

WOMAN'S HOME

COMPANION

AUGUST 1948 25 CENTS



COMPLETE NOVEL * **PASSING OF SPRING** * BY FR

TAKE THEM OFF THE HUMAN SCRAP

AN
FOSTER

A Dream with Ice Cream...
this Cake Discovery of the Century!



BETTY CROCKER

"Chiffon"



Recipe at right features 4-egg Betty Crocker "Chiffon" cake pictured. Look for recipes for other types and sizes of "Chiffon" cakes in many Gold Medal sacks or write Betty Crocker, Dept. 120, General Mills, Minneapolis, Minn. Ask for folder of Gold Medal "Chiffon" cake recipes.

THE most sensational new-type cake since the discovery of baking powder a century ago; that's Betty Crocker "Chiffon"!

Yes, these cakes are NEW! In taste, in texture, in the way they're made! They combine the best features of all other types of cakes. *And stay fresh much longer!*

You make "Chiffon" cakes by a simple method, perfected by our Betty Crocker Staff. It calls for a shortening heretofore rarely used in cakes.

The world's most delectable cake, "Chiffon" is equally delicious plain or iced. Try it with the ice cream serving ideas shown.

And, you can make it with Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour! The flour millions use for biscuits, rolls, bread, pies, cookies... everything. The recipe has been worked out to suit Gold Medal's special baking characteristics. For really elegant eating, try a high-volume Betty Crocker "Chiffon" cake tonight!

General Mills



Copy, 1948, by General Mills, Inc., Betty Crocker and "Kitchen-tested" are registered trademarks.

It's an exciting NEW TYPE of cake... these 3 ways

1. It's as delicate as Angel Food—and more moist.
2. It's just as rich-tasting as "butter"-type cakes.
3. It's easier and quicker to make than ordinary cakes.

The Betty Crocker recipe below makes 8 to 10 servings. Recipe has been developed for Gold Medal only. Don't risk any other flour!

Recipe for Sunburst "Chiffon" Cake

Heat oven to 350° (moderate). Sift an ample amount of GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour onto a square of paper.

STEP 1

Measure (level measurements thru-out) and sift together into mixing bowl

- 1 cup sifted GOLD MEDAL Flour (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack)
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 ½ tsp. double-action baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt

¼ cup cooking (salad) oil such as Wesson or Mazola

3 unbaetened egg yolks (medium-sized)

¾ cup (¼ cup plus 2 tbsp.) cold water

grated rind of 1 orange (about 1 ½ tbsp.)

Beat with spoon until smooth.

STEP 2

Measure into large mixing bowl

- ½ cup egg whites (about 4)
- ¼ tsp. cream of tartar

Whip until whites form very stiff peaks (picture 1). They should be much stiffer than for Angel Food or meringue. DO NOT UNDERBEAT.

STEP 3

Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites—gently folding (picture 2) with rubber scraper just until blended. Do NOT STIR. Pour into ungreased square pan, 8x8x2-in. or 8x9x2-in., immediately (see NOTE next column.) Bake 30 to 35 minutes in moderate oven (350°), or until top springs back when lightly touched.

NOTE: Recipe may also be baked in a 5x10x3-in. bread pan for 45 to 50 minutes in a slow mod. oven (325°). Immediately turn pan upside down, resting edges of square pan on 2 other pans (picture 3). Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen from sides with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen. If you live at an altitude of 3,000 ft. or over, write Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn., for recipe adjustments. *If you use Self-Rising Flour, omit baking powder, and.

TRY THESE ICE CREAM SERVING IDEAS

- (You can make all of them from the square cake above)
1. **Mary Janes**... cut ¼-in. wide strips of cake. Trim off top and bottom crusts of slice with very sharp knife. Spread chocolate sauce thickly (about 2 ½ tbsp. per serving) over strips. Wrap each strip, chocolate inside, around scoop of ice cream. Press to sides of ice cream to hold in place. Serve with additional chocolate sauce.
 2. **Ice Cream Sandwiches**... cut pieces of cake the size of a slice of brick ice cream. Split each piece in half (cross-wise)... place a slice of ice cream between layers of cake. Top with whipped cream, or a favorite sauce. (For smaller servings, cut sandwiches in half.)
 3. **Butter Pecan Fingers**... cut ¼-in. slices from the square cake... lay each slice on side, cut in halves lengthwise. Cut each long strip into 3 pieces. Ice each small piece on all sides with Browned Butter Icing (below). Roll in finely chopped pecans. (If icing is too thick to spread easily, thin over hot water.) Serve with ice cream.
- Browned Butter Icing:** Melt, then keep over low heat until golden brown ¼ cup butter. Remove from heat. Blend in 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 2 tbsp. cream, 1 ½ tsp. vanilla. Stir in 2 tbsp. hot water. Stir vigorously until cool and of a consistency to spread. (If it gets too thick to spread, warm slightly over hot water.)



1. Whites must form VERY STIFF peaks



2. Fold down—over—up—over... DON'T STIR



3. "Hang" upside down free of table



But will you be showered
with attention, Sugar?

Don't let that bath-freshness fade—
stay sweet to be near!

A star-spangled evening *begins* in your bath, it's true. You start off sweet and dainty. But what will you do to *keep* underarm odor from turning your dreams to dust?

After your bath washes away *past* perspiration, remember—Mum's the word for safer, surer protection against risk of *future* underarm odor.

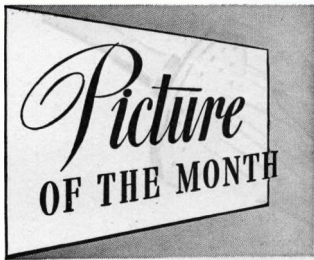
Be a safety-first girl
with Mum



Safer for charm—Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

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

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



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

GREER GARSON • WALTER PIDGEON

in
"JULIA MISBEHAVES"

PETER LAWFORD • ELIZABETH TAYLOR
CESAR ROMERO

LUCILE WATSON • NIGEL BRUCE
MARY BOLAND • REGINALD OWEN

Screen Play by WILLIAM LUDWIG,
HARRY RUSKIN and ARTHUR WIMPERIS
Adaptation by GINA KAUS and MONCKTON
HOFFE. Based on the Novel "The Nutmeg Tree"
by MARGERY SHARP

Directed by JACK CONWAY
Produced by EVERETT RISKIN



We've just received the most side-splitting surprise of our movie-going career... and we hasten to declare that we are filled not only with mirth but with admiration. For we have just seen Greer Garson, with a wicked twinkle in her eye, shed her famous dignity to become one of the most delightful comediennees you could hope to see. Don't miss seeing her, with Walter Pidgeon, in M-G-M's hilarious new comedy hit, "Julia Misbehaves," adapted from Margery Sharp's famous best-seller "The Nutmeg Tree."

Greer Garson gives an uproariously funny performance as a woman who wouldn't be done wrong. She holds her creditors at bay in a bubble bath... joins an acrobatic troupe in tights... tries frantically to be a lady and an adventuress at the same time... and is found in assorted pairs of arms. But somehow Walter Pidgeon's seem to fit best.

You'll be delighted with handsome Walter Pidgeon's performance, too. As a suave, high-hatted clown, he reaches new heights in comedy characterization.

And with this wonderful pair is the most brilliant supporting cast in years. There's Peter Lawford, Hollywood's brightest young romantic star, giving a gay and charming performance as the lad who loves Elizabeth Taylor, whose fresh young beauty and sweet, spirited performance are completely captivating. And you'll laugh and laugh again at Cesar Romero as the man on the flying trapeze—who lands in Greer's net. Besides these great performers, there are Lucile Watson, Mary Boland, Nigel Bruce, and Reginald Owen... and every one of them will have you in stitches.

The director of this merry film is Jack Conway, veteran Hollywood perfectionist. Everett Riskin, noted for a long list of dramatic hits and comedy riots, is the producer.

"Julia Misbehaves" is everything a great comedy should be and can be—with all the gaiety, sparkle, and charm that spell great entertainment.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE CROWELL-COLLIER
PUBLISHING CO.

THOMAS H. BECK
chairman of the board
ALBERT E. WINGER
president

COMPANION

AUGUST 1948

EDWARD ANTHONY, publisher

WILLIAM A. H. BIRNIE, editor

Complete Novel

Passing of Spring Frances Malm 18

Short Stories

Two in One Scott Young 17
The Gossamer World Faith Baldwin 20
The Story of Sally John Southwell 22
Fire Opal Currie Cabot 25
An Understanding Heart Robert Fontaine 29

Serial

Hear This Woman (Part III of Four) Ben and Ann Pinchot 26

Articles

You and the New Car Clarence Woodbury 12
Take Them Off the Human Scrap Heap Edith M. Stern 32
It's '76 in Israel Quentin Reynolds 34
Breath of Life Clive Howard 37
What Do You Know About Hair? Morton Sontheimer 38

Features

Companionably Yours 2
What Do You Do About Cancer? (Companion Poll) Dorothy Dunbar Bromley 4
Hollywood Elizabeth Coatsworth 10
The Talltales (verse) Ford Newmill 44
A Song for Husbands (verse) Charles Norman 54
Country Piece (verse) 79

Vacations

New York Holiday (Picture Companion) 113
Picnic Basket (Picture Companion) 118

Fashions

Begin With a Year-Round Coat Elizabeth Ambrose Madeira 30
First Stitch of Fall Eleanore Merritt 92
Make a Cape from Your Old Fur Coat 94
Jelly-Bean Cottons 96

Food

Back-Yard Cafe Dorothy Kirk 66
Shrimp Creole (Kitchen Pin-up) Doris Tisdale 68
Here's How 70
Long, Tall and Cool Elizabeth Walker 72
Food Calendar (New England Specialties) Nell B. Nichols 77
Pick of the Fruit Dorothy Kirk 80
Pans for Cool Cooking Elizabeth Beveridge 84
Fireplace Cookery (Picture Companion) 128

Good Looks

Watch Your Step Peggy Bell 98
Why Wear Yourself Out? Hazel Rawson Cades 101

Juniors

Retail Career (Picture Companion) 120
Rich Man! Poor Man! (Teen Feature) 134

Children

Mother Never Told Me Phyllis Rowand 47
Topsy-Turvy Town 56
Help for Mothers 107
Four Years Old (Picture Companion) 124
Here's Your Bottle, Baby! (Picture Companion) 130

Homemaking

Want More Income? Rent It! Marion Brownfield 53
Your Vegetable Garden in August John C. Wister 82
Repeated by Request Florence R. Casey 88

Picture Companion 113-132

Cover: Painting by Alan Foster

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

GEORGE W. FINNEGAN
art editor
Elizabeth Beveridge home equipment
Harriet Burkett interior design
Hazel Rawson Cades good looks
Roger Dakin articles
Dorothy Kirk food

HELEN C. OTIS
executive editor
Patricia Lochridge Washington
Elizabeth Ambrose Madeira fashions
Nell B. Nichols field reporter
Elliott W. Schryver fiction
Anna W. M. Wolf our children

COPYRIGHT, 1948, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
Your subscription expires with this issue if your address label reads AU 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. Branly, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, 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 addresses.

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended. Manuscripts or art submitted to the Woman's Home Companion should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

COMPANIONABLY YOURS

COVER • Did you ever see a cookie smile? We did—Cookie Mattson. She's the blond four-year-old who posed for Alan Foster's painting on our cover. As artist Foster drew her in a serious mood we thought we'd let you see her smile too. Cookie's real name is Virginia.



CONTEST WINNERS • Our contest in connection with the article Unwanted Women (May) has brought a flood of letters on the subject My Idea of a College for Women of Forty or Over. It was hard for the judges to pick just three winning letters from among so many worth-while entries. To each contestant our thanks. To the three lucky ones congratulations—and a hundred dollars apiece. Here they are:

Joyce Duncan Carille, North Hollywood, California
Virginia L. Crabtree, Arnold, Kansas
Mrs. William Duffus, R.N., Rocky Ford, Colorado

BOY FRIEND • Faith Baldwin tells us that while visiting writer Bellamy Partridge (January Thaw) and his wife she fell in love with Sam, their little boy. When she heard Sam was entering school, she wondered how it would affect his imagination. So she asked permission to write a story about him. But, says Miss Baldwin, the only Samish quality in The Gossamer World, page 20, is the hero's identification of himself with other people. Miss Baldwin has four children of her own—grown.

DO YOU WANT TO CHEAT A CHILD? • "Every home in our community will get an urgent request to study this article (June) on the education crisis." "We think giving reprints to town officials will help the new school building program." "We would like a thousand reprints to send to school principals." These are a few typical excerpts from scores of enthusiastic letters and telegrams received by the COMPANION. Recently, thanks to a comprehensive campaign by editorial and advertising forces, public-spirited citizens have begun doing something about our schools. Are they ready at last for the big push?

THE EDITORS

Evelyn Neblett's smile wins a campus beauty crown—

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!



Evelyn Neblett, California Coed, captured Los Angeles City College's most coveted beauty crown when she was voted Homecoming Queen last year. But she had been an acknowledged campus beauty since her freshman year . . . the year her smile was introduced to her classmates on their college magazine cover. The Los Angeles-born cover girl was soon in demand as a fashion model . . . and was named an official college hostess. Now Evelyn's a student at the University of Southern California. And though her smile is sparkling in a new setting, her choice of tooth paste is the same as ever—Evelyn's winning smile is a Pepsodent Smile! She says, "Pepsodent really makes my teeth shine!"



Wins 3 to 1

over any other tooth paste!



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

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 you will receive regular professional model fees.

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

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

**WE ASKED
2000 READER-REPORTERS
THESE QUESTIONS**

Have you ever been examined by a competent cancer specialist?

The Reader-Reporters answered: Yes, 11%; No, 89%

BY AGES	YES	NO
Under 26	6%	94%
26-35	8	92
36-45	13	87
46 and over	17	83

Do you visit your doctor regularly for a general physical examination?

The Reader-Reporters answered: Yes, 55%; No, 45%

BY AGES	YES	NO
Under 26	62%	38%
26-35	53	47
36-45	58	42
46 and over	55	45

If you do visit your doctor for periodic general examinations does he give you a breast examination?

The Reader-Reporters answered: Yes, 33%

BY AGES	YES
Under 26	38%
26-35	31
36-45	37
46 and over	32

Does your doctor give you a pelvic examination?

The Reader-Reporters answered: Yes, 43%

BY AGES	YES
Under 26	50%
26-35	44
36-45	47
46 and over	36

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 3,750,000 homes are thinking.

WHAT DO YOU DO ABOUT CANCER?

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

Good news about cancer is welcomed by all—yet how many of us take advantage of the good news already announced?

EVERY wide-awake woman is aware that early diagnosis and prompt treatment are the only known methods of combating cancer. But what does she do about it? How many consult cancer specialists? How many are examined *regularly* by any doctor? How many insist that an examination include the breast and pelvic regions?

Certainly the Reader-Reporters of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION are a cross section of intelligent American women. What would they reply to such questions? This month we have the answer. And it is alarming.

Almost half confessed they do not have a periodic medical checkup.

Nearly three fifths do not have a pelvic examination.

Even more—two thirds—do not have a periodic breast examination.

These Reader-Reporters—and so probably most educated women all over the country—are counting on sheer luck. Just take a look at the medical statistics.

Among women between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five cancer is the leading cause of death—it accounts for the death of more than one in four. And more likely than not, the cancer will strike first at our breast or genital system.

Since this is a cold fact, do you and I dare depend on our luck to be one of the fortunate three? Every Reader-Reporter would agree that luck is nothing to count on. Yet too many of us fail to translate our theoretical knowledge into action. We mean to have periodic examinations but we put them off.

May I recommend studying the detailed report on this page, just as if the questions were

addressed to you personally? Perhaps they will stimulate you as they stimulated numbers of Reader-Reporters.

"Thanks a million," wrote one. "Your letter made me stop putting off this examination." And another: "I can't say too much about having regular checks. It was through my annual check last fall that I discovered I had cancer of the cervix in an early stage."

From a nurse: "I have examinations not because I have cancer symptoms but because one can't be too sure."

On the other hand, some short-sighted Reader-Reporters shrugged off the subject with remarks like: "I have never had any cause to go for examinations, so why bother?"

No woman in her right mind would drive down a tortuous country road on a moonless night with dead headlights. If anybody suggested such a mad venture she'd say, "I want to go on living."

All of us want to go on living. Certainly we don't want to die of cancer if we can help it. Yet too many of us women *act* as though we don't care whether we die of cancer or not.

Here is a fact, not just scare talk: So long as we don't go to a good doctor for a breast and pelvic examination every year we are in effect driving in the dark down a hazardous road.

The story of Dr. Catharine Macfarlane's classic experiment to prove the value of periodic examinations has a new lesson to give every time it is brought up to date.


Dr. Macfarlane is a research professor of gynecology at the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. In 1938 she first sent out a call for women thirty years of age and older who would [continued on page 7]



*It's that NEW OXYDOL
just see the difference!*

**Now lifetime Oxydol washes Clothes
to a new whiteness the very first
time . . . then keeps 'em**

WHITE FOR LIFE!



*The secret is Oxydol's
new washing action!*

**Never again will clothes get
that dull gray look
the way they used to do!**

New "lifetime" Oxydol has a new washing action that makes something wonderful happen inside your washing machine. The very first wash, you'll see even dull, yellowed clothes turn dazzling white again. Your very whitest clothes wash to a brilliant *new* white. Colors, too, take on a new brightness.

And every time you wash your clothes in "lifetime" Oxydol, they take on a brilliant *new whiteness*! Yes . . . week after week . . . month after month . . . *clothes keep white for life!*

Think what that means! *Never again will clothes get that dull gray look the way they used to do.*

But remember, only a soap like Oxydol *with its new washing action* . . . can do this for your wash. Get "lifetime" Oxydol —and try it today!



OXYDOL

*Lady, your skin can be lovelier
with your First Cake of Camay!*

The girl whose skin is smooth and soft has a head start towards dates and romance! And you can win a softer, lovelier skin with your *first cake* of Camay—if you'll do this! Give up careless cleansing. Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of women—found most complexions grew smoother... clearer... with just *one cake* of Camay. So follow directions on the Camay wrapper—and be lovelier!

About this bride—and Bill!

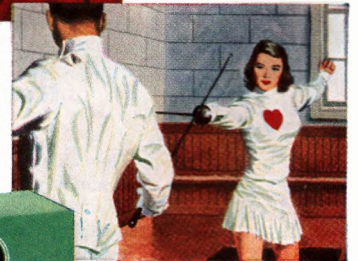
Out-of-towners, Alice and Bill met on a double date seeing the sights of New York. But all they really saw was each other! Now Bill teaches at a New York college.



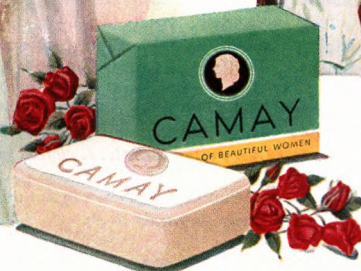
Alice has blue eyes and dark brown hair. And Alice has a skin so soft and clear—it takes your breath away. "The Camay Mild-Soap Diet made my skin softer, smoother," she says. "I'm thrilled!"



MRS. WILHELM EDGARD SCHORR
the former Alice English of Springfield, Mass.
bridal portrait painted by *Dorment*



Bill coaches Alice in fencing. And Alice coaches you in skin care: "Try Camay for a lovelier skin."



Camay the Soap of Beautiful Women

WHAT DO YOU DO ABOUT CANCER?

from page 4

volunteer to report every six months for five years for a free pelvic examination. By the end of 1939 thirteen hundred volunteers had come forward, from thirty to eighty years of age, married and unmarried, of all economic classes.

"We started out to make pelvic examinations only," Dr. Macfarlane says, "because few general practitioners include it in a routine medical checkup. We wanted to prove that periodic examinations by watchful physicians all over the country could save many of the seventeen thousand women who die every year from uterine cancer."

What did the research show? The very first examination of the 1319 women revealed three cancers of the cervix in an early stage, and one in the uterus. The three cervical cancers were treated by X-ray and radium and the patients have suffered no recurrence of the disease to date. The fourth patient, an elderly woman handicapped by other illness, was treated by radium in 1938 and suffered a recurrence in January, 1947.

Today, 670 women are still coming for periodic checkups—now for breast as well as vaginal examinations.

During the second five-year period ten cancers of the breast, all in an early stage, were detected. Most interesting is the fact that the volunteers themselves discovered the small lumps. Now Dr. Macfarlane advises every woman over thirty not only to have a periodic examination by a doctor, but also to self-examine her own breasts once a month.

"The breasts should not be pinched or squeezed," Dr. Macfarlane says, "but should be pressed by the palm gently against the ribs, as one lies in a prone position. If a lump even as small as a pea or a marble is felt, a physician should be consulted at once." Soreness and fugitive pains in the breast are not early symptoms, Dr. Macfarlane says, but a small lump may be.

The Virginia Cancer Foundation in Richmond adds these instructions to Dr. Macfarlane's:

1. Elevation of one breast.
2. Deformity or asymmetry not previously present.
3. Retraction of a nipple.
4. Retraction or dimpling of a small area of skin surface.

Happily, only one out of eight breast lumps is malignant. But only a doctor can judge which is which. Several Reader-Reporters said they had lumps which their doctors found were simple cysts. "This experience," wrote one, "has certainly impressed me with the importance of finding out at once—not only from the health standpoint, but for the benefit of one's peace of mind."

So if you feel even a tiny lump, don't put off going to your physician. Even if it should prove to be malig-

nant, your chances for recovery are excellent when it is caught early. All of the ten patients in Dr. Macfarlane's group who developed breast cancer were operated on and are still living. Thousands of lives might be saved, Dr. Macfarlane declares, if women would take responsibility for checking up on themselves.

You may ask, is a periodic vaginal examination an *absolute* safeguard against the rapid development of a cancer of the pelvic area? The answer is, no. There appears to be no absolute safeguard.

Dr. Elise S. L'Esperance, director of the Strang Prevention Clinic, Memorial Hospital, New York City, says: "It does not often happen, but it may, that even a highly trained gynecologist fails to see or detect manually a suspicious lesion in the pelvic area." At the Strang Prevention Clinic, the best equipped and most famous in the country, a vaginal smear is always made as a double check. This

technique, discovered by Dr. George Papanicolaou of Cornell Medical College, New York City, was described by Clive Howard in the October, 1947, issue of *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION*.

Among four thousand women examined in the Strang Clinic in 1946, fourteen vaginal smears showed positive, although the clinical examination had revealed nothing suspicious. And thirteen of the fourteen were confirmed by biopsy, which is a cutting away of a little tissue for microscopic examination.

"If positive smears keep on showing up," Dr. L'Esperance says, "the gynecologist must keep on looking for the source of the cancerous cells. But," she emphasized, "in our clinic the Papanicolaou smear technique has been used as a check for cancer in the pelvic area only. There is no reason why this should not in the future become valuable in recognizing cancer cells in other body fluids."

So far there are in this country very few laboratories that can correctly read vaginal smears—an infinitely difficult task. The vaginal smear is still a new technique. There is nothing new, on the other hand, about breast and vaginal examinations. Most alert women are convinced by now of the wisdom of having such checkups regularly even if they don't always follow through. But are all doctors sold on the idea?

Of a hundred and eighty-two Reader-Reporters who commented on their answers to the poll question, forty-two complained that their doctors were either too busy or too negligent to give them satisfactory examinations.

"This report," wrote a Reader-Reporter who lives in Illinois, "gives me a chance to say something that has been on my mind for a long time. I'd really like to know how one goes about getting proper physical examinations. [continued on page 8]

"I have been lax but recently had a terrific shock to make me cautious; my mother has cancer, discovered too late."

NEW, INEXPENSIVE WAYS TO better living!



1
FOODS LOOK SO TEMPTING served with pure, sparkling crushed ice. Use it plentifully to glamorize salads, seafoods, fruits, fruit juices and cocktails. Order some today from your local Ice Company.

2
CRYSTAL-CLEAR ICE CUBES—the kind your Ice Company makes—add sparkle to any beverage. They are pure, taste-free and *hard-frozen* for s-l-o-w melting. Available by the bag or carton.



3
A HANDY LITTLE ICE CHEST chills all bottled beverages quickly, relieves crowded refrigerators, holds an ample extra supply of ice cubes or crushed ice. Great for parties! Inexpensive, too!

4
THE NEW ICE REFRIGERATOR is air-conditioned, gives foods complete, scientific protection. Economical to buy . . . and to use. Get all the facts about it from your local Ice Company today!



Use pure sparkling ICE for every cooling need

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES, 1706 L Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

Are you in the know?



When it's a foursome, what's your policy?

- Fair play
- All's fair in love
- Leave the field to Sue

Ever see green on a double date? Even if he's adorable—even if the pressure's terrific—don't be a male robber. Play fair. Avoid hurting others. Besides, a halo can be mighty becoming. And when trying days needle you, seek the comforting angel-

softness of new Kotex. The kind of softness that holds its shape—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Strictly genius! So is the snug, comfortable fit of your new Kotex Sanitary Belt that's all-elastic—doesn't bind when you bend!



What's your winning weapon?

- Sharp chatter
- Samba know-how
- That starry-eyed look

Chin music and fancy footwork may be fine. But to set him mooning, try that starry-eyed look. It's accomplished with a colorless brow-and-lash cream that helps condition 'em. Makes lashes seem longer. (Glamour for your lids, too, if Mom vetoes eye shadow.) To win self-confidence on "those" days, turn to Kotex—for the extra protection of an exclusive safety center. In all 3 sizes of Kotex: Your secret weapon against secret woes!



If delayed beyond your deadline—

- Bunk at Katie's house
- Call the family
- Head home without 'phoning

H'm . . . later than you thought! Do you dread waking Dad? Better call the family. (They're probably waiting up for you, anyway). Telling where you are and when you'll be home will spare them worry; soften their wrath. And think of the worry you can save yourself, at certain times, with Kotex. For who could guess . . . with those flat pressed ends to guard you from tell-tale outlines? Remember poise, also, comes in that package labelled Kotex!



More women choose
KOTEX than all other
sanitary napkins

KOTEX COMES IN 3 SIZES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

WHAT DO YOU DO ABOUT CANCER?

from page 7

"I make an appointment for a general checkup at least once a year, in addition to having medical attention for specific complaints. What I get is a blood pressure reading and a pat on the back. If I make sufficient fuss, my metabolism is taken.

"I have checked with a group of friends, all in the age group forty-eight to fifty-five and income group eight to twelve thousand. We all receive similar treatment from our doctors. If we ask for a cancer examination we get this sort of remark: 'You're not the cancer type. . . . It's just your age. . . . You must have been reading the papers.' And we don't get the examination."

Happily there were also enthusiastic reports of conscientious modern-minded doctors who know and do all they should. "My doctor," wrote a Reader-Reporter living in Oklahoma, "has discovered several cases of cancer among my friends in time for them to be cured. My sister-in-law was one, and she has not had a recurrence in four years, although she still has her checkup twice a year. He is very interested in cancer."

"I heartily endorse periodic examinations. I had cancer but it was found soon enough to be successfully treated."

Dr. Madge Thurlow Maklin, research associate in medicine at Ohio State University, wrote in 1948: "Every doctor must think first of cancer, certainly in his patients past thirty-five. Any person giving a history of loss of weight which is not intentional should be suspected of having cancer. . . . The most urgent need is a medical profession which utilizes to the fullest extent what we now know of cancer diagnosis and early recognition."

A campaign to bring these views to all in the medical profession is now going forward. The American Cancer Society distributes printed material to physicians and will supply them on request with lantern slides and color films. It also has a panel of speakers—all cancer experts—who will go to any community at the request of the local medical society.

"Any doctor," Dr. Charles F. Cameron, medical director of the American Cancer Society, says, "can learn to give a pelvic and breast examination."

I asked Dr. Cameron if there is any danger that a doctor unskilled in gynecology might prescribe an unnecessary operation? Several Reader-Reporters had raised the question whether "breast operations and hysterectomies are not being used as appendectomies have too often been—a fairly safe revenue for a surgeon."

"Such a danger is remote," Dr. Cameron answered. "However, a safe rule to lay down is that before any treatment is begun by surgery, X-ray or radium the diagnosis of cancer should be confirmed by a biopsy made in a reputable hospital. The patient can always ask for this and for consultation with another physician."

If the women of a community get

together and insist on periodic examinations, physicians will equip themselves to give them. As a first step the women can send to the American Cancer Society, 47 Beaver Street, New York 4, New York, for the booklet How Your Doctor Detects Cancer.

A woman's group might also persuade two or three interested physicians trained in gynecology to organize a center such as Dr. Macfarlane has started. They could help raise funds to support it if necessary.

More cancer detection centers charging reasonable fees are needed all over the country. Numbers of Reader-Reporters said that there wasn't one within easy traveling distance or that their family income either made them ineligible or the fee charged was beyond their means, or

that they couldn't be examined at the center without a written request from their doctor, or that there was something like an eight months' wait-

ing list, or that the center had so many new applicants it could not give yearly checkups.

Today there are in this country one hundred and eighty-five cancer detection centers that will examine patients with no known symptoms. Some are more adequately staffed and equipped than others. While the number is growing, there are eighteen states that still have none. In addition to the centers there are four hundred and seven treatment clinics and forty-three diagnostic clinics that take only patients with suspicious symptoms.

This year the Louisville Junior League presented a Cancermobile to the Kentucky Division of the American Cancer Society—an automobile completely equipped with X-ray machine, a dark room for developing films, a dressing booth and a laboratory table for examining biopsy specimens. Staffed by a physician trained in cancer work, a secretary, a registered nurse and a driver who can also develop X-ray films, the Cancermobile visits Kentucky's rural and mountainous counties at the invitation of local medical societies. Since it is a diagnostic clinic, it accepts only patients with symptoms reported by their physicians.

We women are making progress in protecting other women and in protecting ourselves. Neither prudery nor dread of a verdict should deter us personally from having periodic breast and pelvic examinations. As one Reader-Reporter said, "They give you peace of mind"—a peace of mind you cannot have traveling on a dark unlit road.

Be assured that a diagnosis of early cancer, if one should be made, is not the worst thing in the world. Today the College of Surgeons in Chicago has on its records the cases of forty thousand patients pronounced cured and the list is growing all the time. Some of your neighbors are among them. [THE END]

Why The Family Reading Club Now Offers

2 BOOKS FREE

TO NEW MEMBERS

CHOOSE
ANY ONE
OF THESE NEW
BEST-SELLERS

PLUS
ANY ONE
OF THESE
REFERENCE
VOLUMES

YES, you are invited to accept a new best-selling novel as your FREE Membership Gift when you join our book club—plus a splendid new reference work as your first FREE Bonus Book! The Family Reading Club was founded to find books for the whole family—books which are *worthwhile, interesting and entertaining* without being sensational! Read, below, how the Club operates; then mail the coupon to join and get your *TWO free books!*

Choose One of These *and* Choose One of These

PILGRIM'S INN
By Elizabeth Goudge



Millions of the nation's book-lovers and movie-goers were enchanted by "Green Dolphin Street"! Now its famous author tells the story of a beautiful woman who suddenly found herself hopelessly infatuated with a younger man. But to have him, she knew she must sacrifice her adoring husband and children—and smash the lives of everyone around her! How the magic of a peaceful old seaside inn helped her make her fateful decision is one of the year's best stories! Publisher's price, \$3.00

THE BISHOP'S MANTLE
By Agnes S. Turnbull



Hilary longed to turn his big, fashionable church into a place of worship for rich and poor alike. But he didn't reckon with certain wealthy parishioners—nor could he handle the gay and beautiful girl he married and didn't understand! How this modern young pastor found the solution to both of his problems is a warm and inspiring novel you should not miss! Publisher's price, \$3.00

CAME A CAVALIER
By Frances Parkinson Keyes



This exciting new novel by one of the world's best-loved authors tells the story of a lovely girl who desperately turned her back on her own land to seek the answer to her life elsewhere. What happened when she married a young nobleman and transplanted herself to his world of aristocracy makes a richly rewarding story all America is reading! Publisher's price, \$3.00

MILTON CROSS' Complete Stories of the GREAT OPERAS



Here is the long-awaited book which is exciting music-lovers from coast to coast! Five years in the making, this new masterpiece explains every aria, all the action, the *complete stories* of the world's most famous operatic dramas. Contains 627 fascinating pages and is sturdily and handsomely bound for long and constant use. A magnificent book for *instruction, enjoyable reading* by every member of the family. Publisher's price, \$3.75

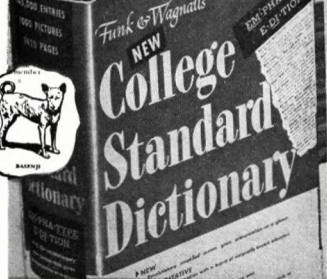
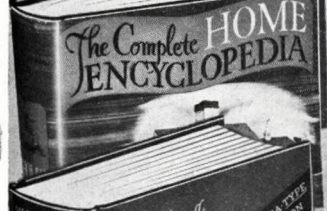
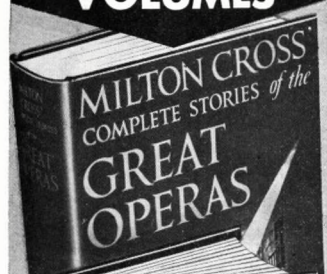
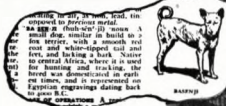
THE COMPLETE HOME ENCYCLOPEDIA

A big, exciting new reference work that tells you all you need to know about *running your home efficiently and graciously!* Over 1,000 time-saving, money-saving hints and shortcuts; 448 wonderful pages; more than 350 pictures! Indexed and cross-referenced. No homemaker can afford to be without this *handbook for modern living*. Publisher's price, \$3.95



FUNK & WAGNALLS EM-PHA-TYPE E-DITION NEW COLLEGE STANDARD DICTIONARY

This new dictionary was made to be used and cherished by every member of the family. It is the first *practical, different word guide* in years. There are over 145,000 entries—more than any other standard dictionary. Printed on thin, super-strong paper, the book has 1,420 pages and is 6 1/2" x 9 1/2". Handsomely bound. A *must* for the permanent home library! Publisher's price, \$5.50



How Members Save Money on the Kind of Books They Want

EACH MONTH publishers are invited to submit books they believe will meet the Family Reading Club standards. Our Board of Editors then selects the book it can recommend most enthusiastically to members. These are the books which *every member of your family* can read—books to be read with pleasure, remembered and discussed with delight, and retained in your home library with pride. These are books which will strive for the majesty and beauty of such classics as "Random Harvest," "The Robe," "My Friend Flicka," "How Green Was My Valley."

What Membership Means To You

There is no charge for membership in the Family Reading Club beyond the cost of the books themselves. You pay only \$1.89 each (plus postage and handling charge) for the books you purchase after reading the book review which will come to your home each month. It is *not* necessary to purchase a book every month—only four each year to retain your membership! All selections are new, complete, well-printed and well-bound; each will be a real addition to your library. And your books will be delivered right to your door by the postman—ready to read, with no bother on your part!

Free "Bonus" Books

The Family Reading Club distributes a "Bonus" Book free for each four Club selections you take. These books will meet the high Club standards of excellence, interest, superior writing and wholesome subject matter—and you can build up a fine home library this way at no extra expense. The purchase of books from the Club for only \$1.89 each—instead of the publishers' regular retail prices of \$2.75 to \$4.00—saves you 25% to 35% of your book money. And when the value of the Bonus Books you get free is figured in, you will actually save as much as 50%! Now for the first time, the Family Reading Club offers to send you your first Bonus Book in advance!

Join Now — Send No Money

If you believe in a book club which will appeal to the finer instincts of every member of your family, let us introduce you to the Family Reading Club by sending you *your choice* of the best-sellers shown at the left as your Membership Gift—and *your choice* of the splendid new reference works as your first Free Bonus Book. Just mail the coupon. However, as we must limit our membership to the number of books contracted for, we urge you to mail the coupon NOW!

FAMILY READING CLUB • MINEOLA, NEW YORK

MAIL COUPON NOW! TWO BOOKS FREE!

WITH MEMBERSHIP
FAMILY READING CLUB, DEPT. 8WHC
MINEOLA, NEW YORK

Please enroll me in the Family Reading Club and send me the following book as my free Membership Gift: (Check one)

PILGRIM'S INN THE BISHOP'S MANTLE CAME A CAVALIER

Also send me as my first Bonus Book, in advance, the following: (Check one)

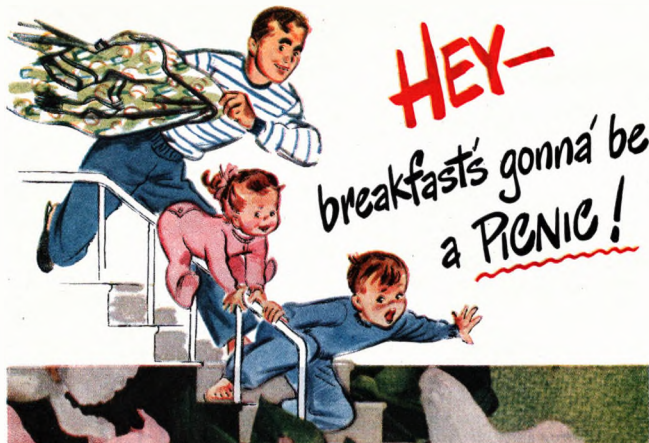
MILTON CROSS' COMPLETE STORIES OF THE GREAT OPERAS

THE COMPLETE HOME ENCYCLOPEDIA

FUNK & WAGNALLS NEW COLLEGE STANDARD DICTIONARY

Each month you will send me a review of the Club's forthcoming selection—which I may accept or reject as I choose. There are no membership dues or fees—only the requirement that I accept a minimum of four Club selections during the coming twelve months at only \$1.89 each, plus postage and handling.

Name: _____ (Please Print)
Address: _____
Street and No. _____
City: _____ State: _____
Zone: _____
Occupation: _____ Age: Under 21
Same price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2



HEY—
breakfast's gonna' be
a PICNIC!



Everyone goes for
corn in these "crunchy puffs"!

Sweet 'n crispy... flavor frisky! Light and fluffy like little golden brown popovers! Lavish with start-the-day-right energy. Made from nourishing corn, with two B-vitamins and iron "restored." Mighty few foods can match the nourishment and flavor of ready-to-eat KIX showered with milk and topped with fruit. Helps keep you fit... makes a top-favorite meal out of breakfast... Your folks will really *love* corn this enticing way!

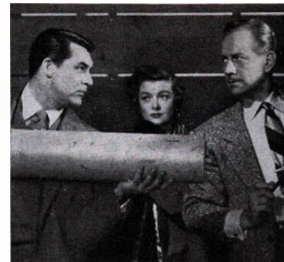
General Mills

KIX is a reg. trade-mark of General Mills. Copr. 1948

HOLLY



MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE (RKO-Selznick). Cary Grant and Myrna Loy, tired of cliff-dweller life in a crowded city flat, decide



to build in the country—against the advice of lawyer Mervyn Douglas. Thus begins a construction circus, enlivened by gimmicks like self-locking closets. Of



EASTER PARADE (MGM). Beautiful Ann Miller is more interested in her own career than in being Fred Astaire's dancing partner. When she walks out on Fred



he says in a pique that he can make as good a partner out of any chorus girl. To prove it he picks one second from the right—Judy Garland. He teaches Judy to



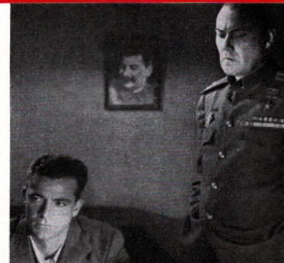
SO EVIL MY LOVE (Paramount). Lovely widow Ann Todd meets Ray Milland and soon falls in love with him, not realizing what a shady character he is.



When Ann introduces him to her wealthy alcoholic friend Geraldine Fitzgerald, Ray sees an easy way to make some dishonest money. Geraldine's husband



THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE (Cagney-United Artists). Excellent cast headed by James and Jeanne Cagney take you on a sentimental binge. From Saroyan's play.



THE IRON CURTAIN (20th Century-Fox). Dana Andrews, Frederic Tozere in an exciting realistic expose of Communist spies in Canada. With Gene Tierney.

WOOD



course the Blandings get rooked at every turn. Many hilarious scenes later they move, with daughters Sharyn Moffett and Connie Marshall, into their heatless half-



finished dream. But when at last it is complete, they are sure that at twice the cost their home would be worth every penny. A delightful laugh-filled comedy.



walk, dance, dress. First thing you know even Fred's fastidious friend Peter Lawford falls for her. But Judy has set her cap and dancing feet for Fred. Finally



she gets Ann out of his system. We leave them together happily leading the Easter parade on Fifth Avenue. Gay Technicolor film, Berlin songs, lively dancing.



hires Ann as companion to his sick wife. Under Ray's evil influence Ann corrupts Geraldine further. Eventually Geraldine's husband is poisoned. Geraldine



goes to pieces, is charged with murder and found guilty. Ann's method of squaring things with herself and society brings this study in evil to an exciting finale.

CURRENT

Another Part of the Forest—A nasty southern family, with Fredric March
Romance on the High Seas—Gay musical: Jack Carson, Doris Day, Don DeFore
Fighting Father Dunne—Pat O'Brien as a priest with a home for newsboys
Green Grass of Wyoming—Peggy Cummins and horses in the great outdoors
Raw Deal—Tough melodrama, Dennis O'Keefe, Claire Trevor, Marsha Hunt
The Fuller Brush Man—Everything happens to Red Skelton, even Janet Blair
Under California Stars—Roy Rogers almost loses Trigger to villains
Up in Central Park—Deanna Durbin and Dick Haymes sing in old New York
The Crusades—Re-issue of the deMille epic: Loretta Young, Henry Wilcoxon



BIG CITY (MGM). Famed singer Lottie Lehmann and little Margaret O'Brien will make you laugh and cry in this touching drama about religious tolerance.

Here's Finer Tuna...



