suppose we shouldn't. . . ." She sat down again slowly, looking down the dark tunnel. "At least now I understand a little why men risk their lives going into strange places. It just sort of—sort of pulls you on."

Stephen helped her up.

"I hear a funny noise."
They stopped. Stephen said, "Probably just bats. These caves are full of them. I think we've seen the best part—what do you say we go back now?" He started to turn, the candlelight writing like ghostly paws on the stone.

"I'm not very afraid of bats," she said hesitantly. "Let's just see what it's like up past those big boulders."

"Okay. Here. Your flower's coming loose again."

She smiled and took his arm.
"Watch your head," he warned her, "sort of jagged along here."
"Did you hurt yourself?"



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"Scratch. But I did almost drop the candle. I think I hear water running."
"We're almost there." She was excited. A rush of dank air hit their faces. The light strained back crazily into the tilted holder. Quickly Stephen's hand came up as a shield. "Well, now you've seen an underground river," he said.

"Ooh," she said, leaning forward, her voice lilting with awe and pleasurable fear. His free hand whipped down and dug into her shoulder. "Emily—for God's sake!"

She recovered her breath. "I'm sorry, Stephen." She stood close beside him, protecting the flame with her tiny palms. "There's a big wide ledge just a foot or so down; it looks very safe."

He bent his head to look. "So there is," he said steadily. She pressed his arm. Then she said, "It wouldn't be windy down there."

"No. Nothing doing."
"Just for a few minutes, Stephen. We couldn't possibly fall—why, it's wide."

The light nearly swamped out. "Well—" he stepped tentatively onto the ledge. "It's firm here. Good old bed. Down you come. Watch the light."

"Ooh. Oh, this is exciting."
"Now I can see the bats. There. See?"

"They're so ugly."
"They don't have to look at one another, so I guess it works out okay. Pretty swift current."

"Just down there a little way it seems to disappear."

"No, you don't," he said in an amused tone. "I'll let you go and look."

"And leave you here in the dark with the bats?" He made a gesture of good-natured surrender. "Walk a little behind me, then."

AS THEY moved forward upon the sloping bank of granite, that curious atavistic attraction of the unknown asserted its full power over them; and when they discovered that the river reappeared some distance ahead, like gamblers drawn to a piece of spinning wood and metal they went on toward it. After they had covered perhaps forty yards, Stephen said, "This is a bit too much of a good thing. Just look back of us, Emily." He lifted the brilliant lamp.

She turned carefully. Soberly she said, "I didn't realize we'd come so far. I don't think you'd better try to come around me. I'll go ahead this time."

"No, I can make it all right. Just stand quietly where you are." He swung slowly out around her, his hand gripping fast to a rock spur. "Phew! Whatever you do, don't look down. Now, let's just take it easy a minute, get our breaths." He turned to look at her. Smiling, he said, "Why, you didn't even loosen your rose. I'm beginning to get hungry. How would you like to go to that funny little place again?"

Emily smiled back at him. "I would like that very much," she said.

"Okay, it's a deal. Are we all set now?" "Yes." She watched him face the home-made torch into position. "Why did you tell me not to look down, Stephen?" she asked. "Oh, no particular reason," he answered offhandedly. "It's just not a good idea to go too near the edge, that's all."

"Is it very far down?"

"The river. No-o. It's not much worse than up above. One, two—all ready, Emily?"

Cautiously they began their journey to safety. Now that the magnetic hold of discovery was gone, they both realized the danger in their position—the dislodgment of a boulder across the slanting flinty ledge; the sudden skid of a wet shoe . . .

Then it happened.

Stephen had just shifted around to make sure that Emily was getting sufficient light—

"How are—" when the candle plummeted down out of the holder. They heard it hit . . .

Darkness Thick. Black. Watching.

Then a strained low voice: "Don't move, Emily. It may not have rolled far. I'll light a match."

She waited, then into the darkness she asked, "What is it, Stephen?"

"There are only two matches."
She managed to say, "We'd better keep them for the candle."

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She heard him shifting the wet stones about, the rasp of his fingers digging into the silt. "Just stay where you are, Emily," the words coming jerkily as he worked nearer the edge.

"Stephen! Stephen! Don't! Don't!"
"All right, Emily. Please... see, here I am... where's your hand?"
"Oh, Stephen!" His fingers were wet and cold in her hands.

"Now let's take it easy. It won't do any good to lose our heads at this point. The candle's probably right here somewhere..."

Quickly Emily knelt and hunted over every inch around her—then back again—here? Here? No... no... no... At last: "What are we going to do, Stephen?"

After an eternity: "It must have rolled over the side."

"We could never go back—"
"Emily." The tension gathered. "We're going back. On our hands and knees. Don't be afraid. We..." The vicious noise of the water again.

Forming each word carefully, she said, "But even if we could... could get back, we'd never find the entrance—and we'd fa—"

"I'll find it." His voice was quite steady now. "You stay right at my heels. But..." and he said very calmly, "you must promise not to... well, if I should happen to slip or something, don't make any foolish grabs at me. Hear?"

Quietly: "All right, Stephen."
After a moment: "Are we ready now?"
"I'm ready, Stephen."

The listening darkness...
"Emily."
She waited, her knees and hands numb on the cold wet stone.

"There's something I want to tell you... now."

A little avalanche of shale trickled down across her fingers.

"I... I—" he struggled.
Her fingers closed over something.

I watched her. Her eyes were open very wide in the darkness.

"I want to tell you that—"

"Stephen, I've found the candle."
There are not many such moments.

I saw his face when at last their fingers touched. Faces do not conceal things in the dark. You can see the spirit thinking through them. It was hard not being able to tell them then!

The first match lighted the candle. Their fingers touched, this time in a somewhat different manner.

Did she say: "Let's hurry, Stephen. We can talk afterward?"

And did he answer: "All right, Emily," (very quietly)?

It doesn't really matter.

Soon they were back in the sun. They stood together there.

Clouds. Trees. Grass. These are beautiful things. The wonder of life is in them. Life's holiness. The grandeur and purity of it.

These have faith. They withhold nothing. How can we be so weak and cruel and ugly in their eternal world?

Turn to God or die—it has been said. The choice is there for each of us to make—whatever happens. Should we reject life, then we are already dead. Believe in life, in life—and this will endure forever.

AFTER a moment Stephen said slowly, his hands on her shoulders, his eyes unwavering from her eyes. "I love you, Emily." He touched the red rose lightly. "In there, I... oh, Emily, it's so hard to—"

"To tell me the other thing you were going to tell me," she whispered softly, a joyous light jewel her tears, dimming the pain.

He nodded, his face lined and tender above her. "Yes. But I must. I must tell you—"

Gently she placed her tiny hand across his lips. "No, Stephen. We promised... we promised that today—"

"But this isn't make-believe, Emily," he interrupted, shaken. "This is real and—"

She pulled his head down, her mouth soft on his. "This is all that's real now," she said.

"But it isn't. It isn't, Emily."

"Don't you love me, Stephen?"

"Yes! Yes! I do—but that's why—"

[continued on page 140]

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"That's why you won't take this day away from me," she told him, her voice muffled against his coat. "Then all my life I can remember..." He could barely hear the words now. "Whatever happens... oh, whatever happens tomorrow..."

He tilted her face up. "I'll try," he said at last. "I'll try very hard not to spoil it, Emily." And he held her close in his arms and touched his lips softly over her face and hair. She was very tiny and infinitely real beside him. White clouds and sun... a young man and woman standing so defenseless-looking on a green hill beneath the immensity of sky. Perhaps a bird sang. Birds often sing on a summer's day.

"Oh, Stephen," she murmured, "we can pretend that it will never stop being today." His arms tightened around her.

The last gate clanged shut behind Stephen. The "make-believe" of this day was the only possible reality for him now: it would have to lead both of them to safety. O God, there is so little time to make her understand how much I love her, his brain and spirit cried; but it is all I can give her... someone I would give my life and all I ever wanted to be.

"Oh, it's so wonderful to know you love me, Stephen."

Tenderly he stopped her lips. "It's wonderful loving you, Emily."

The sun lowered away, its harness chains reddening.

At last they started down into the valley, his arm across her shoulders—her face turned to his.

Later Mr. Orkley, the old caretaker, watched them stride across the beach together.

He frowned thoughtfully, letting the curtain fall back into place. For some time he stood there, his pipe forgotten in his hand.

SOFT dark velvet shoes walking slowly down into the valley. Red barns turning gray... Stars coming out like bubbles in a dish of ink. The purple mouths of pine trees. The light going fast.

Stephen's cigarette pitched out into the grayness like the eye of a frantic weasel. "That third malted was a mistake," he said with satisfaction, moving his arm slightly from its position around her shoulder. Other layers of his mind worked desperately to solve something for which he knew there was no solution.

"Am I crowding you too much, Stephen?"

"Sure," he said, pulling her closer. "What would you like to do now?"

"This." She tilted her head back and looked at the hurrying stars. "Stephen..."

"Um?"

"I just like to say it," she said. "Stephen, Stephen."

I thought I felt a sprinkle then. I hope we don't have to put the top up." (She looks so tiny and pretty with her white dress and dark hair. O God, what can I do!)

She leaned forward. "This is the road past the old Blakeley House."

"What's that?"

"It used to be the show-place of the township," she said conversationally. "People used to come for miles around just to look at it."

"It's easy to see they don't any more," he said, pulling to a stop before the bramble-filled ruts. "How far up is it?"

"Just over the top of the hill."

Stephen drove to the battered crown of the grade. "Is that it?" he asked, nodding at the Victorian hideousness of an immense house.

"It's supposed to be haunted."

"Like to go up and give it the once-over?"

"If you would, Stephen... I've always wondered what it's like inside."

He pulled in under a tangle of vine-weary trees at the head of what had once been a coach drive. "I guess it'll be all right here," he said, handing Emily one of the flashlights. "I'd hate to have to cut this lawn."

A pale moon-paint splashed across the tops of the clouds as they came up to the ruined steps. They felt their way across the broad porch to the door. Stephen pushed it open.

The dying house breathed sadly out at them. I watched them coming nearer along the decaying hall. I heard him ask, "But why didn't some other family move in then?"

"I think there were some lawsuits over

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deeds and things. Then they say some sort of tragedy happened—one of the daughters died, or a son was killed. . . . I didn't listen particularly."

"I suppose that started the story about its being haunted." Their voices trailed away into the listening shadows.

"Say, how do you figure this? This door's locked. Maybe I can force it open. . . . Uh, uh!" . . . Elated: "It was just stuck."

"Stephen. Look."

The flashlights raged about the room, tearing at the soft powder which mantled the chairs and tables and picture-moldings of another less savage day; coming to rest at last on the smiling faces of a young man and woman. They looked very innocent and humble in their old-fashioned clothes. His hand was stiff and respectful on the heaped-up bank of ruffles at her shoulder. She looked almost too youthful to be wearing a wedding gown.

"An old tintype," Stephen said, gently blowing dust from its frame. "I wonder how come the stuff in here didn't get cleared out with the rest?"

Half to herself Emily said, "It's as though they'd just gone out of the room for something—"

"And never come back," he said, sitting down on the arm of a sofa. "This place could give you the creeps after a while."

"But there's something—oh, I don't know—sort of peaceful about it too," she said, sitting down lightly on the other arm. "Maybe we could rest the flashlights up on the mantel," she suggested.

"I've got a better idea." He stuck them tail first into the necks of two vases, one on one side of the room and one on the other.

"We really should have candles," she said dreamily, looking about her in the sorrowing chaos of years.

"You're very beautiful, Emily, in any light," he told her softly.

She got up quickly and went over to stand beside him. He put his arm around her tiny waist and she ran her fingers through his hair.

Then she said, "Oh, it's so peaceful here . . . knowing that no one will disturb us."

SHE walked forward and with her fingers lightly touching the frame of the wedding portrait, she said, "I was just wondering what it would be like to pretend we lived here."

"You mean when those people died?"

"No." She turned toward him. "Now . . ."

"Well," he said slowly, trying to sound casual. "I guess it'd make pretty dusty pretending."

And in his own heart Stephen knew that the fact of their love was indeed "all that's real" in her world.

"Let's try," Emily said, walking back to a chair and folding her hands carefully in her lap. Her dress looked very white against the dark wood and her black hair. Stephen's eyes were full of tenderness and pain as he watched her. She went on, her voice hushed and withdrawn. "Let's pretend . . . oh, that you're just coming home from the office, say . . ."

"All right." He stood up slowly and said with as much heartiness as he could muster, "Hello, darling. Phew! What a day! Old Crabtree's on the warpath again." His voice rang hollowly in the brooding house.

Emily pushed him away, smiling. "No, Stephen," she chided lightly, "you must go out first and then come in."

"Well," he let his hands drop from her shoulders, "it's your game—if you want to be left alone with the mice."

"Only for a minute. Now knock on the door."

Muffled: "Of my own house?"

"Oh, this must be Stephen now—and I haven't got a thing done."

"I wouldn't say that, darling," he said, releasing her with a grin. "Why, everything's in apple-pie order." He pretended to sail his hat up onto the mantelpiece.

"You weren't supposed to hear that," she said, stepping around behind him and tugging her hands over his collar. "Did you have a hard day?"

"What are you doing that for?"

"Helping you off with your coat."

"Oh, thanks. I think the lining in this sleeve is working loose."

"I'll mend it right after dinner."



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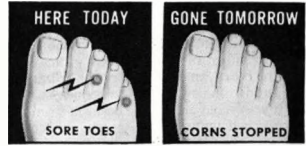
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"What are we having for dinner?"
"Broiled lobster and apple pie with peach ice cream."
He pinched her cheek. "I can just see you broiling a lobster."
"Oh. Well, Mrs. Brown dropped in; she put it in the oven for me."
He sniffed energetically. "Mm, certainly smells goo—ah-chou!"
"God bless you. You sit here by the fire and I'll make you some hot chocolate."
He sat down carefully in a massive armchair. "How's John making out these days?"
"John?" She turned from the bureau where the chocolate was heating.
"Didn't you say Mrs. Brown was here?"
"Oh, you!" Hurriedly she picked up a little brass bowl. "Oh, now I've let the milk boil!"
Stephen paused to light a cigarette. The silence flooded in on them with the impact of a scream. "That's the way—" he began, breaking off abruptly as their eyes met across the mourning disorder of the room.
Quickly he stood up and walked over beside her. As he started to put his arm around her, his fingers jostled the faded likeness of the young bride and groom and the frame hit the worm-eaten oak of the bureau top with a sharp tinny thud. Stephen ground out his cigarette in the little brass bowl and said, "Aren't we forgetting something, Emily? All day I've been looking forward to our before-dinner walk together."
She smiled gratefully up at him. "I'll be ready in a minute." Gently she set the portrait upright again. "Just as soon as I change into my white dress," she added softly, her eyes filled with a wistful sadness as she tipped the cigarette stub down into the fireplace.
Their footsteps retreated along the hall.

STEPHEN and Emily settled down on the grass at the highest point of the lawn. She leaned back against him and his arms closed lightly around her.

A little breeze stirred the leaves above them. Minutes passed. "I feel sleepy," she said, snuggling nearer.

"No wonder. You've had a pretty full day."
"I didn't sleep last night."
"We'll go in a little while."

She shook her head contentedly. "I don't want to, ever."

"Which star do you like best?"
"The same one you do."
"Look, another one is falling."
"But not the one we like."

"There are a lot of stars falling tonight."
"Oh, I'm so happy, Stephen—and so sleepy."

"Why don't you go to sleep for a little while?"
After a moment: "Stephen . . ."

