

MAY 1948 25 CENTS

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



A COMPLETE FAMILY NOVEL—

**IT WAS NOT
WHAT I EXPECTED**

WHAT'S AHEAD—PARADISE OR DOOMSDAY?

By WILLIAM L. LAURENCE

MARY ELLEN W. OATLIN
DETROIT
MAY 16 1948

Why not clean
your bathroom fast

— this safe,

easy way?



FAST...

CLEANS WITHOUT SCRATCHING. No dirt-catching scratches to slow you down, to dull a shining surface when you clean with Bon Ami. It *lifts off* grease and grime without harmful grit—and without hard scrubbing. Gets every trace of dirt. Then rinses away completely. Leaves no messy, gritty particles.

EASY...

POLISHES AS IT CLEANS. You work less with Bon Ami. This fine, white cleanser does two jobs at once: It cleans. It polishes. Bathtubs and kitchen sinks take on a special sparkle. And they keep that bright Bon Ami look longer.

SAFE...

WILL NOT ROUGHEN HANDS. Gritty cleansers make your hands red and rough. But not Bon Ami. It's so smooth. So free from grit and caustics. That's why it's so much better for *all* your daily household cleaning. It's safe... yet it works fast.

**FOR CLEANER WINDOWS
USE BON AMI CAKE**

No streaks. No oily film. Polishes as it cleans. No wonder Bon Ami Cake cleans windows best. And it cleans ten windows for a penny!



Bon Ami



"hasn't scratched yet!"

"Do you think I could Model?" asked this mother



Mermaids turn green with envy to see how Judy and Bonnie, coached by Nicki, can swim. Even more important, Mrs. Ellis is teaching them how to have a smile as brilliant as her own—a smile she trusts only to Ipana care. Wouldn't you—knowing that Ipana is the tooth paste dentists recommend and use 2 to 1, according to a recent nationwide survey? Get a tube of Ipana today!

Photographers always told Nicki Ellis she had a "model" smile. One day she did something about it . . .

NICKI, WHY DON'T YOU become a model? A smile like yours belongs on magazine covers!"

That's what green-eyed, auburn-haired Mrs. Ralph Ellis heard for years from her artist and photographer friends. (Who should know the value of a smile better!)

What made Nicki suddenly decide to be-

come a model? You guessed it: rising living costs. This lovely mother put her smile (and what a smile!) to work—and is now one of Chicago's most successful models.

You may be sure that Nicki, who owes so much to her smile, teaches Judy and Bonnie to safeguard their smiles by following her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*



My, how you've grown! Judy, 6 years old, and Bonnie, 5, love to pretend they're glamorous models like their mother. Which they may very well be, some day. For Nicki knows that a "model" smile depends on sparkling teeth—and that firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth. Want to start your family towards "model" smiles? Start now with Ipana care.



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 recent national survey! Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.



Big Sister Judy, a first-grader in school, leads the way for Bonnie, a kindergarten student, in their nightly care of teeth and gums. 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."

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
for your Smile of Beauty



Products of Bristol-Myers

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



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE CROWELL-COLLIER
PUBLISHING CO.

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WOMAN'S COMPANION

EDWARD ANTHONY *publisher*

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Cover: Color Photograph by Leo Aarons
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Your subscription expires with this issue if your address label reads MY 48.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, at Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17.
Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; Peter J. Dennenstein, Vice President; J. B. Scarborough, Vice President; William L. Cheney, Vice President; Edward Anthony, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norworthy, Treasurer. This publication is protected by copyright and may not be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publishers.
Price 25 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year \$2.50; two years \$4.00, three years \$6.00 in the United States and Possessions, also

Canada, Labrador, Newfoundland and Philippine Islands. In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela 25 cents a copy; one year \$3.00; two years \$5.00; three years \$7.50. Other countries one year \$3.50; two years \$6.00; three years \$9.00. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Entered at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Toronto, Canada.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Be sure to give both the old and the new address.

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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
and Liberty Films present
SPENCER TRACY
KATHARINE HEPBURN
VAN JOHNSON
ANGELA ADOLPHE LEWIS
LANSBURY • MENJOU • STONE
in **FRANK CAPRA'S**
STATE OF THE UNION
Based on the Play by Howard Lindsay and
Russel Crouse
Screen Play by Anthony Veiller and Myles Connolly
Associate Producer Anthony Veiller
Produced and Directed by **FRANK CAPRA**
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



With anticipation whetted by advance reports, we sat in the projection room and had served up to us a perfect screen dish. The recipe: Take big stage hit by big authors, season with big stars, trust cooking to eminent chef Frank Capra, serve in M-G-M manner. The result: "State Of The Union"—piping hot!

Liberty Films produced this picture on the M-G-M lot for M-G-M distribution and it emerges as about the most exciting movie ever made, as topical as today's newspaper, as comical as a circus with a plot, as intensely romantic as the elopement of a beautiful couple. In response to queries "How is the State Of The Union?", the answer is "It's Great."

Spencer Tracy plays the famous part, which has been toured in the flesh from coast to coast. And he plays it, as they say, to the hilt. Is there a greater actor today than Mr. Tracy? We doubt if there is. Katharine Hepburn plays the woman who fights for love and family. Never has anyone seen this actress show more evidence of a unique talent than in this performance. It is a flower-sending job.

Van Johnson as the press agent is so good that we suggest M-G-M hire him to advertise the "State Of The Union." Angela Lansbury as the famous publisher—important. Adolphe Menjou as the campaign manager—dynamic. Lewis Stone as the great Thornydyke—stirring. Very astute examples of casting.

Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, should be more than pleased with the wonderful adaptation which Producer and Director Capra has made of their play. They will be equally pleased with the sparkling screen version written by Anthony Veiller and Myles Connolly.

Let us state it very briefly—"State Of The Union" is the "must" picture of 1948.

It can happen here

... ALL TOO EASILY!

Ugly flakes and scales that cloud the highlights of your hair... a telltale shower on clothes, brush and comb... colonies of germs on your scalp!

They may mean infectious dandruff which is so easy to "catch"... so hard to get rid of.

Don't let this troublesome condition get a head start. There's a simple, easy, delightful precaution which has become a weekly "must" with countless fastidious women. It is Listerine Antiseptic and massage. If you prize the health of your scalp and the good looks of your hair, use Listerine every time you wash your hair. And, if infection has already started, use it even oftener.

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a, wonderfully cooling antiseptic bath... kills germs by millions, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (*P. ovale*). This is the germ that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

You will be delighted to see how quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear... how wonderfully refreshed and healthy your scalp feels... how much fresher your hair looks.

Remember, in clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF • LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Telltale Flakes



They are often Nature's warning... may be the first symptoms of distressing, embarrassing infectious dandruff! Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic regularly... an easy, delightful way to help keep your scalp healthy, your hair beautiful!



The "BOTTLE BACILLUS"
(*Pityrosporum ovale*)

Meet the Villain!

Many dermatologists agree that the nasty little germ (*P. ovale*) is a causative agent of ugly infectious dandruff. This tough, stubborn "bottle bacillus" is hard to kill but... Listerine Antiseptic kills it and hosts of other germs!



Before Every Shampoo,

douse your hair and scalp thoroughly with Listerine Antiseptic. Massage vigorously. Listerine Antiseptic not only kills germs, but leaves your scalp refreshed, tingling clean and cool! As an added precaution against infection, wash comb and brush with Listerine Antiseptic, also.

Have you tasted that eye-opening MINT flavor of the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste?



WHAT



I'm as anxious as the next woman not to look my age, but I do want to know all about it. So when I overhear a remark like, "A woman isn't physically mature till she's thirty," I start checking to see if it's true or not. You'll find the answer below—and the latest on a lot of other popular notions about age.

Sweet sixteen is the happiest time in a woman's life.

False. A recent study indicates that women—and men too—are happiest between the years of thirty and fifty. Possibly this is because during these years most of us are better adjusted and live more in the present, while young people live in the future and old people live in the past.

DO YOU



A woman is more sensitive about her age than a man.

True. Women have always disliked getting old far more than men have. There's a good reason why women are so age-conscious. The years when a woman is likely to get married are numbered and so are her best child-bearing years. As a result she's inclined to identify age with physical attraction. Not only does she tend to judge herself by the latter but she often overestimates the relationship between the two.



KNOW

All through their youth girls are physically more developed for their years than boys.

True. Even at birth a girl has a head start; she's biologically a whole month older than a boy her exact age. As she grows older she draws farther and farther ahead. At the ages of two, five, nine and twelve she is approximately six months, a year, a year and a half and two years out front, respectively. The average age for her to reach puberty is thirteen—just about two years before he does. And she has completely matured physically by about the age of twenty, while a man isn't fully developed until he's twenty-four.

ABOUT YOUR

The earlier a woman begins menstruation, the later she stops.

True. It is believed that the earlier a woman reaches puberty, the later she reaches the menopause—the period of change which marks the end of her child-bearing years. Nevertheless women who begin menstruating as young as ten or as late as sixteen are the exception anyway; two out of every three women begin menstruation at thirteen and stop between the midforties and fifty.

AGE?

Girls get along better with their mothers after they're married.

True. But it's age, not marital status, that is the determining factor in the relationship of a girl with her parents. The average girl is most critical of her parents when she's around fifteen. This is a time when she's still regarded as a child but wants to be recognized as an adult. Her interests and loyalties are centered on outside activities, rather than her home. She's inclined to feel misunderstood and unfairly treated and to blame home and parents for all her troubles.



Girls become interested in boys earlier than boys become interested in girls.

True. Because they reach puberty younger, girls begin to be interested in the opposite sex earlier. When they're about thirteen, they begin to want mixed get-togethers. Boys of the same age, being less mature, usually have to be coaxed by their families into acceptance. Generally boys show little interest in girls until they're between fourteen and sixteen. Not until

a year or so later do they begin to want to pair off in couples.

Different girls lose interest in dolls at different ages, depending on their tastes.

False. Loss of interest in dolls is tied up with physical development. About the time a girl is thirteen she usually enters what is called the hetero-sexual stage of her development. She begins to think of herself as a member of society and to prefer sewing and cooking and various group activities to dolls.

Teen-agers today start using makeup earlier than their mothers did.

True. They generally begin using it furtively when they're twelve or thirteen, openly around fourteen, which is a year or two before girls a generation ago began. The reason young girls today are so often reproached for wearing makeup is probably that the first item they take up is lipstick, whereas formerly it was powder—an insignificant dab at that.

The younger a woman is, the better she is at holding her man.

False. Contrary to popular opinion, it's during middle age that a woman excels at holding her husband's affections, probably because she tries hardest to please him then. After wives reach forty, they worry most about losing their husband's interest and usually make a concentrated effort to retain it. Wives in their twenties—the time when they're popularly supposed to be best at holding their husbands—are least good at it. According to statistics, this is when most divorces take place.

In our grandmothers' day girls matured earlier.

False. According to survey the average age for female puberty today—thirteen—is a year below the average for our mothers' generation and two years below that for our grandmothers. Medical authorities attribute this to improved living conditions—the better a person's health, the sooner physical maturity is reached.

High heels are no worse for an adolescent than for a woman of thirty.

False. Parents who try to keep their teen-age daughters in flat heels may be prejudiced, but podiatrists will back them up. Not until a girl is twenty-one is her metatarsal bone fully developed. Continued wearing of high heels before this can lead to foot distortion. Actually girls today start wearing high heels at an average age of seventeen—four years too early.

A girl can have a baby as soon as she begins to menstruate.

False. A girl can have a baby only after she begins to ovulate. Ovulation does not necessarily begin when menstruation does. Generally there is a lapse of a few months to a year or two between the two. Even after ovulation does begin a girl is not fully developed either physically or emotionally. The mortality rate for very young mothers is comparatively high.

Women tell fibs about their age less often when they're in their twenties.

True. Psychologists claim that between twenty and thirty a woman is most sure of herself and consequently age is less important to her, so she tells the truth unabashedly. Girls in their teens, on the other hand, are likely to add a year or two, while women over thirty are inclined to subtract years.

Women mature sexually earlier than men.

False. Even though [continued on page 180]

AN INFORMATIVE QUIZ

BY JUDITH CHASE CHURCHILL

*IT'S HERE! A new kind of soap
with a new kind of washing action!*

"Lifetime" OXYDOL.
washes clothes
**SPARKLING WHITE
FOR LIFE!**

brings your whole wash

A LIFETIME SPARKLE!

colors too, wash

SPARKLING BRIGHT FOR LIFE!

See clothes take on an amazing new whiteness! And keep a new whiteness for life! First time you use this new kind of soap, you'll see clothes you thought were white as white can be . . . turn whiter still. Yes, even clothes that have become dull and yellow turn sparkling white again. And here is the miracle of "Lifetime" Oxydol's new washing action—those clothes stay sparkling white for life!

See new Oxydol perform this miracle safely. Washable colors come sparkling bright! Proof positive that "Lifetime" Oxydol is safe: Your washable colors will stay sparkling bright for the life of the garment! . . . Sparkling bright as long as you use Oxydol! Think of it—a Lifetime Sparkle for your entire wash. It's tomorrow's washday wonder. And it's here *today* . . . in the same familiar package!

See your clothes washed cleaner than any other type soap known can get 'em! This new "Lifetime" Oxydol not only gets out every last speck of dirt. It helps keep wash-water film from settling back in your clothes. That's why, of all the soaps you can buy, only a soap like Oxydol, with this film-fighting action, gets clothes so sparkling clean.

**In the same
familiar package!**

REMEMBER . . . TO WASH CLOTHES WHITE FOR LIFE • USE NOTHING AT ALL BUT OXYDOL

1¢ SALE!

SPIC and SPAN OFFERS YOU THIS

Stainless Steel Paring Knife

ONLY 1¢ for this GENUINE QUIKUT PARING KNIFE
WHEN YOU SEND IN TWO SPIC and SPAN BOX TOPS!

JUST DO THIS. Get order blank at your dealer's. Mail 2 Spic and Span boxtops and 1c in coin to Procter & Gamble, Dept. B, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Include your name and address. Your Quikut Paring Knife will be mailed to you.

NOTE: supplies limited—only one to a customer. Offer good everywhere in continental U. S. except state of Montana. Expires June 13, 1948.

25¢ VALUE FOR 1¢!
HANDY 6" SIZE!
ACTUAL SIZE
HANDLE MOLDED ON!
WON'T LOOSEN OR COME OFF!
DOESN'T RUST, STAIN OR TARNISH!

HERE'S SPRING CLEANING MAGIC!

SPIC and SPAN.

No soap, no other cleaner—
nothing in America—cleans painted walls and
woodwork like *Spic and Span!*



EASY! IT'S LIKE DUSTING . . . only you use a damp cloth. Just wring your cloth out in a Spic and Span solution so it's *damp*. Rub easily over the surface . . . and dirt's gone!

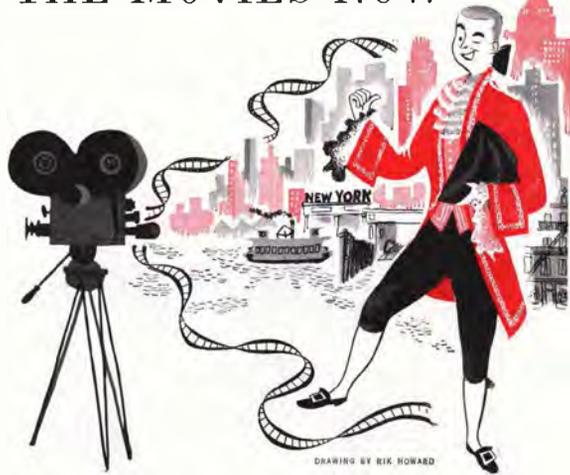
YOU'LL BE PROUD of your shining-clean walls and woodwork! Spic and Span makes 'em look freshly painted! No streaks or cloth marks! Yet you don't rinse or wipe dry, as you have to do with soap. You just wipe the dirt away. You'll have to try it yourself to believe it!

YOU'LL NEVER USE SOAP AGAIN to clean walls and woodwork, when you discover the wonders of Spic and Span. It's made especially to clean all washable surfaces cleaner and brighter, easier—in half the time. There's **NO RINSING! NO WIPING!**

GET TWO PACKAGES of Spic and Span today . . . for the easiest, brightest Spring Cleaning this side of heaven! All this—and a Quikut Paring Knife, too . . . can be yours in Spic and Span's big 1¢ sale.

P. S. Spic and Span works magic on dozens of housecleaning jobs—linoleum, painted floors, painted furniture, screens, all washable surfaces!

LOOK WHO'S IN THE MOVIES NOW



DRAWING BY RIK HOWARD

BY PATRICIA LOCHRIDGE

WHO'S Hollywood's newest box-office discovery? A whole city, no less—the biggest one in the world. You saw its face in Gentleman's Agreement, The Lost Weekend, Miracle on 34th Street and The Naked City. You'll be seeing it often again. More and more Hollywood producers are getting the urge to make big-time movies on location in New York.

And how are New Yorkers reacting? "Why, the city slickers are more excited than a bunch of farmers!" said one surprised director. They are hamming all over the place. New Yorkers of every age seem obsessed with a desire to get before the cameras in crowd scenes, though this is strictly forbidden by city ordinance and union regulation. Eager kibitzers will collect day or night at the loneliest spots on Manhattan. One harassed director told me he is sure New Yorkers have a sixth sense which magically guides them to a remote wind-blown corner at three-thirty A. M. just as cameras get set to roll.

Even New York dogs have caught the disease. In one scene in the new Selznick picture Portrait of Jennie, Joseph Cotten sits on a park bench and fondles a small white dog. Shooting of this scene was held up for an hour when four frolicking pooches broke through police lines to get into the act.

At five o'clock one Sunday morning when MGM was trying to shoot a scene of Frank Sinatra singing on Brooklyn Bridge scores of people arrived and insisted on their right to walk across the bridge. That one was solved by providing all comers with nickels to

ride back and forth on the bridge trolley. The fans could watch, but safely out of the way.

Directors resort to ingenious maneuvers to conceal their presence. For The Lost Weekend scene when Ray Milland walks up Third Avenue looking into pawnshops, a Paramount cameraman hid himself and tripod in a packing case on a wagon. The ruse worked. Not a soul saw him or recognized Milland.

One big difficulty about making movies in New York is the weather. If weather makes a producer get behind in his shooting schedule it can cost him real money—the overhead runs to twenty-five, even fifty thousand dollars a day.

Paramount waited five weeks on the weather to photograph a plane flying under the Queensboro bridge. A summer drought broken only by sporadic showers held up the MGM



Joseph Cotten and Jennifer Jones enjoy the view from Brooklyn Bridge during filming of Portrait of Jennie

picture Cass Timberlane for weeks. The script called for some shots taken in the rain. But usually the opposite is the problem.

Cameramen tell me there are only twenty days out of the year in New

continued on page 8

SKIP *the* dishes



UNTIL YOU GET
4-WAY IMPROVED

DREFT!



See! MORE SUDS THAN ANY LEADING PRODUCT KNOWN!

1 More suds than anything! Ounce for ounce in average water, Improved Dreft makes more suds than any dishwashing product known.

Feel! MILDTEST EVER TO YOUR HANDS!

2 Feel how clean your hands are after using Dreft! No slippery, greasy feeling. For Dreft leaves hands as well as dishes greaseless. Contains no alkali, either. Gentle Dreft is even milder to hands than before!

Smell! WONDERFULLY SNEEZE-FREE!

3 Sniff away! Less sneezing with Dreft. Because Improved Dreft contains less of that irritating "dust" that causes sneezing than any leading dishwashing product of its kind.

Look! WASHES 1/4 MORE DISHES!

4 Biggest value yet! Improved Dreft now weighs more, goes farther, lasts longer. In fact, a package washes one-quarter more dishes than before.

If those dishwashing facts surprise you, Listen to these!
More dishes are washed with Dreft than with any other brand in America.

Dreft was first
... to cut dishwashing time in half!
... to give you greaseless dishwashing
... to perform miracles no soap can match!
and here's another "first" ...

Dreft makes Dishes Shine -even Without Wiping!

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S PATENTED SUDS DISCOVERY



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



\$700.00 paid to Mrs. Grace E. Bessac of Berkeley, Calif., for this idea:

A "Quiet Room" in one apartment house I know provides a welcome release for women tenants from the nervous tension and friction that often result from daily living in small, crowded apartments. Here they read, write letters, knit, or just "relax," regaining peace of mind in quiet, untroubled surroundings.



\$125.00 paid to Sylvia J. Wiggins of Longview, Wash., for this idea:

Why doesn't someone—perhaps a department store—sponsor a "Brighten-Up Parlor" for working girls who have "after-work dates" right in town? With such attractions as showers, lockers, and pressing facilities, it would be a wonderful convenience—besides doing a public relations job for its sponsor.



\$50.00 paid to Mrs. James L. Jones of Xenia, Ohio, for this idea:

Our local women's groups took discarded but still serviceable purses, and filled them with such items as threads, needles, pins, buttons, soap, etc. Then we sent them to a World Service Center for distribution to women abroad, who need these things so badly. Now we have "good neighbors" everywhere.

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



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

LOOK WHO'S IN THE MOVIES NOW

from page 7

York when the weather is clear enough and the city free enough of smoke and haze to make what the experts call "long shots" of city backgrounds.

New York weather played a dirty trick on the Portrait of Jennie cast which came to town in February to film winter scenes in Central Park. Unfortunately Swan Lake, where Joseph Cotten and Jennifer Jones were to ice-skate, thawed. When the lake finally froze there were treacherous bumps. In the end the cooperative Fire Department saved the day. With hose and chemicals they produced a fine smooth pond. Even so, the cast, which arrived planning to stay only a few weeks, was in New York five months.

To expedite the filming of Jennie a platoon of New York police was assigned to the company. One morning at the Cloisters the policemen noticed a busload of nuns arriving. With customary gallantry they trooped over to escort the sisters. A heavy rainfall had left large puddles in the open courtyard. Suddenly to the great surprise of the cops the "nuns" hiked up their habits and jumped across the puddles. The nuns were Powers models come to work as extras.

But New York weather has been known upon occasion to do a producer a good turn. For Universal-International's new picture, The Great Snow, the obliging elements just after Christmas provided the best honest snow settings since the blizzard of 1888. Said the happy director, "We never could have done the job in Hollywood with soap flakes and ice machines."

Next to the weather the major difficulty in New York is sleuthing out locations for special shots and then getting permission to use them. It's especially difficult with the thrillers now so popular. Charles Hall, Twentieth Century-Fox unit manager for Kiss of Death, the new Victor Mature movie, Brian Donlevy came to New York a month ahead of his company to line up location spots. One he wanted particularly was a miserable cold-water flat with steep stairs. After ringing some sixty doorbells of Third Avenue tenements he finally found it. The owner seemed willing at first—for a generous fee. But before signing the release he asked casually, "What's it to be used for?"

Hall explained that a crippled old lady would be pushed down the steep stairs in a brutal murder.

"Deal's off," said the owner. "I don't want murders in my house."

When location men want permission to use a store, they always assure its owner they will change its name. They've learned what it means to a shopkeeper after a picture is released to be pesterea with bobboxers come not to buy, but to stand where Frank Sinatra once stood.

MGM tried in vain to get permission from New York's Trinity Church for its camera crew to stop the historic old clock in a scene for The Hucksters. This was the problem: Clark Gable is looking out the window of a downtown office building on a Sunday morning at eleven and sees the devout entering church. But at the real hour of eleven a. m. the sun makes a bad shadow on the old clock tower. MGM wanted to stop the clock and shoot the scene at a more propitious time. However, the church authorities were afraid to let anybody tamper with the clock. It was pointed out that thou-



Eager crowds watch director Henry Hathaway shoot a scene from Kiss of Death, Victor Mature's latest

sands of Wall Streeters—stenographers, clerks, stockbrokers and tycoons—regulate their working days by its faithful pealings. So MGM's crew went ahead and shot the scene, shadows and all, at eleven a. m. Later, much to Hollywood's surprise, critics hailed the sequence as one of the most beautiful and artistic of the year.

The permission of private owners is not the only permission required. To shoot any outdoor scenes in New York a producer has to get four (sometimes six) permits from the city. For Central Park scenes in Portrait of Jennie, Selznick had to have park, police, fire and power permits. But lately New York City's Mayor O'Dwyer set up a special office to cut down on the red tape involved.

Despite the many problems involved in New York locations more and more Hollywood producers and directors are coming east. A year ago RKO-Pathé opened an eleven-story studio in Harlem. Here a producer can walk in with an idea and walk out six months later with a picture.

Studios in the RKO-Pathé building can be rented by anyone and it's big enough so that three feature pictures can be produced simultaneously. Twelve New York unions do what it takes one hundred unions to do in Hollywood. And these twelve unions have pledged themselves not to engage in jurisdictional strikes for the next five years.

Though New Yorkers have no ambition to make Hollywood a western ghost town, they make no bones about being pleased to have their streets, homes, night clubs, courts and office buildings appear on the screen. If they can't get into the movies themselves, at least they can watch their city do it. [THE END]

Wanda Hendrix's smile wins role in Paramount's "My Own True Love"—

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!



Wanda Hendrix, Paramount Starlet, plays a leading role in Paramount's new picture, "My Own True Love." Wanda has smiled her way through only four pictures, but she's hailed by movie critics and fans alike as one of the year's best bets for stardom. She was a junior high school student in Jacksonville, Florida, when a talent scout discovered her in a local "little theater" play. He sent her to Hollywood for a screen test and she stayed . . . with a contract! Wanda's smile is as bright as her future—it's a Pepsodent Smile! "I've used Pepsodent Tooth Paste since my 'little theater' days," Wanda says, "and I wouldn't change now!"



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



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

Wins 3 to 1

over any other tooth paste!

You'll find people all over America agree with Wanda Hendrix: 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!

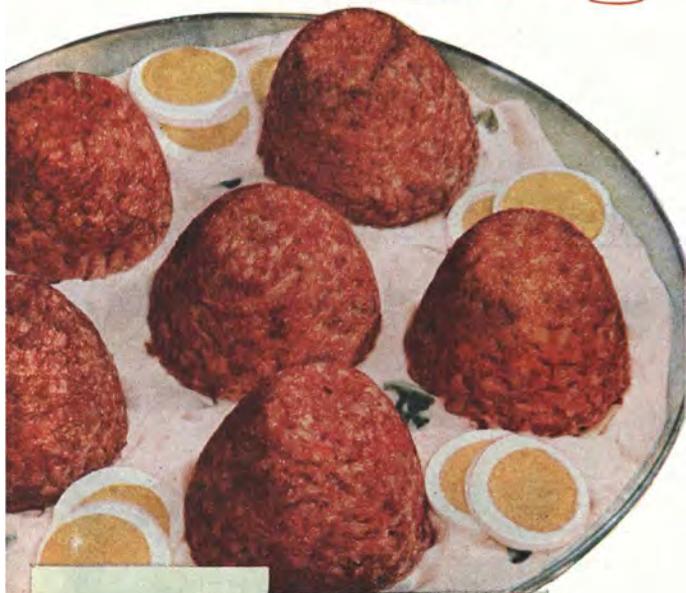
Yes, Pepsodent won 3 to 1 for its cool, minty flavor . . . for making breath cleaner, teeth brighter! For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!

Invitation to lunch - Corned Beef Hash!



That something-different for lunch today—or dinner tonight—is right there on your pantry shelf, if you've picked up a tin or two of Armour Star Corned Beef Hash at the store. Like all the other Armour Star Pantry-Shelf Meals it means good-lookin' cookin' in a hurry—and at a saving that looks good, too!

ANOTHER ARMOUR STAR
PANTRY-SHELF MEAL!



Hash Mounds

It's extra tender brisket of beef that makes Armour Star Corned Beef Hash taste so good—particularly served this new way! Make Hash Mounds by baking 30-40 minutes in well-oiled custard cups in 350° F. oven. Serve with egg-and-pickle sauce. Just add 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, 1 tsp. dry mustard, 4 sliced hard-cooked Cloverbloom eggs and 8 chopped sweet pickles to 2 cups cream sauce.

For additional recipes for Pantry-Shelf Meals, write Marie Gifford, Dept. 217, P. O. Box 2053, Chicago 9, Illinois.

The best and nothing but
the best is labeled

ARMOUR



HOLLY



THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS (Lasky-RKO). Russell Janney's novel becomes a movie with Valli as the actress whose career is cut off by death. Fred MacMurray,



her press agent, is upset because her fine Jean of Arc film won't be released—its producer thinks unknown dead stars are box-office poison. MacMurray goes to



THE NAKED CITY (Universal) is New York. On an East River pier Police Lieutenant Barry Fitzgerald interviews the



parents of a girl recently murdered. Barry's assistant on the case is young detective Don Taylor. Clues lead them to model Dorothy Hart. She finds herself in hot water, together with her handsome



THE SEARCH (MGM). One of many refugee children in postwar Germany is Ivan Jandl, center, who has forgotten his name and lost the ability to talk. His



mother, Jarmila Novotna, is anxiously seeking him. With a soldier's help she traces his name to a refugee camp—only to find another child. Meanwhile Ivan is



THE BIG CLOCK (Paramount). Ray Milland and Rita Johnson are floored by the wacky art of Elsa Lanchester, in a sophisticated thriller, scary and funny.



THE SIGN OF THE RAM (Columbia). It takes Alexander Knox a long time to discover that his crippled wife, Susan Peters, is not the gentle person he thinks.

WOOD



Valli's home town for her funeral, has bells rung day and night. His stunt attracts the attention of the nation's press. Crowds pay tribute to Valli in priest



Frank Sinatra's church. MacMurray is as impressed as Sinatra by their piety—and both are glad that due to all the clamor Valli's movie will be released.



unstable fiancé, Howard Duff. We won't spoil the plot by telling you the murderer is, but Barry and a police cordon get him in the end—after a breath-taking



chase across the Williamsburg Bridge. Photography in this film is superb; it was shot entirely in New York City and captures the feel of the great metropolis.



picked up by American soldier Montgomery Clift, who takes the boy home, teaches him to talk again. When it's time for Clift to return to America he



takes Ivan to Aline MacMahon, head of a displaced children's camp. She finally unites mother and son. Filmed abroad, a magnificent picture and plea.



THE PEARL (RKO). Pedro Armendariz and Maria Elena Marques in Steinbeck's modern fable which first appeared in the COMPANION. Beautifully filmed in Mexico.

CURRENT

The Smugglers—Michael Redgrave in a costume thriller for adults
Fort Apache—Shirley Temple, Henry Fonda and John Wayne vs. Indians
Holiday Camp—Flora Robson on an English vacation—fun and suspense
Relentless—Robert Young is pursuer and pursued in this western
A Miracle Can Happen—Comedy with starchy cast—Stewart, Goddard, Fonda.
Paisan—Top-notch Italian film about the Allied invasion of Italy
Adventures of Casanova—Arturo de Cordova as the famed lover-warrior
Farrebique—An expertly photographed French film about life on a farm
Take My Life—Literate and tense English melodrama

Be sure your colors sing this Spring

Spring's the time for gay colors, so make sure your clothes stay bright and gay!

Keep your bright washables away from strong soaps and rough handling. After all, just one wrong washing can ruin them. So be wise! Treat nice things (those that show and those that don't) to gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes. Then they'll come out fitting right . . . with colors singing!

Keep your washables lovelier with this **special** care



BREAK INTO PRINT and keep your prints colorful with pure, mild Ivory Flakes. Ivory Flakes is one soap that fashion experts recommend for all fine washables.

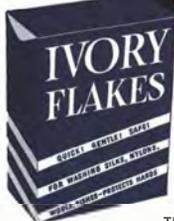
KEEP your girdle in shape to flatter you. Give it frequent sudings in Ivory Flakes, and it will keep its springy, clingy fit and wear oh-so-much longer!

NIGHTLY sudings in Ivory Flakes mean a longer life for precious nylons. What's more, gentle Ivory Flakes care keeps stocking colors newer-looking up to twice as long.



Pure silk print by Henry Rosenfeld

THIS SUNNY raincoat's safe in Ivory Flakes suds . . . they're 99 44/100% pure. Give it Ivory Flakes care, and it's sure to come out golden bright . . . fitting just right! Simply pattern in washable Bates Fabric



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

Ivory Flakes care

The fast flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory . . . 99 44/100% Pure

*"At last I've discovered 'Quick-Clean' washing
—thanks to my General Electric washer!"*

NOW I KNOW WHY so many of my friends rave about their G-E Washers!

"I've got one of my own—and it's a wonder! It's showed me what a marvelous difference 'Quick-Clean' washing makes in washdays. I'm not exhausted by work any more—it takes such little effort. I'm just delighted with my sparkling white laundry!

"Even the heaviest, dirtiest pieces come out shining bright. And the clothes are cleaner, and fresher-looking than I could ever get them before!"

"Can't think of a nicer way to make washday easier, quicker, and pleasanter. I'll never have anything but G-E 'Quick-Clean' washing from now on!"



*All - Electric
Laundry*



See your General Electric Retailer today! He'll be glad to tell you all about "Quick-Clean" washing—and to explain the very latest improvements made by General Electric's skillful engineers. Model illustrated, AW332. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

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

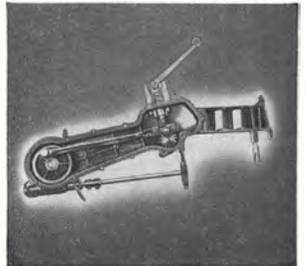
"Quick-Clean" washing brought to you by features no other washer gives you!



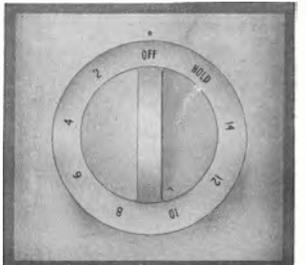
G-E "Activator" Action—The wonderfully deep-cleansing action that handles your clothes with care and gentleness. And gets them thoroughly, beautifully clean so quickly and easily!



G-E One-Control Wringer—A special feature made only by General Electric. One control starts, reverses, releases. You can adjust wringer rolls to give correct, even pressure for every type of fabric.



G-E "Permadrive" Mechanism—Example of General Electric precision engineering at its finest. Only four moving parts, permanently lubricated at the factory. Nothing complicated to require oiling or attention.



G-E Adjustable Timer—Regulates washing or rinsing time up to 15 minutes. Or—can be set to HOLD position for continuous operation. OFF position stops the motor. A real convenience.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

WHAT MAKES A PERFECT HONEYMOON?



DRAWING BY LORCELL HESS

SIXTY-FIFTH COMPANION POLL

MEN probably think that what makes a honeymoon perfect for a woman is not the place she goes, or the money spent, or even the clothes she wears, but The Man. Well, brace yourselves: It's true!

At least that's the verdict of COMPANION Reader-Reporters. When we asked what advice they'd give prospective honeymooners, nearly all said something like this: "It's just wonderful being loved and in love anywhere."

Even so, the women are full of suggestions about places to go. Mostly their suggestions mirror fond memories—or fond hopes. For example: "A mountain cabin, plenty of supplies, including plenty of *chopped* firewood, two good horses—who could ask for more? I didn't."

Here are some general tips for June brides. Pick a place, say the women, where both of you can indulge in pet activities. Don't let *him* talk you into a fishing camp if you're not the outdoor type. And don't *you* talk him into formal clothes and dancing if he doesn't like swank resorts. Get away from family and friends—"as far away," says one woman, "as your budget will permit." Also: "Don't plan a sea trip—if it's the first for either of you." But do plan your whole trip carefully: "We had almost as much fun planning as making our trip. Besides, if you start out blindly you always wind up in the worst places." And finally, for what it's worth, a tip from one Reader-Reporter's spouse: "Put on and remove makeup and hairpins out of view of your husband."

There's a big difference of opinion on the subject of how much money to spend. A third of the women say

spurge. Typical of them: "Pick some spot where both parties have always dreamed of going and do it up right. The honeymoon should be a kind of last fling before you start battling bills." On the opposite side of the fence, though, are women with this idea—and they represent about a fifth of the total: "I think the money would be better spent on household things. The shock of being plunged from a luxurious resort hotel into the dishpan is almost more than a newly made marriage can survive."

But the greatest number—almost half—are for picking a course somewhere in between these two extremes. Have a honeymoon, yes, but one that won't leave too great a financial hangover.

Ten per cent of all married Reader-Reporters say they didn't have a honeymoon. Some of them think they didn't miss a thing. "We took our honeymoon money and bought the first electric range in this community. I have never been sorry, for our life together has been a continuous honeymoon for over twenty-two years." But others have regrets: "I'd say have a good honeymoon so you'll have grand memories later."

A number of women are for a delayed honeymoon—several months to a year after the wedding. In their opinion, a couple can have a lot more fun on a trip once the initial period of adjustment to each other is over. But don't delay *too* long, they warn. You don't want children on your honeymoon!

Finally, here's the advice of a Reader-Reporter who went on her honeymoon quite a few years ago: "Don't expect it to be perfect. Just make the most of it."

"Now I can sit down to iron with this marvelous G-E ironer!"

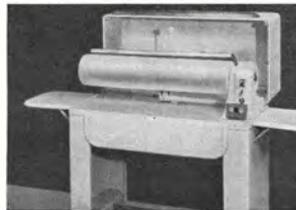


"I'd always dreamed of sitting down to iron—and that's just what I do with my General Electric Flatplate Ironer!"

"It's so easy to operate, I do *two* flat pieces at a time. The heat is controlled automatically for each fabric, so there's no regulating, no bother. Believe me, it

does the most professional ironing job possible in any home! Perfect for all kinds of laundry.

"I can see how the 300 square inches of flat ironing surface are equal to 11 hand irons! Folds into an attractive cabinet, too." Model AF 12.



De Luxe Automatic Rotary Ironer— The best you can buy in rotary ironers—our finest rotary model!

Easy hand or knee control with two speeds—iron as fast or slow as you want. Extra-large 30-inch roll does a beautiful job on heavy work, flat pieces, dresses, shirts! Can be used for pressing, also. Folds to handy table top. Model AR 20.



Fold-away Automatic Rotary Ironer— You'll appreciate the General Electric quality and beauty of this popular ironer.

Your choice of hand or knee control, a 26-inch roll, single speed that's grand for all your ironing. The lapboard protects your lap from damp clothes—and shelves keep wide pieces off the floor. Model AR 19.



Automatic Portable Rotary Ironer— Here's the ironer that lets you iron in any room you choose!

So light and easy to lift! Hand or knee control, single speed, 22-inch roll. You'll love it for sheets, shirts, tablecloths, dresses! Model AR 18. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.



All - Electric Laundry

"The appliances most women want most!"

GENERAL ELECTRIC

COMPANION POLL questions are submitted every month by mail to more than 2,000 readers, a group that was first selected in 1935 and which has been frequently revised since then, to give an accurate cross-section of what our readers in more than 3,700,000 homes are thinking.

Pyrex Ware
makes
Coffee
taste
better
too!



**6-CUP PYREX
PERCOLATOR
only \$2⁹⁵**

The lowest priced, highest-quality percolator on the market! It's fascinating to watch it perc. The rich clear coffee may be reheated, because glass never alters food flavors. That's another reason why all food tastes better in Pyrex ware!

**THERE'S ONLY ONE PYREX WARE
AND IT'S MADE BY
CORNING GLASS WORKS**



"PYREX" is a Reg. T. M. of Corning Glass Works in the United States and in Canada of Corning Glass Works of Canada, Ltd.

Companionably yours

COVER • Maybe you can unscramble this faster than we could. Here goes: The little girl on the cover is Susan—Susan Linda White. Incidentally, Susan was about a year old when the picture was taken and this is her first cover. The model holding little Susan is also a Susann but with two n's—Susann Shaw Foster. And Susann is in private life a mother. In fact she's the mother of a little Susann—called Sukey. But Susann isn't Susan's mother. Says photographer Leo Aarons who took the picture: "Sweet Sue!"

such a misstatement is a gross injustice to the great majority of judges in New York City and State who are rendering a real service to the people. The author commits a disservice to the improvement of administration of justice by such misstatements, misquotations and muckraking."

J. EDWARD LUMBARD, JR.
Former Justice of the Supreme Court of New York

"Mr. Whitman assuredly has not overstated the deplorable practices of too many jurists, and it is clear that something should be done on a wide-spread scale."

EUGENE P. BLACK
Attorney General of Michigan

"You have performed a distinct public service by giving such wide publicity to facts which so need to be broadcast to the general public."

EVERETT C. MCKEAGE
California lawyer and former judge

Additional plaudits came from lawyers, judges and legal associations throughout the nation. Many writers spoke of the fine reform work being done by a woman—Mrs. Louis Mead Treadwell, Executive Secretary of the New York Citizens Committee on Courts.



SOUTH OF THE BORDER • That's Mexico's movie queen Maria Elena Marques above. She's holding a copy of the COMPANION in which John Steinbeck's novel *The Pearl* first appeared (December, 1945). Miss Marques plays the feminine lead in RKO's movie based on the novel. You'll find it reviewed on page 11.

DOUBLE TROUBLE • John Clare, author of *The Golden Bowl* (page 17) and fiction editor of Canada's popular *Maclean's Magazine* tells us being both editor and writer "has split my personality like an infinitive."

TOOTH TROUBLE • Mary Augusta Rodgers, author of *A Lover and His Lass* (page 25), tells us that the most absorbing news about herself—she thinks—is that her dentist says she has the longest tooth roots he has ever run across. Just to make the picture complete, though, we might add that she's married, has two little boys, lives with her family in Arlington, Virginia, and does her writing—in between housekeeping chores—in the attic of her home. Also, she *likes* to write.

BEHIND THE BLACK ROBES • "Your February article *Behind the Black Robes* purports to quote me to the effect that: 'Only twenty-five per cent of our judges are anywhere near capable. Some of them are less fit than the people they put in asylums.' "Immediately upon being informed of this article I cabled to Presiding Justice Peck of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in New York as follows:

"I made no such statement nor is such a statement true. To circulate

DIAPERLESS NOW • The determined-looking little girl below is Alison—Val Teal's youngest child and only girl. You met her in *With Sirens Blowing* (February, 1947)—she was Jeannie of the many diapers in that



book. In Val Teal's latest novel, *It Was Not What I Expected*, condensed in this issue (page 19), Alison's three older brothers are the central characters. Duell Sloan and Pearce have scheduled publication of the new novel for July.

HOW TO GET AROUND • Hansford Martin, author of the wallop-packing short story *I'll Write You Sometime* (page 23), combines being a professor of English with writing. At present he's with the University of Iowa. Besides his teaching, Mr. Martin is also busy these days working on his second novel. It is about New Mexico and will be published by Harcourt Brace.

The Editors



"Oh Mother!" cried Alice,

"Here's the New PHILCO..."



"Summer or winter, I'm MAD about this Philco!"

BALANCED HUMIDITY

At last, a "moist cold" refrigerator suited to every climate and season. Revolutionary "Summer-Winter Control!" does it. Only Philco has it!



GIANT FREEZER LOCKER

Huge, clear space for zero-zone frozen food storage. Ice trays out of the way on separate, super-fast freezing shelf. Wonderful!

"Freezes faster than fast!"



CONSERVADOR

Transparent, shelf-lined inner door adds shelf space and keeps foods used most often at your finger-tips. Only Philco has it!



"Keeps foods at your fingertips"



"Ditto! Fix the shelves to suit yourself"

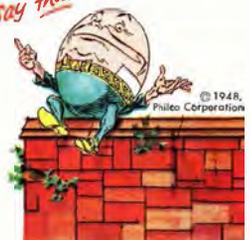
COMPLETE SHELF ADJUSTABILITY

The first completely adjustable shelves ever invented. Yes, you shift the shelves to suit yourself for any size or shape of foods. Like a made-to-order refrigerator for every use. A light pressure of the hand releases any shelf . . . and puts it back firmly where you want it. Only Philco has it!

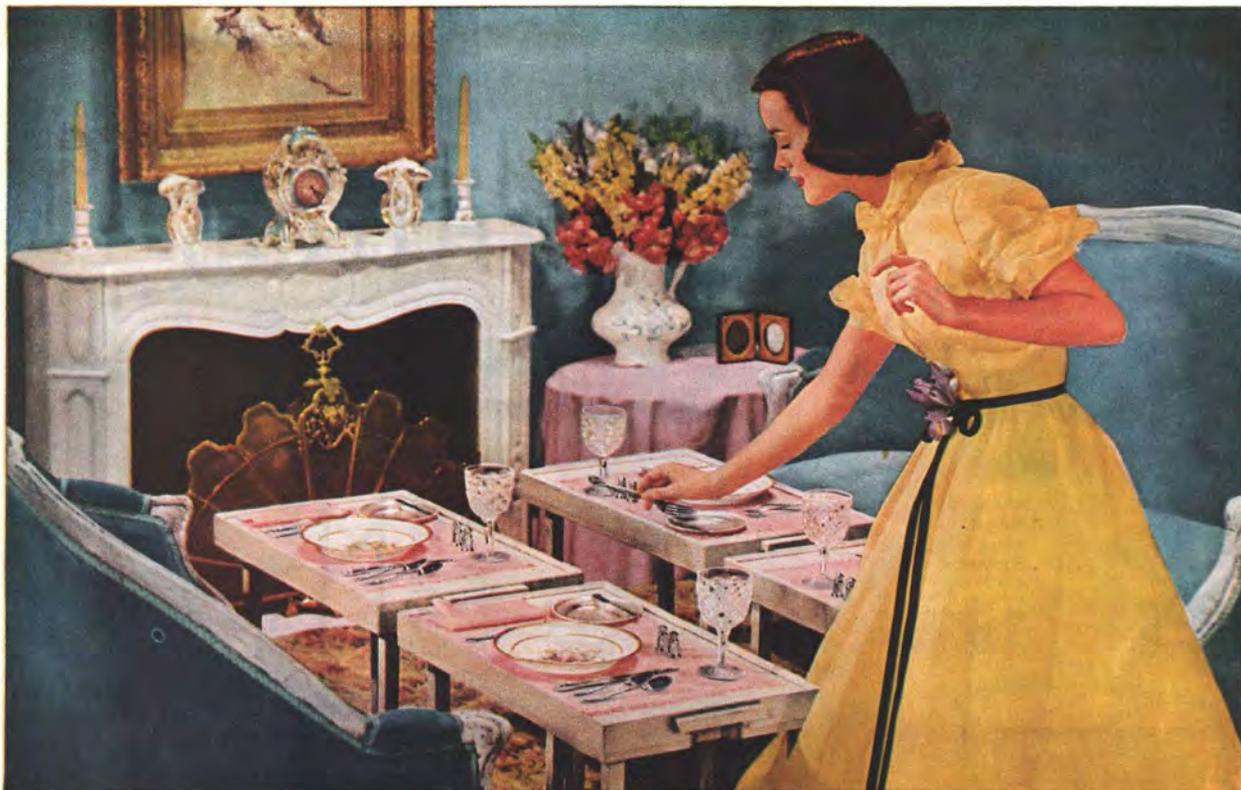
a most WONDERful Refrigerator!"

"You can say that again"

Yes, it's a refrigerator from Wonderland . . . the new 1948 Philco . . . with amazing developments from Philcoland to make the American housewife a queen in her kitchen! It brings you a host of features no other refrigerator has or can have because they're patented and exclusive inventions of Philco Advanced Design. Not just one but a whole series of vital contributions to refrigerator efficiency, utility, and service. More room for food in the same kitchen space. The most flexible and convenient shelf arrangement ever known. Zero-zone temperatures for frozen storage. Controlled humidity for every climate and season. And, above all, record-breaking values at every price! Yes, they're fit for a queen . . . see them now at your Philco dealer.



© 1948, Philco Corporation



"...Even my fold-away tables and pot-luck dinner look luxurious!"

Drop in anytime after 5:00

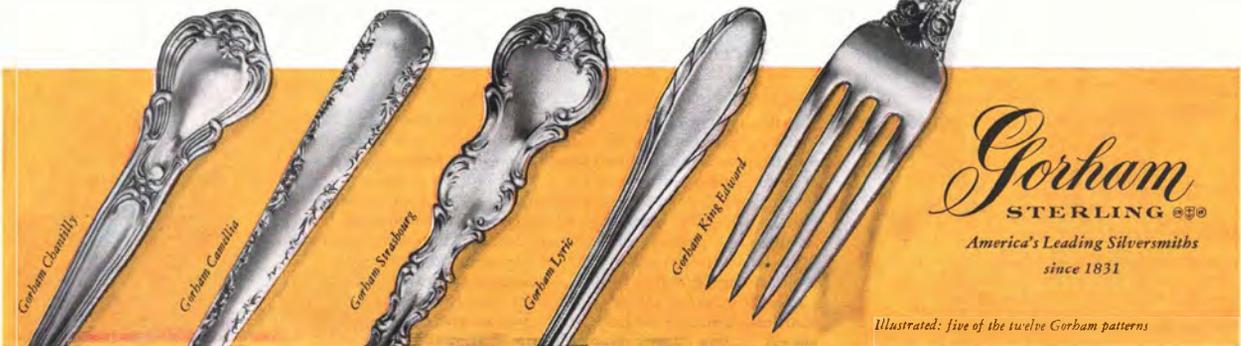
"Done with a flourish, if I do say so! It's amazing how my beautiful Gorham Sterling gives my career-girl apartment a party air...even my fold-away tables and pot-luck dinner look luxurious!"

You will discover, as you live with lovely Gorham, just how much richness it adds to your home. Nothing compliments your guests quite so graciously as a table set with your very own Gorham. Each pattern is created by a world-famous artist. Each is endowed with a distinctiveness that sets Gorham apart from all other names in sterling. The first place-settings you buy now

are the soundest, least expensive investment you can make...for Gorham Sterling is a permanent possession that grows in beauty as you use it every day.

Send for illustrated book, "Entertaining—the Sterling Way" 10¢ (outside U.S.A., 40¢). The Gorham Company, WHC-58, Providence, R. I.

The Modern Way to buy sterling is to match and add in units of place-settings—each consisting of six pieces. Place-settings about \$23.00 (Fed. tax incl.), depending on which of the twelve Gorham patterns you choose.



Gorham
STERLING ©
America's Leading Silversmiths
since 1831

Illustrated: five of the twelve Gorham patterns

The Golden Bowl

Here only for the summer—never a care in the world!

Not even an ash tray to pack up and carry.

Then somebody gave Alec

a souvenir . . . 

BY JOHN CLARE



FRANCES PARKER looked across the tea table at Nora and decided she would be good-looking if she relaxed long enough to let nature throw a few curves at her. She was attractive as she was, with her long black hair and fine features. But so intense in a young dark way. There she was sitting on the edge of her chair, seeming to be on tiptoe even when she was sitting down.

"Yes, dear," said Frances, who was quite relaxed and had given up any ideas of being tense and vital when she married George Parker ten years ago. "I would love to hear about your Alec. When were you married?"

"Alec and I were married when we finished art school in Chicago this summer," Nora answered. "We were going to ask you and George to come to the wedding because you're my sister and . . . well, you're all my family now. But Alec says there's something barbaric about a wedding ceremony and he didn't want anyone to come."

"Just as long as Alec turned up you wouldn't miss the others too much." Frances nodded reassurance to her younger sister.

"Alec is over six feet tall and almost as broad in the shoulders and he's one of the great young painters of America. And he doesn't believe in things. Neither of us does," Nora said a little breathlessly.

"It's nice that you don't believe in them, but what are they?" asked Frances, putting down her teacup and lighting a cigarette.

"Well . . . you know . . . things. What people [*continued on page 56*]

ILLUSTRATOR: GWEN FREMLIN

*"Alec," she said in a tiny voice,
"where did you get this bowl?"*

A vintage illustration in a soft, painterly style. In the center, a young boy dressed as a doctor in a green shirt and blue overalls is leaning over, using a stethoscope to examine a doll patient. The doll is held by a young girl in a red shirt and brown shorts, who is sitting on a small wooden stool. In the background, a woman in a floral dress sits at a table with a sewing machine, looking on. To the right, a baby is visible in a stroller. The floor is scattered with toys: a red toy truck, a yellow toy car, and alphabet blocks. A lamp with a green shade and blue tassels stands in the background. The scene is set in a cozy, domestic interior with light-colored curtains.

*Dolls for boys! Everyone was horrified—
except me. I knew they'd never be sissies*

Harry Anderson

I ALWAYS WANTED TO MARRY AND HAVE A LARGE FAMILY, BUT...

It was **not** what I expected

AT THE time of my marriage to Bill most young couples did not at once enter into parenthood. A child? It was something to be dreamed of vaguely, something one might undertake in the distant future, as a means of breaking boredom should boredom descend upon your happiness, as a vessel to hold your husband's and your wonderful qualities of character and mentality and carry them into the future. It was something you might seriously consider some day.

Being married meant playing bridge and golf, going to the movies when nothing else came up, with always the assurance of a partner. Being married meant a great many pleasant things. Sterling silver, gleaming dishes, playing house with apartment-house gas stoves and electric-refrigerator recipes. One thing it definitely did not mean was babies.

A baby was of course a thing no sensible person would undertake until he could afford it. That was the crowning argument of all against having a family. Obviously only the dull would go ahead and have a baby before they had the money saved. It was not merely a matter of having money in hand for the doctor and hospital bill. That was only the start of the expense. You must establish yourself first, have money for clothes and music lessons and cod-liver oil and education at home and abroad. Meantime you could not sit at home and spoil your youth by pinching pennies. If, after the golf and the dancing and theaters and the bridge prizes and parties and dinners were paid for, you had money left over, you saved it. But who would save money toward a pig in a poke—a baby that didn't exist and you couldn't even picture—before buying necessities?

For me, though, brought up in the brightness and noise and confusion of cooking and living smells of our house, children—as soon as possible—were necessities.

Mama gave me the idea that having a large family was easy. She had an immaculate house. People said they wouldn't be afraid to spread butter on her floor, scrape it off and spread it on their bread. Mama's floor was clean

scrubbed pine, but it made me never care much for butter. I always imagined it spread on the floor and scraped up and I could detect, not dirt in it, but slivers of pine.

Mama was not held down by her family. She was ready early every afternoon for social life. In summer she had a big baby buggy with at least one child in it, and two or three round about—and a good thing too, for times when she got stuck in the deep sand. Then she would pull the buggy backward and we would push, and it was such strenuous exercise that we arrived at our destination very ready for the homemade doughnuts and cake and milk-weakened coffee. In winter Mama had her floor ready for the butter to be spread on it by noon, her clothes sprinkled, and then, nap over, she bundled the baby into the big red sled, tucked him in under a red wool blanket and set off pushing the sled energetically over the snow. Mama went visiting every afternoon that she didn't have visitors. In summer the visitors brought their children. In winter the children of the visitors came home from school with us. We left our fleece-lined rubbers in a neat row on the porch and opened the door to a coffee smell and a fresh bread smell and a new cake smell and talk and laughter and fun.

But there was nothing in my training—not even in the home-economics course I took in college—that taught me how to manage the kind of motherhood Mama had, the kind that was practical and fun. So I entered upon my lifework with no preparation. A babe in the woods. And it was not what I expected.

When our first baby was ten days old and we were going home, I had wonderful dreams. We'd have him safe in his little crib where we'd be able to stand over him and watch him sleep. Just we three. Our little peaceful happy loving family, alone together at last. Like the pictures on calendars, me in a lacy filmy negligee with Bill's arm around my shoulder and both of us leaning over our sleeping babe. It wasn't like that, though. Calendar pictures leave out a lot of things— [continued on page 78]

A CONDENSED NOVEL
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE
BY VAL TEAL
ILLUSTRATOR: HARRY ANDERSON

Soon to be published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc.

This will be the night of her heart  not only because she has seen Stuart again,

New Memory

BY ANN HEAD



EVEN though there wasn't much Lindsey could do to make the apartment more attractive, she came home early carrying flowers in one hand and candles in the other. The candlelight would divert Stuart's alert eyes from the worn spots on the carpet. The flowers would tone up the faded draperies.

When she'd discussed her plans with Harry that morning, he'd been immensely annoyed. "Why all this fuss? I know he's your brother but he's been in London a fortnight and not bothered to look us up."

She had explained to Harry again that Stuart was not her brother, not even her half brother, no blood relation whatsoever. But, as always, he had thought the complicated American family life at Combahee difficult and dull—or at least he pretended to. He knew vaguely that she'd never been too happy there; sensed vaguely that, in spite of it, the place had a tenacious hold on her; and resented, malelike and loverlike, anything that had made her too happy or too unhappy before she met him. In the middle of her explanation of how her mother had married Stuart's father when she and Stuart were six, he'd interrupted her with a yawn and a "but still I think this chap might have just dropped in on us without all this fanfare."

Because it was terribly important to her that Harry like Stuart, in order that Stuart like Harry (Harry could be impossible if he didn't like someone), she'd explained further that Stuart would never drop in on anyone, least of all her. "We never got along and besides I haven't seen him for five years."

The clock on the living-room mantel allowed her an hour now before Stuart would arrive. The living-room needed attention but Lindsey's eyes flew to the mirror and at the sight of her pale face and eyes drawn tight at the lids she decided on an unhurried bath instead.

Luxuriating in the tub, she wondered how Stuart would look. She'd never seen him without the familiar background of Charleston—of Combahee—and the last time she'd seen him there had been just after Tilly died. He had looked altogether strange—hard-lipped, hard-eyed and invulnerable. Now, with the ghost of

Tilly and the reality of Harry separating them always and forever from the illusion of youth, what would they ever find to say to each other?

Suddenly she could see Combahee again, the big brick house covered with wisteria and ivy, the scrub pine, the oak trees; and the river tracing its way through the marshes down to Charleston and the sea. With the recollection, the old childish grief was upon her and her salt tears were like the taste of the salt marshes in her mouth.

She'd cried like this at Combahee many times, leaning against the oak tree at Turtle's Neck, hugging her cat Sister to her in the privacy of the stables, jogging down the path that led home from Tilly's house, crying, crying, crying because Stuart had called her a name, because Stuart had pulled Sister's tail, because Stuart had asked Tilly to go fishing or hunting or blackberry picking and not Lindsey, never Lindsey.

Tilly was the caretaker's daughter. She was only five when Lindsey first came to Combahee, but already Tilly had fastened on to Stuart, a lonely unloved little boy of six, with all the tenacity of an adoring coquette. Her adoration and Stuart's need for love had made an indestructible relationship [continued on page 62]

ILLUSTRATOR: WALTER BAUMHOFER



but because for the first time she has really seen her husband

"You're looking wonderful!"
"I'm feeling wonderful," she
answered. And all at once it
was true

Walter
Baumbach

I'll write



Like the other pretty girls, she had looked at him with her heart in her eyes

Adel Patterson

YOU Sometime



BY HANSFORD MARTIN

Once the world was filled with young lieutenants . . .

But that was some time ago. To the air corps officer sitting alone at the bar of the hotel it seemed a very long time from the present, this particularly empty afternoon. And though he was still young enough to be sprucey handsome in his uniform and aware of it, he twisted uneasily on the tall stool which reminded him too much of a dunce's stool.

The last time that he had been in this bar he had been one of the young lieutenants. Now he was a lieutenant once more. The fact could have given him a certain sense of futility, if he'd allowed it, considering the other things that had come in between that time and this: a captaincy, a year and a half of bombing Germany, two and a half years of occupying it. Except that then he had been only a reserve officer; now he held a regular commission in the Army of the United States of America. Even so, even back here in his own country, he kept having this peculiar feeling that he was still a member of an occupying force.

In the months since he had returned he had had time to get used to the emotion—plenty of time, plenty of hotels, plenty of bachelor quarters at air bases, but he hadn't learned to understand it or be happy about it. He still could not get over this sensation of being in a strange country. Today in this place he had come four hundred miles out of his way to see, the feeling was worse than it had ever been.

"This is my own, my native land," he chanted to himself. "My heart with rapture thrills." But his eyes were irritable as they swept around the rectangular room, the conventional bar and dining-room of a mid-western city, with an unnecessary number of mirrors, chairs covered in red mock-leather, nervously garish murals slung across the walls.

Because it was still uncrowded so soon after the lunch hour, the room looked too big. Because there were only a few women, the unattached blonde staring at him from one of the small tables looked too eager. Because the men perched on the other stools all wore civilian suits, his, the only uniform, looked too conspicuous. It was a situation with a very dim view.

And yet the last time he had seen this place, with exactly the same proportions and decorations—probably including, he thought wryly, the same eager blonde—it had been one of the beautiful places of the world. Smoky, noisy and beautiful. Tense, violent, explosive and beautiful.

But that had been in 1943 and the men he had known then had not been wearing Palm Beach suits but replicas of the cadet's uniform he had worn. And that was a time when a uniform had never made you feel like a member of an army in occupation.

That was a time when the eyes turned on you (and on your uniform) held awe and excitement and admiration—the eyes of the pretty girls with their hearts shining through. They gave you that; and in return you gave them gardenias, sweet colored drinks and a promise to write sometime. It had been a beautiful arrangement in a beautiful time.

The peering blonde distressed him. He supposed there had been girls with glances like that even then, glances of shrewd appraisal rather than of loneliness and love. But there had not been many and he had not liked those girls. He had liked the others, the shyly reckless ones, the trusting and confused, the girls who would not have been in this place at all but for the frightening uncertainty which was their share of the war.

He wondered what had become of girls like that, but he had long since mislaid their addresses as he had mislaid his individual memories of them. The women you saw in bars these days were of a different kind. They were like the blonde, who was draping herself over the table in a manner meant to be alluring but which looked, he thought, as if she were sitting for the portrait of a V-girl, long after the victory.

The women now were like her—or like the one who had just come in from the dining-room, crossing through on her way to the street; tall and poised, with too much quiet confidence to be disturbed by a transient soldier in time of peace.

Or was he mistaken? Because as their eyes met, she checked herself, staring at him [continued on page 44]

ILLUSTRATOR: ROBERT PATTERSON



*"Lots of people get married
without much to start on,"
Jim said stubbornly*

Edgerton

Always to be together (they had saved just a little)

How blind could their love afford to be?

A Lover and His Lass

BY MARY AUGUSTA RODGERS

JUST as Lucy came into the main quadrangle of the campus the chapel bells chimed three times and the heavy peaceful sound of the notes seemed to mix with the warm afternoon sunlight and float gently in the air. She walked slowly across the quadrangle and sat down on the stone steps of Jim's dormitory.

He had said to meet him there at three-fifteen but she liked being early when she was waiting for him. It was wonderful to sit quietly and savor the knowledge that she would soon see him walking up, smiling the quick eager smile she loved. She stretched out her legs and arranged her books in a neat pile beside her.

From the next building the voices of the glee club drifted out through the open doors, clear and young and strong above the thumping sounds made by the battered practice piano.

*"It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey noni-no . . ."*

Just then she saw Jim coming across the quadrangle. She sat up lazily and waved.

He smiled at her as he came up. "What's that they're singing, Lucy?" he asked, nodding toward the Music Hall. They were together so constantly now that they had stopped bothering with the routine of hello and how've you been.

"A song of Shakespeare's," she answered, settling back. "I don't remember which play."

"You should. You're the English major around here."

He sat down beside her and put his hand over hers. Together they looked out across the campus drowsing under the sleepy quietness of early afternoon.

Jim lay back, resting his head against his thickest textbook. "Seems as if everything came all of a sudden," he murmured. "Spring and graduation . . . hard to believe we've got only three more weeks."

She thought he looked very handsome, lying there with his shirt open at the neck and his eyes half closed against the sun. She held his hand with a tighter grip.

"I feel more lost than you do," she said. "After all, you'll be in medical school next term. That won't be so different. But in three weeks I'm supposed to be ready for the big world."

Jim's expression was suddenly alert. He rolled over to face her. "Say! I almost forgot to tell you. Got a letter from my Aunt Daisy this' morning. She's sending me fifty dollars for graduation."

Lucy felt the swift clutch of excitement. "Oh, Jim!" she breathed. "You'll have practically two hundred dollars, counting that!"

They exchanged a secret conspiratorial look.

"I might get some money for graduation too, you know," she said. "I don't want to count on it, but I might." She paused for a moment and then added in a rush, "Oh, I *wish* Mother weren't giving me a watch!" She knew that Jim's thoughts were following the pattern traced by hers. Fifty dollars added to the hundred and thirty he already had saved—that made a hundred and eighty. It wasn't really cheating to think of it as two hundred dollars because it was near enough. And she had seventy-two—nearly a hundred dollars herself.

"I don't see why we can't . . . well, think about it, anyway," Jim said stubbornly. "Lots of people get married without nearly that much to start out on."

"We have practically three hundred now," she said. He knew the figure as well as she did but it sounded more substantial when spoken aloud. It was something to build plans on, to justify hopes. It raised a bulwark against the memory of her mother's voice.

"Darling!" her mother had cried. "You can't be serious! Jim's a very sweet boy. I like him, truly I do. But he's got four years of medical school ahead of him! He simply is in no position to consider getting married. The entire idea is impossible right now."

But her mother didn't know they had almost three hundred dollars.

"I wish," she said abruptly, "we hadn't said anything at all to our parents. And yet that wouldn't be fair, either. Oh, I—"

"Parents don't remember," Jim answered. She knew what he meant. Parents don't remember about love and spring, and the urgency of them both. Parents are sweet and good but they just don't remember.

They relaxed again. It was so very pleasant there in the sun. It was hard to believe that everything wouldn't come out all right.

"I don't see why we couldn't manage," Jim said again. "With three hundred dollars, almost, to start on. Even if apartments are awfully hard to find around here, I'll bet we could get one. Somehow."

She nodded vigorously. "You can always find things if you try hard enough."

"That's what I think." Jim sat up again. He waved absently to a boy crossing the campus. "The only part of the setup I don't like is your working. Maybe I could manage a part-time job some way—"

She interrupted swiftly. "Just stop right [continued on page 106]

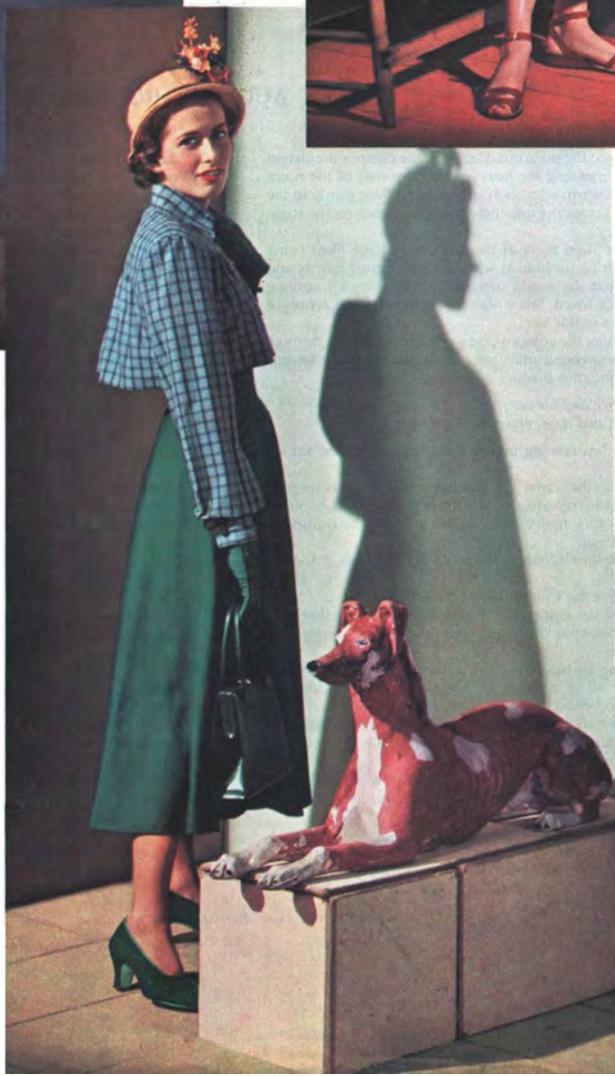


Above. In the late afternoon when you want to dress up—a camisole with an unpressed pleated skirt of companion plaid—or try a top in plaid or check with a solid skirt. Camisole about \$7.00; skirt about \$13.00.



Above, right. No matter how hot and humid the weather, you'll feel cooler in a simple long-sleeved shirt and flared skirt. It can be plain, checked, plaid or a combination. Shirt about \$10.00; skirt about \$10.00.

Right. Dark cottons are right for a commuter's life—a short-sleeved blouse with a matching flared skirt has a short flared-back jacket for chilly mornings. Skirt about \$10.00; blouse about \$8.00; jacket about \$8.00.



ALL SHOES ARE BY MACKAY

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL D'ONE

COMPANION PIECES

These light-hearted cottons are a complete summer wardrobe that you can mix and match to suit your days' activities—each piece is separate and comes in every fabric pattern and color shown.

Choose your basic color and wear plaids, checks and solid colors together as you will

BY ELIZABETH AMBROSE MADEIRA

Fashion Editor



Above. A complete week-end wardrobe—we show a long-sleeved shirt in plaid, neat shorts in the check, a red bra top, an unpressed pleated skirt of plaid. Bra about \$3.50; skirt about \$13.00; shorts about \$7.00; shirt about \$10.00.

Far left. All dressed up for a party in the camisole top—this time, checked—and two skirts—one of solid color, the other of matching check to be worn together or separately—the scallops alternate. Camisole about \$7.00; skirts each about \$13.00.

Left. A square-necked blouse with short sleeves and an unpressed pleated skirt to match. Could be plain, checked or mixed—tuck some flowers in at the waistline for a bright note. Blouse about \$8.00; skirt about \$13.00.

For the store nearest you carrying these Companion Pieces, look on page 179.

All clothes designed by Toni Owen in fabrics woven and dyed by Everfast just for us



*She started when she felt
his fingers at her neck
and shivered a little*



MELISSA

BY TAYLOR CALDWELL

THE STORY SO FAR:

Melissa Upjohn, in the bitter winter of 1868, fell harshly from the serene world that her father, Charles, had built for her. Taught to live in the sphere of literature and ideas, completely unaware of her personal beauty, even repulsed by the notion of marriage, Melissa sought desperately to hold the Upjohn family together. For Charles had died.

So Melissa tried to rule her mother Amanda, her plain brother Andrew, her scheming sister Phoebe. Yet within six weeks their mother also died. Amanda's last words seemed cruel, condemning Charles for having made Melissa his adoring puppet, for ruining all of them.

Geoffrey Dunham, Charles' elegant young publisher and lawyer, revealed that the Upjohns were now poverty-stricken. But Melissa remained adamant in following through her father's plans. Andrew must return to Harvard, Phoebe must become a poetess and she herself must finish her father's last book. And she must find the money somewhere.