Look at the luscious light meat—taste its tender goodness. Then you'll know there *is* a difference in tuna! Both firm, fine-textured Star-Kist Fancy Solid Pack and the convenient Star-Kist Ready Grated Style are packed from the smaller, better-flavored tuna. Try Star-Kist Tuna in your salads, hot dishes or sandwiches—you can actually *see* and *taste* the difference!

★ NEW TUNA RECIPES FREE!

Send for the new, colorful, 24-page Star-Kist Tuna Recipe Book. Tested recipes for delicious, unusual souffles, casseroles, salads and other tasty dishes. Inspiring, thrifty treats featuring Star-Kist, the finer-flavored *quality* tuna. Fishing pictures and sea lore, too, for the men-folks and children. For your *free* copy, write name and address plainly on post card. Mail to Star-Kist Tuna, Terminal Island, Calif., Dept. W.

**Buy either Solid or Grated—
Star-Kist quality is the same!**

quality since 1888



LESTER *Betsy Ross Spinet*

Quality has been the Lester keynote since 1888. Today, the third generation of the founder's family upholds the tradition of using only skilled craftsmanship and the finest materials to build America's most famous Spinet . . . the Lester Betsy Ross.

Exquisite tone, responsive touch and full volume make playing a joy for children and adults.

Compactly sized, the Betsy Ross Spinet is available in traditional or modern styles to enhance every interior.

Moderately priced; guaranteed for ten years; made ONLY by the Lester Piano Manufacturing Company Inc., builders of world renowned Lester Grand Pianos.

a beautiful piano with a magnificent tone

ONE

name quality price

sold by America's foremost piano dealers

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET 2-R

Lester Piano Manufacturing Co., Inc., Lester 13, Pa.

Send me your 24-page illustrated book showing piano arrangement in the home. (Enclose 10c for postage.)

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

Zone No. _____

Foreign Sales Representatives: H. A. ASTLETT & CO., 27 William Street, New York 5, N. Y.



YOU

AND THE

NEW CAR

CHARMING BY JANE KERRIN

BY CLARENCE WOODBURY

A DETROIT automobile manufacturer arrived at his office one morning with a woman's dress hanging conspicuously over his arm. It was a gay creation of wine-red and dusty pink. The tycoon called a conference of his chief designers and solemnly laid the dress before them.

"My wife wore it to a party last night," he said. "All the women raved about it. Now, gentlemen, if the ladies like these colors for a dress, why not for an automobile?"

Soon cars of wine-red and dusty pink were appearing in the company's salesrooms all over America. Many are now on the roads.

This is just one recent example of the influence which women exert on the design of motorcars. There was a time when the automobile was a pretty mannish contraption, depending on nuts and bolts for its appeal. But ever since the invention of the self-starter made driving easy for both sexes, women have been revolutionizing the vehicle. They are responsible for closed cars, synchromesh gear shifts, self-actuating brakes, softer springs and an array of other improvements today considered essentials.

Today women are twisting the car builders around their little fingers to a greater extent than ever. Research shows that women cast the deciding vote on the purchase of nine out of ten new cars. No wonder the automobile makers are out to discover what ladies want in a car—and give it to them.

To learn what kind of seat cushions best suit the feminine anatomy one company recently put hundreds of its girl employees through rough-riding tests. Blindfolded they were jounced for miles over rutted roads and cobblestone pavements in different makes of cars. Then they were asked which ride had been the most comfortable. On the basis of their answers the company designed and produced a new cushion.

To find out what lines women want

a car to have, the same company circulated black-and-white silhouettes of several proposed new models among thousands of university students. The men students preferred a certain sleek model suggesting unlimited speed and power. But not the girls. They thought it looked like an implement of war—and they hate war. Much as men liked the warlike model, it was never put into production.

Another company has redesigned the rear doors of its four-door sedan so that they swing toward the back of the car instead of toward the front. The change was made because it was discovered that women sometimes soil their skirts against dusty rear fenders when they step in or out of doors which swing forward.

Women are as anxious for plenty of storage space in a car as in a home. When men dictated automobile styles you had to lash your suitcases to the rear bumper when you traveled, but feminine demand has brought in trunks which are not only growing bigger but are getting easier to open and close. Some trunk doors today yawn wide at the lightest touch of a woman's hand.

A girl draftsman for one of the automobile companies was riding with friends one day when she happened to pitch forward against an inside door handle. The door flew open and she almost fell out. That gave her an idea. She took it to her boss. Ever since, her company has been making door handles which open when they are pulled up, not when they are pushed down—an important contribution to safety, especially for the lighter sex.

The automobile industry is anxious to do anything it can for safety. Some car builders, mindful of worried mothers, have fixed rear doors in sedans so that a child can't accidentally open them when the car is moving. In most cars window visibility is being increased because women are usually shorter than men

[continued on page 14]



Betty Crocker SUGGESTS:

*"Enjoy a COOLER KITCHEN-
serve a BETTER MEAL-
work a SHORTER DAY-
with your PressureQuick
Saucepan!"*

Summer cooking's easier now. Your General Mills PressureQuick Saucepan cooks foods so quickly, so easily that you'll spend lots less time cooking... and you and your kitchen both will stay fresh and breeze-cool all summer long.

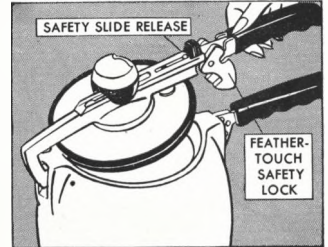
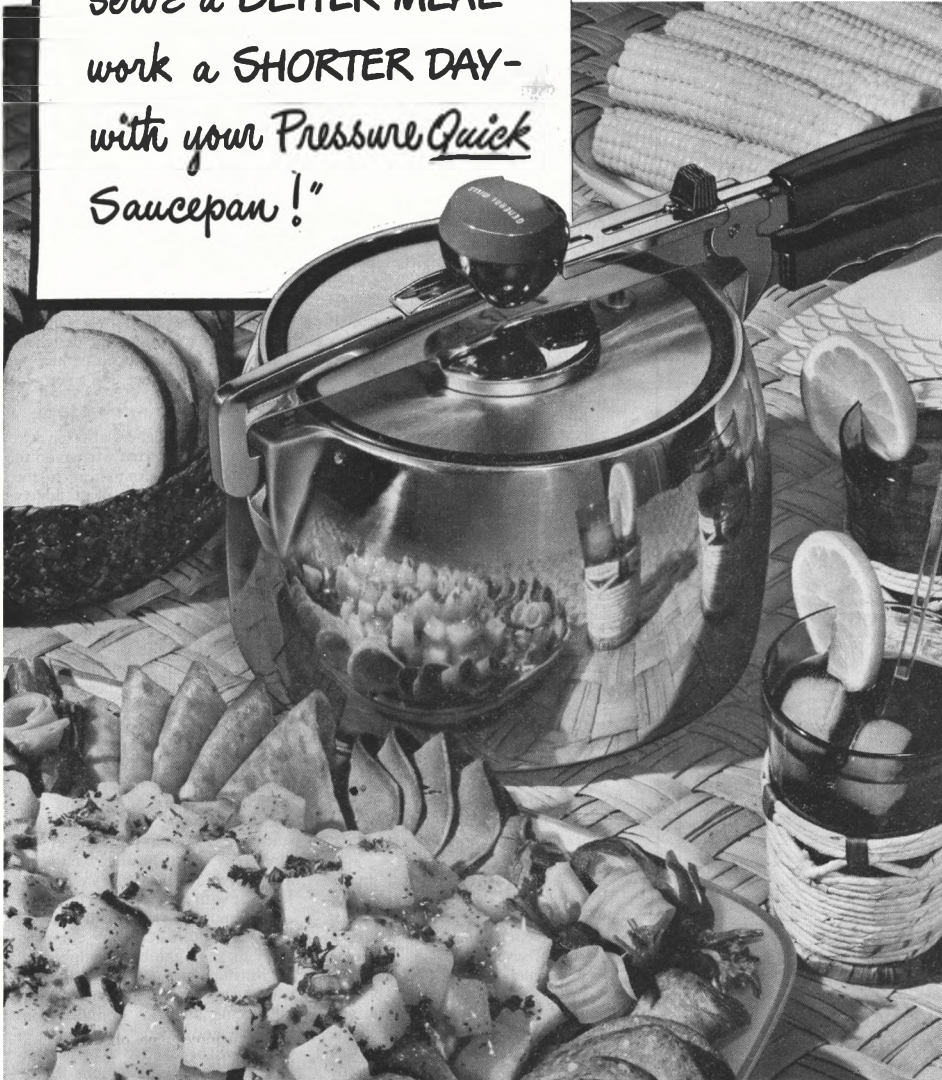
You'll have less to do, too, because this remarkable new pressure saucepan actually seals itself, then locks itself, and stays locked until all the pressure is safely gone. Most remarkable of all, with most foods



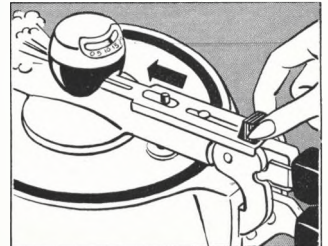
you'll reduce pressure *right at the range* without the bother of water-cooling!

And you'll follow wonderfully simple, tested, easy-to-follow recipes in the *Betty Crocker Guide to Pressure Cooking* and get perfect results every time.

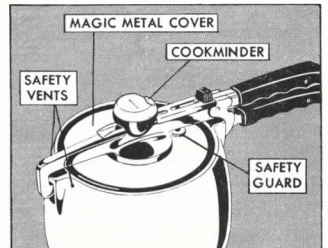
See the PressureQuick Saucepan at your dealer's today. It's a sound, smart investment that keeps on paying off year after year in easier, shorter kitchen hours, better eating and real safety.



Easy to get started! Just lay the cover in place, flick the Feathertouch Lock and pull the Slide Release. At the proper moment, the Magic Metal Cover seals and locks itself... automatically.



Reduce pressure at the range! When most foods have finished cooking, you push the Slide Release with a fingertip and pressure goes down quickly, safely without the extra work of water-cooling.



Four important safety features! Cookminder warns you to reduce heat. Magic Metal Cover lifts to release overpressure through Automatic Safety Vents. Safety Guard locks cover so it can't be opened till pressure's gone.

Hot 'n' cold midsummer meal! Heap tangy, hot Dutch Potato Salad on a platter. Ring it round with slices of your favorite cold meats such as ham, tongue and meat loaf which cook to perfection *quickly* in the PressureQuick Saucepan. Dutch Potato Salad is easy to make in your PressureQuick Saucepan, too... cooks for just three minutes. For free copy of this recipe, write to General Mills, Dept. 569, 623 Marquette Avenue, Minneapolis 2, Minn.

\$15.95 (\$16.45 Western Zone)

The New General Mills PressureQuick Saucepan





AVON'S

New Dental Cream

IT TASTES SO GOOD...

CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY

The *taste* is new, a wake-up freshness that lingers...

the *cleansing* is complete, brightening the beauty

of your smile. Avon's *new* Dental Cream will delight the whole family. And, it's brought

right to your home by the Avon

Representative. Welcome her

when she calls... be a hostess

to *smiling* loveliness.



IN RADIO CITY, NEW YORK



YOU AND THE NEW CAR

continued from page 12

but need to see just as much. And of course the new windows give men even more visibility—and safety—which they welcome too.

Before deciding what upholstery to use in his cars one manufacturer had thousands of his employees look at hundreds of fabrics and leathers submitted by upholstery designers. The men picked either flamboyant or dark shades. The women chose subtle grays or blues. A subtle gray or blue upholstery was used.

A few years ago another company placed an attractive leather beading along the edge of the seat of its sports convertible, thinking women would like the decorative touch. But the idea boomeranged. Several girls reported the beading irritated their legs when they rode in bathing suits. The designers had not figured on motorists without clothes on, but they quickly rectified their mistake. Their next convertible was upholstered without any beading.

Similarly the upholstery on many cars coming off the assembly lines is smoother and slicker than it used to be. Manufacturers have found coarse shaggy materials cause wear and tear on women's fur coats. In many cars ash trays have been relocated to make them easier for women to reach. In one car the clock has been redesigned so that there can be no danger of sheer nylon stockings snagging on its winding stem.

To please the feminine heart, one group of designers have borrowed an idea from the furniture industry and are considering bringing out cars with seats covered only by muslin. The customer will then be given her choice of upholstery or, if she prefers, she can select two sets of slip covers instead of upholstery—one set in cool colors for summer motoring, the other in warm colors for winter.

Because a good many women have declared that showy instrument panels and radio grilles remind them of juke boxes the dashboards of several new cars are going to be simpler. Dials will be smaller in some cases and there will be less chrome. But manufacturers say you can't quite trust a woman when she talks about chrome. She's apt to say she hates the stuff when she secretly loves it. When chrome is dropped, sales demand often drops too.

In one design studio in Detroit is a glass case which might make you think the auto industry is going into the jewelry business. The case contains plastic compacts, brooches, beads and other feminine baubles from all over the world. But they're not for sale. They were collected to help designers work out a plastic horn button with a jewel-like appearance—to please the ladies.

Not long ago a movie actress appeared in a Technicolor film wearing

a new shade of blue. Within a few weeks Detroit had the same blue on an automobile. Nowadays car designers keep abreast of every color trend in fashions, home furnishings and modern art. During the masculine period or so-called "dark ages" of design there were more black cars on the roads than all other colors combined. Today gray, green, light blue and gunmetal are giving black a close race. Women, being better housekeepers than men, know that these shades won't show dust as readily as black.

Cleansing tissue containers have recently been installed in some makes of cars and women have welcomed them. But there are certain feminine gadgets which they don't want. One company tried building a vanity case into every car. The women scoffed. They would buy their own vanities, thank you. That taught the designers a lesson. It is essential to be nice to women, they say, but don't get personal!

Car designers also have to take into account what women do to cars—and that doesn't mean to the fenders. Probably the most fidgety gal on earth is Squirming Irma, a mechanical doll weighing one hundred and thirty-five pounds and shaped like a woman. Irma is used by one plant to test seat springs. The minute she gets in a car she starts squirming, turning, bouncing, twitching. This keeps up for hours on end. If the springs stand up under the beating Squirming Irma gives them, the designers feel they will take any punishment they are likely to receive from a flesh-and-blood woman.

It may be that women want a lot of things in a car which they are not consciously aware of. To find out, one of the big companies has just started a research program at the University of Michigan. Psychology, anatomy and anthropology experts—together with engineers and designers—are conducting tests with a device called a universal driving compartment to learn the best arrangement of instrument panel and controls, windshield, seats and other factors influencing motoring comfort, convenience and safety. Thousands of women will be asked to sit in the compartment and their reactions will be carefully recorded and analyzed. So far as possible, moreover, the experts will try to break down preconceived ideas about design. They will impress upon their subjects, for example, that a steering wheel doesn't necessarily have to be round or a speedometer be set in the instrument panel.

What these tests will show remains to be seen, but one thing is sure. If the American woman decides she wants a car with a square steering wheel or one which she can drive while lying flat on her tummy, the company will build it for her. [THE END]



Seven Academy Award winners
bring you the picture
so wonderful it may never
again be equalled
on the screen!

Dazzling as a crown — democratic as a kiss, it's the funniest frolic in many a movie year when American Traveling Salesman Bing sells blue-blooded Countess Joan a scandalous bill of goods, as they whirl headlong through riotous escapades and gay indiscretions.

Paramount presents

BING CROSBY ★ **JOAN FONTAINE**

in

"The Emperor Waltz"

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

with Roland Culver · Lucile Watson · Richard Haydn · Harold Vermilyea

Produced by Charles Brackett · Directed by **BILLY WILDER**

Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder



Even their dogs are in love...and in the royal doghouse! * * *

When Bing sings those lilting love melodies, "The Kiss In Your Eyes," "Friendly Mountains," "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame" and "Emperor Waltz" your heart will beat 'three-quarter time'!



IT'S HERE! NEW DUZ!

It's Wonderful! The finest DUZ there ever was!



WONDERFUL
NEW WHITENESS!
THE NEW DUZ GETS YOUR WHITE THINGS THE WHITEST WHITE YOU'LL GET WITH ANY SOAP!



WONDERFUL
CLEANING POWER!
THE NEW DUZ CAN'T BE BEAT BY ANY SOAP ON EARTH FOR GETTING OUT DIRT!



AND YET THE NEW DUZ IS SAFER FOR COLORS THAN ANY OTHER "BIG NAME" WASHDAY PACKAGE SOAP!

Yes, Duz outdoes 'em all again—with the great new Duz that's at your dealer's now! No soap beats it for whiteness, for getting out dirt! Yet the new Duz is safer for colors than any other leading package soap sold for washday!

Just let the new Duz do everything in your next big wash and see! Your white things—even the dingiest towels—will come out the whitest white you'll get with any soap!

Your heavy wash—even the grimmest overalls—will come out spanking clean! Why,

there isn't a soap on earth that beats Duz at getting out dirt!


Yet, with all this wonderful new whiteness, with all its terrific cleaning power, the new Duz is safer for all your gay colored washables than any other "big-name" washday package soap! The new Duz gives your prints, patterns and polka-dots a wonderful new brightness!

So get the new Duz today. Use those heaps of soapy-rich Duz suds for all your wash, every washday—'cause Duz does Everything!



NO OTHER LEADING WASHDAY SOAP IS SO TOUGH ON DIRT YET SO SAFE FOR COLORS!

DUZ does **EVERYTHING** IN THE FAMILY WASH!



*The future looked less enticing, close up.
Maybe she should have been easier on him*

She liked George's idea—but she ran away from George

Two in One

IT WAS just after nine A.M. on the last Friday in May that Della Langley decided to quit her job as chief advertising artist for Mason's Department Store. This decision was the result of three interlocking circumstances:

Circumstance one: On the previous week end she had stayed at a boardinghouse in Niagara Falls, within easy reach of some of the most beautiful landscapes she'd ever seen. She had filled a sketchbook and all this week she had been daydreaming. "Ah," one long-haired gentleman would say to another in each of these daydreams, "it is obvious from the deep greens that this is of Langley's Niagara period." And after each daydream Della realized that if Langley was to have a Niagara period, she had to go to Ni-

agara for more than a week end—even more than her two weeks' holiday, which started on Monday.

Circumstance two: She had \$1,101.45 in the bank, because she had saved at least five dollars a week for four years, ever since she got out of art school and sketched her first still life (three cans of paint and a pair of garden shears) for Mason's.

Circumstance two and a half: It was springtime and she was twenty-four years old.

Circumstance three: She thought they were going to ask her to draw another table.

This understandable misunderstanding began with a brief ring of the phone in her ten-by-ten studio.

"Miss Langley?" It was Miss Grimes, secretary of J. Carter Mason, president of [continued on page 44]

BY SCOTT YOUNG ILLUSTRATOR: STEPHANIE

*What is happening in there, he thought.
What is she telling the nurse?*

→
SURGERY
LABORATORY

←
BLOOD BANK
EMERGENCY WARD



Windy

They told him that Jenny refused to see him . . . she wanted to die.

And he had only the letters to save her

Passing of Spring

A COMPLETE NOVEL OF LOVE AND MYSTERY

BY FRANCES MALM

ILLUSTRATOR: FREDERIC VARADY

Leave her alone, Paul. Won't you?"

Paul Leighton didn't answer. His sister Kit stole an anxious look away from the traffic through which she was driving. His face was fixed straight ahead, blunt-nosed, squared off by a chin that she had known to be stubborn and by his boyish blond hair that every once in a while tricked her into ill-advised behavior—since he was neither a boy, nor bossable. I shouldn't be doing this, she thought guiltily. Twenty-eight was no age for thirty to be advising; and there had been the war, which had certainly given him as much maturity as her two years' head start had given her, probably more. But there's Jenny to be considered, she told herself. I'm thinking of her too.

She smoothed her light bob back from her face and looked at him again. "Won't you, Paul?" she repeated.

He turned then. Light was dancing around in his hazel eyes, but not the sort of light that she could pick up and trade back and forth with him. There was no easy shared understanding in this moment.

"What do you expect me to say?" he asked. "Are you afraid I'll make a pass at her? In that case, better drop me at the end of the block and I'll dine elsewhere. Or what are you afraid of? Speak out with it."

She glanced off to her left, into a car waiting parallel to hers at a traffic light, letting strangers rather than Paul see the momentary helplessness in her face. It was awful to be wishing Paul hadn't set up business in this town. For months she had been urging him to come to the middle west, as she herself had done only three years before. And now he was here and already there were complications. If only she could find some simple way of explaining. Yet certainly

part of her difficulty was his fault. He wasn't trying to see what she meant.

"Paul, don't be that way," she said. "I'm not afraid of that, and you know it. It's just this: I've shared an apartment with Jenny for almost three years. We've gotten along perfectly together. Her being several years younger hasn't made any difference, because she's mature for her age, and we understand each other. But, Paul, I was aware almost from the first that there's something in her life she doesn't want to talk about. I don't know anything about her background, except that she's been on her own for about six years. Apparently her family lives in Boulder Falls, which is forty miles north of here, and now and then she goes to see them. But if there is some—some scandal in the past, I've never tried to find it out. I have a feeling there *is* a scandal. But I haven't pried. That's been the foundation of our friendship. If that were to change, there wouldn't be a friendship any more."

Again she looked quickly at her brother. He was listening, but as one would listen to an amusing story or an account of the merits of one's golf game. In the pause he narrowed his eyes and with a speculative smile said, "I think, Kit, I'm going to marry Jenny Carr."

"Paul," she murmured, protesting not so much the thought as his lack of perception in having it. "In the first place, she wouldn't marry you. She wouldn't marry anyone. She always finds a way to keep people at a distance, to keep them from getting too friendly. In the second place, as soon as you start something like that you're going to wreck things. Even now you've gone too far. You make her uncomfortable. You—" [continued on page 105]



Harry Anderson

ILLUSTRATOR: HARRY ANDERSON

Pete is like all children who live in a charmed, contented place of their own . . .

the children who must grow up, leave and perhaps never return to . . . The

PETE was a farmer. He was the busiest farmer in eleven counties and the most absorbed. He had been a farmer only since after breakfast when, escaping from the house with Mr. Pettigrew at his heels, he had looked over the property with a calculating eye and decided upon the acreage north of the first big apple tree.

He had his implements with him: a small shovel, a tin pail, a twisted spoon and a fork with bent tines. He wore his faded blue jeans.

He looked, weather-wise, at the sky. It was flawless, the blue of early May. On the horizon a woolly lamb of a cloud. He said quietly to Mr. Pettigrew, "It'll rain before night."

Mr. Pettigrew barked.

"Well," said Pete firmly, "let's get going."

Mr. Pettigrew lay down and watched. He wondered if Pete had buried a bone? All that digging and scratching. It was, Mr. Pettigrew thought, yawning, singularly unproductive.

A pretty girl came rattling down the road in an ancient car. She had long bare brown legs, a short blue cotton dress, a pale blue sweater and bright red curls. She swung into the short turn and stopped between the house and the garage. Mr. Pettigrew lolloped forth to meet her. Her arms were full of packages. She said, "Oof, Mr. Pettigrew, I wish you were as helpful as you are affectionate," and went into the house calling, "Anna—I'm home."

Anna padded out of the kitchen. She took the

packages and said, glumly, "I forgot to say, butter. Well, we'll make do. Only, unless you want to go back to the Corners, no cupcakes."

"I'll go back," said Marjorie. "It's a lovely day. Where's Pete?"

"Haven't laid eyes on him since breakfast."

Marjorie strolled out of the house. Mr. Pettigrew loped along beside her and she perceived, under an apple tree, the blue-jeaned figure of her son.

"Hi," she said cheerfully.

"Hi," said Pete.

He had dug up a small space around him and was slowly and carefully drawing the fork through the resistant earth.

"What are you doing?" Marjorie inquired.



Gossamer World

BY FAITH
BALDWIN

"Farmin," Pete replied briefly.

"I see. What are you going to plant?"

She sat down beside him on her heels and watched. After a moment he answered, "Oh, corn and potatoes and flour and strawberries and celery and things."

"Pete—"

"I'm Mr. Palmer."

Mr. Palmer was the farmer up the road. Marjorie nodded. "Mr. Palmer—want to go to the Corners with me? I forgot the butter."

"Busy," said Pete.

She looked at him with love and in wonder. He was five, going on six. He was small, slight, sturdy. His blond hair glistened in the sun, his eyes were bluer than blue. There were beads of sweat on his

upper lip. His face and hands were very dirty.

Mr. Pettigrew flushed something in the adjacent bushes and ran around in circles, barking wildly. Pete dug and scratched. He looked at his mother and said, for he was a polite little boy, "Excuse me a minute."

He rose and went off. Mr. Pettigrew stopped barking to follow. Marjorie remained where she was, looking up through the rosy mass of apple blossoms to the blue sky. She was, perhaps, the luckiest woman in the world.

Mr. Pettigrew's barking aroused her from her almost mindless awareness of gratitude. She did not consciously say to herself, now or at any time,

I am Marjorie, twenty-seven years old and healthy as a clam. I have Dan, with whom after seven years of marriage I am still romantically in love. We have Pete, belonging to us both and to himself. We'll have another baby. We have this house and eight acres of land. We have enough money to see us through illness or disaster, to take care of our daily needs. We have Anna in the kitchen and Mr. Pettigrew underfoot. We have friends we love and, even, relatives. We are wonderful, we are a family.

She rose and went toward the front of the house. There was Pete where he was expressly forbidden to be, right in the middle of the narrow twisting road, sitting down, his pail and shovel beside him.

Marjorie cried, "Pete—get [*continued on page 75*]



The Story of Sally

BY JOHN SOUTHWELL

ILLUSTRATOR: ROBERT PATTERSON

It started last June on the day Sally came home from school.

At noon that day I had a wire from Fred, our handyman-gardener-chauffeur, telling me he would have Sally and the car home by dinnertime. So I took an early train from Grand Central and was home in Darien by five.

The twins and Jerry and Dave and a college friend of Dave's, John Hartford, were in the living-room playing the piano and singing when I came in.

"Hi, Pa!" chirped Jerry, aged thirteen.

"Hi, Dad!" Dave said with all the dignity of a Harvard Law senior.

"Hiya, Daddy!" cried the twins, Anne and Betty, just two weeks out of teen-age and now a sophisticated twenty.

"Hi, hi, hi, yourselves. I had a wire from Fred. Sally will be here for dinner."

They whooped and cheered and then left the piano. They knew without being told that Sally's coming meant putting the house in order. Dave went out to look over the lawn and porches. Jerry took care of the halls, Anne covered the upstairs rooms and Betty the downstairs. For a while there was the noise of shoving furniture and banging of doors.

Dave's friend John looked puzzled so I asked him, "Didn't they tell you about Sally?"

"Tell me about her? Well, isn't she another one of Dave's sisters?"

"Yes, but we never think about it much any more, so sometimes we forget to explain. Sally is blind; completely blind. She has been for twelve years . . . since she was six."

"Oh . . ."

"All this running around is to check up and see that nothing in the house is out of place. Every piece of furniture has been in the same position for the last twelve years. And as long as it stays that way Sally can get around the house just as well as any of us."

John had the good sense not to make a lot of sympathetic noises but simply to accept what I said as information. I remember I liked John the first min-

ute I laid eyes on him. He's a big blond good-looking fellow, friendly and quiet. We all liked him immediately. He knew how to kid the twins and I think at first they both set their sights on him. And the first day of his visit he helped Jerry win a sailboat race and his first trophy. So in the small-fry department of the family he was definitely a hero from the start.

The twins finished first and came back to the piano. They dragged me over and I played for them, and when Dave and Jerry came in we rollicked the house. That's the sort of family we were then, before any of them were married or away from home. The only thing we lacked was their mother, the first Sally, who died in 1936. I was their father and mother too. I don't know how I did at the job, but I tried hard and somehow they got reared.


Sally was my favorite, though I always tried to hide it. She was named after her mother and the name made sense for she was the image of her mother from babyhood. Her hair is blond, long and golden. All her features are tiny and exquisite. Only the brown eyes, the shining empty eyes, are mine. We found out when she was about two that something was wrong with them. She could see, but not very well. They told us she could keep her sight only if we restricted her to a darkened room the rest of her life and even then she wouldn't be able to read or use her eyes normally. The first Sally and I decided it would be better to have her normally blind than living abnormally with sight. So we made her wear dark glasses and let her run and play as she liked. She came more and more to live in a world of shadows, and finally, when she was about six, even the shadows went away.

We were still crowded around the piano singing that night when she arrived. Just as we finished a song, she appeared in the doorway.

"Hello, you wonderful noisy family," she said, smiling.

The twins saw her first and squealed with joy. We all went to her and kissed her and shouted questions. She was introduced to John somewhere in the excitement and I think he was [continued on page 52]





She looked happy for this moment. And there wasn't a trace of that fear

She could not see herself as
others saw her. How could John
make her know she was
everything in the world he wanted?

*With a fascinated sense of
tempting danger, she smiled
as she gazed at the pendant*



Amelia saw in the depths of its light the flashing colors of the opal—

intense, vivid as her craving for affection

Fire Opal

BY CURRIE CABOT

ILLUSTRATOR: BEN STAHL

IT WAS early morning. The air smelled damp and sweet and the sun shone palely, lightening the dusk under the live oaks. The trees grew so tall that their branches, trailing long scarves of Spanish moss, would make a twilight even at noonday. However, in the wavering shade of the Danielles' yard there were hibiscus flowers and purple-red petunias and banana shrubs with enormous leaves. The yard was not well kept and grass grew rank around the cistern.

Amelia Danielle hurried with a gliding motion down her brick pathway. It was uneven under her small black slippers, and yellow with mold and lichen. The flounces of her black poplin trembled over her crinoline. She was young, not more than twenty, with an oval face, very delicately tinted, under smooth dark hair. Her waist was small and her fingertips were pointed. But she was plump. Even though she was so young, a tiny soft double chin showed when she ducked her head. She wore black gloves, a black bonnet and a black shawl, for Hallie Martin, her dearest friend, had died yesterday of a pain in the side and a fever. Hallie Martin, a gay red-cheeked young woman—newly married, rich, warmly beautiful—lay now in her coffin in her high-ceilinged parlor, between gilt console mirrors. Amelia Danielle's hands had arranged the sweet-smelling wax-white bloom that filled the many vases in the room.

There was still so much to do. She opened her gate and walked with tiny swift steps down the road, past the churchyard. A chill touched her as she passed. Eight months ago Hallie had come out of that church in her wedding veil.

When she came to Hallie's house with the white columns, Amelia took out her handkerchief and held it in her hand. Softly she pushed open the front door and stepped into the hall. It was dark and still in the house. The green and brown wallpaper, patterned like brocade, refused to accept the daylight and the door of the parlor where Hallie lay was shut. With a silent step she mounted the high carpeted stairs.

It seemed a long steep climb in the hushed twilight. She was not prepared when at the last landing the morning sun cut a bright sudden shaft in the dusk of the hall, slanting through the open

door of a small upstairs sitting-room where Hallie used to sew. So dazzling was the sunlight all of a moment that Amelia was at the threshold before she saw how much she was intruding.

There was a round mahogany table in the middle of the room. On it stood a lamp still burning, its flame a feeble glimmer in the daylight. Before she had time to retreat, Amelia Danielle saw, as though in a tableau, an image of grief: Charles Martin with his head down on his arms, his face buried in the skirts of a dress that was flung over the table—Hallie's shot-silk taffeta, by turns dove-gray, flame, ruby or emerald as the light played over it. She saw only the back of his head with its rough dark curls, his strong virile hands clutching the shimmering folds. An intensity of grief, of love, of passion, was etched for her in the outline of those hands. A twinge of pain that was not sorrow for Hallie struck into her breast as she turned and fled noiselessly over the thick carpet, down the stairs and into the empty dining-room.

No, not sorrow. Envy of Hallie for being so loved. She saw it quite clearly. Her own husband had loved her once in such a way—madly—in the first days of their marriage. And now it was politics all day long: ardors and impassioned speeches for the south and the State of Georgia, attentions for the senator. And for herself, "Yes, my dear," and "No, my love," "Very well, Amelia," a peck on the cheek in the morning, carpet slippers, the morning paper—that detestable absorbing *Morning Gazette*—two chairs on either side of the fire and a reminder, "The letter to the senator's lady, my dear." For her, only nagging little chores around the house and garden and duties of decorum which she found both petty and profane to the idyllic perpetual courtship she wanted in marriage. Suddenly she realized that she detested Hallie for having everything that she did not have herself. The cambric handkerchief that Amelia had expected to wet with tears was clenched between her small teeth. But with a perception that came on her like balm she recaptured something like a proper feeling for her friend. If she herself were lying dead, would not William grieve as Charles grieved for Hallie? Of course he would! cried Amelia to herself. Feeling quite composed, she went to the parlor, prepared to face Hallie's waxen beauty [continued on page 60]

Hear

Hear

Hear

Hear

This

Woman

BY BEN and ANN PINCHOT

ILLUSTRATOR: HARRY FREDMAN

FAITH HOLMES had first come to work in the public relations office of Homer Sweet in 1934. By 1948, Sweet has so come to fear the power of this woman that he wishes to launch a smear campaign against her to force her to withdraw from public life.

Before joining Homer Sweet's company, Faith had lived a quiet though shattered life. She grew up in St. Croix, Michigan, in a home torn by conflict between her poverty-haunted mother and her happy-go-lucky father, Tod. Against her mother's wishes she married Mark Holmes, grandson of the town's leading citizen. And her mother, believing the marriage to be the necessity that her own had been, was removed to a mental institution.

As Mrs. Mark Holmes, Faith became an outstanding matron of St. Croix. But after a miscarriage and the news that she could never have children, she grew restless and joined the staff of the local paper edited by the hard-hitting Vrest Macklin. Her strong sense of justice, her curiosity and drive, made her column for women a lively addition to the paper. The New York magazine *Feminine Appeal* offered her a job. And when the depression threatened to wipe out Mark's newly organized airplane motor business, she pleaded with him to abandon the town.

Adaptable, impatient, she could not understand Mark's refusal to walk away from failure. Expecting him to follow, she set out for New York alone and only upon returning for Christmas learned that she had ruined her marriage.

In New York, Faith's interest in women was given free play on the magazine *Feminine Appeal* and later in the Alliance for the Advancement of Women in Politics. Through this organization she met Elizabeth Latham, owner of the Latham Flour Mills, who admired her vibrant personality and vigorous championship of women. While visiting Mrs. Latham in Florida in 1934 Faith se-

cured her divorce. And there she received the exciting message from Steve Corrigan, a New York newspaperman and her closest friend, offering her a job in the public relations office of the famous Homer Sweet. A new phase of her life had begun.

PART THREE OF A NOVEL IN FOUR PARTS

CORRIGAN arranged Faith's interview with Homer Sweet for the Monday morning following her arrival. For her interview she dressed carefully in her old but still good navy-blue suit, a white silk blouse and her ancient beaver greatcoat.

The reception room of Homer Sweet's offices, on the thirtieth floor of a Rockefeller Center skyscraper, reminded her of the library in an old English manor house. The pretty girl at the switchboard, protected by a sheet of plate glass, seemed an anachronism.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Sweet," Faith told her when the girl finally looked up.

"If it's for a job, you must fill this out," the girl answered, handing her a printed form. "Every applicant must fill out the entire questionnaire. Mr. Sweet's orders. You'll find pen and ink at the desk." A mocking smile flitted against the painted mouth. "Make yourself comfortable. It'll take quite a while."

This is practically a third degree, Faith thought as she read it over. Besides the conventional questions there were innumerable others referring to the applicant's background, personality and private life.

"Where have you worked previously?" she read.

"Your reasons for leaving?"


"Fired? Explain causes."

"Do you drink? If so, why?"

With each fresh paragraph her anger increased. The last page, half blank, was headed by a request: "What have you to offer this organization? Write your answer in not more than fifty words." [continued on page 85]

Faith could always strike out to conquer a new world—and only sometimes look regretfully back





Peggy Jessup regarded her with bitter disdain. "Do you really think you can take Hank away from me?"



"Nobody expects a man to be a saint but—" Martha paused

It has happened so many times. A best friend

(like Martha) comes to tell a loving wife (like Stella)

about—well—something about her husband

Ken Prohanka

An Understanding Heart

STELLA had the sharp sickening feeling that the world was about to go into a brownish blur and never again become a clear, clean and shining thing.

It was one of those things that are forever happening to other people and are never even considered as being part of a normal human life, one of those things that one reads about in a novel or watches idly at a movie.

Martha with her dog had just dropped in—or so she said. Stella had been snipping off the very tallest of the pink petunias on the fourth-story window box. She had hated to cut even those, they were so bright and lovely, but all the books said you must cut some of them so they'd give more bloom.

Martha had shouted from the hall; Stella had said, "Oops!" to the petunias and scurried to greet her. She had stumbled, she remembered afterward, and knocked over the color photograph Paul had taken of himself. Paul was an amateur at color photography but now and then he got something very fine. The self-portrait was excellent. It showed his kindly half-smile and the incredible gentleness of his eyes, combined with the peculiarly sharp strength of his jaw.

All this had flashed momentarily in Stella's mind as the picture fell over. It had simply impressed itself, all as a unit, in a second.

"Well . . ." Martha exclaimed.

"What?" Stella asked, smiling and leading Martha by the arm into the living-room that was smoked-pink and lime green with the large bright water color of a brass bowl, filled with limes, over the white piano.

"Radiant, positively radiant," Martha said. "Are you in love?"

Stella snickered. "How foolish. . . . Of course I'm in love. I'm in love with my husband."

"I didn't mean that. You've been married five years."

Martha sat down lazily in the comfortable chair and stretched her feet on the ottoman.

"Am I supposed to be shriveled and bitter and frustrated by now? Or gaily unfaithful?"

Martha shrugged. "How is Paul?"

"Wonderful. Gay, loving, bright, handsome, gentle and . . ."

Martha groaned. "You ought to be selling things instead of me. Did you see the ad in today's paper for our stunning mouton special?"

"Didn't," said Stella. "Was thinking of other things—including possible son."

"No?"

"Yes. It can happen to anyone, they tell me."

Martha was silent. "Paul know?"

"Paul is in my heart. How could he not know anything so close to it, if I may indulge in poetry."

"Have you anything to drink?" Martha said.

"I have some Ming Cha that tastes like groves of oriental trees at twilight. That's what Paul says."

"Tea?"

"Tea, yes. An ancient beverage."

Martha shrugged. "Never mind. But I must say something about the baby."

"What baby?"

"Your baby. As a matter of fact I merely dropped in for a bit of aimless conversation but . . . well . . . I feel very . . . well . . . lousy is the word, I'm afraid."

"Lousy? About my baby? I don't understand, Martha. You sure you won't have some tea?"

Martha nodded her head. "What do you believe in, Stella? You're very young, very naive, aren't you? I am very fond of you."

"I know you are, Martha. My heavens, Paul and you and I—"

"That's what I mean. Stella, do you really have to have a baby?"

Stella backed away a little and picked up the picture of Paul, almost unconsciously, and set it up. It was as if she were reaching for some bright fragments of strength to meet some subtle unknown cloud of darkness.

"What a question!" she said tersely.

Martha ran her finger over the top of the radio-phonograph and then looked up.

"What do you know about Paul?"

"You asked me what I believed in. I [continued on page 105]

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

ILLUSTRATOR: RAY PROHASKA

BEGIN WITH A

BY ELIZABETH AMBROSE MADEIRA

Fashion Editor

HATS BY MADAME (RENE), TAN LUGGAGE BY TOMMY TRAVELLER, WHITE LUGGAGE BY SANDORITE, BAGS BY DOPAN, SCARVES BY STRAUSS AND WUELLER, JEWELRY BY S. LISNER

This well-cut suit of light-weight wool is as useful a thing as a woman could own, to wear in spring, fall, surprisingly often on coolish summer days and again, in winter, under the all-season tweed coat.

SUIT DESIGNED BY JOHN FREDERICK STRANER



LO BALBO

Coat of tweed mixture, interlined, has high-waisted rippling back. Right for summer travel and for fall, winter, spring.

DRESS DESIGNED BY JOSEY WALKER



Dress in light-weight red and black wool mixture, looks well under coat, can be worn in city or country, fall, winter, spring.



YEAR-ROUND COAT

A woman's well dressed when her clothes work well together, when they suit the time and the season. And so we say—start your planning with your coat, be sure that any dress you buy goes happily under it. Then build your wardrobe around clothes you'll love in December as you do in May (or contrariwise), clothes you can wear nine, ten, twelve months in the year. For a few things, well planned, can take the place of many

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL D'OME

BOTANY SWEATER BY JANE IRWILL



A skirt to match the coat is groundwork for any number of costumes. With a sweater it's smart for country week ends, any season; with a tailored dark gray silk blouse it goes suavely to lunch in town.

A simple shirtwaist dress of wool and rayon gabardine picks up a thread of red in the coat, is wearable all the year round.



HANDBACHER

A black faille suit is any woman's stand-by, summer and winter. This one, trimmed only by stitching, goes nicely with the tweed coat.

HENRY ROSENFELD



TAKE THEM OFF THE HUMAN SCRAP HEAP

It could be your next baby—feeble-mindedness strikes in the finest families. Yet thousands of such children and adults still live almost like animals in inferior institutions. With proper care and training many of them could learn to take respected and self-supporting places in society

BY EDITH M. STERN

I HAVE never been so aware of the horror and waste resulting from man's inhumanity to man as I was when visiting our state institutions for the feeble-minded. To see men, women and children whose mental ages run from virtually zero to eight years—all children, really—kept at a helpless, often repulsive animal level is an ugly sight.

Even uglier is the realization that uncounted numbers of human beings with mental ages of eight to twelve and higher needlessly stagnate in these institutions. With a few years' training and supervision they might be sent out into the community to lead happy self-supporting lives. But most of our seventy-eight state institutions for mental deficient are not training schools—they are little more than wretched zoos.

I have visited many of these institutions across the country. I have read detailed official surveys of others. I have seen mental deficient of all grades. The crib cases, so mentally and physically damaged from birth that they seem to be mere inert organisms. And the well-set-up institutional helpers who are superficially indistinguishable from many a self-supporting person you meet every day. I have talked with psychiatrists, psychologists, educators and nurses. And I have found out the sickening truth: do-nothingness is the rule in most institutions. No one knows just how many children could be salvaged from this human scrap heap—because so few places have tried.