"Yes?"
"Is our star still there?"

He kissed her closed eyes, his heart torn with tenderness for her. "Yes, Emily. It's shining brighter than any of the rest."

She squirmed closer. "What did you think when you first saw me?"

"Oh, you had that awful uniform on."
"Did you think I was pretty?"

"You're beautiful," he whispered into the fragrant secrecy of her hair.

"But then—you didn't think I was pretty, did you?"

"Of course. Close your eyes."
After a little silence: "Stephen . . ."

"Yes?"
"Are you sorry you love me?"

Very slowly and tenderly he pressed his lips upon her eyelids. "No, darling. . . it's hard for me to believe now that I didn't always love you."

More lights winking out in the village. Trees dark against the moon.

The wondrous beauty of the stars. The wide peaceful sweep of the heavens. O God.

Your stars and trees and cities. What am I going to do now!
O God, how can I leave her!

It does not matter that I am going to die. Oh, it only matters that I must leave her!

The touch of her hair against my cheek. The purity and wonder and innocence of her as she lies so quietly in my arms.

[continued on page 142]

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Mountains and lakes and woods and fields and mansions.

Flowers. . . . The tiny figure of a girl walking along a road in the twilight. . . .

I have come here to die.

An old man pounding at a door. . . .

Where is the flaw in what I have done? O God, there was no way for me to know that . . . that anything could become more important than even the knowledge that I am going to die.

Oh that I would find life waiting for me here—and not death at all . . . and not death at all!

And if I move one foot before the other across the warm sand

And if I lock the door and pull the shades very tightly

And if I manage somehow to get through today and tomorrow

Because God knows it was all empty enough before anyway

Because when nothing really touches you

A rose fastened loosely in long dark hair what is that? Something for a schoolboy to moon over.

A tiny red rose above the funny helpless-looking imperfection of a girl's ear. . . . What is that? How could the beauty of such a thing break a man's heart?

Her eyes are so clear and soft when she looks at me.

Trees stood proud and tall on the mountain.

Little waves breathed against the shores of the lake . . . in and out, in and out. . . .

Somewhere dogs barked.

Now she will be awakened. . . .

"I'm not asleep, Stephen," Emily said.

Together they watched the stars.

"Are you getting very tired?"

"No, and I don't even feel sleepy any more." She leaned back against his shoulder.

"Stephen, do you think they'll ever actually make trips to other planets?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"Do you think they'll find people living on them?"

He thought a moment. "Probably not people; but possibly life of some kind."

SHE was silent for a little while, then she said, "I wonder why there are people?"

Slowly: "The answer to that would certainly clear up a lot of things."

"It's so strange and wonderful to be alive."

After a moment: "Why do you think we're alive, Emily?"

"I don't know. . . ." Then slowly: "For the same reason there are trees and birds and stars, I guess."

"But no one can know why there are, is that it?"

"Sometimes. . . sometimes I think we can feel why . . . just as if there weren't people to look at the stars, the stars would be different."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—well, if there was no one to see them, they'd be what they really are, and not what they look like to us. Does that make any sense, Stephen?" she asked.

"In a way I understand," he told her.

"Yes," she said slowly, "but it's more than that. I mean that people have made them something besides just . . . just . . ."

"Just dead matter floating through space."

She nodded. "And they actually do exist now as our kind of stars too."

"Because people are here to keep on imagining them that way." He was silent a moment, then he said, "Still that hardly seems reason enough for—"

"But don't you see, Stephen," she interrupted eagerly, "if people can do that—change something like a star just by looking at it—why, then everything in the world can be changed, and all the most beautiful things that men have dreamed of can come true."

After a little silence Emily went on quietly, "I think people were put on earth in order that . . . that some beautiful plan could be worked out."

"You mean a plan that already exists?"

"Yes. And I think that the greatest artists have all felt what that plan is."

"And the great religious leaders?"

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"To a plan of God's?"

"Oh yes, Stephen," she said quickly.

"When we think how wonderful and intricate the simplest things are—the petals of a flower, the leaves of a tree"

"Even the wings of a fly."

She smiled, leaning back into his arms again. "Oh, when we think of how much love went into the making of everything in the world," she said softly, touching her fingers lightly across his face.

With great tenderness he kissed her. "I love you," he said. "I . . . I don't know how to tell you how much I love you."

"Stephen. . . . Stephen. . . ."

Dead worlds plunged across the heavens.

"Oh, there goes one. . . . See!"

"But our star won't fall, will it, Stephen?"

"No. No, darling, our star will never fall," he said, struggling to keep the tears out of his eyes as he kissed her.

After a moment she said, "Stephen, I know that . . . that something is still troubling you."

He was silent, his arms tight around her.

"How can I make you understand, Stephen?"

She looked out across the valley where only a few houses were lighted now.

"I know you don't believe it will work out . . . for us." She turned her eyes back to his face.

"But, Stephen . . . if for some reason you're right, and it doesn't work out, I want you to know that you've given me more than anyone else ever could." And she said in a whisper, "And whatever happens . . . oh, whatever happens, Stephen, I'll always know that you would have wanted to be with me."

At last Stephen, his voice low with feeling, managed to say, "Once, Emily, I might have thought it selfish to tell you this—but I'm glad this happened. Because . . . because I know in my heart now that our love is a beautiful thing—and I believe with you, Emily, that it will go on . . . no matter what happens."

"Stephen"

"You know that I will always love you, Emily?"

"Yes, Stephen, I know," she said. "That's why I feel everything is . . . is so peaceful and safe. All the times I dreamed of being in love, I never knew it could be anything like this. I only thought of the things we'd do together, of the places we'd see, the books we'd read—and now I realize that it's not that at all—oh, Stephen, now I realize that the only thing that matters is being with you—that . . . that nothing else—oh, I can't say it!"

"You have said it, Emily," he told her softly. "Emily, I—I—"

"Yes, darling"

Quietly, swiftly: "Emily, if anything should happen to either of us—we must promise, Emily, the other can only protect our love by . . . by letting it renew itself in someone else."

There it was—cold and naked between them!

He watched with surprise as she smiled.

"Once love comes into the world, Stephen," she told him softly, "it can only grow outward, leaving parts of itself on everything it touches."

"Oh, MY dearest," Stephen said, "I love you, I love you."

Her fingers touching gently up his face.

"And, Emily, you know I . . . I'd ask you to marry me now if I could."

Tears filled her eyes and she said quietly, "When you can ask me, Stephen, you know that my answer will be the same as it is now—"

very softly, "and always will be."

Emily and Stephen wondered together about the miracle of their love. Then at last:

"Emily, it's getting very late."

"Oh, I'm so happy, darling," she said as he lifted her to her feet.

The moment which Stephen had been dreading had come. As they moved out of the light into the darkness under the trees he said, "Emily"

"Yes, Stephen."

"I . . . I have to go away for a few days."

Her hand tightened on his arm. After a little silence: "When will you go?"

"Tomorrow."

She halted. A pale light sponged down through the leaves onto their faces. She said

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quietly, "You're going away to straighten things out with . . . with the other person?"

With great gentleness he took her into his arms. "Yes, darling," he said, a tortured hopelessness filling his eyes as he held her close against him. "I'm going to straighten things out now . . . as well as I can."

Perhaps their voices had aroused it—at any rate, somewhere above them in the darkness a bird sang. The road wound down and away through the moonlight into the valley. As they reached the bridge, Emily said, "Oh, Stephen, can't you wait just another day?"

"No, it's best that—that I go see about it right away."

"But we'll have a little time to see each other before you go?"

He turned into the lane which led up to the hotel. "No, Emily . . . let's just say 'so-long' now."

"All right, Stephen," she said quietly. The car stopped before the side entrance. "Emily . . . Emily . . . my little darling." And their lips met. "All my life I'll love you."

Then Emily stirred free and stepped out of the car. "But we're being silly. Oh, Stephen, it's not as though we won't be seeing each other again in a few days."

In a moment they were standing before the door together. "Good night, Stephen."

"Emily, it . . . it may not work out."

She lifted smiling lips to his, waited the long moment for him to release her, and said very simply, "No one in all the world can keep us apart now, darling."

And she opened the door. "Good night, Emily."

"See you in the morning, darling," she whispered, the smile on her lips still; and then the door closed behind her.

Stephen Coulter turned and walked slowly away. He had little courage left to face the saddest and most difficult hours of his life.

THAT next morning the sun came up wonderfully. The air was very clear and it smelled of green leaves and all manner of wild flowers. A slim tiny girl in a faded red uniform hurried along the beach.

Emily could see his car still parked at the crown of the drive. Oh, he's so near, she thought: I have only to walk up the hill to be with him again—but I promised, I promised. Smiling, she disappeared to her work in the first cottage.

Later the door to the cabin next to Coulter's opened and Mr. Orkley started down the path on his way to begin his day's work on one of the estates. He saw Emily emerge into the sunlight. "Miss," he called to her.

She waved, smiling; then waited, settling her cleaning things on the steps of the next cottage. In a moment he was beside her, his faded blue eyes alight with a troubled curiosity as he said, "I see your friend," he nodded up at Coulter's, "is all packed ready to leave us."

"Yes, he has to go away on business for a few days."

"I heard his car come in late—struck me as funny a man has to start wrestlin' suitcases round in the middle of the night." He paused expectantly.

"Yes, I know," Emily said easily. "I guess it was quite late by the time we finished getting things decided about his trip."

"I kinda figured you would," Mr. Orkley said, nodding his head in shrewd approval.

"Oh, we're not making any announcements yet," she said lightly.

Puzzled, he said, "No, miss. What I figured was you'd get him to go see the doctor again."

Emily lowered a broom to the steps. "The doctor? What do you mean?"

"Well, if he ain't told you . . ." He frowned, ran his thumb around inside the blackened bowl of his corncob. "Maybe he only made it up because he was drunk."

"Made what up?" She grasped the straps of his overalls. "What did he tell you? Please!"

Somebody started a phonograph in the cottage next door. Stephen, asleep in his cottage,

moved restlessly but he did not awaken. Through the window I could see all the color leave Emily's face.

I thought she would faint. The old man, shocked at the effect of his revelation, backed awkwardly away down the path as soon as common decency permitted.

Emily stood there for a long moment. The sun shone brilliantly on her dark hair. Gradually the color returned to her face.

Then as one performing a ritual, with an air of extreme preoccupation, slowly, intently, she picked up the brooms and mops and dustpans, being very careful that each was restored to its exactly proper position in her arms.

Across the blackened ruins of the world—she made her way to the next cottage in her cleaner. And presently the noise of a vacuum cleaner swirled out into the morning.

STILL dazed, her will concentrated solely on fighting back an initial impulse to hysteria, Emily knocked on the door.

A moment later Stephen's sleepy voice called, "Who is it?"

"It's Emily, Stephen."

Silence. "All right. Just a minute."

With a tremendous effort she fixed her lips in a smile.

Slowly the door opened. His copper-colored hair tousled, his eyes clouded from troubled sleep and fatigue, Coulter stood blinking down at her. Quickly she said, "I know I promised, Stephen, but . . . I just had to see you again."

Not detecting the undercurrent of emotion in her voice, he said, "Give me five minutes to get washed up and I'll be with you."

He gestured into the darkened room. "I'm afraid things are in an awful mess."

"I'll wait here, Stephen."

"Okay. Won't take me long."

Emily settled down on the top step. She could hear him moving about inside, the sound of water running. Thoughts like jagged pieces of glass tumbled through her mind. When she heard the knob turning, her face was masklike in its composure.

"Well, I feel a little more human now," he said, pausing expectantly beside her.

"Will you take me for a walk, Stephen?"

Something in her voice reached him and he looked at her quickly. "Sure," he said. "I'm not going to get an early start today, anyway. Where would you like to walk?"

"Oh . . . to the end of the point," she said, her smile wavering dangerously as she felt his hand on her arm.

Emily and Stephen made their way along the crowded beach and neared the land's head. They came to a sort of pocket, lined by stone and spilling open to the water. The rocks were cool at their backs.

Stephen lit a cigarette. Her eyes came to rest on his face. Then, after a moment, his gaze shifted down to hers.

"What is it, Emily?"

Her hands pressed back hard against the rocks. Her will conquered again and her voice was steady as she answered, "You weren't coming back, were you?"

"The lines around his mouth stabbed deeper as though under the impact of a sudden whip. He said, "No, Emily, I wasn't coming back."

A low tense whisper: "Why, Stephen?"

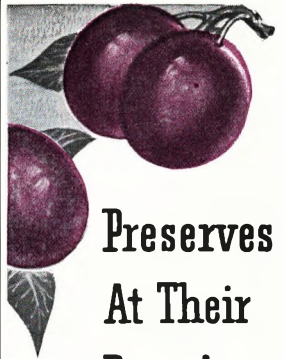
The waves breathed in and out, in and out. Then in a curiously flat and nerveless voice Stephen told her, "Because I have only a few months to live."

His head sank into his hands. I watched Emily's eyes fill with tears.

Then I saw her move over to his side; I saw her put her arm around his shoulder; I saw her pull his head in close against her; I heard her say, "Oh, darling . . . my darling . . ."

Her tears fell down on their clasped hands. I wanted to turn away. The pain of it beat out like dark wings. It seems wrong to tell anyone about that moment.

His voice was strangled and knotted: "Oh, [continued on page 145]



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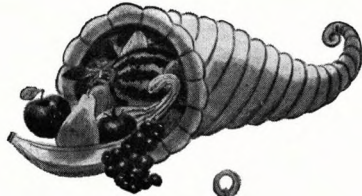
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See You in the Morning

from page 143

God! I didn't want you to find out like this . . ."

They were leaning back against the rock together, his arm around her waist, her face pressed into his shoulder. She had stopped crying. He was looking out over the water.

"Oh, you should have told me, Stephen," Emily said, her voice rich with inexpressible sympathy.

He did not trust himself to speak.

Her hair blew softly against his cheek.

Finally Stephen said, "I should have seen to it that none of this happened." Something of the dead flat quality was still in his voice; but now an edge of bitterness was there too.

Emily raised her head slowly. Quietly she said, "Where will you go, Stephen?"

"Oh—anywhere. That doesn't matter." Gently he pressed her face against his shoulder. "I have no right to ask you this, Emily, but . . . but that game of make-believe we played—could we play it again now—until we get back?"

After a moment she whispered, "Yes, Stephen," and then she was crying: "Oh no, darling! Don't leave me! Please."

A great pain and sorrow filling his eyes, Coulter held her tightly in his arms and, hardly aware of his words, murmured over and over, "I love you, I love you."

"Take me with you, Stephen. Don't leave me. Oh, my darling, don't leave me."

"I love you. I love you, Emily."

"Stephen. . . . My poor Stephen. . . ."

"Shall we go now?" Stephen said.

Emily was silent a moment; then she said, "You go on ahead, Stephen. I'll catch up to you after a little while."

He stood up, placed his hand lightly on her shoulder. "All right, Emily."

She watched him make his way up the rocky slope. He looked like a young god climbing into the sun.

Arrived at the top, he hesitated. But then he walked on faster; he didn't look back.

And then he was gone.

Slowly Emily lowered her face into her hands. She was quite still for a moment; then great anguished sobs tore through her slight body; and her hands beat against the stone.

HER eyes were half-closed against the noon's fire on the water. He would be miles away—the whole dark world between them now. She got to her feet. She stood there for a long moment, panic gathering in her heart again.

"Emily."

The fire tossed up from the water.

Then she heard the sound of running.

"Emily."

And she stumbled up across the rocks to meet him.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!"