Though Geoffrey knew how Charles had contorted the life of Melissa, he had always loved her. He hoped that he could lead her back to the normal role of a woman.

Now, although the sensitive Melissa hated Geoffrey for what she thought was a mocking interest in her, she turned to him for salvation. Setting aside her revulsion, she went secretly to the Dunham mansion. There she boldly faced Geoffrey, saying, "Mr. Dunham, will you marry me . . . tomorrow?"

PART TWO OF A NOVEL IN THREE PARTS

JUDGE WESLEY FARRELL roared when he saw Geoffrey: "Well, now! What the devil do you want? Got your message late last night and, though I ought to have better sense, I drove into town and almost broke my neck, just to satisfy you." He held his pipe in his hand and it had a very strong odor. The edges of his white mustache were stained yellow. His teeth were also yellow, if very sound.

The two men sat down in the littered and untidy little office and looked amiably at the fire. The judge began to talk of local gossip and chuckled. But he watched Geoffrey closely and shrewdly, for Geoffrey kept taking out his elaborate gold watch.

"Waiting for someone?" asked the judge after this had happened for the third time.

"Yes, Melissa Upjohn."

The judge stared. "Melissa Upjohn? What for? Something about her ma's will? Poor Amanda. Married all those years to that elegant skunk. Well, well, Melissa Upjohn. What's the crazy girl want now?"

Geoffrey frowned, then smiled. "Judge, you are speaking of my future wife. I want you to marry us this morning."

"Marry you—to Melissa Upjohn?" The judge blinked and then went into a sudden fit of violent coughing. His face turned crimson and became wet, and his little black eyes were only a jet glint under his bushy eyebrows. "You and Melly Upjohn! I don't believe it." And again went into a spasm of loud and rasping coughs.

Geoffrey waited with casual patience. "When you get through choking, Judge, I'll tell you more about it," he remarked. He glanced at his watch again. "She ought to be here now."

The judge subsided. He sat back in his chair and stared at Geoffrey for a long time. He seemed distressed and very grave. Finally he said in an unusually quiet voice, "I wouldn't be a friend of yours, Geoff, if I didn't say something. I never thought you'd think of marrying that girl. Never thought you even looked at the girl, or she at you. I've known about you and her pa's books and I suppose you had business with the family. Geoff, you aren't out of your mind, are you? Nothing wrong, is there, that I can't straighten out?"

"Don't be an infernal fool, Judge," said Geoffrey. "Everything is perfectly all right. I've always wanted to marry Melissa."

The judge got to his feet and began to walk heavily up and down. Then he stopped before Geoffrey and looked down at him with great somberness.

"Geoffrey, I can't refuse to marry you. I wish I could. I'm your friend, aren't I? I've nothing against the girl, believe me. But I've watched her since she was a child. She doesn't know she's alive, my boy. That confounded old devil, her pa, kept her bewitched, or hexed, as they say in these parts. There're all kinds of stories about her queerness. And you want to marry her, take her up to that fine house of yours, introduce her to your New York and Philadelphia friends and make a lady of her."

"She is a lady," said Geoffrey coloring.

The judge shook his head [continued on page 127]

The guests agreed that it was a strange marriage. If they but knew that Geoffrey had never taken her into his arms . . .

ILLUSTRATOR: BEN PRINS

the Petunia incident

BY MACRAE BOYKIN

MRS. AMOS WOODBURY strove to please. It was quite instinctive, a matter of a pretty little figure, a pretty little face, an altogether beguiling way; and so she had spent most of her not-quite-forty years in trying to keep everybody happy. In her particular household, this was just as well. Not that her ménage didn't function with precision. Indeed it came very near perfection, for during all the various servant shortages Mrs. Woodbury was able, without effort it seemed, to keep her butler, Benny, and her Italian gardener, Nano. Treasures both, for with them she ran her rather large and handsome house with smoothness and kept her three-acre lawn looking custom-tailored.

It seemed easy and effortless but Mrs. Woodbury could have told you it wasn't. Her perfectly kept establishment was the work of artists and artists have temperaments which take skillful management. Nano, the gardener didn't speak to Mr. Woodbury—a disagreement over a dwarf boxwood some years before. And Benny the butler didn't speak to Nano, a question of neither wanting to be bossed by the other. And when Janet Woodbury was home from college, Mr. Woodbury was testy. He was proud of her but he had never grown used to having a smart handsome daughter who was studying to be a chemist. He had married the kind of woman he understood and he simply couldn't see why his daughter couldn't have been likewise—dainty and frothy, with efficiency a strictly private affair. Then there was Duchess, the great Dane, who permitted only Mrs. Woodbury to feed her—partly because she was a snob and partly because she resented the fact that both Nano and Benny called her Dutch.

Yes, the whole set-up kept Mrs. Woodbury quite busy, though she fluttered about in a pretty way from one smoothing-over to the next and managed always to have the look and manner of the leisure class to which she was supposed to belong.

On this particular June morning as Mrs. Woodbury sat at the breakfast table, the day did not threaten to be more involved than usual. The table had an informal elegance about it. Mr. Woodbury, in his faultlessly tailored suit, seemed altogether appropriate and Mrs. Woodbury too fitted into the

picture, looking regal in a miniature way and somehow managing to make a maribou and taffeta negligee seem ladylike.

"Imogene," Mr. Woodbury began in an aggrieved voice, "about the exhibition dahlias . . ."

"Yes, darling," she smiled at him. She always treated him as though he were not dour and stern, but as though he were a romantic cavalier who matched her maribou. Most of the time she really lived in this illusion herself; and as for Mr. Woodbury, he was always a little surprised that the rest of the world didn't seem to think of him the same way.

"Imogene," he repeated with a frown, "will you have Nano stake up those dahlias on stronger poles? It's outrageous, the spindling sticks he's using. And what does he think they are going to live on! They need plant food and manure water. Tell him I said they look shamefully neglected. Shamefully." He pushed his chair back from the table with emphasis.

"Yes, darling, the dahlias. I'll explain to him," she promised, rising from the table and slipping her arm through his. She walked with him to the front hall, her long skirts making a pleasant rustle, her perfume lingering in her wake.

"And Imogene, the petunias—do you think they're in keeping?" He paused thoughtfully as they reached the front hall.

"Oh, Amos, they're my favorites!" She patted his arm. She could, with Mr. Woodbury, evade the issue of the petunias. But she was going to have to watch Nano. Mrs. Woodbury spent most of her days submerging her own tastes and moods in those of the other members of the household and on the whole she found life more satisfactory that way. But there were a few things that symbolized something or other to her personally and the petunias were important among these symbols.

Mr. Woodbury got his hat and stick and kissed his wife absently, but he waited for her extra little fragrant caress before he went out the front door to the car. "Warn him about those dahlias," he threatened with a shake of his cane as Benny drove him away.

Mrs. Woodbury stood at the door and looked out over the lawns. The whole place rather resembled Mr. Woodbury, dignified and [continued on page 48]

ILLUSTRATOR: HARRY FREDMAN





"I just don't like to look at the gardens without my petunias," she said.
"The petunias . . ." he repeated thoughtfully

A woman can stand so much and no more—
always coping with other people's problems.

For once Mrs. Woodbury would
have one of her own and see what the
others would do about it

Henry Fildes

DO YOU REALIZE THAT

... even while you are still living, life on this planet could become virtually a paradise on earth?

| Frankly we're usually skeptical of such a rosy prediction. But not when it comes from such a conservative and unimpeachable source as the author of the accompanying article.

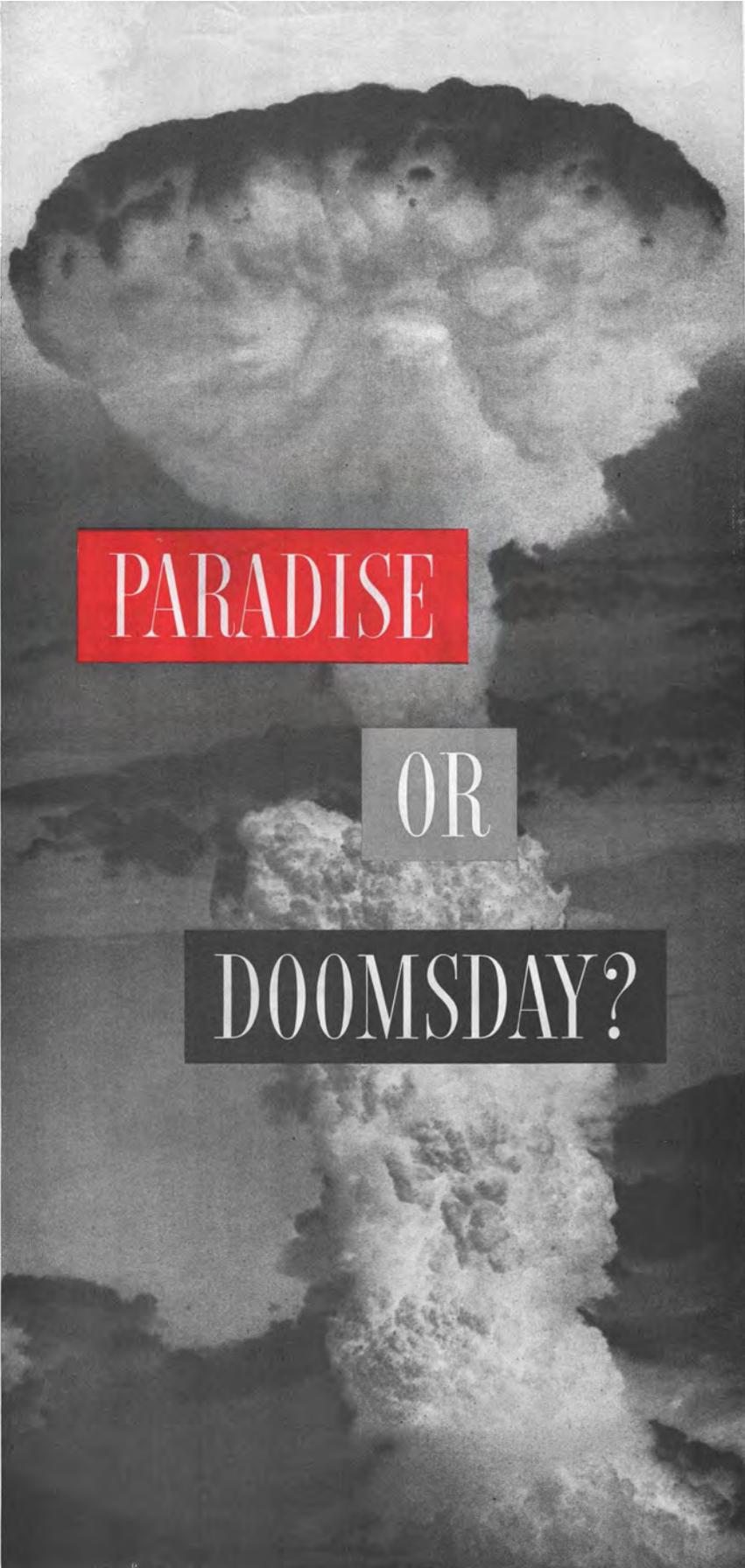
Mr. Laurence, science authority for the New York Times, is recognized as the world's outstanding interpreter of atomic energy. During the war the United States Army took him into its inmost confidence about the atomic bomb, months before it burst upon a stunned world. Ever since then Mr. Laurence has kept abreast of the march of breath-taking developments and his over-all picture of the potentialities of atomic energy today and tomorrow is based not on wishful day-dreaming but on up-to-the-minute facts and figures.

What does all this mean for you and your children? Simply this: Science now holds the means of overcoming cancer, heart ailments, high blood pressure and all the other major ills of mankind—of solving the riddle of old age—of controlling nature's weather and humanity's heredity—of actually creating new foods and elements—of running the wheels of a new civilization to produce leisure, prosperity and peace for all of us.

But, Mr. Laurence points out, this same knowledge could just as well lead to the final destruction of our planet in a cloud of atomic dust. The choice is as simple as this—if we have peace, we can have paradise; if we have war, we could face doomsday.

We believe that this is one of the most far-reaching articles we have ever published, one of the most important for every man, woman and child living today. We know which path America would choose, if the choice were up to us alone. Let us pray that the rest of the world chooses with us the way of peace.

THE EDITORS



PARADISE

OR

DOOMSDAY?

More luxuries, less work, real security—the millennium within our lifetime? Yes, this is

definitely in store for us, says the great interpreter of atomic energy. Provided we take the right turning!

BY WILLIAM L. LAURENCE



WHEN I was young I spent much time speculating about life on Mars. I envisioned a race of supermen and superwomen who finally, after centuries of bunglings similar to ours, had achieved the millennium. They had abolished disease and poverty, anxiety and fear. They had harnessed the sun to run their machines, creating plenty for everyone. They had even found the key to the riddle of age, so that youth was no longer "wasted on the young." Life really began at seventy and then continued as a glorious adventure, physical and spiritual, for at least eight more decades.

I believed that Mars was more advanced than we because Mars, being so much farther away from the sun than poor Mother Earth, had cooled off many thousands of years earlier, so that life on Mars had a considerable head start over life on Earth. Being so much older, the Martians had reached a higher stage of physical and mental development, as far ahead of us as we are ahead of our cavern ancestors.

"If we could find a way to communicate with Mars," I used to say to myself, "what endless agony life on earth would be spared. In a few days or weeks or months they could tell us what took them thousands of years to find out. They could tell us how to create abundance and thus eliminate the principal source of man's unhappiness and insecurity; how to cultivate our mind, body and spirit that we may walk the earth like gods."

I had almost forgotten these adolescent daydreams until I found myself one night in the spring of 1945 in a deep canyon in Los Alamos, New Mexico. The time for the first atomic bomb test was approaching. From the outside came the purr of motorcars ready for a quick getaway, more as a morale booster than any actual hope for escape if anything went wrong.

And when nothing did go wrong and we were riding silently back through the moonlit canyon, my early daydream came to life again. We were no longer in New Mexico and the earth no longer was the same place.

"We are on our way to Mars," I found myself saying aloud. No one seemed startled.

We have gone a long way on that road since then. We are not yet there, of course—far from it. *But we have reached a definite milestone. Today we are standing at a major crossroads. One fork of the road has a signpost inscribed with the magic word, "Paradise," the other fork also has a signpost bearing the word, "Doomsday."*

Only once before in man's checkered career on this turbulent planet had he been granted a similar chance and that was in prehistoric days. Given the choice between the fruits of the Tree of Life and of all the other trees in the Garden except one, he allowed himself to be beguiled by the Serpent into eating of the forbidden fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. Today, with his knowledge of how to harness the enormous power of the atom for good or for evil, he has been given a chance to enter a new Eden.

What do I mean by a new Eden? Atomic energy gives man a most powerful tool for abolishing disease and poverty, anxiety and fear. With it he is already probing the mysteries of cancer, heart disease, high

blood pressure and other major ills. With it he may learn to control weather and heredity; how to harness the sun and use its inexhaustible energy for running the wheels of a new civilization. He may even find the key to the riddle of old age. The way is now open.

The atomic era is marked so far by four outstanding dates. December 2, 1942 is the official birthday at the University of Chicago. On July 16, 1945 the first atomic bomb exploded over New Mexico. On August 6, 1945 the first atomic explosion for warfare wiped out Hiroshima. But August 2, 1946 already ranks as one of the great days in man's history, a date to which many men, women and children now living owe their very lives and which generations as yet unborn will have reason to celebrate as a day of thanksgiving. On that day the fruits of atomic energy became available for the purpose of saving, improving and enriching human life.

Since then, the peacetime applications of atomic energy have been developing fast. The public is barely aware of what has been done although already thousands of lives have been saved. New elements created through atomic energy are the tool that has saved these lives. The new elements are known as radioactive isotopes, or radio-isotopes. They have furnished science with a magic lamp to illuminate the dark pathways of life's processes, in health and disease, in youth and in age.

These radio-isotopes give off radiations—actually light rays but invisible to the human eye—and they are used in the treatment of disease as a superior substitute for rare and expensive radium. They also "light" the mysterious pathways of the complicated chemical processes of the living body, human, animal and plant.

The most spectacular use of the new radio-elements so far is a discovery opening the first real breach in the barrier between man and one of life's topmost secrets—the secret of how food is made.

Basically, all food is the result of photosynthesis, the mechanism that enables plants to weave the very stuff of life out of carbon dioxide, water and sunbeams. At present the secret of photosynthesis is possessed by only one substance, the green coloring matter of plants named chlorophyll. It alone, among everything else on earth, possesses the secret of how to build a trap for sunlight. And this is the key process that makes possible all life on earth. We humans obtain the energy we need for living from the solar energy stored in the plant food we eat or in the flesh of the animals that eat the plants. Even the energy we obtain from coal or oil is solar energy that was trapped by the chlorophyll in ancient forests millions of years ago.

How the chlorophyll manages to harness the sun to keep life going has so far eluded man's keenest intellects. The problem looked hopeless until out of the atomic-energy oven at Oak Ridge came a remarkable substance, a radiant form of carbon, slightly heavier than ordinary carbon, that can be easily distinguished by its radiations. Because carbon is widely distributed in all living matter, this *traceable* radio-carbon is looked upon as a potential master-

key to many of life's mysteries. In a series of epoch-making experiments at the University of Chicago a few months ago it has already given us first glimpses of the chlorophyll at work weaving its sunlight net.

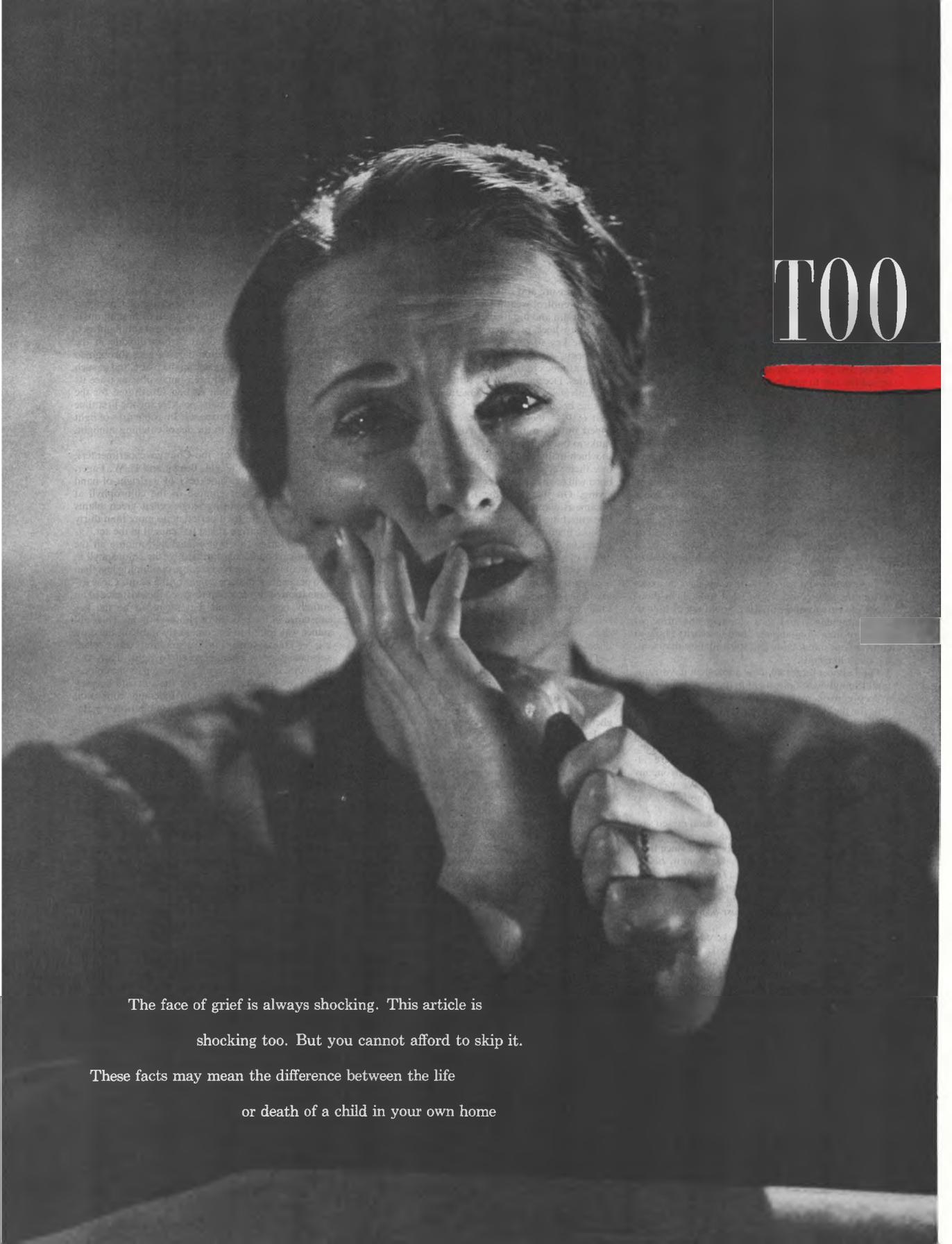
The sunlight net involves carbon dioxide in the plant, but ordinary carbon dioxide goes through so many complex processes within the plant, and at such a rapid rate, that it had been impossible to trace its course. With the radiant carbon substituted for the common variety, it became possible for the first time to trace the complex processes. Invisible rays of light "caught" chlorophyll in the act of catching sunlight.

Even at that, the Chicago experimenters, Drs. Hans Gaffron, A. H. Brown and E. W. Fager, had to act with the quickness of a sleight-of-hand expert to get a first glimpse of the chlorophyll at work. Only by exposing single-celled green plants (algae) to sunlight for a period of no more than thirty seconds could nature at last be "caught in the act," as it were. During this first crucial half-minute all the radiant carbon is concentrated by the chlorophyll in one small water-soluble fraction, containing less than two per cent of the dry weight of the plant. Close examination of this fraction revealed the existence of an entirely new compound that seems to be the key substance in the process of photosynthesis. This substance was found to be completely stable in the dark but is transformed into sugars and other plant substances only when exposed to light. Thus this substance may be the very "net" woven by the chlorophyll for capturing the rays of the sun and keeping them as stored energy for an indefinite time until liberated as a fuel for running machines or for maintaining life.

The discovery of the key substance may open the way to two of the most significant developments in the history of civilization. Further knowledge of its chemical composition and structure, studies on which are now in progress, may pave the way to the creation of synthetic foods in great abundance out of carbon dioxide and water by the use of sunlight. Even more important, perhaps, it may lead to the making of a better trap than nature's that could realize another dream of the ages—direct harnessing of the enormous energy poured down on earth every second by the sun, only a very small fraction of which is stored up by the plants. When that day comes, and it may not be far off judging by the present rate of progress, man will have at his disposal an inexhaustible source of power to free not only his body from want but also to lift his spirit to a level at which he could attain the fullest measure of inner satisfactions.

Since the new "sunlight-weaving" substance is the first product in the synthesis of food, scientists reason that it is a simple substance and possibly could be produced directly in large amounts at small cost. Should that prove to be true, and this is at present pure speculation, then the substance may be used for a dual purpose—as a precursor of synthetic foods and as a possible "sun-fuel" for driving solar engines. Thus atomic energy may show us how to hitch our wagon to the sun's atomic-energy engine.

Meantime we must not forget the enormous potentialities of uranium and *[continued on page 74]*



TOO

The face of grief is always shocking. This article is
shocking too. But you cannot afford to skip it.

These facts may mean the difference between the life
or death of a child in your own home

MANY CHILDREN DIE!

BY GEORGE WEINSTEIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN F. O'BRYEN

BEFORE you read the next sentence, think back to what you were doing forty minutes ago.

Since then, at least one child has died a violent needless death somewhere in the United States. Nobody knows how many others have been seriously injured.

This slaughter of the innocents will continue every forty minutes, day and night, throughout the year—and for as many years to come as parents continue to display the unbelievable carelessness and negligence they have shown up to now.

Every day thirty-eight children under fifteen are killed in the United States in preventable accidents. They are mangled, decapitated, blown to bits, crushed, electrocuted, poisoned, burned or otherwise horribly destroyed.

Even of these children are killed in traffic. Eight others are killed in drownings and other accidents away from home. And nineteen—equal to all the others put together—are killed heartbreakingly in the one place in the world where they should be safest: their own homes.

Here, to put it brutally, child assassinations or mayhem are limited only by the unpredictable imagination of children and the predictable lack of imagination of their parents.

Take the case of Mrs. N. She had just finished darning a batch of socks. Marie, seven, and Janet, five, had been quietly watching their mother, fascinated by her deft strokes with the needle. Mrs. N. got up to put the socks away. She was gone from the room just ninety seconds. When she got back, there, lying on the floor, was Janet, a scissors blade plunged deep into her right eye.

Marie, dazed, was kneeling beside her, mumbling over and over, "I didn't mean it, Mommy. She tried to take it away from me and it slipped. Mommy, I didn't mean it."

For days Mrs. N. and her husband pleaded tearfully with doctor after doctor to save Janet's mutilated eye. But the blade had plowed through to the optic nerve; the eye had to come out. That was years ago. Today Janet is totally blind. Her uninjured eye, never too strong in the first place, proved unequal to its double task and eventually gave up the struggle. Marie today is a conscience-ridden young woman dedicating her life to her blind sister.

Each year hundreds of children manage to get their hands on bread knives, forks, razor blades,

screw drivers, broken glassware and other sharp objects with which they proceed to perform feats of butchery and mutilation that would warm the heart of a Jack the Ripper. A momentary lapse like Mrs. N.'s may bring almost anything—a punctured lung, a sliced-open stomach, the chilling sight of blood spurting from a slashed artery. In a few fleeting seconds the young victim may go limp and ashen gray in hideous contrast to the crimson pool surrounding him on the floor. He is usually beyond the help of tourniquets or transfusions then.

You've heard it a thousand times and now once again: Keep anything with a cutting or piercing edge high out of the reach of small children. Check toys for such dangerous features before purchasing them. Not long ago a boy of five carrying his toy fire engine from one room to another tripped and fell forward. The tiny ladder on the engine was driven straight into his heart. He died instantly.

In an eastern city recently, a frantic call came to police emergency headquarters. Nothing could be learned from the hysterical woman on the other end except that something frightful had happened. When the police arrived the spectacle which greeted them was enough to turn the stomachs of even these men, hardened as they are to every conceivable type of accident.

Unconscious on the kitchen table was a little girl of four, her right hand caught up to the wrist in a power meat grinder. Her mother lay in a faint on the floor. It took half an hour's work with hacksaw and blowtorch to free the youngster. What had once been her hand was now a bloody pulp. Fortunately, if anything can be fortunate about such a matter, the grinder had acted as a sort of tourniquet and the loss of blood was not fatal. The child was rushed to a hospital where an immediate amputation saved her life.

Here again disaster descended during one of those momentary lapses. The child's mother was away just long enough to get an onion out of the vegetable bin. It's a little late for her, but not too late for you to make it an unalterable rule never to leave children alone in the kitchen if they can reach the utensils. Bother some to enforce? Sure. But—

The average parent probably will never see an electrocution at Sing Sing. Yet before the year is out too many fathers and mothers will know—right in

their own homes—the electrocution of one of their children. A young mother decided it would be fun to have her three-year-old daughter in the tub with her while she was taking a bath. To make it even more fun she brought the kitchen radio into the bathroom. Mother and daughter were having a grand time—until the child suddenly grabbed at the radio and pulled it into the tub. Both were electrocuted instantaneously.

Electrical appliances are as perfect as human ingenuity can make them. But crude carelessness, damp floors and moist hands may turn these useful servants into killers. Small children, especially, damp or dry, should never be allowed to handle anything electrical. Nor, needless to say, anything operated by gas.

It doesn't take much water to drown a child. Every year dozens drown right at home—in miniature aquariums, bird baths, goldfish ponds, washtubs, bathtubs. In a suburban home outside New York City not long ago, four-year-old Tommy and his brother Allan, two, were sailing their boats in the bathtub. Tommy was giving his little craft a buffeting by swishing his hand through the water. One of the waves carried Allan's boat to the far side of the tub, out of its owner's reach.

Allan made a quick lunge for his toy and plummeted into the water. As he went under Tommy reached for him. But Tommy leaned over a bit too far and lost his balance. He too tumbled in, striking his head against Allan's. As the coroner figured the story out later, both boys were knocked unconscious and never had a chance. His announced verdict was accidental death—possibly out of deference to the grief-stricken parents. In a sense, it was manslaughter resulting from criminal negligence.

Several hundred youngsters in the United States, most of them under five, are scalded to death yearly by their mothers. None of these children is actually thrown into a kettle, but numbers are permitted to fall into steaming wash boilers or similar vessels. Others are doused with boiling coffee, soup, grease or the like. Still others are given the opportunity to pour the scalding stuff over themselves—what can you expect of a lively curious child if pot and pan handles are left protruding invitingly over the edge of the kitchen stove?

But about four times as [continued on page 54]

It takes more than determination and good intentions to make a marriage happy.

ESTHER and TOM read all the books on child psychology worth reading. Why were their youngsters in trouble?

ARTHUR and CON worked hard at being good companions. Why did they always end up yawning in boredom?

HAROLD and FREDA knew all the answers. Yet their sex life was unhappy. Why couldn't they solve their problems?

YIELD

WHAT'S the most difficult case the modern marriage counselor is asked to solve? I'd say it is the couple who seem to have all that it takes to make a marriage, know all there is to know, have read all the books—and yet just can't make the thing work.

Take Harold and Freda, for instance. They had a sex difficulty. We get plenty of problems of this kind. I settled down to listen, sure it would be a routine job.

But it wasn't. I saw Freda first. I asked all the usual questions and got all the right answers. Then I saw Harold, with the same result. There just wasn't anything I could teach them. They knew all the techniques. Yet their sex life wasn't working right. Both were disappointed, dissatisfied, rapidly becoming disillusioned.

With Arthur and Con the trouble was different. They felt there was a kind of wall between them, that they were drifting apart. Not long before they came to me they had had a showdown and decided they ought to cultivate common interests more. A program was drawn up. On paper it looked fine.

With pathetic determination they worked at it. Arthur bought tickets for both of them to attend classical concerts. He tried honestly to get enthusiastic over the symphonies Con raved about. Con read Arthur's books and strove to get inside his mental world. Evenings they stayed home and had polite discussions on topics they figured ought to interest them both. But it was no good. They always ended up yawning with boredom. They couldn't kindle the fire of good comradeship; somehow the matches were damp and wouldn't strike.

Esther's and Tom's difficulties centered around their children. No couple could have taken parenthood more seriously than those two did. The books on child psychology they hadn't read aren't worth mentioning. Yet their youngsters caught all the epidemics going and got into all the trouble that turned up. The despair of those two earnest parents was heartbreaking.

I could give you plenty more cases. You may know a few yourself—baffling cases of excellent peo-

There's a deeper rule that many of us overlook



YOURSELF TO MARRIAGE

ple who know all about marriage and family relationships, who have studied the best books, taken college courses but somehow just can't make it work. What's wrong?

The answer confronts us with one of the most challenging issues of our time. It is that we are in danger of reducing marriage, parenthood, even life itself, to a technique, a matter of method, organization, know-how. That's all right up to a point. But beyond that point it's fatal.

In the last resort, life *isn't* a technique—and nothing can make it so. It is a flow of emotion, of vitality. Sex isn't a machine to be worked like an electric motor. It is a drama of subtle responses between two living beings. Marriage isn't something you've got to organize and manage. It's a fellowship to which you have to yield yourself. Parenthood isn't a matter of molding a plastic piece of raw humanity. It's a constant interaction between immature and mature personalities.

Do you get the idea? We have to be careful lest we become so concerned with studying life that we forget to live; so preoccupied with obeying rules we have learned that we fail to respond to the deep urges within us; so self-conscious that we lose the power to act spontaneously. Modern man likes to say he is running his life. But that's all wrong. Life should be running him.

Let's get back to those couples. I found out that Harold's and Freda's trouble started with Freda being afraid of sex. It wasn't her fault. She was brought up that way. When they first married, she couldn't let go, even though the healthy passion of a full-blooded woman was striving for expression within her.

Harold, finding her unresponsive, decided that his technique wasn't good enough. They studied textbooks together. They had long and serious discussions. But things only got worse. She came to hate the whole business. She knew just when Harold got to the foot of page five and turned over to page six. It became a routine which habitually ended in failure.

By the time they came to me they were hopelessly entangled in a web of knowledge.

There was only one thing to do. For the time being they had to throw away the books, learn to listen to the deep call of sex within them and respond to it spontaneously. They had to stop trying to manage sex, yield themselves up to it and let it manage them. It took them a long time—but it finally worked.

Arthur and Con had to do some letting go too. There was no comradeship in their marriage because they were being unnatural. Although they were trying very hard to build up common interests, I found they were both secretly harboring resentments against each other. Being nice polite young people they thought it best to keep these nasty thoughts to themselves. That was their big mistake.

I told them to go home and bring out all the buried resentments, tell each other just what they thought, without mincing words. I even recommended they have a thundering row if they felt like it, so long as they spoke the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. That may sound like very dangerous advice. I don't think it is. Honest straightforward quarrels don't do married people any harm, provided they mean to stay together. Often a quarrel clears the air and leads to new understanding.

That's what happened in this case. They told me afterward that they stayed up half the night, spitting out all the acid that had been in their systems for years. They ended up in an atmosphere of complete reality—and in each other's arms. Since then they have had to do a good deal of readjusting. They haven't had as much time for music and literature because there's a baby now. But they have found companionship—honest companionship based not on an artificial attempt to think the same way, but on the adventure of trying to accept each other as they really are.

Esther's and Tom's story has a happy ending too. They finally learned that textbook knowledge alone

doesn't make the ideal parent. Nature equipped mothers and fathers for their job long before there were any courses on child hygiene or monographs on child psychology. But Esther and Tom had been refusing to let nature guide them. They had been stifling the robust growth of their youngsters with too much attention, too anxious solicitude. What they had to do was to allow those youngsters to stand on their own feet, which the children proved perfectly capable of doing.

All this may sound as if I'm raising the old cry that ignorance is bliss. That isn't my intention at all.

Let's have all the knowledge we can get—more and more of it. But let's use knowledge to increase our freedom to live, not to enslave ourselves. Knowledge must liberate the human spirit, not choke and clog its natural expression.

Love between a man and a woman is a plunge into a vast abyss of primeval emotion. If you try to make it anything else you destroy its true nature. By all means strive to understand how you can make that tremendous adventure bring lasting happiness to you and stability to society. But when you have learned all you can learn about marriage, you must, unless you are to remain forever a spectator on the bank, deliberately pitch yourself in head first, go down into the depths and abandon yourself to the ordeal of experience. Yield yourself to it—body, mind and spirit.

In the upbringing of children too we are coming to see that there is a lot to be said for parents who every so often throw the book out of the window. We are abandoning the idea that a mother's urge to pick up her baby and caress it must be subjugated to a rigid time schedule. We are realizing that fathers with phobias about germs don't have the healthiest children, that parents fanatically preoccupied with psychology may be a menace to the emotional development of their offspring. Outgoing spontaneous affection often does more for a child's true well-being than all the meddlesome solicitude in the world.

So we must yield ourselves [continued on page 48]

WHAT'S YOUR IDEA?



• Perhaps the greatest reservoir of energy and good will in the United States lies in the thousands of women who are approaching middle age and whose duties to their children are lightening. But far too much of this reservoir is untapped, far too much energy wasted. So what do you think of the idea to start a new type of college for these women, to make them more satisfied and helpful citizens? In your opinion, what courses should be emphasized—social sciences, culture

or what? What should be the aim? Would you be interested? How long would you like to attend?

• We'd like to hear your ideas. For the best three letters, in the opinion of the editors, on the subject *My Idea of a College for Women of Forty or Over* we will pay \$100 apiece. All entries must be addressed to College Editor, *Woman's Home Companion*, New York 17, New York, and post-marked no later than May 22, 1948. None will be returned.

UNWANTED WOMEN

A stimulating suggestion toward solving one of the most serious problems of our time—

the tragic emptiness in the lives of many women forty and over

BY JAMES M. WOOD

*Former President of Stephens College for Women
President of The Woman's Foundation, Inc.*

NEVER in my life have I felt so unwanted, so useless. Can't you help me?" I last heard these words from the mother of one of my college students. But as she spoke it seemed to me I was hearing from all the women in America whose children have grown up—fifteen million women who have lost their jobs and do not know what to do next. Does anyone care? It seems not. No wonder most of these women, idle for the first time in twenty years, are restless and dissatisfied.

Life for the woman of forty-five who has made a career of being a good wife and mother is undeniably bleak. And what a tragic waste! As an individual her best years for happiness and achievement should still lie before her. And as a group these women should constitute a great national resource—important not only to us but to the world.

Yet the energy of these fifteen million women is being frittered away. Why? Because we have not shown them where or how to use it constructively in their communities or in the world. These women believe themselves unwanted and useless. But actually they are more necessary to all of us than ever before in their lives. They are necessary to maintain not only the stability of the American home, but the peace and stability of the world.

Today we are in the midst of revolution—industrial, economic and social revolution the like of which the world has never known before. A new world is being born. And we must ask ourselves what we want life to be like in this new world. What shall we salvage from the present world? Shall we leave the choice to chance? Or shall we plan our tomorrow?

I believe the answers to these questions lie in the hands of women—in the hands of today's women between the ages of forty and fifty-five. With their accumulated experience and wisdom they are the ones best fitted to do the job. Since problems of the community, the nation and the world are only an expansion of problems of the family, the women who have reared children can be particularly useful. If they have been successful they know why; if they failed they know what their mistakes were.

Why assign this difficult task to the women—why can't the men do it? Women are essential because this is an international problem and in a way more women talk an international language. Most men can't or won't—for centuries man has lived power politics and the language he speaks most naturally is that of force. But women basically speak one international universal language. All mothers everywhere—in the Fijis, in Russia, in England, in the United States—speak to their babies in the same language.

The second count against the men is that they have always used experiences of the past to solve their present problems—that's the way a doctor, an engineer, a lawyer or a businessman has to operate. But women think essentially in terms of the future. They also use the experiences of the past, of course. But more than men they are likely to think of the future in a practical way, because the lives of their children are projected into the future.

That is why I am convinced that women must move into the center of the picture if our democracy is to survive. Critics of women—and they are usually male—will say that women are too emotionally unstable.

They complain that after a woman's basic job of raising children is done, women become morose, unsettled, maladjusted, fit for nothing but bridge, the movies or going to a psychiatrist. But I often wonder what would happen if we took men's jobs away at the same period in their lives. Perhaps if men were faced with this appalling system many of them would land in an insane asylum or in jail.

But while I am a confirmed advocate of women and their ability to lead us out of today's dilemma, I do acknowledge one common weakness of the sex—a woman is too often content with study or discussion of problems and shies away from action. There is danger that this great potential pool of leadership could become merely a reservoir of good intentions.

Yet I do not think we should condemn women too roughly for this weakness. In the years that children are growing up, mothers lack the time for anything more than study of problems that do not directly affect their homes. It is only after their children are reared that most women have the leisure to participate actively in the problems that interest them—but by then they often do not know how to take direct action. They need to be trained, to be taught.

Unfortunately in the United States today there are no educational facilities for training middle-aged women to become constructive active leaders. Of course organizations such as the Parent-Teacher Associations, Leagues of Women Voters and the National Federation of Women's Clubs or the women's auxiliaries of the A. F. of L. and the CIO, often keep or try to keep their members informed on large problems. But too often [continued on page 42]

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months later, sales are still mounting. That's a welcome—a welcome you'll echo when you taste this smooth blend of heavy cream and rich chicken stock, with cuts of celery and tender pieces of chicken. Try Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup. Just taste it and, lady, you'll agree you've found yourself a new family favorite—for *now* and for years to come! Why not make a note now to ask for it at your grocer's?

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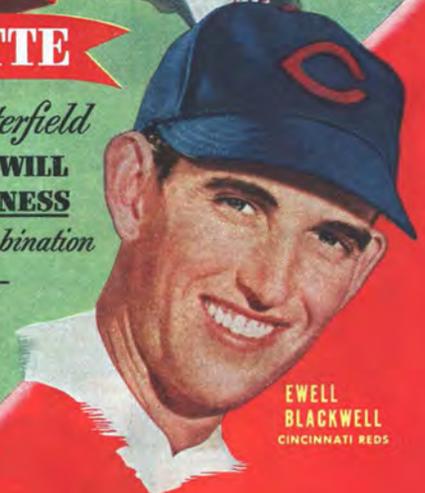


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VACATION PLANNERS

A few cents' postage to send for facts and figures will save you money, time and trouble

IT'S spring and already your thoughts are racing ahead to vacation. By beginning your search for help today you'll be a lot more likely to get the best possible value for your vacation dollar.

If your situation is that of the average vacationer, you're looking forward to two weeks of freedom, planning to go by car and would describe your expenses as moderate. Unless you plan to journey all of that time, you'll not want to spend more than six of those precious sixteen days on the road. Four hundred miles a day is the most you can expect to drive comfortably; three hundred is a better pace for sight-seeing. At most, you'll be limited to a radius of twelve hundred road miles from your home.

When your planning's gone this far, you're ready for help.

By Rail? By Car?

Maps are the first, the indispensable aid. Most oil distributors have pictorial maps now. You may have to send for maps of neighboring states, but your dealer will give you a prepaid card that makes it easy.

Most oil companies, some tire-makers also have touring services. These departments provide reliable up-to-the-minute automobile routings, know all about such things as crossing into Mexico, the charges on the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

A couple of weeks before your departure date, write them again for the latest route information. This year there are a quarter of a million miles of road repairs going on, and you'll want to avoid the delays of "Road Under Construction."

Some of the touring services stick to giving out road information only. But today most of them will do a lot more—they'll make vacation suggestions when you're still in the planning stage and then actually provide a list of recommended places to stay. Booklets are sent out by these services. A few of these organizations go all the way. You just tell them in a general way what you want in a holiday, how much and how long, and they'll do a complete planning job.

If you ask, the oil-company services will usually send you a list of other agencies which can help you with more information about your chosen vacation area. These are the regional, state and local chambers of commerce, or state tourist bureaus.

They'll send volumes of literature giving information, as well as whetting your vacation appetite. These inviting pamphlets thoroughly exploit the possibilities of the areas they cover. They show the range of activities from inexpensive sports, like hiking and swimming, to the more costly pastimes like deep-sea fishing or the summer theater down the road.

Regardless of whether you plan to

pitch a tent or spend your nights in twenty-dollar hotel rooms, these state bureaus will help you to find the place that meets your needs.

The travel agents of railroads serving your vacation area will be glad to send you armloads of pamphlets showing the ways they'd like you to spend your vacation. Some of the most exciting literature in the whole business is about places equally accessible by train or by car. Many of the railroads are again selling all-expense-package holidays.

Camp Sites and Cabins

If they're within the radius of your dreams, the national parks are an excellent bet for an all-round inspirational outing and one that needn't be expensive. In most of them, and in many of the state parks, there are housekeeping cabins that are vacation bargains as well as attractive camp sites. The west is more widely blessed with national parks, but there are several in the southeast well worth seeing and many state parks that are lovely too. For information and pamphlets it's best to write to park superintendents or to the National Park Service, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C. State park data can be obtained from the state bureaus mentioned above. There may be delay in replying, so allow time.

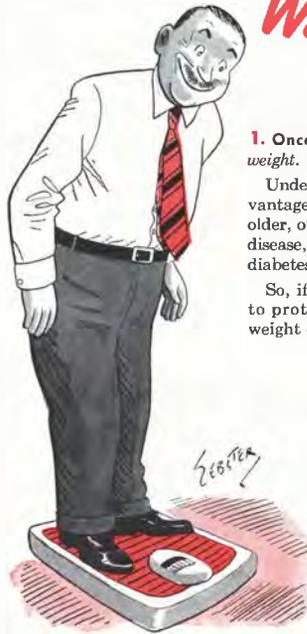
How Much?

Planning means budgeting. Last year, according to one survey of travel expenses, average per-person overnight costs were two dollars and sixty-five cents for hotels, two dollars for auto courts and two dollars and twenty cents for tourist homes. It's well to remember that there are few tourist homes west of the Mississippi, that lodging is more expensive in resort areas and around large cities. Average meal costs while traveling were listed in the same survey as sixty cents for breakfast, eighty-five cents for lunch and one dollar and forty-five cents for dinner. If you find picnicking pleasant pack a vacuum bottle.

As for accommodations at your vacation site, reservations are important. Your expenses can be moderate or astronomical. Housekeeping cabins in state or national parks rent for twenty-five dollars a week and up for two persons. Resort costs run higher.

But before you decide on a specific spot, lodge, hotel or cabin, be sure you know what's included in the quoted price. When you write, ask specifically if the stated price is for a bare cabin with no bedding or cooking facilities. Does the lodge cost include meals? Are there special rates for children? Are extra charges made for use of recreation facilities?

With this briefing, you can be a connoisseur of travel with enough information for a lifetime of holidays.



WATCH YOUR WEIGHT

1. Once you're over 30, it pays to watch your weight.

Under 30, a little overweight may be an advantage. But statistics show that when you are older, overweight is often associated with heart disease, kidney ailments, high blood pressure, diabetes, and other diseases.

So, if you're overweight, give some thought to protecting your health by bringing your weight down.



2. See your doctor first, so he can check your physical condition, suggest approved methods for losing weight, and advise you how much to lose.



3. Your doctor will be able to help you work out a tasty, varied diet that will let you lose weight without endangering health or strength.



4. He may also ask you about the type of work you do, so that he can advise you on the kind and amount of exercise you may take.



5. It's wise not to use reducing drugs, or to try special diets unless your own doctor recommends them. They may do you more harm than good.



6. Once your weight is down to normal, try to keep it there. Remember that one step toward a longer, healthier life is watching your weight.

To bring you other helpful information about your weight, Metropolitan has prepared a booklet called "Overweight and Underweight." It includes suggested low-calorie menus, and reducing exercises. Write to Metropolitan today for your free copy of this booklet, 58-W.

SUPPLEMENT 1936—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
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BY EDMUND CHRISTOPHERSON

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT



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LESTER PIANO MANUFACTURING CO., INC., LESTER 13, PA.



Unwanted Women

from page 38

they neglect to teach women how to solve a specific local problem—such as how to clean up a corrupt police department or an inefficient county health office.

One solution which I can foresee is to establish a new type of college—a college for mature women which will train them to take on community responsibilities intelligently. In fact I have gone so far as to visualize a college for women where there will be only three entrance requirements: that a woman be at least forty years old, in good health and with a definite objective, personal or social, for going to college. No academic degrees—not even a high school diploma—would be required.

That last is most important because such a college should draw its students from all social, economic and cultural classes. It should be concerned with making the most of the varied experiences its students have had as women and mothers, not with their previous formal education, their wealth or the neighborhood in which they live.

THE curriculum for the new college will have three characteristics. First, it will be cultural because culture makes for stability in life. And stability is one of the things most vitally needed in the United States today after the last difficult thirty years of war, depression and more war.

Secondly, the faculty will give general training in leadership. From experts in the personnel field, the students will learn how to select and then work with existing organizations to accomplish specific jobs. Our students will be taught tolerance—of ideas and degrees of success. Women must learn to expect slowness and to make compromises frequently and with skill. As potential community leaders they must know when to use the strong direct approach, when more will be accomplished by being effacing. They will also learn that the hard rules of reality sometimes depart from rules in the book.

The faculty will be practical and drawn from both business and the professions. In the arts especially there will be many fine teachers available. On reaching a certain age some of the best have been retired arbitrarily by Harvard, Yale, Wellesley, Vassar and other colleges. Feeling their retirement premature and knowing they still have much to offer, these teachers would be eager to join a new college. I know, for I have toured the United States in the past few months talking with such educators.

Finally, the curriculum will include courses dealing with practical methods to solve home, family and community problems. Too often women and their organizations attack only the social problems currently most in vogue—at one time juvenile delinquency, at another venereal-disease control or housing. There is a rash of activity, unintegrated and ill-planned. Before much is accomplished the vogue for that particular problem ends and the women's enthusiasm is likely to burn out. Enthusiasm is revived only by a newly fashionable project—and this will be undertaken with as little chance of real accomplishment as the first.

By taking specialized courses our students can become experts in various fields, prepared for long-term work. One student will concentrate on how to attack health problems in her home town. She may decide to operate

through her women's club or PTA. Another's interest may center in good housing or in city government. The League of Women Voters or a political party—at the important precinct level—will be her outlet. Suppose that before attending college a woman's main interest was her garden club, whose annual project is to judge the members' prize peonies. This basic interest in gardens and flowers would remain unchanged; but it would expand so that on her return home she might enlist her garden club in a planned program to develop her town's languishing park into an attractive modern recreation center useful to the whole community.

I should like to establish first a key central college where we can test the proposed curriculum and learn the best teaching methods to put our courses across. Obviously the old-fashioned ways of teaching college courses complete with dull textbooks and lectures, uninspired examinations and term tests simply won't work.

The key central college must be a boarding college where students may enroll for six months or for a year or two. Ultimately we shall need a whole string of sister branch colleges located all over the country—in Seattle, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Dallas, Chicago, Boston, New York and Miami. These colleges should offer facilities for both boarding and day or night students. The whole idea is to keep these institutions flexible—free from hard and fast academic traditions.

We may discover in our experimental months at the first central college that a training program like that of Antioch College will be best. Under this system our students would attend college for a term, go back to their home towns and families for a few months, to put into practice what they've learned, and then return to college to check up on the results of their training and, if need be, study awhile longer.

ALL this may sound like a fabulous dream. But actually we may be nearer than we had ever hoped to establishing our new kind of college. The major difficulty to date has been finding a campus for such an institution. Of course there are no ivy-covered walls available; every junior college, college and university in the country is already jammed to the caves. And the building of badly needed homes should get construction priorities. But why may we not hope to find a suitable physical setup among our surplus war property? Fine army camps and flying fields built during the war are now idle—and ideal for our purposes. Why not convert one such installation for such a college? It would already have adequate dormitories, classrooms and laboratories. It could be equipped with a theater, gymnasium, chapel and recreation hall. It is not too much to hope that by utilizing such a property the college could be ready to open its doors by September, 1950.

The sooner such a training program is provided for the older women of America, the better. Technological changes won't wait for us. We must begin at once to prepare for the social confusion that faces the next two and three generations. We must give to our mature women the special training they need to help them make life secure for their children and grandchildren, to give a changing world the firm anchorage it needs. [THE END]

Vital Programs for Women's Clubs

If your woman's club wants programs of vital interest based on months of research, with definite suggestions for action according to local needs and opportunities, the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION has complete program meetings 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.



At dinner after the Maryland Hunt—Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

“Before I go out—always a 1 Minute Mask!”

“Such a wonderful, different facial mask!” says charming Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, of the famous Wilmington family. “No smothery 20-minute wait for results—the 1-Minute Mask of Pond’s Vanishing Cream brightens up my complexion in *one minute!* Makes my skin look clearer and glowy right away! Smoother, too, with a soft, silky finish that takes make-up to perfection.”

Always have a 1-Minute Mask when you want to look your best! Get a *big jar* of Pond’s Vanishing Cream today. You’ll use it constantly—for 1-Minute Masks—for light, non-greasy powder base—for smoothing hand cream. Send to Pond’s, 4-E, Clinton, Conn., for free sample tube.



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1. Revive your late afternoon complexion to new beauty for the evening! Smooth a cool, white Mask of Pond’s Vanishing Cream over your face—except eyes.
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3. Your face looks lighter, clearer, sparkling—and exquisitely smoothed for make-up. Always before you go out—“re-style” your complexion with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond’s Vanishing Cream!

I'll Write You Sometime

from page 23

OH, ELSIE, THINK OF ALL THOSE WONDERFUL EXTRA "40-WINKS" IN THE MORNING ...IF I COULD ONLY FIND AN INSTANT COFFEE THAT HAD REAL FLAVOR!

STOP LOOKING, BABY! BORDEN'S HAS IT! IT'S THE INSTANT COFFEE WITH REAL SUPER-LUSCIOUS FLAVOR ...BECAUSE IT'S 100% PURE COFFEE...ALL COFFEE... NOTHING IS ADDED.

IF IT'S BORDEN'S... IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

**QUICK 'N' EASY!
NO POT TO WASH!
NO MESSY GROUNDS!
NO WASTE!**

100% PURE COFFEE

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Money back if BORDEN'S doesn't beat your favorite ground coffee.*

IN 2 AND 5 OZ. SIZES

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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.

for a moment with an intensity that suggested shock. Then she smiled a little, a curious smile, almost as much to herself as to him, and started walking toward him. His first happy thought that this was too good to be true gave way to a haunting sense of misplaced identity.

"Hello," she said. "Hello, Dix Haver."

"Well, what do you know!" he cried heartily and climbed down from the dunce's stool. But it was obvious he didn't know.

She laughed and said, "Anne."

It was not the name that gave him the clue. The name meant nothing. It was something young and hidden breaking momentarily through her gray eyes, through the laughter in her voice; the shadow and the echo of something he had lost in this town a long time ago. But the details were hazy.

To help him she said, "I knew you back in 'forty-three."

"I remember very well."

"That I doubt," she said gently. "We didn't know each other very well or very long. Only one week—the third, in May."

"Certainly," he said. "The whole thing's very clear. We went dancing at the Tower Roof, you had a basement apartment and there was a place around the corner where you could get those French rolls for breakfast on Sunday morning."

"I lived three floors up in a one-room studio and I never liked the Tower Roof. It was an expensive place for cheap people." Her voice softened. "About the croissants—you are right about them, though. Thank you, Dix, for the croissants that one morning."

He said, "The funny thing is, I do remember. Maybe not all the details—" At the word "studio," somewhere in the back of his mind there had flashed a picture of pictures, canvases barely glanced at in a dim Sunday sunlight. But the girl who belonged with the paintings? He could not find her face at all—certainly not in the composed features of the woman with him now.

"There's one thing I want to be sure of," she said. "You got through all right?"

"No scars, visible or invisible. In fact I'm regular air corps now; that's how much I took to it."

"I'm glad." There was a sincerity in her voice that touched him strangely. That his safety was important to her became somehow an important fact to him. "You look the same, Dix. It even scared me a little when I saw you here looking so much like—like five years ago." Half-turning, she made an awkward uncertain gesture with her hand.

"Is that why you're running away?"

HER eyes flashed. "I'm not running away. I don't run away from things, Dix. I'm not one of the lucky ones who are able to."

"You're angry!" He was genuinely surprised. "Why are you angry?"

"Because of a hundred things. Because of the way I was and you were and the whole world was then. Because the last thing you said to me was, 'I'll write you sometime.' And because you never did."

He flushed but he thought he saw a way of turning that to advantage now. "Then," he said with persuasive reasonableness, "now's the time for us to get caught up. Look, Anne, I'm on my way to the coast but I could spend a couple of days in this town—"

"Really? Two whole days?"

"You're making it pretty difficult."

"You mean I'm being hard on myself?" She seemed to consider this with real earnestness but he had the uneasy feeling that she was secretly amused. It occurred to him he might prefer her to stay a little angry; it was a more hopeful sign.

She went on quickly, "Then I'll be sensible and let you buy me a drink—although it's not a sensible hour for one."

He felt better. "Lady," he said, "this is more like old times. What'll it be?"

"The usual—" and she paused just long enough for it to be embarrassing. "A sidecar."

He talked to the bartender and then they went over to a table, past the blonde who

glared furiously at Anne. When their drinks arrived she pushed back the wrist of her glove and glanced at her watch.

"Actually, Dix, I haven't much time. Even this will make me late."

"For a date?"

"For another engagement."

"With a gentleman friend?"

"In a manner of speaking, with a gentleman friend."

"Then I'd better talk fast. One drink isn't much time to convince you."

"Convince me of what?"

"That we're both still the same people and we can still have the same fine time we had once."

She didn't answer and he was afraid he had talked a little too fast. He grinned disarmingly. "Anne, if I'm being offensive—or if I'm scaring you . . ."

"You're not scaring me. You haven't, after that first minute. And you're not being offensive. Not to me. But—that other girl. I think you're being offensive to her."

Bewildered, he looked first at her and then over toward the blonde.

Anne smiled and shook her head. "No, Dix. Not me and certainly not that blonde."

"Then what girl?"

"The girl you knew five years ago." It was as if she were speaking of a third person they had both known, as if that person had nothing to do with herself at all. "I'd like you to understand, Dix, I have no shame for that girl, only sympathy. Maybe even a pitying admiration."

"She must have been a nice girl. She wondered about me."

"Yes, she did. She wondered, she worried, she hoped—"

He shied away from the last word. "You've got to remember, things were pretty mixed up for a couple of years."

She said calmly, "Don't you get scared, Dix. It's true, I hoped and worried and wondered. . . . But the hope I got over right away. I gave that up quite soon. And in a little while there was something else to worry more about, so that went too. But the wonder—I never did quite get over wondering. That's why I'm sitting with you now."

He felt confident enough to ask, "You're sure that's all the reason?"

"That—and to show you I'm not running away. Not for another five minutes anyway."

He raised his glass to her. "For conspicuous gallantry." [continued on page 47]

FORMAN'S HOME COMPANION CHARLES ROBERT LUCHSINGER



"You've put on a few carats since I saw you last, haven't you?"

Making this pie
is as easy as



Sure! Desserts—salads—starters, too! They're all easy to make—easy to eat—with Del Monte Brand Fruit Cocktail!

You'll say it's wonderful—the way Del Monte Fruit Cocktail makes even the simplest dish look and taste like a million dollars.

Such sparkling good looks! Such appealing flavor! Such ripe, luscious fruits—all five of them! There's just the right amount of each to make the flavor balance perfect.

And isn't it nice to have all the cutting, dicing and mixing already done for you? Surely you don't want to pass up help like this! It's all yours—when you keep this fruit cocktail handy. Just say "Del Monte, please" to your grocer.

MELODY PIE

For a novel fruit and cheese dessert, make 9-inch Lemon Pastry Shell as directed (or regular pastry shell, if preferred). Line shell with 1 pint creamed cottage cheese, mixed with 1 tbsp. grated lemon rind. Fill with 1 No. 2 1/2 can Del Monte Fruit Cocktail, chilled and drained. Garnish with mint. Serves 8.

LEMON PASTRY SHELL

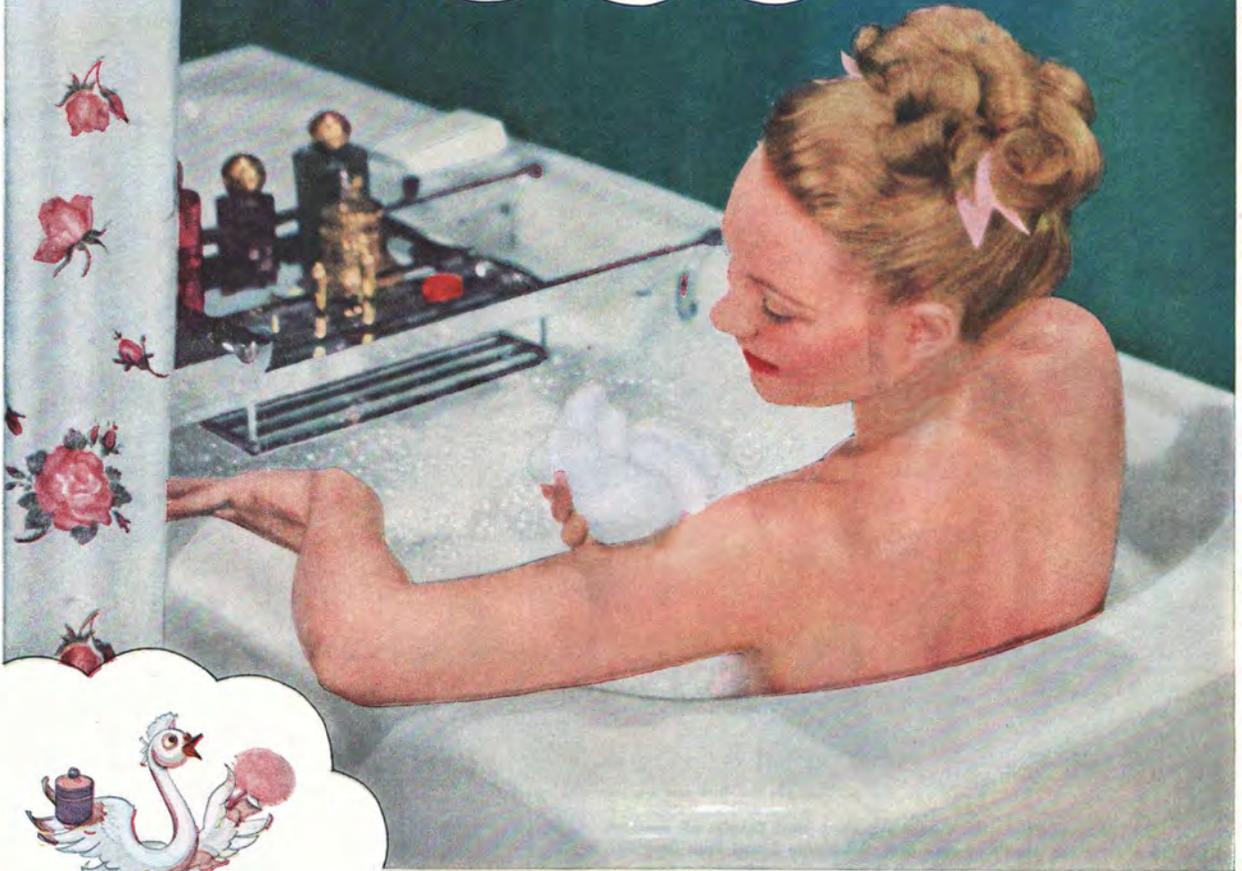
1 cup sifted flour	1 1/4 tbsps. lemon juice
1/4 tsp. salt	1 tbsps. ice water
1/2 cup shortening	2 tbsps. beaten egg
1/2 tsp. grated lemon rind	yolk

Sift together flour and salt. Cut in shortening and lemon rind. Beat together lemon juice, water and egg yolk. Stir lightly into flour mixture. Form into ball; wrap in waxed paper and chill. Roll out dough and line 9-in. pie plate. Prick well; bake 10 to 15 minutes in moderately hot oven (425° F.).

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Soft, rich, abundant! A new kind of beauty lather! Leaves you glowing with freshness!

Thanks to Swan's exclusive super-creamed blend!

Rinses away so thoroughly, your skin feels softer, looks smoother! No over-soaped feeling!

Thanks to Swan's exclusive super-creamed blend!

Agrees so beautifully with your skin— it's mild as fine castiles!

Thanks to Swan's exclusive super-creamed blend!

Firm and long-lasting, this pure floating soap cuts down bathtub ring and soap-dish waste.

Thanks to Swan's exclusive super-creamed blend!

Try Swan's super-creamed blend for a super-lovely you!

I'll Write You Sometime

from page 44

Something in the phrase hurt her. He could see her face stiffen and abruptly she laughed, more bitterness than humor in the sound.

"I've waited for that ribbon, Dix. It's a decoration I've wanted for a long time. I'm particularly pleased it should come from you."

It was an attack, a personal accusation, and because he could not or would not let himself understand it, he allowed his confusion to break out in a defensive irritation. "You're taking it pretty big, aren't you?"

"Didn't you?" she demanded. "At the time?"

"Considering it was wartime—"

"That's an interesting thing to hear. Handy to know. You see, it turned out to be a kind of war for me too. After I met you, after you left. Only it was a war against the world and there wasn't anybody cheering me on. A kind of fighting that had to be done alone."

"That wasn't the picture I got," he said, his tone surly. "It looked as if there were a lot of you girls—a whole army of your own."

"An army of our own?" She was not angry any more; she was searching for something. "That was how it seemed to you?"

"In a way."

"But even if you did think that—it must have seemed like a sad kind of army, Dix. An army without companies or squadrons or crews. Without companionship and without orders. A bewildered army—I almost said betrayed. Maybe that word isn't quite fair, though, if that was the way you really felt."

He frowned, not quite understanding her, just as he could not quite remember her even yet. "Well, didn't we all look the same to you? One uniform or another, one—"

"No!" she cried. "It wasn't like that! Certainly there were some girls who were that way. But couldn't you tell the difference?"

He shook his head tiredly. "Anne, it's hard to— After a while in service, differences get lost. Everything gets blurred. One girl's like another girl. One fier's like another fier."

"Dix."

He didn't look at her, until her intense quietness made him raise his eyes to hers. Then she said, "Believe this, Dix: That wasn't the way it was. You weren't like everybody else, not like anybody else in the world."

He felt grateful to her for saying that and at the same time embarrassed. And more than embarrassment, he felt an uncertainty which bordered on fear because of her words. He was not sure he understood everything they meant. He was not sure he wanted to understand.

She seemed to sense that fear, because she went on talking without waiting for him to say anything and her voice was matter-of-fact. "Though you might say we were an army in one way at least. Certainly we had our casualties. I've seen them."

INVOLUNTARILY their heads turned toward the blonde. "Only you won't find many of them here, Dix. The casualties that survived—some of them didn't, you know—aren't in restaurants like this very often now. You'll find them other places, dingier places. And you'll recognize them. They're walking wounded."

He tried to wrench the conversation back to the light easy plane of a man of the world and a knowledgeable girl. "At least it's good to see you so sound of wind and limb, Anne. You got through all right."

"Most of us did," she said with a pride that had no pompousness in it. "Some easily; some in harder ways. But it's difficult and it's lonely. Only, afterward—"

"Afterward?"

"If there is an afterward, you can generally like it because it's one you made for yourself. That's the good feeling about it. If you fight through, you fight through without anyone's help; so when you've finally won, you know that what you've won is something for yourself. Something to hold, to count on, a strength and a future."

"That's not necessarily the way you feel after a shooting war. Not at all. Now, Anne, about this day or two—"

"No," she said. "That day or two—that week—is five years back, Dix."

"Wait a minute, Anne," he said and he was surprised at the sound of urgency in his words. "You don't know what I mean. I want—"

She broke in gently. "I know what you mean and I know you mean it sincerely, and will—for the next fifteen minutes. But it's not what you really want. I can't give you that."

"Why? What do I really want?"

"It's not I, any more than it's any other girl you'll ever find again. What you want is your five years back again, and being twenty-two again, being young and careless and arrogant with danger."

"That's not true! It's more than that. It's—"

But she had risen, she was not listening to him. "I'm sorry, Dix, but I have to go."

"The gentleman friend?" he said bitterly. "Your husband, I suppose." He glanced down at her hands but she had put on her gloves.

"No," she said. "Not a husband."

"All right, then, what's wrong with taking me along? Just for a minute, so I can see the better man than I am, Gunga Din?"

She said slowly, "That would be only fair. And it's just outside. I'm sure he's waiting now."

He followed her sullenly as she walked toward the lobby doors, trying to reconcile in his mind her cool confidence now with the shy regretful innocence of the girl he almost recalled.

There was no gentleman waiting at the entrance and he looked triumphantly at the people passing on the sidewalk.

"See, you've been stood up!"

AN AUTOMOBILE horn blared stridently over his words and Anne smiled. "No," she said, "there they are." She nodded toward the convertible that was just pulling up to the curb.

But there was no man in the car. A woman sat behind the wheel and a little boy was beside her. Anne walked around to the driver's seat as the woman slid out from behind the wheel, saying, "Anne, tell me! What did your agent say?"

"He said I was to illustrate the whole series, darling."

"Anne!" the woman cried. "Aren't you absolutely hysterical about it?"

"No," said Anne, "but I'm pretty happy." She grinned at her friend and in the warm spring sunlight the quick youngness of her smile focused Dix's true memory of her in his mind. "Anne!" he said, so loudly that the little boy in the seat next to the sidewalk looked up with a round gape of astonishment.

But Anne ignored him as she got into the car and the other woman ignored him as she brushed past on her way to the sidewalk. Only the little boy was giving him undivided attention.

"Anne!" he said again and this time she looked up, but with her hand on the gear shift, ready to escape, ready to leave him. "Anne, there isn't any gentleman friend, is there?"

She said, "Dix, I want you to meet my son. Darling, this is a gentleman Mother knew once."

The little boy looked at Dix and with a child's passion for accuracy said, "No gentleman. He's a fier. Zoommm!" He gestured like a dive bomber with his hands.

Dix gripped the cold metal of the door, staring down at the child long and intently. Then his eyes sought Anne's but hers were masked, unreadable.

"Anne—"

"Good-by, Dix."

"Anne, the boy! Is he—I've got to know!"

But the car was already moving and as it slipped away from him he heard her voice, taunting, trailing back:

"I'll write you sometime," she said.

The car sped forward, leaving him standing foolishly in the street, staring after Anne and her child, staring and knowing now that there was one thing he would never know, one thing he would always wonder and never have the courage to find out.

[THE END]

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Decanter and eight 3-oz. Wines in this Cape Cod crystal set; approximate price \$11.

By the Master Crystal Craftsmen of
THE IMPERIAL GLASS CORPORATION
BELLAIRE, OHIO

Yield Yourself to Marriage

from page 37

to marriage and parenthood. But how? How give ourselves up to the adventure of real living?

I want to make three suggestions:

First, we must learn to be less afraid of getting hurt. Many of us today try to evade every kind of unpleasant sensation. We run away from pain, we carefully safeguard ourselves against ever feeling cold, we simply do not know the sensation of real hunger. Now it just isn't possible to forge a real relationship without suffering. Many people today are failing in marriage simply because they won't face this. Arthur and Con nearly failed because they dreaded to hurt each other by speaking their minds freely.

Life inevitably brings sorrow and disappointment—inescapable pain which we've got to bear. Let's stop trying to run away from it. When it comes, step out and meet it unflinchingly—accept it and absorb it as a natural part of the whole drama of living. And incidentally, you'll probably find it really hurts less that way. Recently an English obstetrician, Dr. Grantly Dick Read, has pretty well proven that women who yield themselves to the experience of childbirth suffer less pain than those who shrink from it fearfully.

Second, beware of acquiring a spectator personality. The reason many of us have such lukewarm emotions is that we've grown accustomed to exercising them at second hand. We pay movie stars to give us displays of joy and sorrow, passion and excitement—and let these displays become a substitute for experiencing the keen bite of strong feelings in real life. The result is that we become emotionally flabby just as the man who takes no exercise becomes physically flabby. If you want to act in a mature way, cut down on emotionally stimulating entertainment—movies, radio plays, thrillers—and begin to express yourself more completely in your own personal drama.