Come with me to schools in typical states, bearing in mind that we are not seeing the mentally ill whose once sound minds have gone wrong, like a cracked wall. We are visiting the mentally deficient, whose minds have never fully developed, like a wall left unfinished. We are actually seeing *children*—all these individuals, whatever their chronological age, are children mentally. We are seeing children, but few toys, no cheerful playrooms, no bright pictures, little to make a child happy.

We come first to an institution in a central state—a region of fertile land, magnificent estates and luxurious hotels. But the institution's main four-story building was put up in the 1880's. A dilapidated wooden shack shelters its most crippled helpless patients. The only new building is a pretty little white cannery. Around a small desolate outdoor play yard is a gray splintered wooden wall, once white.

Built for four hundred and fifty, the institution houses seven hundred. Beds are so tightly packed that the head of one touches the foot of the next. And nothing else in the bedrooms except an array of

mops in two dormitories and a can of talcum powder and an artificial flower on a window sill in another. Some of the girls who work at night were asleep in shadeless daylight glare.

The girls' playroom—toyless—boasted double rows of wooden benches along the walls. Some children could not find room even on these and were sprawled on the floor. The boys' playroom was made even dimmer by gray paint on the lower panes of barred windows. In the playroom for the most backward boys—called the low-grade boys—I saw exactly one plaything: a string of spools around an old man's neck. In the playroom for brighter boys—the high-grades, most of them young—were a set of jacks, a torn comic book and a few tin dolls' dishes.

"When they're herded like cattle, there isn't much you can do for them," the superintendent remarked despairingly. He deplored his inability to group his charges by either mental or chronological age and I shuddered at seeing Ned and Bobbie, two lively eleven-year-olds, living among adult imbeciles.

Such lumping together is destructive. The young pick up bad habits from the old—not the least of them, deplorable physical practices which, thanks to idleness and jam-packing, are virtually uncontrollable. And the brighter sink to the level of the duller.

But I did not see the playrooms at their worst until mealtime. Children considered incapable of going to the dining-room were fed in the playroom. Overworked attendants dished food out of chipped enamel containers and tried to feed the most infantile. The other children either half-sat at tables, wolfing their food from spoons or cupped hands, or ate while pacing the narrow lane between the tables and the wall benches.

Conditions weren't much better in the dining-room for the brighter children. These children receive no table training. The only utensils were spoons, and here as in every other state training school I visited, there were no napkins. When a child empties his plate and wants seconds the food remaining on some other child's plate is dumped onto his.

Little more is done with schooling. Some of the brightest children get only two hours of teaching a day—one hour manual, one academic. When I visited the academic class for girls only four were present. "The girls who work in the kitchen sometimes don't get off for school," the teacher apologized. At another unit of the institution I was told the school day was five hours. I walked in on what was

called library hour. One dull-looking girl was rapidly thumbing over the pages of an unillustrated magazine of which she was obviously not reading one word. Two were engaged with comic books. The rest were doing handwork.

To house, clothe, feed and educate its feeble-minded and provide them with medical care, this state allows one dollar per person a day. Attendants' wages start at a hundred dollars a month, minus twenty-one dollars for maintenance. Nearly all are elderly and since they are on duty from five-thirty A.M. to five-thirty P.M. six days a week, it is no wonder that all are tired.

Further east, near a city of beautiful parks and show places, is another training school, somewhat more generously, but still penuriously, supported. Here too were shocking conditions.

During lunch at the superintendent's table I became acquainted with Nellie, a pretty young patient who was our waitress. Later I found that Nellie roomed with the middle-aged imbeciles—and these were her potential girl friends.

I found that a white-haired woman was the only attendant for fifty-nine babies and the helpless low-grade crippled boys of all ages. To care for her charges she had to get help from some of the brighter patients—as was the practice nearly everywhere I went. Once while the attendant was busy elsewhere, I saw a helper yank pajamas off a baby who had wet himself, dump the naked youngster on the floor and leave him there while he changed the bed.

In the dayroom a child was lying on his side in a four-foot high wooden-floored cage of chicken wire. The attendant explained that the little fellow liked to be with other children. But as he couldn't move about she was afraid he'd be stepped on; so she had rigged up the cage for him. I was touched by her kindly intentions. But I wondered why a rich community couldn't provide better accommodations for the child.

Let us visit another training school located on spacious grounds near a large industrial city. The exterior of the school buildings is fairly attractive, but inside the rooms are dilapidated and barren. Even the high-grade girls' dining-room has no curtains, though they could be made inexpensively by the girls in their sewing-room. Lavatories look antiquated and unsanitary. All have roller towels—against the law in public washrooms in that state. Some wards even have a common drinking cup.

Beds are close-packed, as [continued on page 62]

DRAWING BY HOMER HILL



"Jail-like discipline—
a little girl
chained in bed."

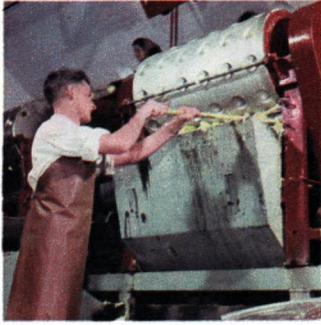
"Wrongly committed
but, once in,
clutched tight for life."



"Men, women and children
kept at an animal level."



"Human scrap heap—
thousands of potential
assets to the
community lost."



Canned orange juice coming up. Zeev takes a turn processing some of the community produce.

Pay a visit with a famous correspondent to the homes of two typical pioneers of the newest nation on earth. Like our own ancestors, husbands, wives and children are ready to live or die for the country that gave them freedom

IT'S '76 IN



BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE



Leah works in fields and cannery too. Here she is tying growing grapevines to supports.



Tamar attends the settlement school, like the other children has no farm chores, lives in children's dormitory.



Gad Unna and girl friend—kindergarten stuff. But already Gad shows an inclination to be a farmer like his daddy.

TEL AVIV, ISRAEL, BY RADIO—Leah had brought an armful of flowers in with her and when she put them in vases the vivid red of the hibiscus and the deep blue of the cornflowers brightened the room and gave it a festive air. Leah Unna had been working in the fields since six that morning. Now she had changed into a neat blue dress with white trimming and had tied a blue ribbon around her tumbling dark hair. Her husband Zeev Unna came in and her eyes lit up for a moment; then she took the gun from him and placed it on top of a tall wardrobe.

Zeev laughed and said earnestly, "She is always afraid the children will get hold of the gun. But I always take the bullets out before I come home."

Zeev Unna ordinarily works in the fields here at the agricultural settlement known as Givat Brenner (Brenner Hill) but times are difficult and he is now one of those picked to guard the community. Palestine is now the nation Israel and it has a formal army and police force of its own. But things are not tranquil as yet so Zeev has to spend two days as guard. He farms the rest of the week.

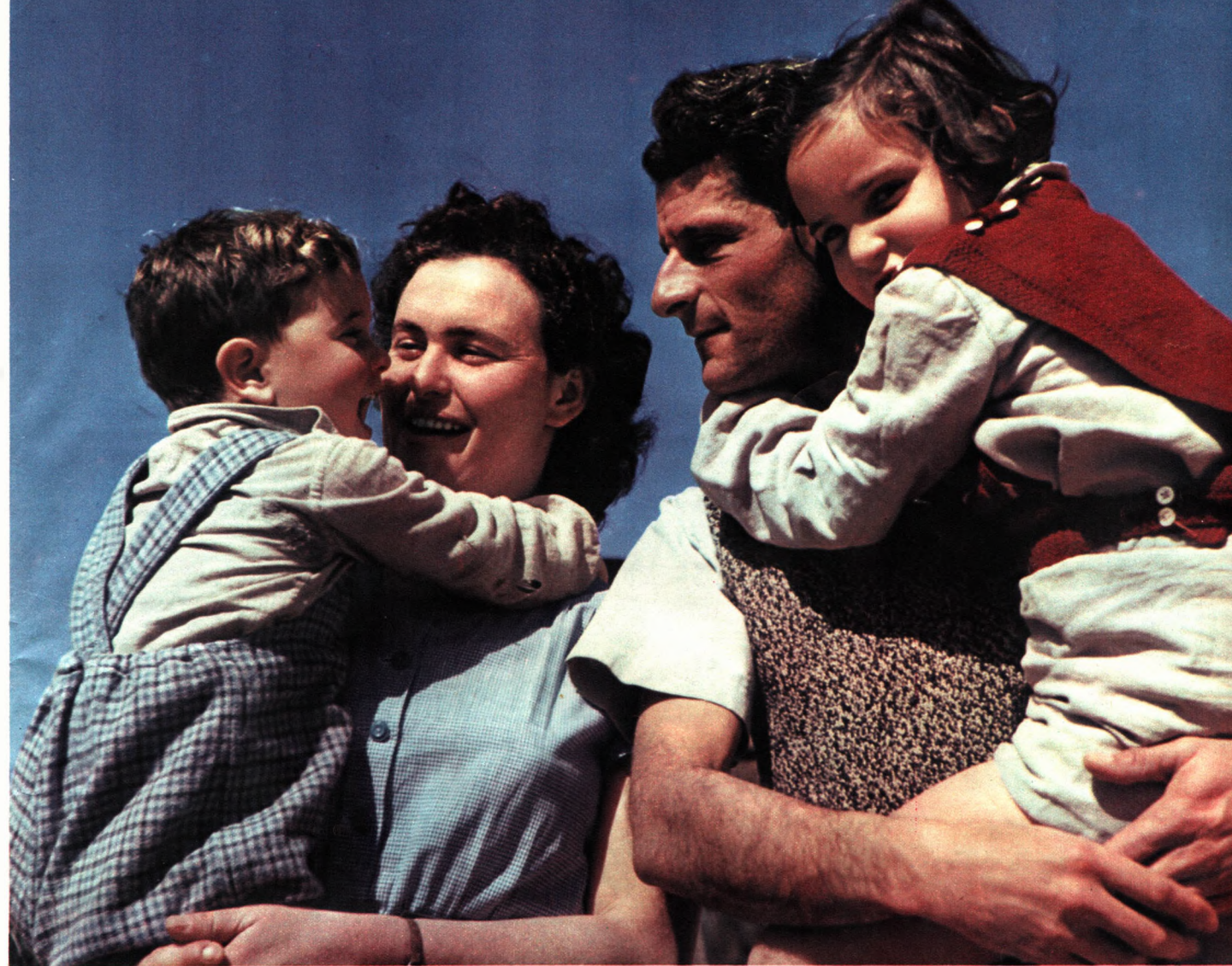
Today was a special occasion. His seven-year-old daughter Tamar was to come out of the hospital and that was why Leah had brought the flowers in from the fields. "Tamar only had a cold," Leah explained in precise English, "but they kept her there four days and we couldn't see her. We might have caught it and passed it on to Gad."

There was a squealing outside and then the room was full of Tamar and Gad and they were hurling themselves at their mother and dark-eyed Tamar was telling of the chocolate they'd given her in the hospital and Gad, like any four-year-old boy the world over, was climbing all over his father. The Unna family was at home and reunited. They would stay reunited until it was time for Tamar and Gad to go to the children's dormitory where they sleep each night.

Life in an agricultural settlement in Israel seems hard to an outsider but Leah and Zeev only look puzzled when you mention it. To them life is full and exciting and the work in the fields is work they have chosen for themselves because both have a great love for the land. Leah came from Germany as a child. Zeev left his native Hamburg when he was sixteen to find his destiny in Palestine. And he found it here at Givat Brenner, which is only thirty miles from Tel Aviv.

Leah sent the children out to play and we sat down over coffee to talk of life as lived by a typical farming family. Givat Brenner is the largest communal settlement in Israel. It is a community of a thousand people and all but the children work, either on the land or in the factory which cans the tomatoes and the fruit which is grown by the settlement. In every sense

This article went to press as the United Nations truce was announced which the world hopes will lead to peace in the Holy Land. We are publishing it as a significant picture of the birth of a nation.—THE EDITORS



Meet the Unnas—Leah, Zeev and their two children—members of an agricultural settlement in modern Israel. Theirs is the satisfaction of helping to make a desert bloom.

the settlement is communal—but it is not at all Communistic.

"But we are not much interested in politics," Zeev Unna laughed. "We have our work and our children and sometimes we go on a holiday. These are our main interests."

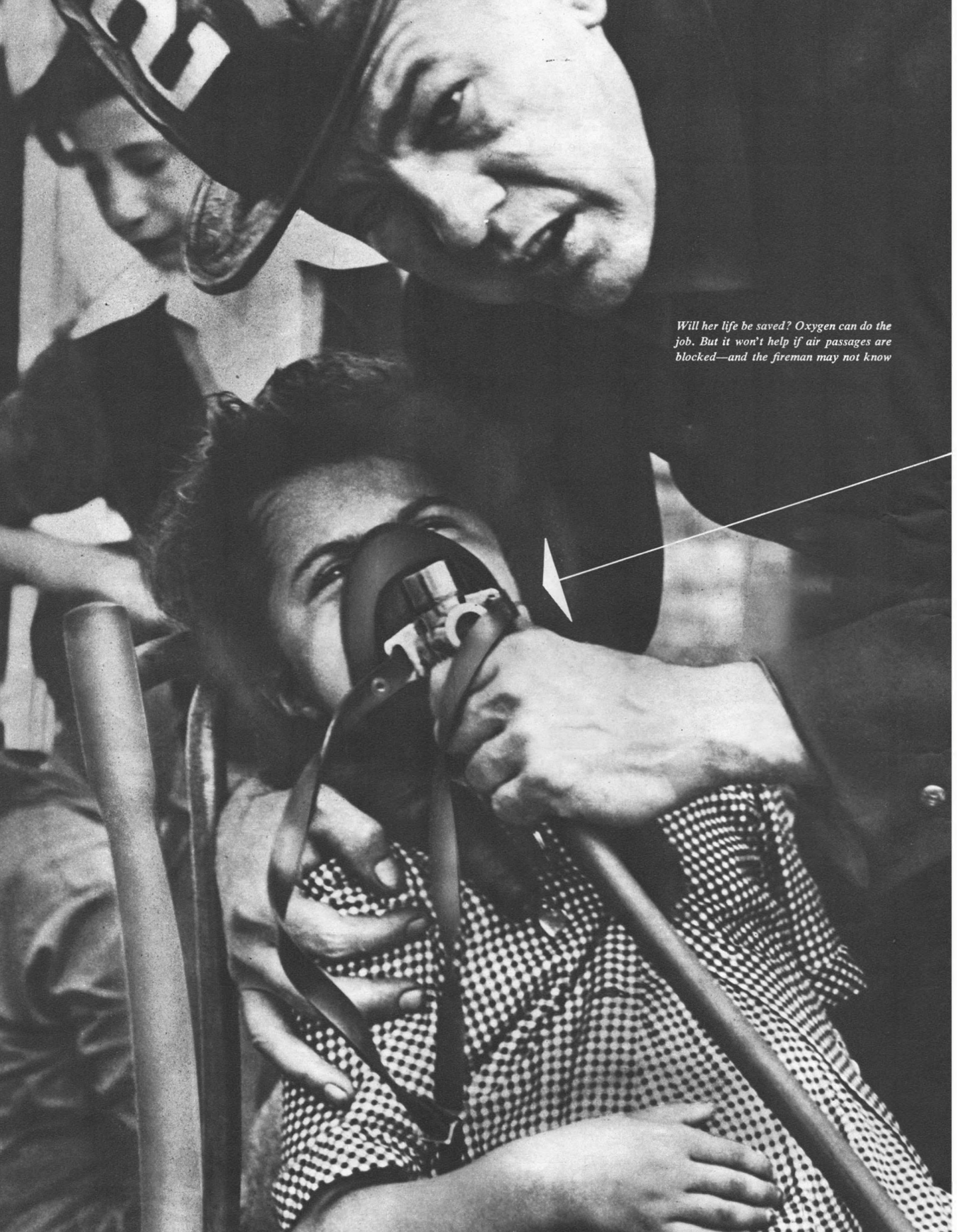
The day begins early for the Unna family, as it does for everyone in the settlement. They are up at five-thirty and after breakfast in the huge community-operated dining hall they go to the fields. Once these hundreds of acres were desert, but the land wasn't dead; it was merely asleep. It needed only irrigation and fertilization and when these were supplied the land became fertile. Today there are trees heavy with oranges and lemons and endless rows of tomato plants, carrots, beans and acres of wheat. Zeev and Leah have grown up with this land and have watched it change and their pride in it is intense.

At eleven-thirty each morning work stops for an hour. Lunch is brought to those who are working in the more distant fields and the others again meet in the dining hall. All morning Tamar and Gad are at school. Gad is still in kindergarten. Tamar with the other older children is learning reading, writing and arithmetic and also English, which is taught in all the schools of Israel. When a child is thirteen he starts to learn a trade. At Givat Brenner he usually learns farming, but some children are taught blacksmithing and others are taught to be mechanics. Nearly all remain to work at Givat Brenner although some occasionally leave to find industrial work in Tel Aviv or Haifa.

"But we are farmers at heart," Zeev [continued on page 41]



It's not all work. Times like this the Unnas enjoy radio Zeev bought while in British Army.



Will her life be saved? Oxygen can do the job. But it won't help if air passages are blocked—and the fireman may not know

Thousands die every year because they can't get air—asphyxiation it's called.

Too often they die needlessly. If every doctor and rescue squad knew what to do before giving artificial respiration, scores of potential victims would be saved

BREATH OF LIFE

BY CLIVE HOWARD

IN a restaurant in Yonkers, New York, a seven-year-old girl suddenly rose from her table, clutched at her chest and collapsed on the floor. When a doctor arrived he pronounced her dead of a heart attack. Two days later the coroner reported that she had actually been the victim of a tragic and avoidable accident. A piece of meat had choked her to death. If only it had been removed in time and artificial respiration applied, she would have lived.

That girl was one of the fifty thousand people in the United States who die each year of what physicians call asphyxia—failure of the air supply to the lungs. Like all too many of the others, she died needlessly. Asphyxia, if recognized soon enough and properly treated, need almost never be fatal.

Yet today asphyxia in its various forms—choking, suffocation, gas poisoning, drowning—kills nearly twice as many Americans each year as automobile accidents. If more physicians and more of the public knew how to recognize and combat asphyxia, thousands of these deaths could be avoided.

Today some members of the medical profession are at last undertaking a vigorous campaign against this insidious often unsuspected killer. If enough doctors support the crusade—with the backing of an alert public opinion—tens of thousands of people may be spared premature death. The campaign can also save tens of thousands of babies not yet born. Of all the infants who die in the first twenty-four hours of their lives—and in some years there are as many as fifty-five hundred in New York City alone—it is estimated that about a fifth die from asphyxia.

Every infant at birth is a wide target for asphyxia. The anesthetics given to a mother to induce twilight sleep often paralyze her baby's breathing apparatus. Sometimes the umbilical cord constricts the infant's respiratory tract and sometimes a mucous deposit blocks it. About thirty per cent of all babies born during twilight sleep are suffering to some degree from lack of oxygen. Nobody knows how many newborn infants could be saved if every birth were attended by someone who knew how to examine the baby's air passages for obstacles, remove them and apply artificial respiration if necessary.

The experience of one doctor may be typical. About a year ago he finished a special course in asphyxia—one of the few in the United States—a postgraduate course offered by the New York Uni-

versity Medical School. Seven months later he reported that he had saved at least five newborn infants who would otherwise have died.

Seeming miracles are possible among the newborn. In Long Island, New York, a set of twins delivered by a midwife was pronounced stillborn and taken to the morgue. Almost eight hours later, an alert doctor examined the babies and revived one of them.

The leader of the current crusade against asphyxia, a New York City physician named Paluel J. Flagg, started it as the result of an experience in the delivery room.

Some time ago Dr. Flagg was called upon to anesthetize a mother. Her baby was born with a bluish tint, one of the signs of asphyxia. At the time there was little general knowledge about asphyxia but Dr. Flagg in the course of his work as an anesthetist had become interested in the problem of resuscitating the newborn. He also happened to be working in a progressive hospital which had oxygen equipment handy in its delivery room.

Dr. Flagg assumed that the oxygen would be brought into immediate use. To his horror, he saw the resident physician merely begin "tubbing" the baby—an old-fashioned and ineffective method in which the infant is immersed first in warm and then in cold water to stimulate breathing.

Although the equipment that could save the child's life was only an arm's reach away, apparently nobody knew how to use it to meet this kind of emergency.

Making sure the mother was safe, Dr. Flagg left his post and took charge. First he inserted a metal tube into the baby's windpipe and sucked out the mucous obstructing it. Then he inserted another tube leading to a tank holding a mixture of oxygen and carbon dioxide.

The oxygen sustained the baby's life. The carbon dioxide acted as a stimulant to start the infant breathing. Within a few moments the baby had turned from blue to pink and was crying lustily.

On the way out of the delivery room the obstetrician told Dr. Flagg of a woman who had died on the operating table the month before. She had drowned in her own fluids. He felt sure her life could have been saved by methods similar to those that saved the baby.

This experience with the newborn baby, plus the

story of the woman who died on the operating table, made Dr. Flagg decide to start crusading against the insidious killer called asphyxia. Today he is chairman of a special Committee on Asphyxia of the American Medical Association. He is also founder of the Society for the Prevention of Asphyxial Death, composed mostly of doctors interested in spreading the latest information about how to combat this stealthy destroyer of human life.

The equipment to end all needless deaths from asphyxia is already available, Dr. Flagg says. All that is needed is widespread awareness of the danger and how to meet it.

Of all the obstacles to the crusade, the greatest is apathy. Deaths among the newborn and deaths from drowning, choking or gas poisoning all seem accidental—acts of God. How many people worry about death from asphyxia? Many physicians see cases which they recognize as such only at rare intervals.

Yet the danger lurks in countless unsuspected places.

A woman drives her automobile into a tree and is found badly crushed. She dies on the way to the hospital. The natural conclusion is that she died of internal injuries.

But what about the possibility that a leaky exhaust pipe pumped deadly carbon monoxide gas into her car, causing her to lose consciousness before the accident and finally paralyzing her breathing muscles? In how many cases of this kind could the victim be saved by artificial respiration administered correctly?

A young boy is pulled unconscious out of a swimming hole. Someone rolls him over on his stomach and begins giving him artificial respiration using the prone pressure technique, which is the best that can be done for him without mechanical equipment. Eventually a fire or police department inhalator arrives. Despite everything, the boy dies.

Was it too late to save him? Or was there a bubble of water obstructing his air passages—which nobody knew about or knew how to remove—so that the inhalator, as well as prone pressure, was useless?

A high school girl suffering from infantile paralysis dies in the chartered airplane rushing her to the nearest iron lung. Was her death necessary—or could she have been kept alive during [continued on page 50]

WHAT

DO

YOU

KNOW

ABOUT



ENOUGH doubt, confusion and controversy are tangled in the subject of hair to make a scientist's hair curl—if it weren't, of course, for the fact that curly hair is generally a hereditary characteristic, unaffected by any emotion cooler than a curling iron. How many of the following statements could you have classified as true or false?

Your hair will stretch.

True. Hair can be stretched to as much as one and three-fourths its natural length if the hairs are uniform and stretching is done carefully. It is this elastic quality that keeps hair from breaking under daily brushing, combing, pinning and curling. The more water applied, the more readily hair will stretch. The hair remains stretched after drying but once wet again, shrinks back to its original length.

Cutting or shaving the hair stimulates growth.

False. Experiments have indicated that hair growth is unaffected by cutting or shaving. Contrary to popular belief, outstanding authorities insist that shaving does not make leg hairs grow in coarser, quicker or more abundantly. They say that adolescent males who think they are cultivating a beard by shaving regardless of need, actually achieve it no faster than they normally would at the maturing age.

Hairs are hollow.

False. Some hairdressers and barbers will tell you that each hair is hollow with a tube running through the center and will recommend singeing to seal off the ends and prevent the escape of nourishing fluids. But the fact is that each hair is a solid mass of cells and singeing is useless. Moreover, singeing tends to dry the hair ends, causing them to split and break.

You can be so scared your hair will stand on end.

True. Contraction of the fine involuntary muscles about the roots of the hair causes it to be drawn into a more upright position, so the familiar term "hair-raising experience" has scientific foundation. The reaction is a carry-over from our primitive days when nature gave us this faculty to make us look more ferocious in the face of an enemy or to better protect us from a blow or bite. The hair on the backs of frightened cats and dogs responds more readily than ours. "Goose pimples" are a kindred reaction. Facial hairs, including eyebrows and eyelashes, do not possess the muscular base of the scalp hairs and so do not become erect.

You have an entirely new head of hair every four years.

True, approximately. The average life of each hair is four years, then it falls out, with or without combing. That's why hair in your comb is no cause for alarm unless it becomes excessive. Pohl-Pincus, European dermatologist, has devised a method for determining normal hair fall: Divide the hairs of three days' shedding into two groups—for uncut hair, put hairs over six inches in one group and those under six in another;

for cut hair, match hairs with cut ends against those with pointed ends. Short or pointed hairs should not exceed one fourth of the total loss.

Superfluous hair is an uncommon condition.

False. Hirsuties, as it is called, afflicts about one out of four white women. It commonly affects the face, legs or forearms, but can also appear on other parts of the body, including the chest. Often it makes its appearance between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. It also frequently accompanies menstrual irregularities or pregnancy. Brunettes are more susceptible than blonds.

Face creams encourage the growth of hair.

False. Research by outstanding authorities has failed to produce proof of any instances where facial hair growth has been promoted in this way. "In fact," said one dermatologist, "we have never discovered anything that will make hair grow."

The color of hair may vary on different parts of the body.

True. It is normal to have a difference in color between the hair of the scalp and other regions of the body, particularly the pubic area. In men, a combination of black hair and red beard is not unusual. Even a single hair may vary in color over its length.

Gentlemen prefer blonds.

False. A national poll revealed that six of every ten men prefer brunettes. A lucky thing too, since only eight per cent of American women are naturally blond.

Maturity darkens blond hair.

True. Although hair may occasionally remain golden into late adulthood, the light hair of infancy and youth often changes to brown, then dark brown and sometimes to black with increasing years. Gray-haired men over fifty who were originally blond have developed tufts of black hair on their scalps and in their beards.

Early grays may be inherited.

True. It is usually superinduced, however, by sudden illness, shock or high fever. In such cases restoration of color may be possible; experiments have indicated that proper blood circulation and diet are essential.

Brunettes turn gray at an earlier age than blonds.


True. Although gray hair is more noticeable on brunettes because of the color contrast, Dr. A. J. Drake, British dermatologist, has found that very dark hair also loses pigmentation sooner.

Scientists agree that hair can turn gray overnight.

False. This is a great debating point among dermatologists. Despite the many stories of people turning gray overnight—Marie Antoinette's hair was supposed to have whitened the night before she was guillotined—many authorities are skeptical or completely [continued on page 41]

AN INFORMATIVE QUIZ BY MORTON SONTHEIMER

DRAWING BY GLORIA CATALDO




Plenty of Chicken —simmered slowly for a deep-flavored chicken stock—that's the secret of this delicious, old-time soup. Golden egg noodles and tender pieces of chicken do much to help make it the mainstay of many a summer meal.

Campbell's, CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

Here's a Tip for YOU and YOU—
For Summer Suppers—Lunches Too!

**LET SOUP
BE YOUR
ONE HOT DISH**




A hearty main dish indeed is this vegetable soup, with its fifteen garden vegetables and nourishing beef stock. "Almost a meal in itself," say women, and serve it forth in summer as an ideal one hot dish.

Campbell's, VEGETABLE SOUP



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Bright bid to appetites at lunch or suppertime this summer: bowls of "the soup most folks like best." Luscious, red-ripe tomatoes, creamery butter, gentle seasoning—a matchless recipe. Add milk instead of water for a rich cream of tomato.

Campbell's, TOMATO SOUP

Independent Tobacco Experts Again Name
LUCKY STRIKE FIRST CHOICE

*over any other brand!**

*An impartial Crossley poll covering all the Southern tobacco markets shows that more independent tobacco auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen smoke Lucky Strike than any other brand.

Certified by Crossley, Incorporated
Archibald M. Crossley, President



*So, for your own real deep down
smoking enjoyment remember -*

L.S./M.F.T.

COPR. THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO

So round, so firm, so fully packed — so free and easy on the draw

What Do You Know About Hair?

from page 38

disbelieving. They argue that hair which has already obtained its color is not apt to lose it once it has passed beyond the point, beneath the scalp, where coloring takes place. Severe shock, sickness or mental distress can deactivate the cells in which color originates, but the gray hair would not reasonably be expected to appear until it had time to grow out, it is argued. Still, many scientists have found cases that were proved to their satisfaction.

White hair is more valuable than colored hair.

True, commercially speaking. Pre-inflation quotations for fine white hair in the false-hair market were as high as six dollars an ounce. A good grade of golden hair was quoted at three dollars. Brunette prices were as low as twenty cents a head.

Blonds are more prone to baldness.

True. Blonds have thinner hair, averaging a hundred and forty thousand hairs per scalp, as compared to about a hundred and four thousand for brunettes and ninety thousand for redheads. The roots of thin hair are not apt to be as deep and secure as coarser hair, making blonds more susceptible to baldness and redheads least susceptible.

Baldness may be hereditary.

True. Through the centuries, since he no longer needed it for warmth and protection, man has been neglecting his hair, and when a part of the body falls into disuse for many generations, it tends to atrophy. Some scientists theorize that centuries hence, man may

have no hair at all. Despite its hereditary nature, however, baldness may be postponed by scalp care and attention. Furthermore, not all baldness is hereditary. Much of it comes from unhealthy scalps or other sickness.

Women don't get bald.

False. Reports from wigmakers indicate there are about a half-million bald women in the United States.

Hats and head bands can promote baldness.

True, if the hats or bands are so tight they choke the normal blood circulation of the scalp, just as tying a string tightly around your finger affects the tied-off part by blocking the blood source. But going bareheaded can be harmful too, in the opinion of some physicians, who believe it can cause the hair to dry excessively and break off or fall out. One authority has observed that Germany has more hatless men than any other country—and more bald men too.

Pregnancy can affect hair growth.

True. It sometimes results in a marked growth of hair on the face, pubic and armpit areas, or in a lessened growth on the scalp, eyebrows or eyelashes. As many as eight weeks after childbirth may elapse before these effects become evident. The condition is generally temporary, however.

A healthy scalp should not be oilier than other parts of the body.

False. A normal scalp should give off more oil than all the rest of the body. [THE END]

It's '76 in Israel

from page 35

said earnestly. "We never could have survived and made Israel a nation had it not been for the land. Leah and I hope that our two children will stay here and work on the land as we are doing. We feel we are contributing something to the country when we look at our crop each season."

It is only when the day's work is done that Zeev and Leah see their children. Children of the settlement all sleep and have their meals in a separate house. But this separation seems to increase rather than diminish the affection between children and parents. And there is always Saturday to look forward to. On Saturday Zeev and Leah have the two children to themselves. Sometimes they pack a picnic lunch and take them to the orange groves for the day. And occasionally Zeev takes his family to the beach in Tel Aviv for an outing. "We have everything anyone could ask for," Leah said earnestly. "We even have a radio."

"Yes," Zeev said with a laugh, "during the war I joined the British Army. For the first time in many years I had money in my pocket. So after I was demobilized I bought a radio. However, I was glad to come back here where I belong."

The people of the community-run settlements do not draw wages. Each year Zeev and Leah are allowed two weeks' vacation and they are given sixty-four dollars. Usually they take the children to the seashore. They always stop at the homes of friends so the sixty-four dollars is ample to cover their expenses. During the rest of the year they have no need for money.

"What would we do with money?" Zeev asked. "If Leah or I need new clothes we go to our group-owned store and get them. If we want some chocolate for the children we have only to ask for it. All of our food is given to us. No, we don't work for money."

At Givat Brenner and at the other group settlements the output of fruit and vegetables is higher than it is on the farms owned by individuals. Every economic report has shown that to be a fact. People like Zeev and Leah have an intense love for their country and a

fervent sense of gratitude to it. Had it not been Palestine it would undoubtedly have been the gas chamber or the crematorium. When they work nine hours a day six days a week they feel that in a small measure they are paying a debt to the country which gave them asylum.

"I have an uncle in America," Zeev said, smiling. "He writes me quite often. He told me he had read in an American paper that our settlements were Communistic. This is really foolish. Here we have complete political freedom. We think as we wish and talk as we wish. Each year our settlement makes a profit. We elect a director and a council each year and they decide what to do with the money we have earned. Last year we built a moving picture theater and we have pictures every week. Each year we improve our hospital and our children's house, and build additional barracks for those who come from abroad."

"There is another thing," Leah brushed the dark hair back from her forehead. "We can leave whenever we wish. If we wanted, Zeev and I could move to Tel Aviv and get work in factories or offices. We have complete freedom to do as we wish. But this is the life we have chosen and we are content."

The two children tumbled into the room again, each carrying a piece of chocolate. Could they have it now or would they have to wait until after supper? Leah tried for a moment to be stern but she ended by laughing and saying, "You may have it now." And when four-year-old Gad gravely asked his father to share his piece of candy you knew by the smile on Zeev's face that he was indeed very very content.

Zeev and Leah are typical citizens of the community-operated settlements. There are a hundred and fifty such settlements and about twenty-five thousand men, women and children living and working in them. I have been to a dozen settlements and every family seemed activated by the spirit shown by Zeev and Leah. They have dedicated their lives to the land and their compensation is complete happiness and an inner satisfaction in knowing that they are helping to build a nation. Patriotism is not an idle word in Israel; it is a

[continued on page 42]



Having a Baby

is a natural and happy event, and today it is safer than ever before. This comes largely from better maternal care, improved medical techniques, and the success of sulfa drugs and penicillin in fighting infection.



Babies, too, have a better



chance now. The mortality rate during the first month of life has dropped more than 25% since 1925 —and the rate for the first year of life is down nearly 50%!



The three cardinal principles of maternal care!



1. Go to the doctor or maternity clinic early in pregnancy.

To provide the right care for the mother, medical supervision should begin as early in pregnancy as possible. Continued supervision will help protect both mother and baby during and after delivery. So, follow-up visits to the doctor or clinic should be made at regular intervals.



2. Follow the doctor's or nurse's suggestions faithfully.

By following medical advice on diet, weight, exer-

cise, and rest, and by avoiding mental strains, expectant mothers will help assure good health. Healthy mothers generally have healthy babies and recover more quickly.

3. When possible, take advantage of modern medical facilities.

From 1935 to 1945 the percentage of babies born in hospitals more than doubled, and maternal and infant deaths declined at a rapid rate. While generally all obstetrical care has improved, the best conditions and equipment are usually found in hospitals.



• Today, many public and private agencies, including your Public Health Nurses, stand ready to help expectant mothers. For further important information about maternal care, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet, 808W, "Information for Expectant Mothers."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)



1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

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

endearing

young

charms



Velvet step
SHOES
feminine to the tip of your toes
For these reasonably priced shoes, write for the name of your dealer
PETERS SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

living force in the hearts of the people. The citizens of the world's newest nation have shown that they are willing to die for their country; they are also willing to work for their country and to prepare it for the tens of thousands of immigrants who are expected within the next year.

The family of a typical white-collar worker in Tel Aviv or Haifa or Jerusalem lives an entirely different life from that of Zeev and Leah Unna. The one thing the city dweller has in common with the farmer is his love for his new country and his desire to see thousands and thousands of others come to enjoy its benefits.

Come along and meet such a family in Tel Aviv, which is a white gleaming city on the sea. For the last several months Tel Aviv has been in a sense a beleaguered city. Hundreds of its citizens have been killed by Arab snipers shooting from mosques and other vantage points in adjacent Jaffa. From the day Israel became a nation Egyptian dive bombers began periodic visits but the citizens of Tel Aviv, much like the citizens of London in 1940, refused to allow war to disturb either their calm serenity or the routine of their daily lives.

Dr. and Mrs. Wolf Cegla and their thirteen-year-old son, Michael, are a typical Tel Aviv family. Wolf Cegla came from Germany in 1936. He was a lawyer in Berlin but there were plenty of lawyers in Tel Aviv so he went to work for an importing firm. Like most businessmen in Tel Aviv, Wolf Cegla and his family speak English. I first met him at the regular luncheon of the Tel Aviv Rotary Club.

THE conversation after luncheon was about what you would hear at a Rotary Club luncheon in Glens Falls, New York, or Sioux City, Iowa. There was one slight difference. Attorney Saul B. Sasoon, president, expressed his regrets that the Arab members of the club were unable to attend. At the moment the Haganah was attacking Jaffa and most Arabs had fled the city. Sasoon was not being ironic in his expression of regret; a quarter of the Tel Aviv Rotary Club members are Arab businessmen and on excellent terms with their Jewish colleagues. Incidentally, next year's president will be an Arab textile merchant, Assad Effendi.

Wolf Cegla chatted about finance to Herman Ellern, president of the bank; listened to Solomon Talkowsky of the city's control board discuss the export of oranges; laughed at the quips of Ralph Kaplan, school principal and secretary of the club. Jacob Ben Sira, city engineer, talked of plans for enlarging the port and Alex Rygens talked wittily and intelligently of the problems of a businessman in a city under fire. Brilliant Isaac Chizik, government expert on Arab affairs, discussed the difference between the Arab of Palestine and the Arab of Iraq or Trans-Jordan. It was good conversation about the substantial citizens of a healthy thriving community.

I met Wolf Cegla a few days later entirely by chance. Cegla is a big smiling man who looks older than his thirty-nine years, but some of them have been hard years. His apartment is on Hayarkon Street, which overlooks the Mediterranean. Cegla was on his way home for lunch when I met him and he asked me to join him. I did so and became acquainted with the Cegla family.

His blond wife, Elsa, blinked a bit when she saw that her husband had an unexpected luncheon guest with him, but beyond that she displayed neither dismay nor reproach. "It will take me only a minute to put an extra plate on the table," she said, smiling.

Young Michael, blond like his mother, bounced in to throw his arms around his father. I was introduced and Michael said gravely, "I am very pleased to meet you," and then looked at his father questioningly.

"That's right," his father said approvingly. "They're teaching you excellent English at school."

The Cegla family lives in a four-room apartment and each room has a balcony. It is a sun-drenched cheerful apartment and Cegla is proud of two paintings on the wall of his living-room. They were done by Kahn and Reisser, two well-known Palestinian artists. In Tel Aviv, the main meal is usually at

It's '76 in Israel

from page 41

noon. We had noodle soup with bits of chicken floating in it; broiled chicken with potatoes and peas and a dessert of appeasauce embellished with cut-up bananas. During lunch we discussed the differences in the way the Cegla family lives and the way the Jones family in America lives. The similarities were more striking than the differences.

Wolf Cegla, for example, makes seven thousand dollars a year. His rent is sixty-six dollars a month and his electric light bill about twenty dollars a month. In the kitchen a gleaming electric refrigerator and an electric stove for cooking explained the relatively high electric bill. Like most American families of his income bracket, Wolf Cegla owns a car. His is an American car and he is very proud of it.

"The British did their best to make us buy British cars," he explained, "but the British cars weren't powerful enough to use on the steep hills around Jerusalem. I was lucky enough to get an American car. It cost twenty-four hundred dollars but it was worth it. I don't use it much now because gasoline is so expensive. We pay seventy-five cents a gallon. I have never been able to understand why gasoline is so much higher here than in the United States. It comes from the refineries at Haifa, only a few miles from here. But that is

Something from Nothing

Place table scraps and bones in pan. Heat over low flame until all fat has been melted. Remove from fire; strain into salvage can, scraping the pan to get the last drops along. Yield: Surprising quantities!

one of those mysteries of taxation an ordinary businessman cannot understand."

Elsa Cegla has no servants but twice a week she has a woman who comes in for three hours to clean house. And every morning, like Mrs. Jones of America, Elsa Cegla shops.

"I've been going to shop around on Ben Yehuda Street," she said. "Prices are rather high. Fish, even though it comes right out of the Mediterranean, is a dollar a pound. Like any housewife, I make a budget. I allow myself forty-eight dollars a week for food. That is high, but my husband and Michael have all their meals at home and they are two healthy hungry men, both of them."

MICHAEL laughed with pride at being bracketed with his father as a man. Michael attends a private high school called the Shalva Gymnasium. He is studying algebra and elementary geography, which he likes, and Hebrew and English, which he finds more difficult.

"We parents aren't much good helping our children with homework," Wolf Cegla said ruefully. "Neither my wife nor I know Hebrew. When the children want to have secrets from their parents they talk Hebrew among themselves. Few of us who came from Germany know the language well."

"I'm a Sea Scout," Michael interrupted shyly.

He explained that a Sea Scout was really a branch of the Boy Scouts, except that instead of going on hikes the Sea Scouts went on boat rides. They learn how to handle rowboats on the Yarkon River and sail boats out in the Mediterranean and they learn to swim.

Michael was also on his class soccer football team, he said gravely.

"We don't know what Michael will be when he grows up," his father remarked, grinning. "Last month he had decided to be a children's doctor. The month before that he wanted to be a dog doctor. Now he wants to be a soldier."

At this point our conversation was stopped by the rat-tat-tat of antiaircraft fire followed a moment later by the dull sound of bombs ex-

ploding. This was the third time during the day that Egyptian Spitfires fitted with bombs had come over. Their objective was only about half a mile from the Cegla apartment. Michael rushed to the balcony.

"They are coming again," he cried excitedly, pointing above. The Spitfires high above wheeled almost lazily and then dove. There was very little effective defense in Tel Aviv against enemy aircraft.

They dove and the roar of their motors hurt your ears and puffs of white from the exploding antiaircraft shells blossomed around them but at four hundred feet they released their bombs. Neither Wolf nor Elsa nor I liked it. We knew that those bombs were killing men only a quarter of a mile away. Michael rushed out to join his pals who had, he said, found a fine place to watch the bombing.

"Kids have no sense of fear," Wolf Cegla said gravely. "Perhaps it's just as well."