"I couldn't, Emily. I couldn't leave you like that." His voice was hoarse with an infinite tenderness. "God! I love you so much!"

Her lips were sweet and soft against his mouth. "Oh, Stephen, Stephen . . ." And as his arms tightened around her, she cried brokenly in her great relief and joy.

"My little darling. . . ."

"Oh, I'm so glad, so terribly glad!"

"I knew I shouldn't come back, but . . ."

"Oh, Stephen, nothing else matters now," she whispered, her lips lifting to his again. "I shouldn't have let you go. Oh, I shouldn't have ever let you go!"

For the time it would take to climb a thousand steps or to plant a tree, they stood motionless together there in the sun.

Gently he brushed a strand of wet hair back from her forehead. "All I can ever do is hurt you," he said miserably.

"You've given me everything, Stephen," she told him with quiet intensity. "All that matters now is that we love each other. Let's go down by the water, Stephen."

The blurred shimmering sound of a phonograph floated in from a canoe. It was cool and pleasant there. Emily and Stephen rested against the ledge and looked out over the water. Her hand was held tightly in his.



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At last he said quietly, "We're only making it harder, Emily."

She was silent a long moment. Another phonograph joined the first. Emily said, "I'm going with you, Stephen." Her eyes rose to his face. "I know that it's wrong for us not to be together."

He struggled to focus his thoughts, a torrent of conflicting feelings charging through him. "I'm going to die. I'm going to die—don't you understand that! What good is all the rest of it, when I'm going to die!"

She clung to him, her face pressed into his shoulder. "Darling . . . darling . . ." And she was sobbing his name.

There were tears in his own eyes as he said, "I'm sorry, Emily, only—God, I . . . I—"

After a long moment Stephen said very softly, "Emily, I must go."

Her body became very still. Slowly she lifted her face. His heart broke as he saw the suffering in it. She said, "I'm going with you, Stephen. I have to come with you. You said that if you could you'd ask me to marry you."

He waited, his eyes not wavering from hers.

"I want you to ask me now, Stephen."

IN AN instant all the terror and sorrow I returned to his face; but something else struggled there too, something that honored without question the direct simplicity of her request. "I can't, Emily," he said. "We have no right—"

She interrupted quickly, rising to her feet and standing before him, "We have no right not to be together. It isn't in our hands now."

"But that's the whole point, Emily," he said, a bitter resignation flooding his voice. "It isn't in our hands. There's nothing whatever we can do about it."

"We can believe in our love, Stephen," she said with rising intensity. "Loving each other must be something more than just something we say."

"And what would happen to our love if we were together, knowing that at any minute I might . . . that I—?" He broke off, then finished quietly, "It's no good, Emily."

"Knowing that at any minute you will die," she said evenly, putting her hands on his arms. "Do you love me, Stephen?"

He raised his eyes to her face. "You know I love you," he answered softly.

"And you believe in our love?"

He nodded, his face troubled and tense.

"Say it, Stephen." Her fingers tightened on his arms. "Say that you believe in our love."

The power of her feeling surged through him. "I do believe in it. But—"

"Have you any way of knowing that I won't be dead tomorrow, or an hour from now?"

"But that's a different thing, Emily," he said, the contagion of her excitement reflected in his voice. "People never really believe that it will actually happen to them. It's a very different thing to know—to have it with you all the time, every breath you take, every hour, every minute—oh, Emily, no love or faith could stand up under that!"

"You said you loved me. You said that—"

"I do love you," he interrupted, pulling her back against him. "I love you more than I ever dreamed. I could love anyone. Don't you see that's just why I can't drag you into it! Oh, darling, can't you understand that every day would be like a mockery—a hideous sordid make-believe that would warp and twist your whole life; that would ruin all the things you believe in!"

Emily was silent for a long moment in his arms; then she asked softly, "Are you afraid to die, Stephen?"

At last, quietly, "No, Emily, I'm not afraid."

"But you were . . . before?"

"Yes," he said, a wondering quickening light appearing in his eyes as he looked out across the water. And he repeated slowly, "I'm not afraid now, not at all now."

She was silent again, her eyes on his face. Finally he brought his eyes back to hers. "Why aren't you afraid now, Stephen?"

"Because you have made me believe in myself," he told her quietly. "Because for the first time I feel that there is some meaning in being alive."

"Then why should it be so hard for you to believe in us?"

[continued on page 146]

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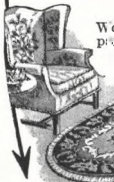
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"That part of it came too late, Emily," he said so softly that she had difficulty making out the words.
"Too late for us to be together?"
"Yes. Even if . . . if we could handle the rest of it, there isn't time enough to—to—" His voice trailed off.
"Do people who live together for ten years, fifty years, without love, even hating each other—do they have time enough, Stephen?"
He kicked a pebble off into the water.
"Oh, darling," she cried, "my whole life has happened in the few weeks we've known each other! How can it be too late for us to be together when there is only pain and emptiness when we are apart? Oh, if it be only a day more, an hour . . . Believe in our love. Believe in our right to be happy together!"
"My little darling," he murmured.
"Shall we stop believing in God because . . . because people say there isn't time for that sort of thing any more?"
"But when I die?" His voice was a writing shadow filled with opposing wings of darkness and light.
"Half of you will still live in me," she whispered, her tear-stained face lifted to his.
I watched his face as he stared out across the lake. It was a very different face from the one I had seen when I first looked in through the window of his cottage; there had been little dignity, gentleness or maturity in it then—indeed, it was difficult to believe that this was the same man at all. He said, "Will you be my wife, Emily?"
An unbelieving radiance made her eyes very beautiful. Not trusting herself to speak, she relaxed forward into the strength of his arms. The moment seemed to hang there forever.

"AND we won't talk about it ever again A now."
"No, darling."
"And you don't have any doubt, do you, Stephen?"
"I only know that we belong together." Stephen continued slowly, "I could never have believed this before—and I know it sounds funny—but I'm glad. I had to know that I was losing my life . . . before I could find it."

The sunlight shattered down through the leaves onto their faces, a benediction from an eternal and all-encompassing font of wisdom, forgiveness and love.

"And now we won't talk about it any more," he said and he smiled down into the joyous and innocent worlds that looked up out of her eyes at him.

"When shall we leave?"
"Oh, as soon as we can, Stephen. Today. Now—just as soon as we can get ready."
"Well, it won't take me long. My things are already in the car."

They hurried past the now-deserted picnic tables. A squirrel poked lazily at a crumpled-up paper bag.

"I suppose I should wire my sister."
He nodded and after a moment said, "Come to think of it, I haven't had anything to eat today."

"Maybe you'd rather get something before we go?"
"No, we can eat on the way."

"I'm so happy. Oh, Stephen . . ."
As they neared the beach Stephen climbed up a shale bank and picked a tiny wild rose and fastened it carefully in her hair. "I'll have the prettiest bride in the whole wide world," he said softly.

They hurried even faster now, swinging hands, their faces wonderfully eager.
"It'll take me a little while to get ready. I want to iron my white dress and . . . oh, do a number of things."

He smiled down at her. "I didn't think you could get ready just one-two-three like that. It's not every day that the most beautiful girl in the world gets married. Where would you like to go—New York?"

"Oh, Stephen. I'm too excited even to think about that now."

"Well, we can think about it tonight after dinner."
"Could we have dinner—"
"Where the monkey rides around on the big black cat?" he finished for her.

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"Uh-huh." She leaned her head against him, smiling up happily.
"Sure. I wouldn't want to eat anywhere else tonight."
"I love you so very much."
As they walked on they passed a group of young men and women whose eyes moved quickly from Stephen to come to a smiling warm rest on Emily's radiant face. They overheard one of the young women say, "Oh, she's lovely," and one of the young men: "I wonder who she is? I haven't seen her around before."
And Stephen pressed her arm close and said, "See?"

ONE of the candles on the table had blown out and Emily moved the copper holder out of the full draft from the open window before lighting it again. She hummed busily to herself as she hurried back to the kitchen. A moment later footsteps sounded on the porch and Stephen came in carrying two large bags full of groceries.

"Hello, darling," he said. "I guess I didn't forget anything this trip."
"Oh, honey—why did you buy so much?"
She lifted the lid off a kettle and prodded with a fork. "Another few minutes."
"Boy! Am I hungry!" He took a glass out of the cupboard and turned on a faucet.
"Wait, Stephen, the glasses haven't been washed yet."
"That's all right. I'll just rinse it out. Don't we have any hot water? This one's marked 'H.'"

"Here. It's this one."
"Yup, wouldn't you know? Plumbers must have a superstition or something after ever getting them right. Hadn't you better keep an eye on the chops, Emily?"

"I've already turned the fire off. Just a few more minutes for the squash." She dried the glass and ran a drink for him.
"Thanks. I love broiled chops."
"I'm afraid these will be stringy. Do you remember the wonderful vegetable chops we had below the park on Fifth Avenue?"
He nodded. "Below Washington Square."
"Maybe you'd like to clear the chairs and set them up to the table."

A moment later: "Sweetheart, do you want me to light the candles again?"
"Oh." And she called, "You'd better close the window first, Stephen. Or, wait—I'll be right in."

"Tired?"
She burrowed in deeper against his shoulder. "No. I'm just so cozy and happy."
"Like your house?"
"Love it. You must be tired, darling."
"Driving's fun."
"How far are we from New York?"
"Oh, eight or nine hundred miles."
"Do you remember what it's called?"
"This town? Oh, Rellsville, Raynsville—something like that."

"I want to get up very early, so we can have lots of time for exploring."
"Then we'd better not sit up too long."
"I suppose I should be unpacking; but it's so cozy . . ."
"Close your eyes."
"I'm not sleepy. After a little while I'm going to look at some of our new books."
"I think most of them are still in the car."
"Will you read to me again?"
"Tonight? Not tonight, Emily."
"You are tired."
"Um—a little. But mainly I just feel lazy."
"I love it when you read."
"You read much better."
"No, I don't; I get too . . . too sort of trembly. But you make them sound so dignified and real."
"Tomorrow night. We'll take turns." He stood up. "Let's try the phonograph."
When she nodded quickly, he said, "All right. What would you like?"
"You pick the first one, darling."
"Um-um-um," he said, as he sorted them up out of the box. "Here we are." He settled the records on the automatic changer.

As the music began he closed his hand gently over hers. After a moment she said, "Oh, that's the one we heard at Carnegie Hall."



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"Oh, Stephen," she laughed, "you know that not a single one of them ever works out."
"Well, just you wait and see, this one'll work out. They didn't use to call me Coulter-the-card-trick-shark for nothing, you know."
"All right, honey, you show me the one that works," she said, putting the book aside.

With elaborate care he shoved back his sleeves and made the cards buzz against one another. "Want to bet?" he asked.

"Uh-hm, I'll bet you a kiss."
"This is a cinch," he said. "Four, five . . . no, six goes over in this row. You can't win, Emily."

"I can't lose."
"Nine, ten—" He looked up, smiling. "That's right. Neither can I." And he leaned across quickly and kissed her.

STEPHEN is that somebody knocking?"

"I . . . yeah, so it is. Good evening, sir. The wind was blowing so hard, we—"

"Good evening. I work for the census bureau. I wonder if I could just take a little of you people's time."

Crimson petals dropping softly down on a spotless cloth.

"Are you sure you're not getting cold?"
"Quite sure. But aren't you, without your coat? Only take me a minute to go in and get my own."

"No, this is a very warm sweater."

The chairs of the swing creaked rhythmically. Tires made a clinging slapping liquid sound on the wet pavement.

"There's a car without any lights at all."
"I didn't notice." Then after a moment:

"And you won't forget, Emily, will you?"

"No, darling, I won't forget."

"What with the sale of the roadster and—"

"Now, Stephen, you just stop thinking about it. We'll be all right."

"I know you will, but it's just as well to get it all straightened out now."

"It is straightened out, honey. Now you just stop thinking about it. Isn't that Mr. Seeley?"

"Where?"

"No, his is a bigger car. How did you like the coffee tonight?"

"Good. I always like our coffee."

"It was a brand we hadn't tried before. I thought it was a little thin; but if you liked it . . ."

"Sweet," he said, drawing her nearer and speaking with quick warmth, "I promise; I won't talk about it again."

"But, honey, it really is new coffee."

"I know. I know it's new coffee; and Mr. Seeley really does have a bigger car—but all the same, I promise; I won't even think about it any more. Here, we'll seal the bargain."

Tires squished back and forth in the rain.

"Oh, now it's beginning to rain very hard."

"Any of it coming in on you?"

"A little; but it's fun."

"Boy! Look at it!"

"I'm glad I closed the windows."

"The wind's shifting. Look at that car, Stephen!" She gripped his arm.

"The dope!"

"Oooh. . . . I thought sure they were going to hit."

"It certainly wasn't that sap's fault they didn't."

"Why are people so careless?"

"And on top of that three-fourths of the cars on the road today belong in junkyards."

The rain drummed solidly on the roof. It beat up and down the steps like something that couldn't make up its mind whether to come in or to stay out.

"Oh, look, all the street lights are out."

"And the house lights. Must have hit a main power line."

"Oh, it's strange. . . ."

"There come the candles."

"It's so dark."

"Isn't it odd how much quieter it seems?"

"Yeah. Good thing we didn't go to the movies tonight."

Headlights cut silver paths through the blowing darkness.

"Did you finish the bonnet?"

"All but putting the ribbon on."

"You mean, for under her chin?"

She shook her head. "I have blue ribbon."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Pink is for little girls, darling."

The rain surged down out of the black sky.

"Any time you want to go in, Emily . . ."

"Let's wait until the lights come on again."

"Let's play our game, darling," Emily said.

"All right. You begin."

"Well, a handsome young knight, with a tossing red feather in his hat—"

"And a pretty little girl with very dark hair and funny gray eyes—"

"Come to a lovely valley . . . all full of pretty flowers . . . and golden birds were singing down from every tree."

"And he put his arms around her . . . like this."

"My darling . . ."

"And then they were quiet there together for a long, long time . . . just looking out of the window up at the stars."

"And their star . . ."

"Was the brightest in all the sky."

So now the leaves are falling
Content with their harvest, the fields sleep
Soon ice will form over the ponds in the forest.

Little animals have been measured for their new coats.

"Oh, Stephen, Stephen . . ."

"You've got the funniest little nose."

"Oh, I love you, I love you so very much."

"Well, tell me a better one, then."

"But, honey, we can't give our son a girl's name."

I WATCHED them lying side by side together in the darkness. Her head lay across his arm. Their eyes were open.

The sky was clouded over, without stars. The window was a gray box in the greater darkness of the room.

It was two months and sixteen days before his death.

She moved her head slightly on his arm. Presently his eyes closed.

She said very softly, "Are you awake, Stephen?"

"Yes."

"Do you think we need another blanket?"

"Why, are you cold, Emily?"

"No, but I thought maybe that was why you hadn't fallen asleep."

"I'm fine. But why aren't you asleep?"

"I was just trying to think if we'd forgotten anything."

"I don't know what it could be."

"You still don't think we should take along a few pots and pans?"

"There's no point, sweet. Why should we carry a lot of unnecessary stuff like that when we'll be stopping over in the hostelry?"

"Just one frying pan? And our tiny aluminum coffeepot?"

"Emily."

"What?"

"You're a little rascal."

"But I know how disappointed you'll be if—"

"Okay. And our tiny aluminum coffeepot."

"Maybe we should take only one can of hash."