Finally, cultivate the art of living in the present tense. Many of us spend half our lives looking forward to the future and the other half looking back at the past. Test yourself on this. How often do you really throw yourself into a situation? And how often are you only half there, the other half of you regretting it isn't a different situation or hoping it may some day become different? Why not get in and *make* it different?

Yield yourself to your marriage, to your task as a parent. Don't be afraid to take the plunge. [THE END]

The Petunia Incident

from page 30

substantial and detached—and, yes, expensive. Those hybrid rhododendrons, the taxus, the hemlock and the boxwood all radiated affluence. Even the exhibition dahlias were suitable and the rose gardens looked important. Only the petunias, like bright ribbons looping gaily over the place, seemed frivolous. Once long ago Mrs. Woodbury had tried to have rambler roses but each year Nano managed to prune them back a little at a time, to keep them restrained and producing finer blooms, instead of leaving them alone to come back each year rank and riotous as she wanted them. She had finally let him replace them with espalier trees. But the petunias—no, she wasn't going to give in about the petunias. As long as their bright pretty blooms expressed the place with cheer, she felt self-splashed. Some women find this satisfaction in keeping up their music, others by engaging in civic betterment, but with Mrs. Woodbury it was petunias that kept her individuality from feeling effaced.

She sighed and went upstairs. She selected a soft silk jersey dress, simple and practical and yet definitely not a sports dress; its femininity was subtle but decisive. And she tied her wavy dark hair back with a piece of cream-colored grosgrain ribbon. Though Mrs. Woodbury was nearing forty and made no particular efforts to do anything about it, a certain little-girl prettiness persisted that made the ribbon around her hair seem somehow all right. She did not force the issue by wearing her hair in a demure roll close to her head. She was very nice to look at.

HE went out through the side terrace to the boxwood borders where Nano was working.

"Good morn', mum," the gray-haired little Sicilian looked up and smiled.

"Good morning, Nano. Everything looks lovely," she began cautiously.

"Cannot expect everything," he replied. "Lotta work—take time."

"But I think you've done fine."

"Well, what can you expect, mum? It's not too bad." Which was as near a compliment as he ever came.

"I was wondering about the exhibition dahlias, Nano," she ventured. "Do you think maybe I should order heavier poles for them?"

"We have, mum. I fix. Plenty time."

"You don't think they'll fall over?"

"Who knows, mum? Cannot tell about anything."

"Then maybe the heavier poles would be a good idea, just to be on the safe side? Mr.

Woodbury wants to exhibit those dahlias, you know."

"Leave me fix, mum," and from the tone of his voice she knew that she had pushed him just far enough.

"Oh, of course, Nano. I know you'll do whatever's necessary. I didn't mean *that*."

"Okay, then, mum."

"And Nano, do you think a little plant food spaded around—and maybe manure water..."

"We will see, mum."

"But we want to be sure they have the proper vitamins, Nano."

"We will see, mum."

That was as far as she could go about that too, so she relaxed and looked out over the gardens.

"And—oh yes, about the beetles, Nano, do you think they'll be so bad this year?"

"Who can say, mum? Every year work hard, make garden. Every year, what is the use, mum? Beetles get roses. Thrips get gladiolas. Caterpillars get trees. Squirrels get bulbs. Birds get berries. What is the use, mum?"

"Oh, Nano, my petunias!" she remembered. "I meant to speak to you. You're not..." And her eye fell on the basket in which he was supposed to put weeds.

"What can you expect, mum? Should be done." And he carefully pulled up two petunias as she watched him and tossed them into the basket.

"But Nano, I like those petunias." There were times when Nano made her feel very downtrodden.

"Okay, mum, you're the boss," he said blandly, a complacent droop to his faded blue shoulders. He had thinned out the petunias pretty well anyway. "But should be, mum."

"But I want them, Nano."

"Sure, mum. But the cook next door say Mr. Clutch think the petunes here very funny, excuse me, mum."

"Nano," Mrs. Woodbury's voice was getting firm. "I've told you I don't want to hear any kitchen gossip."

"Sure mum, but what can you expect? Mr. Clutch say petunes look cheap."

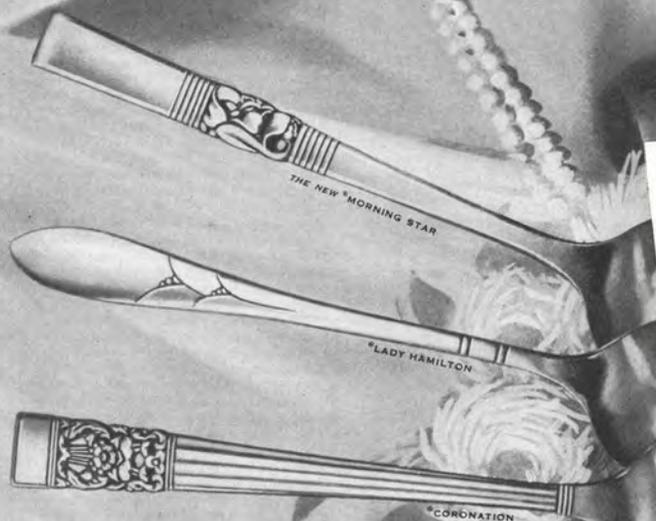
"It's Klutz, Nano, and I don't want to hear what..."

"Excuse me, mum, but I got my repute. Petunes make me look foolish."

At such times Mrs. Woodbury wondered how she had put up with Nano all these years. It was bad enough for him to refuse to raise petunia plants in the greenhouse, to refuse to plant those she bought at the nursery. But when each summer he gradually weeded out those she planted herself, it was too much.

[continued on page 30]

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Who's the happiest bride you know?
She's the girl who has her love . . .
. . . and her silverware . . . for keeps!
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will grace her happy table.
For keeps . . . Community's gleaming beauty
will sparkle her home's hospitality.
For keeps . . . its thoughtful "Overlay"
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If it's Community* . . . it's correct!

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(in the light blue box)
Super
(in the dark blue box)



The
Modest tampon

The Petunia Incident

from page 48

"Nano, this is final. Don't touch another one of my petunias..." but her voice trailed off ineffectually.

She didn't stay to argue. He would have the last word in any case but she had given him an ultimatum which she felt sure he would ignore.

Yet the remembrance of the last occasion, three years ago, when Mr. Woodbury had a little altercation with Nano over the boxwood borders came back with a chill, even on this warm summer day. For it wasn't only that Nano was the best gardener in town but he had odd and wonderful skills indoors during the winter. He could paint and carpenter, upholster furniture and do electrical repairs. Oh, he was undoubtedly efficient, exasperating, loyal and altogether indispensable.

And the people next door would grab him at the first chance... in fact they had once grabbed him. That was what Mrs. Woodbury was remembering now. Nano's first day at the Klutzes had been spent mowing the lawn nearest the Woodburys' and doing a great deal of strutting as he guided the power lawn mower. He had strutted until the crew of contract landscapers had arrived to take over the Woodbury place.

Of course it was rather terrifying the way those six gardeners unloaded their vicious-looking machines and began to swarm over the place. Mrs. Woodbury had watched nervously from her upstairs window. But the men had no sooner begun to clip and prune than a shout suddenly rent the quiet afternoon and Nano, his huge torso and short legs making him look rather like a gorilla, started toward the Woodburys', waving a mattock as he ran. "Butcher... murder," were among the words Mrs. Woodbury caught.

Mrs. Woodbury rushed out in time to rescue the landscape crew from Nano's wrath. And to listen to Nano's accusations. It seemed that his rhododendrons and his boxwood and his dahlias were being mangled and chopped up by butchers. The upshot of this was that Nano had set about nursing his precious plants back to health and had been doing so ever since. The matter was not referred to again but after that, Mr. Woodbury and Nano had by common consent let Mrs. Woodbury translate for them. It wasn't as though they didn't see eye to eye; both Mr. Woodbury and Nano liked the place to look formal and dignified. It was simply that neither was willing to do the kowtowing and somebody had to.

MRS. WOODBURY went back into the house, checked the marketing list with Benny, attended to a few bills, then went up to her room again. This time she changed into a pastel green sheer suit with a pastel green feather cloche and was off to the club for lunch and a meeting. Mrs. Woodbury realized that she had a pastel soul and accepted it as her destiny. In fact the pastel approach to life usually got her what she wanted without much wear and tear. But there were times when Mrs. Woodbury really felt the need of a dark brown frown or a bright red roar. Instinctively she knew now that the pastel approach would not save her petunias. But she had warned Nano. If those petunias were gone when she got back—she did not want to think beyond this point, but throughout the afternoon she kept remembering how glad they'd been to have Nano back from the Klutzes.

WHEN Mrs. Woodbury returned home in the afternoon she found that Nano had weeded up most of the petunias, except for a few blues here and there which didn't show much and which he no doubt expected to get tomorrow or the next day. But all her Kosy Morns were gone and all the big ruffled doubles.

"Nano," she called but he wasn't in sight. She started across the grass in her high heels, aware even in her indignation of the gouges they were making in the lawn.

She found him on the farthest back lawn weeding crab grass. And looking very satisfied with himself.

"Nano—what did you do to my petunias?"

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five full ounces 60c

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AT YOUR BEAUTY SHOP,
DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

"What can you expect, mum, when they crowd the boxwood?"

"Nano, that boxwood can take care of itself. Really! Really." The vocabulary of indignation did not trip glibly off Mrs. Woodbury's tongue. "This is too much. . . . This time you can just go, Nano. Go to the Klutzes for all I care!" And she fled.

"Okay, mum, the Clutches, they been wanting. . . ." As usual she heard his last word following her.

MRS. WOODBURY marched into the house and upstairs. In her room she took off her party clothes and slipped into that froth of taffeta and maribou. She drew the curtains to close off the view of the lawns and gardens where her petunias had been.

And then her eye fell on her bed. Well, why not, why not indeed? Mrs. Woodbury never went to bed in the daytime, rarely even rested on her chaise longue. For she was a very busy woman. But now suddenly she was very tired of striving to please, tired of arranging and managing and interpreting.

With a decisive gesture she jerked back the spread and turned down the covers of her bed. Then she paused. No, this was not a negligee occasion; she changed from her negligee into a chiffon-and-lace gown and got into bed.

She realized that Benny would hover uncertainly around without more orders and suggestions from her. For no one but Mrs. Woodbury knew that Benny was perfection only by benefit of her own organizing. That was the real reason she didn't worry too much about losing him, not permanently anyway. He too had been enticed away once by a dear friend of hers, but without Mrs. Woodbury's organization behind him he really didn't function at all. And oh, there was Duchess, the great Dane. . . .

Well, Benny, the house, the garden, the dog—yes, even Mr. Woodbury would just have to rock along. Mrs. Woodbury had gone to bed.

WHEN Mr. Woodbury got home he was aghast. For Mrs. Woodbury didn't go to bed in the daytime. He was sure she must be sick. But Mrs. Woodbury was never sick, either.

"The doctor, I'll call the doctor," he suggested in a loud whisper.

"No, Amos," she insisted. "Don't, please. I'm not sick. I'm just tired."

"I'll bring you tea," he said, patting his forehead with his handkerchief.

"No, darling, thanks just the same." But he brought her a tray anyway, not even trusting Benny with it, and so forgetting milk for the tea and butter for the toast. She did not remind him but gradually, as he paced around the room watching her, he would notice that things were missing and rush down for them. He took four or five trips in all and Mrs. Woodbury had really finished before the tray was complete.

"It's Nano," she explained finally. "He dug up my petunias again."

"Insolence, that's what it is," he commented. "I hope you fired him." Then he stopped, realizing the full import of his words. "Did you?"

"Yes, darling, I fired him."

"Well, good riddance," he said doubtfully. "That fellow thinks he owns the place."

"Yes, I have really put up with too much from him—it's a great relief."

But Mrs. Woodbury didn't get up for dinner. Mr. Woodbury paced around the house, lonely and uneasy, offering all sorts of not very helpful remedies.

She learned that dinner was a little odds-and-ends and had a qualm or two when Mr. Woodbury remarked afterward, "Benny wanted an advance. I gave him ten dollars."

"Oh, darling, should you have?" she asked, thinking about how she and Benny's wife arranged matters so that Benny was never in a financial position to be lured into a bar.

But she didn't pursue the matter. After she turned off her light the phone rang and she heard Mr. Woodbury talking to Janet. She gathered that Janet wanted to bring some college friends home when she returned the next week, but her father explained that he'd have

[continued on page 53]



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SUMMER'S
DRAMATIC NEW

Short Cut-

How to do it!

Have your beauty shop cut your hair this way:—side-hair brushed forward and cut upward to frame face. Bangs cut to blend with side-hair.

Wash hair, leaving ends slightly damp. Part hair diagonally. Start from crown, brushing side-hair forward and under your hand, page-boy style. Brush back-hair slightly forward, turning ends under. Brush until dry.

Memo for Mother's Day.

Give her this new Hughes Crescent brush. Mother-of-pearl, Lucite, Mock Tortoise Shell. Seven colors.



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And, wonder of wonders, the only care it needs

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Makers of a complete line of quality brushes, popularly priced



Hughes
Hair Brushes

The Petunia Incident

from page 50

her mother call her back the following day. "Your mother's had a shock . . . no, no . . . it's about Nano and her petunias. . . . Well, it's important to her."

Then she heard him down in the library listening to the news broadcasts. Finally he came upstairs and made a great deal of commotion about getting to bed without disturbing her.

THE next morning Mrs. Woodbury didn't get up and so Mr. Woodbury decided to stay home from the office. For the household without Mrs. Woodbury in command was very confusing. She hadn't been sick in bed since Janet was born nearly twenty years before.

Once more he brought her tray up, a little better coordinated this time except that he brought much more than Mrs. Woodbury ever ate for breakfast. Then he was gravely concerned because she couldn't finish it.

It seemed that things were rather foggy downstairs. It seemed that Benny must have been drinking last night or something. Anyway he was very tired this morning, according to Mr. Woodbury. Mrs. Woodbury thought about the ten-dollar advance but said nothing.

For the really serious problem of the day was the garden, the garden without Nano. Mr. Woodbury phoned around to various firms of contract gardeners.

"Much more sensible," he explained to Mrs. Woodbury. "And cheaper in the long run . . . a crew of experts to come in and do everything one day a week."

But it turned out that the contract gardeners were already contracted up to the limit of their capacity for the season.

"Oh well, they're vandals anyway," Mr. Woodbury consoled himself and from her bed Mrs. Woodbury agreed.

Next Mr. Woodbury called an agency and was elated to learn that, for his very generous price, they had a man right there who would come over immediately for an interview.

"Do you think—I mean about bringing him up here, Imogene? I hate to settle on anybody without your counsel . . . after all, you have to handle him."

Mrs. Woodbury thought it would be all right. And so presently she heard Mr. Woodbury's my-good-man tone of voice as he brought the prospective gardener up. Poor Amos, he was really trying not to bluster; but oh dear, the other man did have a suspicious shuffle, she thought, remembering Nano's quick step.

"Mrs. Woodbury, this is Reginald," her husband introduced hopefully.

She smiled but left the burden of the conversation to Mr. Woodbury.

"You're a competent gardener, I take it," Mr. Woodbury began.

"Pretty fair," Reginald replied.

"What about references?"

"Well, seems like most the people I work for, they move away," he answered.

"But do you understand the culture of hybrid rhododendrons and specimen evergreens and exhibition dahlias?" persisted Mr. Woodbury.

"And petunias . . . don't forget the petunias, Amos," Mrs. Woodbury reminded him.

Reginald looked from one to the other of them, his eyes worried.

"Well, you see, it's like this about me and gardens. I don't mind putting in the seed and doing a little trimming around, if somebody else'll do the digging and smoothing over."

Mrs. Woodbury closed her eyes. Mr. Woodbury cleared his throat. This was certainly a moment when Imogene would normally have taken over and chattered the man pleasantly out of the house. But she just closed her eyes. Clearly she was ill, Mr. Woodbury's glance and voice said with worried eloquence.

"Well, Reginald, we'll think this over, we'll certainly think it over." He herded Reginald out and Mrs. Woodbury could hear him ahemming all the way downstairs.

When Mr. Woodbury came back there was for the first time a discouraged droop to his tailored shoulders.

"Darling," she said as he hovered questioningly about, "darling, close the curtains, will you, please?"

"Oh, of course, the light in your eyes." He hastened to pull the heavy draperies together.

"No, no, it isn't the light, Amos. I just don't like to look at the gardens without my petunias."

"The petunias . . ." he repeated thoughtfully.

Suddenly he left the room. She could hear him telephoning. He came hurriedly back again, explained mysteriously that he was going out and she heard Benny get the car and drive him away. She smiled and closed her eyes. Amos was really a dear—in his own way of course.

In half an hour the car was back again but Mr. Woodbury and Benny didn't come into the house. After a while she went to the windows and opened a crack in the curtains. The two of them were transplanting blooming petunias into the borders where Nano had weeded them out. Heavens, it would take dozens and dozens and dozens! But she saw that the car was loaded with bright flats of them. Well, it was an overcast day, good for transplanting. But Amos had on his business suit and Benny was wearing his chauffeur's coat and cap. Oh well—she went back to bed.

She had dozed off when Amos clumped wearily into her room, tired, dirty, triumphant.

"Imogene, I have a little surprise—do you feel like sitting up? Do you mind if I open the curtains? Look!"

He swooped back the curtains and there they were, her petunias looping once more like bright ribbons around the place.

"Amos, darling." She reached up and patted his smudged cheek as he came back to her bedside. "That was sweet of you."

Mr. Woodbury smiled happily. Then frowned and went back over to the windows.

"Imogene, you don't think it's going to rain—hard, I mean—and ruin the petunias?"

"Oh, rain would do them good—unless it came down too hard of course."

But she too looked out anxiously. The overcast sky was getting darker.

She threw back the covers, gathered up her robe and joined him at the windows. The sky looked dreadful, not at all like their usual June storms.

And suddenly it had begun to rain in great drops and in a peculiar way.

"Of course it doesn't hail here," Mr. Woodbury remarked. "But if it were hail country now, I'd say that looks like the sort of rain that could turn into hail."

"But not in summer, Amos!"

"That's when crops get hailed out in other places, Imogene," he replied.

AND suddenly as they watched, two things happened at once. A flash of lightning streaked across the sky and at the same time they saw Nano come running over from the Klutz place, through the hemlock hedge and toward the Woodbury greenhouse. He went inside and before they could figure out what he was doing, he was out again with a wheelbarrow full of flowerpots. He pushed it over to the nearest row of petunias and began swiftly to cover each new plant with a flowerpot.

"By Jove, that will do it!" Mr. Woodbury exclaimed and darted out of the room.

When Mr. Woodbury got there, Benny was already helping Nano and the three of them swiftly emptied the first wheelbarrow-load of pots and went back for more.

By the time the hail was coming down hard and fast enough to hurt the petunias they were all snug under their pots. Then the three men ran to the kitchen for cover.

Mrs. Woodbury decided to dress and go downstairs.

The three men would be in the kitchen drinking beer together now. In fact, they would be all one happy family—for at least a week or two. But Mrs. Woodbury was a realist; she did not expect miracles. She was willing to settle for the petunias.

[THE END]

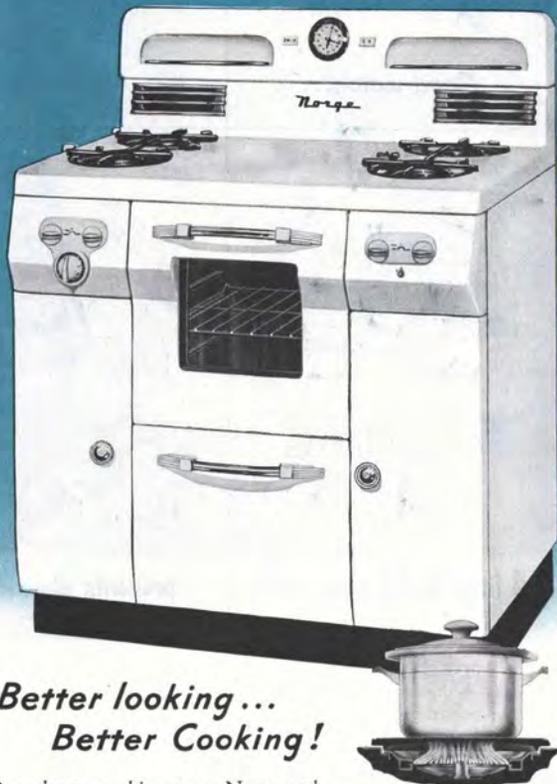
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Here's what the wise ones say:

①



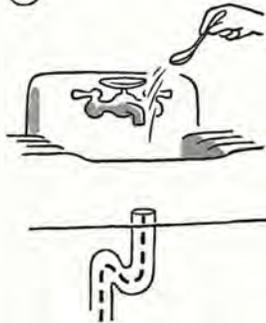
Good watch...

②



prevents misfortune

③



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

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

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Too Many Children Die!

from page 35

many parents burn their children to death as scalded them. Most of these parents tell the same old story—they let the children play with matches, left them home alone, primed kitchen stoves with gasoline or kerosene, as the children watched, decided lighted candles would be romantic on the Christmas tree and so on. Only the victims are new—day after day, year after year.

One mother succeeded in being a little different. It was winter and she put her young son to bed well blanketed and quilted. Then, not sure that he would be warm enough, she placed an open unprotected heater smack up against the bedding. That did the trick all right. When the fire was finally put out, what remained of the little fellow was indistinguishable from charred blankets, quilts and bedposts.

But bedclothes do not have to catch fire to deal out death. By violating some of the most elementary rules of infant care, mothers were responsible for the suffocation of thirteen hundred babies one recent year. They disregarded pediatricians' warnings against loading pillows into cribs and carriages. They failed to fasten down properly covers, sheets and pads. They overbundled their children. Some even smothered by overcuddling—they took babies from their cribs and placed them in their own beds.

NEARLY everyone—with the possible exception of seven hundred mothers one year—seems to know that infants convey to their mouths almost anything they can get their hands on. The doubting seven hundred permitted their babies to swallow an incredible array of such objects as pocketknives, toothbrushes, toy soldiers and horses, tin whistles and chicken bones. Quick and violent suffocation was the usual result. One year-old child, seated in a high chair at the dinner table, accomplished the difficult feat of engorging a six-inch spoon. The three members of the family present will never forget the purple contorted face of that baby as he expired under their eyes.

Nails, pieces of wire, bits of glass, open safety pins, seldom kill so quickly. They prolong the agony by lodging in the lungs, intestines or some other vital organ. Sometimes a delicate and complicated operation may save the child's life—but the odds are generally against it.

Poisoning also gets a lot of children. Un-used medicines, antiseptics, cleaning fluids

and the like always seem to turn up in small hands—with the inevitable unhappy ending. Take corrosives, for example. They can do as mean a job on a child as any plumber's blowtorch. Four-year-old Barbara will illustrate the rough idea. The little girl, who often had seen her mother powder her face, decided to try it herself one day. But she chose to use the big can of powder Mother kept in the kitchen. Climbing up on a chair, she got it down and dabbed her face generously. The powder turned out to be lye. It burned out both her eyes and took most of the skin off her face. Plastic surgeons may be able to do something for her face later, but she'll never be able to see.

EVEN such apparently harmless substances as boric acid, aspirin and laxative pills, indispensable items in every medicine cabinet, can kill children if swallowed in large enough quantities. If you can't keep your children out of the medicine cabinet any other way, lock it up. This may be inconvenient but it's good insurance against an unexpected funeral in your family.

Americans are supposed to be a peace-loving people. But you'd never guess it from the stacks of firearms they store up in their homes, particularly the World War II veterans—souvenir hand grenades, Luger pistols, unexploded shells, to say nothing of ordinary revolvers and shotguns.

Believe it or not, you may even find dynamite around some American homes, as witness the hundred and twenty-five children who died in one twelve-month period trying to play with blasting caps.

You've probably never seen a little boy with his head blown off down to the eyebrows by a shotgun. Let's hope you never will. But you may—if you insist on making an arsenal of your home. If for some urgent reason you must have a gun in your house, keep it tightly locked up—with the key in some safe remote place.

Of all the messy accidents to children, perhaps the messiest are those in which a youngster tumbles from a window, a clothes-pole, a roof, or some other height. Within a single week, recently, three children in the same city were killed by such falls. One, a twenty-months-old toddler, rolled out of an upper-story window while his mother was on the telephone replaying the previous night's mahjong game. The bed on which the child

(continued on page 56)

The National Safety Council Says:

- Most serious accidents are needless and all are tragic. But none is more tragic than those involving children in their own homes. Adults can and should be able to take care of themselves. The responsibility for most children's accidents falls directly upon their parents.
- Basic rule to avoid these tragedies in your home is to use your imagination.

Survey each room for danger spots. Don't say to yourself, "It can't happen here." Assume that it can and do something before it does.

- Nobody but yourself can itemize all the individual dangers in your own home. Specifically, burns, suffocation, poisoning and falls are the top four causes of home accidents to children.

BURNS: Turn pan handles toward back of stove. Keep matches and lighters out of reach. Keep children away from laundry tubs, burning rubbish. Put guards around stoves, room heaters.

SUFFOCATION: Put the baby to sleep in his own crib without stuffing the crib with pillows. Make sure blankets can't cover his face. Never take baby in bed with you at night.

POISONING: Never keep poisonous medicines loose in a bathroom cabinet; lock them in a special compartment. Store lye, insecticides, bleaches and the like where children can't get them.

FALLS: Be sure all railings and banisters are sturdy. Keep stairs in repair, well lighted, uncluttered. Be sure window screens and guards are always secure.

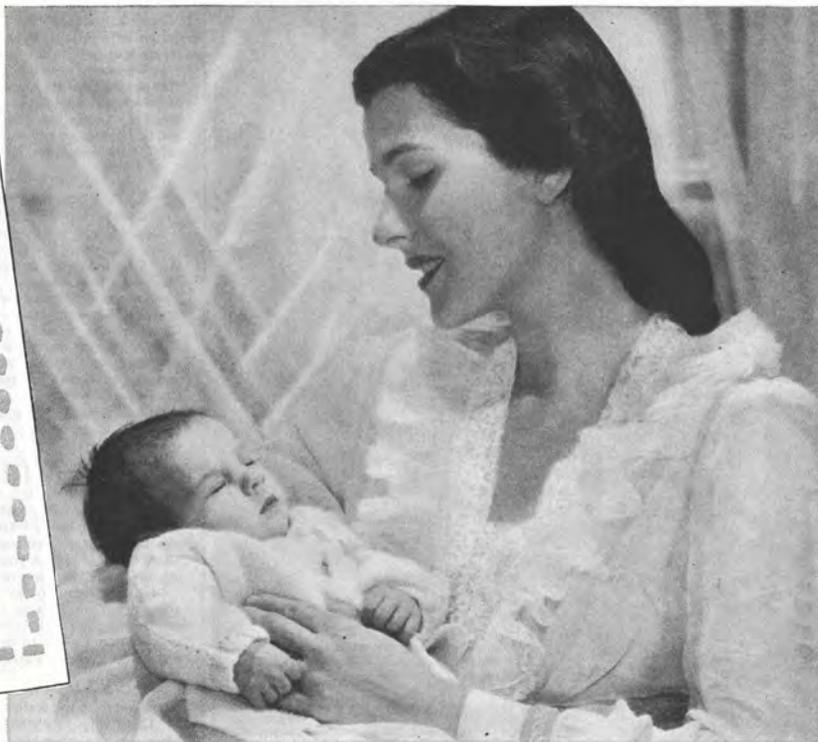
How safe will you make Baby's life ?



Baby's chances of arriving without mishap are better than ever this bumper year for babies . . . thanks to advances in medical science.

But real danger lies ahead. Throughout the first two critical years of life the threat of germ-infection stalks your baby relentlessly. And *you*, more than anyone else, must fight Baby's battle against the germs.

You will make Baby's first years safer with "Lysol" brand disinfectant—the powerful germ-killer used by more mothers than any other brand.



IN THE HOSPITAL every precaution is taken to protect you and your baby against germ-infection. "Lysol" brand disinfectant is used regularly in many leading hospitals.



WHEN YOU TAKE OVER Baby's care, continue these "hospital-clean" safeguards: Add "Lysol" to the cleaning water for *thorough* nursery cleaning.



AS BABY GROWS, keep on using "Lysol" brand disinfectant *every time* you clean the floors, woodwork, nursery, kitchen, and bathroom. It's a *proven* germ-killer.

EASY-TO-USE "Lysol" brand disinfectant is economical to use because it is always diluted with water. This handy table gives the proper solutions for various uses before and after the blessed event.

FOR DISINFECTING instruments and medical equipment, and for rinsing hands of doctor, nurse, and other attendants.	1 1/4 tablespoons of "Lysol" in 2 quarts of water.
FOR LAUNDRING linens for Mother's and Baby's bed.	5 tablespoons of "Lysol" to each 10 gallons of water.
FOR HOUSEHOLD cleaning before and after Baby arrives.	2 1/2 tablespoons of "Lysol" to each gallon of water.
FOR FINAL diaper rinse to help prevent "diaper rash."	2 teaspoons of "Lysol" to each gallon of water.

Order "Lysol" at your druggist's today!

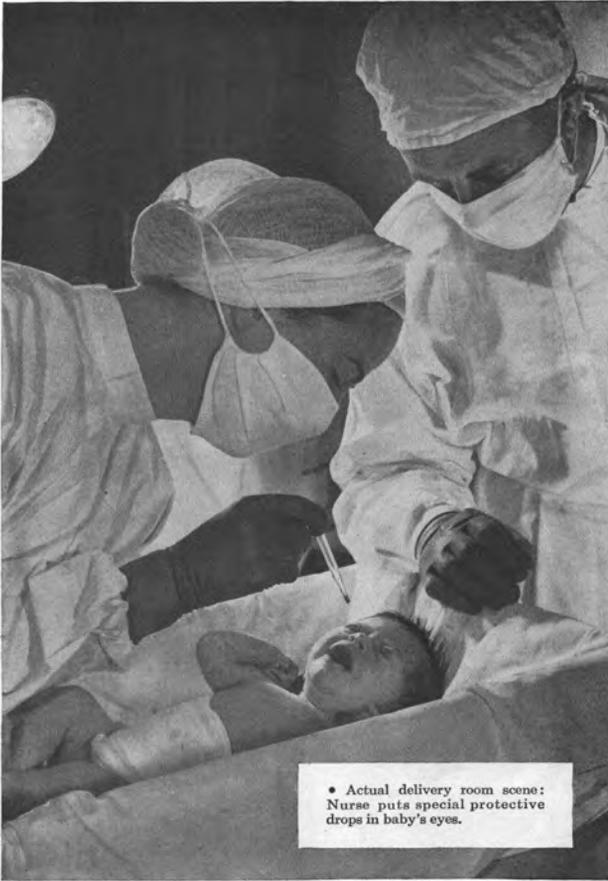
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The doctor smiles, as he looks down at the tiny puckered face.

"A fine baby," he says proudly, "perfect in every way!"

Steps are then taken to safeguard the baby's eyes... protect his tender skin. What kind of protection? Listen to this!

Today there's news in infant skin care. More and more hospitals are changing to new Johnson's Baby Lotion... the smooth, snow-white Lotion that promises your baby amazing protection against skin rashes!

Scientific hospital tests prove that Johnson's Baby Lotion care cuts down cases of heat rash and other minor skin irritations—by dramatic percentages!

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Gives Amazing Protection
From Rashes!

JOHNSON'S BABY LOTION

Johnson & Johnson



Too Many Children Die!

from page 54

was playing was, for some unaccountable reason, close up against the window. When the lady returned from her phone call, the child was nowhere in view. She finally gathered up enough courage to look out of the window. What she saw will haunt her the rest of her life. Brains spattered over the sidewalk are an unforgettable sight, especially if you helped spatter them.

In the second case, a boy of seven decided that he could get his kite up much higher if he launched it from the roof of the four-story house in which he lived. Nobody stopped him and he tumbled to a bloody death. The third fall, from a clothespole, involved a nine-year-

old boy who was trying to emulate a telephone linesman he had watched earlier in the day. His death was not quite so gory as the kite flier's; for during his descent a clothesline caught him by the neck and hanged him in midair.

On and on goes the grisly procession of victims. Today accidents snuff out the lives of more children than any disease. And this bloody parade of crushed-in skulls, bullet-obiterated faces, eviscerated abdomens, of shattered, twisted and dismembered bodies will stop only when parents finally realize that they—and they alone—can call a halt to the carnage. [THE END]

The Golden Bowl

from page 17

own. Like the things in this room. Alex says they are a trap. He says people buy them frantically and pile them up like a barricade between themselves and the world. Then, when anything breaks through the barrier, there they are, weak and defenseless, like something you find under a board." She indicated the floor with a quick gesture of her hand.

Frances looked at the spot on the floor Nora had indicated and then flicked an ash from her cigarette.

"Well, everyone's entitled to his own views, I suppose. But don't let George Parker hear you call this place a trap, not after what he paid to furnish it." Frances looked around the attractive living-room. "And I rather like it myself. But don't let me interrupt," she added hastily. "I find your theory interesting—in a depressing sort of way."

"I didn't mean to say anything unkind about this room, Frances. I think it's charming. But Alec and I plan to travel light through life. We aren't going to own anything—just our clothes and paints and brushes. We'll always be ready to go anywhere, to do anything. Alec says we'll be conditioned and tough and fit to live fearlessly."

"That sounds very interesting, darling, but what happens when living calls for such equipment as a roof over your heads—or a chair or a bed?"

"That's all taken care of—at least for this summer. We're going to a place in Massachusetts called Clover Harbor where a friend of Alec's has a summer house he's not going to live in this year. It is a lovely place, Alex says, and we're getting it for practically nothing. This man's name is Tod Murray and he has a place here in New York and another in Bermuda."

"Poor trapped creature," breathed Frances. "So we're going to be there all summer. We're going to paint like mad, both of us. What time is it, Frances? Alec is coming to pick me up. I want you to meet him."

"It's just five. And what happens in the fall? Can you depend on Mr. Murray not to want to live in another of his houses?"

"We'll go somewhere. We're not worried. Now, Frances, don't get the idea we're being arty or queer about this. We're serious. We just don't want to have our lives cluttered up with a lot of possessions. And it's not that we're so poor we can't afford them either. Alec has some money. Not a great deal, but some. We're going to do a lot of traveling, a lot of painting and a lot of living. There's the doorbell. May I go? It's Alec," Nora said.

It was Alec. And he was big and blond. And nice, Frances said to herself as she shook his hand.

"I was almost expecting you to be dressed in skins," Frances told him.

Alec grinned and looked at Nora. "Oh, we're not so odd as we sound," Alec said. "By the way, have you seen Nora's work recently? She's good."

"The last thing of hers I saw was a mural. Our father, who had no feeling for art, made her scrub it off the bathroom wall."

"You will be seeing her stuff," Alec prom-

ised and his big hand reached out and enveloped Nora's small slender one.

They had tea and then Alec and Nora discovered simultaneously and explosively there was a train to be caught in twenty minutes. They said their goodbyes as they walked sideways down the hall to the elevator, looking back at Frances and unrolling the conversation like a ball of wool as they walked.

"Good luck," Frances called. "If you see a man who looks as though his feet hurt, say hello to him. He's one of the great young American pig-iron importers, he believes passionately in things and he's my George."

THE house was a short taxi ride from the village of Clover Harbor. A graveled driveway drew a lazy S from the highway to the house, which was curtained from the road by dusky pines. The house was low and rambled as much as a five-room bungalow could. The taxi stopped at the side door and Alec helped an eager Nora to get out.

"We have to go in the front door. It faces on the sea," he said. They ran round the side of the house. Wide French doors gave on a brief scarf of lawn and the dun ramp of a slightly shelving beach.

The taxi driver dropped their bags and their painting kits, together with the hint that he hadn't been paid. Then they were alone with the house and the sea.

"I have the key right here," Alec unlocked the door and then they were in the living-room. It ran across the front of the house and at one end was a big blackened fireplace. The beams were dark and thick and gave a feeling of strength and security to the long room.

"Well?" asked Alec.

Nora held his arm and clung close to him. "Alec, it's a lovely house. And look, there are even fresh flowers on the table."

"Murray got a man to open it up for us. I'm glad you like it. I spent part of a summer here before the war."

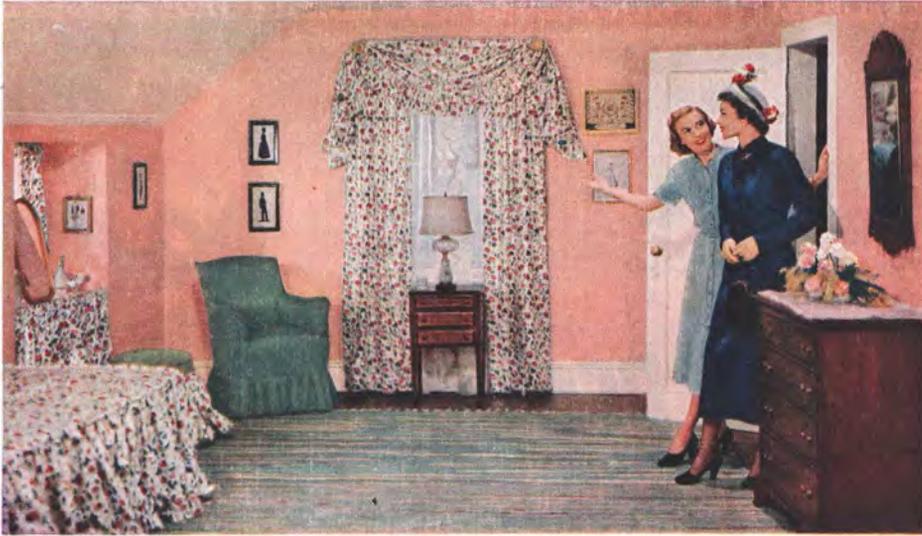
The dark beams were matched by a sturdy shining mantel over the fireplace. The room had character and warmth, all being released just by their being there, Nora felt. "Oh, darling," she said, and Alec's arms were around her and they both had a feeling of being home.

They walked to the village and came back with their arms filled with paper bags and their eyes filled with laughter. Alec said there was time to get a start on his picture before the light went and he set off down the beach with his painting gear. Nora decided to wait until next day before she started to paint. She sliced onions for soup.

They had their dinner by candlelight in the long room, with a fire flickering in the cavern-like fireplace. After dinner they sat on the chesterfield and watched the reflection of the sunset on the clouds. Nora wriggled close to Alec; his arm tightened around her thin shoulders. She gave a small purring sound of contentment. Alec leaned over and kissed her cheek just below the dark wing of hair that swept back over her temple.

The next morning they both went dutifully out to paint. But as the days passed their

[continued on page 59]



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The Golden Bowl

from page 56

schedule fell into disrepair. They preferred to build each day separately from the material at hand each morning—the sunlight and their mood.

Some mornings they slept late, with Alec rumberg remorsefully from his pillow that he should be out painting and Nora helping him to be remorseful. Sometimes they stayed up half the night talking about painting, listening to the radio and feeling sorry for all people who weren't Alec and Nora.

While they avoided anything like a routine, most days took shape by ten in the morning, with Alec going to the beach to paint. Some mornings Nora went with him but oftener she stayed behind to do the housework and plan a special dish for their dinner.

"I never knew cooking could be so much fun. Listen to this, Alec," she said one morning at breakfast, reading from a French cookbook she had discovered in the kitchen. "The man says, 'Take any roast partridges left in the kitchen . . . ! Isn't that wonderful, Alec!'"

"It's all wonderful," said Alec.
Nora nodded.
"But I'm not going to neglect my painting, Alec. Honest. I'll be out this afternoon."

LATER, when she was washing the breakfast dishes, Nora heard a car in the drive and went to the door, with a cup and a dish towel in her hands. A blonde girl at the wheel of an open convertible waved hello.

"I didn't mean to intrude but when we saw lights here the other night we thought Tod Murray might be back. I'm Camilla Stevens and we live down the road," she said.

"No, Mr. Murray isn't here. We're just living here for the summer. I'm Nora Carson. Won't you come in and have a cup of coffee?"

"Thanks," said the blonde girl swinging from the car. They had their coffee in the sun-drenched living-room.

"I love this room," Camilla Stevens said. "If I owned this place I'd live here all the time. I think Tod's crazy not to stay here all year round."

"I don't know him. My husband does."
"When I first saw you at the door I thought you might have bought it," Camilla said. "Tod has been saying for the last couple of years he would like to sell but he hasn't done anything about it."

"We're here just for the summer."
They sipped their coffee and looked out to sea. The water had turned slate gray. The light was going and it looked as though it might rain. Alec would be coming back soon. Camilla put down her cup.

"Thank you for the coffee. Would you and your husband like to come over tomorrow night for cocktails? We're the next house up

the road, about half a mile," she said brightly.

When Alec came in from the beach Nora told him about the visit and the invitation.

"I'd rather stay here with you," said Alec. "But perhaps it would do us good to get out and see someone. You're probably tired of living here with me and never hearing a human voice."

Nora slid into his arms.
"Alec, don't be silly." She looked up at him. "Alec, we've got so much, haven't we?"

They walked up the road the next afternoon, hand in hand, until they came to the Stevens house. It was an older more pretentious house than the one in which they lived.

"Mrs. Stevens said your friend Murray would like to get rid of our house—I mean the house we're living in," Nora said as they walked up the drive.

"Well, after September he can do what he wants with it—give it back to the Indians."

Then Camilla Stevens was greeting them and introducing them to her husband, Jim. He was a big young man, softer-looking than Alec. His hair was thick and rich-looking. His voice matched it.

There were no other guests and Stevens steered Alec away for male talk.

At the other end of the room Nora and Camilla were chatting. Alec caught wisps of their conversation drifting across the steady stream of Stevens' account of his adventures in Shanghai.

"This place belonged to Jim's people and they lived here for years," Camilla was saying. "It was empty for a long time but since the war all these places along the beach have been fixed up so they can be lived in all year round. We've been trying to do something with this massive furniture Jim's family liked. Look at this breakfast room. Really a lovely thing, in an overpowering way. I'd like to call in an interior decorator and do the whole place over but Jim won't let a stick of it go."

Camilla talked and Nora followed her and looked and listened. There were many fine pieces of furniture, some of them ugly but others that were really beautiful.

"I'm probably boring you stiff with all this," said Camilla, plunging ahead. "But I'm just itching to get at this old place and do something with it. Here, for instance—I'm waiting for an inspiration for this brocade Jim brought me from China."

She dug in a drawer and brought out yards of the rich material.

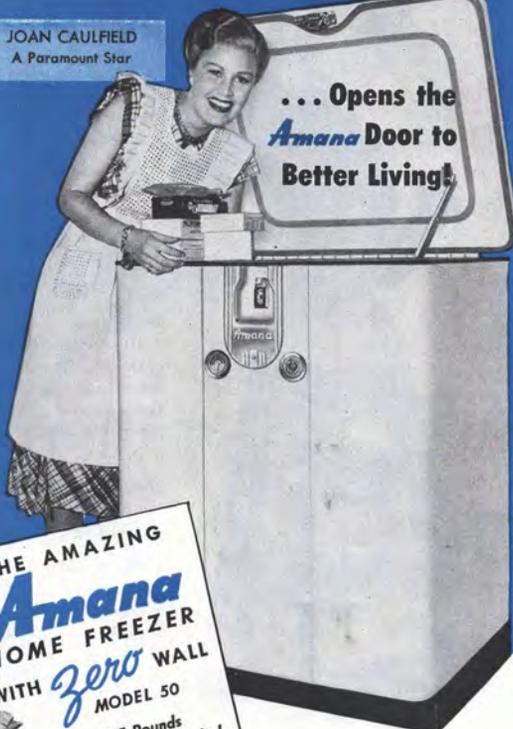
"Alec once did a fine sketch of an old Chinese," said Nora.

Her voice was small and seemed slightly muffled by the richness of the brocade, the

[continued on page 60]

Joan Caulfield...

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A Paramount Star



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The Golden Bowl

from page 59

bulking vastness of the accumulated Stevens' possessions.

Alec looked down the room and made a move to join the women but Stevens dissuaded him.

"Let them talk, Carson. It's just woman-talk about furniture and what to do with the leg of veal in the icebox. My wife's anxious to change the old place. I like it as it is."

When Nora suggested that perhaps they should be going, Alec and Stevens seemed to think it was a good idea. They had run into a conversational dead end when they exhausted their memories of Shanghai. Alec felt it had all been pleasant but not too successful as far as he was concerned. Perhaps he and Nora had become antisocial and it showed.

"LET'S go back by the beach," Nora suggested suddenly, after they reached the highway.

They swung in toward the beach and started up toward their house.

"My shoes are filled with sand, Alec. Let's walk in our bare feet," said Nora.

They sat on a driftwood log and took off their shoes and stockings. They plodded along with their heads down, watching the brown sand spurt up between their toes. They turned to look back at their tracks on the smooth beach.

"Look, Alec. We're the first people in the world. We've just landed and there's no one else," laughed Nora, her hair streaming like a dark pennon in the wind. "We own nothing—and everything. The world is ours."

She flung her arms wide and twirled in the sand, still laughing. But something about it—some off-note—caught Alec's ear. He took her shoulders in his big hands.

"What's wrong, Nora? That laugh, it's about as hollow as a gourd. Did all that talk about draperies and houses and furniture go too deep? Are you changing—or regretting?" he asked almost fiercely.

Nora moved close to him, inside the hands that slipped around her to hold her closer still. She looked up in his face.

"Alec, of course not. I like what we've got. I don't want anything more. We're going to paint and be in love and . . . I haven't changed." He dropped his hands.

"Nora, a girl likes to have nice things. Maybe we were wrong to say we weren't going to have any of them. Maybe you're missing too much."

Nora planted her bare feet firmly and put her hands on her hips.

"I'm not missing a thing. She can have her highboys and her brocades. I have what I want, all I want." Her small face crinkled into a smile. "Except that I'm starving for my dinner. Come on, I'll race you."

Because the night was cool, but mostly because they were happy and felt close to each other, they piled logs in the fireplace after dinner and sat watching the colored streamers of flame flicker into the black throat of the chimney. They watched it until the glowing logs stirred restlessly, as though they too were ready to settle down to sleep.

THE summer aged imperceptibly, like an old close friend. Alec's painting went well. He even sold a canvas through a dealer. The man who bought it for two hundred dollars wrote Alec that it reminded him of a cove where he almost had drowned the year before. But the money was helpful. Some of it went for steaks, a bottle of wine and flowers for Nora. They slept late again.

One morning in September Alec got up early. "I'm going out to the beach and see if I can pick up another two hundred dollars."

"I'll come with you for a while and then I'll come back here. I have some things to do," Nora said.

The house was her main interest now. Rarely did she paint. Rarely did Alec mention it to her. This morning she sat behind her husband and watched him silently as he worked on a seascape.

When Nora said she was going back Alec said he would too and they walked heavily

through the soft sand to the house half a mile away. The house came into view from the top of a sharp ridge of sand spined with coarse grass. They paused and Alec felt Nora's hand reach out for his and tighten on it.

They were silent as they walked the remaining hundred yards to the front door. Nora kept her eyes fixed on the house, as though she were trying to keep a mirage in focus.

Alec stowed his canvas and easel in the hall closet. When he went to the kitchen Nora was sitting at the table, looking at the contents of the shopping bag spread out before her.

"What do you see—a bug or something?" he asked, laughing.

"Alec," she said in a tiny voice, "where did you get this bowl?"

She picked up a small bright yellow bowl she had taken from the bag. Alec took it from her.

"That's a souvenir. The man at the grocery store gave it to me. He says he gives one to all his summer customers. It says, 'Come back to Clover Harbor.' I don't know what it's for—soup bowl or an ash tray, I guess," he said, tossing it lightly in his hand.

"You know what?" He laughed explosively. "Do you know what this yellow bowl is, Nora? This bowl breaks all the rules. It's our first possession."

Nora was looking straight ahead. She nodded.

"I know," she said slowly. She wasn't laughing.

"Well, what are we going to do with it?" he asked. "We can't have this sort of thing going on."

NORA got up quickly and ran from the room. As she reached the door a sob shook her slim shoulders. It hung in the quiet room like an echo when she was gone. Then Alec heard the click of their bedroom door.

He put the bowl down as carefully as though it were a Ming vase. He went down the hall and softly opened the door of their bedroom. Nora rolled over on the bed. Her hair fanned out on the white spread; her eyes were red. She sat up and swung her feet over the edge of the bed and looked at the floor.

"I'm sorry, Alec darling. I'm okay. Let's go away from here right now so I can get back to work and do some painting and . . . Could we leave right away, Alec?" she asked. She looked at him.

"Sure, any time," said Alec.

"I'm afraid I haven't been very good about my end of the bargain, dear. I've tried but I got too interested in this place. I could stand seeing all the lovely things in Frances' apartment. I didn't mind it when Mrs. Stevens showed me through her house. But that yellow bowl—our yellow bowl—that's just destroyed me."

She scrubbed her eyes with a small fist. "There now. I'm all right again, Alec," she said briskly. "I've stopped being silly. Forgive me?"

"Sure," said Alec. "It won't happen again," said Nora firmly. She looked around the room.

"Well, I suppose we should start thinking about moving on. I'd better begin getting these things together."

They walked into the living-room. Alec leaned over and kissed his wife.

"Nora," he said, "you don't want to move on, do you?"

Nora was straight and full of purpose. "Alec, we decided . . ."

He batted down her words with a gesture of his hand.

"Sure, sure. But now that we have this place . . . you're right about the yellow bowl. It's a vicious little thing. The way I see it, that bowl is too much and yet not enough."

The bowl sat alone on the dark shining ledge of the mantel. As he spoke it seemed to Nora that the bowl took on a golden tone.

"That bowl is all out of perspective. It has to be toned down, given a setting."

"What do you mean, Alec?"

[continued on page 62]



PEACH DELIGHT . . . Beautiful enough for a party—easy enough for every day! And so good—with fruity Jell-O and juicy peaches! Just dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add peach juice and water. Chill until slightly thickened. Then fold in peaches. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with additional sliced peaches, whipped cream, and mint leaves, if desired. Makes 6 servings. (For a large mold, double this recipe.)

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Let's have



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SPRING GARDEN SALAD . . . Fresh as spring itself, this shimmering Jell-O salad! Make it like this: Dissolve Jell-O in hot water; add vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in radishes and scallions. Turn into molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with additional sliced radishes and mayonnaise. Makes 4 to 6 servings. (Serve Jell-O salads often! A few vegetables, cooked or raw, go a long, delicious way in Lime or Lemon Jell-O.)

PINEAPPLE-ORANGE PERFECTION . . . Bring out your best serving dish! This wonderful combination of tangy Orange Jell-O and pineapple will really do it proud! Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add pineapple juice and water. Turn into serving dish. Chill until almost firm. Arrange pineapple slices, cut in halves, around edge of serving dish. Then chill until firm. Garnish with whipped cream and sliced maraschino cherries, if desired. Makes 6 servings.



The Golden Bowl

from page 60



CLUB COFFEE DISPENSER, with wall bracket, 3-lb. size, \$3.00

Now, you can have
Uniformly Good Coffee
EVERY TIME!



Here's How:



1 Exactly measured coffee! The right amount of coffee for one cup with each flip of the handle.



2 Exactly measured water! Markings show amount of water needed for exact number of cups desired.



3 Exactly timed brewing! Patented plastic filter-timer controls flow of hot water through grounds.



CLUB GLASS DRIP COFFEE MAKER, with patented filter-timer, 4 to 8 cup size, \$3.95

Club Coffee Dispenser and Glass Drip Coffee Maker

Here's an unbeatable combination for *uniform coffee enjoyment* at every meal, the year around! The handsome Club Coffee Dispenser shown at upper left delivers exactly the right amount of coffee for one cupful every time you flip the lever. That gives you the first requisite—*accurate measurement* of the coffee. The graduated upper bowl of the Club Glass Drip Coffee Maker fulfills the second requirement—*accurate measurement of the hot water as you pour it in*. With that done, you know you'll have good coffee, because the patented filter-timer completes the third step . . . actually self-times the trickle of hot water through the grounds. Result: the same good coffee every time! Ask your retailer to show you the Club Glass Drip Coffee Maker, and the Club Coffee Dispenser, *today*.

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Makers of Famous Club Aluminum Hammercraft Waterless Cookware

See all these Club Glass Utensils and accessories:

1. Club Glass Vac, makes 4 to 8 cups, with two plastic covers, \$4.43
2. Club Glass Parc, makes 4 to 9 cups, \$2.95
3. 2-qt. Whistling Tea Kettle, \$2.95
4. 6-cup Tea Pot, \$2.95
5. 1½-qt. Double Boiler, \$3.95
6. Club Aluminum Hot Pads, 3 per \$1.69

Tune In "Club Time," ABC Network Tuesday Mornings, and hear Favorite Hymns of Famous People



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"I mean that I think this place could be winterized. See how well this is built, much better than most of the summer places."

"It has a beautiful roof," said Nora.

"That's right, a wonderful roof. And we could put an oil heater in the front room and seal up the front door against the wind. We could wrap the water pipes and bury them. We'd have to work like a couple of settlers racing against the first snow." Alec's eyes were shining.

"We could bring in piles of driftwood to burn in the fireplace all winter," Nora murmured.

"We could paint wonderful pictures full of gray sea and desolation and loneliness. And someone might buy one for two hundred and twenty dollars."

Nora twirled around the room, then stopped.

"But Alec, we were going to live fearlessly. Remember?" she said.

Alec put his knuckles on his hips and looked down at her.

"If you think this isn't going to be living fearlessly, darling, you're crazy. There's just one thing—I have to ask Tod Murray."

Nora stood rigidly before the fireplace until Alec came back from the phone, his voice quivering with excitement.

"Tod says that if we're crazy enough to try it, it's all right with him. But, he says, he doesn't want our whitened bones clattering up the place come spring." And then seriously Alec asked, "Do you really want to try it? It'll be like building our own house. Maybe we can even buy it. Tod says it's for sale."

She nodded, because she couldn't speak, and then looked up at the mantel. Alec's gaze followed hers. Yes, the bowl really was golden.

People often wonder why an artistic young couple like the Carsons have a cheap yellow bowl above the fireplace of their house by the sea. [THE END]

New Memory

from page 20

Tilly had ash-blonde hair, she was little and pert and utterly brainless—and she thought Stuart was wonderful. Everywhere he went, Tilly was there.

Lindsey had thought things would be different when Stuart went away to school, but separation only intensified the relationship. She never knew whether Stuart just didn't notice the changes in the eighteen-year-old Tilly—the too-tight dresses, the too-thick lipstick, the noisy voice—or whether he was indifferent to them because in his eyes Tilly could do no wrong.

They never told Stuart that the car in which Tilly met her death had also contained one Lucius Jones and a half-empty bottle of whisky. Even if they had, Lindsey doubted whether it would have made any difference to him.

Lindsey finally pulled herself out of the tub and dressed slowly, like a dream-walker, in the now unfamiliar bathroom. The little gas light over the basin, the monogrammed towels hanging limply from the rack, were suddenly a part of the life of a stranger.

She hadn't given up hoping, until Tilly died, that some day Stuart would recognize her, Lindsey, and in recognizing her, love her. And then she had discovered that Tilly in death had an even more conclusive hold on Stuart. Dying young, she would always be the child he had loved for fourteen years. Had she lived, Tilly the woman might eventually have repulsed or deserted him.

Lindsey had tried for weeks to say something to him that would perhaps lift him out of his pain. But her only defense against his indifference had been for so long a sort of desperate antagonism that, when she finally tried to speak to him of Tilly, he only stared at her in unflinching distrust. The starkness of his grief had somehow made her feel guilty: as if, had she really loved him, she would somehow have arranged to die in Tilly's place. Its finality had also made her brave. She left Combahee two days later and never returned.

THE doorbell rang at exactly six. Lindsey had hoped desperately that Harry would be home before Stuart arrived, certain that just one glimpse of his sturdy form and kindly humorous face before the impact of Stuart closed in on her would give her strength. She found she was trembling and in the mirror she saw a tall too slim woman looking startled. She moved slowly to the door, telling herself that this was her home, Harry was her husband and there was nothing to be afraid of any more.

She needn't have worried. Stuart had always set the tone and tempo of their relationship.

"You're looking wonderful." He took her hands and swung them, looking at her appraisingly. "Still too thin, but it becomes you." "I'm feeling wonderful." All at once it was true.

"I've been sorry not to see you before but it seems to take as much red tape to get out of this country as it did to get in. I'm leaving tomorrow. Finally."

"Are you going back to Combahee?" "Where else?" He shrugged and sat down in Harry's big chair. The black shades, a hang-over from the war, framed the drawnness of his face. "You've changed," he said and cocked his head on one side, examining her face from all angles. Stuart had always noticed surface detail. It was his lack of awareness of what went on beneath the surface that had always been so frustrating.

"You've changed too," she said. He looked, she decided, complete. His features had achieved form and symmetry and firmness. The lonely-little-boy look was gone entirely. His eyebrows alone had not changed. They still swung upward, giving his face an impression of mobility and easy laughter.

"How and where is your British colonel? Your mother wrote about him when you married him but I've forgotten the details."

"He'll be along any minute now." The family at Combahee, never having met Harry, always referred to him as "Lindsey's British colonel," which made her feel guilty that something in her description of him must have inspired the phrase. "He's a darling," she added, hating herself for the defense. He was a darling. She heard herself rattling on about him until finally, completely unnerved, she jumped up and suggested that Stuart help her with the canapes.

When he followed her into the pantry, the closeness of him there in the tiny room was curiously frightening. She hurried through the little task and shoved the tray at him, then joined him in the living-room and showered him with nervous smiles and meaningless conversation until Harry arrived. Once he came, she was herself again: she could speak quietly, listen quietly, feel at home in her own house.

Harry shook Stuart's hand and kissed Lindsey hard on the mouth as he always did when he had not seen her all day. Usually she found this intensity reassuring, oddly touching in a man so inarticulate, but tonight, before Stuart, she felt somehow violated and pulled away from him, thinking dazedly that he had never looked more ruddy-cheeked, red-haired and elementally male. Beside him Stuart appeared chiseled and lean and slightly overpowered.

Lindsey wished the two men weren't getting along so well. Now that the constraint of being alone with Stuart was gone, there were a million things she wanted to ask him, a million messages he must take with him to Combahee. But when the time finally came, when Harry and he had exhausted the subject of the Canadian parliament and Stuart turned to her, she could think of nothing to say. She

[continued on page 64]



Everybody's Pointing To Hotpoint



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Now Hotpoint Gives You Up To 50% Greater Food-Storage Space, 58% Faster Freezing, Outstanding New Convenience Features And Brilliant New Styling!

Outstanding Features For Greater Convenience, Economy, Efficiency!

1. More compactly engineered sealed-in-steel mechanism, freezes ice up to 58% faster.
2. Larger meat compartment.
3. Two Hi-Humidity chambers for fruits and vegetables.
4. Super-speed freezer for storing frozen foods.
5. New shelf arrangements, handy new swing-out leftover rack—new improved butter conditioner with temperature control.

YOU get extra food-storage space, greater freezing speed, far more of everything you need—in the same kitchen area as before—with the brilliant new 1948 Hotpoint Refrigerator.

This **pacemaking** new Hotpoint is years ahead in thrilling postwar advancements. It literally revolutionizes the refrigeration industry with the greatest basic improvements in 20 years.

Hotpoint's modern sealed-in-steel mechanism is so compact that up to 50% extra food-storage space is provided in the same cabinet area as before. It's so efficient that it freezes ice up to 58% faster with less electricity.

Now you can enjoy such advantages as Hi-Humidity chambers that keep fruits and vegetables fresher, longer, a flexi-cold compartment for extra low temperatures and a super-speed freezer that holds up to 31 pounds of frozen

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● Removable leftover rack, pivoted to swing out of cabinet easily, has covered glass jars for storing leftovers. It is convertible for egg storage—and always at the right consistency for smooth, easy spreading.



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YET REFRIGERATOR OCCUPIES NO EXTRA SPACE

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50%
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HARSH LAXATIVES? —not for me

For years I took laxatives that I *knew* weren't good for me—harsh laxatives that irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition. Now I never need them! I've found a better way—



LEMON in WATER is all I need

Just a daily glass of lemon in water! The juice of a lemon in a glass of water, taken first thing when I get up. Simple—and *healthful*! If you are like most people, lemon in water is all you will need.



Keep regular this healthful way

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 alkalize, aid digestion. And lemon in water, when taken daily first thing on arising, is all that most people need for prompt, *normal* elimination.

Lemon in water is not a purgative. It simply helps your system *regulate itself*. Not too sharp or sour, it has just enough tang to be refreshing—clears the mouth, wakes you up. Try lemon in water yourself! Give it time to establish regularity for you.



California Sunkist Lemons
LEMON in WATER
—first thing on arising

New Memory

from page 62

could only look at the deep-set bronze-lashed eyes, the rather long neck, the familiar cowlick where the curl started, and remember and remember and remember until she wanted to scream.

"Well," she said, tipping her glass, "here's to you."

"Here's to Combahee. Do you remember our first taste of whisky?" Stuart turned back to Harry to explain. "Straight corn it was. There was a caretaker on the place who'd made a couple of kegs of the stuff and one day when we were about eight . . ."

AS HE began to talk, Lindsey sat back to listen. Stuart's voice was a sweet accompaniment to her own memory. The day they drank the corn liquor was the day Sister, her cat, died. Stuart didn't remember that part of it and yet, had she not been in mourning, Tilly and Stuart would never have included her. Sister was old, half-blind and feeble, but this had not lessened Lindsey's grief in the least. For four years Sister had been her closest friend and confidant, and she buried her in a lovely big leather jewel case which her stepfather, Stuart's father, had given her one Christmas. She invited Tilly and Stuart to the funeral and for a few hours she had been distracted from her loss by the funeral arrangements. But as soon as the last flower was stuck in the soft mound of earth, her exaltation deserted her and in its place was a terrible emptiness. To her shame she began to cry, right there with Tilly and Stuart watching her. They stood staring at her and their anxious baffled eyes, their twoness watching her oneness, drove her to further abandon. The crying became sobbing, interspersed with hiccups.

"I know what," Stuart said finally. "Today's the day we'll look in the keg."

"Today's the day!" Tilly echoed. "Come on, Lindsey." They each grabbed one of her hands.

"What keg? Where? I don't want any old keg!" she'd said, but it had been pleasant, being dragged along between Stuart and Tilly. Down past the stables they'd taken her, across a turnip field, under the grape arbor, into the woods at the other side until Stuart said:

"Here we are!" and stopped. At his feet,

protruding from a recently dug hole, was the outline of a small barrel.

"What's in it?"

"That's just it. We don't know," Stuart was already on his knees digging. "Tilly's pa put it in here yesterday. We watched him from under the cassia bush. It might be anything."

"It might be gold," Tilly said.

"It doesn't look like much of anything to me," Lindsey said, remembering Sister.

"Come on, Lindsey. Help hoist!"

The three of them managed to get the barrel out of its nest and standing upright on the pine needles. It seemed to have no opening, no way of prying into it.

"Tell you what," Stuart said, opening his jackknife, "I'll just puncture it; then we can see what's in it." He plunged the knife through the aged wood and a sour-smelling liquid spouted out around his hand. The girls squealed with astonishment.

"I knew it wasn't gold," Lindsey said.

"It's whisky," Stuart said. "Just some nasty old whisky."

Tilly knelt down, making a cup of her hands. "Let's drink some!" She dipped her mouth down and sipped. Stuart and Lindsey hung back and laughed at the terrible face she made, laughed at the way she sprang back, spitting the stuff out.

"You're just sissies," Tilly said, catching her breath. She leaned over the barrel again and this time took a large swallow, making no face whatsoever.

"Come on, Lindsey, let's try it." Stuart urged her forward. The last thing she wanted to do was try it. But with Stuart's dark smiling eyes making it a conspiracy between them, she would have done anything. She tried to cheat by taking just a small sip but Tilly's jeering, "Aw, that was just a drop!" forced her into three large gulps which left her feeling slightly dizzy. When Stuart had been initiated they all sat down and waited for something to happen.

Lindsey felt wonderful, sitting on the sweet-smelling pine needles between Stuart and Tilly, a part, at long last, of their charmed circle. Then Tilly began to be sick and suddenly the circle was shattered. Stuart held Tilly's head, smoothing the wispy hair away from her

[continued on page 66]

THIS IS Topsy-Turvy Town

WHERE EVERYTHING IS UPSIDE DOWN



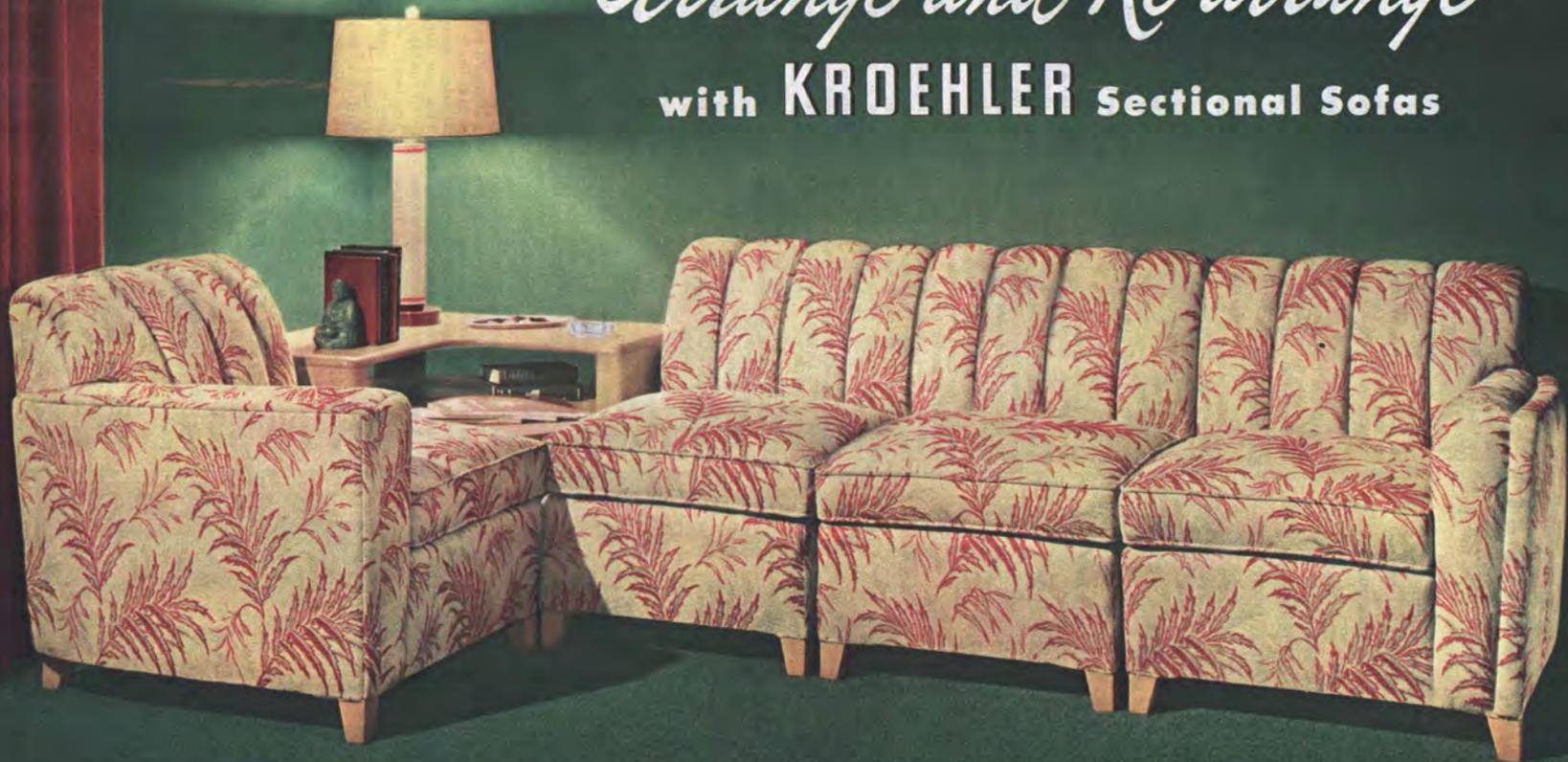
by GIL ANDREWS

Crown-up Mr. William Mabey Plays with matches like a baby. We know he is crazy and rash His silly desire to tamper with fire Will burn him some day to an ash.

Here boys and girls are very wise, kind and fair and right
While grownups rave and misbehave all morning, noon and night.

Arrange and Re-arrange

with **KROEHLER** Sectional Sofas



**No Other Furniture in the World Like This
... It's Cushionized***

It's fun! It's exciting! It's the latest way to keep your living room ever new through change in arrangement with beautiful Kroeher Sectionals. This is the only Sectional furniture in the world that is Cushionized—the most sensational comfort devel-

opment in upholstered furniture! Yet, Kroeher costs no more than ordinary makes. Your choice of smart styles in stunning new colors is practically limitless. See them at your Authorized Kroeher Dealer. Convenient terms can be arranged.

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Furniture

World's Largest Furniture Manufacturer

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Shes star in Carter's . . .

It's easier than falling off a high wire to get top performance in knit underwear. Just say, "Carter's, please." You see, Carter's cater to the entire family—growing, growing, grown!



Jaspers, creepers! . . . a Panti-dress Twoosome's the thing. It saves ironing. Pink, blue, yellow. 6 mos. to 2 yrs. Set about \$2.



The girls go together like this.