"I think all of us in Tel Aviv are proud of the fact that not one Jew tried to leave the city. We have been driven out of many countries, we Jews. This is our last stand and perhaps that is why our boys fight so well. There is no place else for us to go from here except the sea."

THE four planes, having discharged their obscene duty, turned south and we came in from the balcony and tried to make believe that it had never happened and that it would not happen again in a few hours. We talked of things that Mrs. Jones might talk of to a visiting Palestinian correspondent.

"I suppose by American standards we lead a very quiet life," Wolf Cegla said smiling. "I work pretty hard. We begin at the office at eight and I seldom get home until seven. Except on Friday, when we quit before sundown."

"And then you bring me flowers," Elsa said softly.

Wolf looked embarrassed. "It's a sort of custom to bring flowers home on Friday."

"We go out sometimes," Elsa said. "About once in two weeks we go out to dinner at the Park Hotel and usually I manage to persuade him to take me to the Kaete Dan for tea on Saturday afternoon."

The Kaete Dan Hotel has a terrace overlooking the Mediterranean and it is always crowded on Saturday afternoons. People come to have tea or coffee and to watch one of nature's best performances: sunset over the Mediterranean.

"And we do go to the movies," Elsa said. "Especially when there is an Ingrid Bergman picture in town. My husband is in love with Ingrid Bergman."

They smiled with easy companionship and with the understanding that comes with a happy marriage. So Mr. and Mrs. Jones of America might have smiled. And Elsa talked of the hairdresser on Allenby Road she went to every other week and how it cost her three dollars for a hairdo and a manicure. She told of a new dressmaker she had found. She had just had a lovely linen dress made. Expensive? Of course, she laughed. The dress cost sixty dollars but it was worth it. She looked at her husband.

"Yes, my dear," he said gravely. "It was well worth it."

It was time now for the two o'clock news so Wolf turned on the radio. It was a radio made in Holland and it cost a hundred and twenty dollars. None of the news was good so Wolf turned the radio off.

"Things are going to be difficult for a long time," he said. "But we will survive. We seem to have some pretty level-headed men in our government."

"What party do you belong to?" I asked.

"No party at all," he answered. "I suppose I am what you in America would call a middle-of-the-roader. In fact, I am a little to the right of the middle. But I am not interested in politics."

"Nor am I," Elsa said firmly. "And there's a concert of the Philharmonic next Wednesday. Don't forget we have tickets."

"I won't," Wolf said, "and now it is time I got back to the office."

Thus Mr. and Mrs. Wolf Cegla of Tel Aviv. I thought you might like to meet them.

[THE END]

The Private Life of a Public Idol

... with never an IDLE moment!

Rosalind . . . Smart, Sophisticated . . . Superb, as Broadway's most exciting actress who played her most enticing love scenes—*off stage!*



Watch out when Rosalind ties up with three men she can't quite handle . . . it's a perfect blend of love, laughter and suspense!

Rosalind Russell *IN* **THE VELVET TOUCH**

A FREDERICK BRISSON PRODUCTION

also starring

Leo Genn · Claire Trevor

Sydney Greenstreet

with

LEON AMES · FRANK McHUGH

WALTER KINGSFORD · DAN TOBIN

Directed by JOHN GAGE · Screenplay by LEO ROSTEN

An RKO-Radio Release



Sandwiches



Lunchbox Special—For hearty ho-man size sandwiches, French's is the ideal spread. Perfect with sliced ham, liverwurst, or cheese. Never harsh or biting, it brings out all the fine, full flavor of meat or cheese.



are super



Toasted Party Loaf—Slice a Vienna loaf down to (but not through) bottom crust in thick slices. Mix equal quantities of softened butter and French's Mustard. Spread cut surfaces of bread with mixture. Slip in thin slices of sweet onion and cheese. Set loaf on baking sheet, put in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 min.



made with FRENCH'S!



Tomato Salad Sandwich—Cut 2 thick slices from a large ripe tomato. Put minced ham between slices and pass Hot Dan's dressing: 4 tbs. French's Mustard, 2 tbs. light cream or evaporated milk, 2 tbs. sugar, 2 tbs. vinegar, ¼ tsp. salt. Beat until light and fluffy.



SMOOTHER—
CREAMIER!

FREE!

NEW RECIPE BOOK
"Mealtime Magic"
Send name and address to
The R. T. French Co.
1471 Mustard Street
Rochester 9, N. Y.



Largest Selling Prepared Mustard in the U.S.A. today
(Also made in Canada)

Mason's Department Stores from coast to coast and chief flinger of all the far-flung Masons who ran them. Della acknowledged that she was indeed Miss Langley.

"Please come to Mr. Mason's office at once," Miss Grimes said. "It's something about a new type of table." She hung up.

Della drew her breath in an angry hiss. A table! She stared at her cherished sketchbook. A new kind of table! She'd already drawn every kind of table in the world—square, round, rectangular, octagonal; tables with three legs, four legs, six legs or Duncan Phyfe stems. What new kind of table could there be?

She sat and steamed; frustrated ambition, boredom and springtime all piled up on her. For a minute or two she let it simmer. Then she rose to her full five feet four.

"I won't do it," she said aloud. "I won't draw another table. I'll . . ." She stopped just short of saying she'd starve to death first. No need for dramatics. She'd just go up and tell them that they had been kind to her, which they had, but that she wanted to do some serious painting. So she was quitting and her two weeks' holiday would be her notice.

She smoothed down her billowing green skirt, checked to make sure that her eyes (large and brown), ears (small), mouth (medium) and nose were in their usual state of harmonious well-being and made a desultory pass at her glossy golden hair.

Then she marched along the hall, up one flight of stairs and across the deep blue pile of the reception-room rug. Miss Grimes peered up through her spectacles and rose. "He's expecting you," she said and opened the door to the inner sanctum.

DELLA walked a few steps through the even thicker rug of J. Carter Mason's office, then stopped. Ivan Peters, general manager of all the Mason stores and brother-in-law of J. Carter Mason, paced anxiously up and down the side of the office and scarcely noticed her. Behind his half-acre desk, J. Carter Mason allowed his long pale face to relax into what might possibly be termed an expression of greeting. Then she noticed the third man in the office.

He was standing with one hand in a pocket of his jacket and the other elbow propped against the window frame, gazing down to the street below. Della couldn't see much of him from behind but she noticed that the long-draped gray flannel suit didn't bulge anywhere and that his dark hair was short and curly. He turned. She saw a lean brown face, wearing the expression of a man who has just been told that the world is not round.

"Miss Langley," said J. Carter Mason. "This is my nephew, George Mason from Wausau."

The man at the window didn't smile. "In Wausau," he said coldly, "when visited by a lady, we ask her to be seated."

Peters groaned like a man in pain.

J. Carter Mason spoke calmly. "Please sit down, Miss Langley."

Della sank into a deep leather chair. In four years this was the first time she had heard anyone speak to J. Carter Mason with anything but the deepest deference. She had no time to marvel, however. She was here to resign. "Mr. Mason," she began, "I—"

The head of all the Masons proceeded as if she hadn't spoken.

"My nephew insisted that I call, ah, a lady in here to comment on a matter he proposed," he said. "Since you fill the main qualification and also have a knowledge of advertising, I had Miss Grimes call you."

Peters stopped pacing. George Mason stood tensely behind and slightly to the right of his uncle. Della sat still.

"It's a rather novel idea," J. Carter Mason said. "This would be a bridge table which my nephew says could also be used for . . ."

"An eight-legged bridge table," George interrupted. He circled the big desk and closed in on Della. "This bridge table would have four legs like all normal bridge tables and it would also have four more legs, each about a foot long, and people could use it on the short legs to serve breakfast to other people while they're sick." He stood three feet away from Della and regarded her expectantly. "What do you think of that?"

Two in One

from page 17

"It's a fair idea," Peters said, from the wall. "But you've got to let us handle it our way, after all . . ."

"Let her talk," George interrupted.

Della sat forward in the big chair. Peters made frantic motions with his hands as if he were a baseball umpire calling her safe at second base. She ignored him.

"It's wonderful!" she said. "Everybody has a bridge table. Hardly anybody has one of those sickbed tables. They spill coffee and soup on the pillows. They try to balance plates on their laps. They . . ." For a second she caught George's eye. It slowed her up. He looked like a man only ninety per cent concerned with business. The other ten per cent was engaged with matters which, on the basis of Della's previous experience with young men, were more normal. "They . . . uh . . . women would love it," she finished.

George brought his attention back to business and turned to his uncle. "Well?"

J. Carter Mason waved a hand lightly.

"I didn't say it wasn't a good idea," he said. "I just said that we should take our time getting it into production so we won't make any mistakes. And it should go through our regular production department."

Della watched apprehensively, her own problems frozen somewhere inside, as George

"I'll take the idea to someone else. Cooke's, Robinson's or Sobel's."

"You can't. You're an employee," said Peters. "You've made a suggestion on company time. It belongs to the company."

"I had it patented in my name. On my own time too."

This time Peters moaned.

"Well," said George, "how about it?"

J. Carter Mason stood up. "I won't be dictated to," he said angrily. He paused, then softened a little. "I'll give you a good bonus for the idea. The raise you want is too high but perhaps after some discussion—"

"I've done all the discussing I'm going to do," George said. "You know my terms." Della was tired of this battle between the two stonewall-type Masons.

"Pardon me," she said. "I'm not coming back after my holidays. I'm going to Niagara Falls and paint. So this doesn't concern me." "I quit too," George said. "I'm going out to make my fortune."

DELLA turned toward the door. George held it open for her. In the hall he caught up with her again. Della increased her speed. He increased with her. Outside the door of her office, he spoke.

"Coffee?" he asked. "Sandwich? Lunch?"

Della was further annoyed. Not even an attempt to be subtle. "No, thanks. I don't associate with buzz saws."

He was startled. "Eh?"

She knew she shouldn't say it, but this last half-hour had keyed her up. "Relax," she said. "Take it easy. And don't think that just because you thought up an eight-legged bridge table every girl you meet is going to swoon in your arms." She stopped, abruptly. She had problems of her own and this ball of fire represented the things she was leaving behind.

She turned to the door.

"Hey," he said. His voice had changed a little in tone. There was a question in it now. But it was too late. Inside, behind the closed door, she heard him stomp rapidly down the hall to the elevator.

Alone, she listened to the hum of voices from offices along the hall. She should say her good-bys. But the advertising manager, the only one to whom she owed a personal explanation, was out of town. She sat down and scribbled her a note. She sent a telegram announcing she would descend upon Mrs. John Fennimore's boardinghouse. Then she felt lonely. With her holidays so close, she'd transferred all her work.

In sudden decision, she began emptying her drawers and stuffing letters and sketches and pencils and handkerchiefs into her handbag or the wastebasket. At eleven she was ready. Her holiday pay would be in the bank. She closed the office door and rang for an elevator.

OUT on Fifth Avenue she paused a minute. Above the crowds, beyond the rim of the canyon, the sun was shining. She decided to walk a few blocks. No hurry. She could park in two hours. She thought with sudden gloom of the buses and trains. They'd be jammed with week-enders. But she didn't want to miss the week end . . . out there.

Fifteen minutes later she found a bench in the park, but it was hard to relax. She was still a little annoyed over that business this morning. Talk about heredity! That young Mason was going to be just like his uncle in thirty years, if he kept on this way—a pale old man with all the warm friendliness of a saw-tooth bayonet. Then she shrugged. That was all behind her now.

She watched an intense girl with a broad mouth sketching a tree line against the sky and gradually she relaxed. The girl stepped back to look at her work and smiled a small smile. She's doing what she wants, Della thought. That's going to be me in a few days. She basked in her daydreams.

At one-thirty she left the park, had a sandwich and coffee at a delicatessen and then found a cab. At her address the cab pulled up behind a parked car. She paid the driver, hopped energetically to the sidewalk and in so doing dealt a stiff body-check to a dark and handsome young man. George Mason.

"Hi," he said. [continued on page 47]

The Telltales

The little brook
Thinks nobody knows
The hidden course
By which he goes

From the rocky pasture
Down the hill
To where the river
Lies cold and still.

He does not guess
That by July
There's a brook of
flowers
To trace him by,

Tall meadow rue
To show where he passes,
Silent and small
Through the hayfield
grasses.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

placed his palms down on the vast desk-top and stared across at his uncle. "You're crazy," he said.

Peters groaned again.

"There's nothing to work out," George said. "It's a simple matter of adding four legs to any bridge table we're making now. We could have it on the market in two months. We could sell a million at Christmastime."

"Perhaps," agreed J. Carter Mason. "If we hand it over to Production now, I think they could get . . ."

"Nuts to the production department!" George said loudly. "This is my idea. There's nothing for me in Wausau. Send any Mason out there and he'll do all right. I want to run this thing myself. I want more money. I want a new car. I want . . ." His eyes met Della's for a second. "Never mind," he said. "This is a great idea and I want the money and credit that goes with it."

This young man was beginning to bore Della a little. Too much push. Just like his uncle, thirty years removed.

"How about it?" George demanded.

"Look, J. C.," Peters said, "maybe we could work out a deal."

"Make me vice president in charge of eight-legged tables," George said. "That's the deal. Give me another five thousand a year. Give me an office. Give me an assistant. Let Miss Langley get up some advertising."

"Look," said Della. "Count me . . ." She was going to say, "out."

"The table is not *that* good," Peters said to George.

BRIDGE TABLE TO DINNER TABLE IN MINUTES...



WITH THE WONDERFUL NEW FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC RANGE



HOW TO BE LAZY—YET ALWAYS HAVE HOT WATER



It's easy—just install a Frigidaire Electric Water Heater! No fires to light, no controls to fuss with, no fuel to worry about—completely automatic. Install it anywhere, it's clean and safe as an electric light.



Thrifty, too! Radiantube Units set right in water. They're specially shaped to flex off scale deposit and keep full heating efficiency. Special baffles protect heated water from incoming cold. 30- to 80-gallon sizes.

A good hot dinner it will be, too—thanks to the Frigidaire Cook-Master. This amazing clock control automatically turns the oven on and off—cooks an oven meal all by itself, while you take the afternoon off. Has dinner ready to serve when you get home!

And how you'll love the big Frigidaire Even-Heat Oven! So fast it reaches baking heat in 5½ minutes. Automatic time and temperature signals. Porcelain finish, rounded corners for easy cleaning.

New Thermizer leads a triple life. It is: 1—A deep-well cooker for soups, stews, pot roasts; 2—A small oven for baking, warming; 3—An extra surface unit when you need it. Special Pressure Cooker

available if desired. Thrifto-Matic Switch automatically turns Thermizer from "High" to thrifty "Simmer" after food comes to boil—a great current-saver.

You'll want all these features! Fast-heating Frigidaire Radiantube Units with 5 exact heats. Smokeless-type broiler. Warming oven. Full-width storage drawer. New fluorescent lamp—illuminates entire cooking top. Life-time Porcelain finish.

See Your Frigidaire Dealer about Frigidaire Electric Ranges, Water Heaters, Refrigerators, Home Freezers, Kitchen Cabinets and Sinks; Automatic Washer, Automatic Dryer, Electric Ironer. Find name in Classified Phone Book, or write Frigidaire, Dayton 1, O. Leaside 12, Ont.

Listen to Frigidaire's "Man Called X," Sunday nights. See your newspaper for time and station.

**YOU'RE TWICE AS SURE
WITH TWO GREAT NAMES**

FRIGIDAIRE

MADE ONLY BY

General Motors



Have you discovered pantry-shelf ham?

Now you can just reach up on your pantry shelf when you want some really delicious ham for breakfast or dinner! That is, if you're the foresighted type and have brought home a few tins of Armour Star Chopped Ham from the handy Armour Canned Meat Department of your favorite store. Like all

the other wonderfully different Armour Star Pantry-Shelf Meals this grand ham is mighty versatile. It's such good eating cold or hot—served simply or in fancier party dress—for any meal at all! Your family will love it each and every time—and so will your hard-working meat budget!



ANOTHER ARMOUR STAR
PANTRY-SHELF MEAL!

It's **ARMOUR** 
Chopped **HAM**

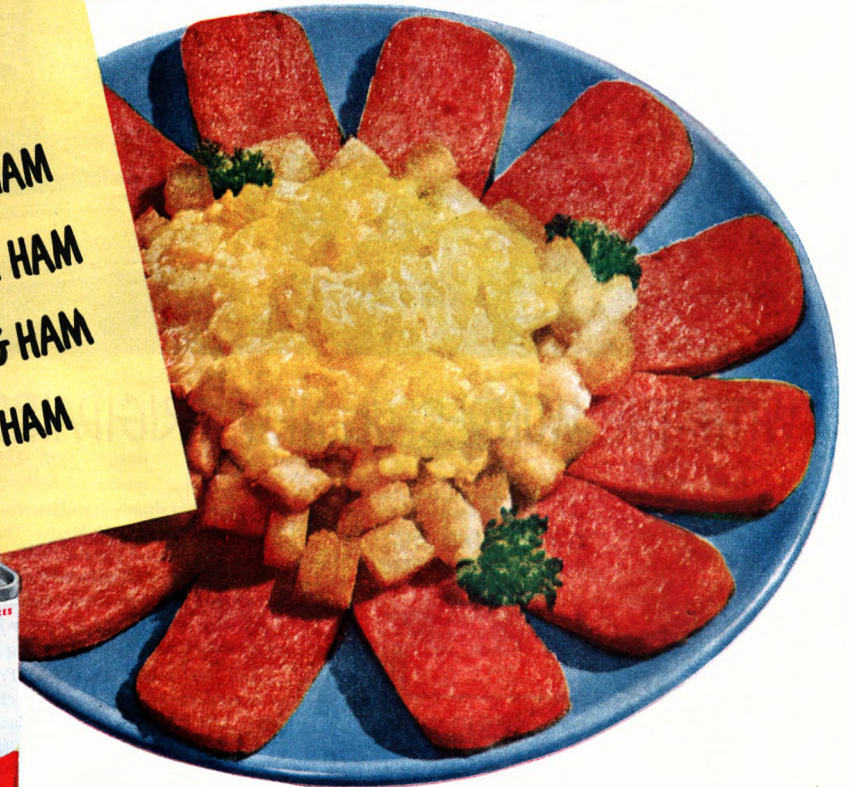
It's **ALL HAM**
—whole ham boned and chopped

It's **SUGAR-CURED HAM**
—pressure-cooked in its own juice

It's **QUICK-TO-SERVE HAM**
—delicious cold or quick-heated

It's **SWELL-TASTING HAM**
—nothing added but seasoning

It's **ECONOMICAL HAM**
—no bone or waste



Ham 'n' Eggs— with a New Twist!

Add a touch of novelty to breakfast tomorrow—serve your scrambled Cloverbloom Eggs with lightly browned slices of Armour Star Chopped Ham and fried bread cubes! Fry the ham slices (1½ minutes to the side) and six slices of

bread (cubed) together in a little fat—that's all! It's so easy—and so good! And a good idea for lunch, too!

For other new recipes for Pantry-Shelf Meals, write Marie Gifford, Dept. 223, P. O. Box 2053, Chicago 9, Illinois.

Tune in MINT HUNT—CBS Monday through Friday afternoons

The best and nothing but the best is labeled

ARMOUR



Two in One

from page 44

Della was so surprised to see him that for a minute she didn't fire a shot. "Hello," she said.

"Look," he said. "I phoned a couple of guys at other stores and they're out of town until Monday. And I phoned a guy I thought I'd see this week end and he's gone too."

"Maybe he heard you were coming," Pained, he said, "I'm not that bad." Della was silent.

"Anyway," he said, "I've never been to Niagara Falls." He waved at the parked car. "I've got a car. I thought I'd drive up there tomorrow and if you're going right away I could give you a lift. Of course, if you don't want to . . ." He shrugged.

Della thought fast. She was not exactly a novice at this kind of thing. Her father was in the consular service. Even before she was nineteen and in New York to study art she'd been exposed to more fast workers, in Buenos Aires and Toronto and London and Cairo, than most fetching young women. Her instincts told her that this was a time to be cool. The inventor of an eight-legged bridge table should be watched closely.

And yet, the bus or the train . . . She stalled. "How did you know where I live?"

"Phoned the pay office. Said I was Mr. Mason. Which I am."

Della was mildly awed by his resourcefulness. But the awe melted fast. Bus or train . . . or his car? The thought of her new budget did it. Reluctantly she acknowledged that for a brand-new serious artist cutting expenses was important.

"Well," she said, "All right."

"Sweet!" he said, grabbing her hand.

"Let's be businesslike about this. You give me a ride to Niagara Falls and in return I try to forget that you're George Mason, ball of fire."

She caught a look in his eyes, then almost felt sorry she'd said it. But he didn't protest.

"How about eight in the morning? We could eat breakfast on the way."

She nodded. "Eight. I'll be there."

GEORGE and Della ate breakfast in a town on the way out and lunched on spaghetti in Binghamton. They didn't talk much at first. Then Della found that if she talked he'd let the car get back to fifty. If she didn't, he'd start thinking and his accelerator foot would push down harder and harder. Once he had the old car up to seventy-two. Talking was better than being scared to death.

She asked him how long he'd worked in Wausau. He told her since 1945, when he got out of the army.

How long in the army? Three years overseas.

School? University of Wisconsin. Home? Appleton.

She asked who was running the store in Wausau while he was away. He didn't answer. She thought maybe he hadn't heard her but before she could repeat the question he pulled up by a drugstore in the town they were going through. He jumped out, bought some paper, scribbled and posted three letters and then got back into the car.

He didn't say who the letters were for, so she had to guess. Three letters. It didn't take her long. He'd said he'd try Sobel's, Cooke's and Robinson's. That must be it.

He asked about what she'd done and she told him.

It was the middle of the afternoon before he started talking about his Uncle J.C. "Ever since I can remember I've watched Uncle J. C. push everybody else into line behind him," he said. "Well, he's not going to do it to me."

Della had to say what she was thinking. "He probably started out acting just the way you are now. He probably crashed into New York one day and started pushing people around and they stood for it. The only difference between you two is that you ran into somebody who wouldn't be pushed."

The car slowed to thirty miles an hour while he thought that over but he didn't say anything. A perverse desire to jab him further kept her talking.

"You talk about pushing people around!"

she said. "I'll bet the first Mason in the department-store business didn't wait until somebody gave him a bonus or a raise for every good idea he had. He went out and did things himself. All you have is an idea and you want somebody else to put up the money and work to develop it."

He snapped right back at her. "I haven't the money to put up factories and set up sales organizations and advertise. The only way you can get an idea across is to go to somebody who has the facilities to make it and sell it." He paused. "In many ways," he said slowly, "you are an interfering obnoxious . . ."

"Don't say it," she warned.

"Anyway," he said, "one of those other stores will go for it like a ton of bricks."

"Sure," she said. "Somebody else will do it."

The sarcasm didn't miss. He was silent. She was silent. They'd said it all now. At ten to six he slowed on the outskirts of Niagara Falls. She directed him to the big red brick house where she was going to stay. A boy peered out through the front screen door and then came to take her bags. For a few silent seconds Della stood with George at the curb.

Then he looked down at her. "I don't suppose you'd like to have dinner with me?"

"No," she said. "I wouldn't." As she said it, Della suddenly felt guilty. He'd driven her up here and got nothing in return but a lot of sharp words. She softened a little.

"Thanks for the ride," she said. "And . . . good luck."

"Thanks for the advice," he said. "And a good, good evening to you." He climbed into his car. The tires screeched on the corner and he was gone.

Mrs. Fennimore, the landlady, had seemed breezy and interesting last week end. Now, as she appeared in the hall, a large and slightly blowsy woman, her greeting was casual. "Just in time for supper," she said. "Your bags are upstairs in the attic room." She paused. "I couldn't give you the same room you had last week end. The lady who was in the attic asked for it. Only fair."

"Of course," Della said. She was determined to be happy but she'd felt it hard to summon up the excitement she'd found all week.

Two neat middle-aged men passed. They regarded Della with interest. Then, as she was about to climb the stairs, an old and wrinkled beldam wearing much makeup and a baby-blue suit rattled briskly down the stairs and stopped at the bottom.

"Miss Langley," the landlady announced with ostentation, "this is Miss Foster. You two have a lot in common." She addressed Miss Foster. "Ethel, this is the young artist I told you about. You were away last week when she was here." She turned back to Della again. "Miss Foster works on the paper here. She has a column on Saturdays. Art and concerts and things like that."

"My dear," said Miss Foster. "It'll be so nice to have someone like you here. I would so like to see some of your work. . . ."

Della interrupted. It was all too much, after that trip. "I must go up and get ready for supper," she said. "I'll see you both later." She bolted upstairs. At least she bolted up the first flight of stairs. She had slowed to a very low-caliber bolt by the time she reached the attic room. She stood in the middle of the floor and looked around. The mottled fawn ceiling swooped around her head like a

sagging tent. Crouched apprehensively around the walls were a narrow single bed, a bureau, a straight chair and a wicker armchair. For one brief instant she wondered how many rooms there'd be in George Mason's country house when he made his first million. Then a gong sounded downstairs. Mealtime.

She dashed to the bathroom, washed rapidly and was trying to decide whether to change her dress when Mrs. Fennimore's genteel bellow from two floors down startled her again. She went without changing. Under the scrutiny of twelve pairs of eyes in the dining-room she poked at the veal stew, refused the rice pudding, drank two cups of coffee and finally escaped to her room again.

Until it was dark outside, she sat in the wicker armchair and gazed at one of her New York sketches, contemplating the future. It looked a shade less enticing, close up. She thought a little about the past too. Maybe she should have been a little easier on young Lochinvar. She wasn't rude by nature. But he'd exasperated her. Finally she got ready for bed.

She stretched out on the narrow lumpy mattress. She drowned. Then she woke with a start and looked at her watch. She'd been in bed half an hour and already she'd had a nightmare. She'd been drawing an eight-legged bridge table. It was an hour before she got back to sleep.

DELLA lay in bed the next morning listening to the bathroom procession. She timed it: thirty-five minutes. At the end, befitting her status as the new boarder, she slipped in. When she got downstairs, twenty minutes later, she found that she was just in under the wire of the nine-thirty Sunday breakfast deadline. It had the single advantage that she ate almost alone.

Later she unpacked. She laid out calf-length slacks on her bed but couldn't stand the idea of the scrutiny she'd get from the Sunday loafers on the veranda. So she wore a dress. Then Miss Foster called to visit. Miss Foster was wearing calf-length slacks.

"Darling," said Miss Foster, "I just came up to see if you would show me some of your work. I'm just dying to see it."

Della managed to smile. "I haven't much here," she said. "My trunk is coming, but most of my oils I've given away or sold."

"Sold?" asked Miss Foster.

"A couple," Della said. "I haven't done much in oils. That's why I came here. It's time I started." She picked up her sketchbook and a pencil. "I'm just going out now."

Miss Foster looked hopeful but Della didn't invite her to come along.

Della decided she might walk down and look at the falls before she started sketching. No, she decided. If George is around, he'll be looking at the falls. He said he'd never seen them before. But she went and looked at the falls anyway. George didn't seem to be around.

About eleven she started out the river road, warm in the bright sun. At noon she stopped on a grassy bank high above the river and began to sketch a boy and a girl picnicking with the green cliffs on the Canadian side as their backdrop. She worked fast for half an hour. Then the couple moved away, holding hands. She sat for a while, idly moving her pencil in the foreground of one of the sketches. Then she looked closer, stunned. In her doodling, the tables were clear—one on high legs and one on short legs. Two views of the eight-legged bridge table. She rose and walked hurriedly on. She didn't sketch any more that day.

In the next few days the routine of the boardinghouse folded around her. The cook liked her and made sandwiches for her lunches. She bought a secondhand bicycle. She ranged up and down the river on the American side and crossed often to Canada to sketch the old battlefields at Lundy's Lane and Queenston Heights. Some days she didn't doodle a single eight-legged table.

One morning while she was at breakfast the phone rang. Mrs. Fennimore whispered, so that nobody closer than one hundred yards away could hear, that it was New York. For Della. It was Mr. Peters, the general manager of Mason's Downtown. [continued on page 48]

PHYLLIS ROWAND says:

MOTHER NEVER TOLD ME...

What To Do When Babies Are Anti-Egg:

- Beat them! (The eggs, you understand.) Beat them into egg-nogs and pour into the baby's bottles—dividing one egg into his quota of milk for the day.
- He will never know it is there and you will know a glow of satisfaction that he has had his protein for the day.
- What children like and don't like, how to get them to eat, recipes and menus for the in-between age when they aren't yet up to eating with the family—all this and more too is in a booklet, *What Should My Child Eat?*, prepared for the COMPANION by an expert in child nutrition. For your copy of this booklet send 25 cents in stamps to Woman's Home Companion Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.

Making Yourself Over is FUN!

—says Mrs. Ansil Fults, Detroit, Mich.

Overweight Business Girl Becomes Slender Beauty!

They told Ansil Fults she'd always be big and for years she believed it. But she got tired of being tired, decided to try the DuBarry Success Course. The result—waist and hips now slender, legs slim and graceful, a peach-ess and cream complexion and a gay new april.

What happened to Mrs. Fults

Lost 37 lbs.
Waist 7" less
Abdomen 7" less
Hips 6 3/4" less
Thigh 6 1/2" less



Before



After

"I simply cannot thank you enough," says Mrs. Fults, "for all the DuBarry Success Course has done for me. My only regret is that I waited so long to start."

Be the woman you want to be!

How about YOU? Unhappy about your looks? The Success Course takes you as you are, shows you how to lose or gain weight, remodel your figure, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour—be at your best. It's easy and it's fun. Results come surprisingly soon. In as little as six weeks, many women and girls completely make themselves over. Then compliments such as you haven't heard in years! You follow at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon on Fifth Avenue, New York.

Send Coupon for this FREE Book!

This book brings you the exciting story of the New DuBarry Success Course, completely revised to include new methods discovered in helping more than 300,000 women. New short cuts provide faster, easier ways to make yourself over at home. It tells what the Success Course has done for others with just your problems, what it can do for you. Send coupon or post card today.



DUBARRY SUCCESS COURSE

ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. 5H 15, 693 Fifth Ave.
New York 22, New York

Please send me the book telling all about the New DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss _____
Mrs. _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____
Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

"Miss Langley," he said, "hope I'm not disturbing you but I'm trying to locate the young man you met in J. C.'s office a few weeks ago, George Mason."

Della wondered why they were phoning her. "Miss Grimes, the secretary, said you'd left the reception room with him," Peters continued. "And when I phoned your old board-inhouse to get your address there, a girl said she saw you leave in a car with a gentleman she described as gorgeous. I thought perhaps that might mean George Mason."

"He drove me to Niagara Falls," Della said, "but I haven't seen him since."

Peters groaned. "I thought he was going back to New York," Della added.

"If he did," said Peters, "he must have lost his memory along the way. He hasn't done anything about that eight-legged bridge table. At least, nothing that we can find out."

When Della didn't comment, Peters went on. "Confidentially," he said, "J. C. didn't think he'd walk out. He wants to make George a good offer if we can find him."

Della said she was sorry she couldn't help and hung up. Absently she finished her breakfast. She felt a little let down. Here she'd been imagining George in all kinds of big New York deals and he hadn't even been in one big enough to notice.

That day she went out to an orchard but didn't sketch. She bawled herself out. She'd been here almost four weeks and she hadn't even started an oil. She should have worked out some kind of routine—paint in the morning and sketch in the afternoon, perhaps. But she hadn't. She slammed her sketchbook to the grass beside her. "And it isn't because of George!" she said.

Why draw all these eight-legged bridge tables then, she demanded. This sketch of the river looked like one of those old-time contest advertisements: How many eight-legged bridge tables can you find in this picture of Niagara Falls? She regarded the past four weeks coldly. Nothing good accomplished and she'd spent, including the price of her bike, two hundred dollars to do nothing but eat and sketch and go to a few movies. A thought: Can I make some money, maybe part time, to pay my way? Another thought: If I don't, I'll be back in business just in time for Christmas. Toboggans. Ties. Toys.

AT FOUR-THIRTY she stood up and started to pedal home.

Mrs. Fennimore met her in the hall. "Parcel for you, dearie. Six dollars."

Della tried to remember ordering something. She couldn't. She said so. "What is it?"

Mrs. Fennimore pointed. "Thought it was a lot of money for something you don't really need. But of course that's none of my business."

Della hauled the bridge table out of the shadows. Eight legs. It took her ten seconds to recover her voice. "I didn't order this thing! Who brought it? Where's the bill?"

Mrs. Fennimore recoiled slightly from Della's excitement. "He didn't leave a bill. Just asked for you and when I said you weren't around he said would I give this to you and would I mind paying the six dollars C.O.D. Now, look here—"

"Don't worry," Della said. "I'll pay you all right."

She carried the bridge table out on the veranda and unfolded the short set of legs. It stood strongly. She looked underneath at the label: "Masonable. Made in Niagara Falls, N. Y."

"Lowest bridge table I ever saw," commented Mrs. Fennimore. "You were rooked."

"It has four longer legs too," Della said. "What did the man look like who brought it?"

Mrs. Fennimore was enthusiastic. "Nice young man. Dark. Black hair, cut short. Shirt sleeves." She paused. "Dearie, I wonder if you could give me the six dollars now. I'm a little short."

Della paid her, then sped upstairs and sat on the side of her bed.

He'd found someone else to make them. Right here. Must have been around for a month and she hadn't even seen him. It couldn't be a very big outfit or there'd have

Two in One

from page 47

been something in the paper. She turned the table over again. It looked simple to make. Gosh, she thought, if he started to advertise he could make a fortune!

Advertise . . . She saw the idea coming and tried to avoid it, but the notion finally got her: she could offer to do his advertising work. She could do it in the mornings and paint in the afternoons. It would save her bank account. If it weren't for that, she argued without overpowering conviction, I wouldn't even look him up. That night she went straight to sleep.

NEXT morning after breakfast Della went upstairs quietly and found Mrs. Fennimore thumbing through her sketchbooks. Della didn't even protest. She felt wonderful. "Bring up the great art critic," she said. "Let her see the shocking truth. Tell her I'll do better when I'm older."

Mrs. Fennimore, obviously expecting something worse, ducked for the stairs. As Della went down a minute later Miss Foster, smiling from earring to earring, was puffing up. "Make yourself at home," Della said sweetly.

The place had been a garage. Now it had a sign over the door: Masonables. The door was open. She walked in. George had his back to her. He was working some kind of riveter

Pride and Groom

• The bridegroom at a fashionable wedding had no visible means of support except his rich father. However, when he repeated that part of the service he said boldly, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow!" the guests were somewhat startled to hear the father exclaim in a tremendous stage whisper, "Great day! There goes his bicycle!"

—THAT REMINDS ME

that clamped the table top to the frame at the corners. A man who was whacking frames together saw her first.

"Hey, George," he said. "A dame."

George looked up at her. Convulsively he riveted together a couple of pieces of air. Then he straightened and walked over to her. The other three men in the place were watching.

George's face was streaked and his hands spotted with brown stain. Della was flustered. The George she'd been thinking about for four weeks didn't wear denim pants. She forgot her speech.

George was flustered too. He put his hands in his pockets, took them out, wiped them on his thighs and finally reached into a hip pocket for his wallet.

"Say," he said, "I hope you didn't mind that gag about the six bucks. I thought you'd be around when I called. When you weren't, I thought if I soaked you six bucks you'd come around to collect and I'd see you that way." He held out the money meekly.

"It wasn't the six dollars," she said, taking it. "It was—I'm looking for a part-time job." She took a deep breath and gathered pace. "Who's doing your advertising?"

He looked happy, she thought. Maybe because she was being polite for a change.

"Nobody, yet. We've only made about thirty tables so far. That one you got was the first."

Della's head was whirling. Somewhere, in four weeks, he had lost the objectionable part of being a ball of fire. And that six dollars. He'd said it was just so she'd come around to see him.

"Peters phoned a few days ago," she said. "He's looking for you. Wouldn't those other stores go for it?"

He was self-conscious. "Didn't ask them. Decided to do it myself."

She was surprised. "How about those letters?"

"Letters?"

"The ones you mailed on the way here. I thought you were trying the other stores." He thought a minute, puzzled, before light dawned. "Those!" he said. "You'd asked me who was running things in Wausau. I just wrote some people in the store and told them I'd quit." He paused. "That week end I brought you up, I decided I liked this place. I had four thousand of my own, and these guys," he waved back toward the shop, "put up another two between them. Not much, but we got started. When we're through there won't be a home in the country without a Masonable."

Another pause. Then he spoke in a rush. "May as well get it all off my mind. You made me mad. I kept thinking maybe you were right, maybe I had no guts. So I started myself. Now I have to work hard to make ten thousand dollars. Down payment on some machinery which will turn out a hundred tables a day for us." He stopped and looked at her. The voltage was high. "I saw you on your bike twice and wanted to stop you and say what I was doing. But I decided to wait until I really was doing it."

This speech was doing awful things to Della's composure. She made a fierce effort to be crisp. "You need some advertising," she said. "Get some letters out to the big stores. Get some orders. Get them to pay twenty per cent in advance. You could get the money for your machinery that way. I could do sketches and things to send out with the letters."

There was no answer. She looked up. George was nodding dumbly.

"I'll work mornings," she said. "Start Monday." Then, so he wouldn't get any other idea, she added, "I'll need the money if I want to stay here more than another few months."

"Okay," George said. Della turned away and then the big idea hit her. She considered a second, then faced him again. "Look, are you going to give Mason's a chance on this?"

He didn't hesitate. "Strictly business. All contributions gratefully received."

He really had changed. The big idea grew and grew. She started to walk away. George took a couple of fast steps and touched her arm. "Did you think about me, Della? Or wonder?"

Della looked him straight in the eye. The word came hard but she said it. "No."

DON'T want him to get a lot of crazy ideas, she told herself as she marched down the street bumping into old ladies.

When she got home she phoned New York. She knew this was meddling but she didn't care. Peters asked about the table and listened. Then he decided. "Okay," he said. "I'll have a contract and an advance for five thousand tables in the mail tonight."

Della told him George's address and hung up.

In the morning she was away on her bike before anyone else came down. She sketched some workmen repairing the Rainbow Bridge and the sketches were good. She returned home happier than she'd been since she first came here. After lunch she was mixing paint when there was a thumping on the attic stairs and George burst into the room. One hand held a letter and the other the Saturday edition of the paper.

"Hey," he said. "Look here." Della took the letter. "I hope you don't mind my phoning him," she faltered. "I thought . . ."

"Not that, you dope," George said. "Here." He thrust the newspaper at her. It was folded at page eight. She followed his finger to Miss Foster's column.

"It says there," George said, "that you are a promising artist and that you have an odd signature on some of your sketches. A little table."

Della swallowed hard. "So you didn't think about me?" he demanded.

"Go away," Della said faintly. "I thought about you too," George said. He stepped closer and reached for her. He hardly had to reach at all. [THE END]

New! In large Bath size

The soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use!

"I love
this fragrant
bath size cake"

says
**ROSALIND
RUSSELL**

starring in
"THE VELVET TOUCH"
an RKO Radio Pictures' release



"The big new bath-size Lux Soap is so luxurious," says lovely Rosalind Russell. "It makes my daily beauty bath more delightful than ever!"

"If a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts, and a daily Lux Soap beauty bath makes you sure. The rich creamy lather swiftly carries away dust and dirt, leaves skin fresh, sweet. Perfumed with a delightful fragrance you'll love!"

Try this big, generous satin-smooth cake of the new bath-size Lux Toilet Soap.



YOU thrill when he whispers "You're sweet!" There's appeal men can't resist in skin that's fragrant with the delicate Lux Toilet Soap perfume that clings.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

Swim if you want to—

(with Tampax)



Why sit on the beach and envy other women who are luckier than you about their "days"? Try the *Tampax* method of monthly sanitary protection and then you can swim any day of the month without anyone's being the wiser... The secret of *Tampax* is simple—it is worn internally! Hence there is nothing that can possibly "show through" a snug swim suit, whether wet or dry.

Tampax is the scientific answer to the feminine monthly hygienic problem. Invented by a doctor, it has only 1/15 the bulk of older kinds. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed within dainty applicators (for easy insertion). No belts or pins are required—and no sanitary deodorant, for *Tampax* causes no odor. Quick to change; easy to dispose of. Can be worn in tub or shower bath.

Buy *Tampax* at drug or notion counters. 3 absorbency-sizes to suit varying needs: Regular, Super, Junior. An average monthly supply will go into your purse. Look for *Tampax* Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.

WHC-88-O

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of *Tampax*. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

the journey by an oxygen tank and a doctor who knew how to treat people whose breathing muscles have been paralyzed?

A patient dies in the dentist's chair or on the operating table after taking an anesthetic or dies in the doctor's office after receiving an injection. Did death result from an allergy to the anesthetic or drug which closed his breathing passages? Could he have been revived?

A man with heart disease suffers an attack. His wife, who has been prepared for such emergencies, administers a stimulant. But in spite of the medicine, the man dies. Did his heart really give out—or did he die because his heart muscles lacked the oxygen they required?

Nobody can possibly know the answers to all these questions. But Dr. Flagg, who has studied the subject possibly more than any other man, has some startling theories.

He believes that many people suffering from serious heart disease could survive numerous attacks—live years longer—if only oxygen were given along with the heart stimulant.

He believes that every year there are numerous deaths by suffocation due to allergies—all preventable if modern techniques of resuscitation are immediately applied. A questionnaire recently circulated among seventy-five New York doctors disclosed that seven of them had observed sudden and inexplicable deaths after the use of anesthetics or antitoxins.

Dr. Flagg also believes that many deaths from polio could be averted by correct administration of oxygen and that many so-called drownings occur not in the water but afterward—because a small quantity of water is obstructing the flow of air to the lungs.

Infant deaths from suffocation, which in New York City alone have increased fifty-seven per cent in the last ten years, could be averted in many cases, Dr. Flagg says, if only physicians everywhere knew enough to first examine every tiny victim's windpipe for a liquid or solid obstacle and then to apply artificial respiration by modern methods.