"Over my—nothing doing, nothing doing. Boy, does that ever taste good? Over a nice wood fire, when you're tired after a long pull up a mountain trail. With half a dozen crisp slices of bacon."

"I'm anxious to try out my new high shoes."

"And big steaming cups of hot coffee."

"Oh, it'll be such fun."

"Now we'd better get to sleep. 'Night."

"Good night. Good night, Emily."

A little silence.

"Emily."

"No, No, honey, you're not going to make sandwiches at this hour. Now you just go to sleep."

"Well. . . ."

"Here. Now, good night."

"Such a short kiss."

She raised her warm lips to his mouth again. "Now, go to sleep, darling."

And soon the sound of their peaceful breathing filled the dark room. [THE END]

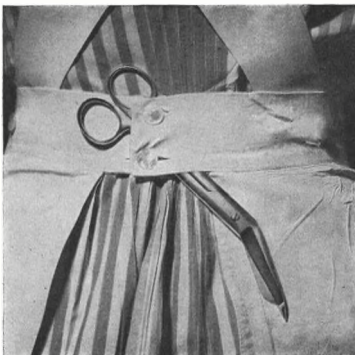


JUNIORS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAY-O'REILLY

On duty. Student Margaret Selway works with Dr. Alfred Stojowski in one of the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center wards. As part of her education in clinical procedure she prepares the dressing cart—with its immaculate load of tape, bandage, instruments, antiseptics—and assists doctor as he goes about changing dressings.



Students tuck bandage scissors in backs of aprons worn over "Presbyterian" blue-and-white uniforms.

STUDENT NURSE

• Today nursing is one of the finest professions a young woman can enter. A graduate is a respected scientist, no longer looked on as a scrub-woman or a solicitous but untrained "watcher." Typical of the fine educational programs is the course given in the School of Nursing at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York. Girls accepted for admission are tops in health, personality and scholarship. Tuition cost for the entire three-year program is \$480 to students working for both the nursing diploma and Columbia University B.S.; \$310 for the diploma alone—with board, room, books, uniforms, health care supplied free.

[continued on page 150]



RIO
black
brown
green
blue

DOLL
black
brown
red
white

it takes
more than Spring
to put a lilt in your step



MARY
black
brown
red
white

Life is a green light for the
go, go, going all the time modern woman
... buoyantly, comfortably,
fashionably in Air-Tred shoes.

Over 40 wonderful new Spring
styles to put enthusiasm in your
every step—mile after mile.

750 and 895

The
AIR-TRED
Shoe

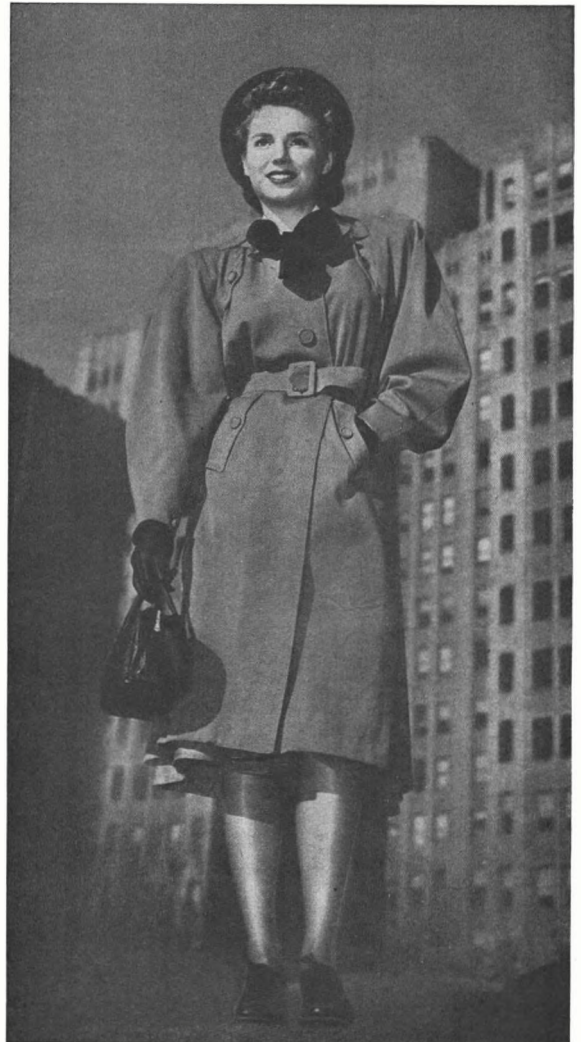


Air-Tred's exclusive hidden
Air Cushion between insole
and outsole helps give
them their blessed comfort.

Patented Process U.S.
No. 1754225



at better shoe stores everywhere or write AIR-TRED SHOE CORP., Auburn, Maine



Ann Shontz's study of public-health nursing includes visiting outpatients of the Vanderbilt Clinic and follow-up conferences on the family's health problem with instructor.



Dr. Eleanor Darby (center) conducts intensive course in applied chemistry and its relation to physiology, microbiology, nutrition, study and administration of drugs.

JUNIORS



The patient's well-being is of first importance. Course of study features demonstrations of nursing procedures, supervised practice in classrooms, wards and clinics.



Big bright library and a study room are located in Anna C. Maxwell residence hall. Students also use fine library in University's School of Medicine whose amphitheatres, laboratories are available for special classes.

BUT IT ISN'T ALL WORK!



Dorm life in Maxwell Hall is gay and pleasant with time out for knitting, reading, the latest records, radio programs and chitchat.



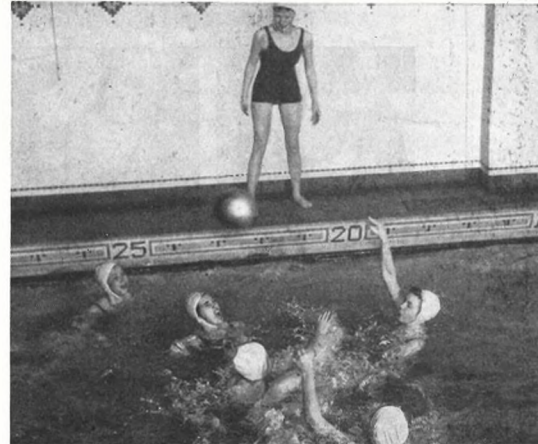
Snack bar in basement rates high approval by students' dates. Swimming, dancing and tennis are all part of recreation program.



Learning how to softsoap Jr. goes with course in pediatric nursing at Clinic and Babies' Hospital.



Student Elizabeth Pratherpe makes with pictures for young patients in children's playroom on hospital roof.





Ooo! House cleaning without "LYSOL"??...



That's no way to fight germs!...



That's better... there goes "LYSOL" now!...

Mommy says:
"No **SKIPPING** again... ever!"

SMART mothers will *never* skip "Lysol" when they clean . . . because every-day house dust may hold grave danger of germ infection . . . family sickness.

Be on guard . . . with potent, germ-killing "Lysol" brand disinfectant! "Lysol" is death to every germ it reaches . . . gives you a positive germ-killing protection not found in ordinary household cleansers.

So *always* add powerful, effective "Lysol" to the cleaning water to disinfect your bathroom and kitchen . . . walls, woodwork, floors throughout your house. *Know* germs go as you clean!

All general cleaning calls for 2½ tablespoons of "Lysol" to each gallon of water. What economy! So much germ-killing power is concentrated in such a small quantity! Quick and easy, too.

Surveys show more housewives use reliable, germ-killing "Lysol" than all other household disinfectants *combined*. Take no chances! Keep "Lysol" handy in *both* kitchen and bathroom for *every-time*, protective use.



WEEKLY CARE NEEDED HERE

Once a week clean your washing machine or tub with "Lysol." Helps prevent spread of germs.



DESTROY GERMS WHERE THEY BREED

Germs thrive in the toilet bowl, wash basin, bathtub. Fight them with germ-killing "Lysol."



DISINFECT THE KITCHEN SINK

Keep sink and drainboards . . . cabinet shelves . . . walls and floor hygienically clean with "Lysol."

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE,
EVERY TIME YOU CLEAN . . .
DISINFECT WITH

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Product of Lehn & Fink



For **FREE** booklet on fighting disease germs, send postcard or letter to Dept. W. H. C.-183, Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.



Sewing a fine seam—not to be confused with just plain mending—gets many a woman out of the dumps. "It's fun to make something new and pretty," they say. And if you make it for somebody else, the cure is doubly sure.



Nothing like a romp with something small and frisky to restore your sense of humor is the general opinion. "I let my work go while I enjoy my children," says a mother. Other women play with kittens or puppies like these.

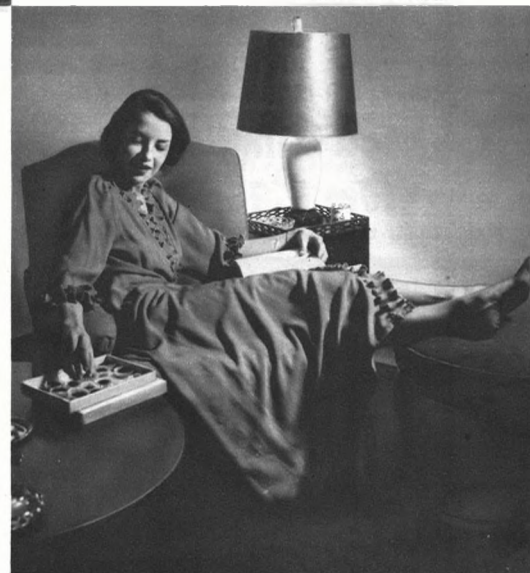
HOW DO YOU BEAT THE BLUES?

SIXTY-THIRD COMPANION POLL

• Contrary to popular opinion, the average woman doesn't rush right out to buy a new hat every time she gets the blues—at least not if our two thousand Reader-Reporters are typical. She's a lot more likely to take in a good movie. This month when we asked Reader-Reporters what they had found to be the best method for getting rid of that old blue feeling, buying something new came out fifth from the top of their list. No single remedy got an overwhelming vote. But on this page and the following two you'll see eight fundamental favorites.

continued on page 154

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAY-B'NEILLY



Reading a book or magazine got the second largest vote. Some read in a scented bath or bed. And music adds as much as candy.

HOW DO YOU BEAT THE BLUES?



Easy Recipes

They're wonderful so many ways!



When the budget says be careful, and your family wants the best, count on big golden canned cling peaches from California's sun-drenched valleys. These luscious beauties, with their deep rich color, orchard-fresh flavor, and smooth firm texture are as economical as they are versatile! Use them in salads, desserts, as garnishes for meat-loaf! Remember! Both kinds, slices or halves, come in a variety of syrups and sizes to suit any purpose, any purse. Just make sure the label says "clings"!

Copyright 1948, U.S. Food & Drug Administration

Quick Peach Desserts

Colorful and thrifty...with canned cling peaches from California

Wonderful No-work Dessert, shown above. Luscious cling peach halves right from the can... and wedges of brown bread. Fluffy cream cheese topping made by blending cheese with a little peach syrup.

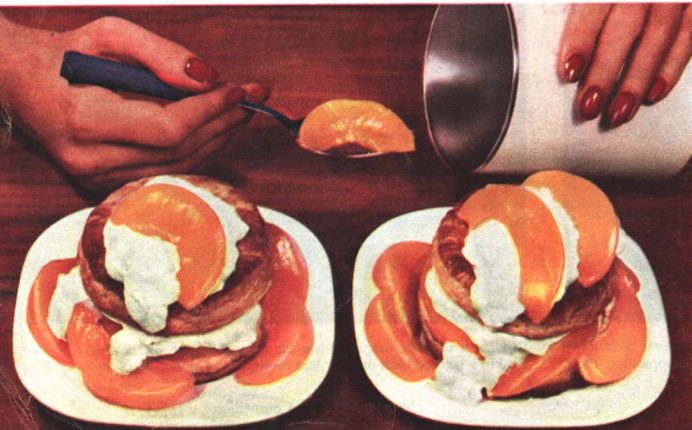
Short Cut to Shortcake, shown below. Bake biscuit dough in rounds 3 inches across. Split and cover lower half with dainty sun-sweetened canned cling peach slices and whipped cream. Replace tops and cover with more peaches, more whipped cream.

Check the label—Choose your favorite brand of

Canned Cling Peaches from California



Canned Halves · Canned Slices · Canned Fruit Cocktail · in tin or glass



A real cleaning binge is the third most popular remedy. Move furniture to your heart's content. "But," says one, "husbands like to recognize the home they left in the morning."



Religion is the best antidote for many women. "A few minutes of prayer in church or some other quiet place," one expresses it, "and I feel as if I had a new lease on life."



Get away from it all. That's the advice of the greatest number. "Deck yourself out in your very finest, complete with manicure, and take off, preferably to the movies."



Buying something—personal or just for the house—gives a lift to almost any woman. "Price isn't important to me. A new lipstick will work as well as a new spring hat."



A walk alone, perhaps preceded by a good cry, leaves many refreshed and ready to start over. Most Reader-Reporters like to be by themselves when beating the blues.

Orange Coconut Angel Food

Frost angel food cake with orange icing and snow it under with luscious Baker's Coconut. For icing, use 3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, dash of salt, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, and about 5 tablespoons orange juice. Add coloring, if desired.



Joy! Joy!
Baker's Coconut is back!

Is ALL the coconut cake they can eat
your family's idea of heaven?
Is their own particular pie in the sky
a coconut custard, or coconut cream,
or coconut fruit pie?

Make 'em happy! Baker's Coconut
is back!

In kitchens, bakeries and fine food
shops—tender, crunchy-sweet coco-
nut is falling like snowflakes again.

On swirly frostings and gleaming

meringues . . . into puddings, fillings,
macaroons, cookies, candy . . . glamor-
izing almost any dessert quick as a
wink!

Get your Baker's Coconut at the
grocer's today!

Send! Brand-new recipe book, spangled
with bright ideas, yours for only 10¢.
Address Baker's Coconut, Box WHC3,
Battle Creek, Mich.



Hint for pie lovers!

Top coconut cream pie with unbaked meringue
and garnish with coconut and pineapple. For
meringue, combine 2 egg whites, ½ cup sugar,
dash of salt, and 3 tablespoons water in double
boiler; beat with rotary egg beater. Place over
boiling water and beat 1 minute. Remove from
heat and beat 1 minute more.

**BAKER'S
COCONUT**

Grocers have two kinds of Baker's Coconut—
Baker's Southern Style (so good it seems like
fresh-shredded coconut, sweetened) and Baker's
Premium Shred (more moist and tender than
ever before). Perfectly delicious—both of them!



Products of
General Foods

ADAPTABLE HAIRDO



It's fun
to have feet... in
Oomphies

Tuck your toes into shining satin Melody and you'll find why it's fun to have feet in Oomphies. Oomphies are so enchantingly pretty, such outrageous flatterers, they're completely irresistible. And once you walk on Oomphies cushion sole you'll know you just don't want to live without them!



You'll find Oomphies in your stores
priced from \$2.95 up.
Sorry, no mail orders.

Oomphies

OOMPHIES, INC.
New York City



1. The Take-off. Well, here she goes under the scissors. Scared? Only a little. "After all, if it doesn't happen to look well on me, I can always grow it out again, can't I?"



3. The Design. After the hair is washed, the maestro checks the cut and with his comb blocks out the set. "My, don't I look funny! Are you sure it's going to be all right?"