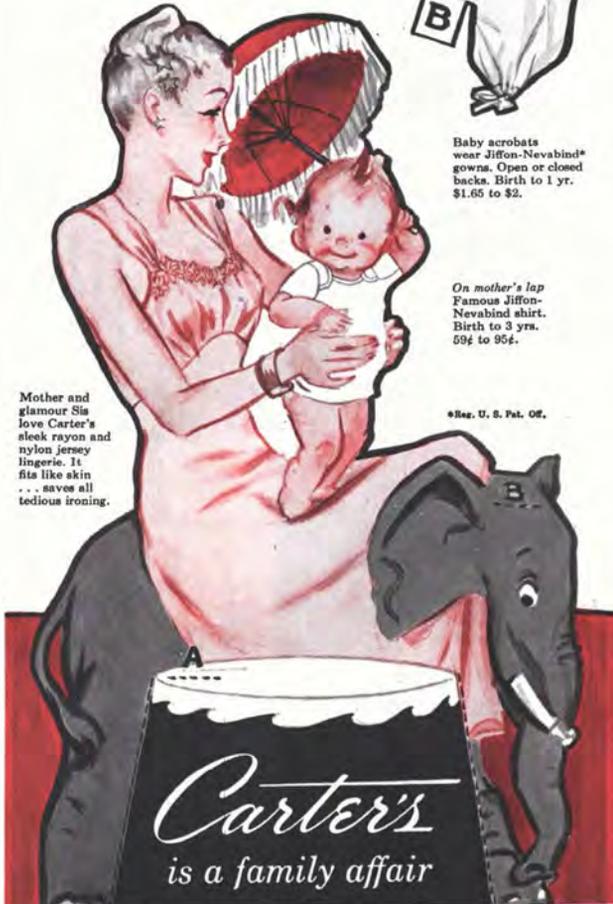


Baby acrobats wear Jiffon-Nevabind® gowns. Open or closed backs. Birth to 1 yr. \$1.65 to \$2.

On mother's lap Famous Jiffon-Nevabind shirt. Birth to 3 yrs. 59¢ to 95¢.

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Mother and glamour Sis love Carter's sleek rayon and nylon jersey lingerie. It fits like skin . . . saves all tedious ironing.



Carter's
is a family affair

FREE cut-out sheets. Write The William Carter Co., Needham Heights 94, Mass.

New Memory

from page 64

face. He murmured little words of comfort, laughing a little too, in spite of himself, making Tilly laugh even through her wretchedness. Lindsey sat and watched them. She hated Tilly. She hated Tilly so much that she got to her feet and shouted: "I hate you both! I hate you both!" and ran away through the woods and back through the grape arbor and across the field, but no one followed her. No one even called after her.

"And then Lindsey got mad," Stuart was saying in the flat in London. "She got mad because the stuff made her feel awful and we'd made her drink it. She said she hated us both and off she bolted."

"Poor baby," Harry said. "Poor little baby." He grinned at her across the room, then at Stuart. "You must have been a jolly trio, the three of you, reeling about through the woods." His grin became a laugh. "I wish I'd been there."

"You must come and visit us at Combahee," Stuart said. "Lindsey, you must bring him."

BUT Lindsey couldn't imagine Harry at Combahee. Combahee was and always would be Stuart, her love for Stuart, her dream of Stuart. Harry would look all wrong there, Lindsey thought, with a new impatience. His robust form moving about the spacious delicately furnished rooms would appear almost corpulent. His blunt realism, the quality, actually, that had most attracted her to him, would, in the rarefied light of Combahee, appear callous and insensitive. Besides, she had married him to forget Combahee.

"You wouldn't like Combahee, Harry," she heard herself saying. "It would remind you of Lagos, West Africa." He'd hated Lagos. "I don't know," Harry said jovially, "you'd be there. There was no one in Lagos but the natives and I. A place is the people in it, is it not, Stuart?"

"Yes," Stuart said, "quite so," and by the sudden bleakness of his face Lindsey knew he was remembering Tilly.

"I don't agree at all," she said brightly. "A place is a place, the way it looks, the way it smells, the way it makes you feel. The people are purely incidental." She looked straight at Stuart, daring him to deny the lie. Combahee was Stuart, Stuart was Combahee. In her heart they were never separate.

"I've got to be going," Stuart stood up. "I thought you'd stay for dinner," Lindsey exclaimed. "We could all go out."

"I'll fix another drink all around, while you persuade him." Harry left them alone but Lindsey was silent. It had always been like this, Stuart on his way somewhere else with someone else; her wish to detain him, unspoken but profound. Now, although she had not seen him for five years, would not see him again for heaven knew how long, she sat swinging her foot and remarked how delightful this glimpse of him had been.

"You and Harry really must come to Combahee sometime," Stuart repeated. "You always loved it. Don't you ever get homesick?"

Her impulse was to answer him lightly but his eyes were serious and she realized that this was the most personal conversation they were

ever likely to have. She would not spoil it with defenses.

"Sometimes. Terribly. Don't you?" "For a while I didn't. But I'm ready to go back now. It's good country. Tell me, Lindsey, why did you leave it? I always thought you were as attached to the place as I was. I even used to resent how much you liked Combahee." He smiled at her, inviting her to share in this preposterous childhood jealousy. "I remember the day you arrived with your mother and how I didn't like your coming."

"I remember that day too," Lindsey said. She would never forget it. The morning their train got into Charleston had been rainy and cold. The drive from the station to Combahee had been a dream, the long sandy road, the oak trees with their gray moss hanging like wilted icicles, and finally the house, enormous and unbelievable. Even the little boy who stood in the darkened hallway, feet spread wide, hair seeming to stand straight on end and eyes that accused them even before they spoke, was a part of the dream.

"I don't suppose I was very nice to you," Stuart continued. "Until then, I'd felt that Combahee was mine and Tilly's. I was afraid you'd change everything."

"As though I could have!" Lindsey said bitterly, then quickly concealed the bitterness with, "We were all frightfully young."

"How old were you when you came to Combahee? How old was I? I can't remember."

"I was six. You were nearly seven." "Is that all? I can't believe we were at Combahee together for thirteen years. It seemed like a very short time. Where did you live before then? I've forgotten that too."

"You haven't forgotten," Lindsey said quietly. "You never asked me."

"Really? What a self-centered little brute I must have been." He stopped, then added, "But I do remember once hearing you tell the stable boy you were born at Combahee. When he didn't believe you, you said you were born in the guest room, as though that would explain it all."

"I wanted to be born at Combahee," Lindsey said slowly. "Actually I was born in Brooklyn. My mother was one of your father's secretaries and their marriage was pure expediency. Your father wanted someone to look after you and Combahee, so that he could stay in New York and be free; someone who would be grateful and kind, know her place and ask no questions." She recited all this in a singsong voice, completely out of keeping with the heartbreaking information she was imparting. "I thought you knew."

"I guessed at something of the sort," Stuart said. "But I can't say I ever knew it. Funny that we could live in the same house for so many years and know so little of each other." He looked at her quizzically and shook his head. "Amazing."

"Amazing," she agreed in a thin lost voice. "I like your Harry." He changed the subject. "Are you happy?"

"Very happy," she said and looked away, wishing Harry would come back. She felt suddenly trapped.

"You must always consider Combahee [continued on page 73]

FETE THE NEWCOMER

Before He Arrives

It's baby-time the year round. And if you have a friend who's expecting a new young thing you'll want to shower her with a party before the big day. For new shower ideas—including things to give—send 10 cents in stamps for . . .

Blessed Event Parties

to Women's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.



SLOW DOWN FOR REPAIRS, SISTER

BY LENORE GREIMAN

Blowouts

These are icky things that happen to tires causing much confusion and shredded nerves. Social blunders are like blowouts—only they don't happen to tires, the lucky things. They happen to you—and to everybody else who can talk. When you were a young'un your mother had the job of straightening out when you said the wrong thing. She apologized and explained and smoothed things over. Time now for you to do your own social patching—and here's help.

Slow Leak

Sometimes you wish you'd never learned to talk. The situations you can get into revealing other people's secrets—remember that awful *silence* the time you asked Ann about her date with Joe in front of Lucy? (How did you know Lucy wasn't supposed to hear about it!) And the trouble your tongue can cause when you air your opinions too freely?

What to do? Try to bumble through the rest of your days signaling with flags? No indeed; be glad you realize when you've said the wrong thing—some people never even *know*. When you do trip (and everybody does), it's your attitude that can really save the day. Instead of falling apart inside, fill in the awful silence with a meek "I didn't think anyone was listening," or "Did I say that?" Light but contrite. If it was a crucial secret, apologize briefly—a lengthy apology or explanation will only prolong a horrid situation.

Cross Patch

You were so angry you said the meanest thing you could. You wish you hadn't, but at the same time you have a little feeling that you were

justified. So you put off apologizing, maybe add a few more insults, soon you're not talking. Or, then again, would you rather keep your friends?

It's hard to say, "I'm sorry," and yet those two words can save such a lot of heartache. Next time you're at fault, say them, mutter them, whisper them—but *get them out*. Then everyone will put you down as a gracious mature intelligent person and you'll never find you've cut off your nose to spite your face.

Fancy Patchwork

Know what makes one girl seem a mite more charming than another? After you weigh and size up and compare, you'll discover that the girl who comes out first has the ability to make people feel at ease and at their best. This isn't just a matter of giving compliments, it's important to be able to accept them too. It's a great temptation to murmur, "This old rag?" when someone admires your coat. Personally, when someone starts telling us with flowery garnish how human we're looking, we could die. But two days later we feel pretty swell about it. You do too. So why not accept praise with a simple "thank you"—instead of giving with a snappy comment that indicates your friends have no taste or that they aren't sincere? Even if you've overheard Tom saying the same thing to Jane five minutes ago, accept his compliment graciously. Whether you let it go to your head or not is quite another matter!

"Thank you" is handy to use at other times too. If you can't accept an invitation, tuck a "thank you" in your refusal. Add one when you accept. Same goes for gifts and favors received. A little appreciation in time saves a lot of repair work later.

Hes star in Carter's, too!

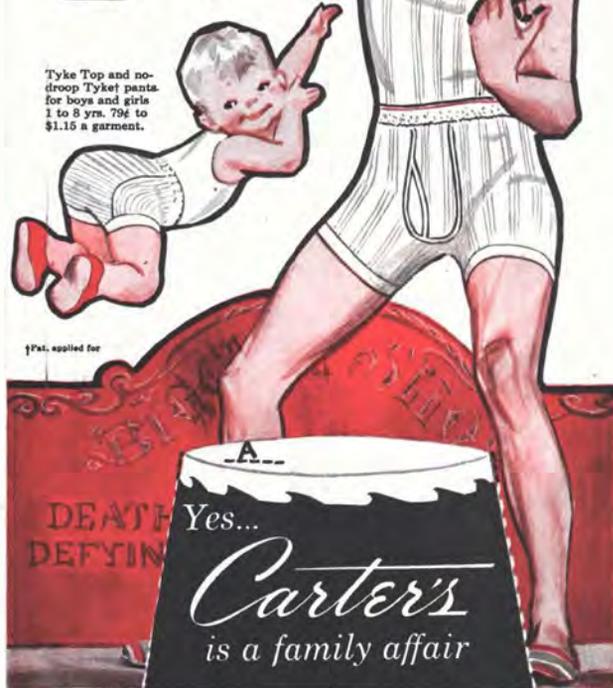


Rugged young fellows, 4 to 16 like "Trigs" shirts and briefs. They fit swell . . . look like dad's. 65¢ to \$2.50 each.

Comfort-loving he-men say "Trigs" shirts and shorts feel comfortable as birthday clothes. Skin that is! 85¢ to \$3. each.



The boys go together like this.



Tyke Top and no-droop Tyket pants for boys and girls 1 to 8 yrs. 79¢ to \$1.15 a garment.

Pat. applied for



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In this view the future bedroom (at top right of plan) is shown at left. The frame walls are of vertical cedar siding in natural color, chimney is whitewashed brick, roof is

black-stained wood shingles. Terrace, with seat built round an old apple tree, is handy to the kitchen and living-room, fine for summer dining and stargazing, winter sunning.

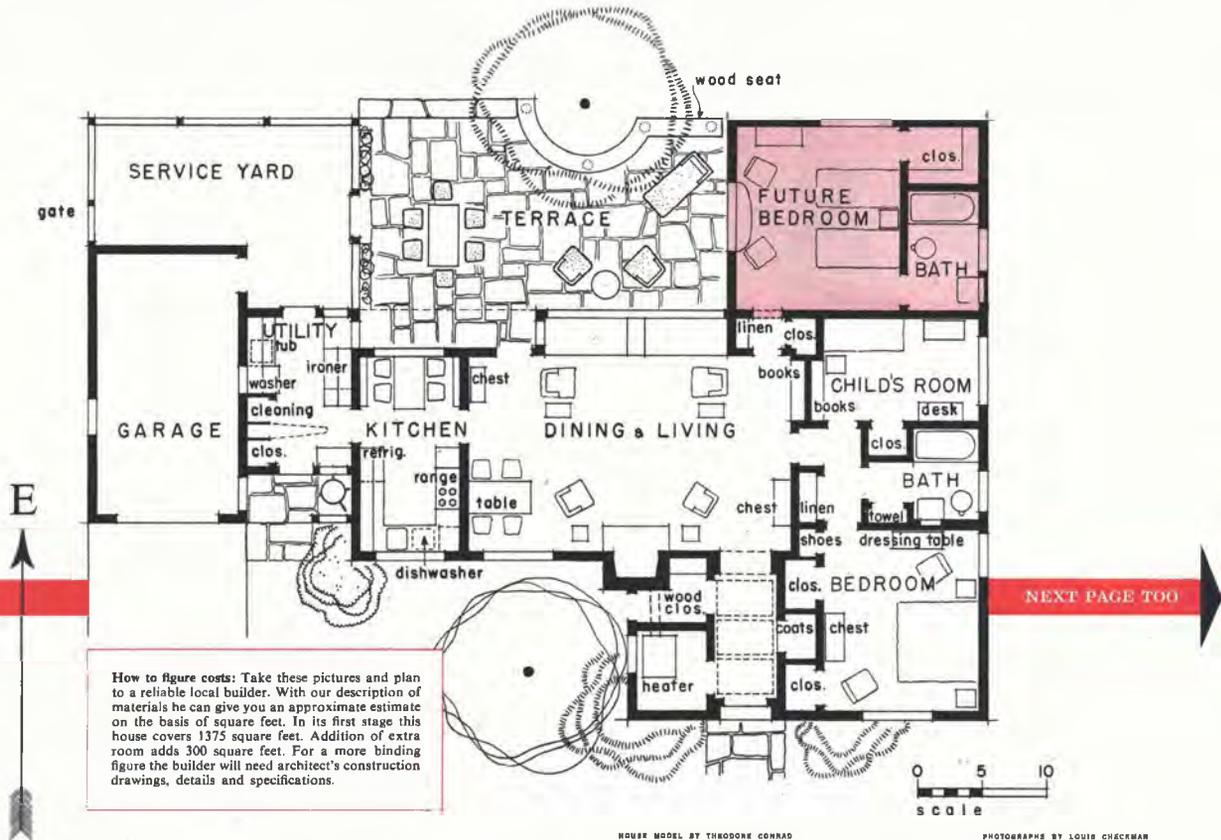


Service porch includes a small pit to hold garbage can at floor level, out of the way. Roof of this porch provides a covered way from garage to laundry; in bad weather you

can drive the car into the garage and carry your supplies direct to the utility room. Here you'll find a shelf by the door where you can unload parcels and sort them out.

A HOME WITH A HEARTH

Here the best of past and present meet in another house planned to grow with the family



How to figure costs: Take these pictures and plan to a reliable local builder. With our description of materials he can give you an approximate estimate on the basis of square feet. In its first stage this house covers 1375 square feet. Addition of extra room adds 300 square feet. For a more binding figure the builder will need architect's construction drawings, details and specifications.

NEXT PAGE TOO

WHILE many of us love the spirit of the old, with its pleasant massing of walls, chimneys and roof lines, we also want to enjoy the benefits of modern engineering. For these Perry M. Duncan, New York architect, has designed this house in a free interpretation of the traditional style. It is so typically American that it would fit into any community in this country with neighborliness and grace. Since the entire house is on one floor level it is low and rambling and hugs the ground.

It has no cellar, rests on a concrete slab and so lends itself to either floor or ceiling panel radiant heat or to a warm air duct system. Any of these would eliminate radiators. Ceilings throughout are insulated and the floors can be covered with cork, wood parquet, linoleum or asphalt tile, depending on the character of the decorative scheme. Windows are part casement, part the sliding-sash type that run sidewise and do not interfere with screens or draperies.

A glance at the plan will show you how ample the storage space is in this little house—you can even store a couple of overnight guests on the couches under the big living-room window! On the next page Harriet Burket, Interior Design Editor, and Elizabeth Beveridge, Equipment Editor, will show you round inside.

BY WALLACE W. HEATH, A.I.A.

Designed by Perry M. Duncan, Architect

HOUSE MODEL BY THEODORE CONRAD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOUIS CHECERMAN



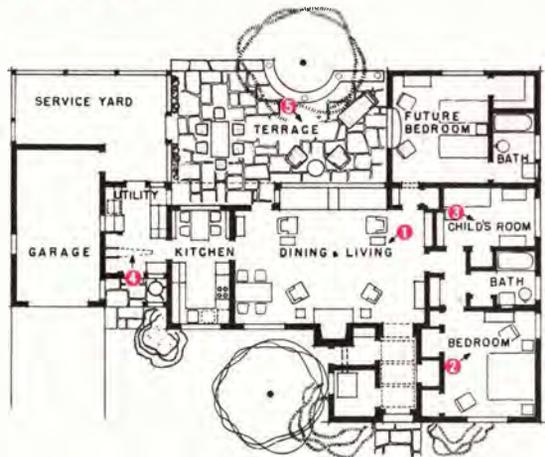
Service yard, with louvered fence for ventilation, connects with terrace at left and with garage at right. Door into garage faces terrace, doesn't show here.

A HOME WITH A HEARTH

Continued from page 69



It's good to know you can furnish this house with old and well-loved things and feel sure they will look right. Here we've selected decorations in French Provincial style—friendly, warm, simple—using colors and fabrics as new as today. You might choose Early American, Victorian or one of those pleasant informal scramblings of comfortable possessions which all of us seem to accumulate willy-nilly.



Arrows show how you face in matching picture. Start with Number 1, opposite.



Coming back to living-room, turn left through door, step out onto terrace. Sit down on the bench built round the apple tree (see photograph) and look back at the big living-room window. Here you'll find breezes, shade, peace and here you'll do your entertaining informally, easily, in true American style.

Now go back to the living-room; walk straight across it and through the kitchen, passing the work area on your left, on your right the breakfast nook overlooking the terrace and pleasantly flooded with morning sunlight. You come to the utility room below. In the picture you face toward the service and drying yard.





1 As you come in the front door and walk down entrance hall toward the living-room, you pass on your left doors to heater room and wood closet; on your right, coat closet. Pausing at the entrance to the living-room you look across through big bay window to the terrace and view. Standing where the arrow indicates you face the fireplace and beyond it the dining corner. Here an American landscape panels the fireplace wall, sets the key for the color scheme; other walls are natural wood finish. Turn farther left and you face door to the sleeping quarters.



3 Turning back past the bathroom you enter the child's room. Shown here—a little desk with chair and above it a pinboard for clippings, pin-ups. Future bedroom and bath will be reached by converting present living-room closet into passage. One day this bedroom will be a refuge from your teen-age hordes.



2 Entering the door to the sleeping quarters you'll see that here's true privacy; you can take cover in your room without depriving others of access to the bathroom. In the small hallway linens are stored handy to bedrooms, bathroom. Turn right and enter master bedroom. This looks toward road, has a sunny southwest exposure.

DRAWINGS BY BASIA BENGA AND GEORGE C. RODOLPH

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New Memory

from page 66

home," Stuart said as Harry pushed through the door with the drinks.

"Don't go tiring my girl away," Harry said. "I had a hard enough time getting her. She talked a lot about being independent and the seriousness of marriage but I've always thought," he threw Lindsey a quick crooked smile, "that it was probably a man she was pining for. One of those charming youngsters women go on remembering long past adolescence."

Stuart laughed. "I don't believe so. Not unless it was that preacher's son from Charleston. Was it the preacher's son?"

To cover her pain and confusion she laughed too, a slight empty little sound. She couldn't believe her love had left so little trace. All the years inverted, by his unawareness, into one deep scar which she must carry secretly and alone!

"Well," Stuart drained his glass, "this has been swell but I've got to shove off."

"Sorry," Harry said. "We'd hoped you'd dine with us."

"The truth of the matter is, I have a rendezvous with a girl."

"Guessed as much," Harry grinned.

"Actually she's a very special girl. I met her two years ago on my way across. I wanted to bring her with me tonight but she was tied up until eight."

"Why didn't you say so? What's to prevent us from all going out together?"

"Oh Harry, this is Stuart's last night," Lindsey interceded. "He's leaving tomorrow."

"If it weren't for that," Stuart grinned, "and for the fact that I'm going to try to talk her into marrying me, I'd jump at the opportunity."

"Tell us more," Lindsey said brightly over the pounding of her heart. "Who is she?"

"Actually, Lindsey," he said, hat in hand, hand on door, "you could do me an immense favor. Her name is Polly Lester. She lives with an aunt and uncle at the Victoria. You could give her a ring sometime and try to sell her on the idea of Combahee."

"No sacrifice too great," Lindsey said.

"She loves me but the idea of a strange country so far away from her own people frightens her."

"I'm sure you can persuade her," Lindsey managed a smile and held out her hand. "But I'll take her out to lunch some day."

"Good girl." He leaned over and his lips brushed her forehead. "You should have waited for me," he joked. "I wouldn't have had to knock you over the head to drag you back to Combahee." He gave Harry a parting handshake, "Thanks for everything," and he was gone.

As soon as the door had closed behind him Lindsey began to cry. It frightened Harry and

he put his arms around her where she stood leaning against the door like a child who has been shut out of a room and he muttered about overwork and her needing vitamins.

She could only answer him quite unreasonably: "It's Stuart He's cruel. He's always been cruel."

"I liked Stuart," Harry said. "You like him too. You're tired. I wish you'd give up your job. You get too tired."

"I'm really not tired at all," she protested and moved out of the circle of his arms. "Let me fix you some food. You must be starved."

"The devil with food!" Harry said. "You go to bed."

"Perhaps that's the best thing." She wandered off to the bedroom, feeling Harry's troubled gaze on her back. She wished he'd go out and leave her alone with her hysterics or whatever it was. She shut the bedroom door, hard, knowing that it was much like slapping his face, but at the moment unable to do anything else. It was as though all the years of not loving Harry quite enough had culminated in this insult which he neither deserved nor could understand.

SHE reached in the closet for her bathrobe and her eyes wandered fleetingly over the dresses hanging there. There weren't many. There were the green wool, the indispensable black, the tweed suit. She would probably wear the indispensable black to have lunch with Miss Polly Lester. Miss Polly Lester who would have high color and fresh eager eyes. They would talk about England and then about America and gradually they'd work around to Combahee and to Stuart. "He has a temper but it takes a lot to arouse it and he's over it in no time. He likes very few people but when he loves it's for keeps. If he doesn't love you there's nothing you can do about it."

Her imaginary conversation with Miss Lester was violently interrupted by an angry male voice. "You can't do this!" the voice shouted. It was Harry. He opened the door and came in. "You can't go around shutting doors in people's faces. It's damnably rude and I won't have it." His usually quiet slightly amused eyes were bright with anger and hurt. She had never seen him angry before. She was so astonished that she scarcely heard what he was saying.

"I'm sorry," she murmured and sat down on the edge of her twin bed and watched him begin, brusquely awkward, to take off his clothes.

"And don't sit and stare at me like that when I'm undressing. It makes me nervous," he growled and took himself off to the bathroom, dragging his pajamas and robe behind him. It was the final little flick he had to give them to clear them around the corner of the

[continued on page 74]

Toss that Salad



The art of mixing a perfect "fossed" salad is easily learned. First make sure your bowl is large enough . . . not more than half full of well-washed and carefully dried greens. Add dressing. Now with a fork and spoon gently lift, lower, turn this way and that till every morsel glistens with the rich savor of oil and mellow Heinz Vinegar (see recipes below).

Vary the dressing—

★ Basic French Dressing

Recipe—Combine ½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. paprika. Add ¼ cup Heinz Vinegar and ½ cup olive oil. Beat thoroughly. Yields nearly ¾ cup.

★ Ketchup Dressing

Recipe—Place ¼ cup sugar, 1 tsp. salt, dash paprika in quart jar. Add ½ cup Heinz Vinegar, 5 Tbs. Heinz Chili Sauce or Tomato Ketchup, ¾ cup oil, 3 Tbs. grated onion. Cover jar and shake thoroughly until well blended. Yields 1½ cups.

★ Chef's Special Dressing

Recipe—To recipe for Basic French Dressing add ¼ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup, ¼ cup finely chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped green pepper and 2 tsp. grated onion. Yields 1 cup.

The VINEGAR makes the dressing

Heinz Vinegar

Sparkling Clear
Mellowed in Wood
Uniform in Strength



57



"Hello, darling. Boy, have I had a hard day at home!"

New Memory

from page 73

bathroom door that undid her. Like faithful puppies responding to the master's command, they disappeared in a little bounding jerk, white pajamas and blue bathrobe, before the door was closed behind them. She began to laugh, smothering her laughter in her pillow.

She did not dare let him see her laughter. When he came out of the bathroom she pretended to be asleep. She watched him through nearly closed lids as he opened the window, turned off the light, glanced in her direction with a barely audible sigh and got into his bed.

THE room, even in the dark, had familiar contours and her thoughts vacillated between this room, which was real, and the unreal but sharply painful picture of Stuart somewhere with Miss Lester. She caught her breath and held it inward, tight against her ribs, pressing, pressing, as though to ward off a blow with the holding of her breath. She let it out slowly and heard Harry twisting in the next bed.

"I heard you laughing at me when I was in the bathroom," he said, his voice unnaturally loud in the quiet room. "I suppose I did look rather silly storming out like that."

"Not silly," she said, full of quick compunction. He hadn't looked silly, really; more the injured male and terribly vulnerable. Her laughter had been part tenderness, part hysteria. "I'm not myself tonight, Harry."

"I'm rather slow about catching on to things." His voice wavered a little, cleared itself brusquely and went on. "And I don't believe in a lot of talking about them when I do catch on, so I'll just say this: In the end, you know, it would all have boiled down to much the same thing."

"I don't believe I follow you." She felt like Alice in Wonderland caught offguard in a tete-a-tete with the Mad Hatter.

"I think I made myself quite clear, really. Had you married this Stuart chap, you might have been better satisfied. One always is when one gets something one has wanted for a long

time. But in the end it would all boil down to much the same thing."

Lindsey was sitting up now, her chin propped in the cup of her hand, trying to stare through the dark to Harry's face but the only reality was his voice, strained to a low pitch with his effort to keep emotion out of it.

"Just what would it boil down to, Harry?"

"This," he said and she could feel that he was making a sweeping gesture to indicate the room and the two people in it. "Friendship. A bit of excitement here and there. And now and then a night like this when you'd both be lonely and separate and nothing would help. Any marriage boils down to much the same thing if you get along together."

"You make it all sound so horribly drab!" she protested, her protest all the more vehement because she recognized dimly the truth of what he was trying to tell her.

"It's all in the way you look at it," he said softly, so softly that the words were almost a caress.

She didn't answer him. She couldn't. She felt all choked up. Harry had said, "It all boils down to the same thing," but she knew, even through the heavy cloud of her infatuation for Stuart, that marriage to Stuart would never have boiled down to this—this voice from the next bed reaching through to her in her dark hour, full of comfort and sense and tenderness, reaching out beyond his own hurt and need to help her bind her foolish perverse wounds.

The sights and sounds of Combahee dimmed out of her mind like the ending of a film and she was left with a sense of terrible shame. She wanted to go to Harry, now, to tell him so. But a new tenderness, a new awareness of him as an individual, her husband not to be failed, not to be used, held her back until at last she heard him breathing the slow hard breath of sleep. Only then did she make her way through the darkness to his bed.

She got in beside him, taking great care not to wake him up, and buried her face on his shoulder.

[THE END]

Paradise or Doomsday?

from page 33

plutonium, the atomic bomb elements, as super fuels for power. The realization is much nearer than most people know. A pilot plant is expected to be in operation at the Brookhaven, New York, National Laboratory in about a year. In ten years, or less, a large power plant is likely to be in full operation. The development of such plants may well mark a turning point in the history of our civilization. The smallness of their size and the concentration of energy in very small packages—one pound of uranium 235 or plutonium is equal to three million pounds of coal—will make it possible to build such atomic-power plants anywhere in the world, even where no other sources of power are now available. Such power plants, for example, could bring water from the depths to the surface of the world's deserts, transforming them into blooming gardens. They could clear swamps and jungles, turning them into vast new lands flowing milk and honey. They could bring air-conditioning to the tropics and to the frozen lands now unfit for habitation by man.

Such power plants could, in short, make the dream of the earth as a Promised Land come true in time for many of us already born to see and enjoy it.

Meanwhile the use of the new atomic elements in the treatment of human disease is a present-day reality. The most spectacularly useful radio-isotope so far is radio-iodine for the treatment of cancer of the thyroid gland. Sufferers swallow in water an infinitesimal amount of the radio-iodine, which finds its way directly to the cancerous gland. The radiations act exactly like X-rays, or the gamma radiations from radium, destroying the cancerous tissues and saving the patient's life. But unlike X-rays or radium, which act from

the outside, the new treatment makes it possible to introduce an exact dosage of rays internally—with an address on them, so to speak, to the affected organ. Radio-iodine then seeks out the main body of the cancer in the thyroid and also ferrets out and destroys cancerous cells that have broken away from the main body.

At Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee, Dr. Paul F. Hahn finds radio-gold useful in treating patients with chronic leukemia, lymphoma and Hodgkin's disease. Radio-phosphorus is used in several institutions to treat various types of chronic leukemia and polycythemia vera, two serious blood diseases characterized respectively by excessive white or red blood cells. Phosphorus is largely concentrated in the blood-forming organs, particularly bone marrow, where radiations again act as a check on overproduction of blood cells.

RADIOACTIVE iron is used at the George Washington University School of Medicine, St. Louis, in the study of anemia. Very small amounts in "tracer" doses, so-called because even minutest amounts can still be traced by their radio-activity, are given to human subjects and the appearance of the radio-iron in their blood cells indicates the rate at which these cells are produced by the bone marrow. Many other problems regarding absorption and utilization of iron, essential for the respiration of oxygen, are being studied through radio-iron.

At Memorial and Montefiore Hospitals in New York, and in other institutions both here and abroad, chemists are working out methods for incorporating radio-isotopes in sex hormones, nucleic acids (important constituents of living cells) and the hormones secreted



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by the cortex (skin) of the highly important adrenal glands, located astride the kidneys. Nucleic acids are of particular interest because they enter into the chromosomes, the agents vitally concerned in the mechanism of reproduction and multiplication of cells. Since cancer is essentially a wild multiplication of cells, the introduction of radiation in the cell-reproduction bodies may strike a mortal blow at the very heart of the cancer process.

Radio-isotopes have also become new tools for investigating high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries and rheumatic fever, diseases which kill three times as many people as cancer. Using radio-sodium, Dr. George E. Burch at the School of Medicine, Tulane University, has already discovered the cause and cure of the general swelling of the tissues in congestive heart failure. Thus a treatment for at least one form of heart disease is already a gift of atomic energy to mankind.

At the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles, Dr. Myron Prinzmetal has been using radio-phosphorus to compare the blood circulation in normal hearts with the circulation in patients afflicted with coronary occlusion, a condition in which one of the principal arteries to the heart is blocked up. Since phosphorus collects mostly in the bone marrow, where the blood cells are produced, "tagged" red blood soon enabled precise measurements of the extent of the circulation. He demonstrated for the first time the vitally important fact that the heart contains large numbers of accessory channels that can take over when the coronary artery is blocked, and that these emergency channels bring nourishment to the heart muscle when the need arises. He also demonstrated that there is a continuous blood supply through these collateral channels in all parts of the area normally supplied by the occluded artery. Such knowledge opens the way for improved methods of treatment of coronary occlusion, a major cause of sudden death.

THESE are only a few samples of the use of artificially-made radiant elements as "lighted atoms" to guide science through nature's darkest jungles. Well over a thousand other studies were begun within the first year of radio-elements distribution and the number is constantly growing.

While most of these studies are still in preliminary stages, they have gone far enough to make it certain that, provided man manages to avert the disaster that could transform him and all his works into a cloud of atomic dust, he has in atomic energy a very philosophers' stone. With it he will be able in the not too distant future to remold his world nearer to his heart's desire. He can use this energy to solve the secrets of the soil, and the secrets of the plants that grow upon the soil, and the secrets of the sun in the building of food and nourishment for all things living. Instead of being circumscribed by the elements found in nature, he can now create new elements to order, elements that could be used for a better, richer, healthier and more abundant life. He will be able to create better, finer and more nourishing plants; better, cheaper and more abundant fertilizers; better and richer soils, farms and gardens; better metals and machines; better and finer clothing, and homes; better men and women.

Eighty years ago the Goncourt brothers, after attending a dinner with the leading literary and scientific minds of Paris, made a strange entry in their journal. It reported that scientists were predicting that one hundred years from then (April 7, 1869) man would have solved the secret of the atom and would even be able to "create life in competition with God." To this, the Goncourt brothers added:

"We raised no objection. But we have the feeling that when this time comes in science, God with his white beard will come down to earth, swinging a bunch of keys, and will say to humanity, the way they say at five o'clock at the salon, 'Closing time, gentlemen!'"

Is it "closing time"? Can it be that we have come all the way to the very gates of the Promised Land only to end in a great cloud of atomic dust? At the present stage of world affairs one can only pray that man be preserved for a nobler destiny. [THE END]

It all started
with this



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CLEAN HOUSE LIGHT HEART

BY ELIZABETH BEVERIDGE HOME EQUIPMENT EDITOR



The five frenzied ladies above show what housecleaning used to feel like. You chased dirt—and when you caught up with it you drudged to get rid of it. Not so today: All sorts of tools and products make the job easier, more effective. Here are candidates for each task—take your choice and make up your own cleaning squad

FOR SMOOTH FLOORS

A waxed surface makes a smooth floor easy to keep clean. Of course the floor is dusted, washed and dried before waxing. Then comes the question of which wax to use.

For a **satinny polished surface** on hardwood paste wax is right. Buff it down with an electric polisher (they can be rented in many communities). Or use the wax polishing tool if there's one with your vacuum. Subsequent touch-up can be done with wax in the liquid form—also to be polished.

On **linoleum floors** and others that need frequent washing and rewaxing you'll find the nonpolishing wax easy to use. And it's the only kind that should be used on asphalt tile. A long-handled waxer like the one shown lets you apply and spread the wax from a standing position—no work at all.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK LAZARBIK

DRAWINGS BY NIK HOWARD



FOR RUG CLEANING

Here is rug-cleaning equipment for any need. If rugs are one of your biggest jobs and it's important to you to have them thoroughly clean, the upright vacuum is for you. Its revolving brush loosens dirt and litter to be sucked into the bag. Tools for other cleaning jobs can be had for the upright.

The **tank type** (either horizontal in style or up-ended as shown here) is designed for doing a variety of cleaning jobs. It comes with a set of tools to be used on its long hose. One of the tools is for rug cleaning.

People living in tight quarters appreciate the broom type of vacuum because it can be stored hanging on a closet hook. Quick pick-ups are the specialty of the carpet sweeper.



FOR WOOD FURNITURE

Every speck of dust shows on smooth wood furniture. The idea in dusting should be to pick up the stuff instead of scattering it. There's special dusting paper to be used and thrown away. Or if you use a cloth it should be clean, soft, lintless and treated with a wee bit of polish to hold the dust.

For occasional polishing of wood furniture there are oily or creamy polishes. The creamy ones especially clean as they polish. Either should be rubbed to a smooth dry surface. For concealing scratches there are polishes with stain added. Wax of the same rubbed-down type used for floors gives a durable protective finish to wood. Of course wood should be clean before it is waxed.

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FOR UPHOLSTERY AND DUST CATCHERS

Dust finds its way into every hard-to-get-at spot: Upholstery, draperies, moldings, radiators, books, lamps. You want to dislodge it, then keep it somehow until you can dispose of it. Which tool of your vacuum cleaner will do this most effectively for each of these dust catchers? The soft brush takes care of fine fabrics, polished surfaces; a firmer brush or smooth nozzle takes sturdier fabrics; a slim tool noses its way into narrow spaces in radiators and behind cushions.

Without the vacuum tools you must have brushes of different types and shapes: soft for fine surfaces, sterner ones for radiators and stair banisters. Special brushes such as those for Venetian blinds you'll choose according to your needs.



FOR WINDOWS AND MIRRORS

Sparkling windows are their own reward for a job well done but you'll do them oftener once you've found the cleaning method easiest for you. Here are three good methods:

Spray-on cleaners come in bottles to be held and operated with one hand, leaving the other free to wield the clean soft wiping cloth.

If you use a wipe-on cleaner (liquid or cake type applied sparingly with a damp cloth) you polish with a dry clean cloth.

Synthetic detergents (the nonsoapy cleaners) used with water are good because they leave no film to streak the glass. Wash with a sponge wrung out of the solution and wipe dry with chamois or cloth. You can use either a detergent that is sold especially for cleaning purposes or the sudsy one you keep on hand for dish-washing or fine laundering.



FOR PAINTED AND ENAMELED SURFACES

Where frequent soiling of painted surfaces demands continual cleaning a coat of liquid plastic will protect the surface and make cleaning easier. Cleaners that can cope with heavy soil are best rinsed off with a clean damp cloth. For light wiping off there are mild synthetics which needn't be rinsed. Some paint cleaners leave behind a light protective film.

For the porcelain enamel of sinks, tubs or ranges fine powdered cleansers are good. Use mild paint cleaner on baked enamel such as is found on most refrigerators.



Just see how **TUMBLE-TWIST**
Color and Texture can . . .

Make it exciting



Rug illustrated is Tumble-Twist No. 129, Jungle Green

The Outside Comes Indoors. A living room that takes its cue from Nature with the rich Jungle Green Tumble-Twist rug, the dramatic window-washed in tropical plantings, the fireplace sea-spray and the furniture grouped for spaciousness.



Here is a room inspired by a rug. See how fresh Tumble-Twist color provides dramatic contrast between lights and darks, smooth blending of corals and greens. See how sturdy Tumble-Twist Texture gives the room and furnishings that wonderful look of deep-down luxury.

See how Tumble-Twist rugs can glorify your rooms. They're available in room and scatter sizes from soft pastels to deep dark tones that look even lovelier with laundering. Be sure you get genuine Tumble-Twist with patented stagger-weave, woven-through construction that makes these beautiful loop-twisted rugs wear for years. At America's smartest stores.

So Bright! So Easy to Keep Clean! The rich Tumble-Twist colors stay bright, stay fresh looking. To clean, simply shake out the dirt from scatter-size rugs—wash in your washing machine. Vacuum room-sizes with drapery attachment. At house-cleaning time, your laundry can wash them beautifully in plain soap suds.

"They look even lovelier with laundering!"
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RUGS



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It Was Not What I Expected

from page 19

and, most important of all, they have no sound effects.

Still, I knew he was an exceptional baby. I dressed him all up the day Mama came. He was so brilliantly beautiful, she would be stunned.

"He's beautiful," I told her at the door. "Hmmm," Mama said when she saw him. "He doesn't look like our family. What an odd-shaped head. Square. His bed is too hard. He needs a pillow."

Then Bill's relatives began popping in from all over the country.

They were all very generous to the baby. They showered gifts on him, clothes and toys and money. And they gave us advice. Everyone knew how to bring up a child.

"The important thing is to let him know who is boss," Mama said. "Teach him obedience."

We had already tried to show him who was boss. We had all tried to show one another on that two-o'clock feeding deal. We now knew who was boss.

It was all physical according to Bill's mother. Regular habits, that was the thing. Bill's father said, "Just so he's an individual. Just so he has a mind of his own."

Well, he seemed to be starting out all right on that. I tried for six nights to impose my mind upon his and he won out anyway. I didn't think I'd have to train him to have a mind of his own.

Papa said, "Let him grow up." That seemed a silly piece of advice. How could we stop him?

Bill's maiden Aunt Honesty, she of the permanently lofty eyebrows, laughed. My side of the family was refreshingly devoid of ideas on raising children, she said.

"Well, they raised more," I said, my dander up.

"Yes," she said. "Yes." She was thinking that animals raised large families too.

"There is really only one thing to think about," she said loftily. "He must be well integrated."

We named him John after Bill's grandfather, instead of Peter after mine, because Bill's relatives kept writing and coming and insisting. Especially Aunt Honesty, who taught school in a town close by. Honesty was tall and thin and firm and educated. She kept up on things and the whole family toed to her mark.

"The father," she told me, "always names the boys." It was traditional.

"What does the mother do?" I asked.

"Well," she said, her birdlike eyes snapping the baby up, "he looks like you."

We named him John.

MY DAYS were filled with wholesome activity. There was the regular housework, the cooking, cleaning, washing and ironing. And then there was the daily walk. . . . You were only half a mother if you did not take your child out for a daily walk. You might be dropping with fatigue, but when the baby awoke from his nap you dressed him up and took him out for a walk. Up one hill after another you pushed him in his buggy or cart till you felt your feet were worn down to the ankles. In those days buggies were really built. They had a solid steel framework and lots of it. They had a big wicker body and hood and a steel bottom with a diaper compartment large enough to hold a dozen or so. The baby-carriage manufacturers expected you to have a big baby and to push him around until he was three or four years old and they had provided room for this with enough left over to bring home the groceries including a water-

SLIP-COVER

PATTERNS

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Not one drop of oil in this polish to catch dust!

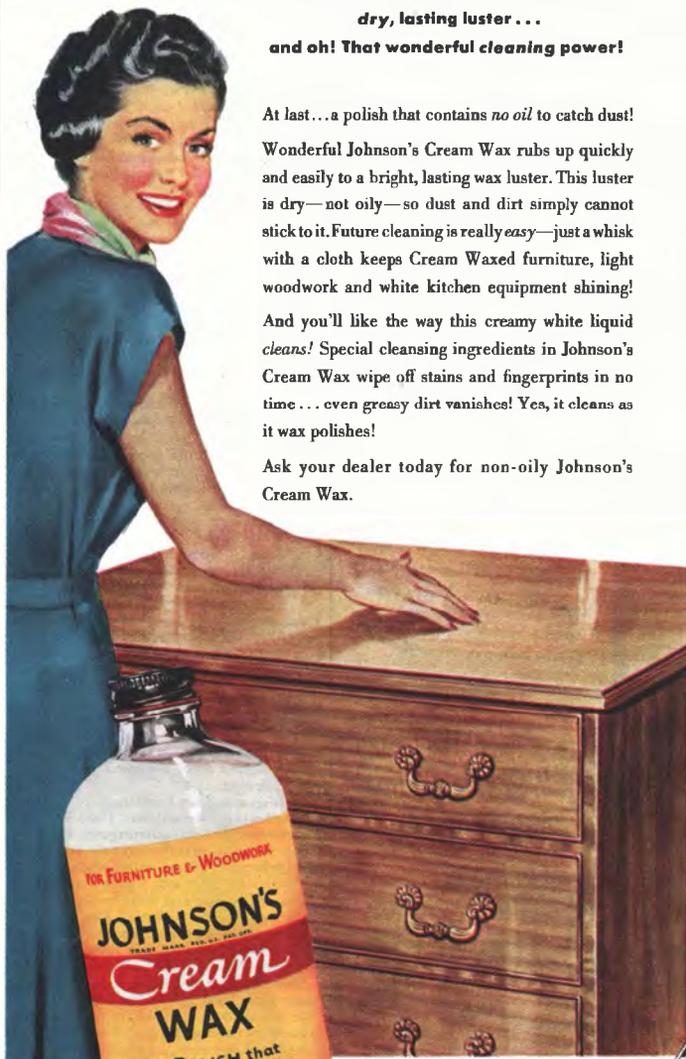
New-type Cream Wax leaves a hard, dry, lasting luster . . . and oh! That wonderful cleaning power!

At last . . . a polish that contains *no oil* to catch dust!

Wonderful Johnson's Cream Wax rubs up quickly and easily to a bright, lasting wax luster. This luster is dry—not oily—so dust and dirt simply cannot stick to it. Future cleaning is really *easy*—just a whisk with a cloth keeps Cream Waxed furniture, light woodwork and white kitchen equipment shining!

And you'll like the way this creamy white liquid cleans! Special cleansing ingredients in Johnson's Cream Wax wipe off stains and fingerprints in no time . . . even greasy dirt vanishes! Yes, it cleans as it wax polishes!

Ask your dealer today for non-oily Johnson's Cream Wax.



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Tuesday nights—NBC



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melon if you were so inclined. While you pushed this young truck around, the baby sat like a rosy king, taking in the world with his round eyes, the air with his pink nose. I couldn't make my step springy as Mama's had been when she sped over the snow of northern Minnesota, but that had been flat country and she had had visiting and coffee to go for. I went just to push fresh air into the baby.

I used to think about Mama being cleaned up every afternoon, baking cakes for visitors, sprinting off as peppy as a kitten to coffee parties, pushing her baby sled full of clean babies. And I'd wish I'd lived then when babies were less complicated. But I never relaxed on modern methods. I did everything the books said to do, no matter how much trouble it was. Sacrifice was the essence of motherhood. I decided, and while I'd be rheumatic and old at seventy, my children, because of my using modern methods now, would be active and hearty at a hundred.

So I kept everything sterile and followed the books and after several long years John was a year old!

HE HAD thwarted me at every turn. He picked up pork chop bones that the dog next door discarded, and chewed on them before he was supposed to have pork. He ate the gold fish Aunt Ella brought him.

"Well, fish is on his diet," Bill said. "It won't hurt him. Raw fish is good brain food."

John's one object in life seemed to be to eat dirt. I kept fishing strange things out of his mouth—parts of the newspaper, red ribbons, rubber bands, old shoestrings, broomstraws, small toys, beetles, horseflies. He thought the world existed to be eaten.

But he grew and waxed strong and by the time he was twenty-two months old he seemed to know his way around. He could recite a few nursery rhymes, he could sing a little song, he could climb into bed by himself, he knew his full name and address, he could say almost everything.

And whenever he resisted me, one thought was comforting. Anyway, he has will power, I'd say to myself. The books say that is one of the most precious possessions they can have. He's always had will power.

As he grew older, we learned that we could always count on his will power—but it made him do unpredictable things.

YOU never knew, when you got up in the morning mist, what the day would bring.

I was having company for dinner that night. I had cleaned the house. I was making a wonderful soup. I was making apple pies. I started to arrange the table and found I needed candles. I had some in the attic. It was bitterly cold up there.

So, "I'll be right back," I told John. "Wait for me."

That gave him something to think about, to keep him out of mischief till I came down. I went up into the attic and closed the door so he would not follow me. I found the candles and came back down but I could not get out.

John had locked the door!

That was very clever of him, because we had never been able to lock it ourselves, the lock being rusty. I stood on the stair, shivering in my house dress and bare legs, and called to him. He answered me.

"Unlock the door, dear," I said.

He rattled away at the key with no result.

"Darling, turn the key around. Turn it as far as you can turn it," I told him.

He monkeyed around with the key. I got colder and colder. After twenty minutes of this I went back to look for something to keep me warm. There was nothing stored in the attic of any value. Only boxes, Christmas tree trimmings, gift wrappings. You could not keep warm with tinsel and glass balls. I went back down and called to John again. He didn't answer me. Good heavens, anything could happen to him down there alone. I yelled and yelled.

Finally he came back to the door. I could tell he had something in his mouth.

"John, what are you eating?" I said.

"Beads," he said.

"Spit them out, John."

"No." [continued on page 80]



Dress Up and Go in spite of Varicose Veins

In spite of painful surface varicose veins, many women lead a normally active life . . . thanks to Bauer & Black Elastic Stockings.

They're almost invisible under even the sheerest hose! Their smooth control gives improved appearance. And they give welcome relief by their firm, comfortable, scientific support.

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★ GREEN box—pads and cake soap
★ RED box—soap-filled pads



Shines aluminum fast!

It Was Not What I Expected

from page 79

"John, please, please spit them out."

He was gone. I was distraught. The doors were all locked. No one could get in to help him. I called and called to him. He did not answer. I wrung my hands and screamed to him. Tears of anguish coursed down my cheeks.

"John! John!" I screamed. "Answer me!" I heard the patter of his feet. He was still alive! "John," I said, "say Mommie!" He did, but it was very muffled-sounding. "What have you got in your mouth, John?" I asked.

"Beads," he said. "John," I begged, "try to turn the key." He wiggled it halfheartedly. "John, please spit out the beads and turn the key. If you turn the key and let me out I'll give you a piece of candy."

There was no key wiggling in response, only receding footsteps. I could hear him pushing a chair in the kitchen. I had reminded him of candy. He was going to climb up and look for it. He'd fall! He'd be sure to fall!

"John! John!" I called. But he did not come.

I was so cold my teeth were chattering. I rubbed my arms and legs. I slapped at my thighs. I only had three pieces of clothing on. I heard John returning.

"John!" I called. "What are you doing?" "Eating," he said. "Eating what, dear?" I asked him.

"Beads," he said. "John," I said, "you can't eat beads. Spit them out. Spit them out so I can hear you." John spat. I could hear him. But I didn't hear any beads falling.

"John," I said. "Go and telephone Daddy." Now I knew that John could not actually call up his father but if he would only take the receiver off the hook maybe the operator would realize something was wrong and come and rescue me or send someone. Those telephone operators were wonderful that way. They were always getting medals for saving people's lives.

"John," I repeated. "Call up Daddy and tell him to come home."

I heard him leave. Now. He doubtless had the receiver off the hook. The telephone company would soon be on the job. Meantime John was back with his mouth full again.

"Spit it out, John," I told him. I was so cold I could hardly talk to John any more. My arms and legs were a deep purple in color. When I slapped my arms I left a white mark but I felt nothing. I went back up the stairs to the window. There were neighbors across and down the street but the attic windows did not open. They were merely there to let in light.

"In an emergency break the glass," I found myself saying over and over. I had read that somewhere. This was an emergency. I was not only freezing to death but my baby was locked in the house by himself eating beads.

I couldn't do it with a pasteboard box. I took off my shoe and stood on the icy floor and tapped at the window. I didn't have the courage to break glass deliberately, that was the trouble. I backed up a little, closed my eyes and threw the shoe hard. It bounced and came down on my numb toes. I took my courage in hand and went over and pounded on the window. It broke. A piece of glass sliced my finger and it bled. I was still alive! My blood was warm. I sucked it.

Then I put my face to the tiny opening and yelled. "Help! Help! Help!"

IT TOOK a good long time to rouse anyone. But when I was almost ready to give up, the woman across the street came to the door and looked all around. Then she went back in.

I felt like someone lost at sea on a raft who sights a ship, only to have it pass. I thought I could smell something burning. I ran to the stair door again.

"John," I yelled. "What?" he said, his mouth full of something.

This column

deals with
a very feminine
subject

We, the undersigned, are the makers of a product for monthly sanitary protection which differs radically from "the usual." We naturally think it is an improvement and a great many women and girls seem to agree with us. Trained nurses are the strongest advocates—in a recent survey 45% had adopted our method. Two other enthusiastic groups are young mothers and college students.

Several years ago a doctor began to think about the monthly practice of "external absorption" by means of pads supported by pins and belts. Why not "internal" absorption instead? It would require a much smaller bulk (only 1/15 as much). There would be no chafing, no odor. Disposal would be easy . . . Besides, the whole internal principle was an old story among physicians. Why not apply it in a convenient form available to women generally?

It was wisely decided that this Tampax (as it is called) should consist only of pure surgical cotton, firmly cross-stitched and of great absorbency, contained in a patented disposable applicator. It is so efficient that your hands need never touch the Tampax while inserting. The whole idea seems a little novel at first, but we can assure you it's all quite scientific and physiologically correct.

It means a lot to a girl or woman to know that Tampax just simply cannot cause any bulge or ridge because it is worn internally. Now you need not choose carefully among your dresses to wear on those "exasperating days." You need not worry whether everything is arranged "just right!"

With her mind at ease at such times, a young woman has a great advantage. She does her job better. If a student, she studies to better effect. Socially, she handles herself and her situations with more confidence and skill. Make a note of it now . . . Tampax . . . at your drug or notion counter. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENT

"What are you eating?" "Beads," he said. "Spit them out," I said. "And just try to turn the key."

He wiggled it dutifully. I ran back upstairs to the window and yelled "Help!" again.

I heard a voice. I yelled and yelled. It was a human voice. A grown-up voice. Tears came to my eyes. It had been years since I had heard an adult voice.

"Mrs. Teal?" a man's voice said. "Up in the attic," I said.

In a minute the mailman had backed off the porch and was looking up at me. A human face, an intelligent human face was looking at me.

"I'm locked in here," I said. "John has locked me up here. I've been up here for hours. I'm freezing."

"Are the windows locked?" he said. "I suppose so," I said. "They always are." He went around and tried them. "They're all locked," he reported. "Except one bedroom window but it only goes up three inches." We had a burglar lock on it!

"Listen!" I said. "I'll tell John to take the key to you there and then you can throw it up to me."

I did. "John," I said. "Take the key out and take it into Mommie's bedroom."

Doggone it! The smart little kid! He was doing it! The key left the lock. I put my eye to the keyhole. I could see the linen closet across the way. The good old linen closet door. The house was still there. It was still the same.

AFTER a long time the mailman came out in the yard. "He brought it to the bedroom," he said, "but he put it on the bed. He won't give it to me. I'll get Mrs. Harris."

Mrs. Harris couldn't get him to get the key either. He was in one of his stubborn moods. He was not being sociable. He just backed against the wall and lowered his head, they said. They thought it was funny. I was dying with the cold.

"It's no use," Mrs. Harris said. "If only John had been sociable. But he didn't like Mrs. Harris. That was it. The mailman should never have called Mrs. Harris."

"Go and call Bill, Mrs. Harris," I said. I waited, my face framed in the glassless window. My nose was frozen but it was frozen with good live fresh air. The rest of me was gray with the dead cold attic air.

At last Mrs. Harris came back out of her lovely warm house.

"He is out of his office," she said, "in a conference. Shall I have them call him out, the girl wants to know?"

"Oh no," I said. "I can't do that. Bill wants to look smart in that conference. I can't burden him with this. Did you try the basement windows?"

I couldn't stand it much longer. I didn't care any more about the soup and the pies. They were burned beyond salvation. I only wished I had the warmth of their burning. I only hoped the baby wouldn't smother with the smoke.

The basement windows were as tight as walls. "Does the baby look all right?" I asked them through the hole in the window. They didn't know. The baby had disappeared.

"Maybe," I said with sudden inspiration, "you have a key that will fit the door."

Mrs. Harris went home and gathered all her closet keys. She tied rags to them to make them carry. I knocked off all the bits of broken glass from the pane and thrust my arm through. I was never good at athletics. While other girls got their way paid to neighboring towns to play on the basketball team. I paid my own way and rooted. Thank goodness I could at least root. That had brought help. But I could not catch. They stood for half an hour and fired keys at me. They tied dish towels to them so there would be a lot to catch at. I never caught one.

Finally the mailman had a bright idea. He got the Harris ladder. He came up and across the precarious porch roof and handed the keys to me. My hands were so cold I could hardly grasp them even then. I rushed down the stairs and tried them, one after another. And at last—at last one worked!

(continued on page 83)



BY APPOINTMENT PERFUMERS TO H. M. QUEEN MARY. YARDLEY, LONDON

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an English Complexion

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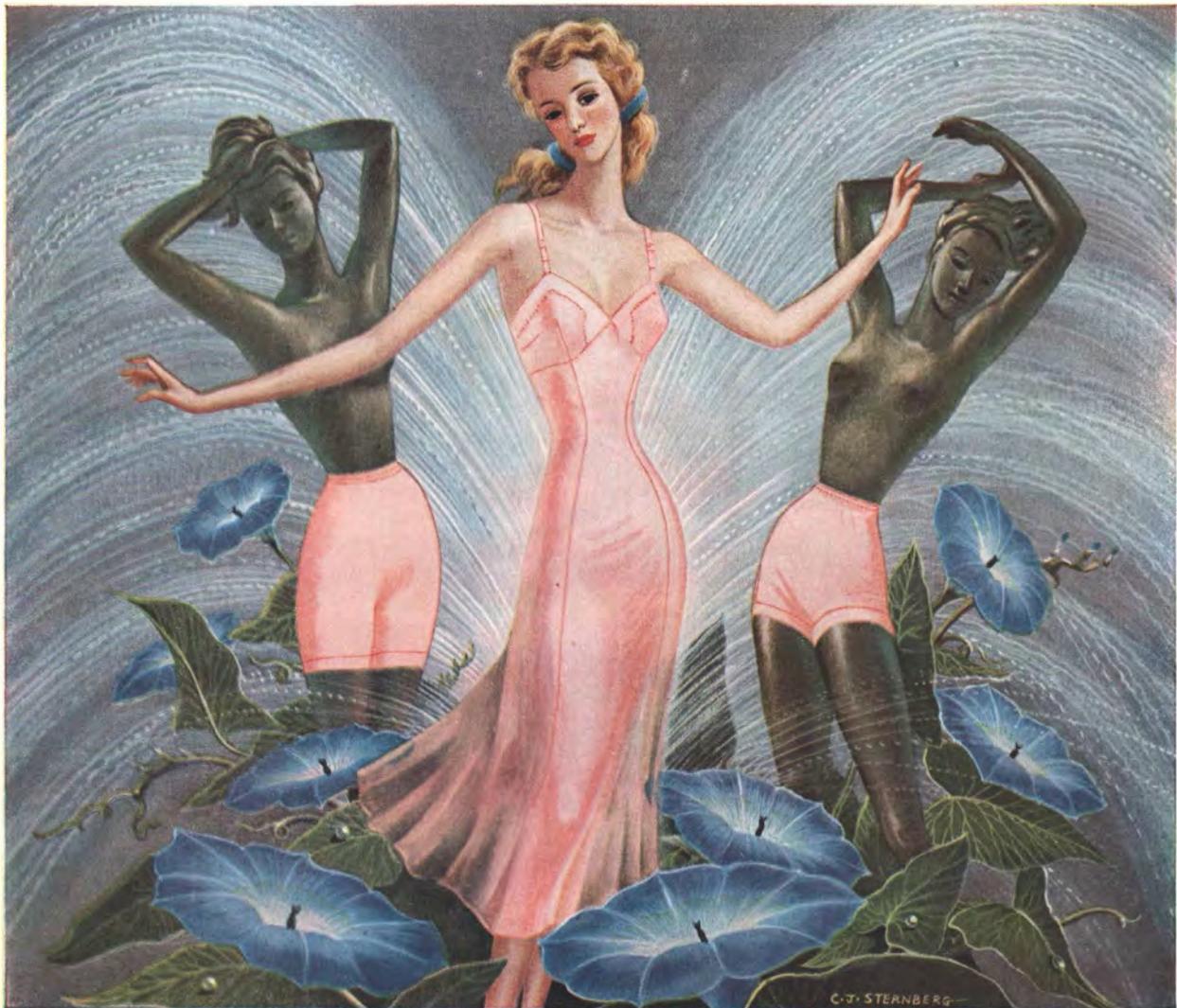
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It Was Not What I Expected

from page 80

I stumbled off the bottom step into the blessed warmth of the downstairs hall. My feet did something queer. They left the floor and the last I remembered I was madly grasping for something and I saw John and he was all right.

Pretty soon I opened my eyes. I was lying on the hall floor and I could hear voices. I sat up and I could see into my bedroom. John was talking quite sociably to Mrs. Harris and the mailman through the window.

"Mommie's sleepin'," he said.

I put my hand down to help me up. What in the world was all over the floor? I took the time to look at it carefully. Grapes! Grapes on the floor! Smashed-up grapes! It was grapes John had been eating and spitting out. I smelled something burning.

"Are you all right?" Mrs. Harris was calling.

I got up. "I think so," I said. "I fell."

"Wanna come in?" John was saying to Mrs. Harris. "May-man wanna come in?" he said to the mailman. He reached up and released the burglar lock. "Come in a window."

When Bill came home that night he asked, "Anything happen today?" I was taking a new pie out of the oven. Our guests would be there soon.

"Did anything happen?" I said. "John, tell Daddy what happened."

"I dot lost," John said.

"You got lost?" Bill said.

"Lup! I dot lost and tan't fine Mommie."

I DON'T know why I had expected John to welcome Mrs. Harris and the mailman as soon as he spied them. For try as I would, I couldn't make him sociable.

He seemed to dislike everyone but Bill and me. He was adorable, plump, brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked. I'd dress him up and take him downtown.

"What a sweet little boy!" ladies would say. "What's your name, honey?" they'd ask and then laugh nervously and pass on. John would be scowling fiercely at them.

"It scares me," I told Bill. "He hates people. I've never seen a more unfriendly child. My family was always friendly. I don't see where he gets it."

Bill shrugged. "You ought to smile at people," he told John. "People like you. Why don't you smile at them?"

"They're shilly," he said, looking up at Bill for a minute.

"You know what?" Bill said. "It's that mind of his own. He's smart, he's really smart. He can see through those silly women."

He was friendly to me, though, and the walks began to be fun. I no longer had to push him; he walked too. He'd pick up everything. He'd pick up twigs. "Carry this," he'd say. "It's good for wood." He'd pick up a beetle. "He's lonesome," he'd say. "He said he wanted to come home to our house." He'd pick up a streaked stone. "Carry that," he'd say. "I think that's gold." Crossing the street he'd say, "Just hold my hand. I'll take care of you." And so I'd hold his hand and look down into his serious brown eyes and wish for

the work to be harder so I could feel that I had earned this.

I kept hearing at the Child Study Group I attended that children need companionship. If your child did not have others to play with, you must do something about it. You must see that other children came to your house, inveigle them to come, offer them food and toys, anything to get them there. Companionship was the breath of life to the normal child.

My solution to the problem was typical—a second child of our own.

I hated to tell people about my second baby's coming because I knew they would be dreadfully disappointed.

"You really want two?" they said. "In this depression? We could never afford it!"

"No, I don't want two," I said. "I want six."

I made a reputation for myself with such talk. I was a radical. I wanted six children.

They told me I was burdening Bill. They told me we would get old before our time. They told me I couldn't hope to be a pal to John when I was tied down by other children. If there was anything I did not want to be it was a pal to my son. I was going to try to give him other pals, his own age. And I could see Bill and me, old before our time, peacefully sitting and resting in our rocking chairs before the fire with children and grandchildren to wait on us, while these other people would be haggard and worn with their dancing and skating and night-clubbing.

By now I knew all about babies, so Peter would be easy to raise. I was experienced. There would be no foolishness about who was boss. I now knew who was boss.

I stopped worrying, as I had with John, about cutting out the two-o'clock feeding, sticking to a schedule. I got up in the chilly nights and went downstairs and heated a bottle at his first cry. While I waited for the bottle to heat I accomplished a great many things. I refinished an antique chest during the first two months, doing a little sanding and oiling and polishing every night. I scraped the paint off the downstairs windowpanes and cleaned them. People whose babies slept through the night—when did they get these little extra jobs done?

Peter would be a child of nature, following his own instincts and whims. I had followed the books faithfully with John, but I finally reached the conclusion that instinct was what made good mothers. God had put instinct there to guide a mother. The mother ape, the cow, the dog, had no books. They used instinct and they raised happy healthy children that were a joy to everyone. Hereafter I would follow instinct. I was not going to be nervous about Peter. He would be the baby that brought happiness to everyone in the house.

He did not at once bring happiness to John. I had done everything the books said to do. I had told John about the new baby before it arrived. I had let him help me get the crib out and put it up. I had let him help me fold and put away the little clothes. But he still didn't welcome the new baby with open arms.

(continued on page 84)

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He sold Peter to Aunt Nell for a dollar and refused to give the dollar back when she did not take the baby home. He traded him to a little girl up the street for a toy farm and wept bitterly when I retrieved Peter from the girl at the door and she retrieved her farm, angrily, by force. He sold him to the milkman for a dime and got paid in advance.

"It's against the law," I said. "You can't sell a baby. You'd be arrested."

One day I put the baby out of doors in the buggy for his nap while I washed the diapers. Now and then I glanced out the window to see that he was still all right.

I pinned the last of the diapers on the line. Now I would get cleaned up and by that time Peter would be awake. I glanced out the window as I started upstairs. The buggy was not there! I ran out and looked around. It could not have rolled; I had the brake on. John was playing in the sand pile. "John, where is the baby?" I asked him.

"I dunno," John said. "Did you see anyone, John?" I asked him. "Did anyone come into the yard?"

"No," John said. "No one came." The buggy was not in sight, not in any of the vacant lots. It was impossible that it could have disappeared. It had to be somewhere. No one would kidnap Peter. We had no money to tempt a kidnapper.

I ran around to the back of the house. I ran down to the ravine. No baby. I was acting like a madwoman. This was getting me no place.

I ran into the house. John was on my heels. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I'm going to call the police," I said, in tears now.

"The police?" John said. "Yes," I said. "Oh, John, someone has stolen our baby." I was dialing the number.

"If a little boy gave his baby away would the police be mad?" John asked. I looked up.

"John! What did you do with the baby?" He was very manly about it. He said, "I'll show you." He walked ahead very steadily, across the street, around the corner. Peter was parked under a tree on the next street.

John was not an instinct child. This was my fault. I had done something wrong. So I didn't say a word to him then. I wheeled Peter home and John followed us into the house.

"Daddy and I love you very much, John," I told him. "Because you are our oldest son, the first child we had, I don't suppose I'll ever be so happy again as I was when I knew that you had come to live with us. No matter how many babies we have, you will always be different to us because you will always be the one we've had the longest."

John was sitting in a chair. He didn't say anything.

"I know Peter will be glad you were here first so he could have a big brother," I said. "Just think how lucky he is to have you to protect him. If anyone ever tried to hurt him, he'd have you to take care of him. If he's afraid, he'll have you to protect him. He'll think you're wonderful. He does already. See how he smiles when he sees you."

John just sat in his chair with his head bowed. I thought he was trying not to cry.

AFTER a while I took Peter upstairs with me while I got cleaned up. When I came down again, John hung around. He didn't go out to play. Finally he said, "Was there anything you wanted to do?"

"No," I said. "Only get dinner."

He was silent for a while, his little face very woeful. "You didn't want to kiss me or anything, did you?" he asked then.

I kissed him and he cried a little. He breathed a big sigh.

"While you're getting dinner," he said, "I'll just give Peter his bottle."

It was not time for Peter's bottle but Peter was going to get it. I heated it and gave it to John. When I pecked into the other room he was being very careful to tilt the bottle so Peter would not get air.

It was such an easy matter to train children if you put thought into it. Most mothers did not take the time to sit down and quietly use a little psychology, that was the trouble. Of course every now and then I still caught John studying Peter gloweringly, as if he hadn't

ooh look...

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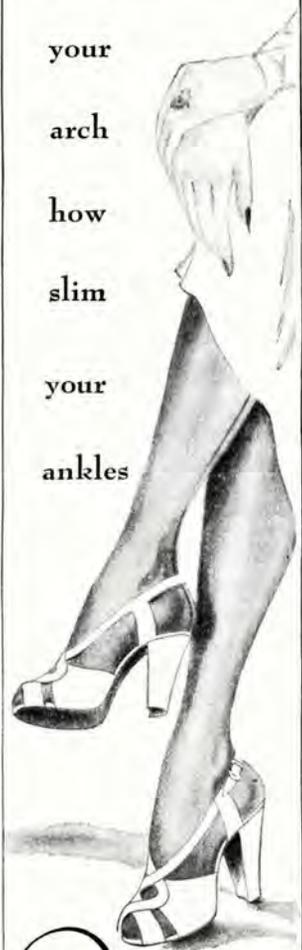
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quite made up his mind about him. But for the most part he was extremely kind to Peter in the next few days, extremely possessive. He wheeled him up and down the driveway. I put a log across at the bottom for a stop because the driveway slanted to the street and John's three-year-old arms were not to be trusted to hold back the buggy.

Peter was having sun baths all morning long. He lay out in the sky-shine on a blanket after the first initiation and we paid no attention to how many minutes each side got. It had not added to his beauty. He was a deep mahogany color now and his hair was white and stiff and straight. His eyes were very deep-set and his mouth and nose remained wide. People passing by paused to look into the buggy to admire the baby. After the first gasp they responded to John's look of expectancy with, "How nicely you wheel him," or "What a healthy-looking baby."

"He's mine, too," John would say with pride. "I'm his big brother; he thinks I'm wonderful."

ONE day Mrs. Really in the next block, whose little boy came over to play occasionally, called me up.

"John threw a knife at Freddie," she said. "His head is badly cut."

"Oh," I cried, "not John!"

"Yes," she said, "John."

"I'll get the car out," I said. "I'll come right up and we'll get him to a doctor. Is it bad?"

"It's bad," said Mrs. Really, "but I'll take care of my child. I have my own car. I called to tell you to take care of your child. If my children ever set foot in your yard again, I want you to send them right home. That's what I called to tell you."

"Oh, Mrs. Really," I said. "I'm so sorry, I'm sure John didn't mean to do it."

"He meant to do it all right," Mrs. Really said. "Please don't let him play with Freddie and Dick again."

John had braked the buggy and was in the kitchen with the baby's bottle of prune juice, holding the nipple under the faucet. He was trying to wash it with soap.

"John!" I said. "What are you doing? What did you do to Freddie?"

"I'm trying to clean this for Peter," he said. "It's dirty."

"What did you do to Freddie?" I said. "How did it get dirty?"

"Freddie sucked it," John said. "Dickie sucked it too. They kept taking it away from Peter and tasting it. They said it was coffee or root beer. They kept putting it back in Peter's mouth hard. It made him cry and he might catch something."

I was speechless.

"I told them to get out of our yard. I told them to quit it. I threw things at them."

"What did you throw, John?" I asked. I was in there throwing myself. Here I was sterilizing bottles and nipples and the whole community was licking them.

"I threw a digger out of the sand pile," John said. "It hit Freddie."

I went over to Really's. I left the baby with John. I knew he was in good hands. Freddie was out in the yard.

"Let me see where you got hurt, Freddie," I said.

Freddie couldn't find the place. Neither could I. Mrs. Really came out.

"I just came to tell you," I said, "that John was protecting the baby from Freddie. He had a right to throw something and it was not a knife."

Peter grew and waxed strong on his natural upbringing. He even grew to be quite good-looking when he caught up with his old-

looking face. And in about a year he was a year old. He grew and waxed strong in spite of everything.