Even the number of deaths from overdoses of sleeping drugs, a growing danger in our modern world, could be curtailed by use of the proper methods for combating asphyxia, he thinks. Sleeping drugs tend to slow up breathing and when taken to excess can paralyze the muscles controlling it. Besides giving treatment for poisoning, the physician should be prepared to give artificial respiration.

Dr. Flagg cites the Los Angeles woman who tried to commit suicide by taking more than forty-five powerful sleeping tablets. She had been unconscious twenty-four hours when an expert on asphyxia was called in. This doctor employed exactly the same technique Dr. Flagg had used on the infant in the delivery room; he inserted a metal tube in the woman's windpipe. The tube was connected to an oxygen tank.

After more than a hundred and forty-four hours—six full days—the woman recovered consciousness and the tube was removed. So far as Dr. Flagg knows, there is no other case on record where the patient survived such a long period of unconsciousness with no appreciable aftereffects. If this woman could be saved, how many others could?

THE first essential to successful treatment of asphyxia is a device called the laryngoscope, costing less than twenty-five dollars. It combines a metal blade to hold back the patient's tongue with a flashlight which makes it possible for the physician to see down the windpipe. If there is a solid obstruction preventing breathing—like the piece of meat in the throat of the unfortunate Yonkers girl—he can remove it with his fingers. If the obstruction is a liquid, he can suck it out through a long metal tube.

This is the crucial part of the treatment—for unless the air passages are clear nothing in the world can help the patient. "Take a look," Dr. Flagg tells doctors, "and save a life." But up to now the whole problem of asphyxia has been so neglected that Dr. Flagg says only one doctor in a thousand owns a laryngoscope and less than one nurse in ten thousand knows how to use one.

Once the air passages are free from obstruction, the rest of the treatment is equally sim-

Breath of Life

from page 37

ple. Dr. Flagg recommends the use of an endotracheal tube—a little hollow metal tube designed to be inserted in the patient's windpipe. When this tube is connected to a tank of oxygen, or oxygen plus carbon dioxide, the pressure inside the tank forces life-giving oxygen directly into the patient's lungs.

Sometimes an asphyxia victim's jaws clench and his throat muscles tighten. When this happens, a tube should not be inserted in his windpipe; it may do more harm than good. But another kind of tube, inserted into a nostril, will do the job.

This simple technique has become known as endotracheal insufflation. The amazing thing is that all the equipment for it except the oxygen tank can be carried in a physician's pocket. The tank itself may weigh as little as eight pounds. The complete apparatus—capable of saving thousands of lives a year if it were in general use—costs only about a hundred dollars.

But one great stumbling block to universal use of the apparatus is, ironically enough, the fact that most cities have police or fire department emergency rescue crews. These crews with their inhalators have made so many spectacular rescues that numbers of people, even doctors, believe that any emergency that demands artificial respiration can be met by the police or fire department. Policemen and firemen are even summoned to hospitals to resuscitate asphyxia victims.

At a recent conference of nurse-anesthetists in California, Daniel Sullivan, who is in charge of respiratory protection for San Francisco, declared that in the last fifteen years the fire department's rescue crews have been continually called by hospitals to attempt resuscitation of newborn infants and adults threatened by asphyxia following anesthesia.

Most lay rescue crews have no knowledge of how to remove an object obstructing a patient's trachea. Even if they had the knowledge, they would not be permitted to use it. Any policeman or fireman who tried to examine a patient's windpipe, much less reach beyond the throat to remove an obstruction, would be subject to severe criticism and even a lawsuit if the patient died. Good as the emergency crews are, they can save lives only when asphyxia is not accompanied by obstructions in the breathing passages. They could not have saved the girl who died in the Yonkers restaurant. They cannot save a boy pulled out of a swimming hole with water clogging his windpipe.

It was this tragic fact that once led the late Yandell Henderson, a professor of medicine at Yale University, to declare: "Mechanical

resuscitators kill thousands of patients—not as bullets do directly, but by providing an alibi and gesture for the correct treatment required."

Dr. Flagg advocates that police and fire department emergency crews be authorized to train at least one man on each squad in the correct use of the laryngoscope. Public opinion, he thinks, should demand that if no doctor can be found, these crews be authorized to remove obstructions to breathing without fear of liability.

Our police and fire department emergency rescue crews have built up an enviable record of saving lives. But given proper training and public backing they could do more.

Many people who die in fires are not burned to death. They are asphyxiated. In the tragic Coconut Grove disaster in 1942 four hundred and ninety-one people died when a Boston night club caught fire. But a number of the bodies showed no traces of burns. Fire victims like these could probably be saved by the right technique of clearing the air passages and correctly administering oxygen. So could many of the victims of carbon monoxide poisoning, which Dr. Flagg has found to be an occupational hazard in more than a hundred jobs.

Almost every person who loses consciousness for any reason whatever is a potential victim of asphyxia—and a potential beneficiary of the laryngoscope and endotracheal insufflation treatment. An unconscious person—whether he is the victim of gas poisoning, smoke, drugs, a heart attack or accidental injury—generally loses the ability to swallow or cough. If something lodges in his respiratory tract, even so much as a small clot of phlegm, he may choke to death unless he has proper treatment immediately.

The crusade against asphyxia has already accomplished some dramatic results. Not long ago, the medical director of a large New York City theater was persuaded to teach his staff the modern techniques and install oxygen equipment. Within a year the staff had revived two people who suffered heart attacks in the theater.

ONCE Dr. Flagg was called upon to treat a woman who had suffered a paralytic stroke—a clot of blood had blacked out the part of her brain controlling her breathing muscles. Ordinarily that woman would have died if she had been more than a few minutes away from an iron lung. But Dr. Flagg, using an endotracheal tube and an oxygen tank weighing about twenty pounds, was able to keep her alive while carrying her down a circular stairway and into an ambulance, making a thirty-mile trip from New Jersey to a hospital in New York City, and finally carrying her in an elevator to an upper floor of the hospital where there was an iron lung.

All during that momentous trip Dr. Flagg found himself asking: Can it be a fact that in the entire United States there is not a single commercial-model ambulance properly equipped to transport unconscious patients? Many people have died on their way to a hospital just because ambulances lack the simple equipment which made it possible for Dr. Flagg to keep alive the New Jersey woman.

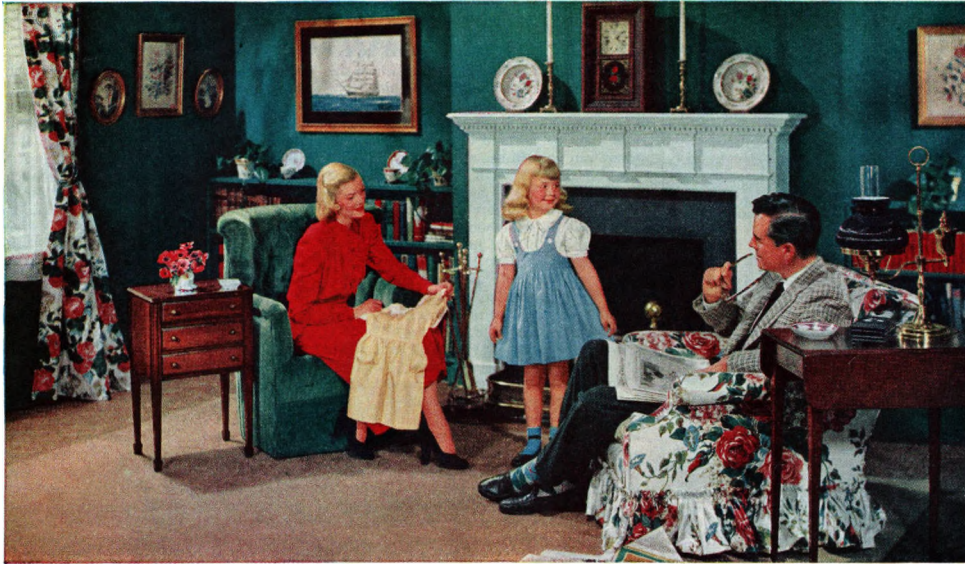
One of the most heartening aspects of the crusade against asphyxia, which Dr. Flagg heads in cooperation with the American Medical Association, is the backing it is gaining from the medical profession itself. Dr. Flagg teaches the postgraduate course in asphyxia given by New York University's medical school. In the last few years he has trained almost two hundred doctors, who are now taking their knowledge into all parts of the country. One of his students, a young obstetrician, recently wrote him: "The training in combating asphyxia has enabled me to save more lives in the delivery room than all my other student years of much more difficult and trying work."

Some day—if Dr. Flagg and the American Medical Association have their way, and if public opinion and knowledge back them—no one in the United States, from infancy to the age when heart ailments become a problem, will die needlessly from this hitherto almost unrecognized killer. [THE END]

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION ERIC ERICSON



"I suppose they are regular wild little Indians."



*"She'll be the best-dressed youngster in class—
thanks to you and the SINGER SEWING CENTER!"*

EVEN if you *do* have to keep your eye on the budget—it's no reason to skimp on a back-to-school wardrobe! You can *make* a whole closetful of pretties—make them for just about *half* what they'd cost to buy—if you learn to sew at your SINGER SEWING CENTER.

And you don't have to be a genius with a needle. In 8

sew-as-you-go lessons, Singer experts will teach you every step from pattern-fitting to final pressing.

They'll even do the fancy finishing *for you*. And they have the best-stocked notion counters in town.

Stop in today. Let the SINGER SEWING CENTER help you send *your* daughter back to school in style!



• In SINGER classes you learn by making a dress for yourself! Complete course—8 lessons, only \$10. SINGER® Molded Dress Form makes perfect fitting easy and sure.



• To help you at home, use a SINGER Dress-making Guide. 52 pages. Diagrams, directions, how to fit collars, finish pockets, etc. 25¢ at your SINGER SEWING CENTER.



• **Bright notions!** Rick-rack, lace, peasant handing, animal appliques—what a choice you'll find at your SINGER SEWING CENTER! Buttons, thread, and zippers, too.



• **Newest SINGER attachment**—the Multi-slotted Binder. Makes quick work of sewing on binding, wide or narrow, folded or unfolded, in straight lines or curves.



• **For easier pressing**—new SINGER® Electric Iron. Large surface for extra speed. Light weight. Right-and-left thumb rests. Accurate Fabric Dial. Stay-cool handle.



• **Finishing touches** are no problem. Your SINGER SEWING CENTER will make buttonholes. Cover buttons, belts. Do picotting, hemstitching. Prices tiny, service fast.



• **Graceful cabinet model** adds charm to any room. Holds a smooth-stitching SINGER® Sewing Machine. Walnut finish. Matching stool with notion compartment.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION!



SINGER sells its sewing machines and other products only through SINGER SEWING CENTERS, identified by the Red "S" on the window, and never through department stores or other outlets.

See classified telephone directory for address of your local SINGER SEWING CENTER. SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.

Here's the SINGER SEWING CENTER at 103 Public Square, Watertown, New York. Hundreds more from coast to coast. There's one near you!

•Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.



SINGER SEWING CENTERS
THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

The Story of Sally

from page 22

"Something I'm glad to tell millions of women about" ★

...says the HOME ECONOMICS EDITOR of a leading women's magazine. *FROM A LETTER IN OUR FILES



A NEW AND EXCLUSIVE

Grated TUNA...



LARGER "BITE-SIZE" PIECES... ready instantly without the bother of flaking. Simply open the can and use!

FINER TEXTURE... dark meat of tuna is never packed in these famous quality brands... only the tender light meat is used!

RICHER, MORE DELICATE FLAVOR... for all your favorite tuna recipes... salads, sandwiches, hors d'oeuvres, hot entrees!

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC. ★ Terminal Island, California

This New Grated Tuna is rich in protein, contains Vitamin "D," minerals and other vital food elements... especially important to remember in planning diets for growing youngsters.

Years of research went into developing this new quality in Grated style... exclusive with these famous recipes... Ask for it, the very next time you shop!

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR TUNA, WHEN YOU USE

THE BRANDS THAT



MADE TUNA famous!

BUY EITHER BRAND...THE QUALITY IS THE SAME

stunned at first. He couldn't really believe she was blind. And her beauty floored him.

Sally is very beautiful. And there's no way to tell she is blind except by sensing it. She can look right at you and only if you are very aware can you tell she isn't seeing you. And she has a lot of confidence. I worked and worried and tried to give her that above all else; so had her mother when she was alive; and so did all the schools she went to.

Dinner was a lot of fun. They all talked at once about what they had done that spring and were going to do the next three months. And I was feeling so good with them all around me that I promised them the car they'd been pestering me for.

Sally was especially wonderful that night. She wasn't like the rest, of course; she didn't shout the way they did; she never had. Her voice was always quiet; and there was a calm and serenity from her mother that she never lost. But that night she was more animated and excited. And when she talked, they listened. Maybe it was because she was so much like her mother; it wasn't because of her blindness, for they were used to that. She simply had that wonderful quality of commanding, without any effort, everyone's attention and adoration.

That dinner lasted almost two hours. The twins brought it to an end with the announcement that there was a dance at the golf club.

Anne looked down the table and said, "Hey, John, how about it? We'll give you your pick of the McLaughlin women. Is it a go?"

John laughed and said, "Sure. But how am I to pick—you're all so beautiful!"

Betty said, "You could flip a coin, John—but if I lost you that way I'd be furious!"

John said, "No, I don't need to flip a coin. I'd like to go and I'd like to take Sally."

NO ONE had expected that, for Sally had never been to a dance in her life. I doubt if she even knew how to dance, though I'd seen David waltzing her around the basement playroom a time or two.

Then I turned to her and I saw something in her face I hadn't seen in ten years—terror. When she was a little girl, learning how to walk and eat and live without eyes, there was often a grim tight frightened expression about her chin and mouth. I remember when she was only six or seven years old she would walk down the stairs with her lips and chin trembling, showing that fear. It used to nearly kill me. Gradually, as she built up confidence—about stairs and walking and eating and everything else—the look went away.

But here it was again—the beautiful empty eyes and the trembling chin—because a boy asked her to a dance. I felt as if someone had hit me in the stomach.

It was a bad moment—but only a moment. She carried it off all right, for she smiled quickly and said, "Thank you, John. But not tonight. I was up at six this morning to pack and, well—I'm just tired. I feel like sleeping forever. But thank you for asking me."

Dinner broke up then and John and David took the twins off to the dance. Jerry scampered off to put his boat to bed and Sally went up to her room. I went up and helped her unpack her clothes and Braille books. She chatted about her plans for the summer but she didn't say a word about John or the dance and I knew she didn't want to.

Finally I said, "Baby, don't you know how to dance? Couldn't you learn?"

She hesitated a minute and then said, "That wasn't it, Daddy. I just didn't want to go." "Afraid?"

"No—no, I don't think so."

I could see something bothered her—something more than not knowing how to dance. And it hurt me a little that she wouldn't tell me about it but that's the way kids are now and then—some things they keep to themselves. And that's the way it should be, I guess, for no matter how much you love them you can't live their lives for them.

It made me feel a little old and a little sad. I went downstairs, mixed myself a cold drink and moped around the living-room. I was just

contemplating a second glass when Sally came down to kiss me good night. She was wearing a white housecoat and looked like an angel.

She gave me one of her best goodnight-for-Daddy kisses and said, "Don't worry about me, darling. I'm not afraid of anything."

I mumbled, "Sure," but when she was leaving and just at the door, I said, "Sal, did any of us around here ever bother to tell you you are very very beautiful?"

She didn't say anything for a minute and then, "You do always, Daddy—and I've heard rumors."

"Well, you are—as much as your mother perhaps and more than either of the twins."

"Well, why—why do you want me to know?"

"No reason. I just want to be sure you do know. Good night, Kitten."

SATURDAY and Sunday breakfasts in that house were a three-hour affair, starting with the early-risers, Jerry and myself, and sometimes Sally, and ending up with the inevitable late-risers, the twins. Somewhere in between would be Dave and the various guests. On that Saturday morning I remember Jerry and I were there first as usual, but third was John.

We talked about boats and sailing and I learned John had sailed in the 1946 race to Bermuda. In Jerry's eyes this fact made him something only slightly less than God.

Presently Sally came down. She had heard his voice, so she knew John was there and said good morning to him. We ate and talked breakfast talk—except for Jerry's insistent attempts to keep the conversation on sailing—and I forgot about the dance the night before.

Then John said, "Sally, Dave says there's a dance at the yacht club tonight. Will you go with me?"

I looked at her quickly, for I was afraid of that look again and there was a hint of it; but she was ready for him this time.

"John, I honestly don't know how to dance. You see, they have to teach us so many things in school, they just never got around to that."

John shot me a quick look and said, "Then I'll teach you. We'll practice today."

That stopped her. All the lines of terror formed about her mouth again. And I got it, for she turned right to me. She couldn't handle it so she was turning to me for help.

For a minute I almost gave in. The instincts you carry for twelve years get pretty well entrenched. But this time I double-crossed her.

I said, "Sal, that's a good idea. I think John could teach you. You can practice in the playroom. And you'd have fun at the dance."

John gave me a look of thanks but I only caught it out of the corner of my eye, for I was looking at Sally. I was the scared one now.

"All right, John, I'll try to learn. And I'll go to the dance with you if I'm not too bad."

There was still some of that look left and her voice wasn't quite right.

John said, "Swell, Sally. How about practicing a bit right now? Dancing on top of breakfast won't hurt us, will it?"

She agreed, so they got up and went off to the basement. As they were going I noticed one thing, John didn't take her arm and try to lead her. That's something she always hated. Even I couldn't do it, except when it was absolutely necessary.

I SPENT the day looking for the car I had promised to buy the night before. I found a secondhand convertible I knew they'd like. When I got home, about two o'clock, the place was deserted, so I went upstairs and had myself a nap.

The piano woke me up. I went downstairs and found Sally and John in the living-room. Sally was playing and John was sitting on the bench beside her.

Sally knew I had come into the room and stopped playing.

"How did the dancing go?" I asked. John laughed. "Mr. McLaughlin, your daughter is a liar. I didn't teach her how to dance. She taught me. She's the best dancer I know—honest."



WANT MORE INCOME? RENT IT!

MONEYMAKING

"I can't get a gardener for love or money!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "And with John so rushed and Jerry back at college, I guess we won't have much of a lawn."

"Cut the grass yourself—like me!" advised her neighbor Mrs. Clark.

"I did look at lawn mowers," Mrs. Brown replied, "but I couldn't find one of those rubber-wheeled 'easy-pushers' like yours."

"Why not borrow mine?"

"Well, I might," Mrs. Brown hesitated, "that is, if you'll let me rent it each week."

"Nonsense!"

"Not at all," Mrs. Brown declared. "I'm renting our trailer every chance I get—John and Jerry can't use it and lots of people need to move things inexpensively."

"I wouldn't know what would be a fair rental for a lawn mower," said Mrs. Clark.

"Well," replied Mrs. Brown, "I paid our gardener fifteen a month. But of course he trimmed shrubs and watered . . ."

"And *did* the mowing," Mrs. Clark interrupted. "So if you want to pay fifty cents each time you use our lawn mower, I'll keep it well oiled."

That solved one problem and brought pin money to a cooperative woman.

Renting a bit of your house or equipment has many possibilities. What, when and how much depends on your possessions and the community you live in.

A room, suite of rooms, half or all of a garage are good rentals in season and out. But occasional rentals add to income and help others. For example, let it be known that when week-end visitors crowd a neighbor, you can provide a guest room by doubling up your family.

Rentals often develop by request. "May I borrow your tennis court? Your badminton court?" All an alert homemaker has to do for income is put a For Rent sign on the court, stating the price per hour. Near a school there are bound to be customers and sometimes a small adver-

tisement in a school or college paper brings even more business. Organizing a sports club is another way to finance the upkeep of a tennis court because you can rent it part-time to the group.

Musical instruments provide another source of rental income. The crowd may rent the phonograph for dances. Or the piano may be in demand with adults who take vocal lessons and need an instrument for accompaniment. (If not requested by friends or neighbors, the piano-for-rent may be advertised or mentioned to vocal teachers for their students' use.) Portable radios—especially the battery type—are possible rentals to convalescents or to picnickers and week-enders.

Students often need a typewriter and so if you give yours only part-time use, why not rent it by the hour?

Both washing and sewing machines are rentable. To rent laundry equipment, advertise or telephone others to let them know what days of the week are available and what the hourly rental is. Then too there are salvage and charitable groups that might rent a sewing machine at a fair price—especially if it's portable and can be used on a specific day each week.

Curtain, sock and sweater stretchers, canning equipment, kettles, pressure cookers, scales are all possible income boosters.

Many prefer not to lend-lease small electrical equipment like irons but are willing to rent the vacuum cleaner. Young sons can make vacation pin money renting themselves and the family vacuum cleaner for a job of rug cleaning.

Don't forget that masquerade costumes, dinner jackets, morning clothes, evening capes, luggage, cameras, tents, archery and fishing gear, skis, bicycles and boats all are rentable.

Pin money has a nice way of piling up and, besides that, it's nice to know you're doing a good deed as you earn! So, if you want more income—rent it!

MARION BROWNFIELD

Sally just tossed her head and laughed. But she looked happy for this moment—happier than I'd ever seen her. And there wasn't a trace of that look of fear.

We had another wild dinner that night. The twins came in about six and found the new car, so that called for some excitement. David brought his girl over for dinner and Anne had her latest swain in. Sally was happy and excited and dressed in a white chiffon evening dress that took my breath away and must have knocked John for a loop. It was some dress! I learned later that Betty had bought it for her that afternoon. And Jerry added to the meal's confusion and entertainment by shouting every two minutes about his day's sail on my boat.

Somewhere between soup and salad, they decided that I should come to the dance with them. They were still feeling the effect of that car, I guess. These dances are mainly a younger generation proposition but I knew there would be a few of my gang around, so I said I'd go.

The truth is I went because I wanted to be near Sally.

When Betty's date came around, we trooped over in a bunch—even Jerry in his Sunday best. The dance had already started. I avoided my crowd at first so I could watch John and Sally. You might say that I was prejudiced, but I thought they were wonderful.

Life suddenly became wonderful too. I went into the bar, found some friends and got into a bridge game.

About an hour after we had come, I gave up my hand and went out to the dance floor. Sally was there with John. They looked very happy but I thought a father ought to have some rights so I went out and cut in.

I had never seen her so flushed and excited and alive. She practically babbled. "Daddy, Daddy darling, I'm having so much fun! And I can dance! John says I'm good. Dave says I'm good. And Paddy Mason cut in and he says I'm good. I can waltz. I can fox-trot and they played a rumba and John taught me.

[continued on page 54]

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

*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.

If your hair looks like

THIS

when it
should
look like
THIS



use HELENE CURTIS

Suave*

the Cosmetic for hair
greaseless - not a hair oil

WHAT SUAVE IS...

The amazing discovery beauticians recommend to make hair wonderfully easy to arrange and keep in place... cloud-soft... romantically lustrous... alive with dancing highlights... control-able even after shampoo... safe from sun's drying action! For the whole family, men-folks, too. Rinses out in a twinkling.

WHAT SUAVE IS NOT...

NOT a greasy "slicker-downer" ... NOT a hair oil, lacquer or pomade ... NOT an upholstery "smearer" ... NOT a dirt collector ... NOT smelly ... NOT drying; no alcohol ... NOT sticky.



50c and \$1

*some pronounce it "suehs"... others say "suave"... either way it means beautiful hair.

AT YOUR BEAUTY SHOP, DRUG STORE, DEPARTMENT STORE

And Daddy, there's going to be another dance next Tuesday and John's going to take me!" My heart went right up to my throat. Then I had to ruin it. She was chatting about this and that and she said, "Daddy, you're a good dancer! You're very good!" "Don't kid your old man, Sal. My dancing's strictly vintage of 1920." "That's silly—don't say that. You're good!" "As good as your conquest?" "My—what?" "Your conquest, baby. Your young man. The boy whose heart you've captured. To wit, John."

She didn't answer. She didn't make a sound. I moved back from her a little so I could see her face better. And there it was. Her mouth was set with fear and she was working to keep her chin from trembling. "Sally!" "Yes?" "What is it? Did I say something wrong?" She shook her head. "No, of course not!" Then she forced a smile. The look of terror was gone then, but so was the beam of happiness that had been there a moment before. I didn't get it. I could see why she might be scared of going to a dance when she didn't know much about dancing, but why should it upset her to be told she had made a conquest of a good-looking strictly eligible boy? I just didn't understand it. Maybe her mother would have; I wasn't that smart. We danced for a while longer but Sally didn't say much. Dave came along soon and cut in.

THE rest of the evening didn't go so well for me with Sally to worry about, but she seemed to recover. Thanks to John, probably. The boy seemed to sense that something bothered her, so he redoubled his efforts to give her a good time and make her happy.

The dance ended about two o'clock and we went home for sandwiches and milk. The twins shoved their dates out the door, Dave took his girl home and we all went to bed.

Why I didn't go right to sleep, I don't know. I was dead tired. But I kept thinking about Sally. This thing with John worried me and yet it pleased me. Then for some reason I thought she might still be awake. Her room was next to mine with a connecting door. I went over and opened the door.

"Daddy?" "Yes, Sal." "Come sit by me." I went over to her bed and sat on the edge of it. Then she started to cry. I held onto her and after a while it eased off and she sniffled, "I'm sorry, Dad."

"Tell me about it, baby."

A few sniffs and then she said, "He's handsome, isn't he?"

"He's a good-looking boy, all right."

"And Betty said he was very rich."

"Don't know about that. His family used to be rich. Doesn't mean anything, though."

"He's what you'd call a 'catch,' isn't he?"

I never thought about it, but I could see her point. "I guess you might call him that, honey. It's a purely feminine angle, though."

Then all of a sudden she gave it to me—right straight out.

"Daddy, if I ever marry, I want to marry a blind boy—like myself. I'm never going to inflict my blindness on anyone else—not ever. I won't let the person I love bear the pity that goes along with it. And I don't want him to love me for pity's sake. You and the family are used to me and you like me because I'm part of you, but it's not that way with other people unless they're blind too. Do you think I could be married to someone like John and have people say, 'Oh, look at that handsome man with that poor blind girl.' They said it tonight. I heard them. They said, 'Why look, isn't that Fred McLaughlin's girl—the blind one? Oh, wasn't that a sad thing! My, what a handsome boy she's with! Why, isn't that strange!' I heard them, Daddy. And I won't do that to him. I'll never do it!"

Then we were back to the tears again. But they stopped eventually and I said to her, "Sally, make me a promise."

"What is it?" "Don't run away from it. See it through."

The Story of Sally

from page 53

Work it out your own way but don't run away until you have fought it out. Promise?"

"I'll try, Dad. But John's so wonderful! And so persistent!"

"Nevertheless, do you promise?"

"Yes."

"Okay. Think you can go to sleep now?"

"I guess so."

I kissed her and went to my room. So, the terror hadn't been of going to a dance, I thought, but of falling in love—of having someone fall in love with her who might have to pity her and share the pity that was part of her life. I knew at the time that her thinking was all wrong but I also knew that she would never take my word for it. She would learn it from John or she would never learn it.

SUNDAY and Monday and Tuesday were typical family days for that time of year—swimming, sailing, tennis. On Tuesday, though, the twins went into New York on a shopping spree, for I had slipped Betty a blank check in the morning and told her to go get Sally the best dress she could find for the dance that night. And of course I



**A Song for Husbands
Who Mow Lawns**

(to the tune of "O! Man River")

Ah gits weary
An' sick of walkin',
Ah'm tired of pushin'
An' skeered of squawkin',
But o! Lawn Mower
He jus' keeps mowin' a lawn.

FORD NEWMILL

had to give her and Anne the same privilege, so they pulled out of the house just after breakfast.

When I was dressing for dinner that night I could hear the twins in Sally's room fussing around and gabbing. Anne beat on my door presently and called me in to look at the production. And Sally was a production, all right in a black lace job—yards and yards of it. She stood in the fading sun by her big window and posed for me. And she was beautiful, with that long golden hair and her mother's perfectly chiseled face. I gave the twins a kiss apiece, and they scooted off to get dressed themselves. Later I learned that they had searched the town for Sally's dress and finally got it for such a price that they didn't dare buy anything for themselves. They're good brats, those two.

Somewhere in the middle of dinner the doorbell rang. Small-fry answered it and came trotting back with a big corsage box. The twins each looked bright and expectant but Jerry went over to Sally. "Hey, Sal, for you."

She took it in her lap and opened it. It was a beautiful corsage—the best they come and I thought it was darn nice of John.

She said in a funny little voice, "This is the first time anyone ever sent me flowers."

I thought my heart would break. For I realized it was true. Even I had never sent her flowers. I had sent them to the twins from

time to time, for their special dates, but Sally hadn't had any real dates—in fact, she had never had a date before John.

But the pay-off was still to come. John said, "Sally, there's a card, a card you can read."

She put her hand into the box and found it. She ran her fingers over it. It was in Braille, of course, but what it said I didn't know.

Then she got up suddenly and walked out of the room and into the library. I went after her immediately. She was standing by the desk and when I came in she put her arms around my neck. "Daddy, oh, Daddy!" But it wasn't really a cry. She was just overwhelmed for the moment.

"What did the card say, darling?" I asked.

She just nodded her head toward the box on the desk. I picked out the card and held it up to the light so I could see the indentations.

It said, "I love you, Sally."

I knew what John had done then. Sally had a Braille typewriter in her room. He must have got Dave or one of the twins to type the card for him. Then he gave it to the florist to enclose with the corsage. It was a nice romantic trick. Sally's reaction wasn't his fault. The whole thing was just too much for her.

I called Anne and she came running in. She took Sally in her arms. "Baby, baby, what's the matter? Oh darling, you've been crying!"

"No, I haven't, really. But I was afraid I might. Is it a pretty flower, Anne? It's a camellia, isn't it?"

"It's two of them, baby, and they're beautiful. Here, I'll put them on for you, may I?"

We went back into the dining-room and Sally said to John, "Thank you, John—thank you for the beautiful flowers. It's—it's the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me."

I HAVEN'T any idea when it was she woke me that night. It was next morning anyway, for they were all home from the dance.

I just remember waking up and she was there, sitting on my bed.

"Daddy, I'm going to break my promise. I'm sorry but I must. I'm going away. I want you to lend me the car and have Fred drive me tomorrow. Will you?"

She wasn't crying or anything. Her voice was tense but very matter-of-fact.

"Sal, what is it?"

"Just what I told you the other night."

"What do you mean?"

"I won't do that to him, that's all. I won't let him fall in love with me."

"Is he?"

"He says so. Oh, Daddy, he was wonderful! When we danced, he kept whispering, 'I love you, I love you!' And he said how wonderful I was and how beautiful! And he took me out on the pier by the sea and kissed me and asked me to marry him! And he kept asking me all night! Between every other sentence! And he said he would never take no for an answer. And he kept kissing me and kissing me and I couldn't stop him and I didn't want to! And he wants me to go into New York tomorrow with him and buy a ring, and he says he loved me from the first minute he ever saw me, and he'll never stop till the minute he dies! And I love him, I love him too. I'll always love him. Daddy, I don't know what to do! Why did I have to be blind? Why couldn't I be like the twins or Dave or Jerry? Why, Daddy, why?" And then it sent her off into sobs.

I didn't know what to do or say. This was the thing I had always fought against—her getting hurt. Yet here she was—hurt more than I had ever imagined; and I was powerless to do anything about it. I couldn't send the boy away and I didn't want to let her go. And I knew that wouldn't stop the hurt inside her anyway.

So I tried a new tack and it turned out to be the wrong one. I said, "Sal, I think you're nuts. I think you could marry that boy and make him happy and be happy yourself."

She wiped her tears a bit and said, "Daddy, you've never been blind."

That stopped me all right. I didn't have anything to say. So all I did was whisper, "Baby, I think you're wrong but I'll do anything you say. If you want the car tomorrow you can have it."

[continued on page 56]

THIS MONTH

FLIES* BRING INFECTION DANGER TO EVERY HOME



• Protect *your* home against disease germs brought by these dangerous Housefly Invaders! Germs carried from neglected garbage pails, public dumps, playgrounds, picnic areas. Fight germs on every surface where flies may deposit them . . . and in all germ "hide-out" cracks and corners throughout your house. Do this the easy "Lysol" way . . .



* Houseflies breed in, feed on, filth . . . may carry, on feet and hairs, germs of more than 30 diseases. Laboratory tests show one fly may bear 5 million bacteria.

Every Day... Fight Germs as you clean ...with potent

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Product of Lehn & Fink



YOUR GARBAGE PAIL is extra dangerous in hot weather. *Both flies and germs breed here!* So be sure to empty your garbage pail every day and scrub it out with germ-killing "Lysol"!



YOUR KITCHEN... with its food odors and moisture around plumbing . . . particularly attracts germ-carrying flies. Disinfect your sink, drainboard . . . *all* kitchen surfaces, regularly . . . with germ-killing "Lysol."



WINDOW SILLS are favorite places for flies and dust to settle in Summer. Keep sills hygienically clean especially in children's rooms and sickrooms. Wipe them off with protective "Lysol" on your cleaning rag.



YOUR BATHROOM calls for hygienic cleanliness at all times, since disease germs often lurk here. Always have germ-killing "Lysol" in the cleaning water, to disinfect floor, tub, toilet.

IMPORTANT "LYSOL" CLEANING USES:

Bathroom tub, toilet, basin, walls, floor - kitchen sink, drainboards, garbage pail.

• Laundry tubs and washers - closets, cellars, stairs, storerooms, shelves.

• All woodwork, floors, walls, doorknobs, rails - children's rooms and furniture; diaper pail.

• Sickrooms, including bedding, utensils and linen - cleaning rags, mops, brooms, brushes.

A Foot-Cooler for HOT DAYS

Let Ice-Mint keep your feet in cool, fresh comfort while the temperature soars. So easy to apply this frosty-white medicated cream—so lasting in its soothing relief. A real help too, in softening stinging callouses and corns. And a grand first-aid for discomfort of sunburn. Don't delay. Get Ice-Mint today at drug and department stores. Also sold in Canada.



She said she wanted to leave in the morning before anyone was awake and would go to a camp for the blind up in Vermont. I got up and went out to the carriage house and roused Fred and told him to be ready to go at six-thirty. Then I went back and helped Sally pack her bags. I set my alarm for six. We had a light breakfast. I put her in the car and they were gone just at six-thirty. I went back up to bed and felt like the devil.

I finally went to sleep again and didn't get down to the genuine breakfast of the day until around ten-thirty. Jerry had been and gone, of course, but Dave and the twins were still dead to the world. John had just finished. He said good morning and then asked, "Is Sally awake yet, do you know? I wanted her to go into New York with me this morning."

I had to tell him, so I just came out with it. "John, Sally went away this morning very early. She went up to a camp in Vermont." He didn't say anything for quite a while and then just, "Why?"

I gave it to him straight—straight as I could figure it. "I really think you scared her off last night."

"Scared her?"
"You gave her too much to take all at once. You made her too happy all of a sudden. It was too much for her. She had to run away."

He thought about that for a while. Then he said almost desperately, "I wanted her to marry me. I still do. I always will." For a minute I thought he was going to cry.

"She told me all about it. But you worked too fast. She's known you less than a week."

"What's that got to do with it?"
I almost laughed at that one. I wonder how many people have said the same thing.

"John, are you sure you want to be married to a blind girl?"

He said, "What's that got to do with it?"
"You're repeating yourself."

He saw the point and smiled. But then he said, "Where is she? I'm going after her."

That I hadn't expected. But I knew it wasn't right.

"No, John, you're not. Not just yet. Give her a little time. Let her think about it."

He was silent for several minutes. Finally he said, "I don't want to wait. I want to marry her right now."

"Hey, relax. Time isn't that—"

"Yes and I can take care of her too. Phelps and Horner are going to start me at seventy-five a week and after—"

I laughed, "Take it easy, boy. You don't have to sell me. I know you'll do all right. Sally loves you—that's what's important. If she didn't, there wouldn't be any point in our talking."

"Did she tell you that she loved me?"

That part had slipped out, but I thought, why hide it from the boy? "Yes, she said she loved you."

That seemed to make all the difference in the world to him but I didn't want him to get out of hand about it, so I said, "Take it easy, though, will you? Just let the thing ride for a while."

"Sure. Certainly. Whatever you say. But if you get a chance, give me a break, will you? I mean, put in a good word or something."

I thought, if he only knew—

PRESENTLY Dave came down and that was the end of my talk with John. He swam out the week and went sailing and swimming and dancing with the twins and Jerry and Dave.

He left late Sunday night. I gave him Sally's address and made him promise not to see her or call her, but told him he could write her if he succeeded in scaring up a Braille typewriter and someone who knew how to use one. He thanked me and went away to the train.

As soon as John left, we all pitched into a campaign to get Sally home. But the kids showed good sense about the matter of Sally and John. They never mentioned it. They knew why she had run away, for Dave and the twins made me give them the whole story. The twins were disappointed because they loved the romance of it and wanted her to be happy. Dave just said to me, "Don't let her think that Johnny's given up. That bird's stubborn as hell and he told me he loved her."

The Story of Sally

from page 54

Sally came home ten days after John left. We made a great fuss over her because we could tell immediately that the thing was still bothering her. She was very quiet, almost listless, and though I never once heard her, I knew she cried at night. She played the piano a lot; and it gave away her moods. Once or twice I heard her playing as though she were trying to pound the keys out of the piano.

She didn't say anything about John, not to any of us. But I knew she received letters from him, so one morning at breakfast before the rest of the pack had come down I said, "Sal, do you ever hear from John Hartford?"

I didn't dare look at her when I spoke. She murmured, "Yes, I've had several letters."

"What's he doing?"
"Taking a course in summer school. And sailing and things."

Then I looked at her. The eyes were brimming and she was tightening her mouth to keep her chin still.

The twins came down then and I finished breakfast and went off to town and the office. I couldn't get her off my mind all day.

I thought about it a couple of days more and didn't get anywhere. Then I received a letter from John. He said very simply that he couldn't stand it any longer and that he had to see her. He asked my permission to come.

I sent him a wire immediately and told him he could come any time he wanted to. I wasn't certain that it was the right thing but I knew that no matter what happened, she'd never be any unhappier than she was then.

It was three days before he came. I arrived home one night and found him sitting on the porch with Sally.

The boy could certainly work magic with her. She was laughing and chatting; her face was beaming and flushed and even her eyes had a glitter and movement about them. I hadn't seen her like that since the night before she went away.

I shook hands with him and kissed her. He told me that he had sailed his boat down from Marblehead and had just arrived at the yacht club that afternoon. We talked on awhile, and soon we went in to dinner.

Jerry was there but the rest of the gang were off on their own enterprises. The twins had dinner dates and Dave was in Washington about a job he wanted. So it was a rather peaceful dinner for a change.

The first hint of something wrong was when

I noticed Sally wasn't eating. She was talking and smiling at John but just not eating.

They were going to drive into town that night to a concert at Lewisohn and then to a dance. John asked her if she would wear the black lace dress she had worn that time before and I knew she was pleased that he had remembered it. I wondered if he would send her another corsage and during dessert, the bell rang and there it was.

Jerry brought it in and said, "For you, sis," and handed it to her.

She took it but just put it in her lap. Finally I said, "Well, open it, Sal."

She did then, very slowly, and I saw it was just like the one he had sent her before.

John said, "There's no card this time, Sally. I didn't get the chance. But I—"

SHE put the box on the table, got up and started out of the room.

Then she did something she hadn't done in ten or twelve years. She missed the dining-room archway completely and went against the wall. She was half-running, so she hit pretty hard and went down on her knees.

I was up instantly but John was there ahead of me and picked her up.

She was sobbing and crying all the while but she got a grip on herself suddenly and lashed out at him, "Don't! Don't you dare! Don't you touch me! Don't pick me up—don't do anything for me. And don't pity me! I hate your pity! I hate it! I want you to go away! I don't want you to pity me any more!"

She twisted away from him and started for the stairs. But he was right after her and grabbed her and whirled her around. He took her by both arms and almost shook her.

"Sally!" he yelled, "I don't pity you one little bit! Do you understand? Not one bit! I never have and I never will!"

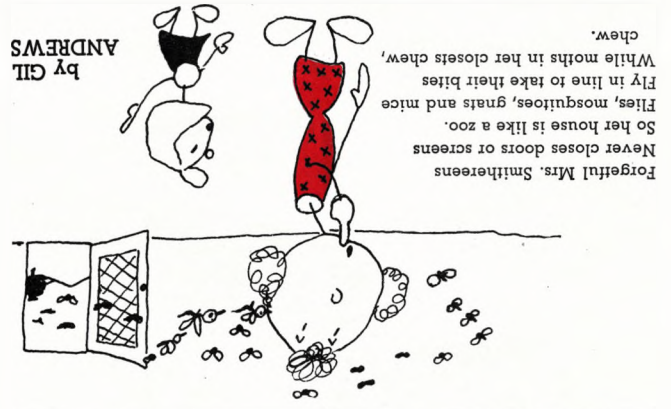
He let go of her arms then but held onto her hand. Then he went on, more quietly perhaps, but he put everything he had into the words. When he spoke, it was obvious he was shutting us out of his and Sally's world.

"Sally, why should I pity you? Because you miss a doorway? Why, I stumble over things and miss steps and walk into doors all the time. So does everyone else—with eyes or without. I'll be damned if I'll pity you for that! And why else should I pity you? You're beautiful—you must know it! No one would tell you that if it weren't true. And to me you are more beautiful and lovely than anything in the world. Should I pity you for that? And you are young and healthy and you can do nearly everything—you can dance better than

[continued on page 58]

THIS IS TOPSY-TURVY TOWN

WHERE EVERYTHING IS UPSIDE DOWN



by GIL ANDREWS

Forgetful Mrs. Smithereens
Never closes doors or screens
Flies, mosquitoes, gnats and mice
So her house is like a zoo.
Fly in line to take their bites
While mouths in her closets chew,

Here boys and girls are very wise, kind and fair and right
While grownups rave and misbehave all morning, noon and night.