• "It looks pretty on the model but how would it look on me?" "Do you think I will be sorry if I have my hair cut?" "Isn't short hair just for the very young?" To such questions Michel of Helena Rubinstein answers that short hair is neater, smarter and more flattering to almost any face. Here, for our record, a sixteen-year-old takes the short cut from trepidation to satisfaction. Turn the page and see how, if you're thirty-ish or older, the same cut and set can be adapted for your hair and your face. The secret? It's all in the brush-out.

continued on page 158

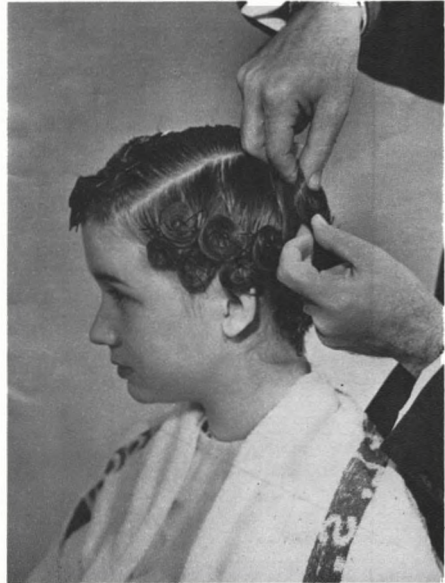
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM BITTET

GOOD LOOKS



2. The Shampoo. Oh, what a lovely lightheaded feeling! "And it won't take long under the dryer, will it?"

6. The Finish. And here we have it—the new little up-and-coming hairdo. It fits the head like a smooth cap, hugs the neck, sweetly frames the face. And goes to prove that *half a forward-looking bang* is often better than one—or none.



4. The Pin-up. Smooth top and flat pin curls. "It doesn't look hard to do. Think I could set it myself?"



5. The Brush-out. Now we are really beginning to get somewhere. Out from under the dryer in quick time and on with the brushing, which turns the pin curls into a coiffure. "Oh, Mr. Michel, it's going to look wonderful, don't you think?"

AT LAST!

A polish that contains *no oil* to catch dust!

New-type cream wax leaves a hard, dry lasting luster...and oh! That wonderful cleaning power!

Who hasn't longed for a furniture polish that cleans as it shines... yet leaves no wet, oily film!

Wonderful Johnson's Cream Wax polishes with wax instead of oil. The rich, mellow luster it gives is completely dry—dust doesn't stick to it. And the finish stays bright for weeks. You'll find that Cream Waxed furniture needs repolishing far less often... just a light dusting keeps it shining!

The amazing cleaning power of Johnson's Cream Wax is such an advantage, too. Special cleansing agents in Cream Wax quickly wipe off every trace of dirt and fingerprints. You'll want to clean and wax-polish all your furniture, your light-colored woodwork and white kitchen equipment, with this creamy white liquid. Ask your dealer for non-oily Johnson's Cream Wax today.



Turn the dial and begin to smile at Fibber McGee and Molly—Tuesday nights—NBC



BRING OUT THE BEAUTY OF THE HOME

... with **JOHNSON'S** Cream Wax,

Paste Wax, Liquid Clearing and Polishing Wax, Self Polishing Glo-Coat, Carnu for cars

© S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, 1948. Johnson's is a registered trademark

ADAPTABLE HAIRDO from page 157



Second Look Coming Up. A little sleight of hand with the brush makes cut and set similar to those on the preceding pages into quite a different hairdo (see below).



Pretty Smooth. A more sophisticated version of the short cut—for the poised woman of thirty or so. You'll note the definite accentuation of the forward movement here.



Third Look en Route. For the mature woman the short cut, well managed, is neither too young nor too old. Here in process of brush-out is her version (shown below).



A Way with Gray Hair. Michel preserves the uncluttered look by modifying the downward and forward movements—and introduces a little more lift and soft flattery.

Quick delicious
TOPPING TRICK
PHILADELPHIA BRAND CREAM CHEESE... whipped



● Begin with the cream cheese that's *guaranteed fresh*—the kind marked "Philadelphia Brand" right on the wrapper. Add just a little milk to that rich, fresh cheese—whip it up with a fork or spoon. Swirl that delectable "fluff" on cherry tarts, baked pears or

apples, gingerbread, a salad. There's a topping trick that makes a simple dish into company fare.

Remember, too, Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with jelly and crackers for dessert, on toast for a breakfast treat.

THIS BRAND
Guaranteed Fresh!



Copyright 1948 by Kraft Foods Company

GENUINE PHILADELPHIA BRAND

CREAM CHEESE IS MADE ONLY BY **KRAFT**



To dye egg halfway use a wire egg-holder for boiling eggs (or make your own from wire); lower egg carefully into dye to desired depth and hold until dye is sufficiently set.



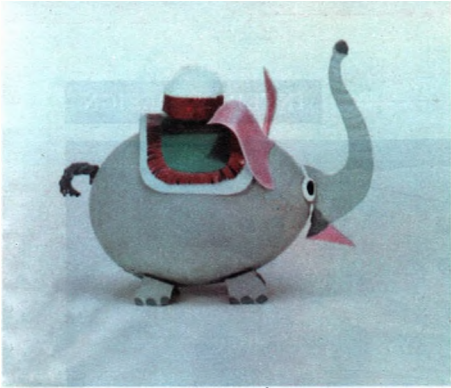
GRAN'MA TIPPITOE DESIGNED
BY CECELIA S. MCCUE

Her hair is white cotton; she is mounted on inverted nut cup. Hair can be doll's wig, bits of fur, yarn of desired color.

EASTER TRICKS FOR LITTLE CHICKS

COLORS EGGS DESIGNED BY LINDIE LOVETT

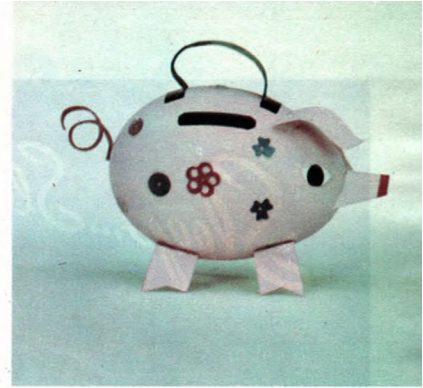
• They're fun, and you needn't waste the eggs. A couple of weeks beforehand, every time you're making a dish calling for eggs *not* separated, take time to blow the eggs out, then carefully save the empty shell to decorate later. Blow out the egg like this: In round end make a hole with point of knife; carefully lift off bits of shell around this hole with knife, until hole is size of a dime. Holding the egg hole-down over a dish, puncture a tiny hole in other end, using point of large pin. Now blow through this puncture and plop!—meat of egg is in dish. Rinse, dry; cover hole, if desired, with gummed patch. To make heads like Gran'ma Tippitoe (left), choose your egg for its "complexion;" draw features on egg with rounded side up; fill in colors using paints, ink, dot of lipstick smeared with finger tip.



From paper cut trunk, tusks, ears, eyes and feet; tail is twisted crepe paper; howdah can be as fancy as you like.



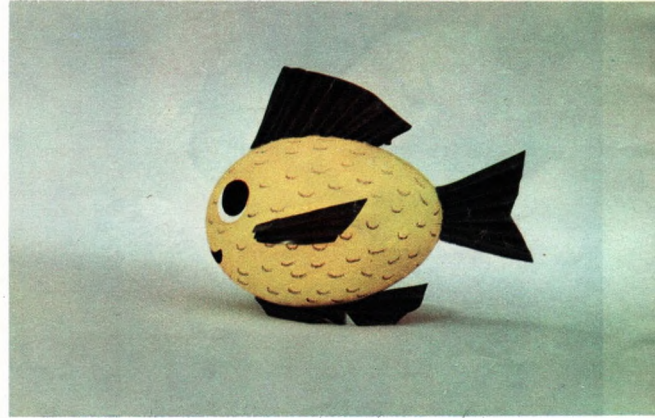
Dyes color balloon's bag, stars are the gummed kind; net is drawn on with sharp pencil; basket is a cardboard collar glued in place.



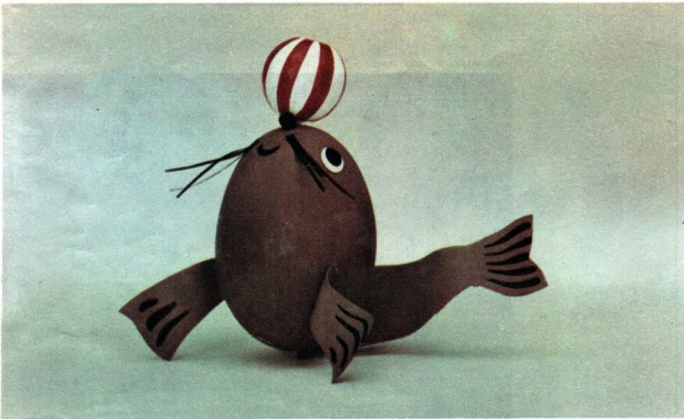
Tail is a strip of paper curled on knife; slot and handle are shiny paper; trim with gummed paper doodads.



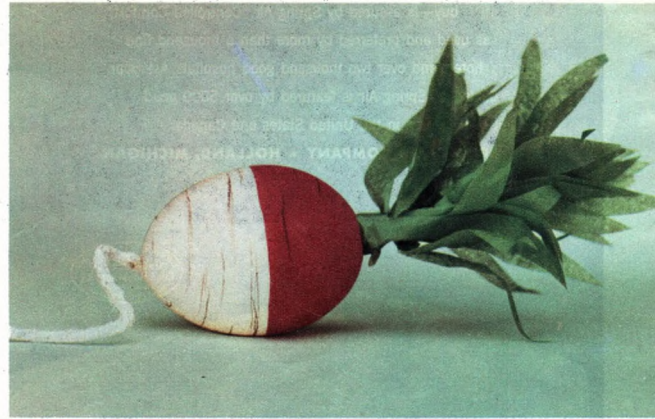
Cut two heads, wings, tails. Glue on wings; glue headpieces at front, securing comb, wattles, beak; glue tails at tip. Glue head and tail to egg, separating edges; snip paper fold for claws.



Dye egg and when dry draw on scales; mouth and eyes are cut from paper. Cut out fins and tail from stiff shiny or metallic paper, pleat into tiny folds, then glue into position on fish.



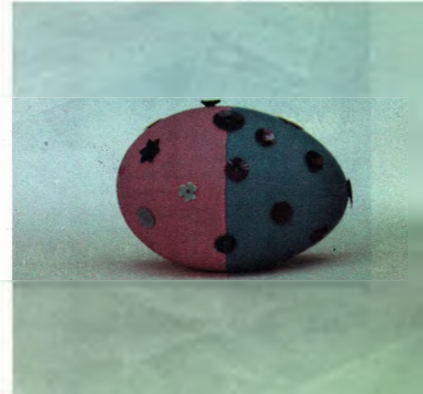
Whiskers are paper; ball is wooden bead held with gummed paper stuck in blow hole of egg. Lush colors, paper lace, gold paper circlet make this one.



Tissue leaves, string "root" are glued in blow holes. Soft pencil makes the markings.

Pinhead nose, paper propeller, paper-collar gondola cut curved.

Dome with sequins, "jools," good conduct stars, dyes.



Sleep... Sleep... Sleep



deep, restful, relaxing sleep—as fine as money can buy—is assured by Spring-Air "Controlled Comfort," as used and preferred by more than a thousand fine hotels and over two thousand good hospitals. Ask your dealer... Spring-Air is featured by over 5000 good stores in the United States and Canada.

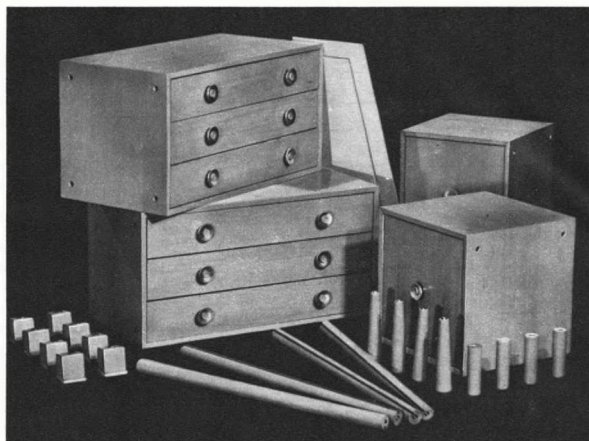
SPRING-AIR COMPANY • HOLLAND, MICHIGAN



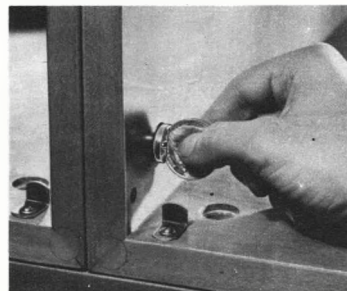
Write...

for "Controlled Comfort"... a valuable guide when buying sleep-equipment. Address Dept. 323

IRRESISTIBLE COMFORT

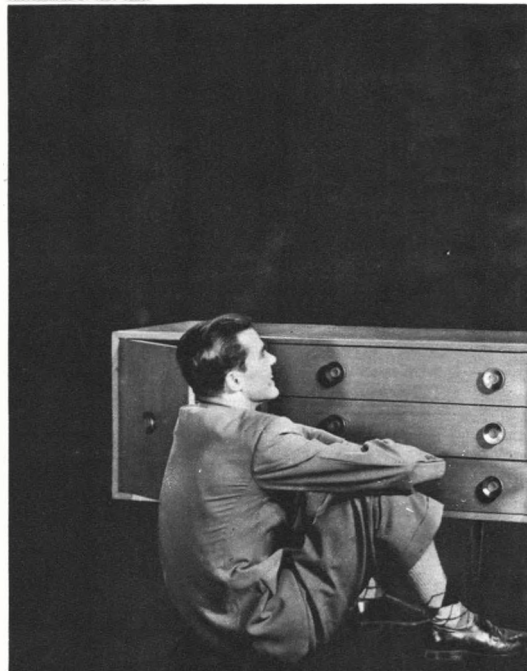


1. Units composing this furniture—two cases 36 by 18 by 18 inches, two cases 18 by 18 by 18 inches, eight legs (four not shown), four long spacer bracers, four 6-inch separators, eight feet, two tops. Many other units besides those illustrated are available.



2. A coin (preferably a fifty-cent piece) is your tool for assembling or taking apart Module units. Bolts are 2 inches from corners. Plastic plugs fill vacant bolt holes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY VENTI



MIX-MATCH FURNITURE

• This amazing furniture, called "Module," is designed by Morris Sanders for The Mengel Company. Each piece here is made from basic parts shown at left. Module furniture comes in multiples of 6 inches, units measure 6, 12, 18 or 36 inches high, wide, deep. They can be set upright or sideways, come fitted with shelves, doors or drawers and you custom-make pieces to suit your own room.

[continued on page 164]



3. To fit under a double window or perhaps under a big important bedroom mirror, construct this long low chest with plenty of drawer space—made of the two larger cases and four legs.



4. Or, for the man of the house perhaps, pile one on top of the other to make a tall chest with ample space for shirts, underwear, socks; he can use shaving mirror on it.



5. Something new has been added: Low chest arrangement, same as above, but with one of the smaller cabinets bolted to each end, and four more legs. Now there's room for hats, shoes.



6. For a different wall space the two small cabinets can be used to build the upright chest above still higher and make an important-looking piece with lots of room.

It all started with this



Design a really original dinette or breakfast nook by mixing and matching Samson chairs and folding tables. Then, when you want the space for something else—all your Samson folding furniture tucks neatly away into the space beside your refrigerator.



Single room for an active twosome. Samson chairs do double duty in beauty and wear. Strong enough to stand on, extra-roomy, cushion-comfortable, they take all kinds of punishment and wife of, smiling.