It was all too natural. He followed his every whim and instinct. He drank a bottle of iodine. I flew around following my instincts. My first was to hold him over the washbowl upside down and insert my finger in his throat. That brought results. My next was to call the doctor frantically. I flooded his little insides with starch water or soda water or something. I held his nose and poured it in. The doctor said my first instinct had been correct. I sank down in a chair and then noticed that he had also flooded the stairs with iodine. Starch took out the iodine but left the steps gray.

He jumped up and down on his bed in his natural little way, fell backward onto an open chest, cut a great gap in his head. It gaped like a huge buttonhole. I held it together, dialed the doctor's number, went back to hold it together again, yelled out the door for the neighbor, held it together. It gushed blood. The doctor was out of town. So was Bill. They always were when I needed them. The neighbors came with iodine and adhesive tape and clippers.

He ate a Christmas-tree ornament, chewed it up and ate it down, leaving flecks of silver on his lips, and he was stuffed with bread instead of turkey. He tore open his hand on a nail in the ground and I yelled for my new neighbor again.

"I think," she said, "that if I am going to live next door to you, you should give me a course in first aid."

BUT in some ways the natural way had been the best way. Peter was sociable. He smiled at everyone. "How would you like to come along with me?" salesmen at the door would say to him and when they left, there was Peter at their heels. I had to watch carefully. He followed beggars and bums, mailmen and milkmen like an eager puppy. So, I had the formula for sociability. You just let them grow up without restraint. If they lived, they got to be sociable.

That may not have been the way the books suggested—but it was my own way. I had some other ideas the books didn't suggest either. Along with the fire trucks and poptops and construction sets and airplanes and trucks and blocks and guns with which our house was now littered, I provided the boys with dolls. They played with the dolls. They dressed them up in lots of coats and caps and blankets and took them on expeditions to the South Pole. They put them to bed, clothes and all. They sat them at the table and fed them.

"We want to be sure not to make sissies of them," Bill worried.

"Phooey," I said. "They won't be sissies. Do you love your children?"

"Of course I do," Bill said.

"Are you afraid to show it?"

"Why no," Bill said. "But I wouldn't get maudlin."

"They don't get maudlin," I said. "If more boys had been allowed to play with dolls there'd be more intelligent fathers. Boys have been taught for too long a time that it is shameful for men to have anything to do with the care and bringing up of children. Men need tenderizing. I'm going to raise them to be, first of all, kind and loving fathers and considerate husbands."

So I taught them woman's work.

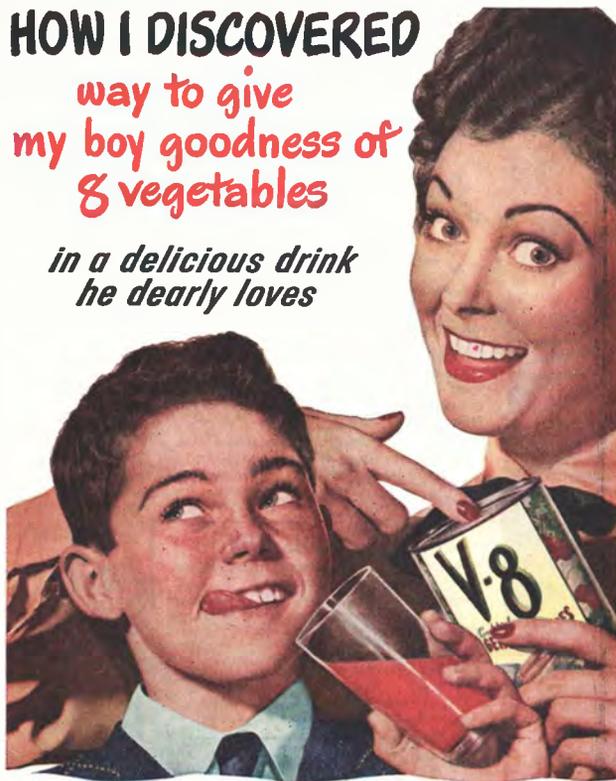
Peter sat for days and darned socks. He was very proud of his bunched-up darns. He rolled the socks up and gave them to Bill. "I fix 'em," he said.

John was making a quilt. He sewed and sewed on it, taking little stitches to sew the

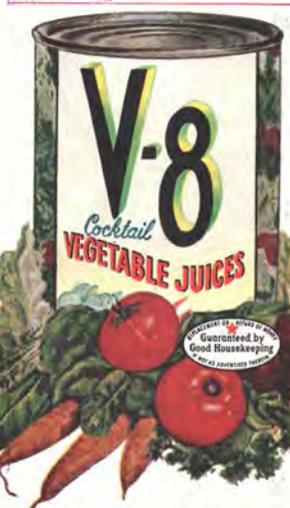
[continued on page 86]

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patches together. It didn't grow fast but he was not discouraged. "Maybe it'll turn out to be a suit," he'd say, his eyes glowing.

Bill still worried.

"Grandpa was a tailor," I said. "He mended his own clothes up to the day he died. There was nothing sissy about him. He had a long beard and he could ring the bell at carnivals with the first pound of the mallet."

Other people disapproved too. The strongest disapproval was voiced by Harvey Brown. The Browns had brought little Bumpseykins over to see us. Bumpseykins, a fat little boy, showed one of our dolls to his father, who fired it across the room and said no son of his would play with dolls.

Peter picked up the doll and comforted it. Cathy Brown said, "Come on, Bumpseykins, we have to go home to beddy-by now."

"Well, good-by," I said. "Good-by, Bumpseykins. How do you like school?"

"He doesn't very well," Cathy said. "It's hard on the little fellow. They call him 'Harvey,' you see. I think they ought to use nicknames at least for the first year till they get acclimated, don't you?"

"That depends," I said.

"I WAS ashamed," Bill said. "Let's put I those fool dolls away."

"Poor little Bumpseykins," I said. "Do you know what he's going to be when he grows up? A man with so little manhood he'll be afraid to help his wife carry the baby, for fear people will think he's a sissy. Those fool dolls stay right where they are."

But I had not counted on Aunt Honesty. "Dolls!" she said with horror. "Dolls for boys! We'll have to do away with them. A boy must be a boy."

Aunt Honesty was masterful. She gathered up Uncle Pat Mulligan (the doll Bumpseykins had thrown) and the rest of the dolls and put them in a box in the attic. Peter cried that first night. He wanted Uncle Pat Mulligan to go to bed with him.

"Only girls take dolls to bed with them," Aunt Honesty said. "Tomorrow I'll get you a teddy bear."

"So," Bill said. "Honesty showed you I knew best?"

I shrugged.

The teddy bear was pretty and soft, with a big blue bow around its neck. It was much more cuddly than Uncle Pat Mulligan. Peter went to sleep with it in his arms.

"You see," Aunt Honesty said, "how easy it was?"

"Yes," I said. "He looks much more manly."

"You'll be glad I've solved this problem for you," she said. "This is a dangerous thing I've nipped in the bud."

John and Peter missed their dolls but they did not say anything. They played with their train, rode on their tricycles, swung in the swing. Nice manly pursuits. Aunt Honesty beamed.

They were racing on their tricycles when Mary Elaine came over with a big box.

"If I can come in your house, you can play with me," she said.

"What you got?" they asked.

"Paper dolls," she said. "If I can come in your house, you can play with them."

They came into the house. They got out the paper dolls. They had never seen paper dolls before. They found them very interesting.

"Look, Mother! You can change the clothes," they said.

Mary Elaine said. "This is the day Marjorie Sue is going to be married."

My goodness, a wedding. I mended and listened. Aunt Honesty sat with tight lips.

Then she sprang into integration. "Let's play ball," she said brightly, trying to make playing ball sound like candy and ice cream.

"I'll play with you. Who wants to play ball? Pitcher," she said. "pitcher."

She subsided when she saw nobody was listening. "John," she tried again, "shall we go on a hike?"

"Naw," John said. "We're going to have a wedding. Look, Mary Elaine has a wedding dress for this one."

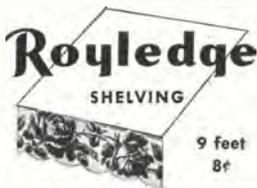
"Marjorie Marcia Sue," Mary Elaine said.

[continued on page 88]

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BY FLORENCE R. CASEY
HANDICRAFT EDITOR



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GNOCCHI

<p>¾ cup corn meal 2 cups milk or water 1 egg 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese 1½ teaspoons salt ¼ teaspoon pepper</p>	<p>½ cup MAZOLA Salad Oil 2 cloves garlic ½ cup chopped onions 1 6-ounce can tomato paste 2½ cups canned tomatoes 1 teaspoon salt ¼ teaspoon pepper</p>
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Place corn meal in saucepan; gradually add milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and comes to a boil. Boil 3 minutes. Remove from heat; add egg and beat well. Add ½ cup of the cheese, salt, pepper and ¼ cup of the MAZOLA Salad Oil. Spread 1½ inches deep in pan. Cool; cut into 2-inch squares and arrange in shallow baking dish. Heat remaining ¼ cup MAZOLA Salad Oil in saucepan; add garlic and cook 3 minutes. Remove from heat; remove garlic. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Pour around corn meal squares. Sprinkle with remaining ½ cup cheese. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 30 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

CHIFFONADE DRESSING

<p>1 cup MAZOLA Salad Oil ½ cup vinegar 1 clove garlic 1 teaspoon sugar</p>	<p>1½ teaspoons salt ½ teaspoon paprika ½ teaspoon dry mustard 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped</p>	<p>2 tablespoons chopped green pepper 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento 2 teaspoons chopped parsley</p>
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Measure all ingredients into bottle or jar. Cover tightly and shake well. Chill several hours, then remove garlic. Shake thoroughly before serving. Makes about 2 cups.

It Was Not What I Expected

from page 86

Aunt Honesty motioned me out into the kitchen with her head. "That's no good," she said meaningly. "You ought to put a stop to it carefully."

"I don't know how," I said. "I never studied psychology. What's wrong with a wedding?"

"Mark my words," Aunt Honesty said. "I know what I'm talking about." She sounded sinister.

Okay, I'd see what I could do. I pushed open the swinging door. Mary Elaine was bawling.

"They're my dolls," she yelled. "I'm the boss of them." There was a fight on. I hurried in. But there wasn't any fight. John and Peter were huddled over the dolls having a wonderful time. Mary Elaine ran to me, crying.

"Aren't they my dolls?" she said. "Make them give them to me."

"Can't you all play nicely with them?" I asked. "What's the matter, John? Did you take them away from Mary Elaine?"

"We did not," John said. "They had an accident. The husband was going to see if he couldn't beat Marjorie Marcia Sue to the wedding and they crashed. They got out up. Marjorie Marcia Sue's dress got torn. They had to go to the hospital. Now we're trying to fix the car."

Mary Elaine screamed. "Give Mary Elaine her dolls," I commanded.

"We can't," John said. "They're in the operating-room."

"Give them to her," I said as Mary Elaine continued to scream.

"Not until after the operation," John said. "It might be serious."

"Peter," I said, "where is the operating-room?"

"Under the rug," Peter said.

I went over and got Marjorie Marcia Sue and her erstwhile husband from under the rug. Her wedding gown was torn.

"She can't get married in a torn dress," Mary Elaine wailed. "I'll take one of your dolls because you tore it," she said.

"You can't," John said. "Aunt Honesty put the dolls away."

I packed Mary Elaine and her paper dolls and sent them home. I promised her a new bride on the morrow.

And that night when Bill came in, he said, "Well, Uncle Pat Mulligan, when did you get back?"

WE TOOK Aunt Honesty to the train the next day and Peter took Uncle Pat Mulligan with him. He wound him up in a scarf, bundled him in a quilt and stuck him into a sugar sack.

"That's kind of cute, I guess," Aunt Honesty said as she watched Peter tucking the doll into the sugar sack. "They're young yet and being off like this alone and away from things they are not too advanced in their ideas. Cowboys and Indians will come later when they catch up to it."

Huh! So she thought they were backward. We got in the car. Peter bulged out strangely in front.

"What have you got stuck inside your shirt?" I asked him.

"It was a gun—an ugly-looking revolver.

"What have you got that for?" I asked. "Leave it at home. You've got enough to carry."

"No, I gotta have it." Peter grabbed for the gun.

"What for?" I asked holding it back.

"If Pat Mulligan turns bad on this trip, I'll have to shoot him in the stomach," Peter said.

I gave Peter the gun. You never could tell when Pat Mulligan might turn bad.

I suppose if you go on having boys and boys and boys, no two are ever alike. John was the way he was because of all that good training we gave him. Peter was the way he was because we just let him go. But when Topper came along, he was still different.

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I felt that fate was playing me a dirty trick when my third son was born. "It isn't fair," I said. "They're so much harder to train than girls. They're not neat. They're not fun to dress. I need a girl to take care of me in my old age."

But when they brought him to me I opened my eyes and looked. "Is this a boy?" I said. He was not only beautiful, he was gorgeous. He opened his eyes wide. They were dark pools fringed already with lashes. His hair was black and curly. Actually, it was curly. He was a born actor. He looked up at me at the age of one day and there was all the appeal of all babies in his look.

So I was a specialist. What could I have given a girl, anyway, with all that experience on boys?

"Oh gosh, he's cute," I said.

To John the new baby was interesting experimental stuff. He tried to figure out how great was the pull of suction on the nipple of the bottle. He found it very interesting to note that just touching the bottle to the baby's lips made him stop crying, made him reach around madly with wide-open mouth. He noted scientifically which color the baby noticed first and liked best. As he grew older he'd do such interesting things as placing Topper on his hands and knees in a creeping position to see if he had the brains to get out of this position by creeping. He didn't. He only cried. He never did learn to creep on his hands and knees. He crept on his hands and feet like a small bear. That, John told me, was a throw-back to the apes. It used to worry me a little. I used to run in from hanging out the clothes, half expecting to see the baby tied to the chandelier with John making scientific observations down below.

TO PETER the baby was an object of compassion. He loved him with abandon and pitied him with all his little soul. Being a baby must have been hard for Peter, perhaps because he had been unwanted by John, perhaps because we had tried so hard to keep John from being jealous. At any rate Peter was very careful never to let the new baby know that he existed in that shameful state of babyhood. It anguished him to have us call Topper's bottle a bottle. He would take it angrily from me and say, "Here's your cup of milk, darling." The word diaper must never be spoken, either, in the baby's presence. Peter would carry the folded pile of diapers to put them away. He would stop ostentatiously by the buggy to say, "I'm just putting your trousers away, brother." He tried to bring him out of his baby state as quickly as possible.

Although everyone called him Topper, the baby's real name was Thomas Augustus. Aunt Honesty and all the other aunts and uncles and grandparents had named him Thomas, but they let me choose a second name. It was very nice of them, I thought. So I gave him Augustus, my father's name. Not only because of his grandfather, however. Augustus was his natural name.

Topper expected allegiance from the first. He expected to rule and he did. He allowed baby girl visitors (our friends, at least, produced girls) to pat his foot. When they stopped he simply said, "Girl!!" and they came back and parted again. When I placed him in a play pen he was astounded. He sat very straight and still. He would not play. He was only insulted and sad. When he at last realized that he had been put in irons and it was for keeps he did not scream and cry like any peasant. He beat his head against the floor. He beat his head and beat his head until we had to give it up.

Topper had never crept on his hands and knees, in spite of John's experiment. It was on his hands and feet, his little rear sticking up in a very unkingly manner—but at least he had not bent the knee. When, later, he wanted a drink of water, he did not ask politely for it. He placed himself significantly and arrogantly in front of the kitchen sink and stood looking at me.

He learned quickly and John taught him darling little tricks like putting his hands way up when he asked him, "How dumb is Topper?" In just a few weeks, it seemed, there he was a year old.

[Continued on page 90]

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It Was Not What I Expected

from page 89

As befitted a king, he did not waste his time on silly pursuits. He struggled on the floor with pencil and paper.

"What are you doing, Topper?" I asked. "Writing a book," he said.

He brought it to me when it was done. My goodness, it was letters, real printed letters! I looked again. Not only that, it said something: **ANDHEREISPLUTOMICKEYSDOGSNORINGALLALONEUPONTHEGRASSBESIDEALOGDREAMINGOFABONE**. As I looked it made sense: **AND HERE IS PLUTO, MICKEY'S DOG, SNORING ALL ALONE UPON THE GRASS BESIDE A LOG DREAMING OF A BONE**. He was writing a book. He was copying the letters in one laboriously, even though he didn't know how to make letters yet. So I taught him what the letters were, even though the books and schools did not want you to. If he wanted to write a book, it was the least I could do.

My goodness, he was a smart child. I tried to show him off to Aunt Honesty one day when she dropped in.

"Show Aunt Honesty how you know your letters," I said.

"You should never teach a preschool child his letters," Aunt Honesty said. "It confuses him later and he should be learning more useful things now—character-building things."

"I hardly had to teach him at all," I murmured. "He practically learned them all alone."

"So all such parents say," Aunt Honesty said. "There is really nothing worse than a pushed child."

"What shall I write?" Topper asked. He had paper and pencil ready. Well, Aunt Honesty had taken the fun out of it, but "Make A," I said.

He wrote on the paper and showed it to Aunt Honesty. She smiled her smile and said, "Show your mother, honey."

The paper had two marks on it like this:

"Topper," I said, "do it right." I was embarrassed.

"That kind of learning is never lasting," Aunt Honesty said. "His little brain can't retain a thing like that. It was just something he learned by rote for a day or two." "It was not," I said. "He knows it well. Maybe other children forget. He doesn't. Take a clean paper, Topper, and write 'Honesty.' I'll spell it for you."

I did and he brought us the paper, a straight pattern of dots and dashes.

Honesty laughed. "That's cute," she said. "Don't you let your mother push you, darling. You go ahead and draw pictures."

"It isn't pictures!" Topper said. "It's code! It's code, isn't it, John?"

John had just come in from school. He grabbed the paper out of Topper's hand and gave him a biff.

"You little—!" He glanced at Aunt Honesty and controlled himself. "You're a bad boy, that's what you are," he said.

"What in the world is the matter, John?" I said. "He hasn't done anything."

"He has too," John said. "He tore my Scout book!"

[continued on page 92]

YOUR VEGETABLE GARDEN IN MAY

BY JOHN C. WISTER *Companion Garden Consultant*

- Warm-weather vegetables can be planted as soon as the danger of frost is over, whenever that may be in your part of the country. These include such crops as sweet corn, snap beans, lima beans, tomatoes, peppers, eggplant, okra and squash.
- Vegetables you planted earlier will by now need thinning. The final spacing of the commoner vegetables is about as follows: turnips, carrots, onions, snap beans, 3 inches apart; beets, spinach, 6 inches; bush limas, okra, leaf lettuce, 8

inches; head lettuce, sweet corn, chard, kohlrabi, kale, 12 inches; early cabbage, 15 inches; late cabbage, broccoli, 18 inches; peppers, eggplants, 24 inches; staked tomatoes, 30 inches; unstaked tomatoes, 4 feet.

- Lettuce, chard and beet plants can be transplanted if you need to. Thinnings of these make delicious tender sweet greens for the table. Carrots may be lightly thinned when small, allowed to grow for a while and thinned again by pulling small sweet carrots to eat raw.

TOMATOES: PLANTING AND CARE

- The tomato is one of the best crops for the home gardener. If you haven't planted seed indoors in March or April, buy young plants as soon as danger of frost is over. Stocky plants of a good green are better than pale leggy ones. Plant them deep, up to the first pair of leaves. If they are to be staked, 30 inches between the plants and 3 feet between the rows is satisfactory. Stakes should be strong, about 1½ inches and 5 to 6 feet long, set at least 12 inches in the ground. It is best to set them when the plants are put in. Allow two main stems to grow, keeping all side shoots pinched out, but be careful not to remove the fruiting spurs which come from the main stem. The stems should be tied firmly to the stake with strips of cloth or soft twine. Since tomatoes grow fast, frequent tying is needed.
- Late blight, which sometimes attacks tomatoes, can be controlled by dusting with copper dust available under various trade names. Dust the plants every week or ten days from the time the first fruit forms, renewing dust promptly after rain and covering new growth and undersides of leaves.
- When first tomatoes are size of a fifty-cent piece, make a ring about 2 inches from the main stem. Sprinkle a small handful of complete fertilizer in the ring and cultivate in lightly. Then apply a mulch 2 to 6 inches deep. This may be of pulled weeds, grass cuttings, hay or leaves. Keep up tying and spraying all summer.
- Warning: Don't plant flowering tobacco (nicotiana) or petunias near tomatoes; they are subject to mosaic, which they may transmit.

HERE'S FURTHER HELP FOR YOU

- Help in the vegetable garden: Two charts, one 20 by 30 feet, one 50 by 60, giving spacing, length of rows, instructions for rotating crops, ordering seed. Ask for Garden Charts, price 20 cents.
- Help for the lawn: How to prepare soil, select and plant seed, weed, tend and re-

new. Ask for How to Have a Lovely Lawn, price 6 cents.

- Help for all gardeners: There will always be pests; you must be able to recognize them and destroy them. Ask for How to Conquer Garden Pests, price 10 cents.

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IN RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

It Was Not What I Expected

from page 90

There are times in a mother's life when she feels that her mind is slipping away. None of this made sense. "When did he tear it?" I said. "He's been sitting here with us ever since his nap. He's just been writing on that paper."

"Sure he has," John said. "That's how I know. He's writing continental Morse code. The pages are torn out of my Scout book and he did it. He's been studying it."

"It isn't really Morse code, is it?" I said. "It doesn't say anything?"

"It is too," John said. "It says letters. Let's see: dot dot dot dot, that's H. Dash dash dash, that's O." He spelled it out: *Honesty*.

Aunt Honesty's face had gone white. "Good heavens!" she said, wild-eyed. "You've got a genius on your hands. Now let's not get excited. We must handle this carefully."

But it was just one of those things children think up to keep parents going. It lasted me for years and pulled me through many difficult places. Topper was impatient. When he wanted something he would pull everything off the shelves, everything out of the toy boxes, looking for it. When I came upon the chaos he left behind him, I would think of the Morse code. I hugged the Morse code episode to me valiantly to keep me from spanking him in public the time Mr. Milton met us on the street and took us into his store to give Topper a present. Topper declined the toy automobile that was proffered.

"I don't want that," he said. "I want ball-bearing roller skates."

"Oh, what a lovely automobile," I said. "Take it, Topper, and thank Mr. Milton. You'll have a wonderful time with that."

"No, I won't," Topper said. "I want ball-bearing roller skates."

"You little demon, you, take that car and say thank you and sound as if you mean it!" came down out of my brain but I stopped it at my lips. Mr. Milton had finally decided to give him the expensive roller skates and I had to think hard of the Morse code.

Aunt Honesty kept asking me about him in breathless tones.

"He's quite dumb," I assured her. "It was just a sport or something. He can't even tie his own shoes."

He was going to school now and he assured us that he was the smartest one in the room but there was nothing he could do for himself. If his shoe came untied he got one of the girls to tie it for him. After their midsomning nap he got one of the girls to fold his rug for him. At the Christmas program he sat with tightly closed lips and a very dumb look while all the other little cherubs sang Santa Claus Is Coming to Town. I had to think hard about the Morse code.

"Why didn't you sing?" I asked him. "I didn't learn the song," he said. "Topper, you must try harder. You can learn those songs as well as the rest of them."

"I didn't want to," he said. "It's a silly song. I wanted to sing Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with Anybody Else Atcept Me."

WITH the family numbering five now, I tried having help. It was wonderful to get up from the dinner table and go and sit down in the living-room. It was wonderful to get up in the morning and have breakfast all ready. It was wonderful to be able to go out without beforehand notice, just to leave without calling up and getting a girl to stay with the children, without driving clean across town to get her, without worrying for fear she didn't really know what to do. All this and nice fingernails too.

I took green girls who had never worked before. They learned how to cook and clean and set tables and make beds. In a few months they were no longer green. They could command a better wage. They could get that desired job in a childless home. Childless homes kept making it hard for people like us. They could pay better, they had less work to be done, they could give more freedom. They



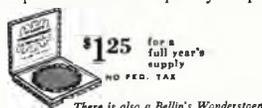
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made the turnover very great, so great it was hardly worth the effort. I would just get to know a girl, get to feel that she was trustworthy, when she would leave and I would have to start all over again.

It was more of a situation than I cared to put up with; so when the last girl left, I said to the boys, "You'll have to pitch in and help."

They were so glad to be alone that for weeks they did wonders. Then the work began to fall off.

"I can't do it all by myself," I said. "I tell them and tell them, but it does no good."

"The thing to do is jot it down," Bill said, man-wise, engineer-wise. "Make a list."

So I did. I made a chart. There were jobs listed under each day of the week. It really worked. They rose in the morning and got dressed. Then they consulted their charts. They worked like beavers. They swept porches, they straightened rooms, they dusted table legs. It was almost as good as having hired help. I even had time to sit down.

I sat down on Wednesday morning to have a second cup of coffee before doing the dishes. For goodness' sake, there stood Topper's breakfast, untouched. He hadn't eaten a thing. He came home famished at noon.

"I'm so hungry I'm nearly dead," he said.

"I should think so," I said. "Why didn't you eat your breakfast? You didn't touch it?"

"I didn't?" he said, surprised.

"No," I said. "Why didn't you?"

"I don't know," he said. "It wasn't on my chart."

So I put it at the top of each day in big letters: EAT.

AS THEY grew older quarreling increased. Boys waste little time on words. Soon, very soon, comes action. We used to fight when we were little but as I remember it our fights were mostly my brother helping himself to my stuff and me kicking him hard and running like mad and locking myself in the bedroom. Mama always just sat quietly humming and sewing on buttons, or fried doughnuts and acted as if nothing were happening. But now war and death and destruction were in the air and it had caught on in the younger set. I didn't hum and sew on buttons. I stood and chewed my fingernails and screamed and kept finding myself in the thick of it trying to pull the boys apart and always getting the worst of it.

When I became so angry with the hired help that I felt like punching, I had taken it out in writing. I wrote long angry letters and tore them up. It was wonderful relief. So I suggested this to the boys. "It's much better," I told them. "You don't forget a single thing you want to complain about. You get it all out of your system and no one is hurt."

The idea caught on. Letters began to be written furiously. When anger flared there was a dash for the writing desk. But there was no foolishness about tearing the letters up. Darling little missives began to appear folded up at the dinner table.

"Dear Pete—I hate you. You are a louse and a sneak and a liar. Your loving brother, John M. Teal."

They were not so bad folded up but Peter left his attached to the doors with a safety pin for all the world to see. Your guests and especially your relatives and most especially your Aunt Honesty, who thought children should be sweet and innocent, were shocked.

Aunt Honesty pounded down the stairs just after she had arrived. She held one of the missives in her hand, safety pin still stuck into it like a dagger.

"What is this?" she said sternly.

"Dr John," the note read. "Your a skunk. You tuk my kandy an you no it. I will wash your face in. Good-by. Yur loving bro. Peter W. Teal."

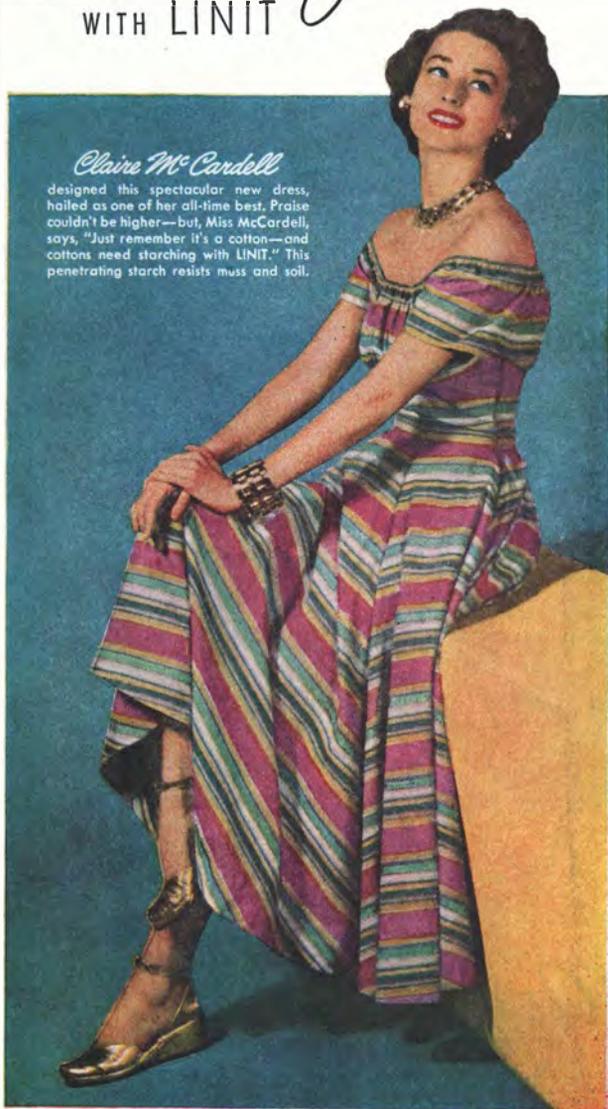
"It is not a love letter," I said.

"I think it's terrible," Aunt Honesty said. "Why, you'll make criminals of them. You shouldn't let them."

I had not only let them, I had encouraged them. So I talked to them.

"It's worse in writing," I told them. "There it is for all the world to see. You see how bad it sounds. You would never dare say such [continued on page 94]

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words out loud. If you won't tear the letters up, I don't want you to write them, either."
Next morning a sign was tacked to John's door. It had a fancy red and blue border and it was written in large letters:
MOTHER IS VERY GOOD
DAD IS GOOD
TOPPER IS PRETTY GOOD
JOHN IS AWFUL BAD
From bashing faces in to mild little signs was coming a long way.

I started using writing myself. When I went out in the afternoon I left a note. John was carrying a key now. He could let himself and Peter in.

"Dear John," I would write. "Light the oven and turn it to 300. Pick up in your room. You may have an apple (in the basket on the porch) and one piece of cake (breadbox). Practice your music and then you can go out and play."

He left answers: "Dear Mom, I lit the oven. I picked up in my room. I ate an apple (in the basket on the porch). I took a piece of cake two inches square. I practiced my music. Then it was too late to go out and play, your loving son, John."

One day I left a long note. I was angry again about not having things done.

"Pick up in your room," I wrote, "and I mean everything. Hang up your clothes, put your soiled shirt down the clothes chute. If every bit of that darn puzzle isn't picked up and in the box I won't give you any dinner. Go down in the basement and pick up every single toy and put them all away. Clean up the sawdust you left around the workbench. Take the hose and clean the mud off the front steps. Pick up every single solitary little car on the back porch and clean the mud off the wheels and put them away. Take the wastepaper baskets out and burn the paper. Gather up all the comics and destroy them. If these things are not done by the time I get home I will leave again. I am not going to keep house for carelessness dirty people any longer and I mean it."

When I got home the house was tidy. Everything had been done. The note was turned over on the kitchen table. On the back were the words, "John Teal was here."

IT WOULD have been blasphemy to say that I Mama regarded anything before cleanliness. Cleanliness came before anything, before everything, but happiness was important.

Mama liked her children to feel that their home was a haven, although she never could have said anything of the sort. Mama's greeting when you came home from school was not a kiss or cordial words such as "Hello, darling, just drop your wet mittens by the door and get warm by the stove."

No, she was more likely to say, "Shut that door quickly! There's a draft on the baby. And don't step off those newspapers. Take off your rubbers right there by the door."

Mama did not run to affectionate talk. But when your rubbers were off and you had hung your things up carefully in their proper place and put your mittens on the oven door to dry, there was the cup of hot cocoa and the sugar cookie on the table. You knew it was for you and you knew it was to warm you and make you feel that home was the best place in the world, and then when you picked up the cookie there was a gumdrop underneath; you knew that Mama loved you. When you were tired or lonely or unhappy there was home to take you in and comfort you. When you were happy or elated there was home to share your feeling and understand it. Home was the best place in the world to be.

Sometimes I'd look down and see John and Peter and Topper around the house and feel very surprised and young and incapable. I'd feel like Mama's little girl playing house.

My goodness, where had they come from? Their heads weren't chipped metal or china, their hands weren't kid, they could walk and talk and fight, they were dressed in knickers and shorts and overalls, not calico dresses, and they didn't stay put. How in the world had this all come about? They weren't dolls, dream figures. They were real alive children, going-to-be-men. I had made people, people with emotions and plans and wishes and dis-

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appointments and longings. People with souls. And when it would come over me I'd stand very still and get scared and helpless-feeling. But they always brought me out of it.

There was that ever-present will power, that terrible tenacity of purpose which made them more real and earthy than ever and brought me down to earth too.

John had will power, heaven knows. Peter too. Peter's was the kind that, a week after you had told him he could not cut up dill pickles with the best scissors, made him still get up in the mornings with cutting up dill pickles with the best scissors on his mind. John's and Peter's will power was a thing to be coped with for days or weeks until gradually you wore it down. But Topper's was something more.

MAMA was my model and I tried to make them happy in their home, to make them feel that home was the best place in the world to be. But now came Topper and, rather than bend his will to mine, he decided to leave home. He simply decided that we had come to a parting of the ways. He could no longer live with a woman who insisted that he eat such a thing as broccoli, even just one bite.

"If you won't taste it, you can't know if you like it," I had said. "I insist that you taste everything offered to you."

"I may not be smart, but I know enough not to eat brockley," Topper said.

"If you don't know enough to take one bite, you'll wish you had," I said.

"Well, I won't. I simply won't."

So it ended by his leaving home.

"I'm going to leave," he threatened. "If you ask me to take a bite of that, I'll leave and I'll never come back."

"I certainly do ask you to," I said.

He got his coat and cap. He took a long time putting them on, giving me every chance to take them away from him, but we ate our dinner and paid no attention to him. He had to take the coat off several times to straighten his shirt sleeves, he had a hard time with the buttons, he couldn't get the cap to sit just right, but at last there was no way to delay it further. He went upstairs and after a long time he came down with a small zipper bag. No one paid any attention to him. He went to the door and opened it, looked back.

"Well, good-by," he said finally.

"Good-by," I said.

Looking longingly back, he walked forlornly down to the corner with the small bag. At the corner we saw him turn and look back. We are at the edge of town and there are no houses behind us, just a sort of alley. Topper turned at the corner and walked to the alley and presently we saw him trudging up the alley with his bag. As he neared the house, he slowed his steps, but at last he had passed the back of our house, which is in the middle of the block, and he was making his way on up the alley, glancing back over his shoulder now and then.

He circled the half-block three times slowly while we watched without being seen.

"We can't let him walk around the block all night," I said. "I suppose I should go out and get him."

"No," Bill said. "Stick to your guns."

We did the dishes and still Topper was trudging around the block.

"It's a funny way to run away from home," John said. "Why doesn't he go some place?"

"He doesn't want to have too far to come back," I said.

It was now dusk. The little figure looked very friendless as it eyed the house from the alley.

"I wonder where he'll sleep," Peter said, looking at the bleak gray country out back.

Presently the doorbell rang. I went. It was Topper. I opened the door and waited for him to speak.

"Did someone call me?" he asked, his voice a little shaky.

"No," I said. "No one here did."

"I thought I heard someone call me," he said.

"No," I said.

He left again.

But the next trip up the alley, the tan canvas bag and the navy coat blending into the color-

(continued on page 96)



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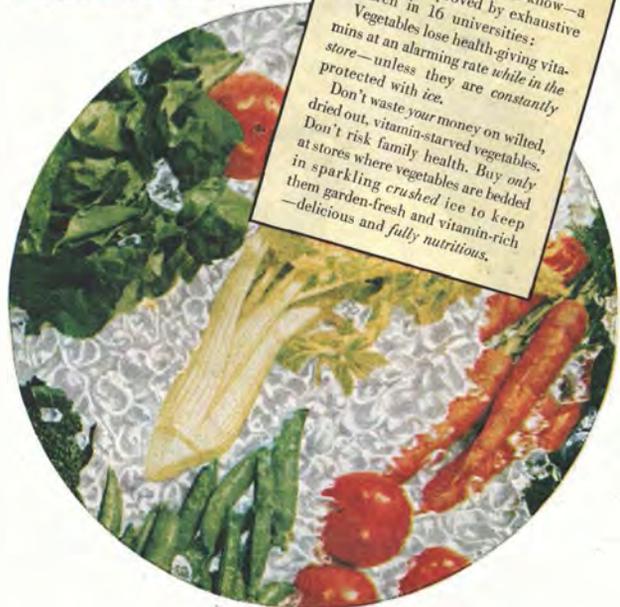
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less fields beyond were too much for me. I'd give him a chance. I stepped to the front door and called. In a moment the bell rang again.

"Did someone call me?" he asked. He was out of breath from running.

"Yes," I said. "I did. I just thought I'd remind you to take warm underwear. It's getting colder."

He put down the bag and went up and got his underwear. He unzipped the bag and stuffed it in. He buttoned his coat again slowly and squared his shoulders. He opened the door and it was quite, quite dark by now. Suddenly he turned and, dropping his bag, he threw his arms around me and started to cry.

We didn't need to say words. I helped him off with his coat and he went out to the kitchen. His plate of food, now cold, stood on the table. He sat down and ate it all, the entire helping of broccoli too.

"I never expected him to give in," Bill said. "I thought he'd walk around the block all night!"

AFTER Topper was in bed he called to me. Now, I thought, he is going to apologize. "If you should die, Mother," he said to me "when you get to be an angel, will you kind of hang around me?"

He had had enough. He didn't want ever to be separated from me again. I had made him happy in his home, after all.

The next morning when I made the bed, his bag still stood there on the floor. I unpacked it. It was interesting to note what a boy took with him when he ran away from home. Flannel pajamas, the warm underwear, a bag of marbles and oh, wonder of wonders, my picture! I had made him happy in his home! Beside what hobo fires, on what far distant bureaus had he planned to set it up while he dreamed of home?

For a while after this excursion Topper hung around the kitchen quite a lot. We were all making cookies one day when he said, "If Christmas comes, I hope it comes this winter."

He was getting impatient with waiting for it, while I would gladly have shoved it ahead. I would never be ready.

"We could just make some drop cookies," I had said. "I could let you frost them."

"Not cut-out ones?" they gasped.

"They take so long," I said weakly.

"But then how could they look like Christmas trees?" they asked. "And you can't make families out of drop cookies."

"They taste good," I said.

"But they don't look like Christmas," they said. So we had the bowl of dough on the kitchen table. I did the rolling out. I did some of the cutting. But once the cookies were in the pans, three heads were bent studiously over the stars and Christmas trees and Santa Clauses, decorating. Candy lights were put on the trees with care. The families had candy eyes—they had to be blue. They had cherry-red mouths and white noses.

Our meals became sketchy, what with the elaborate preparations for Christmas.

Shopping took hours and hours of time. Everybody had to be taken downtown separately. How could you buy presents if everyone was alone? We shopped of course at the dime store.

"Now if you see something you like," they'd say, "tell me, but not just one thing."

The mitted hand held tightly and prominently the purse with the Christmas money.

"You carry my package," they said. "You carry my scarf," they said. "I have to carry my purse."

I was the consultant. One day when I took Peter shopping, he asked me, "Do you think John would like that pencil with the clip better or that set of flags you can make?"

"The flags might be more interesting," I said. "He could have fun making them."

"Yes, but they're thirty-five cents. The pencil is only a quarter."

"That's right. That's quite a bit more. How much do you have to spend on John?"

"I'll have to wait and see. Maybe I can get something for a dime for Topper."

"Aren't you going to spend the same on everyone?"

"Why should I? That doesn't matter. Maybe I can find something for a nickel for

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Topper that he'll like even better than John would like the flag set."

But the tiny fire engine with ladders that was the very thing for Topper cost thirty cents.

"Look at this lovely nutmeg grater!" I exclaimed. "My, that's a useful thing. And only five cents!"

Peter made a superhuman effort to keep from smiling. "How much is thirty-five and thirty?" he asked.

"Sixty-five."

"If a person had saved two quarters and four dimes and a nickel and he spent sixty-five cents, how much would he have left?"

"He'd have thirty cents."

"Only thirty cents!"

"Thirty cents is quite a lot of money," I said to encourage him. "This is just the kind of glass I'd like for the bathroom. Isn't it pretty? And only a nickel."

"Mother?"

"Yes?"

"You stay here and wait for me. I'm just going down there and look at the toys a minute."

"Don't be long," I said. I watched him push his small way through the crowd over to the kitchenware counter. I watched him pick up a nutmeg grater and examine it carefully to see that it had no flaws. He held his mitten in his teeth and fished into the coin purse with awkward fingers. He waited and waited. He stood and tried to get waited on. Time and again he reached up with his nickel and his small purchase. But tall buyers pushed against him. He was jostled so that he dropped his precious purse. Down on his hands and knees in the throng, he was almost trampled. I held my breath for fear he'd be crushed down there on the floor, for fear the purse would be irretrievably lost. His cap was pushed down over his eyes when he arose at last, purse, nutmeg grater and nickel all safe in his hands. He pushed the cap back with his arm and patiently held out his money and his purchase to the clerk again. Her eyes were two feet above his head. Even from two counters away I could see his fight to keep back tears.

He looked in my direction and I turned quickly to examine the Christmas-tree trimmings. I couldn't go to help him. My eyes lighted on the floorwalker.

"Will you help me?" I asked him.

He turned politely looking for the purchase I probably wished to exchange.

"My little boy is over there trying to buy a nutmeg grater for me for Christmas," I told him. "He's been there a long time and the clerk doesn't see him. He doesn't want me to know."

Floorwalkers are wonderful people. Way down somewhere they are filled with Christmas spirit. In a moment Peter was being lifted up to the clerk's eye level.

"This young man wants to make a pur-

chase," I heard the floorwalker say sternly. "Please wait on him."

The warm moist nickel was handed over. The clerk stuck the nutmeg grater into a bag.

"Wait!" said the floorwalker. "Haven't you a gift box for that?"

The clerk stared.

"I guess they're out of them," he said, "but I think a nice present like that ought to have a gift box. Come, we'll get one."

The floorwalker and Peter carried the nutmeg grater over to the box counter and an elegant holly-covered box was selected.

"Pack some tissue paper around this," the floorwalker said, "so it won't get bent, and put it in the box for this young man."

"There," he said as he handed the parcel to Peter. Peter took a big gulp of Christmas air and let it out in a shaky little laugh that he was trying to keep from being too happy. Myself, I needed to get outside where I could burst into song.

AT LAST it was Christmas Eve. And in our house the ritual is always the same. Each has his place around the lighted tree. The youngest chooses a package to be given out and opened first. Then the next youngest and so on. The room becomes a mad whirl of exclamations, tissue paper, new-smelling presents, drugstore-smelling presents, evergreen spice.

But the best moments are when someone is opening your present.

"You're sure gonna like it! You'll be surprised!" is said over and over as the loose but involved and knotted wrappings come off. And as the gift emerges there is the eager engulfing look at the face of the receiver, to eat up all the joy he has at receiving such a wondrous gift.

Topper's gifts are innumerable and show ingenuity. John opens a medium-sized box to find a coiled snake fashioned out of clay. "I made it!" Topper squeals. "All alone. It's a snake."

"It's nice," John says. Peter gets three nails in an envelope. "They're good!" Topper says. "You can use them. I found them."

Daddy gets a box of used rubber bands, garnered from every corner of the house. There are also the presents Topper bought for us with the money he was able to save from the ten cents he earns a week by taking out the garbage and dusting down the steps. A ten-cent boat for Peter—one week's wages. Another boat for John.

"If we put them all together we can have a fleet," he says.

A tie-holder-in-place for Daddy—two weeks' wages plus a nickel. I open my small package wondering. A cork!

"How lovely!" I say. "I needed a cork just this size for my vinegar bottle. How do you know?"

[continued on page 98]

"Every cake you make is a dream come true thanks to Spry with Cake-Improver"

SAYS AUNT JENNY



Try this lighter, more delicious Strawberry Queen Cake

TASTES even better than it looks. Um-m-m, so delicious! Its special secret is Spry with Cake-Improver—your cue to get loads more compliments for all your cakes. And so easily! Spry's One-Bowl Method saves $\frac{3}{4}$ mixing time! Remember—no other type of shortening has Spry's Cake-Improver secret. Grand for all your baking and frying.

Strawberry Queen Cake

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 2 cups sifted cake flour | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Spry |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar | 1 cup less 2 tablespoons milk |
| $3\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder (tartrate powder, 5 teaspoons) | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1 teaspoon salt | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract |
| | 3 egg whites, unbeaten |

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt into mixing bowl. Drop in Spry (no creaming needed). Add $\frac{3}{4}$ of milk, then flavorings, and beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed). Scrape bowl

and spoon or beater. Add remaining milk and egg whites and beat 200 strokes (2 min. on mixer). Isn't Spry's method easy? Bake in 12 x 8 x 2-inch Sprycoated pan in moderate oven (360° F.) 30-40 minutes.

Strawberry Queen Icing—Blend together 2 tablespoons Spry, 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Add gradually $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted confectioners' sugar, creaming until light and fluffy. Add $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted confectioners' sugar alternately with about $\frac{1}{3}$ cup well-crushed strawberries (use only enough berries to make nice consistency to spread). Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice; beat well.



SPRY WITH CAKE-IMPROVER

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A delicious dish in 30 minutes! BAKED TUNA AND NOODLES

1 8-oz. package fine noodles
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/2 cup flour

2 cups milk
2 3-oz. packages cream cheese

1 7-oz. can Star-Kist Tuna
Salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce to taste

Cook noodles in 6 cups boiling, salted water until tender; drain. Melt butter, blend in flour, add milk slowly, stirring constantly. When sauce is thick and smooth, blend in cream cheese and oil from can of tuna. Combine with tuna and noodles; season to taste. Turn into individual casseroles or a 3 quart casserole and bake in 375 degrees F. oven for about 20 minutes. Serves 8.

● 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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NATIONAL ENAMELING AND STAMPING COMPANY
Dept. M5, 270 N. Twelfth Street, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

"It was the only thing they had for a penny," he says. "I bought it last."

From Peter there is a stocking-hanger-upper made of a coat hanger and clothespins all painted blue. A smooth little desk box comes from John, made from a tiny cigar box, partitioned for clips and bands and pins, with crooked letters burned in on top, my first name. Now we open the joint present Topper was making. It is a tiny scrap of wood. A piece of sandpaper has been cut to fit it and thumbtacked on. It is a match scratcher.

The mailed-in packages contain costly perfume and nylon hose, gloves and soft scarves and lovely things made of glass and silver by artisans. None of them is half so beautiful as the match scratcher or the desk box or the stocking-hanger-upper or the cork that cost all the money that was left.

Every gift beneath the tree is at last divested of its wrapping, but Christmas is not over. The stockings are then hung by the chimney with care, for Santa Claus brings more gifts.

AND the best is yet to come. When he has attained the age of five the child is old enough to go to church at midnight on Christmas Eve. It is best when it is snowing. Snow gives the air a Christmas smell. The outdoor trees are all ablaze. Here is a tall one with only quiet blue lights. Here is a merry pair twinkling and gay with every color.

The church is a new and wondrous place, fragrant with spruce, ablaze with candles, beautiful with small white chrysanthemums. When we arrive at the church the boys hurry importantly downstairs to be robbed. My throat aches as I see them march in in rich red robes and white surplises, bearing candles or the incense boat.

My sons. I try very hard not to look at them, not to mix my pride in them with my religion. But my greatest effort will not keep my eyes from turning as they pass me in the procession, to watch their straight little figures. Walking solemnly and slowly, they carry the torches reverently and only the youngest glances at me to smile for a moment.

My blindingly beautiful sons! Scrubbed to shining. If you have children you have to have dirt. The two are inseparable. In a world full of such incredibly wonderful things as white bugs under stones and moles making the earth crawl, there is little time for cleanliness. Under pressure hands are smeared with a wet bar of soap till the soap is muddy, and doused hurriedly in the bowl of water. Baths are a pleasant hour of soap bubbles and boat sailing which leave neck and ears and face astonishingly dark against the pink and white of soaked-clean bodies. Boys thrive in dirt and mothers who do not arrive at this knowledge become unhappy frustrated wrecks.

But they know that dirt does not go with religion. It must be a racial heritage come down from the sons of Saturday night baths. They do not even have to be told. Are my ears clean? Is this shirt good enough? The beauty of pure wax candles, swinging brass and spotless surplises must not be marred.

Their stomachs push out the fresh white surplises. Peter's hair sticks straight up in back, where the double cowlick is. Topper has a whale of a cold sore on his lip and a good-sized bandage on his thumb. His robe has had to be hoisted all around with safety pins so that his surplise bulges more than most. John's left eye is green and yellow and swollen almost shut from that fight with the boy who pushed his snowman down, but his

other eye looks unflinchingly straight ahead as he marches steadily forward.

The good Lord will forgive me for not being humble. He will forgive my heart's bursting with exultation over having three fair sons, battered though they be by worldly combat. On this night of all nights He will understand my lack of humility.

The next time I had a baby it was against everyone's wishes, even several doctors', even Bill's. I would at last achieve a girl, I was sure I could actually produce two kinds of children. It was possible. I could have a daughter. A daughter to care for me in my old age.

"It might not be a girl," they told me. I looked at the laces and embroideries and frilly bonnets I had been saving up and I knew better. So did my boys. They knew I could do anything. They knew I was all-powerful. It had been so tempting to let them think that at first. It isn't often one can be the Queen.

"The sun shines in my eyes," they'd complain, sitting beside me while I drove the car. "Sun," I'd command, "stop shining in John's eyes." Then, very slowly, so that it was not felt, I'd turn a corner.

"The sun didn't answer you," he'd say. "No," I'd say, "but you notice it stopped shining in your eyes. I made it stop."

It had been a mistake because it built up a legend about me that I was loath to destroy. They thought I could do anything and they told people so and I found myself making books, binding sections of magazines into books on short notice, making furniture and building playhouses, assembling king costumes and Indian costumes at a moment's notice so as not to destroy their faith in me. We all knew the new baby would be a girl.

So there was no surprise over the appearance of a sister; they had known it all the time. There was great rejoicing, though. She would do the dishes and put away the clothes and set the table; all that girl-work. And Topper, starting off to school, ran back to say, "Don't worry if I should grow up, Mother, because you have the baby and she's a girl." "Now we have to use different methods," I kept saying. "We don't want her to be manish. Girls have to have foibles. They have to be feminine."

So I started all over again, reading books, going to classes. And then the slyest thing happened. I discovered it was unnecessary.

The other day she got a jar of glue. "Oh, darling," I said. "You can't play with that. That's glue."

"It's thirup," she said. "No, it's not sirup." I said. "It's glue and you can't have it." I took it forcibly and placed it high on a shelf; but in a moment she had pushed chairs over and climbed up to get it. I resorted to an old-fashioned spanking at long last and hid the glue.

That night in her long nightgown she climbed up on my lap and I read to her, and we were very chummy and she was very sweet. Sweeter than usual.

"Oh, honey," I said. "I can't stand it, you're so sweet. I'll just have to put salt and pepper and vinegar on you and eat you up." She hugged me and I squeezed her and said, "Darling, darling, I love you so."

She snuggled a little closer. "I weally want that blue," she said.

I was free. I didn't have to read any more books or go to any more classes. I didn't have to teach her foibles. She had them.

[THE END]

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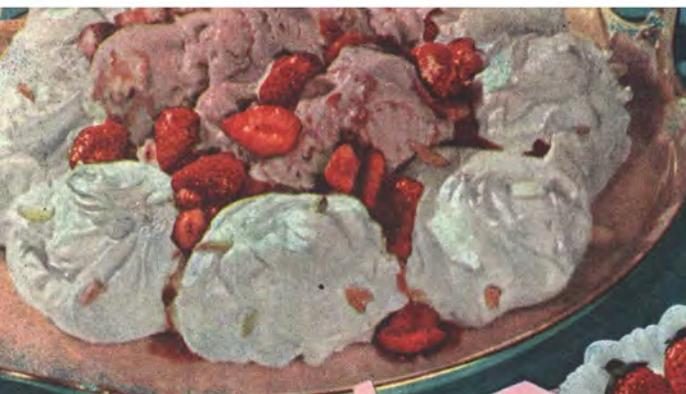


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BERRY MERINGUE
SOLO WITH SUGAR
BERRY BASKETS
STRAWBERRY ROLL
PARFAIT GALOOP
JELLY JEWEL





Ummmm, plump rosy strawberries—when it comes to dreaming up a gay pretty-as-a-party dessert we think there's



NO BETTER BERRY!

BY DOROTHY KIRK
FOOD EDITOR

- We can't think of a single fruit that inspires the all-out devotion a strawberry demands and gets. Izaak Walton quoted this quip of the year way back in the seventeenth century: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did."
- Well, we'll buy that! But how to serve strawberries is another matter. Some people are blissfully happy with a plain dish of berries and sugar, others campaign for a nice little wardrobe of recipes—sports, Sunday-best and such. So here you are—all ready to greet the summer with either the new look or the old look in berries. One thing's certain—you'll get a downright *joyful* look from the family when you serve these festive treats!

STRAWBERRY ROLL

Cake flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup	Vanilla, 1 teaspoon
Baking powder, 1 teaspoon	Water, 2 tablespoons
Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon	Confectioners' sugar, 6 table- spoons
Eggs, 4	Heavy cream, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups
Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup	Strawberry halves, 3 cups

Sift flour; measure, add baking powder and salt; sift again. Separate egg yolks from whites. Beat whites until stiff but not dry; gradually beat in half the sugar, adding about 2 tablespoons at a time. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored, add remaining sugar, vanilla and water; continue beating until very thick. Gently fold in beaten whites. Fold in dry ingredients gradually—about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup at a time. Pour mixture into a very shallow baking pan (10 by 15 inches) lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven 375° for 15 to 20 minutes. Remove cake from pan and turn it out on a clean cloth. Strip off waxed paper and roll up cake like a jelly roll—*quickly!* Wrap in cloth and cool on rack.

Right before serving combine confectioners' sugar and cream, whip till very perky. Unroll cake, fill with half the whipped cream and a layer of berries. Roll it up again and spread outside with remaining whipped cream. Top with berries. Makes 10 servings. *[continued on page 106]*



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY H. J. WILLIAMS



POPOVERS

To make 8 popovers you'll need:

Flour, enriched, 1 cup Milk, 1 cup or ½ cup
Salt, ½ teaspoon evaporated milk and
Eggs, 2 ½ cup water
Salad oil or melted shortening, 1 tablespoon

BAKING TEMPERATURE: 425° (HOT OVEN)
BAKING TIME: 45 MINUTES

These crusty shells make any meal a big occasion. You too

can turn them out in a jiffy!



1. Sift flour onto waxed paper; measure, add salt; sift again. Place unbeaten eggs in electric mixer bowl or other medium-sized bowl; add the milk, then the sifted flour.



2. Beat at low speed ½ minute, then at medium speed 1 minute, scrape bowl with rubber scraper; or beat smooth with hand beater. Add oil or shortening; beat until blended.

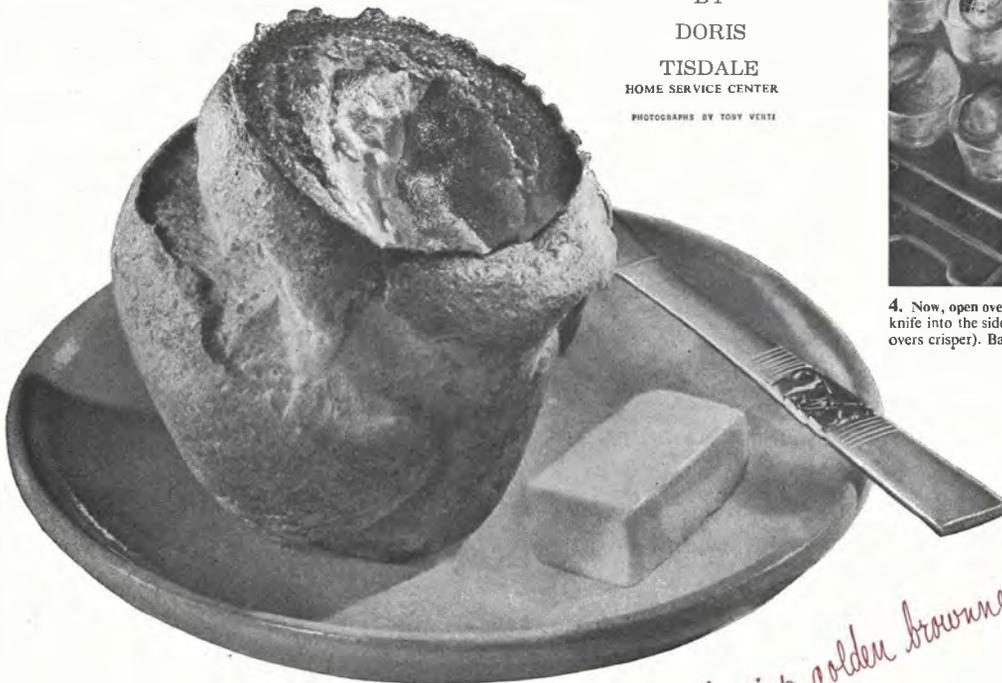


3. Grease 8 deep custard cups thoroughly; fill half full of batter. Bake in preheated oven about 40 minutes. Don't peek until nearly done; constant temperature is important.



4. Now, open oven and quickly stick the point of a sharp knife into the side of each popover (this makes the popovers crisper). Bake 5 more minutes and serve at once.

BY
DORIS
TISDALE
HOME SERVICE CENTER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY VERTE



So! Just popping over with crisp golden brownness!

what's the VERDICT

now that women can choose any range they want?

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IT'S A



TWOSOME

One of our scouts snipped these memos for a week's dinners right out of a young wife's kitchen diary.

Cooking for two is cosy—but it also requires good planning, so here's her inside story. A scoop! Exclusive!

BY ELIZABETH WALKER
HOME SERVICE CENTER

For the roast buy a 3- to 3½-pound boned and rolled shoulder of veal and have it larded (wrapped in thin layer of fat). Wipe with damp cloth. Place on rack in shallow roasting pan; rub with salt and cut garlic clove. Roast in moderate oven 325° for about 2½ hours (40 minutes a pound) or until meat thermometer registers 170°.

For the potatoes pare, wash and quarter 2 medium-large ones. Arrange in pan around meat during last hour of roasting. Baste with meat drippings and turn occasionally.

To prepare the scallion bundles clean 1½ bunches of scallions; cut off the roots and most of the green tops (save for soup on Thursday). Tie with string into 2 bundles (about 8 scallions each). Cook in boiling salted water 3 to 5 minutes, drain, remove string. Serve hot with butter or margarine, garnish with a band of pimiento.

For the jellied salad—the recipe below tells all. **Hot rolls** are store-bought, heated just before serving. **For the Scotch sundae** make or buy a pint of vanilla ice cream, top it with hot butterscotch sauce—see below!

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT KEENE



SUNDAY
Joe's favorite!
Roast veal, potatoes
Scallion bundles
Jellied salad
Hot rolls
Scotch sundae

CARROT-ORANGE JELL

Gelatine, orange-flavored, ½ package (3½ tablespoons)
Boiling water, 1 cup
Carrot, shredded, ½ cup
Watercress, chopped, ½ cup
Vinegar, 1 tablespoon
Salt, ½ teaspoon

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water. Chill until thick and sirupy. Add remaining ingredients, mix well. Pour into 2 individual molds, chill until set. Unmold on chicory or other salad greens. Serve with a swirl of mayonnaise—as you please.

SCOTCH SUNDAE SAUCE

Brown sugar, light, ¾ cup
Butter or margarine, 4 tablespoons
Corn sirup, light or dark, ¼ cup
Salt, dash
Evaporated milk or light cream, ¼ cup
Vanilla, ¼ teaspoon

Combine sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, corn sirup, salt; heat and stir until sugar is completely dissolved. Cook without stirring until mixture forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from heat, add remaining butter and milk, mix well. Cool slightly, add vanilla, stir. Makes about 1 cup.

MONDAY
Dinner at
Mother's -
fried chicken,
maybe

TUESDAY
Meeting Joe's
boss for dinner
at the
Mansion House

More recipes on page 113



WEDNESDAY

*Leftover special!
Veal in red wine,
rice
Julienned vegetables
Pumpnickel
Lettuce salad
Rhubarb spice*

For the savory veal dish leftovers from Sunday's roast meet up with wine and fluffy rice. (Recipe's on page 113.) For **Julienned vegetables** wash ¼ pound green beans, remove ends and strings if any. Scrape 3 medium-size carrots. Cut beans and carrots into thin strips about 3 inches long. Cook together in boiling water 12 to 15 minutes; drain, season to taste with salt, pepper, butter or margarine. With this, **dark pumpnickel**. For **salad** mix mayonnaise and chili sauce (half and half), serve over freshly cut lettuce wedges. **Rhubarb spice** (recipe on page 113) is a fine finale. Plus hot coffee of course!

Dinner is off to a good start with creamy **scallion soup** (recipe on page 113). **Beef patties** need ¾ pound of ground beef—seasoned to taste, divided in half and shaped into 2 patties; top them with apricot slices and bake in a hot oven 425° for 12 to 15 minutes. A pound of **fresh asparagus**, cooked, is plenty. **Small boiled new potatoes** are served with a sauce of chopped watercress and lemon juice added to melted butter. **Biscuits** are made from 1 cup biscuit mix, rolled out ¼-inch thick, cut, then stacked 3 to a pile and baked in oven with meat. **Salad greens** are tossed with French dressing. For the **chocolate fluff** whip ½ cup heavy cream until stiff, adding 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa and a dash of vanilla while whipping. Pile into ladyfinger-lined dessert dishes. Chill until ready to serve.

THURSDAY

*Scallion soup
Beef patties apricot
Asparagus
Cress potatoes
Salad and biscuits
Chocolate fluff*



SATURDAY

*On the town --
dining and dancing!*

FRIDAY

*Ha! Brain food...
Fillets Suzette,
potatoes
Green peas
Tomatoes and cress
Bread sticks
Apricots and almonds*

Fillets Suzette—that'll be thin fish slices rolled up just like pancakes—with an herb and bread-crumb mix for the Suzette-ing. (Recipe is on page 113.) With this **new potatoes** (about 5 medium size) sliced thin—with their skins on—and scalloped according to your favorite recipe, baked in the same oven with the fish. Add home-cooked or canned **green peas** as a vegetable and a salad of sliced **tomatoes** and **watercress**. To round out the meal: crisp bakery **bread sticks** and a dessert of canned **apricots**—served very cold—with a crunchy sprinkling of toasted almonds.





makes a
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of a tomato
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cocktail

It's a WOW—this new tomato juice cocktail with zip and sparkle. Easy to make—just add a pinch of salt and pepper, and a teaspoonful of French's Worcestershire Sauce to each glass of tomato juice—mix well—serve very cold. The blend of choice ingredients in this famous Worcestershire, aged and mellowed, adds wonderful rich flavor. Before dinner tonight—serve a WOW!

NO BETTER WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE AT ANY PRICE

BERRY MERINGUE

Egg whites, 4
Salt, ¼ teaspoon
Cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon
Sugar, 1 cup
Almonds, blanched and sliced,
2 tablespoons
Strawberry ice cream, 1 quart
Strawberries, crushed and sweetened,
1 cup

Beat egg whites until frothy with rotary beater or electric mixer. Sprinkle salt and cream of tartar over them; continue beating until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in the sugar, adding about 2 tablespoons at a time. Beat well after each addition until very smooth and glossy. Cover a baking sheet with unglazed paper and draw a 9-inch circle on it (use your pie pan). With this as a guide drop 8 mounds of egg-white mixture from spoon to form ring. Sprinkle with almonds. Bake in a slow oven 275° about 1 hour. With spatula loosen

NO BETTER BERRY

from page 101

meringue from paper and slide gently to serving plate. Cool. Just before serving fill center with ice cream and pour crushed strawberries over top. Makes 8 servings.

SOLO WITH SUGAR

We keep coming across people who claim that serving berries any other way is heresy, plain and simple. So this is our most intolerant recipe:

Arrange nice fat berries (with stems) around a little heap of powdered sugar—one plate a person. That's all!

BERRY BASKETS

Baskets: This looks trick—but Here's How on page 108 shows it's really easy!

Filling: Combine 1 cup cottage cheese (small curd) with 6 tablespoons light cream, 2 teaspoons sugar and ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Put 2 to 3 teaspoons of this filling in bottom of

each tart shell with sweetened strawberry halves on top. Place handles on baskets (they'll hold up beautifully if ends are poked down into the creamy cottage cheese). Makes 8 servings.

PARFAIT GALOOP

Place a layer of sweetened crushed strawberries in each parfait glass. Next add a layer of whipped cream and one of canned crushed pineapple, drained. Top with a whoosh of whipped cream and one plump berry.

JELLY JEWEL

Gelatin, strawberry-flavored, 1 package
Boiling water, 1 cup
White table wine like sauterne, 1 cup
Strawberries, sliced, 1½ cups

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add wine and chill until it begins to thicken. Fold in strawberries. Pour into ring mold (1-quart) and chill until firm. Serve with custard sauce. Makes 6 servings.

there, Jim. You can't manage a job and medical school too. Don't you think that way—not even for a single minute. If we don't get married I'll start working anyway, won't I? So why shouldn't I work if we get married?"

"There's that trip your father wants to give you for your graduation present," Jim reminded her. "Banff and Lake Louise and Quebec. . . . You could have a lot of fun."

"Trip!" she echoed, her voice loaded with scorn. She sounded as if she were speaking of a jail sentence.

"Well—" Jim said reflectively.

They stared at each other, thinking hard. Suddenly Jim sat bolt upright. "I have an idea!" he announced. "Did you ever meet Ted Connolly, a friend of mine?" She shook her head.

Jim sounded very excited. "Well, he's in medical school and he's married. Has been for two years now. Practically all his friends in med school are married too. He and Thelma—that's his wife—live near here. Why don't we go over and see them tonight?"

He frowned as he lighted a cigarette, looking serious and businesslike. "We could talk to them frankly. Ask them how it works out. They ought to know."

Jim's words dispelled the lazy peace which had enveloped them. They felt full of purpose and direction. Rising quickly, they gathered their books together and walked away. Lucy could tell that Jim shared her impulse to hurry through the time until they could go visit Ted Connolly. "We'll get our studying done first," he said, "and go right over after we've grabbed a bite to eat. I'll call to see if they'll be home."

LUCY tried earnestly to concentrate on the L class notes before her as she and Jim sat together in the library but the words faded before her eyes. Instead she saw calling cards announcing Mr. and Mrs. James B. Sumner . . . and later, Dr. and Mrs. James B. Sumner.

Somehow she felt that going to see Ted and Thelma tonight would be very significant. It brought the decision closer. Others had married under the very same circumstances—this Ted Connolly had, and they would see him tonight. Against this solid fact the words of her mother sank into dim unimportance. Her mother might be upset at first, but she would soon see how splendidly everything worked out.

As they ate dinner in the student cafeteria Lucy pretended that she and Jim were having supper in their own apartment. She poured his coffee for him, handed him a paper napkin with a flourish. She imagined candlelight and a set of bright Mexican pottery, and herself

A Lover and His Lass

from page 25

wearing a frilled apron. She didn't have to worry about not knowing how to cook. She wouldn't even tell Jim she didn't know how. She'd just get a good cookbook and follow the recipes exactly. She wanted to achieve things like baked Alaska and corn muffins . . .

"Did you like your dinner, darling?" she asked, just to practice, and laughed to see how puzzled Jim looked at her words.

Jim waited outside her dormitory while she ran up to put on a fresh blouse and dash on some lipstick and then they set off to see the Connollys. The air was cloudy with twilight, but still warm and soft, and they walked close together.

"Ted said he'd be glad to see us," Jim told her. "He's been wanting to meet you. He said Thelma wouldn't be back for about an hour, but to come right on over anyway. He says he gets lonesome by himself."

"What's his wife like?" Lucy asked.

"Oh, nice."

"That doesn't tell me anything. What's she like?"

"Well, she has blonde hair and—oh, I don't know. Just a nice girl. Sort of pretty."

They walked up and down the same block three times before they finally found the apartment. It was a basement apartment in a dingy brick house; the entrance was hidden down a flight of littered stairs. Lucy even liked that. "Basement apartments are always darling," she told Jim with enthusiasm. "And they're so cool in summer."

Ted was a tall thin boy who wore glasses. He wasn't as good-looking as Jim, but his manner was pleasant and friendly.

"Come on in," he said cordially. "Thelma had an appointment after work but she'll be back soon. I'm just finishing my supper."

The kitchen was disorderly and the whole apartment smelled of warmed-over broccoli and pork chops and burned grease. Lucy smiled; boys were so helpless around a kitchen, she thought tenderly. I'd always try to get home in time to fix Jim's dinner.

It was very cozy, sitting around the kitchen table, talking to Ted. "There's lots of ice cream," Ted said, stacking his dishes in the already crowded sink. He spilled some coffee on the floor and bent down to dab at it vaguely with a dish towel. "Want to have some with me?"

She and Jim had been in such a hurry to finish eating, they hadn't bothered with dessert. They nodded and Ted found some odd

dishes and scooped out the ice cream. While they ate, he and Jim became involved in a heated discussion about a professor at the medical school. Lucy sat back comfortably and began to rearrange the apartment in her mind. It was, she thought, a place with possibilities—a living-room with a studio couch used as a bed, and a kitchen and a bath. Small, but that meant it would be less trouble to keep. She couldn't help observing that Thelma wasn't a very good housekeeper; there were books piled around everywhere, an ironing board standing by the door and the furniture looked drab and dusty. When she and Jim found their apartment, she would buy some unfinished bookcases and paint them a cheerful color. She'd make curtains to match the cover of the studio couch (she didn't know how to sew, either, but she'd learn right away) and she'd put a large mirror over the desk. Mirrors made a room look more spacious.

She was mentally painting the bathroom canary yellow and etching an ivy design around the walls when she heard the front door open. Ted went out into the tiny entranceway and she turned quickly to Jim.

"I'm so glad we came!" she whispered.

He whispered back. "Don't you think they've got a nice little place, though? And Ted told me that they didn't have much over a hundred dollars when they got married."

When they stopped they were conscious of Thelma's voice coming plainly from the entranceway. "You didn't go ahead and eat!" they heard her saying. Her voice sounded sharp, irritable. "Honestly, Ted, you are the most thoughtless—I'll bet you made a wreck of the kitchen. And I'm so tired I could just drop over dead." Then they heard Ted whispering to her that they were in the kitchen and they heard her utter, "Oh, damn it!" And then both of them came into the kitchen, smiling self-consciously.