ANNOUNCING THE BRILLIANT NEW *Laundromat* ... WITH THE DRAMATIC WATER SAVER

You're in for a thrill when you see this wonderful new Laundromat in action. For this completely automatic washer is now even more economical to use. Thanks to a sensational new device . . . the *Water Saver* . . . you can regulate the amount of water to the

amount of clothes to be washed. Small, medium or full-sized loads are laundered in just the right amount of water, *automatically*. Less water is needed, hot water goes farther, you save soap . . . and you enjoy all the benefits of workless washdays! Your Westinghouse

retailer will gladly wash a load of *your* soiled clothes in the new Laundromat. See for yourself how superbly clean it gets the clothes, how much time, work and money it saves. See, too, the many other members of this famous family of appliances he has on display, now.

Every house needs Westinghouse
Maker of 30 MILLION Electric Home Appliances

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION

Plants in 25 Cities • Offices Everywhere
 Appliance Division • Mansfield, Ohio

TUNE IN TED MALONE
 EVERY MORNING
 MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY
 A B C NETWORK

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

The Story of Sally

from page 56

anyone I know, you can swim, you can play the piano—you are wonderful at it. Should I pity you because of these things, then? No, darling. No! Listen, Sal, don't confuse love and pity. They're nothing alike. I love you, but pity you I do not! Do you understand? Not as long as I live!"

She stopped crying and looked up at him a little frightened and bewildered. I understood why, because he really sounded angry. When she spoke, her voice was hesitant and shy.

"I believe you, John . . . but—I can't ever be—I can't ever be what you want . . ."
"Darling, you *are* what I want. You are the only thing in the world I want!"

"No, John . . . no . . . please . . ."
He tried a new tack. "Darling, let's not go to the concert tonight. It's going to be a swell night for sailing out on the Sound and I'd like to take you on my boat. Will you come, please?"

She didn't answer for several seconds. Finally she said, "If it's all right with Dad."

John turned to me and I just nodded. But then, for Sally, I said, "Of course it's all right with Dad. It's a swell night to sail."

They went out then. And I noticed a funny thing. She deliberately took his hand and let him lead her.

I went back to finish dessert and I saw Jerry was looking at me rather peculiarly. Finally he said, "Pa, do they love each other?"

"I think they do, Jerry."

"Huh! Don't sound like much fun to me!"

I WAS having a second cup of coffee about eight-thirty the next morning when they came down. They were holding hands and looking very sheepish.

"I don't remember your coming in last night," I said.

"Mr. McLaughlin, the wind died about eleven, and . . . well, my motor conked out. So we just anchored and waited."

"Some wait."

"We fell asleep, I guess. And by the time we woke up, it was rather late. I'm sorry."

I said it was all right and they sat down to breakfast. But they didn't eat much. They just sat and smiled at each other and didn't say anything. They were sitting next to each other and I think they were holding hands.

They looked very happy together but I could tell from watching Sally that nothing had been settled. She smiled at him often and there was love and adoration in her smile, but when her face was turned away from his it wore a look of uncertainty and hidden fear.

Presently she excused herself and went upstairs. John went on eating his breakfast, apparently lost in thought.

Finally I said, "Well, how do things stand now, Johnny? Did you win the argument?"

"I won the argument, yes. But I haven't won the girl yet. She gives up hard."

"Yes, I know. Listen, John, I don't believe your story about the motor failing. You're too good a sailor for that."

He gave me a long look. "I didn't really expect you to believe me."

"What was the big idea?"

"Well—I had a lot of talking to do."

I honestly trusted them both so it was none of my business, but I was beside myself with curiosity. So I said, "Are you sure it was just talking?"

"No, sir, it wasn't just talking."

He smiled then and said, "Look, don't get any ideas. I'll tell you about it. First, when I got her out there, I talked. I talked myself blue in the face. I gave her every argument I could think of. I swore up and down that I did not pity her and never would. Then I argued that no one was forcing me to marry her, that there were plenty of other girls I could marry, so where did the pity come in? I pleaded with her to believe me that I had no intentions of marrying her or anyone else for pity—that I wanted her because I loved her, and her alone. Oh, we had quite a row. Then she tried to pull a fast one on me. She told me that when she was up at that camp she

fell in love with someone else, a blind boy."

"What did you say to that?"

"I knew that wasn't the truth. I questioned her some more and finally she admitted it was just a hoax."

"So, then what?"

"So then I guess I made love to her. Don't get the wrong idea, Mr. McLaughlin. We didn't misbehave."

"Was that wise?"

"Well, why shouldn't I? I had to prove to her that she's a woman—that, eyes or no eyes, she's completely desirable to me. I wanted her to know that she is everything *any* woman can be. I hope you're not sore."

I wasn't sore, no—but I was embarrassed. But I simply said, "No, I'm not sore. Did you prove it, though?"

"Yes, I think I did. But that's not the point. She still won't agree to marry me. In fact, she made me promise never to talk about marriage again and she said if I didn't promise she'd go away again, or make me go."

"And you agreed?"

"Yes, but don't think I have given up. I'm going to do something else, though. It's a bit drastic, but I think it will work."

"What is it?"

"If it's all right, I'd rather not tell you just now. You'll see, anyway, when it happens. But it may take a little time. Tell me frankly, may I stay here for another ten days or so?"

"Listen, John, I'm on your side—I want you to know that. But I also want you to know that I don't want Sally hurt. It's too late to back out of this now; it has to end happily or she is going to be hurt—and badly. You can stay around here for two weeks or for two months if necessary. As a matter of fact, I like having you around. All of us do. But be careful of Sally, do you understand? We all love her very much."

"None of you loves her any more than I do."

"You may be right—you probably do. But none of us can hurt her as you can, either."

Then we heard someone coming down the stairs. I could tell by the step it was Sally, so I motioned to John not to talk any more. But he whispered quickly, "Then just trust me."

FOR the next two weeks matters were pretty much out of my hands. As a matter of fact, all during that time I had no idea what was going on, what John's new "angle" was. None of us saw much of either him or Sally. Every morning after breakfast they would go off together, to sail or swim or ride in the car.

They went into New York nearly every other day and he took her to museums, concerts, plays and even on tours of the city, which is something I had never thought to do for her. He was very ingenious at finding little things to do, places to go that she could appreciate and enjoy. And nearly every night he took her dancing somewhere. He gave her flowers by the dozens and she adored them.

For all practical purposes, he took her out of the family life. We were all a little jealous but none of us said anything, for in all her life she had never been so happy and radiant and carefree. I missed her more than the others, for during that time she seemed afraid to come to me alone as she had always done and tell me about her worries or her good times, or for just talking. I think she was afraid she or I might say something to break the spell: for I know that during that time she was living in what was for her a dream world.

What it amounted to was romance, and John was giving her a romance such as no other girl has ever had. And she couldn't stop it or run away from it. She had tried that once and it hadn't worked. And this was her first romance. The twins had their puppy loves, their casual boy-and-girl relationships and a couple of serious loves apiece. But not Sally. Until now her life had been her family, her music and her school. So when romance did come to her it had a quality of magic and she could not let it go.

I do remember two remarkable things that occurred during those two weeks. One was nothing more than the way she looked at him. All about her mouth, and even in her eyes,

This fragrance that
weaves a romantic mood . . .
now so easily yours!

Be always dainty, always alluring . . . the secret is amazingly simple! Bathe every day with exquisite Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Adorn your skin with this lingering fragrance men love . . . a fragrance that comes from a secret wedding of rare perfumes far more costly than you would expect to find in any soap. Yes, do as popular girls have done for 79 years. Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap in your daily bath—and for your complexion, too!



Cashmere Bouquet

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love

was a wonderful glow—a visible evidence of love and adoration.

The other thing was even more noticeable—at least, to us in the family. Since childhood Sally had fought against anyone's assisting her in even the slightest customary way. She never wanted anyone to help her be seated at meals, or take her arm on the street, or help her into a car. Only when it was absolutely necessary would she be guided; and then you had to wait until she asked you. But with John she was completely different. Everywhere they went they held hands and he always took her arm when they crossed a street or went down steps. And at every meal he held her chair for her when she sat down and when she got up. And watching her you could tell she loved it; she delighted in his waiting on her, protecting her and helping her.

It was two weeks to the day after he had spoken to me that John pulled off his new maneuver. I had no hint until a telegram arrived for him late one Sunday afternoon.

He opened it and announced that his mother in Philadelphia wanted him to come home immediately because his younger brother was very sick. He said if he could borrow the extra car, he would go then and not even have supper. But just as he was leaving the room to go up for his bags, he winked at me. No, I didn't get it, but I knew he was up to something.

He came down again very quickly with his bags, and the twins and Jerry and Dave and I all said good-by to him while Sally stood by waiting. When John took her hand and they started through the hall toward the door, I silently stopped the rest of them from following. In fact, I shoed them upstairs. They were a little puzzled but they went.

No, I didn't go upstairs. I guess I acted like a mother hen fearful for her favorite chick, but anyway, I stayed in the living-room by the open porch window.

I heard John set his bags down and then I suppose he took her in his arms.

"Good-by, Sally."
She sniffed a little, then said, "By." But I know she was smiling when she said, "When am I going to see you again?"

He didn't answer for a long time—almost a minute. And then, "Darling, you're never going to see me again—as long as I live. Not unless you'll marry me. I can't take it any more, Sal. I can't see you and love you and want you without any hope of having you. You say you'll never marry me, so why—"

"Oh, John, no! Couldn't we, can't we just be together . . . I mean can't we just talk and go places . . . and dance? Can't we?"

"No, Sally, you and I can never just be together, just talk. When we're together we're in love. But you know, romances aren't supposed to go on forever—they are supposed to become marriages after a while."

"Johnny, you promised me you wouldn't say anything more about marriage."

"I'm not. I'm saying good-by."
"But I'm blind! Don't you understand that? I'm blind!"

"Yes, honey, I understand it. But it doesn't mean anything to me. The last two weeks have been the happiest in my life and I've spent them entirely with you. And I don't think it has occurred to me more than once or twice in all that time that you are blind. I'm sorry, Sally, but it's no excuse. It just doesn't mean anything to me."

"You're always saying that."
"I know. And I'll tell you something else. A guy likes his girl to believe him, to trust him. I'm hurt because you never believe me when I tell you how I feel about your blindness, about pitying you. You won't trust me, you won't accept what I say. That hurts."

"Oh no, John!"
"Oh yes, Sally."
"Please come back!"
"No, I'm not coming back, Sal. Give me a kiss now, for I'm going right away."

They didn't say anything more, or at least anything I could hear, and when I looked out the window I saw John carrying his bags across the lawn to the car. Sally was standing on the porch by the steps.

Then and there I understood what John had been up to. For two weeks he had worked to take her away from us and from everything that had ever mattered to her and to make her dependent on him. Now she not only worshiped him and loved him; she was dependent on him emotionally and in a dozen other ways. He had replaced me in her life, and all of us, and he had added himself. Now the whole structure of her life was different; it was built on a new foundation. And then he had pulled that foundation out from under her . . . quickly and completely. It was a dirty trick, all right.

JOHN reached the car but put his bags down and turned around. He looked at Sally on the porch, studying her hopefully. Finally he opened the door of the car and slammed it shut. But he didn't get in.

Sally didn't move or say a word.
He waited a minute or two, then walked around the front of the car to the driver's side. He reached through the window and pushed the starter button on the dashboard.
"John! No! No!"

She went down the steps as fast as I've ever seen her go and ran across the lawn toward the car. He ran and met her halfway and took her in his arms.

I turned away from the window and went into the library.

They came in shortly and I went to the door when I heard them. John was beaming from ear to ear and she was looking up at him with that smile she had only for him.

Two weeks later I led Sally up the aisle of St. Thomas' Church in New York. Her chin trembled a tiny bit when she turned to me and whispered, "Good-by, darling." But when I put her hand into John's and she turned her face up to him, it was there again—that wonderful smile—the smile, I guess, of a woman when she has the man she wants, and knows it. [THE END]



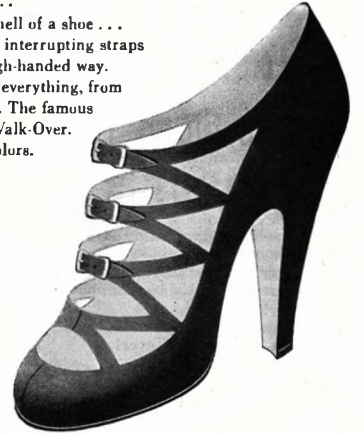
Happy-go-heels . . .
a street suede on the wonderfully easy-going Walk-Over Half-hite heel. Cut-out bow (as well as toe) give it a light and lively look. Black and brown.



Pretty Suedes

pretty sweet..you'll turn all heads on the street

Strap-dash . . .
the merest shell of a shoe . . . latted with interrupting straps in a nice, high-handed way. Superb with everything, from silks to suits. The famous "Sally" by Walk-Over. Black and colors.



Instep excitement . . .
demure but devastating little sling back, sleekly moulded to diminish your foot size. Perfect with swish-and-billow skirts. Black only.



Walk-Over

Walk-Over prices from \$12.95
Geo. E. Keith Company
Brocton 63, Mass.



"The doctor gives me ninety years to live."

No pressure on handle!

You don't have to bear down, ever!

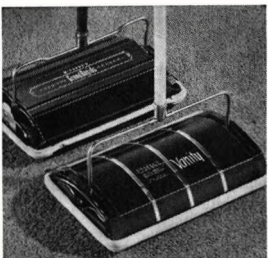
Just glide your new Bisell® over any rug, under beds, under the dining room table . . . for a perfect, instant pick-up!



"Bisco-matic"*
brush action
does work for
you!

This amazing new feature adjusts the brush automatically to any pile rug, thick or thin . . . without any pressure on the handle whatsoever!

It makes your quick clean-ups faster, cleaner than ever!



"Bisco-matic" is exclusive with Bisell, and is available now in two models . . . the "Vanity", at \$8.45, and the "Grand Rapids" at only \$6.95.

Complete with "Sta-up" Handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty.

BISSELL SWEEPERS

The Bisell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Pat. U.S. Pat. Off. Bisell's patented roll spring patented brush.

and to play the role of a chief mourner.

Late that afternoon, after Hallie's funeral, Amelia Danielle was standing before her cheval glass, removing her shawl and bonnet. In the mirror she watched not her own face but William's, clear and pale against the crimson rep of a high-backed chair. With his black hair brushed in a waving lock above his forehead, his deep-set blue eyes in shadow, a high collar starch-white against the lean shape of his jaw, he looked as he did in the miniature painted just before their marriage. In it William seemed imperious, aloof, romantic, gloomy and Byronic. A William who could speak as he had in the days of their courtship. Murmurs such as "When Miss Amelia dances, it is the poetry of motion," poems like Coleridge's Love. That was the fare she had expected eternally. "All thoughts, all passions, all delights," indeed! They lay for William in his fiery love for the State of Georgia. What woman before herself, mused Amelia bitterly lifting her hands to her bonnet strings, had ever had to be jealous of a state?

And now William was observing absently, "Remember, my dear, to have Dinah polish the front-door knob tomorrow—the senator may come in . . ." At that moment Amelia felt a tightness at her throat, felt herself slipping to the straw matting, heard, as though far away, a rustle and a whoosh of skirts. Blackness snuffed out the room.

Her moment of unconsciousness was brief. Only a flicker of darkness and she was aware of William's arms about her lifting her to the bed, of his cheek rough on her cheek and his voice deep and distressed in her ears: "Amelia, my own dearest!" She kept her eyes closed longer than she needed, breathing in his special scent of tobacco and eau de cologne while he fanned her and called for Dinah. She lay there and let them make a fuss over her, and when she decided on recovery, restrained an impulse to sit up. When she opened her eyes William's face was close to hers, his eyes dark and full of love; he covered her fingers with kisses and stroked her hair. He sat and tenderly talked to her as one would to a sick child and the last gleams of the sunset faded on the wallpaper. She allowed herself to be propped up with pillows and lay in blissful silence while he made plans for a day that they were to have in town together when she recovered.

They would start early so that Amelia could go shopping. They would take luncheon at his aunt's house and Amelia might rest there afterward. Then, he went on, they would go to the jeweler's and see if they could find a stone for the seed-pearl pendant his mother had left Amelia.

"The stone Ma lost," observed William, "was an opal and I would like to find one for you."

"Oh no!" Amelia cried out in alarm, sitting bolt upright in bed. "An opal is bad luck."

"I despise superstition," William declared.

"William," said Amelia, solemnly staring before her, "it's just as bad luck to wear an opal when it is not your birthstone as it is to bring peacock feathers into the house."

WILLIAM laughed but vague terrors seemed to lie in the dusk of the room. "Please light the candle," she whispered. He struck a match and the room sprang into pale light and spidery shadow. "William, I am afraid," said Amelia in a trembling voice, stretching out her hand to him. He patted it gently.

"Now sleep, my dear one. You must be so tired." He kissed her and turned away. "I shall just go down and have a glance at the Gazette." He paused at the door and looked back. "By the way, sweet," he murmured, "don't forget to speak to Dinah."

Amelia felt a leaden dullness weigh down her limbs. She blew out the candle and sank back on the bed. She lay still and straight in the close dusk, staring up at the fluted canopy that hung above her like a white expanded flower. Outside the open window the sparks of fireflies showed fitfully against a gray curtain of live oaks and moths fluttered with dull whispers against the ceiling. The thin wail of a mosquito quavered now here, now there. Wearily, Amelia pulled down the mosquito bar.

Fire Opal

from page 25

She lay and envied Hallie. Hallie's short life with its intensity, color—even pain—seemed better than the monotony that spread out ahead of her with the dun flatness of a salt marsh. Ten minutes ago she had been happy in recapturing for an instant the enfolding attention she craved; now she thought of Charles Martin and the shot-silk dress and she twisted and wrung her little soft hands together and wished that she could be ill, so ill that William would live in fear of her dying.

Not a painful agonizing illness—nothing like that. Just something vague and dangerous, something continuous, sad and not too uncomfortable. A sort of decline, a romantic eternal dying on a couch.

If, for example, she could grow thin, cough now and then, practice a graceful lassitude. Ah then, how William would worship at her feet! How he would adore her!

She folded her arms comfortably above her head and stretched out on the quilted coverlet, her mind suddenly fascinated by an idea that had glided into it like a snake.

ALWAYS in July and August she visited her mother in Tennessee. The change of climate usually did her good; she preferred the air of her native uplands to the languid breezes of William's savannas and her mother's food

Hard Teacher

We learn from experience. A man never wakes up his second baby just to see it smile.

GRACE WILLIAMS

contributed to her softness and roundness and pale rosy look.

But after her visit this year, when she stepped off the train, she saw the change in her appearance mirrored in the sudden anxiety of William's eyes. He came forward to greet her, his face alight, and then a shadow seemed to fall upon him. As he pressed her to him, she could feel an extra yearning strength in his embrace, a tribute, she felt, to her unwonted fragility and pallor and to the singular loveliness that had come over her as she had "fallen away." Everyone in Tennessee had spoken of it: "How beautiful Amelia is looking! But how she has fallen off!" They all worried about her and urged her mother to give her beef tea and port. She was lovely because her bones were beautiful and because she dressed with immeasurable care. But she was too thin, so thin that her eyes looked enormous, with violet shadows under them. William, clasping her fragile wrists, quivered visibly when Amelia gave her first restrained subtly modulated cough . . .

When she had been helped with tender care to the couch in the parlor, Amelia looked about her with satisfaction. The draperies were partly drawn and only one shaft of sunlight showed what a hot bright afternoon it was. The furniture looked cool and polished, the floor was laid with green matting. A bowl of evergreen leaves hid the opening of the round pale-marble fireplace. William—whose first act was to tell Dinah to make a sherry eggnog and to bring it at once—was excellent as housekeeper. No one, certainly, could be heartless enough now to ask Amelia to see that Dinah dusted under the sofa. The sight of William, attentive as he was and giving all the orders, was all that any woman could desire. It was worth it, thought Amelia lying back on the cushions and resting as a conqueror might rest after hard-earned victory, worth all the struggle and misery, worth the turning of the head from the Sally Lunn and the batter bread, the denial of the beaten biscuit and the corn pone, the stealing of her will against fried chicken and ham, pound cake and tippy squire. It was worth the miserable diet of black coffee, greens and thin biscuit she had suffered, until now, queerly, she no longer cared for food; worth even the struggle with

her mother. All through July and August Mrs. Blandy had lamented. Amelia had been such a delicate child! The trouble she had had in raising her! She would write to William, she would send for the doctor! Through the long sultry days that she had stormed, fretted, pleaded, Amelia had had her way only by a judicious and recurrent use of hysterics.

Now William was babbling about Dr. Moise. Just to look her over. Oh, he could see she was well, but her thinness worried him. Let him bring Dr. Moise just to feel her pulse. But Amelia felt herself grow clammy-cold with the dread of the deceiver who feels herself on the brink of discovery. No, no, no! She burst into tears and would not let herself be consoled until William, in wretched submission, promised to forget about the doctor. Amelia kept on sobbing gently for a long time. She was afraid of Dr. Moise. He was penetrating, learned, brilliant and most disagreeable. He was youngish and wore glasses; he made her think of a crow or a raven. He would see through her with those beady black eyes of his and he would not even bother to conceal his contemptuous clairvoyance.

William consoled her as one would a child and dried her tears with his pocket handkerchief. Then with an air of mystery he put his hand in his pocket and brought out an oval jewel box of crimson velvet. Had she forgotten that today, the ninth of September, was her birthday? Amelia took the box in her delicate fingers and looked at it expectantly for a moment. She unclasped the tiny latch. The lid fell back and she saw the seed-pearl filigree lying on pale satin. It was set with an opal that smoldered with changing lights of flame and emerald . . .

"William!" She caught her breath sharply.

"I hope you like the stone in the setting," said William, blind in his enthusiasm to her fixed cheerless look. He had gone to a cupboard from which he had taken out a pasteboard box. He opened it, rustled tissue paper and lifted out a gown. It was of changeable silk and Amelia recognized it immediately.

"Hallie's . . ." she faltered, unpleasantly affected by the sight of it. It was as if a cobweb had touched her face or a moth had brushed her with its wings.

"Charles begs you to accept it," said William, "in memory of your friend." He raised the blind and moved the silk so that fire played in the soft gray folds—flame, emerald, ruby—as it did in the opal.

"How very kind," said Amelia in a dull tone. "How kind of him . . ."

William held the pendant against the dress. Amelia felt a pang in her heart. It was compounded of fear and superstition and, yes, jealousy of Hallie was mixed with it. She could so vividly remember Charles Martin's hands plunged in the folds of that dress—and it was bitterly clear to her that, even though he might think her ill and suffering, William's solicitude fell short of the intensity she craved. It was a mere echo of her mother's. She felt a sudden violent resentment against him and with a pettish childish gesture she pushed away the eggnog Dinah had set beside her. She was determined to waste away until William agonized in a proper manner.

But lying back among the cushions, idly staring at the jewel he held, she was caught in spite of herself by the exquisite combination of opal and silk. In a vision she saw herself attired in all that elegance. She shook off her superstitious reluctance and with a fascinated sense of tempting danger smiled as she gazed at the pendant.

THE days that followed hovered on a lofty romantic plane. William read poetry to her—The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Erl-King, Love—as he had in the days of their courtship, and talked of things cloudy and remote—of the beauty of the sunset, of Gothic castles by moonlight or of the Moorish fountains and courtyards described by Mr. Washington Irving. He brought her tuberoses and grapes. Sometimes, in the cool of the evening, she went for a gentle stroll on his arm. For a fortnight she was reasonably contented.

The next week was not so pleasant. For one thing, there was less to talk about. Also, William had moments of absent-mindedness when

[Continued on page 62]

ARE YOU REALLY
SURE OF
YOUR PRESENT
DEODORANT?
TEST IT AGAINST
NEW PERFECT
FRESH

SEE
FOR YOURSELF
WHICH STOPS
PERSPIRATION—
PREVENTS ODOR
BETTER!

Be Lovelier to Love
with new perfect **FRESH**

P.S. Test FRESH yourself at our expense. See if FRESH isn't more effective, creamier, smoother than any deodorant you've ever tried. Only FRESH can use the patented combination of amazing ingredients which gives you this safe, smooth cream that doesn't dry out . . . that really stops perspiration better. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for a free jar.



SWAN alone has this Super-Creamed Blend!

Feel it in the smoother cake!

Touch a cake of Swan. You can actually feel the extra smoothness, the extra creaminess! It comes from the super-creamed blend that is Swan's alone.



Feel it in the creamier lather!

Swan's super-creamed blend gives you richer, creamier, more abundant lather . . . lather that gives your skin extra mild, extra thorough cleansing.



Let Swan keep your skin looking younger!

Because of its super-creamed blend, Swan's lather cleanses so gently, rinses away so completely . . . your skin looks softer, smoother, younger.

The Swan look
is a young look!

Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company



Fire Opal

from page 60

he talked about the things that interested him—the election of Mr. Lincoln, for instance. Sometimes he would even be so tactless as to murmur that he would like her to see Dr. Moise. Mention of the doctor meant vapors, tears, hysterics. And yet, with incredible obtuseness, even cruelly according to his wife, he persisted in reverting to the subject.

By the third week, Amelia began to hate the life she was leading. She felt more and more restless and uncomfortable on the hot sofa; at night she slept badly. Her appetite had genuinely deserted her. Her eyes ached so that she could not keep them on the pages of *Morte d'Arthur*. And when she looked in her mirror it seemed to her that her delicate pallor was turning to sallowness. In alarm, lest as her mother had foretold she would lose all her looks, she began reluctantly to swallow the raw eggs and the glasses of milk that William brought her. Each time she objected fretfully and peevishly but she drank them. Actually she was thinner now than when she had come home and William became increasingly disturbed. He fairly pestered the life out of her until at last, after a month, her will to resist deserted her. For the sake of peace she gave in to William's importunities.

DR. MOISE was not so unpleasant as she had expected. He came one afternoon and was polite and detached, cool and brisk. He ventured the suggestion that she was anemic and needed building up. He would give her a tonic, he said cheerfully, that would do her worlds of good and she must drink port. He left the room with William and half an hour later she heard his buggy drive away. Abolition, states' rights—that was what they would be talking about, as usual, she thought, wryly. How tiresome men were.

She felt a little nervous about facing William, for if she had not deceived the hawklike Dr. Moise, William could be shrewd enough to suspect her of malingering. She had a feeling, however, that starvation had stood her in good stead. She got up and dressed languidly in a thin dress, powdering her cheeks to make them still more wan. The soft gray-green voile of her frock became her pallid fairness marvelously well. She looked as frail and floating as the gray moss on the oaks.

Dim sunlight lingered under the trees as she and William went for their evening walk. William carried her little cape in case a breeze should spring up. It was the very end of summer. There was a trilling of crickets in the grass, a showery paleness of aster and opening seed pod. They drifted on, arm in arm, talking as they had not talked for a long time, of little

things that seemed somehow to bring them close to each other.

The church lay green and fading in the thickening twilight. Amelia felt a vague unreasoning depression steal over her. The live oaks rose up all around the church, high and overarching like the groined vaults of a vaster cathedral. In the yellowing grass the tombstones tilted this way and that, for some were very old. Amelia looked at the drooping moss, at the ivy that crawled over the branches, and thought of the roots of the trees that went down into the earth and stretched this way and that among the graves. How sad it all was. She had never felt like this before. It was as though sadness were washing over her in soft sighing gusts like the seawind. All at once, with a trembling prescience, she knew that it was William's sadness that was drawing her down into some shadowy depth of melancholy. She looked up at him. His face wore an expression of remoteness and he walked like a somnambulist, unseeingly.

A toad hopped suddenly across the road and Amelia, startled, gave a little gasp and clung to William. He put his arm around her and drew her close. There was such strength of love in his embrace that she was troubled in some obscure corner of her mind. He held her—she sought deep in her memory and found the reason—he held her as the traveler clasped his child to keep him from the erlking. She paused, trembling as if she were cold, and looked up at him, searching his face.

"What did Dr. Moise say was the matter with me?" she asked.

William's gaze flickered and fell. "Why, that you are slightly anemic, my dear. That was all." He gave a bright forced smile.

"Tell me, William!"

William only smiled and the smile was meant to inform her that she was a little silly, a little featherhead, who must drink port and grow strong. She wavered, half-convinced, looked down—and then she saw his hand holding her cape.

It was clear to see in the evening light, sharp and shadowed as a drawing, finely shaped, virile, long-fingered. It gripped the ruffle of the cape so tightly that veins stood out on the back under the fine dark hairs. It was eloquent of knowledge, of grief, of passionate love—eloquent as Charles Martin's had been, clutching Hallie's dress . . .

She put her hands over her eyes to shut it out.

But it was no use; even with closed eyelids she could see William's hand and a table in a sunlit room and the flame of a lamp still burning in the daylight. [THE END]

Take Them off the Human Scrap Heap

from page 32

everywhere. In one ward four rows of them stretched from wall to wall to accommodate more than seventy bedridden women. The only paid employee on duty was an eighty-year-old woman who works a twelve-hour shift. "If there were only room for chairs, lots of these patients could be out of bed at least part of the day," she told me. As it is, the patients have lain idle for years.

Near by is a similar ward in the making. Here are the younger physical cripples. They too spend their time in bed. Their view of life is what they can see between the bare bars of their cribs. The prospects of their ever walking seem dim. In this institution the proportion of bedridden seemed overwhelmingly higher than in any other institution I visited. The better places have demonstrated that the more patients are encouraged to be mentally alive and out of bed—if only to crawl on the floor or be propped in chairs—the fewer remain as permanent crib cases.

Equally dim, I felt, is the outlook for the moral and social rehabilitation of the young girls who help care for these babies. All of the girls are bright enough to be trained to lead useful lives. Some, indeed, are borderline cases (70-80 IQ) committed by juvenile courts

as delinquents. During school vacations their training consists of working on this ward twelve hours a day. Of course a certain amount of experience in caring for children is excellent training and in addition gives a girl the needed sense, and satisfaction, of doing for others. But such harsh penance threatens to make already antisocial girls more likely than ever to be behavior problems.

A few training schools add to the insult of abandoned hope the injury of jail-like discipline. Institutional regimentation is crushing enough for normal children; for mental deficiencies, with less initiative to begin with, it is doubly devastating.

In the midwest is an institution with modern buildings and an educational director who really wants to do well by his children. But indoors and outdoors the place looks like a prison. Porches are heavily barred. Stone floors are rugless. The walls are of tile and there are no pictures or plants in any of the dormitories or dayrooms.

The brighter girls—known as the working girls—jumped up and stood like soldiers at attention when we entered their dayroom. The matron in charge showed us what she called "the jail"—three small rooms with peephole

doors, each room furnished with a bed only. Talking at meals is forbidden. Even the high-grade small boys ate in silence. When they wanted seconds, they held their plates high above their heads. This is the training they get for the ways of the outside world. In the dayroom of a locked "security" building I found a handsome blond boy of about twenty curled on the floor.

"Is he sick?" I inquired.
 "Oh, no," the attendant said. "Jimmie likes to lie there."
 "You don't look very comfortable, Jimmie," I said. Jimmie grinned, sat up and pulled a stub of pencil out of his overalls.
 "Would you like some paper?" I asked. He nodded eagerly so I pulled some blank pages out of my notebook and gave them to him.
 "Jimmie can't write," said the attendant.
 "Well, he can have fun scribbling," I replied, thinking of the reams of paper my own children had happily covered with scrawls during their preschool days. And Jimmie *did* have fun scribbling. Not only that, he began behaving quite normally. He pulled a chair up to a table and sat down.

LATER, when I told this story to Dr. Charles L. A. Zeller, Director of the Indiana Council of Mental Hygiene, his indignant comment was, "And maybe Jimmie could have been taught to write!"

For this institution of fifteen hundred there are two doctors, without a single graduate nurse to assist them. In the hospital building I did not even see the two doctors. One, I learned, was on vacation. The superintendent didn't know where the other was. The sixty-odd epileptics in the place do not get the modern medication that can largely control seizures. But when the people of a state are willing to spend only a dollar and ten cents a day for each child—exclusive of clothing—you cannot expect the children to get the benefits of modern medical science.

You can't expect good teaching, either. Most of the teachers in this school are unlicensed.

Little or no education is the rule rather than the exception in state training schools. Here are some typical facts gleaned from the United States Public Health surveys:

In a western school there is only one teacher, who has other duties, for three hundred children. In another western school "no educational and training program." In a southern institution's school only sixty to ninety minutes a day, four days a week, with only one of the two teachers at all qualified. In another southern institution of three hundred and fifty only three children in the school can read; the one teacher is also responsible for recreation, "of which there is very little." A southwestern school has two teachers for twelve hundred and fifty; when the present superintendent took over a few years ago she found attempts were being made to teach mental deficient algebra!

Even at the Mansfield State Training School in Connecticut, where the quality of teaching is superb, of six hundred children who might benefit by teaching only two hundred and fifty can be taught for one hour a day each because the schoolhouse won't hold more. A new schoolhouse is being built.

From these facts, you will may ask: What chance does a backward child have of getting the training that would enable him to go out and lead a normal life in the community?

Throughout the country I also observed many evidences of what is politely called restraint. At one place an epileptic boy was lying in a strait jacket, though doctors say movement should be free during seizures. Elsewhere I came across two small girls tied like dogs on leashes, one end of a rope around their waists, the other attached to a hook on the walls. "It keeps them from getting hurt," I was informed. I did not visit, but read an official report on a western state training school where one little girl was chained in bed and many children were confined in steel cages.

At one school I was appalled to learn that the brighter boys and girls are sometimes disciplined by being placed in "untidy" wards—wards for low-grade children unable to control their natural functions. And I was still

more appalled when I later learned from a psychiatrist with wide institutional experience that this practice, not only cruel but dangerously likely to cause the breakdown of good habits, is fairly common.

Even in the better places children are not outdoors enough. Whenever I commented on the numbers locked in wards or cottages, I'd be told: "Oh, but they do go out in summer." Or, "This is exceptional—ordinarily they'd be out working." Or, "They're out every fine day." It so happened that it was not raining any day I was visiting training schools and sometimes the weather was pleasantly warm. Apparently the interpretation of a fine day is a narrow one.

Girls are even more confined and repressed than are boys, as a rule. In one institution the girls are kept behind a barbed wire fence, while the boys are free to roam the grounds. At another, the boys have a recreational hall where they can bowl, play pool and table tennis and purchase refreshments. Softball games are engaged in by more than fifty boys at least five evenings a week. But in the school's annual report, the older girls' recreation was dismissed with a single statement: "During the summer months many of the girls who are physically able are taken for walks in the late evening."

If girls are to be prepared to make their way in the world, they must have the opportunity to mingle socially—under supervision of course—with the opposite sex. I found that a few of the best state training schools do get their brighter boys and girls together at chaperoned parties or dances. But elsewhere the paths of boys and girls never cross. Perhaps even worse than keeping the two sexes completely segregated is allowing them continually to catch tantalizing glimpses of one another without ever permitting them to meet.

Dr. Neil A. Dayton, Superintendent of the Mansfield State Training School in Connecticut, told me his ideas on this subject. "We aid adjustment in the school by letting the girls mingle socially now and then with the boys, at supervised dances and parties. Then, when they go outside on parole they are not overly excited by contacts with the opposite sex."

"In the community we give them careful social-service supervision. The families with whom they are placed are instructed not to let them go out alone. It is a while before we permit them to have boy friends. But over a period of time, our social service workers gradually relax supervision and allow a girl to take over more and more responsibility until she is finally leading a normal social life.

"We have had very little difficulty with our paroled girls. During the last six or seven years there have been three illegitimate babies. As several hundred young women are involved, it would seem to be a better record than has been made by the community in general. Not one girl discharged over the past ten years has been in sex difficulties."

MANY boys and girls have been successfully trained and paroled by the better institutions. If a child's health, personality, work habits, ability to handle money, self-control, self-confidence and, above all, his ability to get along with other people have been built up with about three to five years' training, he can adjust in the community about as well as brighter folk.

Records of the North Jersey Training School for girls show that during the last nineteen years about sixty per cent of all persons admitted have gone out to live successfully in the community. Other good schools have relatively good records. Among a hundred and sixty-two now on parole from the District of Columbia Training School are a manager of a chain store earning fifty-five dollars a week, a supervisor of a group of laundry workers, a cafeteria counter waitress, a baker's helper, a maid in a well-to-do home and a hospital kitchen worker with a civil service rating. In Connecticut a boy with a low IQ earns forty-five dollars a week and a girl with an even lower IQ earns thirty-five.

Why, then, do so many schools clutch children tight for life? One reason is that they lack facilities for personnel and training their charges. But there is apparently another more

[continued on page 64]



Betty Crocker's* New MAPLE CHIFFON CAKE New Taste! New Texture!

Delicate Wesson Oil helps to make it moist, tender, and keep fresh longer.

Try MAPLE NUT CHIFFON... it's easy!

Preheat oven to 325° (slow mod.). Sift flour. Chop nuts.

STEP 1
 Measure (level) and sift together

- 1 cup sifted Gold Medal Flour (spoon lightly, don't pack)
- ¾ cup ¼ cup plus 2 tbsp. sugar
- 1½ tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt

Mix in

- ¾ cup brown sugar (packed in cup)

Make a well and add in order

- ¼ cup Wesson Oil (measures easy, mixes easy)
- 3 unbeaten egg yolks
- ¾ cup cold water
- 1 tsp. maple flavor

Beat with spoon until smooth.

STEP 2
 Whip to stiff peaks.

- ½ cup egg whites (about 4)
- ¼ tsp. cream of tartar

Do not underbeat. (Beat stiffer than for angel food or meringue.)

STEP 3—Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites, gently folding with rubber scraper just until blended. Do not stir.

Gently fold in with few strokes { ½ cup very finely chopped nuts

Pour immediately into ungreased loaf pan, 5 x 10 x 3 in. Bake 50 to 55 min. in slow moderate oven (325°) or until top springs back when lightly touched. Turn pan upside down, resting edges on 2 other pans. Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen sides with spatula; turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen. 8 to 10 servings. Delicious plain... *extra-delish* with Browned Butter Icing.

BROWNED BUTTER ICING: Melt slowly until lightly browned ¼ cup butter. Blend with 2 cups sifted confectioner's sugar, 2 tsp. cream, 1 tsp. Wesson Oil, 1½ tsp. vanilla. Stir in 1 tbs. hot water; stir to smooth spreading consistency.



*Of General Mills, Inc.

Chiffon Cake is just *one* delight you can bake with Wesson Oil. Waffles and Muffins taste extra delicious when you use Wesson as the melted shortening. And Brownies give out with all their rich chocolatey flavor! Here's the recipe:—

Wesson Oil for baking—for salads



WESSON WONDER-BROWNIES

- 1 cup all purpose flour
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- ¾ tsp. double-action baking powder
- ¾ cup Wesson Oil
- ¾ tsp. salt
- 2 sq. cooking chocolate, melted
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- ½ cup nuts, coarsely chopped

Sift flour, baking powder, salt. Beat sugar into eggs; mix in Wesson Oil, chocolate, vanilla. Add flour, all at once; mix well. Add nuts. Turn into Wesson-Oiled pan (7 x 11). Bake in mod oven (350°) 20 minutes. Cool 5 minutes; turn out of pan, cut into 16 squares. *Easy?* Yes, Wesson Oil measures and mixes as easy as water. *Good?*... M-m! delicate Wesson Oil reveals fine flavors!

WANT 227 RECIPES? Get new Wesson Oil and Snowdrift cookbook "How to Win Compliments". 100 pages, many full-color photos. Send name, address and 25c in coin to Wesson Oil & Snowdrift, New Orleans 12, La.

Take Them off the Human Scrap Heap

from page 63



Heart's Delight

WHOLE FRUIT NECTARS
APRICOT-PEACH-PEAR

Whole fruit goodness! Whole fruit healthfulness! It's the original, irresistible "Juicidrink" for your whole family—bringing the zest of fresh, ripe whole apricots specially selected for nectar use.

Discover Heart's Delight Peach and Pear Nectars, too! Same tempting whole fruit quality! In a flavor-class by themselves, not only as a beverage, but also in alluring sherbets, salads, dressings, sauces, punches, desserts! Try the tested recipes on every Nectar label!



RICHMOND-CHASE CO., San Jose, Calif.

shocking reason: the children are useful in the institutions.

"I'm sure over twenty per cent of the high-grades now in state training schools could get out and get along if they weren't so useful," said a state official who asked me not to quote him by name. And many administrators admitted: "We couldn't run the place without the working children."

One southern training school has girls working in its laundry from seven A.M. to seven P.M. The superintendent of a border-state school told me, "I'd have to hire ten men to do the work of the farm boys." Three of the boys he referred to were intelligent enough to run a tractor. Often superintendents' wives are reluctant to let capable houseworkers go. "I like to keep them as long as I can," one woman remarked to me naively.

To give children a real preparation for getting along in the world, they should be moved from one chore to another. In this way they can acquire increasingly difficult skills and the assurance that comes from knowing you can succeed at more than one task. Eventually they can be paroled to take outside jobs.

Social workers are essential for a successful program of parole. Keeping an eye on children placed out, watching their environments, and counseling for a period are almost as important as prior training within the school. Yet more state training schools don't have workers than have them.

No wonder one superintendent talked fearfully to me of parole. He had made a few attempts at placing out boys and girls. They got into trouble or were exploited and had to be taken back. Like other superintendents who have had similar experiences, he now thinks it safer to keep his children locked up, although they are potential assets to the community.

Some of the children who spend their lives behind training school doors that don't open outward should never have been committed in the first place. Feeble-mindedness is a complex matter of mind, personality and social adjustment. The haphazard careless way in which children are committed is shocking. Even a low IQ established by a more or less competent psychologist does not mean that institutionalization is really necessary. Yet some states are satisfied with commitment by a jury trial. Some accept certificates of one or two physicians who may know little or nothing about mental deficiency. In the many institutions where there is no staff psychologist, a brief conversation with the superintendent may be all that determines whether a child is placed in a low-grade or high-grade unit or, indeed, whether he really belongs in the institution at all.

THE psychologist at Southbury Training School in Connecticut, which carefully tests and retests, told me that within sixteen months he had found at least fifteen mistakes in outside diagnoses of mental deficiency. Some children, originally testing low during an emotional disturbance, had recovered and were really dull normals. Surely it would be cheaper in the long run to support good psychological service in all our state training schools than to continue to support people who might be supporting themselves.