Over feel like pushing back the walls? Let Samson do it for you, with a marvelous collection of folding chairs and tables smart enough to keynote your whole room design, sturdy enough to last for ages. It's a special Samson magic...at bewitching prices that give you six or a dozen chairs and several bulky piece of furniture.

Cramped for space, yet bare of sitting room? Make a conversation piece of Samson chairs around your low coffee table. So smart, in any room, in such glowing decorator colors.

Chairs ONLY \$7.95 each

Tables ONLY \$12.95 each

Samson

ALL-PURPOSE FOLDING TABLES AND CHAIRS

Strong enough to stand on!

DENVER • SHWAYDOR BROS. INC. • DETROIT

MAKERS OF SAMSON ALL-PURPOSE TABLES • SAMSON FOLDING CHAIRS • SAMSONITE LUGGAGE

from page 163



7. For a living-room assemble this interesting little commode made of chest, cabinet, four legs, four separators. A pair of these would fit each side of fireplace or sofa.



8. One version of a sideboard. You supply glass or plywood top, spacer-bracers fit onto edge and anchor top to cabinets. Arrangement gives storage and serving space.



9. Sometimes an odd piece like this T-shape is just right for a difficult-to-furnish room: This chest-on-chest arrangement permits two little cabinets to be bolted to its sides.

MIX-MATCH FURNITURE



10. Low table for living-room, with storage space at each end for gadgets. You'll want an everything-proof top and, again, Module supplies braces to anchor it.



11. Another sideboard arrangement, compact, space-saving, balanced in design, with good storage space—cabinets for china, glassware, bottles; drawers for linens, silver.



12. Here's the T-shaped design again, but developed in reverse: Two smaller cabinets below support the larger chests, affording easy access to the contents of the drawers.

Truly, Kitchen Jewels

Brighten your kitchen, lighten your work and heighten your reputation as a cook with beautiful Revere Copper-Clad Stainless Steel Ware.

These lovely, gleaming saucepans, saucepots, double boilers, skillets and Dutch ovens enable you to cook the famous Revere "waterless" way. Your meals taste better, you preserve essential food values, you save time, fuel, money.

Revere Ware resists staining, rusting, pitting, chipping. Years of wear leave it as beautiful as new. When you buy it, you make a lifetime investment—in the long run, the most economical purchase you can make.

Join the happy millions who call these kitchen jewels their proudest kitchen possessions. But make sure you get the quality and service you are paying for. Various imitations are appearing on the market. When you buy, look for the words REVERE WARE in the trade mark stamped on the thick copper bottom. Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated, Rome Manufacturing Company Division, Rome, New York.



When baby's bad temper means "Childhood Constipation"

FASHIONS



I CAN'T FIND A DRESS TO FIT ME

• What is proportionate sizing? There was a day when it was impossible to buy a ready-made dress that fitted unless you were long-legged, slim and wide-shouldered—that's because for years dresses and suits were sized to the proportions of a fashion model's figure. Nice if you have it but most of us haven't as you can see by the figures at the right. Today manufacturers are designing and cutting clothes for figures of various types. In addition to sizes for the perfect figure many concentrate on the figure five feet five and under, others on clothes to fit the taller girl. Whichever you are, buy clothes that were designed and sized for you. It's well worth the extra effort and time it takes to shop and you will eliminate costly alterations that often spoil the good lines of a dress.

...give Fletcher's Castoria!



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

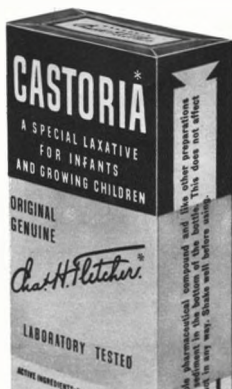
WHEN your baby's happy smiles change into fretful tears and bad temper because of "Childhood Constipation"... be a wise mother and give her Fletcher's Castoria.

Thorough and effective—yet so gentle, it won't upset sensitive digestive systems.

Made especially for children—contains no harsh drugs, will not cause griping or discomfort.

So pleasant-tasting—children love it and take it gladly without any struggle.

Get Fletcher's Castoria at your drug-store today. Be sure you see the green band and the Charles H. Fletcher signature on the package—then you will know that what you are getting is the original and genuine.



Chas. H. Fletcher
The original and genuine
CASTORIA

WRONG

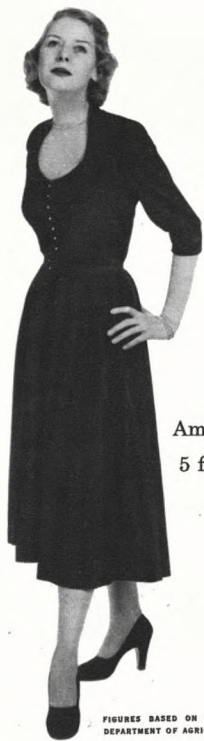


A standard size 12 is out of proportion for Miss Average, the waist is low, the shoulders sag...

RIGHT

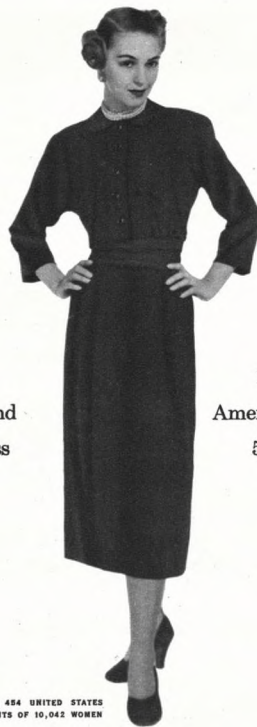


but a dress specifically sized for the 5 foot 5 figure fits perfectly. Varden.



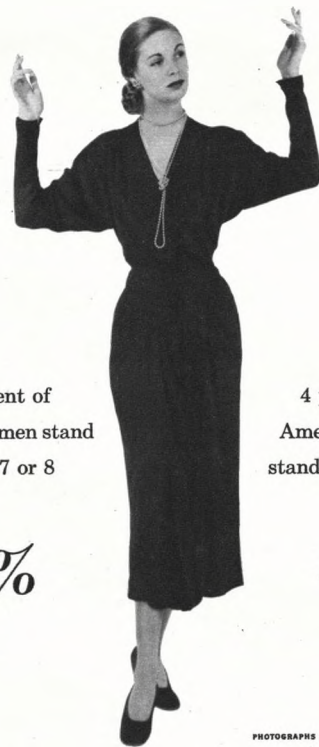
79 per cent of
American women stand
5 feet 5 inches or less

79%



17 per cent of
American women stand
5 feet 6, 7 or 8

17%



4 per cent of
American women
stand above 5 feet 8

4%

FIGURES BASED ON MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATION NO. 484 UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE—A STUDY OF MEASUREMENTS OF 10,042 WOMEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL D'OME

WRONG



On this girl who has a model's proportions the same dress is high-waisted and skimpy . . .

RIGHT



but this bolero dress in a standard size twelve fits her figure without alterations. Ben Barrack.

WRONG



On this taller girl the same dress loses its chic; the bolero and waistline come too high . . .

RIGHT



but this dress sized for the tall brings out her best proportions. Peg Newton.

When you have no time
to fuss with lunch-

do this...

When there's only you . . . or two . . . or even three, fix crispy roll sandwiches, fresh fruit and Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup. Here's a treat—in every sense of the word! That luscious, rosy color of fresh "Aristocrat" tomatoes—blended with thicker-than-whipping cream—is a treat for the eyes . . . It's a treat to catch that wonderful fragrance of rare imported spices. And what a treat to taste this soup—full-bodied, smooth-textured, *delicious!* Heinz makes fourteen such marvelous soups—every one, by the way, a *treat*.

You'll never know
how good soup is
until you've
tasted..

Heinz



Don't Forget Heinz soups are condensed... Add
one tin of milk or water as desired

FOOD



What! A basket at the door? Young husband welcomes hearty dinner of onion soup, crusty-topped chicken pie, peas, corn bread, mixed green salad, sherried cherries.

• One of the surest ways to man's pocketbook is through his stomach and proof of this is the dinner-in-a-basket business thriving in New York City. Good example is The Cookery on Madison Avenue, started two years ago by Billie Hanrahan and her son John. (Gothamites were so delighted with the hot tasty casserole dinners delivered right to their doors that—by request—the Hanrahan operation now includes the Mason Dixon restaurant, playing to packed houses.) A woman who's a good cook might give this brand of basket catering serious consideration if she's anxious to supplement a dwindling family income. Major equipment—a few covered casseroles, mason jars, market baskets.

(continued on page 170)

DINNER IN A BASKET

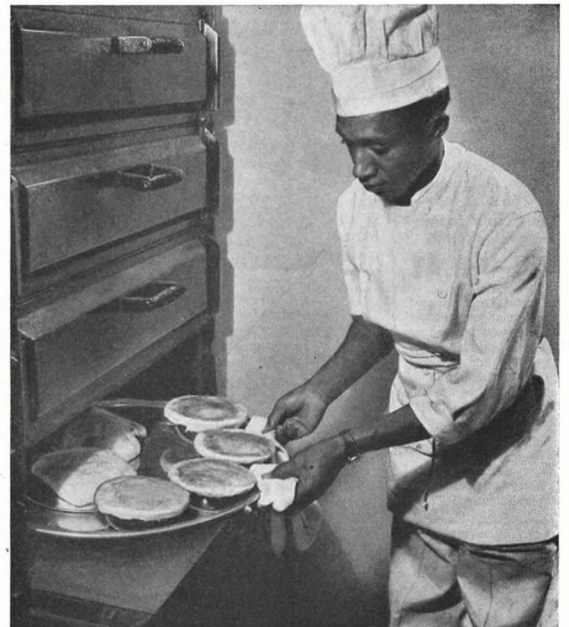
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARGER-PIE



Step one: "Send me two dinners . . ." says this career-girl wife as she stops at The Cookery on her way to work. Basket will arrive at dinnertime.



Manager Jimmy Davis checks over plans for the day's take-home specials. Typical are these: luscious brown beef stew, Virginia ham plate, Narragansett clam chowder.



Anyone who "feels for chicken" appreciates the know-how back of Cato's lavish pie of tender chicken and fresh vegetables all covered with rich sauce and crisp crust.



15c a serving... and really good!

TUNA POT PIE

1½ cups diced carrots Liquid from No. 2 can of peas ½ cup flour
 1½ cups diced potatoes Milk 1 7-oz. can Star-Kist Tuna
 3 tablespoons chopped onion ½ cup butter or margarine 1 cup peas

Cook carrots, potatoes and onion until just tender in liquid from can of peas. Drain off liquid into two cup measure; add oil from tuna and enough milk to make 2 cups of liquid. Melt butter, blend in flour, add milk slowly, stirring constantly until thickened. Pour over cooked vegetables, add tuna and peas and season to taste. Turn into 1½ quart greased casserole or individual greased casseroles. Cover with pie crust, biscuit dough or buttered crumbs. Cook in 425° F. oven until crust is done. Serves 6.

● You can see and taste the goodness of Star-Kist. There's a reason... only the smaller, better-flavored tuna are packed under this label.



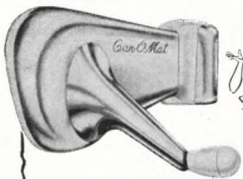
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These Two Make Your Work Lighter... Your Kitchen Brighter!



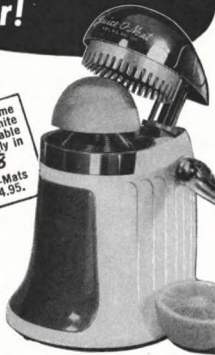
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CAN-O-MAT

No levers! Revolutionary! A single motion opens can and removes lid, rounding rims down smoothly. Holds can firmly and releases gently to prevent spilling. Hangs flat to hug the wall when not in use. Built for a lifetime of service.

Beautifully styled in chrome and your choice of 4 smart colors. **\$4.98**
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Glistening chrome with snow white enamel. Removable pitcher fits snugly in base. **\$6.98**
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Juice oranges faster—easier—with remarkably new

TILT-TOP Juice-O-Mat

Never before this easy "one finger" operation! One turn of the handle raises and tilts top. Place fruit in full view—no fumbling! One turn forward with only one finger (try it) squeezes all the juice. Patented Konvakone eliminates bitter rind oil, pulp and seeds. Fast... easy... juice six oranges in a minute and a half. (Time yourself.) This new Tilt-Top Juice-O-Mat is easy to clean, unsurpassed for beauty!

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Rival

MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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Ice-O-Mat



Broil-O-Mat



Can Opener



Juice-O-Mat

DINNER IN A BASKET from page 169

FOOD



Dinner orders are carefully checked before being stowed into baskets for delivery.



Pappy looks real pleased with store-bought dinner that saves the missis much work.

Virtuous Lady

from page 20

feel and it isn't enough. It isn't even possible. I'm an evil-minded carping shrew. To put it bluntly, I'm ashamed of myself."

The self-loathing, the absolute apology in her voice was something John had to end. And for the first time he was vaguely uncomfortable himself, as if the violence of her rejection of this discussion somehow made it important. "You're probably," he said firmly, "just exasperated from all this exercise."

"That could be," she agreed, smiling at him gratefully. "Would you like to go in, before the rabble arrives?"

"How many times must I tell you, dear? Those are not rabble; those are some of our customers."

"The difference," Esther said gloomily, "is not discernible to the naked eye."

John pushed her gently toward the door. As they reached it he gave her shoulder an approving pat.

"Thanks," she said earnestly.

"You deserved it," John said grandly. "If I ever had a friend I'd want her to be just like you."

HE STEPPED after her into the room and the sweet strains of the Swan Lake music enveloped them like a perfume. Doug Salter was sunk deep in a chair. He was abandoned, John knew, to relaxation, not to the music. Doug's idea of music was single and precise: he didn't care for it.

Maggie sat on the floor in front of the phonograph, her legs curled under her, her body swaying delicately to the music.

"Oh, Lord," John breathed and Esther whirled on him fiercely.

"I told you," she said. "You shut up!" She went quickly across the room to Maggie, bent down and for a moment pressed her cheek against the other's soft pale brown hair. It was a contrite apology, John knew, for an emotion Maggie knew nothing about. And Maggie looked up, politely, a little smile on her lips.

Doug sat up a trifle straighter in his chair and looked at his wife. "Well?" he asked. "Is it cold for this time of year?"

"Is this a time of year?" Esther was amazed.

"There's an election coming up," John said. "It must be."

"Not in our garden!" Doug protested. . . . "I can remember the first election I ever saw come up," he mused. "It poked its little head up out of the earth and then it grew and grew and . . ."

" . . . and that's how Congress was born," John said with finality. Doug eyed him sadly and then shrugged. They were mutely and mutually agreed to let the matter drop. He and Doug were agreed, John added to himself, on almost everything. There's was a fantastically successful partnership, being pleasurable as well as profitable. They were partners in the ownership of a factory in which they manufactured machine tools and they had remarkably little trouble.

They had been fraternity brothers and then friends. They had been companions on hunting trips and skiing trips and had gallantly escorted each other home after their gayer evenings. They had even become engaged at approximately the same time and had subsequently married two other girls within a few months of each other. They even, John thought, looked rather alike. They were both taller than they appeared to be because they were both compactly solidly built. They both had square jaws and widely spaced eyes. John knew that his own dark hair would begin to turn gray in a few years, but then Doug's crew-cut already showed signs of recession. They were, in almost every way, compatible.