THELMA looked thin and nervous. She had large blue eyes and long blonde hair but her face was tense and a little haggard. Why, she's not pretty at all, Lucy thought in disappointment. She looks as if she has an awful temper. Ted's a lot nicer than she is.

"Hello, how are you?" Thelma said shortly, in answer to Ted's introductions. "Glad you two could come around." She didn't bother to make her tone convincing. Then, without another glance in their direction, she turned back to Ted and snapped, "Are there, by any chance, a few old scraps left for my dinner?"

"There's some stuff in the icebox and a can of soup up in the cabinet." Ted was embarrassed. To Lucy and Jim he said, "Thelma'll

[Continued on page 109]



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POTATO SALAD... Combine 4 cups cold boiled potatoes, cubed, 1 small onion chopped, 2 tablesp. chopped parsley, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 teasp. salt. Mix well with dressing made by beating until light and fluffy; 4 tablesp. French's Mustard, 2 tablesp. evaporated milk or light cream, 2 tablesp. sugar, 2 tablesp. vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teasp. salt.



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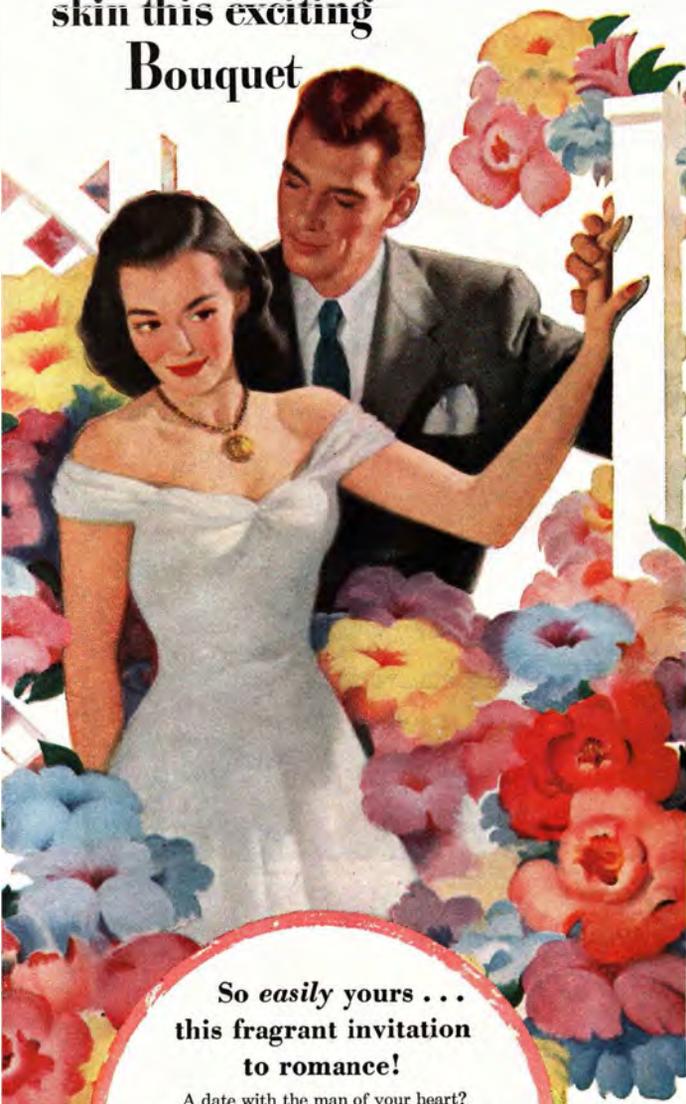
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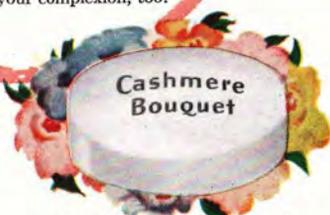
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Here's How

TO GET MORE FOR YOUR MINUTES



CHEESE STRAWS IN A TWINKLING: Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated American cheese and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika to package of piecrust mix, blend with fork. Add water as directed and roll out pastry $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thick. Cut into inch-wide 3-inch-long strips. With spatula place on baking sheet and bake in hot oven 450° about 6 minutes. Wonderful with salads!



DOUBLE-QUICK TARTS: Make pastry from piecrust mix, divide in half and roll out one half in 8-inch square. Transfer to baking sheet. Spread with jam (6 tablespoons or so), top with matching square of pastry. Press edges together with fork, cut small slits in top, brush with milk. Bake in hot oven 450° 20 minutes. Cut in squares while warm.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAMS STUDIO



BERRY BASKETS THE EASY WAY (see page 100): Roll pastry (made from piecrust mix) $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick; cut rounds inch larger than tart pans. Place in pans, pinch edges into 4 scallops, prick with fork. For handles roll pastry $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick, cut narrow 6-inch-long strips, place on inverted cups. Bake in 450° oven 12 minutes.

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A Lover and His Lass

from page 106

be out in a minute. Let's go on in the other room where it's more comfortable. Thelma's a little tired right now."

"A little tired," Thelma repeated with sarcasm. She sat down and closed her eyes, ignoring everyone. "Nice homecoming," she murmured bitterly. "A filthy kitchen and a can of soup. Ted, couldn't you have used something besides our last clean dish towel to mop up the floor?"

The other three retreated quickly into the living-room. They moved awkwardly and spoke in low hushed voices. Thelma's rudeness had shattered the intimate comfort of the atmosphere like a rock thrown through a pane of glass. They sat down, lighted cigarettes and glanced away from one another. Ted polished his glasses with studious attention. Lucy pleaded her handkerchief and Jim whistled an aimless tune.

"It's a lovely evening, isn't it?" Lucy offered finally, in an attempt to break the silence. "This is the most beautiful spring I can remember."

SHE and Jim discussed the weather thoroughly and then went on into an equally elaborate and labored discussion about their coming graduation. Ted looked at them gratefully but he said almost nothing; his cheeks were still flushed and his eyes, behind the glasses, looked hurt and puzzled.

"Thelma is tired tonight," he said again. Lucy and Jim smiled at him reassuringly. But inwardly Lucy was raging. Everything had been so nice until Thelma came back. Thelma ought not to embarrass Ted in front of his guests. No matter how tired she was.

But when Thelma came into the living-room Lucy found it hard to feel angry with her any longer. Thelma had washed her face and tied a ribbon around her hair and she was obviously trying to behave nicely. But, Lucy thought suddenly, she looked ill. Her face was drawn and pale and her thin fingers moved nervously as she talked.

"You're both graduating this June, aren't you?" she asked. She smiled as she spoke but the smile did nothing to soften the harassed expression in her eyes.

Jim answered her. "I think we can feel safe about that by now," he said. He was obviously reassured by Thelma's friendly tone; he hadn't noticed how she looked. "Then I start in medical school this next term."

Thelma glanced at Lucy. "And what are you planning to do?"

"Well, I—" she looked helplessly at Jim. Now was the time to come out with it but an instinct warned her to say nothing.

"My father wants me to go to Canada with him," she said. "But I don't know if—"

Jim laughed. "Don't be shy about it, sweet." He stroked her hair gently. "We're really thinking about getting married right away," he said with pride. "Our parents don't like the idea—you know how parents are."

Thelma was staring at the wall. There was no way to tell what she was thinking. "Our parents," she stated, "didn't like the idea of our getting married, either."

"But we wanted to talk to you two about it," Jim continued. "You can tell us how it actually works out. You ought to know."

"Yes," Thelma said in the same toneless voice, "we ought to know. If anyone does."

There was a moment's silence. Lucy sat with her hands folded tight in her lap and listened intently to various meaningless sounds—the drip of water from the kitchen tap, a loudly ticking clock, the faint staccato of high heels on the pavement outside.

Ted broke through the pause. "Congratulations!" he said heartily. "I'd say, don't worry about your parents. Parents never approve at first. Just go ahead. It's a little tough, but it's worth it. Isn't it, Thelma?"

"No."

The word was clear, distinct, ruthless. "Why don't you tell them the truth, Ted? I wish to heaven someone had told us. Tell them. Tell them it isn't worth it."

They all stared at her. Thelma's eyes were blazing but she sat quite still in her chair, only

her fingers moving restlessly, clawing at the worn upholstery.

"It's too hard," she said. "And four years are too long."

"Thelma!" Ted cried. "What in the world is wrong with you, talking like this?" She gave no indication that she had heard him.

She turned swiftly toward Lucy. "You don't know what it's like!" she said passionately. "But try to imagine working eight hours a day and doing all the housework after you come home at night. Remember that you'll be doing everything. You'll even do all the washing in the bathtub, because you can't afford to send things to the laundry. You have to go to the grocery after work too. You have to stand in line, because the grocery stores are always crowded then and there isn't much left that you can afford. And no matter what you get, your meals are always messy, because you have to cook everything in a hurry. And you're tired all the time and there's always something else to be done."

"Thelma! Stop it," Ted said again. But nothing could divert Thelma's eyes from Lucy or stop that terrible rush of words.

"You're getting your degree in English, didn't you say? All right. What kind of job can you get around here with an English degree? You can be a typist or a file clerk or work in a library, maybe. You won't get more than thirty-five dollars a week and you probably won't get even that much. Thirty-five dollars a week, for you and Jim both. For rent and clothes and food and dentist bills. You can't even be extravagant about a couple of chocolate sodas on a budget like that."

Her words hammered at them, tearing at the cherished fragile plans, their hopes.

"So you'll always be worried about money. Always. There'll never be quite enough for everything you need. You can't buy clothes and you can't afford to go anywhere on Saturday night, and you plan for a movie the way you would a trip to New York."

Lucy didn't look at Thelma; she couldn't. She could only stare down at her hands and pray that Thelma would stop. If only he hadn't come, her mind repeated drearily. If only we didn't have to sit here and listen to this. I won't pay any attention; it wouldn't be this way for us.

"I'll tell you something else," Thelma said. Her tone was hoarse now and louder. "You'll be worried constantly about having a baby. It doesn't matter whether you'd like to have a baby or not. You can't. Do you know what it's like to be worried all the time? It makes you nasty and bad-tempered and frantic. Because you know that if you have a baby you've ruined everything. Your husband will have to leave school and get a job. He'll have to give up his whole future, the future you've both been working for so hard. All the effort would be wasted. And after the baby comes, he still can't go back to medical school because he has to support you both."

When Thelma paused, Lucy stood up. She hadn't intended to stand, but she found herself moving toward Jim and saying, in a voice that the scarcely recognized as her own, "We have to go now. I'm sorry, but—"

"No. You're going to hear me out. To the bitter end. It is bitter too."

Thelma stood up and faced her. She's hysterical, Lucy thought in sudden panic. Something's the matter with her.

"I know what you're thinking," Thelma cried. "You're thinking that nothing I say matters because I don't love Ted, not the way you love Jim. But you're wrong. I love him. But love gets confused and pitiful when you're worried and tired all the time. Don't look at me like that. I'm only trying to help you. Don't get married now. It'll ruin you both."

She stood there for a moment, her eyes still hot with emotion and her shoulders set rigidly. Then suddenly she put her hands up to her face and began to cry.

"I know!" she sobbed harshly. "I know, I'm telling you! I'm going to have a baby! Do you hear that? Do you know what it means?"

[continued on page 120]



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LEMON POSY PIE

{ A Martha Logan "Helping Hand" Recipe. Little hands show you where beginners are most apt to make mistakes.

PIE CRUST

Preheat oven 450°F. Use a 9-inch pie pan and only standard level measurements. Sift 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour and ½ tsp. salt in a bowl. Cut ½ cup Swift'ning into flour with pastry blender or 2 knives until particles are size of small peas. Sprinkle cold water, a little at a time, over different parts of flour mixture, tossing lightly with a fork. Use as little water as possible—just enough to make dough hold together (3 tbsps. or less!). Place dough on waxed paper. Press gently with the paper into a ball. Let stand at room temperature for a few minutes.

Cover board with pastry canvas and rolling pin with knitted cover, both lightly floured. Roll dough in circle ¼" thick. Use light strokes, work from center out. Lift rolling pin as it nears edge. Invert pie pan on dough, cut dough 1½" beyond edge of pan. Fold dough in half; lay fold in center of pan; unfold. Fit pastry in pan, press-

Pure, tasteless Swift'ning comes in 3-lb. and 1-lb. tins, and 1-lb. cartons. Keeps without refrigeration, of course.

ing with finger-tips from center out to remove air bubbles. Prick with fork in several places. To form standing rim, double under the pastry extending over edge of pan. Flute with fingers. Cut 10 leaves from remaining crust. Bake until light brown, allowing 12 to 15 minutes for pie, about 5 minutes for leaves.

LEMON FILLING

Soak 2 tbsps. unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water about 5 min. Put 3 slightly beaten egg yolks, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup lemon juice, ¼ tsp. salt in a double boiler. Cook over boiling water until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Add gelatin, stir until dissolved. Add 1 tbsp. grated lemon rind, remove from heat, chill until beginning to set. Beat 3 egg whites until fairly stiff; gradually add ½ cup sugar, beating constantly. Fold into cooled gelatin mix. Pour into cooled pie shell; chill till set. Trim with strawberry halves and the pastry leaves sprinkled with green-colored sugar.

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Coconut Chocolate Pie

Make Jell-O Chocolate Pudding as directed on package, using 1 1/4 cups milk. Add 1/2 cup delicious, tender-sweet Baker's Shredded Coconut. Cool and turn into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue and sprinkle more tempting tendrils of coconut on top before browning.

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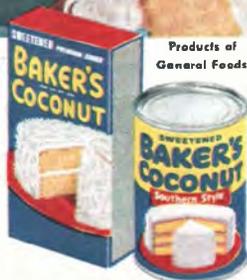
YEARN NO MORE! All the coconut delights you ever loved are back! Velvet-textured cakes, heaped high with snowy drifts of Baker's Coconut. Delicately browned coconut for custard filling in delicious pies and tarts. Crisp coconut cookies and macaroons. Simple puddings and fruit cups,

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Party inspiration—Prepare your favorite fluffly white frosting. Spread between layers and on top and sides of your cake. Beat 1/4 cup tart red jelly slightly with fork, and spread in circle on top. Then sprinkle luscious Baker's Coconut around edge and on sides of cake.

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BURGER-LIKE

Fish (fillets or slices) uncooked, about 1 pound
Green pepper, 1 medium
Onions, 3 medium
Bread crumbs, soft, 2 cups
Salt, 3/4 teaspoon
Pepper, 1/4 teaspoon
Salad oil or melted fat, 3 tablespoons

Discard fish bones (if any). Put fish, seeded green pepper and peeled onions through food chopper, using medium-fine blade. Add bread crumbs, salt and pepper, mix well. Shape into patties about 4 inches in diameter. Brown on both sides in fat or salad oil in skillet over moderate heat 10 to 15 minutes. Makes about 8 patties.

BEDEVILED

Parsley, minced, 1 teaspoon
Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon
Celery salt, 1 teaspoon
Tomato juice, 1 1/2 cups
Fish (fillets or slices), about 1 1/2 pounds
Margarine, 3 tablespoons
Onions, chopped, 1 1/2 cups
Curry powder, 1 tablespoon
Flour, 1 1/2 tablespoons
Salt, 1/2 teaspoon
Cayenne, 1/4 teaspoon
Thyme, 1 teaspoon
Bread crumbs, soft, 4 tablespoons

Add parsley, Worcestershire sauce and celery salt to tomato juice in shallow saucepan; bring to boil, reduce heat, add fish and simmer 10 to 15 minutes or until tender. Remove and flake fish with fork, saving tomato-juice mixture. Melt margarine, add onions and cook until soft. Add curry powder and flour, stir constantly over low heat until bubbly. Remove from heat, gradually add the hot tomato-juice mixture, salt, cayenne and thyme. Return to heat and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add flaked fish, mix well. Turn into 6 indi-

vidual baking dishes or shells. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and dot with a little butter. Bake in hot oven 425° until lightly browned—10 to 15 minutes should do it. Makes 6 servings.

BROILED WITH DILL SAUCE

Halibut or other fish steaks, 1 1/2 pounds, sliced 1-inch thick
Butter or margarine, melted, 3 tablespoons
Flour, 2 tablespoons
Salt and pepper
Sour cream, 1 cup
Dill pickles, chopped, 1/2 cup

Dip fish in cold salted water, dry; brush with melted butter, sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper. Place on greased shallow pan, broil at medium heat 10 to 12 minutes or until nicely browned, basting occasionally with juice in pan. Do not turn. Meanwhile combine the sour cream, salt and pickle—and serve it cold with the hot fish. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

IN A CASSEROLE WITH MUSHROOMS

Bread, day-old, 8 slices
Fish, cooked, flaked, 1 1/2 cups
American process cheese, 4 ounces, grated (1 1/2 cups)
Eggs, 3
Cream of mushroom soup, condensed, 10 1/2-to-11-ounce can
Milk, 1/2 cup
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Pepper, 1/8 teaspoon

Trim crusts from bread. Arrange 4 slices in bottom of greased shallow 8-inch casserole. Cover bread with fish, sprinkle with cheese. Cut remaining bread into fourths, arrange with points overlapping around edge of casserole. Beat eggs slightly, add mushroom soup, milk, salt and pepper, blend well. Pour over bread and fish. Bake in moderate oven 350° about 1 hour. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

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IT'S A TWOSOME

from page 104

WEDNESDAY

VEAL IN RED WINE

Veal, cooked, about 1 pound
Flour, 2 tablespoons
Fat, 3 tablespoons
Chopped scallion tops, 3 tablespoons
Red table wine—like Burgundy, ½ cup
Water, ½ cup
Salt and pepper
Rice, cooked, 1½ cups
(½ cup uncooked)

Cut veal in inch-cubes (should measure about 2 cups). Sprinkle with flour; mix until well coated. Cook in fat over low heat until browned, stirring occasionally. When almost browned, add chopped scallions, stir well. Continue cooking a few minutes longer. Reduce heat, add ¼ cup wine, mix well. Add water, cover and cook 5 to 8 minutes; add remaining wine, mix well, season to taste. Serve over steaming hot rice. Makes 2 servings.

RHUBARB SPICE

Clean and cut 1 pound of rhubarb into inch lengths. Place in saucepan with ¼ cup water, ½ cup sugar, 1 clove, ½-inch stick cinnamon, dash of nutmeg and 1 tablespoon grated orange rind. Cover and simmer over low heat 12 to 15 minutes or until tender but not mushy. Makes about 1½ cups.

THURSDAY

SCALLION SOUP

Bouillon cubes, chicken, 2
Boiling water, 1 cup
Scallions, sliced, ½ cup
Flour, 2 tablespoons
Milk, 1 cup

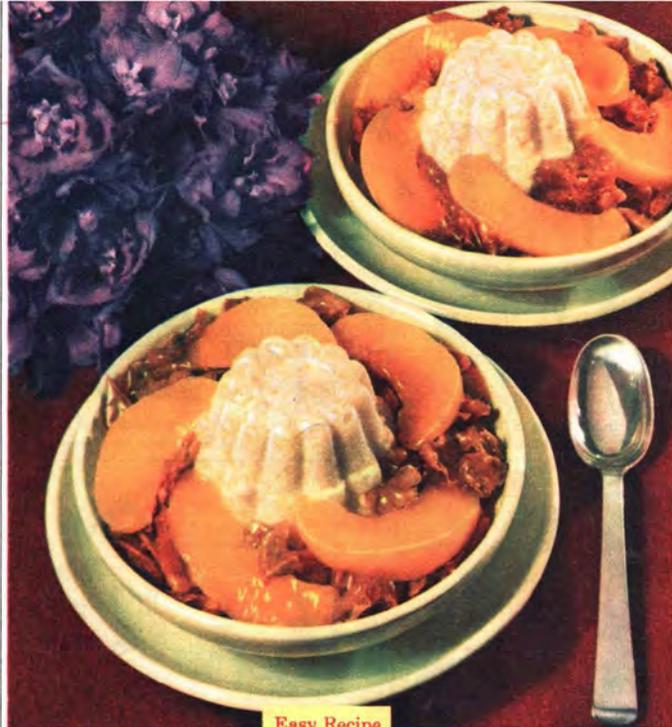
Dissolve bouillon cubes in boiling water in saucepan, add scallions, cover and let simmer over low heat 15 minutes. Blend flour with 2 tablespoons milk until smooth; add remaining milk, stir. Add to hot liquid, cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Serve garnished with a few sliced green scallion tops. Makes about 2 cups.

FRIDAY

FILLETS SUZETTE

Bread crumbs, soft, about 2½ cups
Parsley, chopped, ¼ cup
Sage, crumbled, ¼ teaspoon
Rosemary, crumbled, 1 teaspoon
(or 1½ teaspoons poultry seasoning)
Salt, 1½ teaspoons
Pepper, ¼ teaspoon
Margarine or butter, melted, 6 tablespoons
Fish fillets, 4 thin slices,
(about 1 pound)
Lemon juice, 2 tablespoons

Mix together bread crumbs, parsley, sage, rosemary, salt, pepper and 3 tablespoons melted margarine, stirring until well blended. Spread one-fourth of mixture on each fillet. Roll up lengthwise and secure with toothpicks or string. Place rolled stuffed fillets in small baking dish or casserole. Mix remaining melted margarine and lemon juice, pour over fillets. Bake in moderate oven 350° 35 to 40 minutes, basting fish occasionally with sauce.



Easy Recipe

Peach Buttercrunch

Creamy dessert starring sun-flavored canned cling peaches and butterscotch!

PEACH CREAM:

2 cups mashed canned cling peaches
¼ cup granulated sugar Few grains salt
2 teaspoons plain gelatin
¼ cup canned cling peach syrup
½ cup whipping cream

BUTTERCRUNCH:

3 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup brown sugar (packed)
1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons water 2 cups corn flakes

Peach Cream: Heat peaches, sugar and salt. Add gelatin softened in syrup; stir to dissolve gelatin. Cool until slightly thickened. Fold in cream whipped until stiff. Pour into oiled individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on dessert plates, surround with crunch and garnish with sliced peaches if desired.

Buttercrunch: Melt butter in small saucepan. Add sugar and flour blended together, and water. Stir until dissolved. Cook to a soft ball stage or 238 degrees F. Remove from heat, pour over corn flakes, mix thoroughly but lightly. Spread in shallow pan to cool. Serves 6.

Copyright 1948, Cling Peach Advisory Board

They're wonderful so many ways!



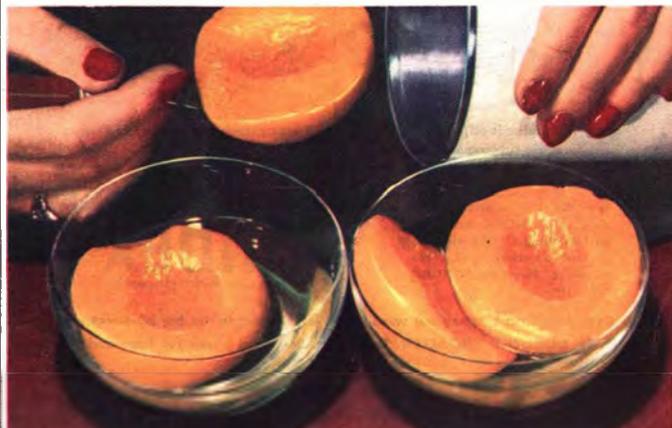
Add sunshine to your early Summer meals with golden canned cling peaches from California's fertile valleys! These big luscious beauties, with their ripe just-picked flavor, smooth texture and juicy sweetness make wonderful salads, desserts, pies, cakes, garnishes! And they're so convenient, so easy to use! Both styles, halves or slices, come in a variety of sizes and syrups to suit any need, any budget!

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PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY VERTI

BY MARY DODDS
COMPANION EQUIPMENT STAFF

QUICK MIXED WAFFLES

INGREDIENTS	FOR 3 OR 4 WAFFLES	FOR 5 OR 6 WAFFLES
Flour	1 1/2 cups	2 cups
Baking powder	2 teaspoons	2 1/2 teaspoons
Salt	3/8 teaspoon	1 teaspoon
Sugar	2 tablespoons	3 tablespoons
Eggs	1	2
Shortening	4 1/2 tablespoons	6 tablespoons
Milk	1 cup	1 1/4 cups

Sift flour, measure, add baking powder, salt and sugar; sift again. Beat eggs with rotary or electric beater. Add soft shortening and a heaping tablespoon of the sifted dry ingredients; beat until smooth. Add milk and blend. Add remaining dry ingredients; mix only until flour disappears. Bake in hot waffle baker for 3 minutes.
For variations add: 1 tablespoon grated orange rind or 3/4 cup chopped pecans or 1 cup grated apples—with last dry ingredients.

WAFFLES WITH SHRIMP

CREAMED SHRIMP INGREDIENTS

Butter or fortified margarine, 3 tablespoons	Worcestershire sauce, 3/4 teaspoon
Flour, 3 tablespoons	Lemon juice, 1/2 tablespoon
Salt, 3/4 teaspoon	Chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon
Pepper, 1/4 teaspoon	Pimiento strips, 1 tablespoon
Milk, 1 1/2 cups	Shrimp, cooked or canned, 1 cup

Melt butter or margarine over low heat; add flour, salt and pepper; stir until well blended. Gradually stir in milk and cook, stirring constantly, until thick. Add remaining ingredients to sauce and heat; stir gently to avoid mashing shrimp. Makes 8 servings.
Serve on corn-meal waffles. Substitute corn meal for half of flour in 4-waffle recipe. Mix by same easy method.

A COMPANION
EQUIPMENT CENTER
FEATURE

Grand inexpensive protein dish

This CHEESE FONDUE you make with Kraft American



In the top of a double boiler melt $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of medium-mellow Kraft American. (For sharper cheddar flavor use "Old English" Brand; for milder flavor, the cheese food Velveeta. They're all perfect "melters.") When the cheese has melted, gradually blend in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of milk. Cool. Combine with 4 beaten egg yolks, $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups firmly packed soft bread crumbs,

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into 5 well-greased custard cups; place them in a pan of hot water. Bake in a very moderate oven, 325° , 45 minutes or until firm. Unmold, serve with heated tomato sauce, and watch your family grin with delight over this money-saving main dish!

Especially these days it's a smart idea to get Kraft American in the thrifty 2-pound loaf so you have plenty ready for cooking and for snacks and sandwiches. Get genuine Kraft Pasteurized Process American — just-right mellow in flavor, always smooth-melting!

Save Money! Remember, 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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MacLaren's Imperial is the aristocrat of aged cheddars, famous in this country and Canada for 88 years! A natural cheese — rich, sharp, "crumbly" — perfect! A special treat.



Cheese treats galore when your refrigerator has a whole **KRAFT SHELF!** Keep it stocked with a number of Kraft varieties.

DINING-ROOM



The dining-room before it became a nursery. Walls were white, floor painted a dark blue. Note off-side window with exposed radiator underneath, nothing to balance its height at the other end of the wall. Kitchen is to the left, bedroom to the right. All traffic passes through this room.

Every inch of space was made to count in

turning this small dining-room into a roomy

nursery. Pale aqua walls, white floor

spattered with harlequin colors give an

illusion of space. Built-in cabinet and

shelves solve the storage problem.

Shutters at window control light, air.

Furniture is kept down to basic essentials

BY HARRIET BURKET

INTERIOR DESIGN EDITOR

REMEMBER Lenore Eustis, our navy bride of two years ago, who learned all about kitchens and laundries from Equipment Editor Elizabeth Beveridge? No longer a bride, today she is playing a different role—for this is the nursery of her six-months-old son Jeffrey. It started life as a dining-room, as you can see in the photograph above. Turning it into a nursery involved a fair amount of planning and so once more Mrs. Eustis came to us for advice.

Main problem was the floor plan of the apartment. Living-room, bedroom, dining-room, kitchen are all in a row, each opening into another so that to get to the living-room from the kitchen you pass through the dining-room. This meant that Jeff's room was in for a lot of traffic! Other problems: the radiator lodged under the one window gave the room an off-balance look; there was no closet. In spite of this, however, it had great possibilities for a nursery and we fell to. We gave an unpainted chest a coat of aqua paint to match the walls; plastic knobs with roses took the place of wooden pulls. Over it we hung a bulletin board for schedules. Only other furniture in the room is the bassinet and Mother's chair with its handy table and lamp for reading, sewing and such.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY VENTI



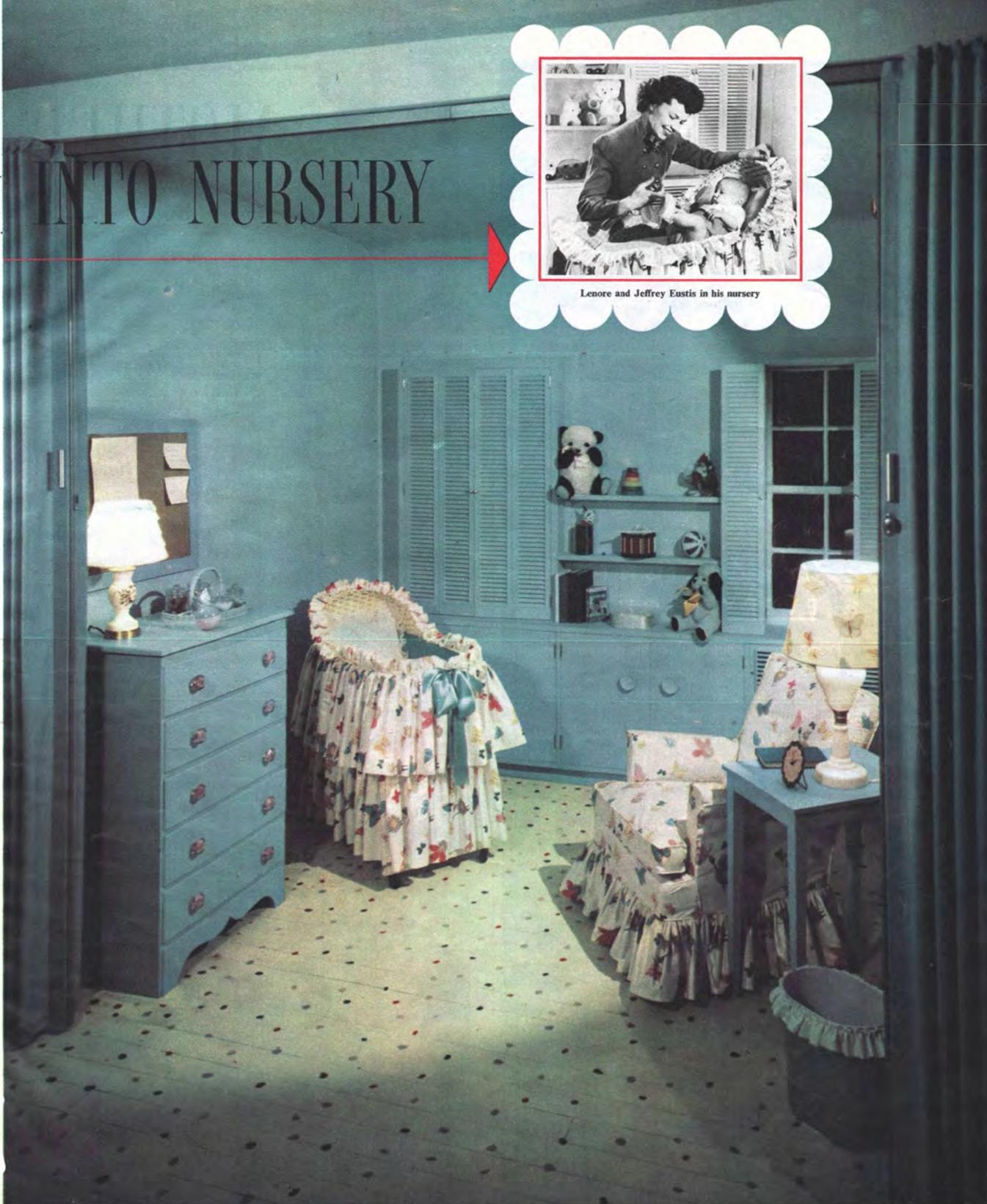
There's a place for everything—diapers, blankets, bottles, supplies—in this spacious cabinet. Its shutter doors repeat the shutters at the window—which Mrs. Eustis says do an excellent job of regulating light and air, let her dispense with curtains. Shelves in between hold favorite toys.

Accordion-like doors in aqua leatherette to match walls pull from each side of the room, meet in the middle. These are pushed back when Jeff is awake, giving the room its full size. When he is sleeping the doors are drawn, shutting off one entire end of the room, still permitting traffic to pass.

INTO NURSERY

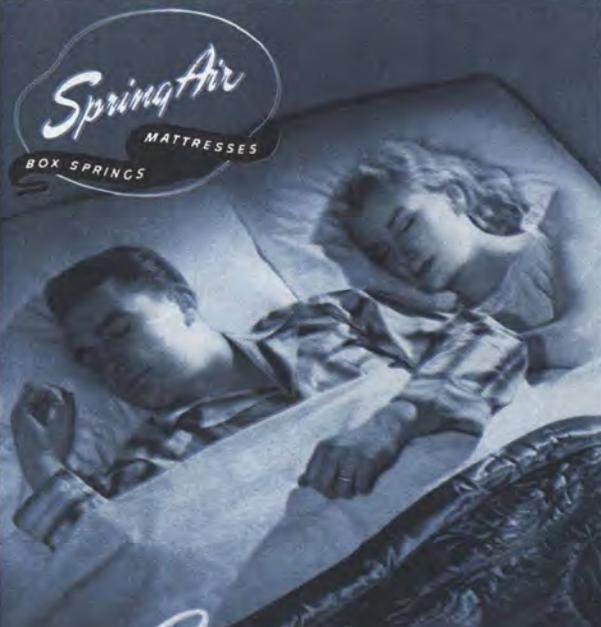


Lenore and Jeffrey Eastis in his nursery



Bright butterfly Everglaze chintz in rose, aqua, yellow on white (easily washable) sets the color key of the nursery, drapes the bassinet, slip-covers Mother's chair.

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MOTHER

BLACK STAR

TANA NOBAX



The child steps out—just for the joy of it. Without trying to force him, the mother encourages each new sign of independence. Unlike the child of an anxious overprotective mother, he will therefore be able to press forward toward higher levels of maturity.

THOMAS J. BARRR



Mothering is essential to normal development of all mammals. Lacking it, they grow up physically puny and mentally dull. This mother cat knows her business by instinct, gets ecstatic joy out of her kittens, sees that they get loving and cuddling as well as food.



LOVE

BY ANNA W. M. WOLF

Editor, *OUR CHILDREN* and *Better Babies*

SCIENCE has now confirmed what the wise have always known. Babies, whether animal or human, need mothering. They really need to be cuddled, stroked, moved about, smiled at, played with and *enjoyed*. When they are very young they need intimate contact with the human body of someone who knows how to satisfy infant appetites and give security and comfort. Later on, as he meets the hard facts of life, a child must learn to accept some frustrations too. But he will meet them best when bountiful mothering has been his in the early months of life.

A group of infants were raised in an institution boasting the finest of medical care. But because no one had time to play with and mother them, they were inferior in size, in mental alertness, immunity and emotional stability to another group, which had been amply provided with maternal attentions. In some cases these children were handicapped for life; in others, where neglect had not lasted so long, the restoration of mothering was able to bring them back to normal.

In overwhelming numbers, children who grow up useful members of society come from homes that are united and loving; those who become distorted or delinquent come from homes where they were never properly cherished in spite, often, of material privileges.

The good mother enjoys her children's dependence while it lasts; but, whether bird or human, will later encourage them to leave the nest, lead their own lives.



—RAPHO-GULLIVETTE

This intimate and primitive experience lays groundwork for mutual enjoyment between mother and child. Though bottle feeding may be adequate for infant's physiological needs, psychiatrists believe the cuddling and contact involved in nursing a baby are first step to emotional stability. Most mothers have enough milk if child is nursed whenever hungry.

HAROLD W. LAWRENT



THOMAS MOIR



Startled colt—can face up to danger when reassured by mother's composure and protective presence. The human child, too, finds strength and courage in a mother who can give a feeling of security.



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A Lover and His Lass

from page 109

She began to tremble; Ted put his arms around her and drew her over to the studio couch. He patted her shoulder awkwardly. "Oh Ted, I just found out today . . . I'd thought before, but I wasn't sure. I'm so sorry, darling . . . What are we going to do?"

Ted continued to pat her shoulder in a tender helpless gesture. "Don't cry, Thelma," he whispered. "Everything is going to be all right." He stopped and then said again, "Everything will be all right, darling." But there was no hope in his voice.

LUCY and Jim left quietly, but even after they closed the door behind them they could hear Thelma sobbing. They walked up the steps and into the street. It was very dark—a frightening intense sort of darkness.

They weren't going anywhere in particular but they walked fast. Neither of them said a word. They looked straight ahead. The street was lonely and the scent of spring in the moist air was nothing now. They could not walk fast enough to escape the memory of Thelma's words or the suddenly stricken look in Ted's eyes as he stroked her shaking shoulders.

Isn't there any defense left, Lucy thought with weariness. She was remembering her mother's voice too and the words of her father. Now their words sounded cold, practical and horribly true. The way she felt when she looked at Jim, when she touched his hand or kissed him, the cry in her heart—were these too fragile to withstand the problems of living? You have to back them up with money and security, the voices said. You have to have more than valentines and pressed flowers.

She remembered sadly the plans she and Jim had made. And she blinked her eyes rapidly to keep the tears back.

They paused, finally, to wait for a changing street light. Jim looked down at her.

"You want to go anywhere particularly?" he asked, carefully casual.

The thought of a place with glaring lights and music and laughing people was cruel. "Oh no," she answered quickly. "Let's just—" she paused, to try to think of something—"let's just walk around some more. Want to go down by the lake?"

"All right."

As she walked her heels seemed to beat in rhythm to the one sentence her mind repeated monotonously: If only we hadn't gone to see Ted and Thelma . . . if only we hadn't gone. It was the merest chance that they had. Chance. Such a blind ugly word, she thought. All the planning, all the thought and emotion accounts for so little in the end. Chance twists the straight line of your life into new shapes; there is no protection against its whims.

If we hadn't gone to see Thelma and Ted, she thought again, we probably would have been married next month. And we might have managed very well, because we felt brave and sure that everything would be all right. But there's not much hope for us now. We're already frightened, we can't feel sure any longer. And all because of a little chance . . . Jim just happened to think it would be a good idea to go over . . .

It was better, down by the lake; dark enough so Jim wouldn't notice how she looked. But it was a hollow lonely sort of darkness. For the first time Lucy could think of nothing to say to Jim.

She began to walk faster. She was staring at the dark surface of the lake; she felt the gravel of the path beneath her feet. Then suddenly

MOTHER NEVER TOLD ME . . .

what to do when shoes are
where sweaters
should be



- Everybody wants to bathe and dress the baby—Papa, Auntie, Cousin Fred and sometimes even the neighbors and the neighbors' children too.
- The wardrobe can become a dreadful jumble—undershirts appear in the bib drawer and lone booties end up among the waterproof pants.
- The solution is to paint a table of contents on Baby's bureau, as part of the décor. If the permanence of paint as a medium frightens you, crayon may be used or soft pencil or colored cellulose tape or household labels—all of which can be removed as time goes by and the day comes when diapers are out and training pants in.

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her toe caught against something hard and she stumbled and fell forward to the ground.

It wasn't a bad fall; she scraped her knee a little but she sat up immediately and laughed, feeling a little foolish.

"It was a root, I think," she said. "I wasn't looking where I was going and—"

"Oh my Lord," she heard Jim say. She turned around. He was staring intently down at something. There was a look of horror on his face.

She stood up and looked down, following his glance. There in the gravel, only an inch or two from where she had fallen, was a long jagged piece of glass. It was heavy and thick but the edge was pointed up and razor-sharp.

"Oh my Lord," Jim said again. "If you'd fallen on that, it could have killed you..."

He reached out and brought her close to him. "Looks as if everything is trying to go wrong for us," she heard him say and suddenly the tears welled up. There was no way to hold them back. She cried with a desperate fury.

When she stopped finally, she felt tired but somehow much better. The aching soreness seemed to have been cried away. Jim was still staring, with a dreadful fascination, at the piece of glass on the ground before them.

"If you had just fallen only an inch over the other way..."

"But I didn't!" she cried. Impulsively she picked up the glass and hurled it into the lake. "Now don't think about it any more."

"But I can't help it, Lucy, it was such an awful chance..."

That word again. Chance. It was chance that they had gone to Ted and Thelma's; it was chance that she hadn't fallen on that dagger-shaped piece of glass. There is no protection against the chances of life, she thought again, but this time she felt determination rise up within her. Why try to play safe, then? Why try?

SHE stood there silently beside Jim, but for the last time she shouted down all the arguments—the arguments of her parents, the example of Thelma and Ted, all those which plead for security. If you wait for absolute security, she told them, you'll have to wait for death. There is none in life. Perhaps it is risky for Jim and me to marry now. But we can win out. We can try, anyway. If you have love and hope, you can afford to take chances.

"Feeling better?" she heard Jim ask. "A lot better," she answered fervently.

They sat down together on a low stone ledge above the water. The sound of the ripples slapping patiently against the rocks had a peaceful soothing rhythm.

Jim spoke abruptly. "Thelma and Ted had bad luck," he said as if continuing a conversation. "But they still might be able to work things out. And even if they don't, that doesn't mean that we couldn't."

She smiled at the defiance in his voice. "No, it doesn't. No two lives are the same." She drew a deep breath. She'd been so upset, she'd forgotten what a beautiful night it was. The flower-scented darkness seemed to set them in a secret place, high above the rest of the world.

She felt Jim's arm tighten, saw him bending toward her.

"I love you," they both murmured. It was simple but it was all they needed.

She felt triumphant. We love each other and we're strong enough to beat down anything.

They were quiet for a long time. They held hands tightly and she kept her cheek pressed against Jim's. She heard him humming something in a happy monotone: "It was a lover and his lass... in the springtime, the only pretty ring time..."

Jim interrupted his humming. "Know where we made our mistake?" he inquired. "Thinking that we had to ask people. That's no way. The only way is to try for yourself."

She nodded. "We won't be starting without plans, either," she reminded him. "We have almost three hundred dollars."

Lucy could see the lights of houses and apartment buildings across the way. They shone with a sort of promise. Everything lay before them, guided by the moonlight and enchanted by the deep spring night.

[THE END]

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COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL D'ORIE

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Butterick patterns at local dealers or Woman's Home Companion, P. 8, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City 17

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In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.



AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION



Melissa

from page 29

impatently. "Well, maybe. Got good blood. But it's a funny kind of blood. Geoff, I knew your pa well. A fine old gentleman. What would he say about this marriage?"

Geoffrey did not answer. He looked again at his watch and then stood up and went to the smeared windows. "Ah!" he said in a tone of relief. The Upjohns' shabby old buggy was just drawing up to the door. Melissa, clad in her one good gown, of a rusty dark brown color, and with her mother's black shawl over her head and shoulders, sprang to the ground. Geoffrey thought that in spite of her pallor and the gauntness of her cheeks he had never seen so beautiful a face, so stern, so austere, so classical. Here was a face incapable of ever being marked with meanness or malice, with the ugly pettinesses of human nature. And again; in that molding of wide full lower lip there was more than a hint of potential ardor and passion, frozen though it was just now in her usual enigmatic expression. She looks as if she were about to walk up to the gallows, Geoffrey thought, but is determined to do it with high courage and invincible pride.

"**HERE** she is now," said Geoffrey. The bell rang with a peremptory sound.

The judge started. "It isn't too late, boy." But Geoffrey was opening the door with a calm and reassuring smile. "Come in, Melissa," he said gently. "I've been waiting for you. The judge is ready."

Melissa entered, not reluctantly or slowly, but with high stateliness. The judge said nothing. He stood in the center of the room and peered at her formidably. She ignored him and let Geoffrey take her shawl.

The judge sighed and advanced to her and held out his hand. "Howdy, Melissa." She regarded him for a steady moment, then gave him her hand. He was shocked at its coldness. He studied her face and his voice was gentler when he added: "What's this I hear about you marrying Geoff Dunham? Are you sure you want to do this?"

"Yes," she said clearly. Geoffrey came to her side and involuntarily she stepped away from him. The judge saw the movement and frowned deeply.

"Why, Melissa? You don't love him, do you?" he asked with a note of urgency. "It's my duty to ask you this, for marriage is no light thing, my dear."

Melissa's pale lips parted and she said, "I know. I intend to be a good wife to—Mr. Dunham. I'll try very hard, so he won't regret it. My mother gave her consent to our marriage—before she died. Thank you for your concern, Judge Farrell." She looked at him again proudly. "I know what I am doing. I can only say that I would never marry any other man."

The judge lifted his shoulders in a resigned gesture. "I don't understand anything about this; but if you two wish to be married, I'll marry you." He looked at them both for a

long and bitter moment. "Take her hand, Geoffrey."

Melissa lifted her hand and laid it in Geoffrey's. It was chill and stiff as though dead. His fingers closed about it warmly and gently. "Witnesses, Judge?" he asked.

The judge opened a door in the rear of the office, growling something. Then he went to the window, knocked on the frosted pane loudly and beckoned to Geoffrey's coachman. The man looked up, surprised, then climbed down clumsily and stamped into the office. The judge's clerk, a wizened dark little old man, emerged blinking from the chambers beyond the office.

The judge said loudly: "I am about to unite Mr. Geoffrey Dunham and Miss Melissa Upjohn in holy matrimony and you are to be the witnesses."

The two men stared with dumb amazement, then glanced at each other. Geoffrey saw the astounded exchange and bit his lip. But he still held Melissa's hand and looked at her rigid profile.

The judge picked up his book. Dully and slowly he began to read the marriage service. Melissa's responses were clear and firm. Geoffrey replied quietly. Within a few moments the ceremony had been completed.

The judge laid his book down upon the desk and stood looking at it in silence. He knew that Geoffrey and Melissa had not kissed, that the girl still stood there in frozen silence, as if utterly unaware that she was now a wife.

"Thank you, sir," said Geoffrey. He unobtrusively laid a large bill on the desk. The judge did not look up.

The coachman went out slowly, the clerk popped back into his hole, as if frightened. Geoffrey laid Melissa's shawl about her shoulders and over her head.

"Aren't you going to wish us happiness, Judge?" Geoffrey asked.

The judge turned ponderously. He gave Geoffrey a long and level look but said nothing.

"Thank you," Geoffrey said ironically. He took Melissa's arm. "Come, my dear."

The girl went out with him. She walked as if asleep.

BECAUSE of the coldness of the day and the sluggishness of the holiday season, few saw Melissa Upjohn and Geoffrey Dunham emerge from Judge Farrell's office. Geoffrey said a few words to his coachman, who, still dumfounded, nodded in a dazed way. Then Geoffrey went quickly to help Melissa into the Upjohn buggy. He climbed up beside her.

"I am quite capable of driving home, thank you," Melissa protested. But Geoffrey took up the reins in his fur-lined gray gloves and slapped them on the back of the old horse. The empty Dunham carriage followed, the coachman shaking his head numbly and rubbing his chin. [continued on page 128]

OUR CHILDREN

● If you're expecting you'll want our nine-letter series *Great Expectations*, sent one each month. Or we'll mail them to a friend whose name you send us. Full of sound health advice as well as wise tips about small comforts. One dollar.

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All the above are prepared for you by the Companion child-care editor, Anna W. M. Wolf, also senior staff member of the Child Study Association of America. Send stamps, money order or check to Department O. C., Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



One Permanent Cost \$15...the TONI only \$2

It's amazing! Yes, and it's true. A Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive beauty shop wave. The Toni twins show it—and you can prove it today. But before buying the Toni kit you'll want to know—

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Which Twin has the TONI?

Lucerne and Suzanne McCullough, pictured above, are well-known New York artists. Suzanne, at the right, is the Toni twin. She says "My Toni wave was soft and natural-looking the very first day. That's why Lucerne says her next wave will be a Toni, too."



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Vanilla-Strawberry Cream

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1 recipe Jell-O Vanilla Pudding 1 cup fresh strawberries

Here's a truly elegant dessert, with Jell-O Pudding's unmatched vanilla delicacy! Prepare Jell-O Vanilla Pudding as directed on package. Chill. Serve with a sauce of sweetened quartered fresh strawberries. Or serve with quick-frozen strawberries. Makes 4 or 5 servings.



Chocolate Cream Squares

Jell-O's super-rich chocolate pudding is the secret!
1 recipe Jell-O Chocolate Pudding 6 squares of cake

Prepare Jell-O Chocolate Pudding as directed on package. Chill. Split squares of cake and put together, spreading the chilled pudding between layers. Sprinkle confectioners' sugar over top. Makes 6 servings.

Smooth as satin, with a through-and-through chocolate flavor all its own—that's Jell-O Chocolate Pudding!

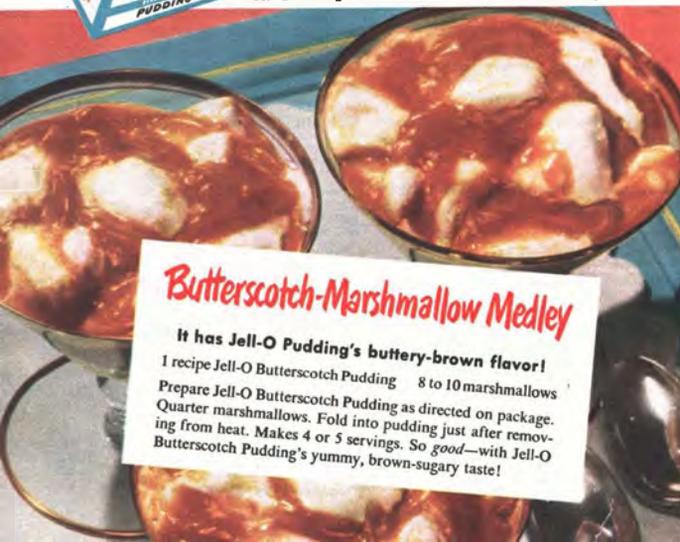


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It has Jell-O Pudding's buttery-brown flavor!
1 recipe Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding 8 to 10 marshmallows

Prepare Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding as directed on package. Quarter marshmallows. Fold into pudding just after removing from heat. Makes 4 or 5 servings. So good—with Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding's yummy, brown-sugary taste!

Melissa

from page 127

Melissa did not speak again, nor did Geoffrey at first speak to her. After a little while, as they started the slow ascent to the Upjohn farm, she began to watch her new husband out of the corner of her eye. His gloves fascinated her. She let her eyes drop to his polished boots. She let them rise, as if against her will, slowly until they touched his square hard chin, the wide mouth, the jutting arrogance of his nose with its Roman hump and the straight brows over his gray eyes.

Geoffrey was quite conscious of her artless and simple scrutiny, which was the stare of a wondering child, and he had to draw in his lips to keep from smiling. He knew that Melissa was seeing him objectively for the first time, and not obliquely and with jealous bitterness and suspicion.

He watched the snow-filled road and was careful not to look at her, as one is careful not to startle a timid animal. He saw that her hands were no longer trembling. Then he said, "Have you left word for your brother and sister that you are marrying me this morning?"

She shrank again. "No," she murmured. "He raised one brow as if in indulgence. "Well, I left word for Bella. She will be waiting for us. So we'll stop at your home and tell Andrew and Phoebe, and then—"

"Arabella?" asked Melissa sharply. She sat up very straight. "I don't intend to go up—up there, Mr. Dunham!"

He smiled humorously. "Geoffrey, if you please, my dear. Remember, I'm your husband."

The Upjohn house was in sight now. Melissa drew a deep audible breath. "I mean," she said faintly, "that I can't go up there just yet, Mr.—I mean, Geoffrey," and she said his name with such reluctance that he wanted to smile again. "I can't go until Phoebe is ready to leave with me. You see," she went on more bravely, "anything sudden has always been such a shock for Phoebe. She has always been so protected. And she will have to accustom herself to the idea of going with me to your house."

She glanced at him hopefully, but he was guiding the horse up the road. "You do have an extra room for Phoebe, please?" she asked. Then she brightened. "I don't want to discommode you and Arabella. Phoebe could share a little room with me. We won't bother anyone very much."

The whole picture she was so innocently drawing struck Geoffrey as profoundly ludicrous and he had to struggle to keep from laughing. He wanted to drop the reins and pull her into his arms and kiss away that frozen tautness on her lips, that dreaming mist from her eyes. He wanted to tell her not to be a little fool, that she was his wife now and he was going to teach her what it meant to be a wife. His wooing must come after marriage, for there had been none before, and now, as he thought of it, he was excited and full of anticipation. But he must never force Melissa, that would forever drive her from him. "There will be plenty of room for Phoebe," he said gently.

Melissa's pale cheeks actually became pink. "Oh, thank you!" she murmured fervently. "You are so kind." Then she added in a wondering tone, "I didn't know—"

Again he wanted to kiss her with an almost overwhelming desire and tenderness. His hands tightened on the reins. The horse turned homeward, up the long lane.

THE Upjohns' domineering servant, old Sally, had heard the crunching of the wheels on the snow and she flung open the door, a tirade on her lips. But when she saw Geoffrey, and the carriage drawing up behind the buggy, she stood in silence. Geoffrey took Melissa's arm and led her to the door, saying in a smooth voice, "Sally, I know you will be happy to learn that Miss Melissa and I were married this morning." He beamed down at the fat old woman, who blinked and gaped and fell back. He held out his hand to her and as she dropped her eyes she saw a bill lying in his palm. She feebly took his hand and a transfer was made. Then Sally stood aside so

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that Melissa could hastily brush past her. "Thank ye, thank ye very kindly, sir," she stammered to Geoffrey. "Married, did you say? This morning?"

"It had to be done quietly, Sally, because of the two recent sad bereavements in the family and so we told no one," he said with frank heartiness. "By the way, could we have a little fire in the parlor? I think we shall have a family gathering."

Geoffrey followed Sally into the front of the house and when she fumbled with the fire he helped her. A reluctant blaze finally started on the hearth and then Sally was dismissed with a friendly gesture.

Melissa rushed into the room, her brown skirts swirling. In her wake came Phoebe and Andrew, more slowly and very bewildered. Geoffrey smiled at their surprised faces. He advanced, took Phoebe's little hand and kissed her dimpled cheek, which immediately turned pink.

Andrew, though suspicious, said politely, "Good morning, Mr. Dunham. Won't you sit down?" He turned and glared at Melissa, standing there alone in the center of the room with her hands clasped tightly together and such a pathetic shining in her eyes. What is this scheme of hers, Andrew wondered with slow and gathering anger. He said without preamble, "Mr. Dunham, what's Melissa been up to? She was out of her mind last night and full of extravagance and then this morning she flew off with the buggy as if she had gone crazy. What is it all about?"

Geoffrey went to Andrew and laid his hand on the other man's shoulder. "Don't blame Melissa for anything, Andrew," he said. "She has news for all of you. And ideas too. They are for you to reject or accept."

Phoebe was upset and frightened. "Oh, what has Melissa been doing?" she cried. "She is so ridiculous. I just can't bear her schemes any longer, Mr. Dunham!"

"Shut up, Phoebe," said Andrew roughly, and the girl immediately burst into loud sobs, burying her face in the wing of the chair. Melissa took a swift step toward her, but Andrew raised his voice commandingly, "Melissa!"

She stopped in the very act of running and stared at Andrew confusedly. His tone was new and dominant and strange.

"Sit down, Melissa," said Andrew with hard authority. "I'm the man in this house now. Sit down, I said!"

In a daze Melissa looked about for a chair. Geoffrey came forward and helped her into one. She sat down, stupefied.

Andrew turned to Geoffrey and said, "Now, Mr. Dunham, perhaps you can tell me what all this is about? But let me say first that if Melissa has asked you to lend us money, the answer is, no, thank you." He flushed deeply and his small blue eyes flashed.

Geoffrey coughed. "I am afraid you are wronging your sister, Andrew. You see, she and I were married two hours ago."

Phoebe's gasp was loud in the room. Andrew put his hand to his forehead, rubbed it, then shook his head with a benumbed air.

"Married!" shrieked Phoebe, starting from her chair. "I don't believe it! Never! Why should he marry Melissa?" she screamed. "Melissa!" She turned toward her sister and her pretty face became distorted with rage and spite. "Why would he marry you, you, of all the people in the world! You've done something to force him to marry you!"

Andrew took one step toward her, caught her by the shoulder, spun her about and soundly slapped her face. "Why, you little animal! How dare you talk to your sister like that, you, with your filthy mind!"

PHOEBE began to moan, holding her hand against her bruised cheek. Melissa, blank and white as a statue, could only sit mutely in her chair, staring at nothing. Geoffrey was alarmed at her expression and would have gone to her if Andrew had not stopped him. His face was drawn and stern.

"I think I ought to have an explanation, Mr. Dunham."

"Of course, Andrew," said Geoffrey. "You deserve one. I can only say that though this is news to you, I asked your mother, just after your father died, for Melissa. I believe Melissa was told the next day. She—she has been

considering it ever since and yesterday she told me she would marry me."

"Oh, that horrible scheming sly Melissa!" cried Phoebe. "How dared she do this to me? Telling me not to marry my Johnny and plotting all the time to marry the richest gentleman in the whole township!"

"Shut up!" Andrew shouted. "You envious little beast, I know all about you. It almost kills you, doesn't it, that she married Mr. Dunham and can have a finer house than yours and everything she wants?"

"No matter, Andrew," Geoffrey said. "The girl is young and is naturally startled. She doesn't mean anything."

"Oh yes, she does!" said Andrew in an ugly tone. "I know all about Phoebe. I know how she and my father exploited Melissa. Mother and I had a talk before I went back to Harvard. She told me a lot I already knew and a lot I didn't. I had intended changing everything when I came home again. Melly, Mother asked me to take care of you. And," he added in a resolute voice, "that's what I intended to do."

He waited for her to look at him, to speak, but she sat as if unconscious.

"Please, Melly, listen to me," said Andrew. He bent over his sister and laid his palm gently against her cheek. "I ought to have told you before but I was such a fool. You see, I never intended to go back to Harvard, even if there had been money. I always wanted to be a farmer. But I thought Father knew what was best for me. He had me hypnotized, just as he had you, Melly. But when he was dead, I thought to myself, I am free. And then I understood what it was I had always wanted, and what I must have now."

Melissa lifted her hand and averted her head as if in agony. "Don't, Andrew," she murmured. "Don't speak so of Papa. I—I believe now you want to keep the farm. It's a terrible disappointment for me and I'm glad Papa isn't here to know how you've turned against his wishes. And his money, Andrew—he worked so hard for it."

"Oh, Melly!" cried Andrew with impatience. "It was never his money. It was Mama's dowry. Our father spent it foolishly; he added very little to it. He never wanted to have any responsibility, Melly."

MELISSA stood up with a frantic gesture. "Andrew, you mustn't talk like that! It isn't true! I know it. You've been deceived, lied to. Believe me, I know. I—I'm sorry Mama is dead. She suffered. But she always opposed Papa and never understood him. She made his life a long misery of frustration. And she bent her head to hide her torment."

Andrew glanced at Geoffrey with despair and, turning again to Melissa, said, "We'd better settle all this now, Melly. Here's Phoebe: She doesn't want to write poems. She wants to marry Johnny Barrett and she'll marry him no matter what you try to do. Phoebe," he continued threateningly, "speak up, and this time don't lie."

Phoebe was utterly cowed now by her brother's manner and expression. She whimpered: "I won't lie, Andrew, please. You know what I want. I want Johnny, and I'm going to marry him, just as soon as he wishes." "Oh no, Phoebe," pleaded Melissa. "You are just frightened, darling. You mustn't be afraid of Andrew. You can tell the truth, dear, and nothing will happen."

An ugly triumph gleamed in Phoebe's eyes, a secret and vivid delight. "I'll tell you the truth, Melissa! I don't want to write poems. I hate them! Nothing in the world will keep me from Johnny; nothing. I haven't any gift, as you call it, and I'm glad! I made up things just to amuse myself and sometimes I copied and you and Papa never found out! You were so stupid, both of you! And Papa used to make fun of you too and you never knew it, but I did!" Now her expression changed, became strangely malignant. "And you were a liar and a sneak about Mr. Dunham. Now you've spoiled all my dreams, for you'll have more than I'll have—all kinds of jewels, and servants, and you'll look down on me and Johnny and think you're so fine!"

She stamped her foot and ran walling out of the room, almost knocking down Sally in the passage.

[continued on page 132]

Amber

Hollywood's new Glamour Shade!

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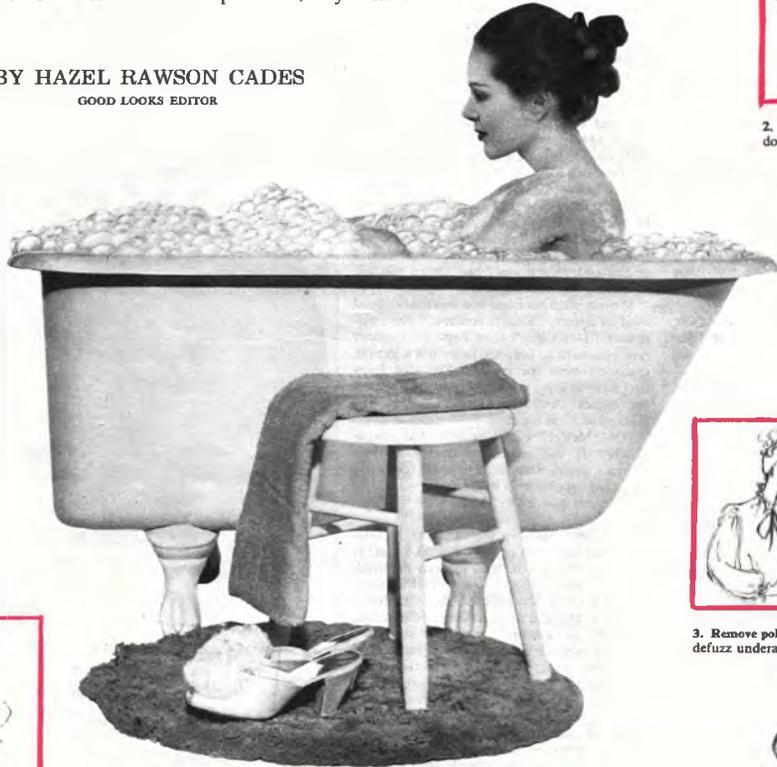
BEDTIME STORY



10. Be sure hair is quite dry (home dryer is a big help)

Have you had a hard day? Kinks in your muscles? Puckers in your smile? Take a bath! Not just a hasty scrub but a lovely relaxing business with all the fixings. And one evening a week why not top-to-toe good looks built around the bath? The little pictures show you how.

BY HAZEL RAWSON CADES
GOOD LOOKS EDITOR



9. Apply nail polish, smooth on hand lotion or cream



8. Towel dry—then bath powder, cologne or lotion



7. Attend to calluses and cuticle (fingers and toes)



6. Scrub, relax, then give yourself a simple facial



5. Set hair, draw tub and smooth cream over face



1. Off with makeup; cleanse face thoroughly



2. Next brush teeth—up, down and around corners



3. Remove polish, file nails, defuzz underarms and legs



4. Brush hair, shampoo, towel dry as possible



And so to bed!

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Melissa

from page 129

Be still, Geoffrey commanded himself. It is better this way, for the shocks to come all at once and be over with. But he could not bear to look at Melissa. Apparently Andrew could not endure it, either, for he went to his sister and put his arm about her shoulders.

"Melly, dear, this is what you meant, isn't it, when you said last night you knew a way? You intended to marry Mr. Dunham and get the money for us from him, didn't you? It wasn't necessary, dear. But I'm glad, anyway. You'll have your own happiness, and then you'll forget all about this and live the life you ought to have. Just remember that you are his wife and your first duty is to him now."

Melissa did not answer or move. She stood in the utter immobility of grief and exhaustion. Andrew, his arm still over her shoulders, looked at Geoffrey. "I think that poor Melly, in her ignorance, has hurt you, Mr. Dunham. But try to understand, please. You can make her happy. Be good to her."

"Yes, Andrew, I understand. You can trust me."

Andrew impulsively stretched out his free hand to Geoffrey and the older man took it. Then he went to the door and caught Sally with her ear against the opened crack. She jumped back, expecting to be berated. But Andrew merely said mildly, "Sally, go upstairs and pack some of Miss Melissa's things. She is leaving right away, with her husband."

THE Dunham house grew larger as the marriage approached it, all its windows sparkling in the sunlight. Geoffrey thought he ought to speak to Melissa before confronting his sister. He turned to her.

She sat upright and stiff, looking steadily at her new home. Her profile was sharply marked against the moving countryside and her mouth was firm and rigid. She must have known what was in Geoffrey's mind, for she said, without turning to him, "Arabella will be surprised." Her voice was calm.

"Yes," Geoffrey said, matching his voice to hers. "It was very early when I left and as no one had retired before three o'clock, no one was about. I left a note for her."

A sharp furrow dug itself between Melissa's eyes and she said forbiddingly, "Arabella does not like me. She will be shocked. A note was a cowardly thing."

Geoffrey said frankly, "Now I am not going to say that Arabella loves you, my dear, and will greet you with cries of joy. There may be a few moments of—unpleasantness, but Arabella will soon adjust herself to the new situation. After all, she has practically no money of her own and in her way she is a very sensible woman."

Melissa turned her head and gave him a cold look, long and piercing. "That must be very disagreeable for Arabella and it does not reflect creditably upon you."

"Perhaps we can make other arrangements for her," he said.

But Melissa had turned away again and did not answer. The carriage was now entering the sloping and winding grounds. All at once she exclaimed breathlessly, her mouth shaking, "There is something I must know. You knew my father well. I—I don't think you will lie to me now and I must know! You heard what Phoebe said: that my father often laughed at me secretly. Tell me honestly—is that true?"

Geoffrey answered at once, without considering and desiring only to ease her misery, "Of course it isn't true, Melissa! Why should you believe the jealous words of a spiteful girl? You have all the years with your father to remember. Do you recall any doubt of him, until now? Don't you think you are wronging him by thinking such things?"

The stern mouth softened and quivered for an instant, but Geoffrey saw it. Melissa lifted her chin. She said only, "Thank you. Thank you." Her voice was hardly audible.

So, thought Geoffrey with deep surprise and gratitude, she has been thinking. This is not new to her, this distrust of her father. Each fresh doubt is an agony but she will be cured through her pain. The evidence will pile up and she will know. She will discover every-

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thing but the discoveries must not come from me.

The carriage was approaching the door of the house when Melissa spoke again: "I have done a wrong thing in marrying you, Mr. Dunham. I know nothing of your way of life but I know I shall not like it. So if you wish to send me home again now, I shall understand and I should prefer it."

Geoffrey answered quietly: "We made a bargain and I insist that it be kept. I shall not send you away. You are my wife."

The carriage stopped. The coachman was opening the door. Geoffrey swung out, held out his hand to Melissa. But she gathered up her frayed brown skirts and descended herself. She did not falter. The desperation on her face was gone, had been replaced by a frozen and prideful composure.

The hall door was opened by James, whose expression was both excited and suppressed. He bowed and said, "Welcome home, Mrs. Dunham."

Well, at least the servants know and that will save awkwardness, thought Geoffrey. "Have Mrs. Dunham's apartments been prepared, James?"

"Yes indeed, sir," said James quickly. "Miss Arabella left orders." He coughed behind a discreet hand. "She also left word with me that she is indisposed and will not come down until dinnertime."

There was a curious warm stillness through all the house. No one was about. Geoffrey frowned. Arabella, then, had done her work well. The guests were remaining in their rooms until requested to appear. There was no one present to welcome the new mistress of this house and now Geoffrey's heart began to pound with anger. He put his hand on Melissa's arm. "Shall we go up to your rooms, my dear?"

HE OPENED the door of his mother's room. Here a bright fire had been lighted, all the dust covers had been removed, the draperies drawn back from the windows. The sunlight, flooding the room, brightened the soft rose damask walls and the Aubusson rug. The doors of the mirrored white-and-gold wardrobe had been opened and a fresh scent of cedar and faint subtle perfume mingled with the odor of the burning fire on its white marble hearth.

If Geoffrey had expected any interest or admiration from Melissa he was disappointed. She actually did not appear aware of the room. She stood waiting, blindly submissive again and motionless. When Geoffrey indicated a door and said, "My dressing-room is beyond that, and my bedroom," she turned her eyes obediently to follow his gesture; but they were dull and glazed.

To Geoffrey's relief, a dark-haired and rosy little maid knocked at the open door and entered with a curtsy. Her bright black eyes stared at Melissa curiously and with repressed excitement. Her pretty cheeks dimpled.

"Melissa, my love," said Geoffrey, "this is Rachel. She will attend to all your needs hereafter. Rachel, this is your new mistress. I think you understand your duties. You will unpack Mrs. Dunham's bags immediately. She will have a tray in her room."

Rachel curtsied again and said in a subdued tone, "Yes, sir." She hesitated, then said to Melissa, who did not seem to see her, "Welcome home, Mrs. Dunham."

Rachel was new; she had been imported only two weeks before from Philadelphia. But she had heard many stories about the Upjohns from James, who had a penchant for her. She had expected Melissa to be a dashing and handsome young woman, a little odd perhaps, and cold, but not this white-lipped woman with gaunt cheeks and unseeing eyes.

When left alone with her new mistress, Rachel was at a loss. What could she say to one who seemed both deaf and dumb, for Melissa had not responded to her greeting? Rachel became uneasy as moment after moment passed and Melissa did not stir nor look at anything. Finally the girl stammered, "Shall I take Madam's shawl?"

Melissa did not reply and Rachel approached her timidly. She lifted the shawl from her shoulders and felt its rough texture

[continued on page 134]



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with distaste. Then she saw the long masses of Melissa's hair and she smiled with admiration. She would brush that hair to smoothness and make it glisten like old gilt. Yes, Madam was really lovely. Her figure was good, if too thin. She could look like a queen!

Rachel drew a coral velvet chair to the fireplace. "Will Madam rest until her tray is here?" she suggested in a soft voice.

Melissa started slightly and turned to Rachel. She seemed to see the girl for the first time. Rachel smiled courageously and again her cheeks dimpled. Melissa sat down obediently. She did not lean against the back of the chair; she sat upright and looked at the fire. How beautiful she could be, thought Rachel.