Low-grade mental deficient are unlikely ever to become community assets. But I believe that if American women could see what I have seen they would not want to skimp on their care. Take, for instance, what the superintendent of one midwestern institution called "our nudist colony."

"We keep some boys in here who just won't stay dressed," the attendant said. She threw open a door and I was confronted with half a dozen naked adults confined in a damp lavatory. They were fed there too, the attendant told me, from the washbasins that run trough-like along the center. "We wash them out," she hastened to explain.

One of the poor creatures still had enough human initiative to dash into the dayroom. "Get in there!" the attendant exclaimed and he scuttled back.

My visit to Woodbine State Colony, New

Jersey, was evidence to me that such conditions need not be. Woodbine is an institution exclusively for low-grade mental deficient. The average mental age of its some eight hundred boys is two years and two months. Precisely as E. L. Johnstone, its superintendent, has written: "The Colony is a world in slow motion, geared to provide a maximum of happiness and joy to the Least of These." To me, he said, when I asked whether I could prove to American women that it paid to teach these children: "I cannot possibly give an economic justification for what we do here. But the reasons for helping these handicapped children to fulfill themselves as much as possible within their limitations are so profound they don't need explanation." He was right. The reasons are spiritual, in the deepest sense of the word.

More than once tears came to my eyes at Woodbine. The attractive table set for the boys in the "best" cottage—the brightest having a five-year-old mentality—and the contented mannerly way in which they ate contrasted poignantly with what I had seen at meal-times elsewhere. There were the little boys in nursery school and their delighted expressions when we applauded their clap-clap dance. There was the middle-aged boy, with a two-year intelligence, who beamingly showed me a piece of embroidery: "I'm making for my mama." The eighteen-year-old with an eighteen-month-old's intelligence and lack of speech but an adult's coordination, who found peace and satisfaction in weaving. The pride of the children who had their regular jobs such as shining shoes or pouring milk or shoveling ashes or weeding.

Here the playrooms are real playrooms—gay with murals inexpensively made by outlining projected lantern slides and letting the children fill in the colors. Flowered paper daperies hang at the windows. On all the sun porches are bright pots of plants.

By means of massage, simple exercises and a consistent policy of "Get them out of bed!" crib cases become walkers. "When I came here," an attendant told me, "twenty of the boys were in bed. Now all but two walk. And," she added emphatically, "those two are going to walk too." Soiling is well under control; children who do not talk have been taught to raise their hands, utter a sound or press their stomachs to indicate a need to go to the bathroom. One youngster, so damaged that the only motion he could make was to contract his fingers, learned to press a rubber whistle as his signal. Surely no mother would settle for less decent humane care for her baby if he were not like other children.

Mental deficient such as those at Woodbine must probably be institutionalized all their lives. But thousands of others—at present more than a hundred and nine thousand children are in state training schools—are being institutionalized much longer than necessary. At the same time, scores of mental deficient are kept on waiting lists, often for years.

"If we had the facilities to train children properly and keep them moving out," I was told several times, "we mightn't need more buildings."

Meanwhile families are intolerably burdened with the care of the helpless; mental deficient vegetate in jails and almshouses because there is no other place for them to go; and more than ten thousand known to be mentally well are in state hospitals for the mentally sick. At least one state makes no provision at all for feeble-minded Negroes.

Even the ideal institution, however, is not the whole answer to caring for mental deficient. The reasons they must be institutionalized are various and usually have as much to do with their family circumstances as with their IQ's. But most of those who are mentally subnormal, according to Dr. Elise Martens of the United States Office of Education, would get along quite well living at home if communities provided special teaching, guidance clinics, recreation centers and supervision.

HERE and there are promising projects for the care of mental deficient outside institutions. Placement with foster families has been successful in a few states. In a small-scale experiment in New Jersey, a teacher works with a child and parents when a child is on the waiting list. I went with her to several homes where there were Mongolian idiots, born, as they always are, to normal parents, most of whom have other normal children. And they were happy homes. So well have the children come along within their limitations, so much better adjusted have the families become to the child, that of twenty-four who had children on the waiting list seventeen have decided not to institutionalize even should a bed become available.

Our state training-school classrooms, instead of being so often a refuge for incompetents, should be training grounds for remedial teachers working in special classes outside the institution as well as those working in it. Classes should be under the supervision of the state educational department, like other schools.

"No state, without exception," says Dr. L. N. Yepsen, president of the American Association on Mental Deficiency, "has a really satisfactory, well-integrated and coordinated program for its mental deficient."

The whole situation is so deplorable that the steps to remedy it must inevitably be slow and many. And it will never fully clear up until the state training school ceases to be an isolated place of last resort, until it has a give-and-take relation with other facilities in the community. There is a way, however, that you can help immediately.

More money is the key to the problem, not only for more space but for more personnel and better qualified personnel. Without more money neither administrators nor attendants can make improvements. American women can demand that their state legislatures greatly increase appropriations, must be willing to pay a few cents extra for taxes that will ensure children in all state training schools real training and good care. The investment will pay off well—not only in spiritual satisfaction but in actual salvage of human beings. [THE END]

Make the Coming Year Count for Your Woman's Club

● If your woman's club wants programs of vital interest with definite suggestions for action, wants increased prestige in your community, the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION has complete program meetings, based on its public service articles, available each month to its readers without charge. For details write to:

BETTY CARTER

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

250 Park Avenue, New York City 17.

for the
finest
fastest
easiest

cooking
in your life...
choose a new



TAPPAN
 AUTOMATIC GAS
 RANGE BUILT TO
 "CP" STANDARDS.

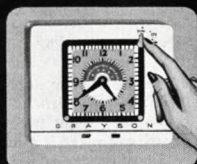


Only the new automatic Gas ranges built to exacting "CP" standards carry this seal. Look for it when you buy. It's your guide to the fastest, finest, most modern cooking appliances in the world. The TAPPAN Gas range shown here is just one of

many. Shop among the many "makes" and models your local Gas Company or Gas appliance dealer carries. Then choose the one that's exactly right for your "New Freedom Gas Kitchen"* — today!
AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

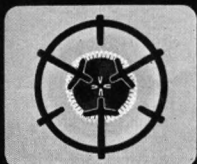
*Cert. Mark, Amer. Gas Assoc., Inc.

automatic **GAS** *range!*



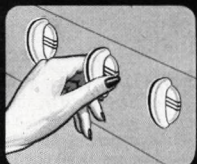
Cooks without watching

Easy-to-set automatic clock control turns Gas on at right time and temperature, cooks a delicious oven meal and turns Gas off . . . by itself!



Boils with instant speed

No waiting! Gas burners give you high-heat, low-heat — any of dozens of perfect cooking heats the second you turn the valve.



Lights without matches

Top burners, oven, broiler . . . all light instantly, automatically. And with Gas there's no lingering heat after burners are off.



Cleans with ease

Streamlined, beautiful, durable surface. Spillovers easier to clean up because new-type Gas burners are non-clog and rust-resistant.



Broils without smoking

Only Gas gives you broiling exactly as you want it . . . any degree from char-type to well-done! With no smoking — no pre-heating!



Bakes with precision

No guessing, no changing to different browning levels. Only the heat-controlled, air-circulated Gas oven bakes so evenly, so exactly!



Menu

FROSTY MINTED SOUP
TUNA TURNOVER
POTATO CHIPS
CHEESE MUFFINS
COB KNOBS
CHIFFON SUNDAE
ICED TEA

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY W. I. WILLIAMS

A sweet summer breeze, a leisurely cool supper out of doors, the radio playing softly—that's real contentment for party-goers and givers!

BY DOROTHY KIRK
FOOD EDITOR

• **Barbecues, picnics, campfires** all have their charm—but when you want a *pretty* supper party, that's when a back-yard café is right up your alley! You know how little dining pavilions pepper city sidewalks in summer—gay with striped awnings, twinkling lanterns and small tables hedged in with shrubbery?

Well, you can mock this pretty pleasantry right in your own back yard—and what an easy kind of entertaining it is! Our favorite's a serve-yourself affair with lots of good chilly things plus cheese muffins and corn on the cob for hot extras.

• **We've planned for twelve because**, with summer on the wane, everyone's eager to cram in a lot of outdoor

gaiety. Dessert (best course of all) centers around a new kind of cake—big, beautiful and *light*. It's ideal for a crowd because it makes about twenty servings. Keeps well too, so you can make it a day or two ahead. With it goes a trio of sundae sauces—crushed sweetened raspberries, sweetened sliced peaches and a shimmering sherry fluff. Here's to you!

FROSTY MINTED SOUP

Combine 4 cans of condensed green pea soup with 4 cups milk, 1 cup light cream and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of finely chopped mint leaves; beat with rotary beater until smooth. Chill thoroughly. Makes 12 servings.



Come and get it! It's tray-toting time in our

BACK-YARD CAFE



TUNA TURNOVER

Gelatine, unflavored, 4
tablespoons (4 envelopes)
Cold water, 1 cup
Tomato juice, 4½ cups
Grated dried onions, ½
teaspoon or onion, scraped,
2 teaspoons
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Lemon juice, 6 tablespoons
Worcestershire sauce,
½ teaspoon
Sugar, 2 teaspoons
Grated tuna fish, canned,
2 6½-ounce cans
Eggs, hard-cooked,
chopped, 2
Celery, chopped fine,
1 cup

Stuffed olives, chopped,
½ cup

Mayonnaise or mayonnaise-
type dressing, 1 cup

Soften gelatine in cold water. Heat 2 cups of the tomato juice to boiling; add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Stir in onion, salt, lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce. Divide mixture in half (about 1½ cups each). Into one half, stir sugar and the remaining 2½ cups of cold tomato juice. Pour into a 9-by-9-by-2-inch pan. Chill until almost firm. While this

layer is chilling add tuna fish, eggs, celery, olives and mayonnaise to the other half of tomato mixture, stir until well blended. Gently spoon it over the nearly firm clear tomato layer. Continue chilling until firm. When ready to serve unmold on lettuce greens. If you're feeling whimsical, cut a triangle from each corner and upsa-daisy them to make a diamond center. Trim with twists of thin lemon slices and black olives. Makes 12 servings.

More recipes on page 75

SHRIMP CREOLE

Looking for a wonderful one-dish meal? Here's a favorite from Lou'siana . . .

BY DORIS TISDALE HOME SERVICE CENTER

For 4 generous servings you'll need

- | | |
|---|--------------------------|
| *Fresh shrimp, 1 pound | Ripe tomatoes, 6 medium |
| Butter, margarine or salad oil,
1½ tablespoons | Salt, 2 teaspoons |
| Onions, chopped, ½ cup | Pepper, ¼ teaspoon |
| Garlic clove, minced fine, 1 | Cayenne pepper, dash |
| Green pepper, chopped, ½ cup | Bay leaves, 2 |
| | Rice, hot cooked, 3 cups |

*To use canned shrimp: They're already cooked so just drain and add for last 3 minutes of cooking time in step 4—so they'll be hot!

*To use quick-frozen shrimp: If uncooked, thaw and proceed as for fresh. If cooked, do not thaw and proceed as for canned.



Plump succulent shrimp in a great flurry of spicy creole sauce heaped over hot fluffy rice—that's real New Orleans cooking!



1. Break the shell on under side of shrimp and slip out the meat in one piece. With small knife remove dark vein along back. Rinse in cold water, drain well.



2. Heat butter, margarine or salad oil in skillet or saucepan; add onions, garlic and green pepper. Cook uncovered over low heat until soft (about 10 minutes) stirring occasionally.



4. Add shrimp; cover and cook 8 to 10 minutes longer depending on size; stir occasionally. Remove bay leaves and serve at once on hot rice. (Overcooking toughens shrimp.)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY VENTI



3. Peel the tomatoes and cut into eighths; add with salt, pepper, cayenne and bay leaves. Continue cooking without a cover over moderate heat for 10 minutes, stirring frequently.

OUT-PERFORMS ALL OTHER SHORTENINGS!



So different
it's making food
history! Actually,
Swift'ning* gives
you a combination
of important
advantages you
get in no other
shortening!

Swift'ning is superb in any recipe!

Try Swift'ning in all your favorite recipes, new or old. Try it for cakes, pies, light digestible fried foods. See if you don't get finer all-around results than ever before.

PEACH-PECAN SHORTCAKE MARTHA LOGAN'S
"HELPING HAND" RECIPE POINTS THE WAY TO SURE SUCCESS

Here's something *new* in shortcakes . . . *new*, and *marvelously* good to eat. It's easy to make. Just watch the little "helping hands"—they point out where mistakes *might* be made. And, of course, use *Swift'ning*. Tests *prove* it makes tenderer, flakier shortcake than any other type shortening.

Preparation: Preheat oven at 425°.
Flour bread board so *lightly* the board shows through. Grease cooky or baking sheet.

Ingredients: (Use standard, level measures)

- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- Be sure to *sift* flour before measuring.
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 tbsp. sugar
- 1/2 cup Swift'ning
- 1/2 cup broken pecan meats
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 egg

Sift dry ingredients together; cut Swift'ning into flour mixture with pastry blender or 2 knives until mixture is the consistency of cornmeal. Add nuts. Combine milk and slightly beaten egg. Add to flour mixture all at once while stirring with a fork.

Turn dough onto lightly floured board and knead *gently* two or three times. Roll dough 1/3" thick; cut into 3" rounds with floured cutter.

Lightly tap cutter to dislodge any extra flour before cutting.

Knead dough *trimmings* together and roll out and cut as above until dough is all used. Place 2 rounds together on prepared baking sheet. Bake about 15 minutes. Serve with sweetened peaches and whipping cream between and on top of biscuits. Top with pecan halves.

PURE, TASTELESS SWIFT'NING COMES IN 3-LB. AND 1-LB. TINS, AND 1-LB. CARTONS. KEEPS WITHOUT REFRIGERATION

ONLY IN SWIFT'NING—THIS EXCLUSIVE "QUICK-MIX" INGREDIENT FOR CAKES! Whether you use conventional recipes or speedy-mix methods, your cakes with Swift'ning will be high, light and handsome. Snow-white, delicate Swift'ning contains a special ingredient that makes it wonderfully blendable—gives tender, velvety cakes every time.

FLAKIER PASTRY THAN WITH ANY OTHER TYPE OF SHORTENING! Tested and *proved*—pies are flakier, more tender made with Swift'ning than with any other type shortening. And biscuits—mmm! The melt-in-your-mouth kind. Try Swift'ning for *every* use.

HIGHLY DIGESTIBLE! EXTRA NUTRITIOUS! No other type of shortening is more digestible than Swift'ning. And it contains a combination of important nutritional essentials not supplied by shortenings of other types.



*Swift'ning is the trade-mark for Swift & Company's new, improved Bland Lard



GE
Irons

The most important feature of this iron is invisible!

When you buy your new iron, look for the streamlined beauty shown here.

It has a most important feature that, unfortunately, you can't see. This built-in feature is *dependability*. Famous General Electric dependability!

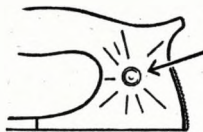
This new General Electric Iron is the latest of a long line of dependable General Electric Irons. For more than a generation, millions of women have known how satisfactory the General Electric Iron is, *year after year*. Many women vote it America's best.

Look at all these worksaving, timesaving features.



With this famous "Dial the Fabric" Control, you just tune in to the correct temperature for each fabric.

This remarkable Iron has the Calrod® unit that heats the iron rapidly. It is cool to work with, too. Between the form-fit handle and base, there's space for circulating air to keep the handle c-o-o-l.



This temperature-indicating light tells you the instant your G-E Iron is ready. No guessing, no testing.

There are double button nooks . . . built-in thumb rests . . . and a large ironing surface—27½ sq. in. Yet this General Electric "Visualizer" Automatic Iron weighs only 2¾ pounds.

See it at your General Electric retailer's.
General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

®Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Here's How

to get more for your minutes with prepared puddings



TROPIC TAPIOCA—Make up 1 package orange coconut tapioca pudding according to directions. Take from heat, divide in half and add ¼ cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces to one half; cool separately. Stir each well. Pour chocolate portion into 4 sherbet glasses, then top with plain orange coconut tapioca pudding. Chill well before serving.



DANISH PIE—Prepare 1 package Danish Dessert according to directions, cool. Make 8-inch corn-flake crust by blending ¾ cup crushed corn flakes with 4 tablespoons melted butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Press firmly on bottom and sides of pie pan. Pour in filling and chill well. Serve topped with sliced peaches.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAMS STUDIO

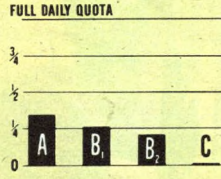


SCOTCH ICEBOX CAKE—Make up 1 package butterscotch pudding according to directions, cool. Cut 2 sponge layers (7- or 8-inch) in half crosswise to make 4 thin ones. Put together with pudding between and on top. Sprinkle with chopped salted peanuts (about ¼ cup). Chill cake about 3 hours—or overnight. With iced coffee it's a party!

See how much health *fresh* orange juice adds

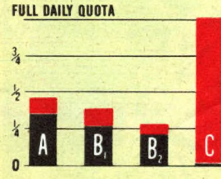


WITHOUT fresh California orange juice, breakfast* supplies this much of the day's vitamin needs:



Vitamin C is missing—and so's *this* family's pep! It's the very vitamin that fights fatigue and infection, protects teeth and gums. Youngsters need it for sturdy growth, grownups to keep feeling young. But most foods are poor sources of C. Cooking destroys it. Yet it is needed *every* day—your body can't store it.

WITH fresh California orange juice, breakfast* supplies this much of the day's vitamin needs:



Tiptop health for *this* family; they get vitamin C every day! One 6 to 8 oz. glass of *fresh* California orange juice fills the whole day's need. No other juice is so rich in C, gives so many other health benefits. Delicious, too! You enjoy getting your vitamins in *fresh* California orange juice. Drink up—*every* morning—for health, for pleasure.



*cereal with milk, egg, toast and coffee

BUDGETS LOVE SMALL ORANGES! Juicy, small oranges are your best buy now for juice, snacks, salads and desserts. Buy a big bag full and *save!* Sunkist Oranges are the finest from 14,500 cooperating California and Arizona citrus growers.

REMEMBER: Only the best oranges are shipped FRESH. They give you ALL the flavor, ALL the health.

California Oranges
Sunkist
 BEST FOR JUICE
 —and *Every* use!





"Satina in my starch makes ironing *3 times easier!*"

WRITES MRS. FRANK H. McCUE, PITTSBURGH, PA.

MRS. McCUE, far right in the snapshot of the McCue family above, writes: "I make sure I am never without Satina. With Satina in my starch, the starched clothes are more than 3 times as easy to iron!"

Satina is a wonderful ironing aid that you add to boiled or unboiled starch. It dissolves easily in boiling water or the boiling starch solution.

Satina not only makes ironing *lots easier*, it makes clothes *smell fresher*, look *newer*, stay *clean longer*, too!

**FREE
FULL-SIZE PACKAGE**



SATINA, Dept. 55, Battle Creek, Michigan
Dear Sirs: Satina sounds good to me. Now I'd like a free full-size package to see how much easier it makes my starched ironing.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

A PRODUCT OF
GENERAL FOODS



Women say: **Put SATINA in your starch!**

It makes starched ironing 3 times easier!

LONG, TALL

• One of the nicest things about summer is the beeline everyone makes toward tinkling glasses of refreshing drink—including the lemonade on Junior's stand. Here's a batch of our favorites—simple to make, festive enough for your best garden party.

ORANGE SPARKLEADE

Add 1-ounce package orange-flavored soft-drink powder and ½ cup sugar to 1 quart of water; stir until dissolved. Pour into ice cube tray and freeze in refrigerator. Place 2 or 3 cubes in each tall glass and fill with chilled ginger ale. Maybe add a maraschino cherry.

LEMONADE FREEZE

Add 1-ounce package lemon-lime-flavored soft-drink powder and ½ cup sugar to 1 quart of water, stir until dissolved. Pour into ice cube tray and freeze in refrigerator. Meanwhile, to make lemonade, boil ¼ cup sugar with 1 cup water for 5 minutes, cool. Squeeze lemons to make ½ cup juice and add with 4 cups cold water. Place 2 or 3 frozen lemon-lime cubes in each tall glass and fill with the lemonade. Makes 6 servings.

GRAPE CHILL

Start with a king-size glass half full of ice-cold grape juice. Add a scoop of sherbet . . . orange, lemon, lime or raspberry. Fill to the brim with chilled ginger ale and stir.

PINEAPPLE with a stick in it

Combine ½ cup sugar, 1 cup water, 6 cloves and 2 3-inch sticks cinnamon; boil 5 minutes; cool and strain. Add 2¼ cups (no. 2 can) chilled unsweetened pineapple juice and ½ cup chilled lime juice. Serve with ice and slices of lime. Makes 4 big drinks.

CRANBERRY SPIKE

Combine 2 cups bottled cranberry juice with 1½ cups apricot nectar and 2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice. Chill. Serve in long icy glasses. Makes 4 tall drinks.



AND COOL

BY ELIZABETH
WALKER

HOME SERVICE CENTER

★

APPLE-BERRY SHRUB

Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chilled canned loganberry juice with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chilled apple juice (canned or bottled). Serve in tall glasses with ice. Add sprigs of mint, julep-like. Makes 4 servings.



COFFEE FLUFF

Combine $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 4 teaspoons soluble coffee, 1 teaspoon vanilla and 3 cups cold milk. Beat with rotary beater until sugar and coffee are dissolved. Fold in 2 egg whites beaten until stiff but not dry. Pour into 4 tall glasses and top with a dash of nutmeg. For mocha fluff—beat 1 tablespoon cocoa with the egg whites.



CHOC-OLA FLOAT

Fill tall ones half full of chilled kola-type drink. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk to each and stir well; complete with a large scoop of chocolate ice cream. Also known as a brown cow!



FRUIT PUNCH

Pour 1 cup boiling water over 1 tablespoon tea leaves; steep 5 minutes; strain, stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and cool. Combine 2 cups orange juice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups peach nectar and $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups unsweetened grapefruit juice. Add tea mixture and a few sprigs crushed mint. Chill thoroughly. Just before serving remove mint, add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water or ginger ale and pour over ice into a punch bowl. Bedeck with sprigs of fresh mint. Makes about 2 quarts or 16 4-ounce servings.



PINK TINGLE

Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups orange juice, 1 cup canned unsweetened pineapple juice and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh lemon juice. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Add 3 cups of claret, chill. Just before serving pour over ice in punch bowl or pitcher, add 2 cups sparkling water. Makes about 2 quarts or 16 4-ounce servings.



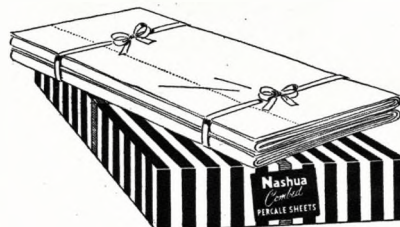
DRAWINGS BY EDWARD WALZ



"Combing"
makes the difference

...that's why **Nashua**
combs the cotton in its
Percale Sheets!

"Combing" raw cotton (Nashua does it with delicate-toothed machines) takes out the short, fuzzy fibers, leaving the long, smooth ones to go into Nashua *Combed* Percale Sheets and Pillow Cases. This extra process makes Nashua Percales stay smooth through washing after washing, instead of roughing up as ordinary percales often do. There's plenty of wear in these sheets, too... a woven tape selvage absorbs extra strains. Yet all this luxury costs only a few cents more!



Nashua
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Combed
Percale Sheets

NASHUA MILLS, DIVISION OF TEXTRON INC., ALSO MAKES MUSLIN SHEETS
BLANKETS • INDIAN HEAD® COTTON • SHOWER CURTAINS • HOME FASHION FABRICS

FOR OUR NEW HOME WE BOTH CHOSE THE ONE THAT

*Stays Silent
Lasts Longer!*

(no moving parts in the freezing system)



FROZEN FOODS—ICE CUBES

BIG FLEXIBLE INTERIOR

NO NOISE, NO WEAR



*I looked for
every new
convenience*

Like any woman, I dreamed of new conveniences in my new refrigerator. "Give me plenty of room for frozen foods, lots of ice cubes that pop out," I said. "Moist cold and dry cold for fresh foods."

Soon as I saw the beautiful new Servel Gas Refrigerator, I said, "That's for me!" (And I didn't know then that Servel's different, simpler freezing system would make it stay silent, last longer, too.)

*I wanted no moving
parts to wear
or make noise*



I said "The freezing system counts most!" So I talked to friends. And I found *one* refrigerator never made a sound, never gave any trouble... even after 20 years! It was a Servel Gas Refrigerator. Only Servel has *no moving parts* in its freezing system. No motor or machinery. Just a tiny gas flame does the work.

So I said, "It's Servel for us!" (And I hadn't even seen its new conveniences!) Now we're getting the one permanently silent, longer-lasting refrigerator... and it's a beauty!

CHECK FOR YOURSELF

- ✓ A big frozen food compartment
- ✓ Plenty of ice cubes in trigger-release trays
- ✓ Moist and dry cold for fresh foods
- ✓ Convenient meat storage tray
- ✓ Two dew-action vegetable fresheners
- ✓ Handy egg tray
- ✓ Flexible interior with clear-across shelves



STAYS SILENT . . . LASTS LONGER

Servel
The *GAS* Refrigerator

See the new Servels at your Gas Company or dealer. (For farm and country homes, Servel runs on Bottled Gas—Tank Gas—Kerosene.) Servel is also maker of Servel Ball-type Water Heater and Servel All-Year Air Conditioner. Servel, Inc., Evansville 20, Indiana. Or, in Canada, Servel (Canada) Ltd., 548 King Street, W., Toronto, Ont.

BACK-YARD CAFE

from page 67

CHEESE MUFFINS

Flour, enriched, 3 cups
Baking powder, 4½ teaspoons
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Sugar, ½ cup
American process cheese, grated, 1 cup
Eggs, slightly beaten, 2
Milk, 1½ cups (or use half evaporated milk and half water)
Salad oil, or melted shortening, ¼ cup

Sift flour, measure, add baking powder, salt and sugar; sift again. Add cheese. Combine eggs, milk and slightly cooled shortening or salad oil. Pour into flour mixture and stir just enough to moisten dry ingredients. Do not beat. Fill greased or oiled muffin pans ¾ full and bake in hot oven 400° 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 36 small muffins or 18 to 20 medium size.

"CHIFFON" CAKE

Cake flour, 2¼ cups
Sugar, 1½ cups
Baking powder, 3 teaspoons
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Salad oil (not olive oil), ½ cup
Egg yolks, unbeaten, 5
Cold water, ¾ cup
Vanilla, 2 teaspoons
Egg whites, 1 cup (7 or 8)
Cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon

Sift flour, measure, add sugar, baking powder and salt. Sift again. Add salad oil, egg yolks, water and vanilla, beat until smooth. Beat egg whites and cream of tartar with rotary beater or electric mixer until whites form very stiff peaks. Gradually pour egg-yolk mixture into beaten whites, folding together gently until just blended. Do not stir. Pour into an ungreased

10-inch tube pan, 4 inches deep. Bake in moderate oven 325° for 65 to 70 minutes. Let cake cool upside down, placing center tube over neck of funnel or bottle so cake does not touch table. When cold, loosen cake from sides and center tube with a spatula. Whack edge sharply and remove cake.

SHERRY FLUFF

Eggs, 2
Confectioners' sugar, ½ cup
Salt, dash
Sherry, 3 tablespoons
Heavy cream, ¾ cup, whipped

Separate egg yolks from whites. Beat whites until just stiff, gradually beat in half the sugar, add salt. Beat yolks and remaining sugar until thick and lemon-colored. Fold the two mixtures together. Stir in sherry and whipped cream. Makes about 3 cups.

A PERK-UP LUNCHEON



by Betty Crocker

Egg Frizzle
Garden Salad
Hot Blueberry Muffins (Bisquick)
Lemon Ice Cookies
Tea Milk

MEN'S FAVORITE: Blueberry Muffins. Watch men go for them in restaurants every time! And how the youngsters love Blueberry Muffins, too. No bother to make them often at home, if you use Bisquick. Just add sugar, an egg, milk and berries. Easy directions on the Bisquick package.

EGG FRIZZLE

Tear into small pieces . . . 3 oz. chipped beef
Sauté in 3 tbsp. butter
Beat together well 6 eggs
¾ cup top milk
Pepper

Add to frizzled beef and cook slowly over low heat, stirring constantly, till just set. Serve at once on hot platter. Serves 4. Your family will relish that salty, frizzled flavor in the scrambled eggs.

BETTER-TASTING THAN EVER!

Let's Bisquick Blueberry Muffins this summer. For Bisquick has actually been improved—to give them a richer eating quality. See for yourself how much lighter these muffins are—as delicate as little cakes. Meltingly tender, too, with blueberries peeping through that crisp golden crust. Do try the new "tenderized" Bisquick for muffins and all the other bakings.

GARDEN SALAD: Tear crisp raw spinach and lettuce leaves in pieces. Toss these and endive with a sharp French dressing. On individual salad plates place a ball of cottage cheese and surround it by greens. A vitamin-rich salad. And just the right flavor contrast with Blueberry Muffins.

CLEAN THE SALAD GREENS ahead of time. Drain and put away to crisp in the refrigerator until mealtime.

Need kitchen help this summer? Let Bisquick save you time and effort every day. Dependable for many delicious bakings—biscuits, cobbler, muffins, waffles, fruit or main dish shortcakes. In most cases, just add liquid to Bisquick. Directions for twelve tempting treats on every Bisquick package. Why not try them all? Tested by our General Mills food staff.



To avoid discoloring muffin batter, select firm, fresh blueberries. . . . If using frozen berries, fold in before berries are thawed. . . . Or put half of batter in pans, sprinkle with berries and cover with rest of batter.

General Mills

"Betty Crocker" is a trade name of General Mills, Inc. © 1948, General Mills, Inc.

up from there this minute, come *here* to me." Pete got up. He looked up the road and down. He said, "Nothing coming."

Marjorie said, "Will you come here, Pete Watkins?"

"Mr. Palmer," corrected Pete. She could shake him until his teeth fell out. She heard a sound around the road's bend, saw some drifting dust. . . . "Pete," she cried, ran to the picket fence.

Pete picked up his pail and shovel and walked without haste. "There's lots of time."

"Now he was inside the fence. She said, "How many times have I told you—?"

"Lots," said Pete. He looked at her, frowning with intensity. "But," he explained, "a horse had passed by."

"Horse?" she repeated, puzzled, for he had given up being Gene Autry some time ago.

Pete was patient with her. He displayed the pail. "Manure," he said, "for the crops." He smiled suddenly, sweetly, and was gone, off to the apple tree to fertilize his field.

THAT evening, scrubbed, brushed and polished, he rode to the station with Marjorie to meet Dan. The train came chugging in and Pete was the engineer. He controlled the huffing and the puffing, he drove the engine through darkness and light, he was a great man, the engineer. Pete knew him; his name was Smith . . .

Maybe, he thought, I'm Mr. Smith.

Dan swung himself off the train. He was an average young man of thirty who did not appear average to his wife, his child or his parents. He worked in an office and would have a raise next year. He painted in his spare time. Some day he might have enough money to chuck his job for a year or two, during which time he would study and travel and paint, with of course Marjorie and Pete—next year, or the year after, or in ten years. A man can dream, can't he?

Meantime he liked his job. "Hi, kids," he said, got in with them and kissed his wife's round cheek, which had mysteriously preserved its childlike heart-breaking curve. He clapped his son on the shoulder, feeling, with a pang of pure devotion, the bird bones, the smooth and meager flesh. "Well, Pete, how's tricks?"

"He's Mr. Palmer," said Marjorie.

"That so?" asked Dan. He inquired further, "How's crops?"

Pete sighed a little. He came close to his father's side, breathing with content the aura of masculinity, the strength and the wisdom. He said, "Maybe I'm Mr. Smith."

"Okay," Dan said, "so you're Mr. Smith." All the way home Pete drove the engine.

After Pete's supper, after Marjorie had put him to bed in the corner room with the windows looking out to the apple trees and the

The Gossamer World

from page 21

distant hill, she and Dan had their dinner. The dining-room was small and Anna was big but she moved deftly around the table. All their friends envied them Anna. She had come to them shortly after their marriage; she had stayed, a big silent woman, with a mind of her own and a light hand with a cake.

It was still light afterward and Marjorie and Dan went walking. The earth upon which they trod was theirs. The house was theirs. It was not unusual, a square late Victorian farmhouse which needed paint. But it was their own.

"What's that?" asked Dan, regarding a little patch of earth, turned over, scratched, wet and obviously manured.

"Pete's farm," said Marjorie. "He's been Mr. Palmer all day."

The smallest farm in the world; you could kneel and put your arms around it.

She said, "He got the manure from the road, he lugged water from the house, pail after pail. And I thought I'd never get him clean!"

"What's he planted?" "I don't know. He found some seeds in the garage. Lord knows what."

He put his arm around her and she leaned against him with contentment.

"SOMETIMES I worry about Pete," said Marjorie.

"Why?" "He should have kids to play with—"

But there were none living on the dipping road; none of his age.

He said comfortably, "He'll have companionship next fall when he starts to school."

Marjorie sighed. She asked, "What will it be like, having him away all day too?"

Dan said, "Cheer up; in a manner of speaking, he's away all day as it is."

"Do you suppose all children are as imaginative? Sometimes it troubles me."

"Weren't you?" he asked. "I can't remember."

"Neither can I," Dan admitted. "Your mother," said Marjorie, "told me once that for a long time you had an imaginary dog. You used to take him walking."

He was small, so you lifted him at the crossings. She said she would stand for minutes while you waited for him—at, for instance, hydrants."

"I hadn't thought of that for years," he said. "What was his name, now?" He thought hard. "Downy," he said in triumph. She asked curiously, "When did you lose him?"

"I don't know. . . ."

They walked back toward the house. Mar-

jorie said suddenly, "I grew up in a houseful of sisters and brothers but I had a pretend-sister, as well."

"Good Lord, with four of flesh and blood?"

"I know. But I was the youngest. This one was a baby," she said, smiling in the darkness, "a baby who rarely cried. Dolls were stupid and predictable but Polly wasn't."

"Was that her name?"

"Yes. Before Pete was born I thought, if it's a girl, I'll call her Polly."

"Are you still of the same mind . . . if it's a girl?" he asked, laughing.

The awareness of another child was still very new. This would be a Christmas baby. She said, "I suppose not. Maybe I'll let Pete name her. It's Dan if it's a boy, of course. I'll have to tell Pete soon."

"He won't notice anything for a long time."

"I know; but he'll want to know," she said earnestly.

DURING the summer Pete was Mr. Peters, the plumber, and Mr. Hannigan, the well driller. As Mr. Peters he spent a good deal of time in the bathroom and cellar but as Mr. Hannigan he worked outdoors. He drilled a deep well by the garage, making, as he worked, a steady grinding noise in his throat.

On very hot nights he was allowed to stay up and have supper with them on the screened porch. He reported one night, "Three hundred and fifty feet." He gravely warned his father, "Goin' to cost a lot of money."

"How much money, Mr. Hannigan?"

"Can't say. Might strike water tomorrow, might be next week. Better'n a cent a foot," said Pete.

Up the road the Carlsons were drilling a well and Pete, going the field way, had spent some time with Mr. Hannigan. Evidently someone had got his figures mixed.

"Our old well's pretty good," said Dan cautiously.

"Might not hold out," said Pete. He pushed a nonexistent cap back on his head and scratched thoughtfully. "It's a hell of a lot of work and you never know when you'll hit a vein," he added.

Marjorie grinned and then compressed her lips. Dan cleared his throat. Pete lived his role. But when he ceased to be Mr. Hannigan, he would also cease to bring hell into the conversation.

Pete was a singularly even-tempered little boy. He was amiable and as a rule obedient. But he had abundant spirit and he could argue the hind leg off an army mule. His parents gave him little trouble. They were slow and ponderous in their thinking, as befitted larger people, but generally they caught up with him. He didn't have to explain things more than twice. But the children he en-

[continued on page 79]

TWO fresh ideas to brighten day-old bread!

1st idea

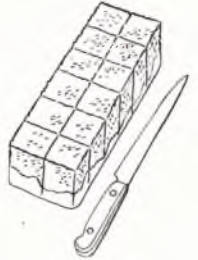
Parkay recipe for "Easy Coffee Cake"

White bread, unliced ½ cup brown sugar
3 tablespoons Parkay ½ cup chopped pecans

Cut loaf of day-old bread in half lengthwise. Place one half, cut side down, on baking sheet and slash the length of the strip three-quarters way through the center. Then cut crosswise to same depth to make 12 cubes.

Cream Parkay with brown sugar. Spread this mixture over top and sides of bread. Sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 10 minutes or until coating is "bubbly." Delicious, you'll agree—and even *better* tasting when you follow idea No. 2 . . .



2nd idea

Serve with tempting, flavor-fresh PARKAY

So easy to make your Easy Coffee Cake taste extra good . . . just spread each square with delicious Parkay Margarine. Enjoy Parkay on toast, rolls and waffles, too—there's no more appetizing spread at any price.

Parkay is made by Kraft from choicest products of American farms. And to make it extra good for you, Kraft blends 15,000 (U.S.P. XII) units of vitamin A into every pound.

Parkay is pure white when you buy it. To make it an appetizing yellow, just add the certified coloring you get with each package.



Made from products
of American farms

Best buy for bread and budget—
look first for PARKAY!

NELL B. NICHOLS
scouts for

NEW ENGLAND SPECIALTIES



AUGUST

FOOD CALENDAR

1948



1 Cranberry with a citrus tang. Make 1 package raspberry-flavored gelatine, omitting $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Cool, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sherry. When it starts to jell stir in jar of cranberry-orange relish. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

8 **GOOD COMPANIONS**
Bean cakes take mustard pickles, hot rolls, applesauce, gingersnaps

15 Curried green tomatoes. Cut tomatoes in thick slices, flour and sauté. Slice sweet onions and saute till tender in butter or margarine with a little curry powder stirred in. Top the hot tomato slices with the onions.

22-29 Brewis. Crumble 4 times as much Boston brown bread (containing raisins) as white bread in saucepan. Add dash of salt, milk to cover. Cook over water till milk is absorbed. Serve it hot with cream for dessert.



2 **GOOD COMPANIONS**
For summer luncheons it's chicken salad, cranberry sauce, hot sage-flavored biscuits

9 Bean cakes are a hearty thrifty dish. Mash 2 cups baked beans, add 2 eggs, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon ketchup and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sage. Shape in cakes, dip in egg, roll in crumbs and brown well in a little fat.

16 **GOOD COMPANIONS**
Dessert party fare—upside-down blueberry cake, lemon sauce and tea, hot or iced

23-30 Scarlet sinners are fish cakes covered with a sauce made by mashing canned cranberry sauce with a fork and heating it to the boiling point. Use canned cakes or make your own of mashed potatoes and codfish.



3 Flavor-wise New England cooks mix a bit of chopped fresh sage in cream and cottage cheese for sandwiches. With poultry—hot or in salad—and with meat stews they serve hot biscuits seasoned with a touch of sage.

10 One secret to making good chowder, say Yankee cooks, is to add some evaporated milk shortly before serving. Favorite chowders in Yankee-land are clam and fish, but corn, parsnip, salt pork are also popular.

17 The spicy touch in New England. A little allspice in meat balls and hamburgers. Half a bay leaf crumbled in meat stews and pot roasts. Whisper of nutmeg and cinnamon in home-baked blueberry and blackberry pies.

24-31 **GOOD COMPANIONS**
Tempt summer supper guests with beef or lamb burgers broiled with cheese-crested pears



4 Yankee cream casserole. Heat 2 cups cooked corn and 1 cup cooked diced ham in oven. Spread with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream whipped and seasoned with 1 teaspoon mustard, 2 tablespoons prepared horse-radish. Broil to brown.

11 Doughnuts and feather beds vie with doughnuts for breakfast honors. Doughnuts are balls, feather beds squares of light yeast dough fried in deep fat. Like doughnuts they are dunked in maple sirup or in coffee.

18 Yankee tricks to try with corn. Mix cooked corn cut from the cob with baked beans. Steam ears of corn with four inner husks left on but all silk carefully removed. Make succotash with corn and cut green beans.

25 Cheese-crested pears. Dip peeled fresh pear halves in fruit juice or use canned pear halves. Spread top surface thinly with mayonnaise and cover with paper-thin slices of a sharp cheese. Broil until cheese is brown.



5 **GOOD COMPANIONS**
Crisp tomato-cheese pastry sticks are perfect with fish and egg salads

12 The famous boiled dinner is a Thursday night tradition. And it's traditional to serve johnnycake with it. Make bread with 1 package corn-muffin mix, adding $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each of grated cheese and onion. Bake in a pan.

19 Cranberry cocktail. Mix 2 cups cranberry juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 1 cup each orange juice and sirup from sweet fruit pickles or preserves like peaches, watermelon rind. Chill. This also makes a delicious punch.

26 For a tasty inexpensive supper treat, spread leftover baked beans on buttered slices of brown bread, top with bacon, broil about 10 minutes. Serve with a mixed vegetable salad and apple or other fresh fruit pie.



6 Cheese sticks with a difference. Make pastry with 1 cup piecrust mix, substituting tomato juice for water. Roll, dot with fat and sprinkle with grated cheese. Fold over, roll. Repeat twice. Cut pastry in strips and bake.

13 **GOOD COMPANIONS**
Coffee jelly with cream and crisp brown sugar cookies—typical New England dessert

20 Fish sticks—Yankee for filets. Season 6 filets, dip in a slightly beaten egg mixed with a little milk, roll in corn flakes, dot with butter or with margarine and bake in hot oven until crisp-cruusted and golden brown.