About the only important difference in their lives, he thought suddenly, was that Doug—with some small assistance of course from Esther—had a child, a little girl of five. Five full big years, John thought. It had been at least that long since he and Maggie had even discussed having children.

"What's the matter with you?" Doug growled at him suddenly. "You look awful.

[continued on page 172]

Season
STEAK
to please a man!



GOURMET'S STEAK

Bring out the glorious richness of all steak with sauce like this. Just blend 3 parts melted butter with one part tangy Lea & Perrins Sauce — there's heaven to anyone's tongue! And do keep a bottle of Lea & Perrins handy on the table — you'll delight the man-in-your-house twice over!

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Sauce
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
Famous for over 100 years

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Easy to Use



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THEN, LADY, YOU HAVEN'T TRIED BORDEN'S. IT'S THE INSTANT COFFEE WITH REAL, SUPER-LUSCIOUS FLAVOR . . . BECAUSE IT'S 100% PURE COFFEE . . . ALL COFFEE . . . NOTHING IS ADDED.

HURRAY! NO POT TO WASH! NO MESSY GROUNDS! NO WASTE!

IF IT'S BORDEN'S... IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

Borden's INSTANT COFFEE

Money back if BORDEN'S doesn't beat your favorite ground coffee.*

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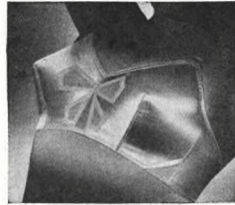
*Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.



SHE LOVES THE BEST

NATURALLY

SHE WEARS A



Bali



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New York - Chicago - Los Angeles

DECORATORS ADVISE

NEW IDEAS for
Kitchen Decoration!



New "ORCHARD'S PRIDE"
Pattern on shelves

Royledge
SHELVING

9 FEET
8¢

Trade Mark "Royledge" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

1. If you like vivid, dramatic contrast, "wake up" a white (or cream) kitchen with splashes of color, using Royledge Shelving in merry reds, blues, etc.
2. If you prefer quiet "color harmony", get grand "quiet" effect with light yellow, green or blue walls and Royledge in deeper tones of same colors!
3. Keep kitchen "inviting" to friends and yourself by re-decorating shelves with Royledge monthly. Fresh patterns make kitchen look like new, cost less than a penny a day. So easy. Strong double-edge Royledge is shelf paper and edging all-in-one. See gorgeous new Royledge patterns now at 5-and-10's, neighborhood, hardware, dept. stores.

A TEEN FEATURE

DECK OUT THE BARREL



• Here's a new trick for stowing away those magazines that clutter your room! Roll out that empty nail keg, set it up on a barrel rack and hammer it into place. Then get to work with a paintbrush and a couple of cans of shiny paint—one basic color for the background, the others for trimming it up. Can be anything to go with your room—from big, big roses to quaint Pennsylvania Dutch. Just let your imagination and talents be your guide!

Teen's Leaflet Alley

*COLLARS AND CUFFS—FA 239	10 cents
**JAUNTY GILETS—FA 192	10 cents
How to Be Popular	6 cents
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May We Cut In? (with dance-floor etiquette)	6 cents
Table Tactics (tells which fork when)	6 cents
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How Do I Set My Hair?	6 cents
Knee-High to Good Looks (for bee-ootiful legs)	6 cents
Good Looks This Way (from grooming on up)	15 cents

*patterns for pert piques and frilly organdies—to go with your spring togs.
**directions and diagrams on how to make ten quickie shirt fronts for your Easter suit.

For these leaflets send stamps or money order to the Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17.

You look as if you had just had a thought."

Fortunately it wasn't necessary for him to answer. The recording came to its end and Maggie switched off the phonograph. Then she returned her hand to her lap and sat as before, her back to him.

"Where's my husband?" she demanded in her light small voice.

"Here," John said.

"I don't like that," Maggie said.

He walked over and she turned her face up to his, smiling at him, and held it there until he bent and kissed her. Her arms went about his neck and he almost lost his balance. He felt awkward and rather foolish. Maggie often kissed him in public and it always embarrassed him a little. But then Maggie's kisses were always wonderful. He never tired of them.

When she had let go of him she looked into his face and then, slowly, into Doug's and into Esther's. Her expression was pleased as a child's—simple, almost triumphant. With her delicate features, her deeply fringed gray eyes, her soft clean-smelling hair, she was like a flushed and happy child.

Esther was briskly preparing for the expected guests, so Maggie spoke to the two men.

"Sometimes I have a nightmare," she said, smiling her pleased smile. "I dream that there aren't any men or any women. There's just one kind of people, all of us alike." She laughed impishly, her eyes flirting with John. "It's a terrible dream."

Then the doorbell rang and the after-dinner guests began to arrive. Esther privately referred to them as "the people one doesn't want to feed," John recalled, but they were really firm acquaintances and mild friends, the people you always enjoyed seeing but somehow didn't see very often. They were pleasant to know but there was none of the real friendship that existed between Esther and Doug and Maggie and himself.

The character of the evening, of course,

changed completely. Esther continued to officiate at serving and John saw little of her. Doug wandered host-like among his guests and John was amused to see that Maggie often tagged after him. At the last two or three parties, he remembered, she had spent most of her time in a corner with Walter Collins, the playwright who had recently returned, disillusioned and rich, from Hollywood. And before that it had been Alec Sabinson, a manufacturer of automotive parts. And before that—he couldn't remember who had been the subject of her brief enchantment and it wasn't important anyway. Maggie was far too lovely, far too charming, not to attract practically every man in every room she entered. That was perfectly natural, John knew. But it was also only half of the story. Maggie took people up with enthusiasm. She was genuinely delighted with them until presently she noticed several little things about them that didn't delight her. Then she was cruelly disappointed. She deplored the deceitfulness of mankind. That too seemed perfectly natural—to Maggie.

But tonight she was clearly at that low point between enthusiasms. If she had spent much time with anyone it was Doug, Doug who was almost as familiar to her as John himself. John hoped, he honestly and tenderly hoped, that she could manage to have a good time in spite of it.

LATE in the evening Bill Berge arrived, with his air of just having come from a most fascinating intrigue, and attached himself instantly to Maggie's side. He was a small wiry man with a shrewd mind and he was extremely fond of women. His pursuit of them was constant, unflagging, not particularly selective and totally undisguised. Maggie talked to him for a moment and then led him directly to John, making a little pleading grimace for help as she approached. John liked Bill in a restrained sort of way but he could imagine that the victims of Bill's wearing pursuit might not share his opinion.



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Rust proof—sanitary—ventilated. Oven-baked colors with hand painted decorations to match your home. The world's most beautiful hamper costs less because it lasts a lifetime. Only \$9.95.

(Slightly higher waist at Miss.)
Smaller model—lower price.

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Without Painful Backache
Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.
When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Relieve Misery of ITCH

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Quets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for D.D.D. Prescription.

"The luckiest man in the world," Bill said to him. "I greet you respectfully."
"Why?" John asked, as if he didn't know.
"Why?" Bill echoed in outraged tones. "When you are possessed of this miracle of desirable womanhood? Just look at her, man, if you're not too dulled by your own good fortune. Did you ever see anything so intoxicating?"

John looked at her, grinning. Her eyes were bright, glistening, naively and charmingly, with the flattery—as they always did. But she was annoyed too, very nearly angry.
"She's all right," he said.
"All right!" Bill groaned. "I tremble. I am mad with love. And the man says—"
"Darling, I'm getting awfully tired," Maggie said. "Will you please take me home now?"
It was pretty blunt and Bill's eyes were cold for a moment. But his words continued in the same vein.
"Leave me," he said dejectedly. "Show me glorious abundance and then leave me—"
"What a horrible little man he is," Maggie breathed, as they left.

She said it again when they were home.
"Ignore him, darling," John said rather impatiently. "He's simply the classic wolf. He shouldn't trouble you."

"I know," she admitted ruefully. Her shoulders shrugged away her own foolishness. "He just makes me uncomfortable, that's all."
But her eyes, John saw, were still warm with the flattery she had disdained. It was often like that with Maggie. Attention, admiration seemed to give her a renewed sense of love or the giving of herself. It was a vanity but an endearing one; she was always very loving when she had been admired. Her eyes, now, were warm and deep and, even if he hadn't wanted it to, John knew that his own love would flare to meet hers.

"As a matter of fact," he thought aloud, "I ought to be grateful to him."

Coming back into the bedroom from the dressing-room, Maggie was naturally puzzled.

"What do you mean?"
"Nothing," John said, laughing. "Come here." It wasn't strictly true anyway, he was thinking. She had been just as loving at other times, many other times when she had seen no one, as far as he knew, and therefore couldn't have been admired.

She came to him but she sat primly on the edge of the bed. She searched his eyes. "Do you love me, John?" she asked, pronouncing each word separately, importantly.

"Darling, darling, you're such a fool!"
"No." She shook her head impatiently. "Do you?"
He saw that the ritual must be minutely observed. Nothing must be taken for granted.

"I love you, Maggie," he said solemnly.

LATER, they lay quietly beside each other.
"Maggie," he said, for now was the time, now when it sprang from their happiness. "Maggie, let's have a baby."

She continued to lie still beside him. He heard her breath catch and then resume again, evenly, and he wondered if she were afraid. She might be, she might still be afraid, but there was no real reason to be.

"The doctor said it was all right, you remember. That other time was just one of those things that sometimes happen. He said that you were perfectly capable of bearing a child whenever you wanted one."
Five—no, it was almost six years ago, when they were first married, Maggie had had a miscarriage. She had been very ill. John still remembered that time with horror and he wondered now if he sounded callous, if he seemed indifferent to the pain she had known and might know again. But he knew too that they should have a child, that their love was too great to be denied that ultimate experience. He felt it like an unappeased hunger, not just for himself but for them both.

"I know," Maggie said at last, very softly. "It's been on my mind too, all the time. It's just that I was so very sick, darling, and I can't seem to quite forget it. I guess I'm just a coward."

"You're not," John said urgently. "Of course you're nervous about it. You're ex-

[continued on page 174]



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So tiny, it can slip into the small watch pocket of a man's trousers—or clip easily to a woman's brassiere.

It's Here at Last!

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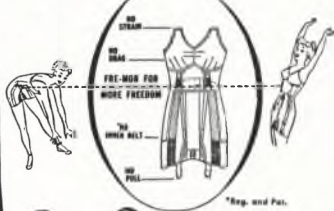
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tremely brave even to consider going through it again."

"Let's—let's think about it for a while, John. Shall we?"

"Of course, darling." He was rich with love for her. He was sorry he had caused her even a moment of worry, of pain. And yet he knew that he was right. They'd work it out somehow. "Of course, darling," he said again, emphatically. "Now just forget the whole thing and go to sleep. . . ."

Relaxed and content, his mind picked lazily at the evening, saw this face, heard this phrase. On the very rim of unconsciousness he remembered another thing the doctor had said at that terrible time. He saw his face, tight and pale and angry. He heard again the tired rasping voice: "Some women will do these damned fool things!"

A funny thing to say. It certainly wasn't Maggie's fault that something had gone wrong—

MONDAY was usually John's busiest day for he was left to cope single-handedly with the management of the plant. On that day Doug drove into the city to, as he cheerfully put it, "sell 'em a bill of goods." Doug was the contact man and he effectively made the rounds of the offices of their customers, needing or soothing as the case demanded, buying lunches or charmingly accepting them.

Today no unwarranted crisis had occurred. John felt too good for offices or even for machinery, of which he was usually extremely fond. He had had just one wonderful Sunday with Maggie, since the delightful night of Esther's party. As had happened several times in their life together she had enchanted him all over again. And he was greedy for more time with her. He left the office without a qualm at four o'clock that afternoon.

One of the very nicest things about marriage, he decided, driving home, was that you could go home to your wife. Everything pleased him—the clean bright air, the timorously approaching spring, the neat suburban streets. He did not even pass another car, except one that was parked a block or so below his driveway, a shiny new one like Doug's.

He let himself into the house quickly, afraid suddenly that Maggie might not be home. He was a fool not to have phoned to find out. But she was home. There was a teacup on a table in the living-room and cigarette smoke in the air. He crossed the hall and walked over the thick carpet in the dining-room. And then he stopped—everything about him, everything in him, stopping.

MAGGIE was in the kitchen as he had expected her to be. She stood against the drainboard, a tea tray beside her. Doug was bending over her, his arms around her. He was kissing her passionately.

John's one thought was that he must bring an end to it; he must not be here to see them without their knowledge. He spoke then, not knowing what he would say.

"This is a hackneyed situation."

Doug straightened as if he had been hit. He did not turn; he just pulled away from Maggie. And then John could see her face. The very end of an expression of surprise was crossing it, the briefest flicker of shock. It was gone and she just looked sad. She looked at him, huge-eyed and very, very sad.

At last her eyes dropped, her hands fumbled with each other and she said thinly, "It's a— a frightful situation, John."

He was angry, with a quick high fury. "Not frightful," he snapped. "As I said—hackneyed. Cheap, vulgar, entirely regrettable—and quite comic, I suppose. Also slightly distoyal."

"Please forgive us, John," Maggie said.

"Please forgive me."

Then Doug turned to face him and the fresh good fury washed out of John as if it had never been. As soon as he saw Doug's face he knew that this thing was important, that this was no momentary swiftly flashing desire. That it required of him something more than the easy anger he had given it. Doug's eyes were filled with strong and conflicting and undefinable emotions.

He only said stiffly, absurdly, "I'm sorry." Maggie said helplessly, "I don't know what



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came over us. Doug just happened to be in the neighborhood, I guess, and dropped in and—" "I didn't drop in," Doug said, "I planned to come. I planned it carefully."

"I was having tea," Maggie said. "I came out here to fix some for Doug and he followed me and—" Her shoulders moved shakily. "I don't know what came over us," she said. She looked up at John with that childish hurt and disappointment that he knew so well, asking his protection against the incomprehensible. "This kind of thing doesn't happen to people like us!" she protested.

Suddenly John felt like a fool. Not as if he had been made a fool of, but simply as if he were making a fool of himself. What had happened anyway? He had discovered his best friend kissing his wife. It was no good pretending that it hadn't hurt him, particularly as it had been Doug, but on the other hand it was certainly not a great and unforgivable sin. It was a very small thing actually. Maggie was a very lovely woman.

"Ignore it," he said hastily, embarrassed for them all. "I shouldn't have been quite so much the outraged husband. I can certainly imagine how—"

But Doug broke in on him, throwing his words savagely over the space between them. "I know what came over us," he said. "Precisely what you, Maggie, had intended should come over us. What you diligently worked and schemed to force on us. This kind of thing does happen to people like you. Quite frequently, I should think."

Maggie's face was a blur to John. He could not tell whether it was his own sense of shock or whether she really was so white and lax-mouthed. "Are you blaming this on me?" she asked incredulously.

"Unqualifiably," Doug said. "You—you cad!" Maggie gasped.

It was, John thought, the right word, the ridiculously right word. But there was more of this ugly comedy to come. Doug turned to him, his eyes furious and yet desperately pleading.

"You know," he said. "You know, John. I happen to be in love with my wife."

It was all so terrible and so silly. "You'd better get out of here, Doug," he said wearily. "Of course," Doug said, just as wearily.

Watching him go through the door and disappear into the hall, John knew that was the end of that. They'd been friends for a long time. They'd been partners for a long time too. But that was the end of that.

The front door closed and he turned back to Maggie. She was crying softly but her face was more normal, not shattered and almost unrecognizable as it had been before.

"Is this really all there is to it, Maggie?" he asked. "I have a right to suspect her, he thought oddly. I may, but not Doug nor anybody else. "Have you anything more to tell me?"