JAMES knocked at the door and entered with a steaming tray, covered with white linen, beautiful china and silver. He and Rachel exchanged an eloquent glance. Then James deposited the tray upon a table at Melissa's elbow. He removed the silver covers. There was a delicate broiled squab, some rich pink ham, hot bread and butter, a crystal dish of preserves and a pot of fragrant tea.

"Mr. Dunham expressly ordered this luncheon for you, Mrs. Dunham," said James. "It will please him if you enjoy it."

"Yes, of course," murmured Melissa. Then she added stiffly, "Thank you." She began to eat slowly. James hovered over her. He was very sorry for this young creature, so starved and white and numb. When he left with the tray he was quite satisfied. Melissa might not have realized the taste of the delicacies but she had eaten most of them. She was now leaning against the back of the chair. She seemed enormously tired.

"Would Madam like to lie down and rest for a while?" asked Rachel. There was a note of pity in her fresh young voice.

Melissa rose and moved to the center of the room. All at once she seemed to become aware of her surroundings. Slowly her eyes traveled over every object, from the walls to the rugs, from the bed to the dressing table and the delicate chairs and turquoise lamps. She began to wander about. She reached the dressing table and saw herself reflected in the gilt-framed glass. She sat down on the white velvet seat and continued to stare at her own image. Then automatically her hands lifted to her disheveled hair. She smoothed it a little. Her eyes dropped to the jars and bottles with their gold tops. One by one she picked them up and held them to her nose and smelled the perfume and the lotions, concentrated with age. She put them down, studied the backs of her rough hands and red knuckles. She dropped her hands in her lap and closed her eyes.

"It is all frippery and frivolity," Melissa whispered to herself, "the foolishness of people without significance or usefulness. This is how they live, amid velvets and silks, idling away their lives." What did they know of dreams and passions and heroisms, of dedications and the noble labors of the learned? They did not know and they did not care. Yet they had power, an ugly awful power, for they had money. A writer of profound books would perish for want of the dollars which had bought this silver box made for sweetmeats. Oh, Papa, Papa!

The awful grief that had been held back by her numbness now flooded Melissa. The scene that morning in the Uppjohn house rushed before her eyes. She saw Phoebe and Andrew vividly. They were lost, their thoughts and ideals perverted, because there had been no money. They had said ugly things because they had been desperate. They had refused help for they had been too proud. It was too late. It was always too late.

Melissa, forgetting the presence of Rachel, bent her head and sobbed aloud, harsh sobs of utter despair and sorrow.

Geoffrey entered his sister's apartments without bothering to knock. Arabella lay in bed. Beside her sat her favorite maid, Ellis, fanning her and murmuring hoarsely in a sympathetic manner.

Geoffrey did not like Ellis, for she was tall and lank and sly, with a spadelike chin, dark flesh and little malicious eyes. But she and Arabella were friends as well as mistress and servant.

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Ellis returned her master's dislike, yet she rose and curtsied with deep respect and stood by the bed in a servile attitude, giving Geoffrey sidelong glances. He could not endure her. He said, "You may go, Ellis."

The woman hesitated and threw a swift look in the direction of the bed, as if waiting for the order to be countermanded. Geoffrey lost his temper. "I told you to get out," he said quietly. Ellis' deep-set eyes flashed in fright as she ran from the room.

Geoffrey sat down in the chair she had vacated. Arabella appeared unaware of his presence. Her face was buried in her pillows; she kept up an incessant moaning.

"You have behaved abominably today, Arabella. Fortunately, and with rare good sense, you chose not to make a filthy display before your guests. Had you done so, you should not have spent another night under this roof. However, you have communicated something to them some way, so that my wife entered my home as ungreeted as a strumpet, and passed the closed doors of those who have feasted on my hospitality. By heaven, I shall not forget this and you'll pay for it!"

The mound under the quilts moved. Very slowly, rising like a small hill, Arabella sat up in bed. Her face was gray; her fat shoulders huddled together under her ruffled silk night-dress, her plump arms hugged herself. She had become an old woman. "You say you will never forget. Neither shall I, Geoffrey. You ran away early in the morning, leaving behind nothing but a note, and married a woman who has all my scorn and disdain and who will surely bring you misery."

"I left you that note because I know you so well, Bella. I knew your hatred for Melissa; I have known all your tricks and your subtlety for a long time. You would not have succeeded in preventing me from leaving and marrying Melissa, but you would have tried. How would you have tried?"

Arabella cried wildly, "Yes, I would have tried! I would have, in my misguided affection for you, fallen on my knees before you, imploring you not to commit this crime against yourself, this terrible folly! To marry such a creature, to bring her to this house, to flaunt her before the faces of gentlefolk in all her ugliness and stupidity! I would have tried, even with my life, to save you from that!"

She began to rock back and forth in her bed. Her sobs became deep and genuine groans.

"What can our guests think?" Arabella said between the awful sounds she uttered. "Completely unheralded—you run away from this house and bring back a wife! And such a wife! They will laugh at you until all Philadelphia roars."

IN SPITE of himself Geoffrey had a sudden vision of the faces of his guests and his friends and heard the distant rumble of their laughter. And again his fury mounted in defense of Melissa. He, at least, could combat his enemies. But Melissa had no weapons and she had been stricken enoah.

"Here are my orders," said Geoffrey. "You shall appear at the dinner table as composed as possible and as gracious. You shall pretend that this was no surprise to you. You shall greet my wife with the respect due her and make her welcome. If you fail in any of these, you shall leave my house forever, as penniless as you came, carrying with you nothing but what you possessed when I gave you shelter!"

He looked at the great wardrobes against the far corner of the room. He went to them and flung open the doors. His hands rifled through the crowded racks of gowns and dresses which filled the depths. Arabella, watching, saw him tear several of her best gowns from their hangers, a new soft green satin which she had never worn, a black silk heavily and richly draped and embroidered with pearls, a deep brown velvet with golden buttons. He tossed the garments over his arm and went directly to the chests, wrenching out the drawers. He scooped up handfuls of the filmiest petticoats and nightgowns. He stuffed his pockets with silk stockings.

Then Geoffrey turned to his sister. "These will be altered at once to fit Melissa. But when I leave this room you will immediately get up and send a list to Philadelphia for a complete

[continued on page 136]



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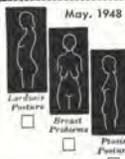
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Arabella could not speak. She looked at her precious finery on her brother's arm and her face was wild with rage and hate.

"You will also gather up all the jewels which belonged to my mother and you will send them, in an hour or two, to my wife's room. They are hers now. You wore them by courtesy. You will never disgrace them again."

He went out of the room. Arabella watched him go in silence. Even when the door had closed behind him, she continued to look at it. Her swollen eyes became terrible.

MELISSA lay on the velvet bed, asleep. She was still dressed in her brown woolen frock, but Rachel had thrown a light blue robe over her.

The maid rose as Geoffrey entered. She whispered, "Mrs. Dunham just fell asleep, sir. She seemed very tired."

Geoffrey nodded, touched the girl's arm and led her back to his bedroom. He indicated the gowns he had thrown on the bed. "These are Mrs. Shaw's. She has kindly presented them to Mrs. Dunham, but they are obviously the wrong size. Do you think you could alter one of them before dinner?"

Rachel picked up the shimmering green satin frock and examined it critically. She

went to the wardrobe in Melissa's room and removed a dress. She then measured the old and the new with concentrated attention.

"If I begin at once, sir, I think I can have it ready by seven o'clock," she said eagerly. She examined the other dresses. "I'm sure I can alter these too. One each day, perhaps."

"Well, get to work at once, child. I will remain with Mrs. Dunham. Also, please ask James to bring me a tray."

Rachel gathered up the gleaming silk, one or two of the undergarments, and hurried from the room. Geoffrey returned to Melissa. She still slept in the abandoned unconsciousness of exhaustion. He sat down beside her and looked long and intently at his new wife as she slept. Her loosened hair lay like a shaft of winter sunlight on the white pillows. Geoffrey gently lifted a strand; its weight and softness thrilled him with tenderness and admiration. It was not hair that curled, yet he imagined that it clung to his hand. He smoothed it over and over.

Melissa's face was turned away from him but he saw her flat white cheek, the strong angle of her chin and her beautiful thin throat. What a fierce innocence lived in this young creature! It was not only an innocence of the grosser affairs of life but an innocence of humanity in all its teeming and variegated patterns. Geoffrey was suddenly appalled at her extreme lack of knowledge. Yet he knew that Melissa had very positive convictions concerning life, and all of them were wrong.

The first doubt came to him that he had done a sane and wise thing. What if he never succeeded in enlarging Melissa's horizon? She was twenty-five years old and by nature she was strongly intolerant of opinions differing from hers, or rather, her father's, and any views she acquired were immediately cast in iron, to remain forever inflexible.

Well, I can try to give her other opinions, Geoffrey thought. If once I can get her to compromise, to doubt, to consider, the good work will be well on its way.

There was the softest knock on the door and James entered with a tray. He whispered as he put it down, "I am sorry, sir, but you were engaged before—"

And you know all about it, all of you, thought Geoffrey grimly. But he smiled at the man. James left the room and Geoffrey began to eat but with abstraction, all his thoughts

with Melissa. From time to time he glanced at her as she lay upon the bed.

It was good to have a wife without deception or slyness, incapable of falsehood, full of instinctive honor. He became less doubtful of the wisdom of his marriage.

He finished his meal with satisfaction and looked up to see that Melissa was awake and that she was staring at him intently, though she still had not moved.

"I hope you slept well," said Geoffrey, wondering uncomfortably how long she had been watching him and to what conclusions she had come. He got up and went again to the chair by her bed. Her wide eyes followed his every movement but her expression did not change.

"Trying to keep his voice light, he went on: "You were more than tired, Melissa. You were shocked and stunned by everything that happened today. You must not think of your brother and sister with bitterness. You must let them go to find their own happiness and you have a duty to find your own."

He paused. He knew that most of Melissa's mind was shut against his words but perhaps she had heard enough to start her thinking.

"You also have a duty to me, Melissa," he added gently.

Her eyes flew open and she regarded him unbelievably, as if she had just heard a most inconceivable statement.

"Yes, a duty to me," repeated Geoffrey more firmly. "You made a bargain. I expect you to keep to it. Think of your father, Melissa. What if he knew that consciously or unconsciously you did not intend to fulfill your promise?"

Geoffrey went on with deliberate falsity: "Your father knew I wished to marry you, my dear." He paused, surprised. (Yes, Charles, you knew I did, and that is why you concentrated upon corrupting Melissa's mind and poisoning her against me.)

Melissa spoke for the first time, her voice full of disbelief: "My father—knew that?"

Geoffrey answered strongly, "He did." Melissa raised herself upon her elbow and her long hair fell over her shoulders. "Then why did he call you a devious man and infer that you were not to be trusted?"

I see, thought Geoffrey. He was silent for several long moments. "I think you wrong your father or misinterpret what he meant. I was his friend for many years. By 'devious' he doubtless meant that I was a good business-man. As for 'distrust,' if he had thought he could not trust me, wouldn't he have taken his books to another publisher?"

"Yes," whispered Melissa falteringly. She bent her head and her face was hidden by the straight curtain of her hair.

"So, your father trusted me. I ask that you trust me, as your husband."

Melissa lifted her head and looked at him. "What do you wish me to do, Mr. Dunham?"

He said with firmness: "I never wish to hear you call me 'Mr. Dunham' again. That is my command, Melissa. My name is Geoffrey. Use it hereafter. You will take your place as my wife, become a proper and competent mistress of this house, entertain my guests and learn some social graces. You are a lady; these things will come naturally to you."

MELISSA tried to look away but now he held her with his hard direct eyes. "I want you to know that nothing will harm you in this house. You need not be afraid of me, Melissa. I honor you because you are my wife. You are free to do as you wish. Your father's manuscripts are here. You may work on them. But you must not neglect your other duties. That is your bargain and I shall insist that you keep it."

Melissa's eyes were stark and desperate. "Mr. Dun—Geoffrey, I shall do what I can to please you. But I don't know if I shall succeed.

Our lives have been so different. I am not interested in people." She caught her breath, then cried: "I hate people! I am afraid of them! I don't know what to do! I only want a corner in your house where I can work—"

Geoffrey stood up. He was very moved by her anguish but he kept his voice firm and sharp: "You shall have time to work. But I have told you of your duties and I shall not let you neglect them. You say you hate people and are afraid of them. That is stupid. You are really a very ignorant girl, Melissa, and it is time that you try to improve yourself."

She flung up her head proudly and her eyes flashed at him with anger. But she said with quietness, "I shall try. If I do not succeed it will not be because I have not tried."

"That is all I ask of you," he said with more gentleness. "Dinner is at eight o'clock. This house is filled with my guests. You shall meet them. A gown is being prepared for you and orders for a complete wardrobe are being listed. You will wear my mother's jewels tonight and you will, I know, conduct yourself well."

Her chin rose and her mouth tightened. She repeated, "I shall try."

He bent over her; she did not shrink away from him but looked at him steadily. He said softly, "Melissa, once you asked me why I wanted to marry you. I told you because I loved you, and you did not believe it. But it was true. Think of that, sometimes."

Quietly he left the room.

RACHEL and Ellis carried in a shining bathtub and placed it on the hearth. Melissa, still sitting on her bed, watched with consternation. She was accustomed to taking her baths on Sunday afternoon before the kitchen fire with all doors shut and barred and the act completed hurriedly. She saw the finest of white linen towels laid out, a soap that smelled of spring, and an incredible chemise, heavily trimmed with silk lace, two taffeta petticoats and a pair of silk stockings.

Rachel beamed at her as Ellis scuttled from the room. "It is time for your bath, Mrs. Dunham, and then I shall help you dress."

Melissa slipped from the bed. The air flowered with perfume and warm steam. Her mouth was set grimly as she looked down at the tub and the waiting garments. But she would not let herself think too deeply. She remembered Geoffrey's insistence upon her "duties." If this was a part of her duties, then she would submit.

Rachel slipped behind her and began to unbutton her bodice. Melissa started, then said curtly, "I can undress myself, thank you." She had flushed a little, and her hand, reaching over her shoulder, held her bodice together.

Rachel said cheerfully, "I am your maid, Mrs. Dunham, and I am supposed to attend you and give you your bath."

At this humiliating suggestion Melissa's color deepened to scarlet. She said loudly, "I never heard of such a thing! And I shall certainly never permit it. I have been bathing myself, alone, since I was five years old, and always in private. I assure you."

The very thought of being naked before another person made her lower her eyes and the wash of scarlet ran over her entire body.

"It is the customary thing, Madam," murmured Rachel.

"I don't believe it! Please go. I'll be only a few minutes."

Rachel, with a baffled glance, left the room, closing the door after her.

Melissa's expression of supreme distaste became stronger. She stared at the scented soap, then put it to her nose. A faint look of sheepish surprise brightened her face. Then sternly she laid the soap down, shook her head as if in austere denial of her own weakness. She undressed swiftly and furtively, with suspicious glances at the door. She slipped into the perfumed water and again that childlike wonder shone in her eyes. Inch by inch she relaxed against the high back of the tub and loosened her limbs in the water. They lay, white and sculptured, in an opalescent bath. She saw them for the first time and a startled thought came to her that they were beautiful.

It was a shameful thought and she hurriedly began to wash herself. In a strange and foolish

room she was preparing for festivities when she should be working. No matter, it was just for tonight. Tomorrow Mr. Dunham—Geoffrey—must be made to see that she was a serious and dedicated person, with no time for follies.

Geoffrey. The soap lay in her hands and she stared at the fire which warmed her smooth shoulders. She closed her eyes tightly, to shut out the face of her husband. It was impossible. She had no "husband." She was Melissa Uppjohn and this was an absurd dream, a grotesque nightmare. Husband! She opened her eyes involuntarily and saw her long body, like a mermaid's pale flesh beneath green seawater. Now her heart beat wildly as if with terror. She stood up and began to dry herself with trembling hands. "Oh no!" she whispered to herself. "No, never!" She stepped out of the tub and stood shaking and glancing about her in an attitude of impending flight.

The pulses beat and throbbed heavily in her throat and temples. Rachel knocked at the door and Melissa cried frantically, "Not yet!"

She almost tore the lace-trimmed chemise as she wrenched it over her shoulders. She fastened the strings of the petticoats and looked around the room desperately, then caught up her old brown frock and put it on. It slipped over the rustling silk with a strange and intoxicating sound and for the first time in her life she felt the sliding softness of satin against her flesh. Rachel opened the door and entered, with the green gown over her arm, and smiling as always. She continued to smile even when she saw the brown frock.

"But Mrs. Dunham, I have brought your gown," said Rachel, laying the dress tenderly on the bed. "And you haven't put on your silk stockings yet."

Melissa looked down at her bare feet and bent her knees a little to cover them with the hem of her skirt. "That dress doesn't belong to me!" she cried with vehemence. "This is mine and I shall wear it."

"But Mr. Dunham expressly wished you to wear this," urged Rachel.

Melissa paused. Her "duty" again! She went to the bed, lifted the lovely gown and examined it scornfully. It slipped through her hands; the rough nails bruised the shining satin. The texture of it made that half-childish look flash out on her face once more. Then, seeing Rachel admiringly beside her, she flung the dress down and held out her hands for the stockings. Rachel gave them to her meekly but there was a dimple of triumph near her mouth. She knew the words now that could subdue her mistress.

MELISSA sat down, turned her back and pulled on the stockings. Then she had her own rather artless triumph. "I have nothing but those old black boots," she announced. "They will show under that dress."

Rachel looked at the boots with dismay. Then she said dubiously, "If you are careful, Mrs. Dunham, they will not show."

Grimly Melissa put on the shoes. She swept up the dress, opened the closet and disappeared within. Rachel shrugged and waited.

Melissa soon stalked out like a grenadier, full of lofty derision for the figure she must cut in the foolish green satin. She had fastened it awkwardly in the darkness and Rachel went to her. This time Melissa did not retreat. She allowed the buttons to be fastened properly; she watched Rachel's deft fingers at the sweeping draperies, the bustle, the folds. Then she found that Rachel had eased her unconsciously to the dressing-table seat.

Melissa looked up, startled to see her face in the mirror and the soft silk below it. The bodice was artfully cut very low, a small contrivance of Rachel's. The color enhanced the flushed tint of her flesh. She bent forward to stare at herself, at this unbelievable transformation. Her loose unfastened pale hair flowed over her like a long and gleaming shawl. Rachel picked up a length of it experimentally. "It is beautiful!" she said in a reverent voice.

The eyes of the two young women met in the mirror. Melissa colored. Her habit of suspiciously hearing ridicule under the smooth phrasing of a compliment returned but, to her wonder, she saw no ridicule in Rachel's eyes. "That is very kind of you," she said stiffly and

[continued on page 138]



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removed the length of hair in Rachel's hand. She began to braid it quickly but Rachel said, "Mr. Dunham would prefer that I dress it for you, ma'am."

Melissa's hands immediately dropped. Rachel lifted a gold-backed brush and gently began to stroke her mistress' hair. Swiftly, with careful and critical judgment, she wound the mass about her hands and wrists and swung the hair into a smooth and twisted knot at Melissa's neck. Its large contours outlined her tall and slender neck; the temples gleamed like dim old gold.

Melissa could not believe what she saw. She listened to Rachel's admiring comments with a strange thirst. She bent forward to study her face again and the sleek folds of the bodice. It was impossible to deny that she looked quite—presentable. Of course, it was all folly, but tomorrow she could forget. She turned her head to catch the lamplight on her hair and something warm and sweet flooded her.

GEOFFREY entered, carrying a small box in his hands. At his appearance Melissa jumped to her feet, almost upsetting Rachel. Slowly he laid the box on the table and stood in silence, studying this unbelievable portrait in pale green and gilt. But I have always known it, he thought. It ought to be no surprise to me. He said quietly, "Melissa, you are beautiful." Her color deepened as she looked at him shyly.

Geoffrey opened the box and brought out a velvet container. He opened it and showed Melissa the string of diamonds and topazes within. "My mother's," he said as she regarded them with dazed interest. "There are many more but this is suitable for tonight. And here are the matching bracelet, ring and brooch."

He picked up the necklace and moved behind the girl. She started when she felt his fingers at her neck and shivered a little. But she held herself still. The necklace gleamed in the lamplight.

Geoffrey stood away and smiled at her as one smiles at a child. Rachel fastened the bracelet on Melissa's thin wrist, slipped the ring on her finger and pinned the brooch at the deep cleft of the bodice. Now fire sparkled with Melissa's every breath and movement. Rachel clasped her hands in ecstasy. Before the two pairs of admiring eyes Melissa was again suspicious but, search as she would, she could discover no taint of ridicule in either. Was it really possible that she was not homely? That she could arouse admiration, not only for her learning, but for her actual physical appearance?

A thought flashed into her mind: Papa had discernment. He could find beauty hidden deep within apparent ugliness. If I am beautiful, as Geoffrey and Rachel say, then Papa must have known it, in spite of my appalling clothes. Why, then, did he attempt to deceive me that I was ugly?

In her distress she forgot her shyness and looked directly at Geoffrey: "My father often told me I had no beauty whatsoever."

Geoffrey's eyes narrowed. He knew he must speak very carefully. He made himself smile.

"Perhaps your father was afraid that you might become too vain. But he often asked me if I did not consider you the handsomest girl I had ever seen. When I assured him I did, he was inordinately pleased." He paused. "Once your father expressed his regret that he was unable to clothe you as he might desire and give you jewels to enhance your appearance. But he was always happy when I promised him that I would do these things for you myself some day."

Melissa's tight face softened and she regarded Geoffrey eagerly, with tears of grief and delight on her lashes.

Geoffrey went on: "How pleased your father would be if he could see you tonight, Melissa. You are dressed as he would have dressed you, had he been able. Who knows? Perhaps he is aware of you at this moment and is proud."

Melissa frowned at this sentimental child-ishness. But she looked at herself in the mirror frankly and openly, without coyness. "I really do seem rather handsome," she observed. "I should not have believed it."

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- 1 cup whipping cream, whipped

Heat marshmallows and fruit juice over low heat, folding until marshmallows are half melted. Remove from heat and continue folding until mixture is smooth. Add peppermint and coloring. Fold in fruit, then mayonnaise and, lastly, the whipped cream. Turn into individual molds. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Unmold on lacy endive ring. Garnish with sprig of mint and bits of milled marshchino cherry. Serves 6.



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Geoffrey was almost unendurably touched. He held out his arm to her. "It is my pleasure to take you to your guests," he said gently. She hesitated, then she put the tips of her fingers on his arm with awkward timidity.

Arabella sat among her guests clad in lavender velvet, lace, amethysts and pearls. Her hair was elaborately dressed and a cloud of attar of roses flowed about her.

She had always feared her brother. But now she was filled with terror and hatred. She knew he never spoke idly, and that, if she did not please him tonight, she would find herself homeless.

She was very sprightly, gay and vivacious as she conversed with her guests before the fire in the yellow room. She arched her eyebrows with coy meaning, she simpered and laughed. Oh yes, indeed, she had known for a long time of dear Geoffrey's attachment to Melissa Upjohn! The marriage had originally been scheduled for long before the holidays but then such calamity had visited dear Melissa! First her father had died, and then her mother.

No festivities could take place, naturally, after so much grief and so Geoffrey and Melissa had decided to be married with the utmost quietness, in an entirely subdued manner. She, Arabella, had been very shocked by this, for she was a very conventional soul and thought the marriage should have been postponed for at least six months. But others were not so conventional. Arabella sighed. However, it was not her place to criticize, she added with meek pathos.

Mr. Victor Littlefield was small both in stature and in soul, a black ant of a man with an ant's hidden and murderous pincers. He was sixty years old but no grayness had appeared in his thin black hair or in his strong black beard. His lady was his second wife, considerably younger. She was very elegant indeed and of such a swooning appearance that one was constantly afraid that the simplest loud word would compel her to reach for her smelling salts.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewster Eldridge were a fat, short and smiling couple in their forties. Mr. Eldridge was also a publisher, but in New York. One felt an aura about them of shrewdness and inclination to kindly laughter.

Then there were the Bertrams, of New York, who had no outstanding features at all but merged against every background and were lost. In Arabella's eyes they possessed the most sterling of qualities: they were rich.

It was not Arabella's nature to revere or admire anyone who did not possess considerable money, not even a real artist. Though Mr. Erskine Holland was not wealthy, it was quite the thing among the established to have one's portrait painted by him. He was the rage, and hostesses fought for the privilege of entertaining him and his wife. So, the Hollands had been invited for the holidays, and they and the Eldridges made the occasion almost endurable for Geoffrey Dunham.

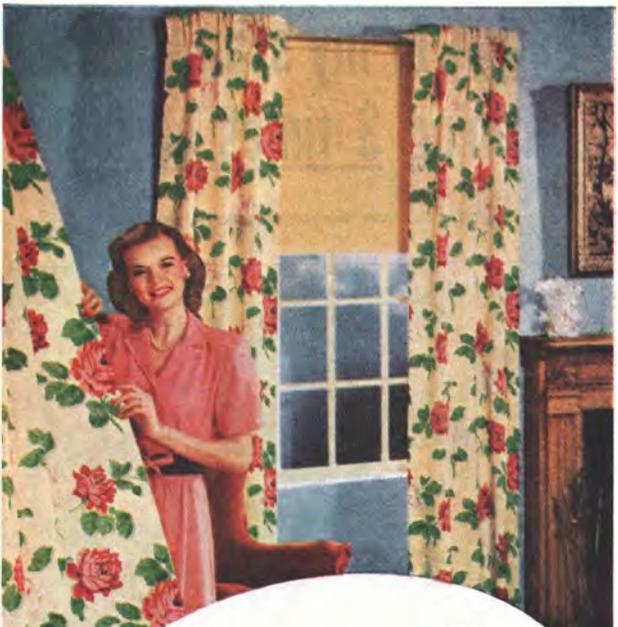
There was one unexpected guest, with whom Arabella had quite fallen in love in a coquettishly auntlike fashion. This fortunate creature was the son of Mr. Littlefield by his first wife and his name was Ravel.

Ravel had winning ways, which few women could resist. He was his father's chief heir and this did nothing to turn the ladies against him. And as he was also remarkably handsome, the whole effect was devastating for susceptible females. Almost always he preferred to stand, usually against something noble such as a marble pillar. His attitudes were dramatically wistful, calculated to set gentlemen's teeth on edge and ladies' hearts to fluttering.

He was at this time in the doldrums, just recovering from his last passionate encounter with a determined young lady of the New York stage. She had been resolutely set on marriage, a thing which Ravel regarded with natural abhorrence: for, in his way, he had considerable sense. He knew that matrimony would greatly inhibit his romancing. So he had hurriedly parted from her.

Now in a poetic and creative mood, he had decided that he was ready to begin his opus, a long dramatic poem on the subject of Orpheus and his lute and his beautiful tragic young

[continued on page 140]



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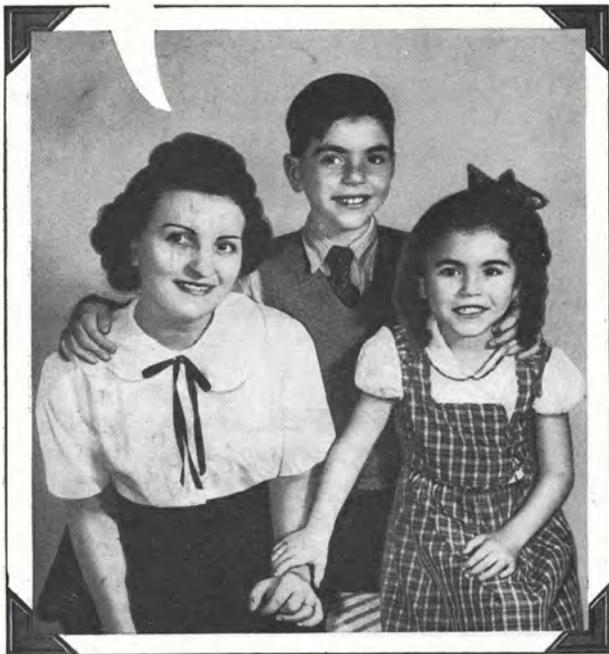
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wife. The only trouble was that he needed an inspiration and none of the feminine guests present resembled Eurydice.

Tonight Ravel leaned against the marble mantelpiece and listened with interest for the first time in days as Arabella's false sprightliness of conversation concerned itself with her new sister-in-law. He kept glancing at the doorway with some impatience for the appearance of the bride. There was just a possibility that Arabella might be wrong. There was too much venom in her sugary voice as she elaborated on Melissa. Whenever he heard that tone from a lady he knew about some other unknown lady, he was filled with anticipation. He had rarely been disappointed.

Arabella's voice now took on the subtle intonation of courageous regret. "Of course," she said, "it is not the poor darling child's fault that she is so feebly endowed with beauty. One must remember that a man of Geoffrey's age often outgrows callowness and looks for character and family. With both, dearest Melissa has been amply endowed."

The other guests too had become astonishingly interested and missed the appearance of Geoffrey and his bride. It was not until Arabella sprang to her feet with guilty and feverish animation that they became aware of their host and Melissa standing on the threshold of the room. They heard Arabella give a lyrical and dramatic exclamation: "Ah, there they are now, the dears!" and they started. Every head turned itself to the door. Every eye fixed itself upon Melissa, at first with curiosity and then with stupefaction.

She stood beside Geoffrey, tall, stately, whitey enigmatic and very still. The beautifully cut dress revealed her long slender body in complete outline. Her pale head gleamed under the blaze of the crystal chandelier. The color of the gown enhanced the brown of her eyes between their bronze lashes. She wore what Arabella called her usual "blank" expression but the others saw it as majestic repose, imperial and haughty.

The gentlemen, fascinated, unable to look away, stood up slowly. Ravel dropped his elbow from the mantelpiece. Good heavens, he thought. An ice goddess! Aphrodite! Eurydice!

THE room opened out before Melissa like a huge golden cave, brilliantly sparkling with crystal. She had been frightened. Now she was blinded, overwhelmed. She was dimly aware that she was being introduced to people but she could only give them a bemused glance before she returned to her amazed contemplation of the room. She had been in this house three times before but she had never entered the drawing-rooms.

Someone was leading her to a chair before the fire. She lifted her astounded eyes to the mantelpiece and stared at the golden cupids with their uplifted gilded candles.

It finally came to her that she was behaving like a stunned peasant. Proudly she forced herself to look at these strangers from whom she instinctively shrank. But they knew of her father; she must do him justice.

"From what gallery did you steal this ravishing creature, Dunham?" a gentleman's soft and admiring voice was saying. "I swear, she is direct from the hand of Phidias himself!" And then Melissa became aware again of the blur of voices about her.

She looked up at Ravel, who was again standing against the becoming background of the mantelpiece. His wondrous profile was lit up by the fire; his eyes were melting as they gazed ardently at her. Suddenly she blushed and hid her reddened hands under a fold of her gown. Then she looked away from Ravel with dignity and he was freshly enamored.

"Thank you," Geoffrey answered indulgently. He stood behind Melissa's chair and lightly touched the golden coil near his hand. Melissa started at his touch, a movement which was not lost on the suddenly avid guests. Mr. Holland's kind heart was moved with pity. He advanced toward Melissa and gave her a courtly bow. She looked up at him, shrinking, but when she saw how kindly he was, she managed an uncertain smile.

"Mr. Holland is our most famous portrait painter, my dear," said Arabella. "Perhaps Geoffrey can induce him sometime to paint



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your portrait." She gave the ladies a sly and long-suffering smile, to which they all responded except Mrs. Holland.

Melissa stared at Mr. Holland, puzzled. "My father often spoke of the artists he had known in Philadelphia and New York, famous artists," she said in her clear neutral voice. "But he never mentioned you, sir." She appeared doubtful and suspicious.

Everyone, even Geoffrey, was taken aback by this gauche and stood or sat in silence. Geoffrey turned red. But Mr. Holland said very gently: "I have heard of your father, my dear, and I have read all his wonderful books, but we never met. Besides, perhaps I am not so famous as Arabella implies."

"Perhaps," Melissa agreed.

Melissa, whose sensibilities had not been blunted by numerous social contacts, began to be acutely aware of the currents in this room. Her mother had once remarked that men were kinder than women and Melissa had scoffed at the remark. But now she wondered if it were not true. She felt nothing but interest, admiration and cordiality in the gentlemen. But she was frightened and then humiliated by the ladies. They were laughing at her; they thought her ugly and ridiculous. She lifted her chin haughtily, turned her head from them and encountered the passionate gaze of the young man before her.

Amazed, she could not look away. She was aware that he was singularly handsome and that he was admiring her. He was not pretending, she could see that. She was absorbed in his admiration, conscious of the bright smoothness of her hair, her white neck, the jewels at her throat, the soft caress of the silk against her skin. A long warm tremor ran over her body. She stared at the young man eagerly, only faintly doubtful now. She swiftly glanced down to see if the disgraceful boots had revealed themselves, and then, satisfied, returned to the marveling contemplation of the young man's admiration.

He in turn was fascinated by this unique young creature and her evident wonder. As he was a connoisseur of women he understood, by intuition, a great deal about Melissa. Here was no swooning pampered artificial woman, artfully aware of the effects she created. She was like a young white birch tree in unfathomed forests. All sorts of extravagant smiles rushed through his mind. But he saw too that she had the intelligent woman's clear steadfast eyes, her broad white brow, her air of dignity, reserve and consciousness.

HE HAD been very excited and now he was enormously stirred. He recognized the first emotions of "true real love." There was the thrill of infatuation, the excitement, the stir, the warmth. Intrigued not only by Melissa, but also by his own unique emotions, he looked with urgent silence at the girl and she gazed back at him, fascinated by what she saw in his eyes.

Involuntarily she asked a question which only a Melissa could ask, and she asked it abruptly: "What do you do?"

Fortunately everyone else was engaged in polite conversation and did not hear this. Ravel did not find it strange. Nothing about Melissa was strange to him now. He answered with a rare simplicity: "I am a poet. Of sorts." "A poet," repeated Melissa almost inaudibly. "My father often said that a poet was the only true interpreter of life."

Ravel experienced a sensation oddly akin to humility and shame. "I am afraid, then, that I am not a true poet," he said. "I have done nothing significant in my writing. I should say I am a spinner of sugary phrases. I have had it in my mind for a long time to write a long dramatic poem about Orpheus and Eurydice—" He paused. "I think I shall write it now," he added very softly.

But Melissa naturally gleaned nothing from this but the bare statement of fact. Her eyes became animated and they flashed with the cold and undefiled passion of her mind. "How wonderful that would be!" she exclaimed. "Yes, you must write it!"

Her voice, loud and strong, captured the attention of the others and every head turned to her. But she did not notice. Her whole face

[continued on page 142]

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had kindled. There was a breathlessness about her. Bewitched, Ravel stared at the girl. At this moment dinner was announced. The gentlemen offered their arms to the ladies, who rose with a rustle of silk. Melissa stood among them like a marvelously carved statue of ice, iridescent and sparkling. She took Geoffrey's arm and walked beside him into the dining-room.

As this was Geoffrey's wedding night he seated Melissa at his right hand while Arabella remained in her old place of authority at the foot of the table. Tomorrow, she knew, Melissa would occupy her place. Ravel Littlefield sat beside Melissa and watched her quietly. He saw, for the first time, the mauve stains of fatigue under her eyes. Once Geoffrey smiled at his bride and she smiled back, with a child's awkward uneasiness. Certainly it was not the smile of a woman in love or of a wife. Ravel became very thoughtful and then curiously elated. His intuition, always acute, informed him of many things long before his conscious mind caught up.

A marriage dinner was expected to be gay; but all at once even the most interested voice became silent. A dim disquiet spread from the table to the farthest corners of the room. Geoffrey was carving the roast meticulously. The guests watched him with concentrated attention. They felt the presence of the speechless girl in their midst. She oppressed them, though they did not know why.

Geoffrey glanced up and looked fully at his wife. The silver implements remained suspended in his hands, while he gazed at her as if only she were in this room. He saw in her a human soul as it had been created, unreconciled and eternally alone, alien and isolated. All the others about her, the whole world about her, had been created so, but in their terror and cowardice they had built up about them an illusion of society, of peopled places, of customs and institutions, of lies and attitudes and conventions—all to hide the terrible truth from themselves: that they were alone and could never be companioned.

None of this has corrupted Melissa, Geoffrey thought. She knows she is alone, that is why she has majesty.

Arabella thought malignantly: There she sits, like a graven image, with not the slightest expression on her face! Surely I shall wake up to discover this is a nightmare!

Ravel thought, she is Euridyce, who has lived so long among shadows that she is blind to the sunlight and turns back from the world. He thought, I love her.

Ravel said in an amused voice, "Dunham, I have just read a book which your house published recently and which I understand is extraordinarily successful, though I don't know why, unless it be because of the general imbecility of the American public."

Geoffrey smiled. "I assume you are referring to Mrs. Lydia Bainbridge's novel, Lady Cecily's Secret Heart? Yes, it is very successful. It will quite balance our ledgers this year."

He added, raising his brows and looking at Ravel with a disagreeable smile: "Imbecility of the American public?"

Ravel tried to speak tolerantly: "Perhaps I was hasty in making that remark. I should, rather, have expressed resentment that you publishers serve the people such unmitigated trash in the name of literature."

Geoffrey glanced at the servant beside him and said concisely: "Mr. Littlefield will now have some cabbage."

Ravel turned a fiery red but he still smiled at his host. Geoffrey, now seated, inclined his head courteously at the younger man. "There will be better books when there are better readers. When the public no longer buys 'trash' as you call it, we shan't publish it. We are merely businessmen."

Ravel's angry color faded and he gave Geoffrey a long politely offensive stare. "Then I accuse you of debasing the public's taste—for money—in spite of your defense. Haven't you any sense of responsibility toward the people of America? Are you publishers unaware of the fact that men are corrupted by unscrupulous panderers to their bestial tastes?"

"That," said Geoffrey, "is nonsense. What

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the people buy, and want, is the reflection of their taste, or their souls, if you will." He turned to Mr. Eldridge, whose round rosy face had become grave. "What do you say about this, Eldridge? You're a publisher too."

Mr. Eldridge pondered, his childlike eyes sober and thoughtful. Everyone felt the strange and urgent hostility between Geoffrey and Ravel, and now every eye and ear was turned toward them, oblivious of Melissa. Had they looked at the girl they would have seen that she had lost her far abstraction. She was listening with painful attention, her hands clenched together in the folds of her gown.

MR. ELDRIDGE spoke in a tone very different from his usual jovial one: "I agree with Dunham, Ravel. Some misguided people think that publishers deny a hearing to talented unknowns, preferring the third-rate drivelings of known and established writers. That is absurd. Many bad books are published, yes, but only for the want of better. Every publisher screams with delight on the rare occasion when a good manuscript comes to his desk, whoever the writer."

"But you would not publish a good book, if you thought it wouldn't sell well," said Ravel with contempt.

Mr. Eldridge shook his head. "My dear boy, if a book is 'good,' it will sell. I doubt if any book of considerable excellence has died for want of readers, or of cash."

Melissa whispered passionately, "No, you are wrong!" But no one heard her. Everyone was deliciously absorbed in the sight of Ravel's suffused face, Geoffrey's cynical smile and Mr. Eldridge's obvious distress at being forced into an argument which had powerful undercurrents he could not name.

Geoffrey said, in a deliberately patronizing and hypocritical voice, "It would appear that Ravel has been unsuccessful in marketing his wares. I should be glad to look them over, Ravel."

Ravel bowed elegantly to his host. His eyes were furious, though he said negligently, "I am afraid they would not fill your coffers, Dunham."

"That would be unfortunate," said Geoffrey with an air of regret. "I like, love and cherish money because it gives me time to do some of the things I want to do. Every sensible man respects and desires money. Of course such a desire is held contemptible by our more delicate souls." He smiled at Ravel affectionately.

Ravel answered in an oddly stifled voice which contrasted with his fixed smile, "I deny that I am a 'delicate soul.' It is only that I don't think the arts should be debased merely for money. Probably you would call me sentimental, Dunham. I notice that there is a general tendency to sneer at everything beautiful and call it sentimentality." He glanced swiftly about the table. "Am I boring anybody?"

The ladies ardently disclaimed any sensation of ennui.

Melissa said nothing. She stared at Ravel and he felt her impetuosity spurring him to continue, as if what he would say was the only thing of importance to her. Her eagerness blazed from her. It became very necessary to him not to disappoint her and so it was as if he were her spokesman when he said, "It is an old story, this neglect of a truly great artist in favor of the cheap sensational scribbler."

Geoffrey smiled and said, "By the way, who sets the standard of what is good and what is bad in literature? I say it is what the people acclaim or ignore." He smiled again. "Would you be able to say, with conviction, that you were competent to judge?"

Before Ravel could speak again Geoffrey said, "We are going to publish three of Balzac's books this year. What do you think of Balzac, Ravel?"

Ravel sensed a trap. Geoffrey's face was too bland. But he said uncertainly, "I think France has produced no finer writer in this generation." He added, "I congratulate you on your coming venture."

He knew it had been a trap when Geoffrey smiled broadly, felt in an inner pocket and brought out a newspaper clipping. He showed it to the guests as a magician shows a rabbit he

[continued on page 144]

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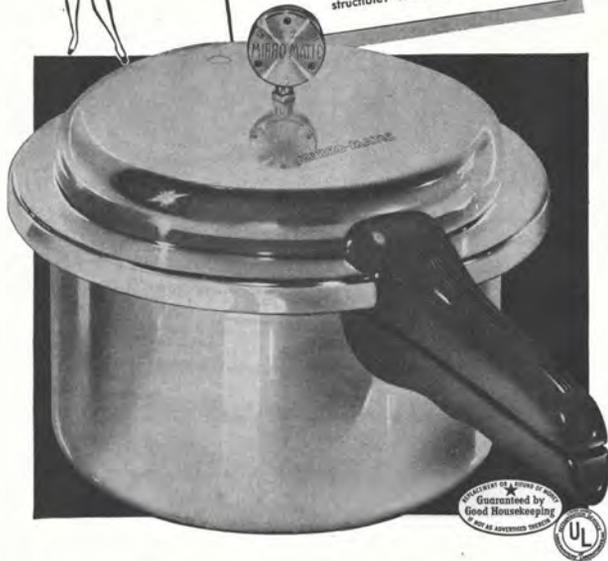
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has just lifted from a hat. "This," he said, "is a criticism of Balzac written by one of Paris' most distinguished critics after the publication of one of his later novels. Let me see—my French is rather cumbersome, so I shall translate slowly:

"Balzac cannot under any circumstances be considered an artist. Does he write from a divine moving of the spirit? No! He writes for money! Let him need a new house, let the money-lenders be hot on his trail and immediately he sits down and dashes off two or three of his execrable novels to satisfy his base cravings! Is that art? Is that dedication? No, it is a degradation. The only comfort which comes to your critic's heart is the realization that his fame will not survive the test of time, that his vulgar scribblings will be used only to stuff up Rathos in the benighted dens of those who buy his works. A book written for money is a book destined for death."

Geoffrey folded the clipping in a complete silence. He bowed to Ravel. "I congratulate you upon your literary taste, which is so at variance with the famous critic's."

Ravel's mortification was complete. Anything he might say now would only tumble him deeper into the trap. His father was grinning; the Eldridges were smiling broadly; Mr. and Mrs. Holland were embarrassed in sympathy. Mrs. Littlefield was staring at Geoffrey with malevolence.

But Melissa, full of fierceness, regarded Geoffrey with flashing eyes. She exclaimed, "It isn't a new story when an artist is misunderstood even by eminent critics! You have taken an unfair advantage, sir!" Her voice, strident, unrestrained, rushed out vehemently: "I wish to bring to your attention my father's own distinguished works. The critics unanimously acclaim him a great scholar, a great writer and an artist. Yet, in spite of this, a stupid people refused to buy his books in any quantity." She leaned toward her husband and her face glowed with anger. "But then, I have never believed that my father's books have sold as poorly as you claimed!"

Again there was silence and now everyone, including Ravel, was bathed in complete embarrassment at Melissa's ingenuous but atrocious manners and the insults she had flung at her husband.

Melissa became aware, even in her passion, of the averted eyes and shut mouths. She subsided in her seat. Her heart was beating tumultuously. What had she done? She had merely joined an argument which seemed to her more important than anything in the world, for what could be more important than books? Did these fools believe women had no minds, that they should not speak? That must be it! Her indignation struggled to rise, then collapsed. No, it was something else. She was accustomed, at home, to break fiercely into speech, to argue heatedly whenever she desired and no one had thought it unnatural. She began to be very tired. Tears of utter misery, perplexity and grief stung her eyelids and with pain she said to herself, oh, Papa!

The guests finished the last morsels on their plates with great care. Geoffrey motioned to a servant to refill the wineglasses. Melissa's throat was dry. She looked at her husband and blurted out: "Did I say something I ought not to have said?"

Later Mrs. Littlefield observed to her husband that Arabella had saved the situation

with immense finesse by rising and saying to the ladies, "Shall we leave the gentlemen with their cheroots and wine?"

Melissa sat dumbly, staring at Geoffrey with confused pleading and bewilderment, for he had not answered her nor looked at her. The ladies, gathering in a cluster at the door, waited for her. Geoffrey said quietly, "Will you join the ladies, Melissa?" And still he did not turn his eyes in her direction.

Then she said faintly, "Why should I join the ladies? I don't want to. I think I shall go to bed. I'm very tired."

Arabella gasped very loudly and theatrically and touched her lips with a handkerchief. The gentlemen were nonplused. Then Geoffrey could not help smiling a little in spite of his anger and humiliation. He came to Melissa and offered his arm. "Of course, my dear," he said gently. "I am sure our guests will excuse you."

She rose awkwardly and took his arm. What should she do next? At home she would merely leave the room and there would be no questions. But in this alien environment something was obviously expected and she did not know what it was. So, hurried and in a loud tone, she exclaimed, "Good night!" She added, "I am sure we shall see you in the morning."

The ladies blushed, the gentlemen coughed softly. Melissa, on the arm of her husband, stumbled to the doorway. Then Geoffrey released his arm and said gravely, "Good night, Melissa."

She stood there, exposed and alone and baffled, under the covert scrutiny of all eyes. She gathered up her skirts and, final ignominy, all saw her great shabby boots under the silk. She turned and fled.

The ladies, mercifully chatting of other matters, followed Arabella. The gentlemen sat down and a servant closed the door. Amiable conversation was picked up by Mr. Eldridge. Geoffrey could not speak for several moments. Then he looked up to encounter Ravel's sardonic smile and for a moment he wanted to kill Melissa.

RACHEL was sitting in Melissa's bedroom, sewing swiftly and delicately on the brown velvet destined for tomorrow, when the door opened and Melissa rushed in. Startled, Rachel stood up. "Is there something you wish, Mrs. Dunham?" she asked.

"Of course not!" Melissa cried. "I'm going to bed, that's all, Rachel. I'm tired."

Dumfounded, Rachel glanced at the gilt clock on the mantelpiece. It was hardly half-past ten. "But Mrs. Dunham, they are just starting the music downstairs." It was all very confusing. One did not leave one's guests; and especially not on one's wedding night. Her bewilderment grew as she stood beside Melissa, who was struggling with the buttons of her gown. Automatically Rachel assisted.

Melissa jerked away at the girl's touch. "I can manage, Rachel."

Rachel's confusion mounted. She glanced hopefully at the door, expecting Mr. Dunham. But it remained blandly closed. Melissa's hot agitation was growing and this was so intense a contrast with her frozen misery and dumbness of the morning that Rachel was alarmed.

"Ma'am, what is wrong?" asked the girl impulsively. "Has something happened?" she added, hoping that Melissa would not consider her impertinent. [continued on page 146]

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Melissa

from page 144

But Melissa did not think Rachel impertinent in the least. Her snobbery was not social, only intellectual. As she considered Rachel seriously she felt an immense confidence in her servant and a desire to unburden herself.

"Rachel," she said, "I have done something terrible downstairs but I don't know what it is. Anyway, they are all stupid and they bored me horribly. Except Mr. Littlefield, who is a poet," she added with a touch of enthusiasm. "He understood. I'm sure he did, but they were all so shocked. I thought Mr. Dunham would be glad when I joined the dinner conversation, for I felt that he thought me very tedious, just sitting there."

Melissa was becoming excited and baffled again. "They were talking about the indifference of the people to classic works of art. I mentioned my father's works, how poorly they had been received. I also mentioned that I did not believe this. I've had a suspicion for some time that his works sold better than reported by Mr. Dunham, and I shall suggest tomorrow that Mr. Dunham make a personal investigation of his account books. Chicanery is not unknown in the publishing business, Rachel," she added darkly. "Once I believed Mr. Dunham was openly cheating my father but now I doubt this. I believe he himself is being cheated in his own offices."

RACHEL was not following all this very clearly but she caught enough of the import to be aghast. "Oh, ma'am," she murmured, "did you actually say someone was cheating, perhaps Mr. Dunham?"

Melissa considered, staring into space. Then she bit her lip. "If he thought that, I am sorry," she said uncertainly. "Perhaps he did. I only expressed my opinion, however."

"Then what happened, ma'am?"

"Oh, it was all so ridiculous! I said I had, supposedly, done something outrageous. What does one do then? Why, one leaves. So I did."

Oh heavens, sighed Rachel to herself. She moistened her lips, said gently: "But ma'am, that—that isn't customary. A lady is supposed to remain with her guests."

"But they aren't my guests," said Melissa, with sharp simplicity. "I don't know them. I didn't invite them. They are Arabella's friends. Let her entertain them."

"But you are mistress of this household now," Rachel ventured hesitantly.

Melissa was appalled. "Ought I to have remained, Rachel? If you are right, then Mr. Dunham must be very annoyed with me."

"There are certain accepted social customs, ma'am," said Rachel, full of pity.

"It is a quandary," said Melissa, frowning. Then she was vexed again. "How silly matters are handled here! I can foresee a very entertaining life for me," she added with gloom. Her face hardened. "Well, I shall do no more than is necessary. I have my own life to live and I have work to do." She was full of vigor again and she glanced at the chest which held her father's manuscripts. "I told them that I was going to bed. That is untrue. I have no intention of going to bed. I am going to work."

"You told the guests you were going to bed?" faltered Rachel. She colored faintly. "On your wedding night, ma'am? What did Mr. Dunham say?"

"Nothing at all," replied Melissa, missing the implication entirely. "Naturally, he could not leave with me for, as you said, they are his guests." She was proud of her new knowledge of etiquette.

Melissa was now tired of the subject. She had work to do.

"Do go to bed, Rachel," she said. "I want to get undressed and then to work. I have wasted enough time. It is important for me to complete my father's manuscripts."

"You are going to work, ma'am? Now?" asked Rachel incredulously. A young bride going to bed, to await her bridegroom with blushings and trepidation, was not too out of the ordinary, but a bride who fled to her bedroom for the purpose of working...

[continued on page 163]

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HEMSTITCHER
Sells any sewing machine with this handy attachment. Does five piece, cross, blind, crutch and hemstitching for plastic, iron, looking, snatching and pinning. Makes ruffs, collars, cuffs and cuffs out of any material. Easy directions included.

100% BUTTON HOLE
Makes button holes on your sewing machine instead of by hand. Also forms stockings, necks, buttons, zippers, and can be used for quilting. Fits in any direction—front, back or sideways.

SEND NO MONEY—Merely pay your name, address and pay postage. If no more postage we'll return it. Or, send \$1.00 with order, and we'll mail attachments postage paid. Your risk nothing. Satisfaction guaranteed or \$1.00 back.

LELANE CO., Dept. WM 58, Box 571, Kansas City 10, Mo.

MAKE MONEY? LATEST STYLE
Dept. Store Merchandise.
Accessory clothing for men, women, children. Household items, etc. Dept. W-1, CORPORATIVE MERCHANDISERS, 119 W. 34 St., N.Y.C.

AUDREY Black, brown or green suede; red calfskin.
Sizes 3 1/2 to 10 \$9.95
10 1/2 to 11 \$10.95
AAAA to C

WHATEVER YOUR SHOE NEED—We're sure to have it for you because our unique service is so unlimited... ranging from SIZES 1 to 12, AAAAA to EEEEE so send for our free catalog or describe your specific need. **WE'LL GLADLY FILL IT BY MAIL!**

SOLBY BAYES
126 TREMONT ST., Dept. W. BOSTON 10, MASS.



Here's Lee, age fourteen months, and big sister Ann, four. Second child, whether boy or girl, is likely to be both loved and resented by first-born.

ONE YEAR OLD

• The striking thing about year-old babies is their incompleteness; they're not babies any more nor quite children either. Usually they can't walk alone or talk but they're attempting both. They make awkward efforts at self-feeding but slop food around, need much help. And they're terribly active. They want to grab everything, explore everywhere and haven't the judgment to do it safely. For mother this often spells work and backaches. Yet watching children grow, leaving them free to be active while making sure they're safe from harm's way can mean ever new delights for parents. This enjoyment, plus a respect for a child's changing capacities and individuality, is the key to success in guiding children from infancy to maturity.

This is the first of a series of five picture articles showing how children grow and change.



Many youngsters prefer this rolling "bear walk" on hands and feet to the more usual method of creeping.



Lee tends doll tenderly. By identifying themselves with parents, children learn adult feelings as well as skills.

[continued on page 148]



RECIPE

Peach Custard Pie

1 No. 2½ can peaches
Milk
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons Cream Corn Starch
2 eggs, separated
1 cup whipping cream
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 teaspoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon almond extract
1 (9-inch) baked pie shell

Drain juice thoroughly from peaches. Measure juice and add enough milk to make 2 cups. Add fine sugar, salt and Cream Corn Starch. Heat peach juice mixture and stir until blended. Heat to boiling over direct heat. Boil gently 1 minute or until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Beat egg yolks; gradually add the hot mixture, stirring thoroughly. Return to heat and continue to cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add butter, lemon juice and almond extract. Mix well. Gently fold the hot mixture into the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour a small amount of custard in bottom of pie shell. Place peach slices over custard, add remaining filling. Chill. Top with whipped cream. Makes 1 (9-inch) pie or 6 to 8 servings.

NOTE: This recipe was created to give perfect results with CREAM Corn Starch. We cannot guarantee it if any other kind is used.

**Now...real fruit juice
molded salads and desserts
without gelatin**

New discovery uses special corn starch instead of gelatin... saves you time, work and money!

Now a famous home economist has found a better way to make delicious molded salads and desserts. With the use of a special corn starch, sifted at the factory through fine silk to make it light and fluffy! Its name is CREAM Corn Starch. When you use it instead of gelatin, you can make these wonderful dishes in just a few minutes. In one pan! No waiting... no "tricks" to learn. No disappointments.

Best of all—they cost as low as 5¢ a serving!

No "Melting"

These new molded salads and desserts don't "melt." They don't break when you unmold them. There's no jellied texture or taste. They come out perfectly, and look delicious.

Now it's possible to make all your old-time favorites, and many new ones you couldn't make at all before. We'll gladly send you many recipes for these delicious

dishes—but be sure to make them *only* with special, light-fluffed CREAM Corn Starch! Send the coupon now for your free recipes!

Free! 3 Aluminum Molds

To help you make these new salads and desserts, we'll send you—FREE—3 genuine swirl pattern aluminum molds for making these wonderful new molded salads and desserts. Just mail the coupon and a boxtop from a package of CREAM Corn Starch.



Staley's
**Cream
corn starch**

A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Dept. WC-5
Box 1091, Decatur, Illinois
Please mail me—FREE—3 aluminum salad and dessert molds, together with recipes. I enclose a boxtop from a package of Cream Corn Starch.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
LIMIT: 1 TO A CUSTOMER
This offer expires December 31, 1948.



Lee takes first steps all by herself amid shouts of glee; presently will hurl herself into the outstretched arms of her encouraging mother. Soon she'll be running everywhere.



Children vary widely in age when they're willing to give up bottle. Though Lee now takes cup at most meals, there are times when only the bottle seems to satisfy her.



At this age a child's drawings are rarely more than crazy scrawls. Here Lee grasps wrong end of crayon in left hand. Fun lies in imitating much-admired older sister.



Life has darker moments too and Lee sometimes fusses over daily routines. Tears dry faster when mother doesn't hurry, quietly holds her ground but stays friendly.



Will she make the grade? Independence and will to succeed develop best when mothers give children ample chance to try various stunts alone before offering them help.



A lot for a little! Balancing skillfully on chair, she has pulled up, Lee finds she can make loud or soft noises come out of a box. She wants to do it over and over again.

Put Peaches 'n Cream
on the world's most
Delicious Hot
GINGERBREAD!
It's Washington's Mother's own Recipe

1, 2, 3, IT'S DONE!
Rich Dromedary Gingerbread... Topped with canned California "Clings". Nothing to the making, but *a-ab*, the partaking! Flavoury, feather-light layers, lush with peaches and cream. "Your finest cake" they'll say... and easy? Add water, bake! Best of all, Dromedary Gingerbread costs you 40% less than you'd pay for its fine ingredients! Always perfect. Serve it tonight!

Dromedary
Gingerbread Mix
Less than \$1 a serving!

Dromedary
Mixes!

Real home-made goodness...with no work...no costly failures!

... Toss off this
Fudge-Frosted
DEVIL'S
FOOD!

Add Water, Bake!
Frost in 3 Minutes!

Be sure you try DROMEDARY DEVIL'S FOOD! Most amazing mix ever made! Fluffy and tender, rich ever made! It's become the favorite "recipe" of America's finest cooks! Real money-saver too! Frost it with DROMEDARY FUDGE & FROSTING MIX... de-licious!

Dromedary
Devil's Food Mix
Just add water!

Dromedary
Fudge and Frosting Mix

SQUARE DANCE

• The square dance is whirling round the country, fast becoming one of favorite teen pastimes. From The Mall in Manhattan's Central Park or a village green in New England to the Smokies and the western plains, Saturday night is the time to swing your partner. Average boy—who's likely to spurn the waltz and rumba—finds the boisterous ram-paging of a square dance right up his alley. (Fact that he and his girl can dress casually and comfortably doesn't hurt either!) Typical hoe-down is this one at Putney School.



Caller—famed in New England—is Ralph Page of Keene, New Hampshire.



First step called is "Honor your partners, corners all" and teens bow or curtsy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE WOODRUFF



"Swing your partners" is the call as couples spin round the hall of Putney, country-style coed school in the Vermont hills. Party ends with feast of cider, doughnuts.



"Eight hands round and circle left" comes next as couples romp with joined hands.



"Head two ladies go forward and back." Prancing is then repeated by side two ladies.



The ladies "Dosy do," then their partners, then corners—each circling in center.

continued on page 152



At last! A paper towel that's easy to use!

Onliwon household towels

Easy to use in so many more ways! Easy to take from the smart plastic holder that "puts one in your hand!"

Onliwon does more than you ever dreamed a paper towel could do. Wonderful for all the usual drying jobs. But imagine a paper towel that will also do the dishcloth's job of washing dishes, scrubbing sinks, scouring pans! So strong it won't fall apart even when soaking wet. Ideal, too, for washing windows; leaves no lint. About twice as big as ordinary paper towels, Onliwon gives you a real handful to work with.

Beauty spot for kitchen or bathroom, the gleaming plastic holder is available in red, green, or ivory; you keep it handy on table or wall, refill before it's empty, have towels ready when you need them.

Remember the name—Onliwon Household Towels and Onliwon Towel Holders. Buy them at your grocer's.



Compact Onliwon Towel package contains 2 refills equal to 2 rolls of ordinary paper towels.



Onliwon Towel Holder is made of gleaming plastic in red, green or ivory.

Choose one of these special introductory offers

... if Onliwon Holders and Onliwon Towels are not yet available at your grocer's. Send 25c in coin for an Onliwon Holder in red, green or ivory; 50c in coin for an Onliwon Holder and a package of Onliwon Household Towels. Offers good in U. S. only; expire Sept. 30, 1948. A. P. W. Products Company, Inc., 5 Bridge Street, Albany 1, N. Y.

A. P. W. Products Company, Inc.
5 Bridge Street, Albany 1, N. Y.

Send Onliwon Holder postpaid. I enclose 25c.

Send Onliwon Holder and a package of Onliwon Towels postpaid. I enclose 50c.

Make my Holder red green ivory.
Offers good in U. S. only; expire Sept. 30, 1948.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



A one-egg wonder that shows why more women use Swans Down than any other packaged cake flour in America!

June Rose Cake



Swirled around

with soft strawberry frosting, this new Mix-Easy cake blooms on the table, for girl graduate or bride-to-be, like a lovely big pink rose!

But . . . (little secret) . . . your batter takes just one egg and only $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of shortening.

SWANS DOWN "MIX-EASY" JUNE ROSE CAKE

Preparations. Have the shortening at room temperature. Line bottoms of two 8-inch layer pans with paper, grease. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.). Sift flour once before measuring. (All measurements are level.)

Measure into sifter:

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (And be sure it's Swans Down!)
- 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sugar

Measure into mixing bowl:

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or other shortening

Measure into cup:

- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Have ready:

- 1 egg, unbeaten

Now—Swan's Down "Mix-Easy" Part!

(Mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer.) Stir shortening just to soften. (No creaming!) Sift in dry in-

New cake recipes continually appear in Swans Down packages. Watch for them!

Certainly, nothing but Swans Down could make such glorious cake from such an economical recipe . . . with no creaming . . . and quick hurry-up mixing!

Try it for joyous, inexpensive home cakemaking . . . but don't expect Swans Down richness with any other flour!

Ingredients. Add milk and mix until all flour is dampened. (So few dishes to wash!) Then beat 2 minutes. Add egg and beat 1 minute longer. (Beating cut in half!) Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.

Baking. Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Spread Strawberry Fluff Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

This cake may also be baked in an 8 x 8 x 2-inch pan in moderate oven (350°F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Or bake in a 9 x 9 x 2-inch pan at 375°F. 25 to 30 minutes.

Strawberry Fluff Frosting. Combine 1 unbeaten egg white, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, dash of salt, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced strawberries in top of double boiler. Cook as for seven-minute frosting. Remove cooking time to 4 minutes, remove from boiling water and beat until cool. Then fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup additional sliced strawberries.

SQUARE DANCE

from page 151

JUNIORS



"Swing your partners twice around" is followed by a call to swing them around once.



"And now promenade" is last call—and whole shebang starts over from beginning.



Bake a better cake with Swans Down

A product of General Foods



When set ends, limp laughing couples snatch a breather before new dance starts.



At right, chatting with Russell Allen, is Dick Richardson, who's fiddled fifty years.



Here they go again—intermissions are brief, with lively crowd of dancers on hand!



Delicate natural
flavor...

**JUST TASTE ALLSWEET . . .
ON ASPARAGUS COOKED
THIS BETTER WAY**



For superlative asparagus, do this: tie in a bundle and stand upright in bottom of double boiler. Cover with boiling water *just up to the tips*; add salt; boil 12 to 15 minutes. Then serve, topped with Allsweet. Allsweet is the famous margarine with the delicate *natural* flavor . . . flavor that's in no way artificial but comes from cultured pasteurized skim milk. You'll find Allsweet tastes exceptionally delicious . . . so delicious that it's America's best-liked brand!

EASY TO COLOR! Smooth-spreading Allsweet comes to you white. To tint it yellow, you get an exclusive easier-opening packet of pure coloring with each pound.

So always ask for Allsweet. It's finer tasting and highly nutritious. No table spread is richer in food energy, or more digestible. As for Vitamin A—Swift & Company, whose business is nutrition, fortifies every pound with at least 15,000 units!

BRIDE TRIMS

• Fix your own cake; it's a special thrill as well as sound economics! Here Kathleen Watson Kelly—known to New Yorkers as "The Wedding Caterer"—shows a pretty bride the tricks of trimming. Mrs. Kelly recommends doing cake day before the wedding (good for those last-minute jitters) and using a butter-cream frosting. (Three times amount yielded by the COMPANION Cook Book recipe is used to frost this cake made of three tiers—six, ten and fourteen inches in diameter.) For the rose-vine tracery about one cup of the frosting should be tinted a leafy green and another full cup tinted to match pink of sweetheart roses to be perched on top tier. Before trimming starts, the tiers of white or fruitcake should be leveled with a sharp knife so they'll sit squarely, brushed with slightly beaten egg white to prevent crumbing. Now for the fancywork.



1. Big build-up—cake tops are frosted, tiered with greased parchment under each layer. To keep frosting workable, cover with wax paper, wet cloth.



2. Side work—next, bride smooths frosting on sides of cake, holding spatula upright. When not in use, spatula is popped in glass of water to keep moist.



4. Gun play—with gun two-thirds full of white frosting, bride inserts leaf tube, squirts on ruffle—working up and down from edge to guide line.



5. Tracing trick—skewer is used to mark rambling rose vines around tiers. Green frosting goes into clean gun, small round tube is inserted to make vines, small leaf tube for foliage.



6. Rosy future—clean gun, posy-pink frosting are next. Bride holds gun close to vine, builds a variety of buds and full-blown roses—petal by petal—around the cake.

CATERER'S SECRETS

• Mrs. Kelly says practice and a pastry gun—plus enthusiasm!—are what you need to be a cake trimmer. Before starting a cake she used to try out designs by squirting them on a piece of wax paper. (No waste, for the squirted frosting was put right back with the rest.) As she works, left hand guides and balances tip of gun. Completed cake is covered with carton until wedding.



Large leaf, plain, small leaf, rose, ribbon tubes.



Before using frosting, work air out with spatula.

CAKE



3. Smooth line—bride takes side of butter carton (or any waxed cardboard) to smooth frosting. Notches cut in edge of cardboard score guide line for crimped ruffle around each tier of cake.



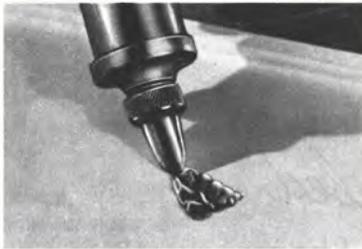
7. That does it! Tiny cheap vase is set firmly on top center tier and covered with white frosting gunned through fancy ribbon tube. Sweetheart roses are added at reception time.



Pretty as the bride is this flower-bright cake—you may want yours all white or maybe white and yellow. Sentimental note—some brides like to use fruitcake for the top tier, keep it to celebrate their first anniversary.



Work with two spatulas and keep them scraped clean.



To shape leaf, hold tip flat on surface, turn quickly.



For rose petal, hold tip at 45° angle, turn slowly.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY VENTI



...that's why **Nashua**
combs the cotton in its
Percalé Sheets!

Nashua "combs out" the snarls in raw cotton with delicate-toothed machines—takes out the short, nubby fibers that often show up in ordinary percales after washing. Nashua's woven-in smoothness comes from using only fine, long fibers! That's why Nashua *Combed Percalé* sheets stay so smooth through repeated washings. For extra-sturdiness, they're woven with a tape selvage that absorbs extra strains. Luxury sheets and pillow cases at budget prices!



Nashua
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Combed
Percalé Sheets

NASHUA MILLS, DIVISION OF TEXTRON Inc., ALSO MAKES MUSLIN SHEETS
 BLANKETS • INDIAN HEAD® COTTON • SHOWER CURTAINS • HOME FASHION FABRICS

GARDEN

EASY-TO-GROW



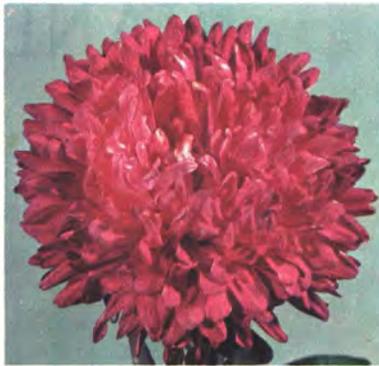
Dianthus Floradale (pinks): Thin or transplant 8 inches apart; give average garden soil. Height of specimens shown here about 12 inches.



Tetra Snapdragon: Barely cover seed with soil; thin or transplant this giant variety 1 foot apart; give fairly rich soil, not too dry; full or partial sun. Height, 2½ feet.

ANNUALS

• All annuals need a well-drained soil; other soil requirements are specified under the pictures. Some annuals may be sown right where they are to bloom. These need only be thinned—though most may be transplanted—as soon as they are large enough to be handled without crushing. Some annuals do better if started in a seedbed and then transplanted to their place in the garden, but this is not the case with any of the ones shown here. All the annuals pictured, with the single exception of cornflower, should be sown outdoors, thinly, after the soil has become thoroughly warm and can be worked easily to pulverize it. Cornflowers can stand cooler temperatures and can be sown as early in the spring as the soil can be worked and also at any time from then on up to midsummer. Except for nasturtium and snapdragon, all seeds mentioned here should be covered with $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of soil when sown. Planting procedures for the two exceptions are given under their pictures.



Aster Early Bird: Thin or transplant 1 foot apart; give rich soil and full sun. Height of this variety, 15 inches.



Centaurea Blue Boy (cornflower): Thin or transplant 1 foot apart; give ordinary soil. Height, 2 to 2½ feet.



Phlox drummondii: Thin or transplant 6 inches apart; give light fairly rich soil, full sun. Height, 10 inches.



Zinnia Luther Burbank: When seedlings are 3 inches, thin 2 feet apart; give ordinary or rich soil. Height, 3 feet.

ERRATA: COURTESY OF W. ALICE BURPEE CO.



Nasturtium (Dwarf Giant Double): These seeds are large; sow 4 inches apart and 1 inch deep; thin to stand 1 to 1½ feet apart; give ordinary garden soil—too rich soil produces leaves but few flowers. Makes mounds 2 feet in diameter.



Marigold (dwarf French): Thin or transplant 10 inches apart; give ordinary soil, full sun. Height, 12 inches.

HANDY LADY

• This bride has blown the budget on a roof to shelter her—problem is what to put under it. The secondhand shop around the corner yielded this big clumsy outmoded horror—obviously straight out of a haunted house and dripping with cobwebs. But she saw its possibilities and didn't turn it down. After all, it was made of fine old wood and with a saw, hammer, nails and paint she turned it into seven useful and decorative pieces. Here's the story of the transformation in seven steps:



Grandma's girlhood pride and joy is the poor bride's nightmare. Question: What to do with this ghastly monstrosity?



First step is to saw off the appendages—pediment at the top, brackets going down sides—each to become a useful piece!