"No," she said.

"I want to know," John said. "Now. You didn't have an affair with him?"

"No," she said. And he knew she was speaking the truth.

THERE was a lot to be done in the next few days. But even with all the details necessary to the severance of the partnership John still had time to think. It was not about Doug that he thought. He had not seen Doug again and Esther had phoned him only once.

"Must this be done, John?" she had asked him.

"Yes," John had answered.

"All right," she had said and hung up.

He thought about the other men. He thought about Walter Collins and Alec Sabinson and Ben Stafford and Dave Zeller. He remembered all their names now and all their faces and the lengths of time Maggie had found each of them "nice." It was as if Doug, by his actions, had opened a closed door and let them all in. He was jealous now, all at once, for every moment of his marriage; he was suspicious of every hour.

He knew she had not had an affair with Doug. He believed her, instinctively and positively, when she told him that. But what about those others? She had been far more attentive to some of them than she had ever been to Doug. What about them?

He hated his suspicions. He denied them as

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unfair and unreasonable. And every time he beat them down they came back. He was infinitely weary with the battle that was going on inside him. His only certainty was the resolve that Maggie should know nothing about it: he did not believe in his suspicions, he only suffered them.

The resolve was firm and hopeful but in the end it crumpled too.

HE CAME home one evening to hear Maggie on the telephone. Her voice was light and sweet. It was mannered and consciously beguiling and it sent a wave of sick coldness through John's entire body. He heard her saying, "—but of course we'll run into each other, Bill. How can we help it in our neat little social circle? . . . No. No. I don't see any reason for making it more definite. It's inevitable anyway, isn't it?" He didn't hear any more. He went into the living-room, away from the sound of her voice.

In just a moment she followed him. She kissed him on the cheek, lightly but warmly. The warmth of her sympathy, of her sorrow, emanated from her in great thick waves.

"That was Bill Berge," she said. "Was it?"

"You know, I can't like him, John. I never have liked him."

"You seem to be able to talk to him."

"Yes," she said. "I'm always quite pleasant to him. I think I'm a little afraid of him actually. There's something . . . something ruthless about him."

That was when the resolve broke, losing his jealousy, his suspicions, in a wild shameless rush. He didn't care about controlling them any more.

"You don't have to say that. You don't have to make that excuse."

She was silent, then she said humbly, "I know I don't. I say it because I mean it."

He was surprised to see an unease in her eyes that was very close to fear. But it made no impression on him then.

"You should be used to it by now. You're forever being bothered by men, aren't you?"

"No!" she breathed, wide-eyed.

"Why is Bill Berge any different from the rest?"

"He is different," she insisted wilyly.

"Different from Walter Collins, for instance? Because he doesn't write plays?"

"Walter was very nice, I thought, at first. I didn't realize how conceited—"

"Different from Ben Stafford or Alec Sabinson because he isn't quite as rich?"

"But I liked them! You like them yourself! They're a little stuffy, but—"

Something was coming to him, something that quieted him. Something that was hard and sure. Or almost sure. Carefully, to be completely certain, he said, "And Dave? David Zeller?"

The change in his tone was reflected in Maggie's. She calmed too; she was quickly light and easy, nearly gay. "Dave?" she said. "Our giant intellect? You must admit he's most lovably unlike Bill."

"I admit it," John said. He knew now. The whole picture was clear before his eyes and he thought how ludicrous his suspicions had been, how hysterically ludicrous.

"You've had a lot of fun, haven't you, Maggie? And it hasn't cost you a thing."

She said, "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean Zeller and Alec and all the rest of them." He thought a little further and the thought surprised him. "You must have been awfully hard up to pick on Doug. You knew that was dangerous, didn't you, Maggie? And it was."

He saw her now as if he had never seen her before. "How greedy you must be."

"I still haven't the remotest idea what you're talking about."

"Yes, you have. But it may amuse you to know that I was really concerned about your fidelity. I was crazy with jealousy."

Maggie's face softened, easily and very prettily. "I suppose you were, darling," she said remorsefully. "Any husband would be, any husband who loved his wife."

He had to laugh then. She was really clever.

"Thanks for reminding me. But you needn't have bothered. I'm still in love with you."

She took a step toward him, eagerly but

[continued on page 176]

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

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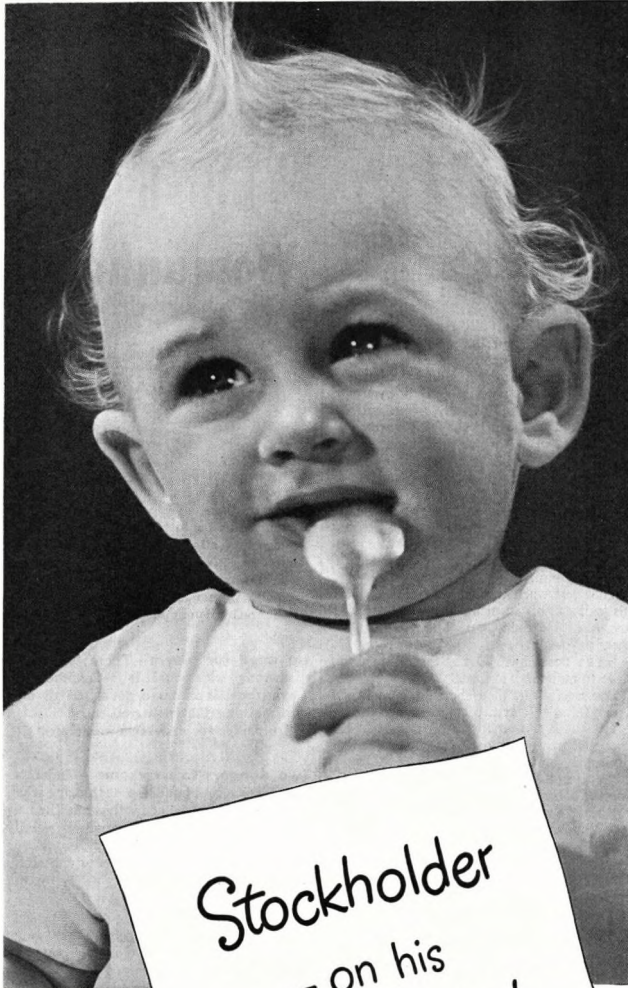
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timidly. "And that's the important thing. Isn't it, John?"

She was lovely. She was lovely and infinitely desirable and she was pleading with him. Perhaps things would be different from now on. Perhaps the love that he had believed in could be made a reality. Perhaps . . .

"It's important," he said. "It's also important that you have been faithful to me— technically. That you have always demanded the attentions of men which you never meant to allow. You always stopped just in time, didn't you? You always discovered something unattractive in each of your swains and that unattractive characteristic was simply that they had been led to the water and they wanted to drink. You, Maggie, are a selfish skillful entirely virtuous cheat."

That was it. That was what Doug had been trying to make him see. And Esther too. And that was what the doctor had meant, that time: Maggie hadn't wanted a child and she had taken steps about it, as Maggie always would. Always, he repeated fiercely to himself, always. For his whole being was crying

out: if only we could have talked it over—

He walked out of the room, grateful for the numbness that was holding off the pain.

"Where are you going, John?" She had followed him into the hall and he thought that she probably already knew.

"To apologize to Doug. To stop this farce about the dissolution of our partnership. I'm getting out, Maggie," he said. "For good. I'll send for some clothes tomorrow."

She did know, instantly, without question, and she was realistic about it. "You can't do this. You can't simply walk away. What about me? What am I to do?"

He thought about it quite carefully. "There's one thing you can do, isn't there? You've got one man left—for the time being. If I were you I'd return Bill's call." With his hand on the doorknob he said, "You were right to be afraid of him, Maggie. Bill doesn't play just for the fun of the game. You'll have to pay for that one. Probably," he said, "you'll have to pay from now on."

He closed the door after him, making sure that the latch caught. [THE END]

Rug-Takes-The-Floor Displays

(Pages 66-67)

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Make 9-in. Pie Shell (recipe below)
Cool.

Melt and blend together over hot water
 { one pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces
 3 tbsp. milk
 2 tbsp. sugar

Cool.
 Add
 { 4 egg yolks, 1 at a time, beating well after each addition
 1 tsp. vanilla
 4 egg whites

Beat until stiff.
 Fold into chocolate mixture. Pour into cooled, baked pie shell. Chill several hours. Garnish with whipped cream.

9-IN. PIE SHELL

Sift together
 { 1 cup sifted GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour
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Cut in with pastry blender or 2 knives.
 { 1/2 cup shortening . . . first cutting in half of it until mixture looks like "meat" . . . then cutting in the rest until particles are the size of giant peas

Sprinkle over mixture.
 { 2 tbsp. water . . . mixing with fork to make dough stay together

Round up into ball and let stand a few minutes, to make it easier to roll out. Roll out on lightly floured, cloth-covered board to fit a 9-in. pie plate. Place loosely in pie plate . . . leaving 1/2-in. extending over edge of plate. Build up fluted edge. Prick thoroughly with fork to prevent puffing.

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Use Gold Medal in all your baking. Together with the Betty Crocker "success recipes" in every sack, it is your simplest, surest way to blue-ribbon bakings.

General Mills

NEWS! Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air brings you all kinds of cooking ideas; ways to avoid food waste; fun and entertainment galore, famous guests! 20 min. each morning, Mon. thru Fri., over ABC, at 10:25 a.m. E.T., 9:25 C.T., 11:55 M.T., 10:55 P.T.



Don't waste food! Use sure-fire Betty Crocker recipes in sacks!

Save food by eliminating baking failures! Use Betty Crocker "success recipes" in every sack—they're America's most prized recipes. Recipes for Double Quick cakes, for pies, biscuits, one-dish meals, etc. Recipe folders change frequently.

Folders also contain valuable SILVERWARE coupon! Save coupons for complete set exquisite "Queen Bees" pattern by Oneida. Extra-heavy Tudor silverplate . . . reinforced at wear point.

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TO INTRODUCE THE NEW BATH-SIZE CAMAY— \$1,000 a year for life!

[AND 553 OTHER CASH PRIZES]



Just name the girl on the Camay wrapper

AND TELL US WHY
YOU SELECTED THIS NAME

Bath-Size Camay is the beauty news of the year! It's bigger! It gives you more luxury... more lather. Bath-Size Camay brings to all of your skin the finest kind of complexion care.

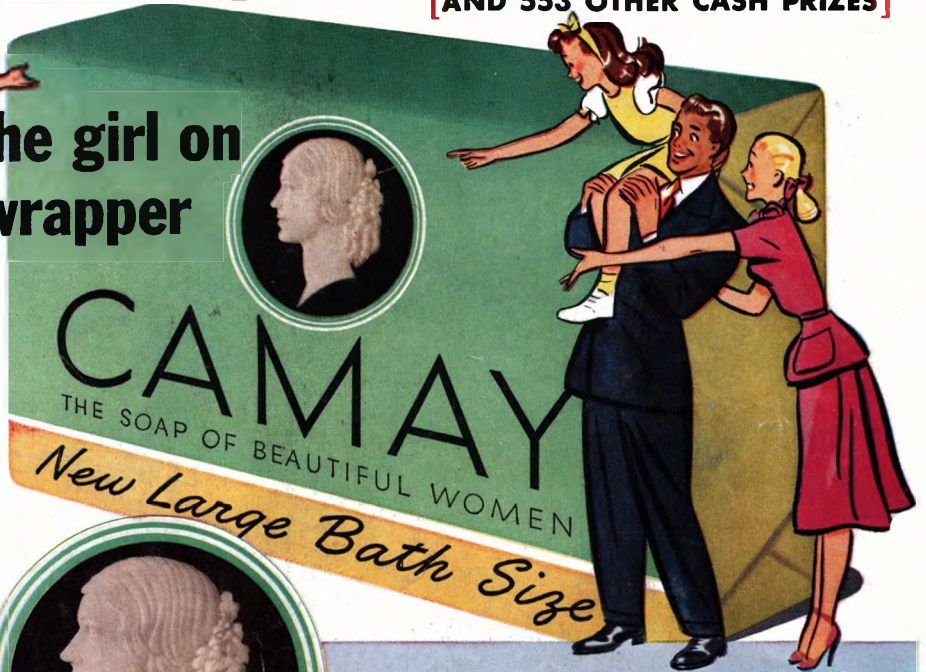
Here's More Wonderful News!

Now here's a sensational contest to introduce Bath-Size Camay! YOU MAY WIN \$1,000 A YEAR FOR LIFE, or one of 553 other cash prizes. Just name the girl on the Camay wrapper and tell, in 25 words or less, why you chose this name.

A Few Helpful Hints!

In thinking of a name, think of Camay. The girl on the Camay wrapper is just like Camay itself. She is gentle. She makes friends wherever she goes.

She is a symbol of beauty and romance. And... well, you can think of lots of other nice things about Camay and the girl on the wrapper! Things that suggest names to you—names that may win a big prize! So enter today!



Get the whole family to enter the Camay Contest!

THE GRAND PRIZE WINNER MAY BE RIGHT IN YOUR HOME!

This Camay Contest is so easy to enter! Even a child might win! Just choose a name you think is suitable. Then complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less "I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper _____ because..." Here are a few examples which may help you.

"I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper HOPE because any woman can hope for a lovelier skin from head to toes, if she'll use Bath-Size Camay in her daily Beauty Bath."

"I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper SNOW WHITE because Snow White, the girl in the fairy story, was the fairest of them all."

"I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper GARDENIA because Camay leaves my skin refreshed and just touched with a delicate, flower-like fragrance."

READ THESE EASY RULES:

1. Choose a name for the girl on the Camay wrapper. Put the name you choose in the blank space in this sentence. "I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper _____ because..." Then complete the sentence in 25 additional words or less explaining why you think this name is suitable.
2. Have your dealer help you with your entry. Get from him an official entry blank or write on one side of a plain sheet of paper. In either case, be sure to print plainly your name and address, and the name and address of the dealer who has helped you. If you win a prize, he will win one, too.
3. Mail to Camay, Department M C, Box 2178, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. You may enter as often as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by one Bath-Size Camay wrapper and one regular-size Camay wrapper (or two regular-size Camay wrappers) or facsimiles.
4. All entries must be postmarked before midnight March 26, 1948, and received by April 9, 1948 to be

eligible. No entries returned. Entries, contests, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

5. Any resident of the continental United States, Hawaii and Dominion of Canada may enter except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal, State and Dominion regulations.

6. The grand prize of \$1000.00 a year for life will be provided by an annuity policy paid for by Procter & Gamble. Or the grand prize winner may take \$20,000.00 in cash instead of this annuity.

7. Entries will be judged on the appropriateness of the name selected and the aptness of the sentence explaining your choice. Judges' decisions will be final. In case of ties, the full prize tied for will be awarded to each rival contestant. The grand prize winner will be announced on Camay's radio program, Pepper Young's Family, as soon as possible after the close of the contest. All winners will be notified by mail. Prize winner lists will be available on request approximately one month after the close of the contest.

554 PRIZES...

Grand Prize

\$1,000 A YEAR FOR LIFE
[Or \$20,000 cash in a lump sum
payment, if the winner elects.]

2nd PRIZE... \$1000 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT
3rd PRIZE... \$750 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT
4th PRIZE... \$500 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT
50 PRIZES OF \$100 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT
300 PRIZES OF \$10 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT

THINK WHAT
\$1,000 A YEAR
WILL BUY!



ENTER NOW—GET OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK AT YOUR DEALERS!