Next step—she gets rid of all unnecessary doodads. Screw driver and hammer are good for knocking off ginger-bread.



The base is sawed off too. This, with its handsome marble top and two drawers, is practically a coffee table already. Sussing removes all grease and dirt. Back will be supported with two new feet. Wall brackets in background are ready for paint.



Here are the two biggest (bottom) brackets. Anchored together and given a coat of paint they make an end table.

INTERIOR DESIGN



Coffee table again. Marble top after a good scrubbing gets pumice and water treatment to restore its original whiteness.



Pediment, with addition of new top, becomes base of lamp table. Marbleizing is done by smearing paint with cloth.



Frame of mirror is painted and four flower prints carefully matted on, each with its own little frame painted around it.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY VENTI

And here she is in her new living-room. Seven new pieces out of one old one give her all the occasional furniture she needs—coffee table, end table, lamp table, mirror, four wall brackets (three are shown here). Only additions are the seating pieces.



TWO pointers for delicious fruit pancakes!



1st pointer

Follow this easy PARKAY recipe

Flip a bit of imagination into griddle cake cookery, and you create this mouth-watering treat. First, make up your regular pancake batter, using wholesome Parkay Margarine as shortening. Peel, core and slice a tart, juicy apple; add apple slices to the batter and cook as usual. Brown both sides of pancakes and serve piping hot.



And for a fine flavor touch that *never* varies—be sure to follow pointer *two*.



2nd pointer

Serve with flavor-fresh, economical PARKAY!

Watch Parkay melt smoothly into tender pancakes . . . then dig in. Um-m-m. You've discovered the delicious flavor millions prefer. Kraft achieves this fine flavor through skillful blending of choice products from American farms. And to make Parkay extra good for you, Kraft fortifies every pound with 15,000 (U.S.P. XII) units of important vitamin A.



Parkay is pure white when you buy it. To make it an appetizing yellow, simply add the certified coloring you get with each package. KRAFT FOODS COMPANY, Chicago 90, Illinois.

**** Tune in The Great Gildersleeve every Wednesday on NBC—8:30 P. M. Eastern Time. Broadcast again at 8:30 P. M. Pacific Time.



Made from products
of American farms

Best buy for bread and budget—look first for PARKAY!



Sometimes she doesn't know till after she gets to the studio what sort of clothes she is to model. Then she has to think fast about putting her hairdo in character. "What shall it be today?"

Model comes in with a smile. And with her hair in that pleasantly bright and shining state that makes possible a really successful hairdo.

MODEL DOES HER HAIR

• A model's life is not an unvaried one. Bathing suits on wintry beaches. Fur coats in dog's-life weather. And whatever she wears, wherever she wears it, always the question, "How shall I do my hair?" If she's smart with ideas, nimble and neat with her comb and brush, her hairdos help "make" the pictures.

continued on page 163



Let's have a heart-to-heart talk about your radio dollar

Do you wince when you look at radio-phonograph price tags?

You won't when you look at Sparton's!

Why? Because Sparton comes to you direct from the factory through your exclusive Sparton dealer! There is no "middle man" profit tacked on.

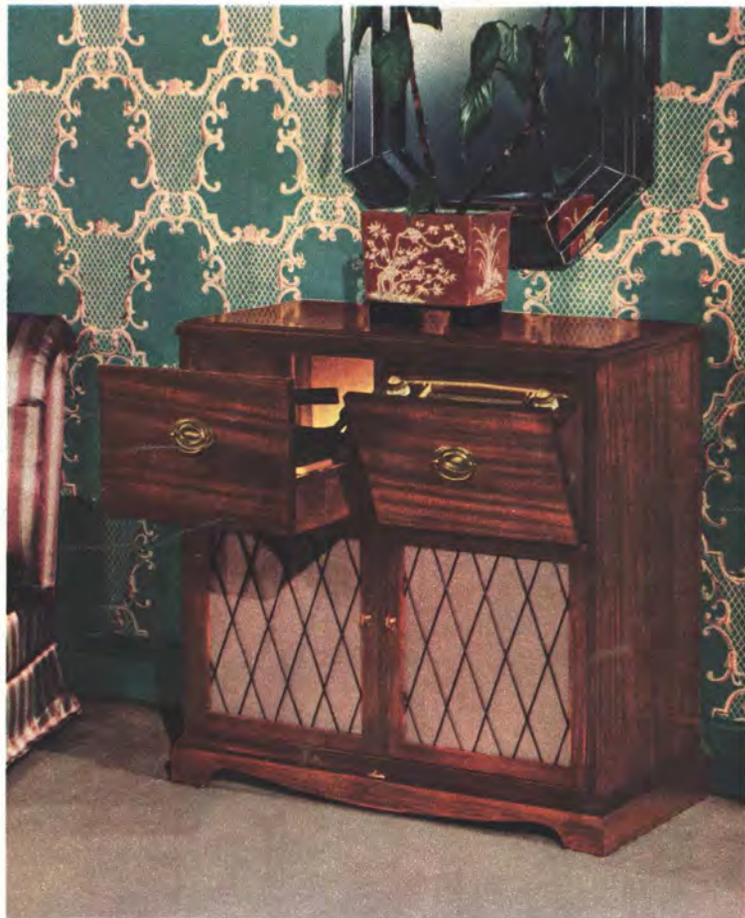
Look at this beautiful new Sparton AM-FM Combination—only \$199.95.

COMPARE it with any competitive set—you can't match its quality within \$50.00. If Sparton carried a "middle man's" profit, this model would have to sell for \$50.00 more, too.

And look what you get! A luxury FM Radio-Phonograph in a handsome high-style cabinet of choicest hand-rubbed mahogany veneers. (Also in stunning blonde finish at slightly higher cost.) Thrilling, static-free FM (Frequency Modulation) plus standard broadcast. Two built-in antennas for studio-true reception. Smooth automatic record-changer that holds enough records for a full hour of playing. Plus all the other features listed below.

In short, *all* the features you've always wanted in a luxury radio-phonograph. Just compare it with any competitive model on the market and see if you can match it within \$50.00 of the price!

Look for your Sparton dealer's name in the yellow pages of your telephone directory or write us direct for his address. You'll find your money goes farther with him.



Sparton

RADIO'S RICHEST VOICE SINCE 1926
SPARKS-WITHINGTON CO., JACKSON, MICHIGAN

STUDY CAREFULLY—Get your money's worth

Check these features against those of any comparably-priced radio-phonograph on the market.

Here's what you get!

RADIO

Finest Sparton FM, plus standard broadcast

Instrument panel tilts forward
Futura easy-to-read dial, edge-lighted

Built-in Dipole antenna for FM
Stabilized FM circuit

Built-in "Giantenna" for standard broadcast

Continuous tone selector
High-speed station selector
10" concert speaker

PHONOGRAPH

Trouble-free automatic record-changer
Ample record storage space
New scratch filter to eliminate needle talk

\$199⁹⁵*

COMPARE

See if you can match this thrilling FM radio-phonograph anywhere within \$50 of the price. Note its handsome modern-design cabinet, its glowing hand-rubbed finish in choicest mahogany veneers. Hear it on standard broadcast, FM or recordings. Check the features listed on this page in terms of value for your money. Ask your Sparton dealer for Model 1037.

→
Another Sparton buy! Where can you find as much value for your money as in this new Sparton Console radio-phonograph? Smart, blonde mahogany cabinet with antique; gold grille houses superb radio with 10" speaker, automatic record-changer, other big luxury features. Ask for Model 1031. **\$109⁹⁵*** **COMPARE**



*All prices slightly higher west of Rockies.

GOOD LOOKS



Here's a natural for modeling clothes for active sports. Hair brushed to a polish, tied back securely at nape of neck with ribbon or small kerchief. Very good idea for hot weather.



This up-off-the-neck hairdo often comes in handy. Looks sophisticated with an afternoon dress—neat with casual cottons. Success depends on careful part and winding.

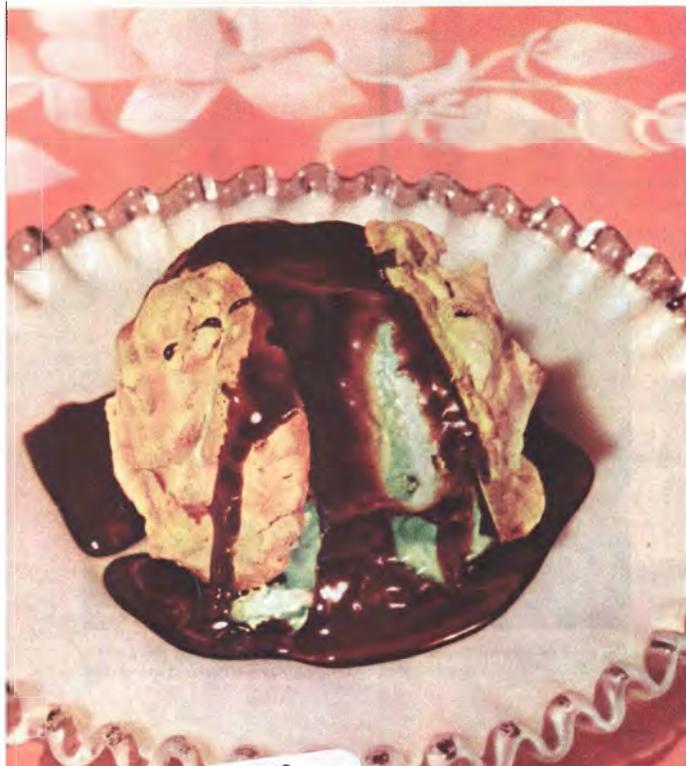


Now for something to the tune of moonlight and roses. Hair is swept high to one side, cinched with combs and rubber bands. Ends are arranged in small puffs and curls.

[continued on page 164]

*It's your wish come true
in chocolate flavor!*

THE EXTRA-RICH
SYRUP TO "PARTIFY"
MILK DRINKS...
MAKE DESSERTS
GORGEOUS AS THIS—



BOSCO
PRINCESS MERINGUES

(Serves 4)

8 Bosco
meringue
glacés*

Pistachio
ice cream

*Stir 2 tsp. Bosco into a 2-egg basic meringue glacé. Drop spoonfuls on cookie sheet. Bake slowly (250° F.) 75 min. Leave in oven 15 min. Cool. Serve with ice cream and Bosco sauce. Here's a pride of a dessert—with chocolate flavor the way you want it! Richer... more chocolaty! For Bosco is delicious *extra-strength!* It's time-saving and economical... the chocolate flavoring for frostings, puddings, cakes. Bosco tastes grand in hot or cold milk

... adds Iron and Vitamin D!
Get Bosco at your grocer's
... be sure of
finest quality
in chocolate-
flavored
syrup!



THRILLING SHOW!
Tune in "Land of the
Lost" Saturday morn-
ings, A.B.C. Network

MODEL DOES HER HAIR

from page 163



Here is an easy one for a change. Pigtails can be depended on to look cute, cool and comfortable. May be modeled successfully with play suits as well as with pajamas.



Little girl, it's been a busy day! But the last shot has at last been fired and the model leaves the studio—wondering how she will be called on to do her hair tomorrow.

BEAU TIES



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For these leaflets send stamps or money order to the Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City 17.

Melissa

from page 146

"Certainly I am going to work. I've idled too long already," said Melissa, eying her maid with open impatience. "Do run along. How can I undress if you linger here?"

Still disoriented, Rachel said, "But I am supposed to help you undress, lay out your nightdress and put away your gown."

"How nonsensical. Well, I shall not permit it. Go away at once. You look very tired."

Rachel, in silence, went to a chest and brought out a foam of lace and silk and ribbons. "What's that?" demanded Melissa.

"Your nightgown of course, ma'am."

Scornfully Melissa lifted up the delicate froth and held it at arm's length. "This? The room will grow cold later on and I shall get lung fever. It's so flimsy and ridiculous. Where are my flannel nightgowns, Rachel?"

Rachel faltered. "Why, Mr. Dunham told me to throw them away, ma'am."

Missela colored with anger and embarrassment. "He saw them? How dared he!"

RACHEL said nothing. Melissa threw the nightgown disdainfully onto the bed. Then she became aware of Rachel's distress. A little warmth, unique and strange, touched her heart.

"Oh, Rachel, if you think it best, I shall wear the silly thing, though if I have a cold tomorrow, we shall know who is to blame." She had another thought. "My woolen dressing-gown. Where is it?"

Quietly Rachel produced a dressing-gown of thin blue wool and lace and laid it beside the nightgown. The two young women looked at the garments in silence and then at each other. Simultaneously they began to laugh. Melissa's laughter came rustily and awkwardly, but quickened to become almost gay and childlike.

She then literally pushed Rachel from the room and undressed quickly, scowling as she put on the nightgown. It fell in a cloud about her, clinging to her body. Clumsily she tied

the ribbons, straightened the lace. The foolish thing had no weight or substance. Glancing in the mirror, she was arrested by the lovely reflection. She hurriedly pulled on the blue wool robe. It was too short, but it was surprisingly warm. Forgetting everything, suddenly, Melissa ran to the chest, gathered up her father's manuscripts and heaped them on the pretty gold and white desk.

Now there was no sound in the room but that of the pen and the crackling fire. Music sounded softly downstairs. Melissa was deep in concentration.

This manuscript of Charles Upjohn's dealt with the philosophers of a certain phase of the Grecian Republic. Charles had considered that a sterile era. "Republics," said his notes, "produce nothing but hypocritical equality. No sensible man believes that equality is possible. The majority of men have no function in life except to serve superior men. Under aristocratic governments, this is accepted and so, under such governments, we see the full flowering of the arts, their purest expression and essence, uncorrupted, undefiled by the common touch. But in a republic, the servant eventually protests at serving, leisure is curtailed for the superior man who alone can envision the perfect civilization."

Missela copied rapidly. How true, dear Papa, she thought, remembering the guests downstairs. Then she paused. But her father was not speaking derisively of those people, who had leisure and education, fine homes and rich clothing. No, he was speaking for them! She knew that surely, with a kind of surprised sickness. Those he was attacking were such as Rachel, with her kind brown eyes and her worn little hands, servant to her inferiors.

Missela dropped her pen slowly and stared before her. The queerest thoughts rushed into her mind—questioning and confused. She glanced down at the manuscript. She read:

[continued on page 166]



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"There are some who, like myself, believe that universal literacy would mean the death of culture."

No, thought Melissa, you are wrong, Papa. It is only that the wrong people, that too few people, have an opportunity for culture. Had Rachel been born among gentlefolk, she might have displayed a mind of considerable stature. I've seen intelligence and understanding in her eyes. There is something wrong with your whole thesis, Papa.

The flight of her ideas became more rapid. She reread her father's last sentence and suddenly it had, to her, a cruel, lofty and stupid ring. A violent protest struggled in her mind and a strange fierce contempt. She recalled so many quotations of men like himself, men who believed that a book which was enjoyed by the many was unworthy of the interest of the superior man. Music adored by the mob was ludicrous, it was not music.

But, thought Melissa helplessly (as if someone else were pouring the thoughts into her mind), art will not lose its meaning if all men enjoy and honor it.

Greatly agitated, she jumped to her feet and began to walk up and down the room, her gown flowing behind her as if in a high wind. Something has happened to me, she thought. Something very wrong. It is all this strangeness and excitement. Everything has lost its clarity for me in this house. Oh, I know where I got these thoughts I have been indulging. They are only an echo of what Geoffrey said tonight. Am I so weak, then, that I can let a callous man's greedy ideas obscure my father's ideals? Who is right, he or my father? He lives in luxury; my father lived in self-ordained poverty, because he preferred integrity to wealth and honor. My father was right, as he was always right. All at once she remembered Ravel Littlefield, and something stirred in her like a surge of gratitude and happiness. If only Papa had known him.

Resolutely she returned to the desk and continued with her work. The music downstairs died away; the fire burned lower. The little clock chimed on and Melissa did not hear it.

A FAINT click reached her buried consciousness and she started. Geoffrey Dunham was entering the room through his dressing-room. He stood there silently. He wore a long robe of maroon silk.

Melissa looked over her shoulder at him, the pen in her hand. She did not move. She was pale with exhaustion; her eyes were glazed. It was some moments before she became fully aware of where she was and of the presence of this man whom she had completely forgotten.

Slowly she turned in her chair, pushing away a long strand of hair which had fallen over her forehead. She stared at Geoffrey numbly; her eyes traveled from his quietly smiling face to his feet. Then she jumped up and clutched the back of the chair.

"What on earth are you doing?" Geoffrey asked, as he came slowly into the room.

All at once she became aware that her blue robe had fallen away from her nightgown. She caught it swiftly together. Geoffrey was looking at her again. She smiled and the smile made him frown a little, for it was so terror-stricken, so desperately pleading.

"I've been working on my father's notes," she stammered. "I forgot the time. I think I'll go to bed now. I'm very tired."

Geoffrey said nothing. He just stood on the hearth and studied her but his face darkened. Then, very slowly and deliberately, he walked toward her. She watched him come and she did not retreat, nor move, nor even shrink. He stopped now before her. Then, still moving slowly as if not to startle her, he put his hands on her shoulders.

They looked at each other. He felt the cold whiteness of her flesh under his hands. He felt her agonized stiffness. Her eyes did not leave his; the pupil had dwindled to a tiny glittering blackness of fear.

A long time seemed to pass. Then Geoffrey took his hands from her shoulders. She stood where he had released her. He turned back to the fire and regarded the blaze thoughtfully, as if he had forgotten her.

Melissa, who still could hardly let herself

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breathe, saw his profile, meditative and unreadable, with the firelight flickering on it. Oh, go, go! she cried to herself. She was becoming aware of his bigness, his strength, and her terror became more alive and threatening. She swallowed slowly and carefully, to control it. If he came back to her, if he touched her again, she knew she would collapse.

Geoffrey turned his head and looked at her once more but he made no movement toward her. She smiled convulsively and he glanced away quickly. Then he began to speak in a quiet gentle voice: "Don't be frightened, Melissa. You may sit down."

"Yes," she whispered. Still keeping her eyes on him, she sat down, sideways, on the chair. "Melissa," he went on after a long moment, "I told you today that you mustn't ever be afraid of me, or of anything in this house. I want you to remember that. There is nothing here to frighten you, and there never will be. Why are you frightened now?"

Her voice came in a dry rustle: "I'm not afraid."

"Good." Geoffrey smiled somberly. He added steadily, "Did you think I would force myself on you, my child?"

MELISSA was silent. Geoffrey waited, not turning to her. Then he added impatiently, "You are foolish, Melissa. I'm your husband and I want you. I am a man. And you are a woman. But all this doesn't alter the case. I won't force you. Try to remember that."

She said, incredibly, and he could not believe his ears, "Thank you."

He wanted to laugh. It was all so ridiculous. He had an impulse to go to her and put his arms about her and close those stark eyes with quite passionless kisses. But he dared not, for her sake.

He said, "Well, then, good night, Melissa." "Good night," she replied.

He went through the door of his dressing-room and closed it behind him.

For a long time Melissa sat where she was. The clock chimed. The whole house was completely silent. Then she moved her cramped alert body. A great sigh rushed past her lips and she began to tremble violently. She stood up, pushing against the chair, and staggered slightly. She went to the closed door across the room and her eyes fixed themselves on the handle. She turned it involuntarily. It was locked.

Her hand dropped but she remained standing against the door. Slowly a sudden and nameless desolation crept over her, a sudden sense of abandonment and yearning and misery. She was cold with it and paralyzed with it. She touched the handle again, wondering vaguely at her own huge pain, not understanding it and only suffering it.

After a very long time, shivering and exhausted, she crept into her bed and blew out the light. When, in the darkness, she felt the tears on her face, she was amazed and said aloud in a voice of distressed wonder, "What is the matter with me?"

IT WAS only eight o'clock the next morning when the Upjohns' decrepit farm wagon lumbered to the door of the Dunham house.

As Andrew was so rarely seen in the countryside, James did not recognize him at first. But as soon as he realized that the visitor was Melissa's brother he opened the door and politely requested Andrew to enter. The warmth of the hall, with its fire already crackling, made Andrew smell somewhat pungently of straw and the barnyard. James wrinkled his nose. He said, "I do not think Mrs. Dunham has arisen yet, sir, but I will see."

"Oh, Melissa is certain to be up," replied Andrew. He did not appear self-conscious about his smells or his garb. There was about him a clean strong simplicity.

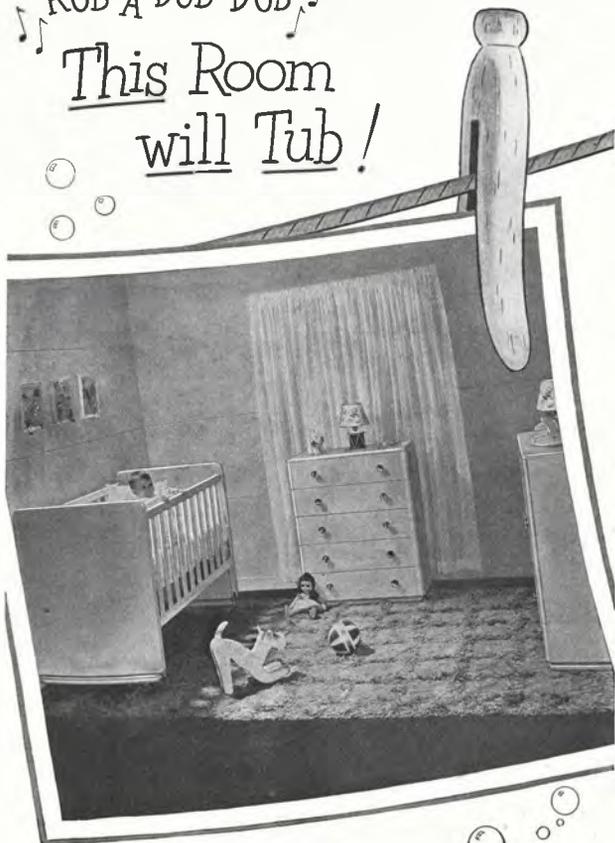
"Would you please wait in the library?" asked James.

Andrew immediately went into the book-lined room, which he slowly circled, scanning the titles. He seemed preoccupied. He pulled out a corncob pipe, stuffed it with tobacco and lit it, without stopping his inspection.

He heard the swift rush of feet on the stairway, then Melissa burst into the room. An-

[continued on page 168]

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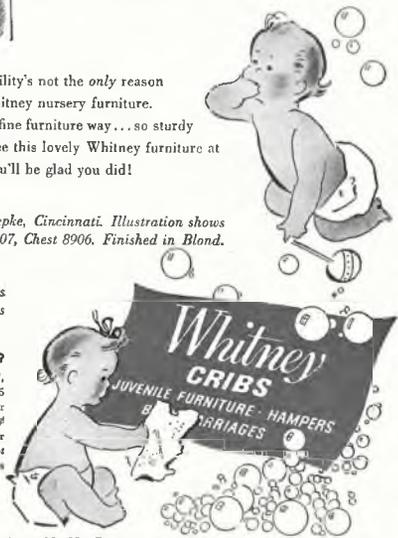
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drew turned and carefully examined his sister as she entered. He saw that she was wearing her old brown frock, that her hair was bundled up in her usual careless fashion, that she was as untidy as always. Andrew felt an angry rush of disappointment. Melissa was married; she was now doubtless a wife in fact as well as in name. Andrew did not know exactly what he had anticipated, but it was certain that he had not expected to see his sister looking exactly the same.

"Oh, Andrew!" cried Melissa with more eagerness than she had ever displayed. She put her hands on his shoulders and kissed his cheek almost hungrily. Andrew was startled. He did not remember ever having been kissed by Melissa before. He patted her shoulder awkwardly, holding his pipe behind his back.

"There, there, old girl," he said, uneasily catching a note of hysteria in her voice. "How are you? I was going along this way and thought I ought to stop in to see you." His shrewd eyes searched her face; he saw with relief that the gray shadows had left the hollows of her cheeks and now he detected a faint but pleasing scent in her hair.

"Oh, sit down, Andrew, please," said Melissa, somewhat breathlessly. "I'm so glad to see you. Have you had breakfast? I haven't had mine. I suppose it's too early for the others. I forgot all about eating."

HOW like Melissa that was! Andrew again felt sharp disappointment. He studied his sister searchingly. "What have you been doing, Melly? It seems you are up hours before anyone else." (Where was Dunham? It was odd that a man should be unaware that his bride had left his bed at crack of dawn.)

"Yes, I have been up since half-past seven," answered Melissa without the slightest trace of embarrassment. Andrew was amazed but his mouth fell open idiotically when Melissa went on to say: "I've been working on Papa's books."

The old fanatical light was in Melissa's eyes again, Andrew observed with a sinking sensation. How often he had seen this look on her face after a session with their father! He had hoped never to see it again, but here it was, and he could not understand. "Where is Dunham—your husband?"

Melissa looked blank. "Geoffrey? I suppose he is still sleeping. I haven't seen him."

Andrew stood up. "You haven't seen him?" She was puzzled. "Is there something wrong, Andrew?"

Something wrong! Everything was wrong! This was the old Melissa, unaware of anything except the thought she was thinking, obsessed as he had hoped never to see her obsessed again. Andrew felt sick. He began to understand. Again anger stirred in him.

"He must have been tired," Melissa went on. "So, naturally, he must be asleep. They all go to bed late and sleep late," she added disdainfully. Then she paused. Andrew watched her in silence. All at once a sharp wave of color ran over her face, seemed to fill her very eyes. Her hands lifted, dropped. The color ebbed, left her very pale. Now she looked at the fire.

Andrew came closer to her. "Melly," he said with quiet urgency, "tell me, is anything wrong? Things don't sound right to me—"

"I assure you everything is all right, Andrew," said Melissa with an effort. "Geoffrey is very good to me. I—I think I am beginning to trust him. Of course," she added in a louder tone, "there were some things he said last night, before his guests, with which I disagreed very strongly. But I hope to change his opinions in the future."

Andrew sat down heavily. "Melly," he said quietly, "I came here this morning to find out if you were quite well—and happier."

She lifted her eyes and gave him a quick surprised look, reluctantly moved. "Thank you, dear Andrew," she said. "That was very kind of you. I—I am well. Naturally I cannot be very happy, under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?" Andrew asked. Melissa sighed. The miserable gray shadows flowed under her strong cheekbones again. "You, Andrew, and Phoebe. I cannot forget that you have sacrificed yourselves."

"For heaven's sake, Melissa," he pleaded. "Try to understand. You've built up a com-

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pletely false premise in that narrow mind of yours. You think you are always right. You are almost always entirely wrong. You are intolerant and pigheaded."

Melissa wrung her hands together. "Oh don't, Andrew," she whispered. "I do understand. You want me to be happy and so you are pretending all is well with you and with Phoebe, so that I may have no regrets."

Andrew spoke with the calmness of harnessed rage: "Melissa, I plead with you not to be an infernal fool. Listen to me: I am going to marry Judge Farrell's granddaughter, Miriam McDowell, the girl who was widowed in the war. You have seen her often, I know."

Melissa had a sudden memory of a little girl perched on a log fence one early summer twilight. Charles was regarding the silent sky dreamily and declaiming about the death of day. He had sighed, smiled his sweet and whimsical smile. "But Melissa, my love," he had added in a wounded voice, "you are not listening to me."

"I'm looking at that horrid child sitting over there, Papa, staring at us like an impertinent crow," replied Melissa. She fluttered her hand at little Miriam. "Run along, girl. This is our property."

"Ah yes," said Charles, annoyed. "Old Farrell's granddaughter. What a quite unprepossessing little creature. What long—er—limbs and thin body. A veritable young scarecrow. And obviously not marked by brains."

"You are trespassing, child," said Melissa, angry because the girl did not move but only stared at Charles and herself as if they were strange and fantastic creatures from another world. All at once Melissa became aware of her patched gingham frock, her bedraggled hair, her muddy boots, and of her father in his cloak, his gray head bare. An obscure fury rushed upon her. She took a menacing step toward Miriam. The girl only swung her legs thoughtfully and Melissa stopped a few feet away.

"I'm not trespassing," said Miriam with a note of contempt in her child's voice. "This is Grandpa's fence. I was just looking at you. Folks say you and your papa are crazy and I wanted to see." She regarded Melissa reflectively. "I guess you are, too," she added with satisfaction.

Then with a hoot of raucous laughter she had swung her legs over the fence and run off over the fields, her laughter a long unendurable streamer flying behind her.

THAT had been eight years ago. And now Andrew was going to marry that frightful little creature. "Oh, Andrew. Oh no, Andrew, you can't!"

"Yes, Melissa," he replied firmly. "I've loved Miriam for years, even before she married poor Jim McDowell, but I didn't have the sense to speak for her. But I did, yesterday afternoon. We are going to be married just as soon as possible. The two farms, the judge's and mine, are going to be merged, for Miriam is the judge's only heir and he approves of the match. I have returned to the farm, and am marrying Miriam, because I wish to and only because I wish to. And Phoebe is doing what she always wanted to do and not because of some transcendental idea you think she is cherishing."

Melissa stood up, sick with her pain. She gazed at her brother with such misery that he was both freshly angered and newly compassionate.

"Lord forbid, Melissa!" he exclaimed. "Why don't you fall in love with Dunham and begin to live?"

Melissa put her hands to her throat. Furiously Andrew pulled on his rough jacket. His eyes sparkled irately. Then, without another word, he swung about and lumbered toward the door. Geoffrey Dunham stood there, leaning against the wall in an attitude which suggested that he had been standing so, and listening, for a long time.

Andrew stopped abruptly. Color surged into his large and rugged face. "Why, you—popinjay!" he spluttered, helpless for a word which would express his full embarrassment, rage and fear for his sister and his disappointment in this man. [continued on page 170]



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Geoffrey looked grave. He put out his hand but Andrew knocked it aside and rushed from the room.

Melissa began to weep silently. Geoffrey went to her slowly. She murmured, "Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

"Do about what?" asked Geoffrey coldly. Melissa looked up at him abruptly. Geoffrey was standing apart from her and wore such a detached and indifferent air that she was bewildered. She stammered, "About Andrew and Phoebe." She searched his face with intense anxiety but the anxiety was not for her brother or sister. It was something else, which could not be explained, and it made her feel deserted and terribly alone.

A dog had followed Geoffrey. He smiled at the animal, bent over and pulled its ears. Melissa watched his caressing hands and a unique and indescribable thrill ran over her body. All at once she hated the dog, without reason. Noticing Melissa at last, it bristled and growled, sensing what neither Melissa nor Geoffrey had recognized.

"It's all nonsense, you know, about Andrew and Phoebe. I thought that was all settled yesterday." He paused. "Did you sleep well? You're up early."

"I've been working on Papa's books again." She was alarmed at the sound of her own voice, it was so faint and hoarse. She suddenly remembered the scene last night and was sick with mortification: again she wondered at these things. Without volition she moved closer to Geoffrey and she heard her own foolish words with a kind of astonishment, for she had not willed them, and they were so pleading. "I think this is Papa's best."

"Good," said Geoffrey and she detected the fakeness in his hearty voice. He whistled to the dog and went away.

Melissa stood alone in the quiet library. Again, to her mingled outrage and surprise, she found that she was crying and that the sick wretchedness and pain were engulfing her.

She struggled to control herself. Then, horrified as the sobs rose in her throat, she turned and ran up the stairs, her head bent. As she burst into her bedroom the sobs broke from her. Rachel, tidying up the room, looked at her mistress, dumfounded.

Melissa threw herself into a chair, uncaring now for anything or anybody.

Rachel watched her with anxiety and sympathy. Then she said timidly, "Mrs. Dunham, may I help you?" She knelt beside Melissa and put her arms about her mistress. She said nothing but her hands were tender.

Melissa remained stiff for a little while, then all at once she fell into Rachel's arms and wept with complete abandonment and despair, as only the strong and the narrow can weep.

GEOFFREY tapped at Melissa's door, then entered. Rachel was putting the final touches on the hem of the brown velvet, while Melissa, bootless, stood on a stool like a mannequin. She was trying to pull up the shirred bodice and was so engrossed in an argument with Rachel that Geoffrey heard her last words as he came in: "But I tell you, Rachel, this is indecent! I wouldn't dare bend—" She stopped, became aware of Geoffrey and turned red with embarrassment. Her hand flew to her breast in a gesture infinitely touching and virginal.

But Geoffrey apparently noticed nothing. He stood at a little distance and admired the dress. When the color slowly left Melissa's face he saw how haggard she was. Her eyes were swollen and very pink, her lips parched. She was not aware of it but she listened to Geoffrey's comments with a kind of intense anxiety and eagerness. Then she said: "This is so time-wasting, but Rachel tells me I cannot wear the green dress twice in succession."

"Oh, certainly, that would never do!" said Geoffrey gravely. "One might suspect you have nothing else to wear."

"Foolish," commented Melissa. "Everyone knows you have a lot of money—Geoffrey." She said his name almost inaudibly, with a slowness that only Rachel could interpret.

"You did not come down to luncheon," said Geoffrey, sitting down where he had a clear view of the proceedings.



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"I had a headache," said Melissa quickly; then her expression became annoyed. "No, I didn't. I was just—indisposed."
 "Not too polite," said Geoffrey idly. "Our guests wondered."
 Melissa forgot everything in a return of her old exasperation. "I shouldn't think they'd mind. I only came yesterday. How could they be interested in me, or I in them? They are not the kind I should choose as friends. Except, perhaps, Mr. Littlefield. The poet."
 "Ravel? That limpid-eyed scoundrel and poseur? I am surprised at you, Melissa. I thought you had more discernment. The man's an actor, and a poor one at that. And a poet!"

The old stern look flashed over Melissa's face. "There is nothing wrong with being a poet."

"Well, perhaps not a real poet—"
 "Such as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow?" suggested Melissa with scorn as she stepped down from the stool. "Such sirupy triviality, such superficial sugariness!"

"We are happy to publish Mr. Longfellow," said Geoffrey. "He has promised us a book of ballads. Now, Melissa, whom do you consider a poet? I am really interested."

"Mr. St. John Edmonds! Papa thought his poetry in the best Greek tradition."
 "Never heard of him."
 "No! Because he is beyond the comprehension of fools and triflers!"

Rachel gasped softly. At the sound, Melissa turned to encounter the girl's shocked eyes. Melissa swung her head back in Geoffrey's direction. "Rachel thinks I have said something rude. Oh, what nonsense! This having to watch everything one says and not being honest."
 "By all means let us be honest and let the sensibilities crash where they may," Geoffrey said genially. "I hope you will be a little hypocritical this afternoon. We are all invited to look at Arabella's paintings."
 "Arabella paints?" Melissa asked, unbelieving.

Geoffrey stood up and shrugged. "So she claims. But then, as a fool and a trifle, I am no judge." He smiled and the smile could be called nothing less than wickedly gleeful as he thought of Melissa's comments. It would serve Arabella right. "On second thought, you need not be hypocritical, my love. Artists always declare they want an honest opinion."
 "I shall be very glad indeed to give it," Melissa said in a stately tone. But she appeared abstracted. She could not quite associate Arabella with paint and canvases.

"You mean she really paints—things? What things?"

"Oh, landscapes, flowers, dogs. Anything that suddenly has a 'mood.'"

"How very interesting!" cried Melissa, her former opinion of Arabella doing a hand-spring. "How little one knows of others! And how unjust one can be!"

Geoffrey knew that this naive generosity should not be greeted with laughter so he hurried toward the door, calling over his shoulder that the exhibition was to be at four o'clock.

MELISSA mounted the stool again. She was quite excited. "One never knows," she mumbled. She forgot Geoffrey. She forgot her pain. Her mind was fast rushing after Arabella. It was half-past two. She urged Rachel on with the gown.

But fast as the girl worked, it was after four before the alterations had been completed. The hem covered the awful boots. Rachel had fastened the last gold button when Geoffrey entered, bringing with him a string of golden-brown topazes, earrings to match, a bracelet of topazes and diamonds and a ring. Melissa snatched them impatiently from his hands and put them on herself without glancing in the mirror. She was so excited over the prospect of the exhibition that some color had returned to her cheeks and lips.

Geoffrey made some admiring comment but Melissa would have no wasting of time. She took Geoffrey's arm and strode beside him down the corridor to the stairs leading to the third floor. He said, trying to slow her down somewhat, "I have sent Andrew and Phoebe invitations for dinner on New Year's Eve."

[continued on page 172]

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"Oh, they won't come," said Melissa with assurance.

"On the contrary, they have already accepted."

Melissa could not believe this and she argued with Geoffrey in a loud voice as she accompanied him upstairs. He had to quiet her at the door of Arabella's studio.

The guests were already assembled in the great cold room, where the canvases were ranged on easels along the walls to catch the bleak north light. They circled slowly about in utter silence. Arabella accompanied them, explaining each canvas. The entrance of Geoffrey and his wife interrupted her and for a moment her eyes were malignant.

But Melissa saw no hatred in Arabella's eyes. She ran to her sister-in-law and exclaimed, "Oh, Arabella, I didn't know you were an artist! This is truly wonderful!"

Arabella stared at Melissa's austere face, so unusually animated now. She gave the girl a twisted and remote smile. "So it seems that you do not know everything, my dear?" she said in a gracious tone, with a jeeringly condescending insinuation. "I can hardly believe it." She brushed Melissa's cheek with her tinted lips. "I trust you have recovered from your indisposition of last night?"

"I wasn't indisposed," said Melissa. "I just did not care to remain any longer. So I went upstairs to begin on Papa's books. I worked almost all night."

Oh Lord, thought Geoffrey. He dared not glance at any of his guests, who were suddenly and avidly interested. Ravel Littlefield's expression was one of the utmost enjoyment. Arabella said kindly, "You must not work so hard, my dear Melissa. You worked all night, you say? Whenever did you sleep?"

Melissa paused. Slowly her perplexed gaze wandered from one listening face to another. Then she said simply, "From about half-past two until half-past seven. The manuscript must be completed for summer publication."

There was no sound in the room; everyone stood as if turned into a statue. Geoffrey stepped to the girl's side, lifted her hand and placed it upon his arm. "And now, my love," he said, "shall we give our attention to the works of art on display?"

Geoffrey drew her with him to the first painting. The others, giving one another eloquent and furtive looks, followed. Arabella smiled. She resembled a plump shark.

GEOFFREY DUNHAM had quickly learned that a blank face and an air of natural acceptance were the best defense against the malevolent interest which Melissa's blunders and honesty aroused in the unsympathetic and conventional. It had taken him only twenty-four hours of squirming mortification, half-laughing and half-furiously amused to learn this. Taking Melissa and everything she said with matter-of-factness dismissed or at least kept comment in careful whispers behind his back.

He did not miss the fact that the guests gathered closely around them as they slowly toured the room.

Ravel Littlefield stood where he could watch Melissa's face. He saw her pale dry lips and the bruised circles under her eyes and knew that she had been crying. She walked nervously, sometimes stumbling on the hem of her dress, and then impatiently snatching it away, exposing her dreadful boots. Ravel did not think the boots amusing; he found them pathetic. He felt tender whenever he glanced at the girl's rigid profile. He had an aching desire to touch her hand and comfort her. The poor darling, thought Ravel.

Melissa moved slowly along with Geoffrey. No one spoke; everyone listened for her next queer statement. For it was obvious that she was seething with unspoken comments. Her face had become more austere than ever.

She felt accompanied by her father. She heard his soft, regretful, yet satirical voice and so profound was the impression that she really believed he was there with her, inspecting Arabella's work. She heard him say, "But what horrors, my dear Melissa! What outrageous presumption in this woman, that she dares take up the sacred palette and disfigure innocent canvases! Mood? Why, she cannot even draw! Doesn't it amuse you?"



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Really horrible, thought Melissa. Papa, are these people serious, looking at these things in respectful silence or murmuring politely? How can they be such liars, such fools? Why, they are really laughing at her! Yes, they are laughing.

Melissa snatched her hand from Geoffrey's arm. She felt a wild thrill of pain which she did not recognize as a novel attack of compassion. Her anger boiled up against Arabella's guests and against her father, whose gentle laughter she heard keenly.

Melissa's blind fury mounted. Suddenly she turned her back on the paintings, to face them all, including her father, in resolute indignation.

She made an unrestrained gesture and cried out, "I know what you are all thinking! You know that these paintings are frightful! You know that they have no design, composition or artistic meaning! And all you do is smile to yourselves and then you lie and lie. You induce this poor woman to believe that you think she is a real artist! Oh, what hypocrites you are!"

They looked at her in utter stupefaction. Again? they thought. No one glanced at Arabella, whose expression had turned evil and hideous. Geoffrey forgot to be bland and natural.

Melissa's normally colorless face was flushed with her anger. "I know you are secretly mocking this poor woman!" she cried scornfully. "And you must have been mocking her for years. You pretend to be genteel and educated people. You must have known what horrible daubs she has been creating, yet not once, I am sure, have you tried to correct her errors. No, you were content to be amused by them and to laugh behind her back, to show your superiority. But there is one thing you have forgotten." She paused to glare at them bitterly. "You have forgotten that she really has the urge to paint, to create, and that in itself is a sacred thing, no matter how feeble."

She swung upon her grimacing sister-in-law. "Pay no heed to them, Arabella! You have very little, but it is much more than any of these pretentious fools have, and you should be proud."

Arabella drew in her painted lips with a sucking sound and her eyes slid over the faces of her friends.

Geoffrey spoke for the first time, sternly and loudly; "Melissa, you will please go to your room."

Melissa, even in her aroused state, caught his tone. She turned upon him: "Geoffrey! You must tell them I am right! You must defend your sister against their ridicule!"

Geoffrey visibly controlled himself. "I said, you are to go to your room."

Melissa abruptly became very still. Her face changed and was young and bewildered again.

Silently he went to the door, opened it and held it significantly. Melissa flashed a questioning glance at the others, who were all studiously looking away from her, except Ravel, who smiled half sadly, half humorously, into her eyes. In the very act of turning away she was caught by this smile and studied it with open fascination. Then her eyes filled with tears and with bent head she pounded noisily out of the studio, her great boots clattering on the bare floor. She did not glance at Geoffrey as she passed him but for a moment he watched her flight, until she passed from sight into the gathering dusk.

THE bedroom was empty but a fire crackled warmly in the twilight. Melissa flung herself into a chair. Her breath was fast and hot. Her mind was confused and she couldn't think.

She wanted to talk to somebody; she must talk to somebody! She jumped to her feet and ran to the bell-rope to summon Rachel. But her hand had only reached for the rope when the door opened and Geoffrey entered.

Melissa's hand fell to her side when she saw him. He closed the door slowly behind him and stood against it, not speaking. Without volition she took several rapid steps toward him and then stopped, halted by his grim smile.

Geoffrey went to the fireside, took a taper [continued on page 174]

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and lighted his cheroot. "May I sit down?" "Certainly," she murmured.

Geoffrey sat down in a chair facing her. "Melissa," he said in a conversational tone, "I want you to consider your incredible outburst up in the studio. I am having a hard time trying to decide whether you are extraordinarily stupid or extraordinarily malignant. Perhaps you can tell me. I think I should prefer to hear that you are stupid. It is less dangerous."

Melissa was astounded. "How am I stupid or malignant? In what way was my outburst incredible?" She became excited. "Because I recognized, and condemned, the lying hypocrisy of your guests? Is it wrong to attack such a thing? I call it dishonest not to!"

"Melissa," asked Geoffrey, "just what is your conception of politeness, of good manners?"

"Being honest, unpretentious and just."

"I notice you do not include kindness."

"Kindness?" Melissa frowned. "Do you consider it kindness for them to so deceive Arabella that she believes she is a great artist and thus continues to provide them with food for mirth?" Geoffrey, more and more baffled, did not answer. Melissa's face changed. "How was I unkind?"

"You were unkind to Arabella, strange as it may seem," said Geoffrey.

"You are wrong! I was only protecting her against those people—and my father!"

The last words came from her on a surge of emotion and surprised Melissa herself. Horrified, she stared at Geoffrey with dilated eyes.

He sat straighter in his chair. All his grimace and severity had gone. He said very softly, "Your father, my love?"

Melissa fumbled for a chair and sat down. She whispered, "I don't know why I said that. But somehow when I was in the studio, it seemed to me that Papa was there too among those people, laughing at Arabella with them. It—it became intolerable to me. I was so dreadfully sorry for Arabella and enraged at— at everybody. I think I even hated—"

Geoffrey stood up and went to her. He put his hand very gently on the top of her head and she started. She stared up at him but could not understand the expression in his eyes, the moved look on his face.

"My darling," he said, "you were quite right. It is I who was wrong. The trouble is that we have a false conception of kindness. We forget that integrity might be more important."

"I did not mean to offend Arabella," said Melissa. "I can't believe she thinks I did. I meant only to protect her." She pushed herself to her feet. "I think I shall go at once and explain to her."

"Melissa," began Geoffrey but she had already run from the room.

ELLIS was putting cold wet cloths on her mistress's inflamed eyes while Arabella moaned in a most pathetic way and relaxed weakly on her chaise longue.

"It is certainly a wicked shame, Mrs. Shaw, ma'am," said Ellis, wringing out another cloth, "to humiliate you so and embarrass you before those elegant people. But rest assured, ma'am, none condemns you. I know you have their sympathy."

It was at this moment that Melissa burst into the room exclaiming, "Arabella! I must talk to you. I must explain—"

She became conscious of Ellis then and stopped. She said, "I should like to be alone with your mistress, please."

Arabella retired behind her cloth and groaned. She said feebly, "Do not leave me, Ellis, do not leave me alone! I command it."

"But why, Arabella? I wish to talk to you privately." Melissa paused, feeling for words. "I—I think the matter is—delicate. At any rate," she continued in a loud voice, "it's none of this woman's business!"

Ellis, moving meekly, removed the cloth and revealed Arabella's blotched and haggard face—the eyes shut, the mouth drooping with an expression of mortal suffering. Melissa stared, then she said impatiently, "Oh, Arabella! What a fuss you are making. You surely don't care what those people think. And you certainly don't think I meant to insult you?" Her voice was incredulous.



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Arabella disappeared behind a fresh cloth. "Oh, ma'am, do not give way, I implore you," said Ellis and scurried for the smelling salts. She applied them under the cloth and again the moans issued forth.

"I can't see why you are taking on so, Arabella. At the worst, your guests will think—I will think I have no manners. Besides, they know I told them the truth. That ought to shame them and make them hold their tongues."

Arabella let the cloth drop and again showed her face. Her wicked eyes fixed themselves upon Melissa and the girl stepped back, as though expecting some kind of violence from her sister-in-law. She could not believe it when Arabella's voice came, shaking with compassionate tears: "My poor brother. How is he going to endure all this? What mortification for him!" Her voice trembled with love and pity.

Melissa stared. "What do you mean?" She repeated Arabella's words to herself. "You mean about—up in your studio, Arabella. Oh, don't trouble yourself about that. Geoffrey quite understood. I've just had a talk with him."

There was a sudden and profound silence in the room. Then, with her glinting eyes still upon Melissa, Arabella said, "Ellis, please bring—Mrs. Dunham—a chair. I think we must have a talk."

"What about?" demanded Melissa. "There is nothing to talk about. I only wanted you to know I was sorry if I hurt your feelings, Arabella." But she sat down on the chair which was now bumping against the back of her knees. She flashed Ellis an irritable look, then gave her attention to her sister-in-law.

Arabella had assumed a tragic expression and closed her eyes as if even speaking in a half-whisper exhausted her: "You misunderstand me, Melissa. Because, I fear, you are incapable of comprehension. It is not your fault, however." She picked her words cautiously, remembering Geoffrey's warnings. Again her voice quivered and she composed her mouth to express compassion. "I have known you a long time, my dear Melissa. I remember you as a baby, a child, a young girl and now—as a woman no longer young. I know all about you and I am wrung with pity. So I do not blame you. How could you ever learn civilized deportment or genteel manners, shut away in your father's study, among all those dusty books? You know nothing of the ways of urbane politeness, of fashion, of refined custom. That is my world and the world of my brother, whom you have married."

HER last words fell into an abyss of silence, as she had intended. She lifted her lids just sufficiently to observe Melissa, who was sitting very still in her chair.

Then Melissa said almost inaudibly, "I do not think that world you speak of is so important to Geoffrey. Otherwise he would not have married me."

Arabella did not speak for several moments. She was on dangerous ground now and she dared not say openly what she wished. So she sighed eloquently and said nothing.

Melissa waited. "You think I am embarrassing to Geoffrey and humiliate him with my lack of knowledge of what is politely done or not done?" She added earnestly, "You think he ought not to have married me?"

Arabella sighed again, louder than ever. "It is you who have said that, Melissa, not I. I beg you to remember that, Ellis. You could bear witness?" Ellis nodded.

Melissa gave an impatient gesture. "But whether you said it or not, Arabella, you mean that?"

Arabella put her hand to her eyes, then let her head drop farther back on her pillows. "I refuse to answer that question, Melissa. You have no right to press me. And you have no right to make unwarranted assertions."

Melissa got up very slowly. In a low tone she said, "Geoffrey has known me since I was a child. He knew of my studious life with my father. There was nothing hidden from him. He knew it all when he agreed to marry me."

"Agreed to marry you?" Arabella forgot her stricken languors and sat upright. She be-

[continued on page 176]

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Rachel's indignant thoughts rushed accurately to Arabella. "I don't know who could have told you this, ma'am, but it is not true. Perhaps—perhaps you do not know all the ways of the grand world, but they are easy to learn."

Melissa shook her head. "I fear not. Well, it does not matter. I have work to do. That is the only important thing. I am afraid that I forgot that during the past hour or two." She continued, with a faint brightening of her white face, "Yes, work is most important! My father always told me that. He said it was of more worth than any human emotion, and the cure for any sickness. And then, too, the sooner I complete my father's manuscripts the sooner I shall have money, and then Mr. Dunham will be free of me!"

Rachel saw it was useless for her to argue with her mistress. Her one desire now was to soothe Melissa, and opposition, she saw, was not the way.

SHE lighted a few lamps and the room filled with gentle light. Rachel induced Melissa to remove her gown and to replace it with a green velvet peignoir recruited from Arabella's wardrobe. Melissa docilely allowed herself to be seated and to eat the food which Rachel later brought her. Rachel also conveyed Geoffrey's regrets.

"I believe Mr. Dunham really wished you to join him at dinner and go on the party, ma'am."

"Oh no!" said Melissa vehemently. "It will please him better if I stay out of sight. At least until I know what to do and say, even if it is all lies. But," she added, "I think I should be glad even to tell lies if it saves him embarrassment."

Rachel found this so piteous that she hurried away to prepare Melissa's bed and lay out her nightgown. Melissa could eat no more, though she had hardly touched her tray. She dismissed Rachel and, with a sudden aching loss, watched the girl leave the room.

She went to her desk and began to work. It was an enormous effort for her to begin.

Then she heard the jingling of bells outside, and voices and laughter. She ran to the window and pushed aside a drapery. While Melissa watched, the sleighs filled and went hissing down the low slopes. Geoffrey's dogs, barking, followed the cavalcade.

The room seemed very still and empty to Melissa when she returned slowly to the desk. It was impossible to work. But she knew she must have something to do before going to sleep. She knew she could not sleep just now.

She remembered the library and the many books downstairs.

She opened her door and peered distrustfully down the corridor. But no one was about. She crept down the carpeted stairs, holding up her green velvet skirt. The "gold" room and the room beyond it were in darkness. Only the library had a single light. Here a fire crackled warmly, as if freshly stirred.

Dropping her skirts, Melissa ran swiftly into the room, her eyes fixed on the books. She selected one, but then she saw it was "only a novel" by Mr. Thackeray, whose Vanity Fair had been written obviously and shamelessly for entertainment.

"I never cared much for Thackeray, either," said a voice behind Melissa. "A very superficial man. A buffoon, like Dickens."

Melissa started so violently that the book fell from her hand. She swung about, to look into the seriously smiling face of Ravel Littlefield.

Ravel bent and picked up the book. He replaced it on the shelf in the most matter-of-fact and easy manner, while Melissa, her face red, clutched the peignoir tightly about her.

Ignoring her confusion, Ravel said gravely. "I am so glad you came down, Mrs. Dunham. I was having a very boring hour alone."

"I didn't know you were here or I should not have come," replied Melissa. Then she stammered, "Oh no, I did not mean that as it sounds! I mean, I'd not have disturbed you, Mr. Littlefield."

"On the contrary," replied Ravel with quiet enthusiasm, "you have relieved my tedium."

[continued on page 178]

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You see, I have a headache tonight and was in no mood for festivities. Not ill enough to retire, not well enough to cavort. Do you feel the same way?"

"Well, yes," answered Melissa slowly. "Perhaps not exactly. I just felt that no one cared whether I went or not and I am always making the most dreadful mistakes."

Ravel was offering her a leather chair near the fire and, forgetting her state of dress, she sat down mechanically. The haggard look began to recede from her face. But Ravel knew he must move delicately. He began to scan the books on the shelves. "I confess I can find nothing worth while or of interest to me here," he said, pretending he had not heard Melissa's last remark. "I was reading a criticism of Mr. Dickens only recently, by a New York critic who openly declared that the man was not a writer but a vulgar storyteller. His prolific pen proves that he cannot be counted among those rare souls whom we call geniuses."

His remarks had given Melissa time to forget her confusion and dismay. Before Ravel had half finished, she had forgotten herself and was listening with that absorbed seriousness so characteristic of her.

Sitting primly and stiffly on the edge of her chair, the green velvet making her long throat seductively white and pure, Melissa considered what he had said. Ravel thought he had never seen any woman so tempting, so desirable, so lovely, and his tenderness softened his handsome face. He came closer to her and looked down at her. She studied him thoughtfully, no coquetry in her manner, no coy flirtation. He was, to her, a human being who had presented her with her father's opinions and her own, and therefore was to be trusted. Ravel sighed, half with impatience, half with amusement. He saw that he might roll his limpid eyes, show off his profile and his shoulders and strike the most classic attitudes but they would not entice or interest Melissa in the least. This both intrigued and exasperated him.

Ravel, in his eloquent and soothing voice, continued to expound on the despicable Dickens for a few moments, then he said, "Dear Mrs. Dunham, I am delighted to have the opportunity tonight of telling you of my profound admiration and reverence for your father's work. Books of authentic genius. Documents of a superior and immortal mind."

IMMEDIATELY Melissa became faintly animated and she smiled. He had never seen her smile before and he was struck by its shy pure charm. Yes, this was certainly Eurydice and lines of his projected poem suddenly rushed into his mind, perfectly formed and faultless.

She did not thank him conventionally for his kind opinion of her father, she took it for granted that any man of learning would have this opinion as a matter of course. But she said, to his great confusion, "What did you think of the third volume, Mr. Littlefield? There was some controversy about that, between Papa and—and Geoffrey."

Ravel's sharp ear caught the sudden low dropping of her voice as she spoke her husband's name but he could not interpret it. In any case he was embarrassed. He had never read any of Charles' books for the simple reason that he had never heard of them. But he could not withdraw now, so he said, with reverent enthusiasm, "Absolutely perfect! But not to be compared, even in perfection, with the fourth." He fervently prayed that there had been a fourth. When he saw Melissa nod gravely, he sighed with profound relief.

"And after the controversy about the third volume he still remained with Dunham?" Ravel hastily tried to turn the conversation away from analysis.

"Yes. I think it was a question of loyalty on Papa's part."

Ravel was no fool. He might be pretentious when it came to literature but even he had moments of honest clarity. So he understood that "Papa's jealousy" was due to Papa's knowledge that probably no one else but Dunham would publish his works. And why Dunham did publish them might be baffling unless one looked long and hard at Melissa.

Ravel sat down near Melissa and gave her

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that absorbed and profound attention which no other woman had been able to resist. Melissa, too, found it irresistible, but not for the same reasons. She thought it was reverence for her father and she was much moved and deeply grateful. The pain in her heart had almost disappeared. She sat back in her chair and smiled again at Ravel, that touching smile which had fascinated him before.

Very softly, humbly, he began to tell her of his projected poem about Eurydice. He was so genuinely stirred by this girl, so inspired by her, that whole sonorous stanzas came easily to his mind and he spoke them aloud. Never had he composed with such perfection, such ease. For a moment he cursed inwardly that he did not have pen and paper handy to put down these shining stanzas.

But for the time it was enough that Melissa was leaning breathlessly toward him, that her eyes were glowing, that her whole face was illuminated with delight and passion. Once or twice she cried out as if in ecstasy and this spurred him on. They were lost in their mutual raptures. The fire fell lower, the lamps flickered. They were not aware that the room was becoming colder and they did not know that Ellis, sent by her indisposed mistress for a book, stood near the threshold, hidden and listening with avid interest.

At length Ravel was actually exhausted and burned out by the fires of his inspiration. He felt spent but mysteriously peaceful and full of happiness. Long after he had become silent Melissa gazed at him with a deep glow in her eyes and a shy smile on her lips.

If he had not already loved her, he would have loved her now for this ingenuous and completely pure flattery.

Ravel had always dreamed of a beautiful young woman who would admire him as a poet as well as a man with a face. And now here was such a woman, beautiful and young,

who listened to his impromptu poetry in a kind of shining bemusement and joy. She listened to him and looked at him as a man too. That was evident by the expression of her eyes and the moist vividness of her lips.

It was at this point that Ravel became aware of tinkling bells outside and voices. He jumped to his feet and said in a lowered voice, "Mrs. Dunham, I believe the party is returning." It would be extremely embarrassing to have his host and the other guests enter this library and find him tête-à-tête with his hostess.

Melissa stood up, catching Ravel's meaningful glance. Without a word of good-by, she fled out of the room and he heard her footsteps rushing up the stairs just as the gay company re-entered the house.

WHEN she burst into her own room she was wild with excitement, her whole mind electric and thrumming.

Meanwhile Ellis was standing panting before her mistress, her hand on her breast, saying, "Mrs. Shaw, ma'am, she was right on my heels! I thought she'd catch me any moment, she came that fast when the master and the other gentlemen and ladies came in. Flew like the culprit she is."

Arabella had listened to her maid's story with delight, though she had felt a momentary fury at the thought of Ravel's engrossment with Melissa. But she knew Ravel's reputation well. It was not possible that he was really interested in her. To Ravel Littlefield, however, a woman was a woman. If only he lived here, he might be used to ruin Melissa and remove her forever from this house! But every small piece of evidence could be used to destroy her and Arabella was grateful.

"I have you as a witness, Ellis," she said solemnly.

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

* * * * *

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. 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 causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

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Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid is never gritty or grainy, will not crystallize or dry out in jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. It will not rot clothing. And it's safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

* * * * *

COMPANION PIECES (fashions on pages 26-27)

May be found at the following stores:

- ARIZONA
Phoenix: Goldwaters
- CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles: Haggarty's
Sacramento: Bon Marche
San Francisco: Ransohoffs
- COLORADO
Denver: Neusteter Co.
- CONNECTICUT
Hartford: G. Fox & Co.
- DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington: Julius Garfinckel & Co.
- ILLINOIS
Chicago: Marshall Field & Company
- INDIANA
Indianapolis: L. S. Ayres & Company
South Bend: Frances Shop
- IOWA
Des Moines: Norman Cassiday, Inc.
- KENTUCKY
Louisville: Baynam's
- LOUISIANA
Shreveport: The Fashion
- MAINE
Portland: Porteous, Mitchell and Braun Co.
- MARYLAND
Baltimore: Hutzler Brothers Co.
- MASSACHUSETTS
Boston: E. T. Slattery Company
Worcester: Richard Healy Co.
- MICHIGAN
Detroit: Himelhoch's
- MINNESOTA
Minneapolis: Young Quinlan Co.
- MISSOURI
Kansas City: Harzfeld's
St. Louis: Stix Baer and Fuller Co.
- NEW YORK
Albany: Flah & Co.
Buffalo: L. L. Berger, Inc.
New York: B. Altman & Co.
Rochester: F. Forman Co.
Syracuse: Flah & Co.
- NORTH CAROLINA
Winston-Salem: Sosniks
- OHIO
Canton: Stern & Mann Co.
Cincinnati: Jenny
Cleveland: The Lindner Coy
Columbus: The Union Co.
Dayton: The Rike-Kumler Company
Youngstown: Livingston's
- OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City: Kerr's, Inc.
Tulsa: Seidenbach's
- PENNSYLVANIA
Harrisburg: Mary Sachs
Philadelphia: Bonwit Teller & Co.
Pittsburgh: Jonasson's
- RHODE ISLAND
Providence: Gladding's, Inc.
- TEXAS
Austin: E. M. Scarbrough & Sons
Dallas: Nelman-Marcus
Houston: The Fashion, Ben Wolfman, Inc.
San Antonio: Joske's of Texas
- UTAH
Ogden: L. R. Samuels
Salt Lake City: Auerbach's
- VIRGINIA
Newport News: Nachman's, Inc.
- WASHINGTON
Seattle: Best's Apparel, Inc.
- WISCONSIN
Milwaukee: Boston Store



What Do You Know About Your Age?

from page 4

women reach physical maturity earlier than men, sexually they mature more slowly, according to a recent survey made by Professor Alfred Kinsey of the University of Indiana. His findings reveal that while men achieve sexual maturity at sixteen, most women do not reach it until they are twenty-eight or even older—a possible explanation for much of the incompatibility in the early years of many marriages.

A woman gets her greatest number of proposals when she's in her teens.

False. Though a girl probably has a greater variety of beaux during her teens, this isn't when she gets the most proposals. A recent survey shows that women get the most proposals when they're in their early twenties—presumably because by then their suitors are older and in a better position to support a wife.

A girl doesn't generally get any taller after she's eighteen.

True. Eighteen is the average age for a girl to reach her maximum height, though of course this hinges on her physical development in general. A girl grows more rapidly than a boy. His growth is rather erratic and usually continues through his twentieth year.

Best time for a woman to have a child is during her twenties.

True. It is a medical fact that during these years all a woman's bodily functions, including her capacity for child-bearing, are at their peak. Census statistics show that the mortality rate is lowest for mothers between twenty and twenty-nine.

The older a woman, the better she is at keeping a secret.

False. According to psychologists, women are best at keeping secrets when they're between twenty and thirty. At that time a woman usually has a fuller life and doesn't feel the need for telling secrets in order to get into the spotlight. Girls under twenty, however, are likely to boast of the secrets they're in on, eventually tell them to substantiate their boasts. Again, a woman over forty is a risky bet; she's tempted to betray secrets to make herself seem more important.

It's hardest to guess a woman's age when she's between twenty-five and thirty-five.

True. Though it's becoming increasingly difficult at any time, this is the most baffling period. Women during these years are more like one another than at any other time. They have approximately the same domestic and parental interests. And they are neither developing nor aging very rapidly.

A woman's age shows first in her skin.

True. Authorities agree that the first signs of age are those little crow's feet around a woman's eyes and sagging skin around the chin and neck. Crow's feet come as the skin glands age, failing to provide sufficient lubrication and leaving the skin dry and less resilient. Sagging skin is due to sagging muscles. On the other hand, dermatologists claim a modern woman's skin is in far better shape than her mother's was. A generation ago the average applicant for face lifting was thirty-eight. Now she's over forty-five.

Old women are the most talkative.

False. Speech experts and psychologists seem to feel that women reach their maximum talkativeness around forty, just as they enter middle age. Explanation given for this is that around forty a woman is most apt to feel insecure and dubious about her attractions and consequently to use talking and gossip as a defense mechanism.

Age fades women more than men.

True. Irregularities in hair and skin pigmentation are far more common in women than in men. With age, this results in skin faults, freckles, liver spots and gray hair. The average woman starts graying when she's

about thirty-five—just about five years before a man does.

When a woman reaches the menopause her sex life is over.

False. Despite the widespread conviction and fear among women that this is the case, nothing could be more erroneous. The menopause merely marks the end of her child-bearing years. She can have just as active a sex life after the menopause as she had before it.

A woman is most likely to get fat during middle age.

True. Both dietitians and psychologists agree that a woman's appetite and waistline oftenest get out of hand after she reaches forty. Two opposites are responsible for this—security and insecurity. A happy middle-aged matron, sure of her standing with husband, family and community, considers it less essential to keep her figure. On the other hand, one who is not content is likely to overeat as compensation for her unhappiness. Either way, the odds are against a woman over forty—unless she's on her guard.

You can't teach an old dog new tricks.

False. Though our ability to learn does decline after we're thirty, it doesn't decline nearly so rapidly as many of us fear. Extensive tests have shown that our capacity to learn increases rapidly up to the age of sixteen, reaches its peak in the midtwenties and then begins to decline slowly after we're thirty. At forty-five our capacity to learn is about what it was at sixteen.

Modern women look their age less than their mothers did.

True. At least it's true of women in their thirties and forties. Women of our grandmothers' generation had settled into maturity by the time they reached their early thirties. Today a woman in her early thirties is considered young. This is due to higher living standards, improved beauty aids and the increasing number of career women, who find it important to keep looking young and inspire nonworking women to emulate them. On the other hand, teen-agers, at least when they're dressed up, look a good deal older and more sophisticated than their teen-age grandmothers ever did. You might say our grandmothers throughout their lives dressed, acted and looked their age.

It's dangerous for a woman over forty to have a baby.

False. Medical authorities claim there is no set age after which it is dangerous for a woman to become a mother, provided she's in good physical condition and has good care.

After fifty we all tend to become forgetful.

True. Our ability to remember declines sharply after fifty, reaching its lowest point during the sixties. The first symptoms are usually forgetfulness of names and dates. Contrary to popular belief, forgetfulness in middle-aged women has no connection with the menopause, but simply marks, as with men, the beginning of the deterioration of memory faculties.

Old people are more sensitive to pain than young ones.

False. Though they may think so because they have more aches. But just as vision, the ability to learn and many other faculties are impaired with age, so our sense of pain becomes less keen. One important result of this is that older people are less likely to notice symptoms of disease. That's why doctors urge more frequent medical examinations.

Time goes by quicker as we get older.

True. What is called our perspective of time changes with age. For instance, when we are ten years old, a year represents a tenth of our entire existence and so seems just about four times as long as a year does to us when we are forty and it represents only a fortieth of our experience. [THE END]

We've outgrown the old size, too



The telephone facilities that seemed big enough before the war are not nearly big enough for now. So we've been hard at work on the biggest expansion program in our history.

Just in the past year, we started work on 1500 new telephone buildings or additions to present buildings. In the past two years we've added more than 6,000,000 new telephones. And still it isn't enough!

It shows how the Telephone Company must keep growing to meet your needs. For a nation like ours, the Bell System can never be too big.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





If you can't have another bathroom..

DON'T give up in despair if you just can't find the space for that extra bathroom you need so much. There's another way, and here it is—one bathroom remodeled to be as good as two.

Two wash basins solve the problem of who's going to wash first. Under each basin there's a shelf that drops down to make a step for children.

Dad has his man-sized shower, and there's a tub for you and the children. With a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum, they can splash to their hearts' content.

The slanted mirror makes Dad's shaving a lot simpler, and anyone else can get into the medicine chest without causing him to miss a stroke. Under the spacious linoleum sinktop there's a laundry chute, shoeshine set, and rack for towels and washcloths.

For your very own, there's a private dressing table that's pleasantly away from everything else.

The toilet is separated from the rest of the room, and a folding door slides across for complete privacy.

A deep-set cabinet holds the odds and ends which are always so hard to keep out of sight.

Yes, it's an ideal bathroom for the whole family, including the person who does the cleaning. With an Armstrong Floor and walls of Armstrong's Linowall, splash marks wipe off with no effort at all.

When you remodel—or when you build—why not consider this two-in-one bathroom? It's a space-saver—a work-saver—and a temper-saver.



Life with father is a lot simpler in this bathroom that considers everyone. Life for mother is a lot simpler, too, with the easy-to-clean floor of Armstrong's Linoleum, Style 032, inset with strips of black, Style 27. Flash-type cove base eliminates unsightly hard-to-clean corners. Colorful Armstrong's Veas Wall Tile puts the finishing touches to both the tub and shower.



Little women are no problem in this bathroom. Drop-down steps enable them to reach the washstand and dental basin and help themselves. There are no worries about splashing with Armstrong's Marbelle Linoleum, Style 032 and walls of Armstrong's Blue Linowall, Style 717. From ceiling to floor, this bathroom is a cleaning timesaver. An occasional whisk of a damp cloth keeps things sparkling.

Send for new decorating book filled with suggestions for every room in your house. "Ideas for Every Room" has 32 pages packed full of exciting full-color illustrations of room interiors, and practical decorating hints from the personal scrapbook of the noted decorator, Hazel Dell Brown. For your copy send 10¢ (outside U.S.A., 40¢) to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 4805 College Ave., Lancaster, Penna.

ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM FLOORS

for every room  in the house

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS, ARMSTRONG'S ASPHALT TILE, AND ARMSTRONG'S LINOWALL®

WE'VE ACTIVATED* Seismotite

to give you

FASTER-EASIER CLEANING

than any other cleanser you've ever used!

You'll Enjoy a New Quick Cleaning Action with NEW POSTWAR OLD DUTCH CLEANSER!

In repeated scientific tests, New Postwar Old Dutch Cleanser made with ACTIVATED Seismotite cleaned *faster* and *easier* than all other leading cleansers.

That's because ACTIVATED Seismotite . . . found *only* in Old Dutch . . . provides a new "Absorbing-Cleaning" action that does *more* work in *less* time. New Postwar Old Dutch Cleanser *cuts grease on contact* . . . thanks to a new super-efficient grease dissolver. And it produces good, rich, active

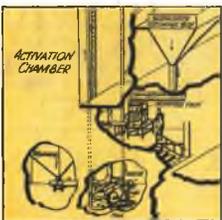
suds . . . sweeps away dirt, stains and impurities with a smooth GLIDING action that means *less work, less rubbing* for you.

Try snowy-white, New Postwar Old Dutch Cleanser yourself in hard or soft water. See if it doesn't do all your household cleaning jobs *faster* and *easier* than any other cleanser you've ever used!

Kind to hands . . . economical, too, for just a touch of Old Dutch *does so much*.



The First Major Cleanser Improvement Since the Introduction of Seismotite!



*Here's the giant 2-story chamber Old Dutch constructed to ACTIVATE Seismotite. This exclusive manufacturing process (patent applied for) transforms Seismotite into a snow white powder with a revolutionary cleaning action.



ACTIVATED Seismotite, with "Absorbing-Cleaning" action, does more cleaning in less time! Try New Postwar Old Dutch today on your sink, tub, greasy pots and pans . . . for new cleaning speed, and ease.



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