27 **GOOD COMPANIONS**
Cherry and banana salad, toasted cheese sandwiches and coffee are delicious luncheon teammates



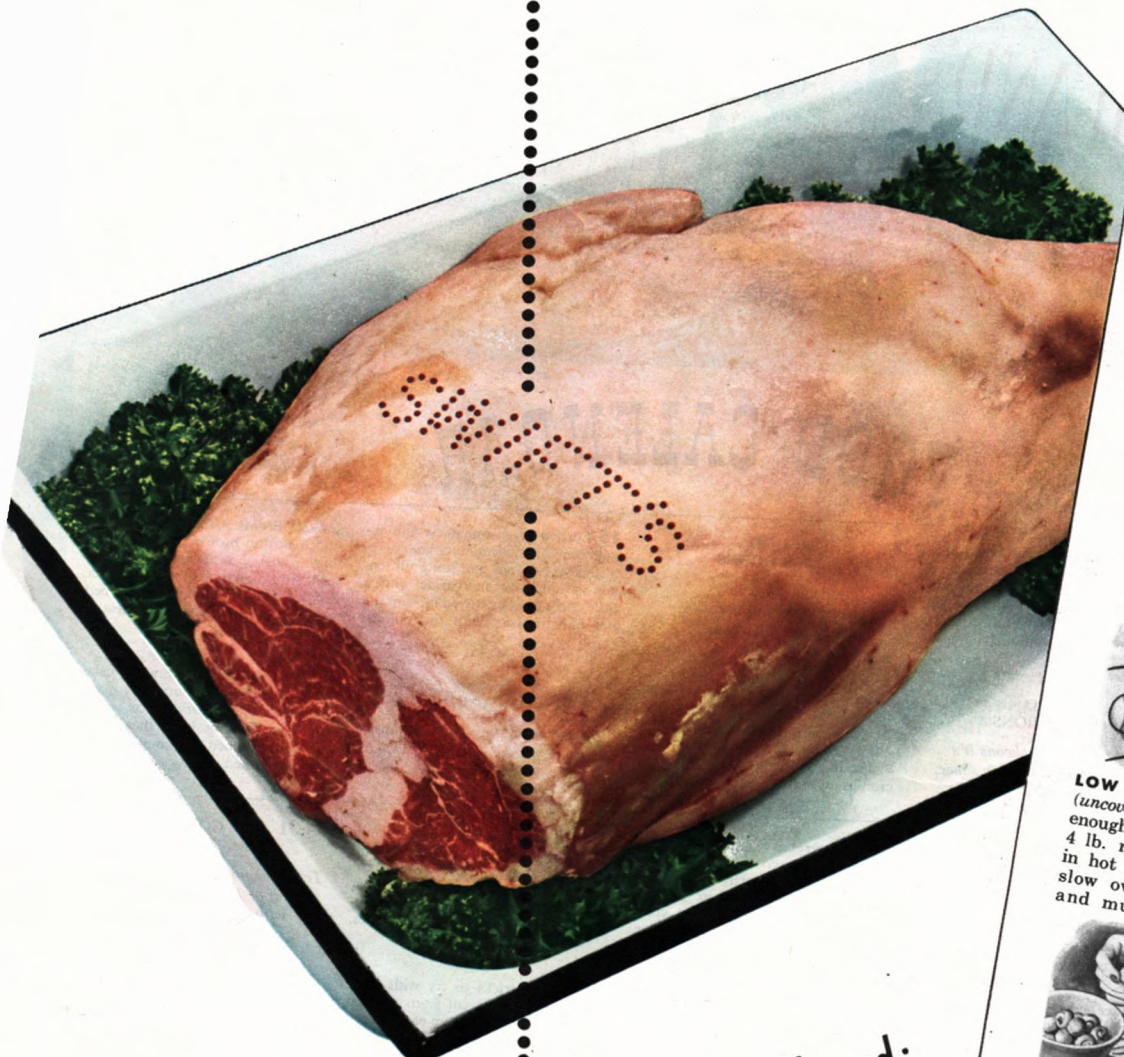
7 Saturday night spells baked beans and brown bread with cole slaw to New Englanders. They like to brighten up their slaw by shredding raw beets and green pepper with the cabbage. A tasty as well as colorful addition.

14 Sherry torte. Line buttered pan with thin slices of dry cake. Almost fill with sugared blueberries or sliced peaches. Cover with cake slices dipped in sherry. Bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in 350° oven. Spread with meringue and brown.

21 **GOOD COMPANIONS**
With fish sticks serve broiled tomatoes, endive salad, sliced peaches, sour cream cookies

28 Cherry-ripe, cherry-ripe! Pit sweet or lightly sugared sour cherries—either canned or fresh. Mix with sliced bananas, nuts and mayonnaise and serve chilled in lettuce cups—delightful fare on hot summer days.

How to get **fine lamb** every time...



LY TENDER LAMB . . . juicy, delicious flavor . . . you'll *always* get it if ask for *Swift's Premium* or *Swift's*. Those famous names are *on the meat* to identify that experts have selected special goodness, lamb your is sure to enjoy. What-cut you choose, a Swift name always spells delicious eating right down to the last morsel. So get in the habit of buying Swift's whenever you shop!



Just look for a Swift brand:
SWIFT'S PREMIUM
 or **SWIFT'S SELECT**
right on the meat!



Martha Logan
 Swift's Home Economist,
 helps you

**MAKE THE MOST
 OF A LEG OF LAMB**



LOW TEMPERATURE ROASTING
 (uncovered at 325° F.) can save enough meat for an extra meal. A 4 lb. roast shrinks about 1½ lbs. in hot oven, but only ¾ lb. in a slow oven! Lamb stays juicier, and much more flavorful, too.



LAMB EN BROCHETTE . . . savory meat dish from leftover lamb. Alternate cubes of lamb with mushroom caps and small cooked onions on skewers. Brown in hot fat till thoroughly heated. Serve on a mound of fluffy boiled rice with hot lamb gravy or any desired sauce.



FRENCH TOASTWICHES: Grind the last remnants of roast lamb. Add chopped, browned onion; add raw carrot; chili sauce; and chopped pickle or green pepper. Spread between slices of day-old bread. Sandwich.

countered, especially those older than himself, were difficult.

His cousins came to stay a week end; a boy and girl, nine and eleven, the children of his mother's sister. He did not especially like them. That week, having struck water at three hundred and sixty-two feet, his task was accomplished and he was himself, not Mr. Hannigan. But Mr. Pettigrew was a zebra. Pete had seen pictures of zebras and Marjorie had read him the text beneath the photographs. So Mr. Pettigrew became a zebra and was astonished to find Pete stalking him noiselessly over the African plains.

"What the heck you doing?" inquired his cousin, Charles.

"After a zebra," said Pete. He halted, holding his breath, "See?"

"That," said Charles, "is Mr. Pettigrew—silly name for a dog. Want to play catch?"

"No," said Pete.

"Okay," said Charles carelessly, "you're too little, anyway."

Pete threw a stone at him and connected. Charles yelped. A trickle of blood slid down one brown cheek.

"Why," inquired Marjorie, putting Pete to bed early and after a rationed supper, "why did you do it?"

Pete spoke with unusual anger. He said, "Mr. Pettigrew is a zebra."

She was conscious of delicate danger. She said gently, "Pete darling, Mr. Pettigrew's a zebra only for you. Don't you understand that? For Charles he's a cocker spaniel."

"I don't like Charles."

"But you can't throw stones at him just because he doesn't see things your way. Suppose I threw things at Aunt Laura."

Pete sat up in bed. He giggled. "You can't throw. You wouldn't hit her, ever."

"Suppose I tried? You'd be ashamed of me, wouldn't you? My own sister, in our own house . . . just because we don't think alike."

"Don't you?" Pete asked, interested.

"Not always. But we don't throw things. We just let each other think as she pleases."

"What kind of thinks?"

"Well," said Marjorie, trying to reduce it to simple terms, "Aunt Laura likes to live in the city; I like to live in the country. And when it comes to politics . . ."

"What's politics?"

She gave up and drew the sheet over him. He kicked it off. "Tomorrow, before Charles leaves I wish you'd ask him to excuse you."

"For what?"

"For hitting him with the stone. It wasn't a friendly thing to do. And it was dangerous. You might have injured him seriously."

"I meant to," said Pete.

CHILDREN were another race, cruel and kind, generous and withholding. Marjorie went downstairs. Charles, a bit of adhesive on his cheek, was playing checkers with Dan. Feeling mendacious, she said, "Pete's sorry, Charles."

"He is not," said Charles from his own point of wisdom.

"Oh, don't fuss," said her sister Laura. "I'm sure he didn't mean it."

"He did too," Charles contradicted. "And he's too little to fight with . . . worse luck."

Dan said equably, "Look, Charles, Pete lives in his own world. Maybe you did too at his age. In that world Mr. Pettigrew is a zebra. You could have pretended."

Laura looked up, a little sharply.

"Heck," said Charles, "what a silly game. Who wants to pretend?"

"You do," his older sister, Harriet, said smugly. "You pretend you're Joe DiMaggio!"

"That's different," said Charles hotly, "and what about you and that dumb game you're always playing . . . movie stars?" He mimicked in a deep sultry voice. "'Got a match?'"

"Oh," said Laura, "for goodness' sakes hush up, you two." She turned to her sister.

"At his age Charles is taken up with baseball and of course at her age Harriet thinks only of the movies," she said.

"Well?" said Dan in quiet triumph.

His sister-in-law shrugged. She said, "But that's quite normal, Dan . . . after all, baseball players and movie stars are real!"

"Zebras are real," said Dan and returned to his paper.

The Gossamer World

from page 75

"He's as bad as Pete." Laura laughed. "I don't know why we're arguing. Pete will outgrow it, they'll all outgrow it."

"Maybe not always," said Marjorie, closing her eyes. She felt a little tired, somewhat dispirited. "Writers and artists find their imagination again. At the right time they grow back into it."

"Well," said Laura briskly, "don't count on a genius in the family."

"I don't." She added, a little astonished at herself, "I don't know what I'd want him to be. Geniuses must be very uncomfortable."

"To live with at any rate," Dan agreed, "or so I've heard."

Laura remarked, yawning, "Mercy, how noisy the country is at night. . . . Of course Pete's a bright little boy, being so much with older people."

"He's a dope," said Charles with shattering frankness. "He gives me a pain in the neck."

"Don't start that again," said Laura wearily. "After all, Pete's only a baby."

"Him and his zebras!" said Charles.

IN AUGUST Marjorie went to bed and the doctor came every day. It wasn't exactly touch and go but she had to be quiet. Anna toiled up and down with trays, Dan took his vacation and prowled about uneasily, sitting and staring at her or asking in a hushed tone, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

Country Piece

As I came through the fields today,
The grasshoppers broke forth like
spray;

All around me, far and near,
The bees, like disembodied spirits,
Droned in brief monotonous flights;

And the dainty-stepping deer,
Wide-eyed and innocent of ill,
Poised to run, but statue-still,
Shook suddenly their sheathes of air,
And were no longer there.

CHARLES NORMAN

"Yes," she said finally, "you can amuse yourself. Get Bill to golf with you—he's always asking you to play. Or take Pete on a picnic. This is a miserable vacation for you."

"It's all right for me," he said, "as long as I'm near you . . . and Pete's busy."

"What now?"

"He's Dr. Alden."

"Yes, I know. He came up this morning, took my pulse and listened to my chest." She laughed, knowing she would soon be up and around again, going about her secret important business. "But what's he doing now?"

"He's off on calls," said Dan.

Marjorie was up before Dan's vacation ended and they had three days together, going slowly and carefully in the car to a place in the hills and staying there, alone. Pete was all right with Anna; they had left him with her before, if not often.

When they came back Anna made her report: Pete was fine. He had eaten well and gone to bed at his usual time. He'd had a little poison ivy on one finger but it hadn't spread. Mr. Pettigrew had been sick, something he ate. All right now. "The only thing," said Anna, "is the meals . . . setting the extra place and all . . . I don't like to waste food, I bring in as little as I can . . ."

"What place, what food?" asked Marjorie.

"Pete's new friend."

"New friend? Oh," cried Marjorie, "have people with children moved into the Newcombe place? I knew it was sold but I thought no one was moving in until autumn. How wonderful! But you shouldn't skimp, Anna," she said, "there's always enough."

Anna interrupted. "No one's moved into Newcombe's, m'am. It's just another one of those . . ."

Pete explained, presently, as he looked

down at his friend, who was very small, very clever and agile. His name was Distinction. Shun, for short.

"Oh no," said Marjorie privately to her husband. "And where did he get that?"

Shun's place was set at meals and the minute portions brought in. Pete was confident that Shun would be received as he received him. He talked to Shun at meals, argued and discussed projects with him. The rest of the summer he remained himself, for now he had a companion. Marjorie found it tiring at times.

"I didn't do it," he said, "Shun did."

"Pete, you know that isn't so."

"He was carrying the plate with the doughnuts," said Pete. "I didn't want him to. I said, 'You're too little.' But he's stubborn," Pete went on, using a word he had heard to describe himself, "and he carried it and somehow it dropped."

Shun was not the most lovable of guests. He was the whipping boy for Pete's forgetfulness, his tardiness, his every shortcoming. "I wanted to come, I did start but Shun was off somewhere; I had to find him . . ."

Marjorie said impatiently to Dan, "He can't grow up a buck passer, I won't have it. We'll have to put an end to Shun."

"I believe you dislike him."

"I'm beginning to. He scares me a little. Not just that Pete won't take the blame for anything, but because he's fond of him. . . . Good heavens, we talk as if he existed!"

"He'll unexist," prophesied Dan. "Suppose I have a talk with his dreamer-upper."

He took Pete aside and spoke to him, long and gravely. He ended, "It isn't like you not to take the blame for things you've done, Pete. I don't like it."

"But I don't," Pete began uneasily.

"Are you sure?"

Pete's eyes were remote. He said, "Shun does things."

"He's much smaller than you are," Dan reminded, "and younger. He hasn't the sense you have. So, in a way, if he does things you'd like to do but know you mustn't, aren't you to blame for letting him?"

Pete thought that over. After a while he said cautiously, "Maybe I am." He squared his shoulders, sharp and winglike. He said, "I'll have a talk with him, I guess."

Dan had heard that one before. He kept his mouth steady.

Shun behaved. In fact, he got all the credit. Pete, coming in with asters, cried, "Shun picked these." Pete, carrying packages, said, "Shun can't, they're too heavy, so he told me to."

"Some alter ego," commented Dan. "Wonder how he'll do in school?"

For Pete and Shun were preparing to go to school, getting their things together, pencil boxes and bits of paper. Pete and Shun talked it over, nights, with Mr. Pettigrew lying between them. What would school be like? Oh, they'd seen the building, of course, and the children at recess. They'd seen the children, in cars and on bikes, and in the bus, going and coming; but what was it like?

THE very last week Pete forgot himself. He was Mr. Buzzini, the contractor who was doing over the Newcombe place. Shun was his helper. They spent considerable time, keeping out of Mr. Buzzini's way and watching, contemplating the erection of an office building on the far lot—so that Pete's father wouldn't have to go so far to work.

When school began they were to go by bus. This had long been argued in the family. Pete, who had never ridden on a bus, was insistent. Marjorie wanted to take him to school and bring him back in the car.

Dan decided. Pete was better off going by bus with the other children; he'd be more on his own. Also, later, Marjorie wouldn't be able to take him; it might turn stormy before Christmas; and afterward she couldn't, with a baby to look after.

It was time Pete heard about that baby.

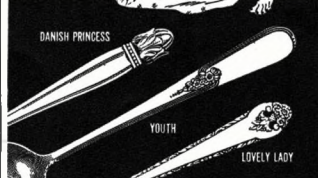
Marjorie told him, a day or so before school opened. "And maybe by Christmas," she said, "when you hang up your stockings, maybe there'll be another stocking to hang . . ."

"Sure," said Pete. "Shun's."

[continued on page 82]

They all talk about these

Two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks make this silverplate finer, different . . . stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set \$68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.) All patterns made in the U.S.A.



Copyright 1948, The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Division, Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by The I. Eaton Co., Ltd. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

QUICK CASH FOR YOU
SHOWING NEWEST CHRISTMAS CARDS
MAKE MONEY—lots of it—between now and Christmas. Amazing values in PERSONAL IMPRINTED CARDS including 50 for \$1 and 25 for \$1. Also fashionable BORDERS including our outstanding "BLUE RIBBON" ASSORTMENT. Gift wrappings, stickers, Religious Assortments. No experience necessary.
CHAS. A. BELZ CO. SAMPLES SENT FREE
Dept. A-1 814 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Take the mystery out of French Dressing!

It really is so simple to prepare a delicious, tasty French Dressing quickly. Follow basic recipe below and vary to taste by adding Worcestershire sauce, horseradish or chili sauce. It takes Pompeian to get the best out of your French Dressing! Pompeian is the genuine, imported olive oil, famous for its clear, golden color and nutty flavor.

How to make BASIC FRENCH DRESSING
So easy to make— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Pompeian Olive Oil,
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar or lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt,
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. paprika, 1 tsp. sugar. Place in glass jar, shake and serve.

POMPEIAN
Great name in olive oil
Pompeian Olive Oil Corp., Baltimore 24, Md.

Sell Amazing Value!
MAKE EASY EXTRA MONEY
Prize Christmas Cards 21 for \$1
Show stunning Leader "Prize" 21-Folder Christmas Card Box. Also Floral Notes. Biggest sellers. Sell 50 Boxes make \$25.00 plus bonus. Samples on approval 26 fast sellers—Everydays, etc. Free Samples 6 series Name Imprinted Christmas Cards. No Risk Guaranteed. Write HERVELLY CO., Dept. 2410, 308 W. Adams Street, Chicago 6, Ill.

Make mine Buffet Style!

IMPERIAL CANDLEWICK
Sets the scene for gay hospitality!

Buffet is such a graceful, effortless way to serve a meal, guests and hosts alike enjoy it! Your Candlewick is the hand-crafted table crystal service that will rise to any occasion and shine with good cheer. Its fragile air is truly deceiving because skilled hand-crafting insures long life and durability.

America's most wanted pattern, patent-protected. Sold open stock in fine stores everywhere.

IMPERIAL GLASS CORPORATION
Bellaire, Ohio

PICK OF THE FRUIT

BY DOROTHY KIRK
 FOOD EDITOR

Pinch the penny and not the fruit is a sound shopping rule—and knowing *how* to select luscious fruit wisely will do just that for you!

Know your marketing place—it should have a rapid turnover and clean cool facilities for storage and display.

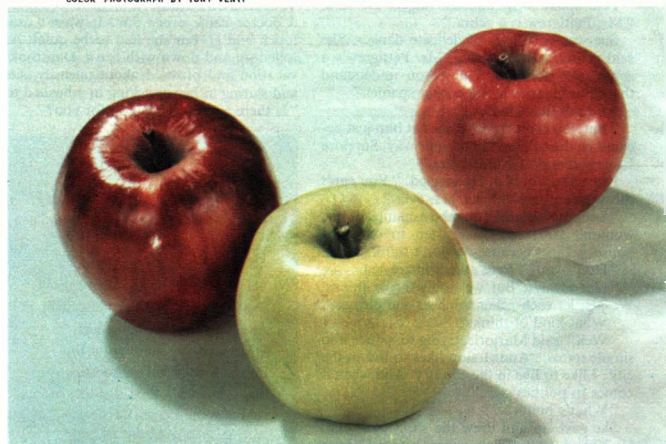
Know how to handle fruit—don't be too affectionate! Rough handling bruises, leaves telltale marks that start fruit on the road to decay.

Know the difference between blemishes—often price is reduced because of poor appearance although quality is tops.

Buy to fit the use—"the bigger the better" is not always true.

Save by buying fruit in season locally or at the peak of the shipping season—particularly for canning and freezing.

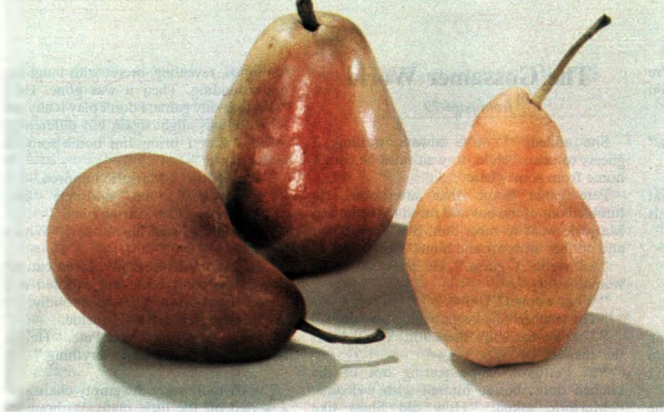
COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY VERTI



APPLES should be firm to the touch and blessed with a bright lively color if you want really succulent flavor. (Red, green or yellow—the rule applies!) Pick the variety best suited to the purpose: For general cooking, tart or slightly acid fruit is best—Wealthy, Starr, Northwestern Greening or Stayman Winesap. Best for baking—Rome Beauty and Rhode Island Greening. For snacks, picnics, dessert—crisp tender juicy McIntosh, Delicious or Northern Spy.



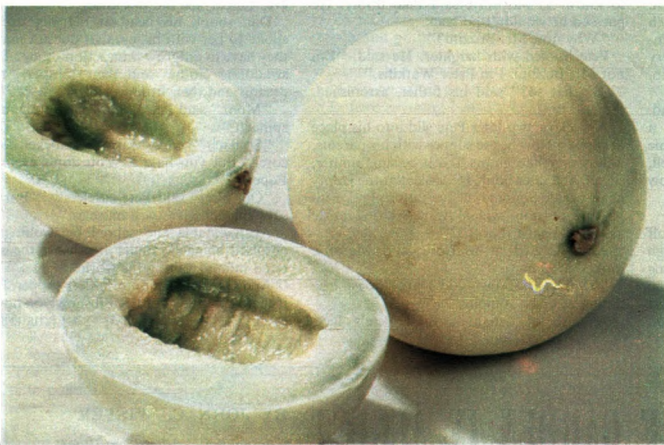
AVOCADOS—or alligator pears—are rugged individualists when it comes to size, shape and color—ranging from green to mahogany to black or the speckled Fuerte—with thick or thin, smooth or rough skin. The good buy is heavy for its size and fairly firm or just beginning to soften—with no bruises or skin breaks. When it yields to gentle pressure between your palms it's ready to eat—smooth and buttery in texture, delicate, tempting and nutlike in flavor.



PEARS of quality are firm (but not hard), clean, free from blemish and *not* shriveled. Color doesn't indicate ripeness in this fruit—some kinds are ready to eat though green, others may be a rich yellow and still not ripe. How to find out? Look for pears that yield readily to gentle pressure at the base of their stems. First to appear in the market is the Bartlett—favorite for dessert and home and commercial canning. Then Fall Russets (Bosc) and Anjou.



CANTALOUPES should be picked from the vine when ripe. To get a good one, look for a smooth even scar with no stem attached—a rough spot or a bit of stem means the melon was picked green. Your good cantaloupe should be firm and covered with thick meshlike netting that's a light golden yellow. A ripe melon has a characteristic musky fragrance and the blossom end yields slightly to gentle pressure. When you shake it you can hear the seeds rattle inside.



HONEYDEW MELONS are ripe and ready to eat when the skin is smooth and a creamy golden green. The blossom end should yield to slight pressure. (Unlike the cantaloupe, this melon is usually picked when underripe so if the stem is attached, pay it no mind.) Before cutting, shake the fruit to be sure seeds are loose. When fully ripe it has a pleasing fragrance and the meat is a shimmering greenish white in color, fine-textured, juicy and sweet.



GRAPES should look sparkling fresh with the individual berries plump and well hitched to the stems. High color indicates good flavor and lots of sweetness. The white or green variety, for example, is at its peak when the color is just turning amber. Two favorites are California's Thompson Seedless—small, sweet, pale green and available from August till early winter—and the Concord—a blue slip-skin grape famous for rich royal purple juice and jelly.



BANANAS are shipped to market when green and as they ripen they take on a sunny yellow hue. They're fine for baking, fritters and such when green-tipped or yellow from stem to stem. When the skin is flecked with small brown spots, bananas are right for hand-to-mouth eating. If you're buying them several days ahead, choose the yellow-ripe or green-tipped ones—they'll go on ripening at room temperature. And never *never* put bananas in the refrigerator!



ORANGES—best known are the navel and Valencia types. Navel oranges are richly colored, seedless, firm-fleshed, have a thick easy-peeling skin and separate into segments readily. The Valencia is juicier, has some seeds, is not so round or vivid, has thinner skin. Size has no relation to quality—smaller fruit, heavy for its size, yields proportionately more juice. Greenish tinge developed at some seasons on Valencias is only skin deep: actually fruit is full-ripe.

Fresh as a breeze!



You have odorless freshness every time because Sani-Flush gets toilet bowls really clean. Works chemically. Disinfects. Ugly stains and germ film go—without scrubbing. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush and take the guess out of toilet bowl sanitation.

Safe in all toilet systems—works in hard or soft water. Your grocer has it. Two sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

KEEP
TWO CANS
HANDY



MONEY FOR YOU \$25 FREE SAMPLES
PROFIT-SELLING FIFTY BOXES FEATURE 50¢
 CHRISTMAS CARDS, CALENDERS, 25 MONEY-MAKERS
 No money needed to start. Give offers, extra bonus. Write for sample feature box on approval.
EMPIRE CARD 200 Fox St., Elmira, N. Y.

INGROWN NAIL
Hurting You?
Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTGRO bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO works on the skin underneath the nail, allowing the nail to be cut and thus preventing further pain and discomfort. OUTGRO is available at all drug counters.
 Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Dept. WNC, New York 16, N. Y.

You can get QUICK RELIEF for tired eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Put two drops of Murine in each eye. Then feel your eyes relax. Feel that refreshing, soothing sensation that comes in seconds.

WHAT IS MURINE?
 Murine is a scientific blend of seven important ingredients... so safe... so gentle... so soothing... so quick. It relieves the discomfort of eyes that are tired from overwork, exposure to sun, wind, dust or smoke. Try Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

"Yes, of course; but still another. You're going to have a brother or a sister. Will you like that, darling?"

"I don't need no one; not with Shun."
 "I know. But this one will be different."
 "How big?"
 "At first, very small. A baby."
 "A baby?" He lay and contemplated that with Mr. Pettigrew's ear trailing across his hand. "They yell."
 "They have to, to get strong lungs."
 "Your baby? Pop's?"
 "Of course."
 "Like I was, once?"
 "You still are," she said lovingly.
 "I'm not a baby." He stretched his growing legs, the ankles scarred with old bites and scratches. After a while he said, "I won't really mind, if you don't."
 "I won't. We'll none of us mind." She leaned to kiss him. "Good night, Pete."
 "Mr. Buzzini," said Pete.

SHE watched him go off to school with the lunch box, the pads and pencil boxes, and saw that he walked slowly to the bus, not because he was afraid but because Shun's pace was slower, being so small. Yet her eyes were not seeing very well this morning. The bus was crowded with starved scrubbed children. Pete waved, a quick flip of his hand, which had once been very fat and creased and dimpled and was no longer. His haircut was very short, the nape of his neck hollowed and thin, and defenseless.

The bus drove off down the winding road. Her neighbor, Mrs. Radford, who had a child in the bus and two in high school, came to stand at the picket fence. She said, "Well, Pete's first day at school. . . . I know how you feel, I don't get over it."
 "It's silly," said Marjorie.
 "No. You're always seeing children off somewhere, I suppose—grade school, high school, college; you see them off on wedding trips." She was silent. Her oldest son had gone to war. He had not come back. Her youngest had gone today, for the first time, to school.

The Gossamer World

from page 79

She added, "You're always waiting, I guess: to bear a child, to wait until he comes home from somewhere. . . ."

Pete came home that afternoon. He tumbled out of the bus and raced to the house. Marjorie went to meet him. She knelt down and put her arms around him. "How was it?"
 "All right, I guess." He snorted. "The woman's silly."
 "What woman?"
 "The teacher. She keeps asking questions."
 "That's what she's there for. You'll learn the answers."

Mr. Pettigrew came tearing out of the kitchen door, beside himself with welcome. Marjorie asked, "How did Shun like school?"
 "He didn't like it," said Pete, "they kept saying shush."
 "You mustn't talk in class," she began.

But he was off, running to the back door, asking Anna, were there cookies? Could he have some milk?

Dan came home to find them waiting for him at the station. How was school, he wanted to know. It was silly, said Pete firmly. He guessed he wouldn't go back.

"Why not, Mr. Buzzini?"
 Pete hooted with laughter. He said, "I'm not Mr. Buzzini. I'm Peter Watkins."
 "Is that so?" said his father, astonished.

A week or two later Pete slid into his place at supper. Now he ate supper with his parents, unless they had guests and it became dinner, served at a later hour. He looked at the empty chair beside him and at the butter plate, with its tiny portion, which Anna set down. He asked, "What's that for?"

Anna looked at Marjorie and Marjorie looked at Dan.

"That's for Shun," said Dan, "or isn't he dining at home tonight?"

A flash of delight crossed Pete's face,

luminous, revealing, secret with laughter and understanding. Then it was gone. He said, "Oh, that silly game. I don't play it any more." His face was alight again but differently. He asked, "Can I bring Jim home some afternoon, can I?"

"Who's Jim?" Marjorie inquired.
 "He sits next to me," said Pete. "He lives in the Hollow. Can I bring him—"
 "Of course," said his mother. "What's his last name?"

"I dunno. At recess we played catch." He shoved his chair back and exposed a dingy knee. "I fell down," he said proudly.

Mr. Pettigrew barked outside.
 "Jim's got a dog," said Pete. "He's a terrier, he catches rats and everything."

ANNA took away the empty chair and carried off the little plate. Without sorrow Pete watched them go but his thoughts were elsewhere.

One of the pack now, eager to run with it, careful to conform.

Dan looked at Marjorie. He was not surprised to see that her eyes were full of tears. She thought, you're always watching them go away. . . .

Gone the gossamer world. Whether it would ever return, she did not know.

Dan shook his head at her slightly. He spoke to her with his eyes: It doesn't matter, they have to outgrow things, don't they? Their swaddling clothes and their rompers, their dreams and their little world?

"Mom," said Pete, "can I have some more spinach?"

"Spinach?" cried Marjorie, shocked to the core. "But you hate it. You don't even like Popeye!"

"Oh, him," said Pete carelessly. "But Jim says spinach gives you muscles."

At her table the schoolboy wolfing his despised spinach; under her heart the sheltered infant, waiting his world.

And Dan said, smiling, "After supper, Pete, if there's a little light left I'll show you how to catch."
 [THE END]

YOUR VEGETABLE GARDEN IN AUGUST

Late crops to sow:

August is the last month in which you can do any planting in the vegetable garden. Snap beans planted as late as August 1 may be caught by early frosts but if you have the space it's worth taking a chance.

Lettuce needs cool weather and can be sown as late as August 15 in all but the most northerly sections. It needs plenty of moisture but don't water it when the sun is hot. Turnips can be sown at any time during the month, and spinach, which needs cool weather, after August 25. Late beets, endive and kale can be planted until August 15. Radishes will come as quickly at this season as in April.

During August and September annual rye grass can be sown as a cover crop between the rows and in any bare spots. It remains green during the winter, prevents erosion and its mass of fibrous roots builds plant food for the coming year. One pound will sow two hundred and fifty square feet. Light cultivation should be continued to keep weeds down, but the heavy work of the garden is over.

For better eating:

The rows of late-planted beets and carrots can be thinned by pulling some young roots as soon as they are big enough to eat.

Keep the tomato plants well tied up, for the weight of the ripening fruit and sudden heavy rains can quickly break off large portions of the plants. Nip off late blossoms for they will not make fruit before frost and it's a good idea to throw all possible strength to the fruit already formed. For the same reason, it's better to pick tomatoes now as soon as they first show red and let them ripen off the vine.

When and how to pick:

Very often in August supplies of vegetables are too large for immediate needs; then it's time to can or freeze. For this purpose pick in the early morning or late in the evening, not in

Here's Further Help For You

- **Help for the lawn:** Ask for *How to Have a Lovely Lawn*, price 6 cents.
- **Help for all gardeners:** Are you able to recognize your pests and destroy them? Ask for *How to Conquer Garden Pests*, price 10 cents.

Send stamps or money order to Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.

BY JOHN C. WISTER

Companion Garden Consultant

the middle of the day, and remember that flavor is best preserved when vegetables are canned or frozen immediately. Those that are kept for a few days lose their flavor and are not worth the time and trouble. Beets, depending on the variety, are best when one and a half to three inches in diameter; you can safely leave them in the ground for ten days or more after they reach this size; it won't hurt them. Snap beans should be picked before the bean itself begins to mature, limas when the pods are well filled. Broccoli should be cut just before the head begins to separate; cabbage when the head is solid. If you can't pick sweet corn just before cooking, pick it in the early morning, husk and keep in the refrigerator. Pick cucumbers before they begin to turn yellow.

Swiss chard is best harvested by removing outer leaves with a sharp twist, without disturbing the center. Eggplants should be cut, not pulled.

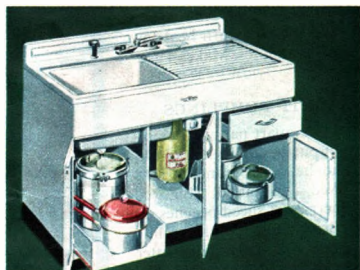
When the onion leaves turn yellow pull the plants and leave them on the ground a few days to harden, covering them at night if it is cold. Cut stems to about two inches and store onions in a cool dry frost-proof place where the air can reach them.

In general, remember that the closer you pick the bigger your yield.



Youngstown Kitchens of white-enameled steel fit every kitchen plan—old home or new. You'll marvel at the low price!

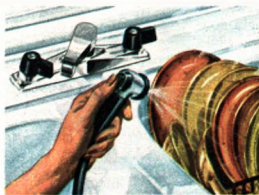
Dream kitchens cost less than you'd think



Here's the 48" twin-bowl KitchenAid—a kitchen wonder. Drainboard is sliding-removable. Second bowl extra deep—11". Sink top of acid-resisting porcelain enamel. Doors and drawers sound-deadened. You get still greater utility with the new Mullinaider, automatic waste-disposer unit. Optional equipment for all KitchenAids. Safe! Sanitary! Space-saving!



Like magic! Mullinaider automatic waste-disposer grinds away food scraps. Just turn on cold water, flip Mullinaider switch, scrape waste down drain opening. Free home demonstration.



See the swinging mixing-faucet and speedy rinse spray. Spray reaches all parts of sink top. Great for dishwashing and cleaning vegetables. Typical Youngstown value. See your dealer.

LOVELY, these Youngstown Kitchens.

But there's more to admire than their gleaming, efficient beauty. Just wait until you see the price!

The kitchen illustrated gives you an idea of what you can do with Youngstown KitchenAid cabinet sinks, base and wall cabinets and accessories.

The 66" twin-bowl KitchenAid speeds kitchen chores from food preparation to dishwashing. Like loads of work surfaces? You'll have them. How about storage space? Swing open the cabinet doors—open

the smooth-sliding drawers. Indeed, here's a kitchen that only the leader, Youngstown, could build.

Best of all, this Youngstown Kitchen costs only about \$16.00 a month (complete installation)—financing through dealer or bank. Others are equally low.

Your Youngstown dealer is the man with kitchen ideas—get acquainted! If you're building, specify a Youngstown Kitchen.

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
WARREN, OHIO
World's Largest Makers of Steel Kitchens



Youngstown Kitchens

BY MULLINS

SEND COUPON TODAY!

GET THIS EXCITING BOOKLET!
20 pages featuring beautiful Youngstown Kitchens in color. Full details on Youngstown units and tips on arranging a new kitchen. Enclose 10c in cash. No stamps, please. Please send me your Youngstown Kitchen booklet. I enclose 10c in cash.

I plan to remodel
I plan to build
I want Free Home Demonstration of Mullinaider

Youngstown Kitchens
Mullins Manufacturing Corporation
Dept. W-848, Warren, Ohio

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____
COUNTY _____ STATE _____



PANS FOR COOL COOKING

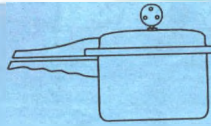
BY ELIZABETH BEVERIDGE
HOME EQUIPMENT EDITOR



A CONSUMERS
EQUIPMENT CENTER
FEATURE



Two-timing the pressure pan



• Chicken that is well past the fryer age can still be cooked quickly if you use a pressure pan. Then let the broiler take over and brown the chicken to a tantalizing color. While that happens—it takes 5 to 10 minutes—the pressure cooker can be rinsed and put to work again to do a quick-cooking vegetable. If chicken is broiled on a range-to-table platter the vegetable can be dished up alongside it for serving.

• Here's the modern way to whip up old favorites: A few good pans, aided and abetted by a well-controlled range, can keep your hot-weather cooking on a cool and easy level and hold dishwashing to a minimum too.

BROILER-BROWNED CHICKEN

Clean and cut a 3-to-4-pound fowl into pieces. Put into pressure cooker with 2 teaspoons salt and 2 cups water. For good soup stock add 1 small onion, 1 carrot, 1 stalk celery and 1 bay leaf. Cook at 10 pounds pressure for 20 to 30 minutes or at 15 pounds for 15 to 25 minutes. It's better to start with the shorter time and then cook longer if necessary. Chicken should be tender but not falling from bones. Pick out the choice pieces for broiling and dip each in French dressing. Place on broiler pan and broil 2 to 3 inches away from the heat. Brown lightly on both sides.

The rest of the chicken—stock and meat from bony pieces—will make soup and creamed chicken for other meals.



One pan cooks the whole dinner



• This is lazy-day cooking at its best. You sit in a cool spot to fix the food and arrange it, layer on layer, in a deep skillet or Dutch oven (one that has a good cover). Carry the whole thing to the range, turn on high heat and stand by for a few minutes. Put the cover on the pan, turn heat low and leave it. You have time while it cooks to set the table, make a cool drink and fix some fruit for dessert—without flurry.

FIVE-DECKER DINNER

Cut 6 slices of bacon into inch-pieces and line the bottom of a skillet or Dutch oven. Put $\frac{3}{4}$ pound ground beef made into patties on the bacon and sprinkle with salt and pepper. On this place layers of sliced vegetables: 4 to 6 medium onions, 4 medium potatoes, 4 to 6 medium carrots. Sprinkle each layer with salt and pepper. Scatter $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped green pepper and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley over the top. Place skillet on medium heat and cook for 3 minutes after bacon begins to sizzle. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Put cover on pan, turn heat low and cook 35 to 40 minutes. Makes 4 generous servings.

QUICK FRUIT DUMPLINGS

Select a $1\frac{1}{2}$ - or 2-quart pan with close-fitting lid. In it put $\frac{1}{3}$ cup water, add $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar and heat to boiling. Add 8 apricots, halved and pitted. (Big red plums, tart cherries or sliced peaches do just as well.) Bring it again to the boiling point. Have ready the dumpling batter made this way: combine $\frac{3}{4}$ cup packaged biscuit mix and 1 tablespoon sugar; cut in 1 tablespoon butter or fortified margarine; add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk and mix lightly. Spoon the batter into eight dumplings and drop quickly into boiling fruit. Put cover on the pan and steam without peeking for 12 minutes. Keep heat low. Makes 4 servings.



This little pan goes to table



• It's always a good trick to cook and serve food in the same dish. It saves you work and the food doesn't suffer from too much handling. Take these fruit dumplings for instance. They need a pan with a cover that fits snugly, low heat and no attention while they cook. The same sort of pan, the same low heat and the same restraint from peeking are good for vegetables too—you can cook them with almost no water.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TORY VENTI



Hear This Woman

from page 26

And a discreet footnote added: "All ideas, slogans, suggestions remain the property of Homer Sweet."

She returned to the easy chair. Paper in hand, she waited. Fifteen minutes went by; a half-hour. Messengers were rushing in and out of the reception room; the switchboard hummed with activity. Her impatience increased until just as she was going to remind the receptionist of her presence again, a young woman looked into the room.

"Mrs. Holmes? Will you come with me?"

Faith followed her through a long pine-paneled corridor to a door which the woman opened solemnly.

"Mr. Sweet, here is Mrs. Holmes."

Faith had the impression of a spacious room, handsomely proportioned, with walls hung with English hunting prints and Chipendale chairs upholstered in green and scarlet leather. At the farthest end a massive mahogany desk was placed at an angle between two windows, leaving in shadow the man behind it.

"Come in, come in," he said impatiently, holding out his plump hand for the application blank. "Sit down."

While he was scanning the paper Faith regarded him curiously. He was almost entirely bald. His eyes were pale, his skin putty-colored. His short compact body was squeezed into a gray sharkskin suit, with a fawn-colored vest. In his lapel he wore a carnation.

"So you're the young lady Corrigan recommended so highly," he said. There were six pipes on the rack on his crowded desk; he bit the stem of the seventh as he read.

"You have failed to answer several of the questions," he said tersely. "Why is that?"

Faith managed to remain poised. "Any of them isn't really your concern, Mr. Sweet. I filled out the ones I thought pertinent."

He rose, gripping the edge of his desk.

"Young lady, your attitude is ill advised!" He paused to clear his throat. "No detail is so minute that it does not have some bearing on the matter under consideration. Much time, effort and—shall we say—erudition has gone into the preparation of this questionnaire. It is an instrument designed to gauge the intelligence, the acuteness, the latent capabilities of the prospective candidate. It gives me the opportunity to pigeonhole his talents—"

THE telephone rang and with a muttered excuse he answered. When he had finished the lengthy conversation he scrawled a note on the huge memorandum pad.

"Now take yourself, Mrs. Holmes," he continued smoothly. "The very fact that you rebel at the nature of the questions gives me the index to your character. I gather you are: a, independent; b, given to speaking your mind candidly; c, poised and courageous. These qualities, Mrs. Holmes, I highly admire. Used with discretion, they can do much to cement relations between our organization and our clients, and between our clients and their public. In due time we shall give you the opportunity to show us what you can do along these lines."

Mesmerized, Faith wondered if his words meant she was hired. She wanted to ask, but he continued implacably, "Have you had any experience in the field of public relations? Do you know anything about this profession, which has in so short a time become a decisive factor in establishing good will between industry and consumer, capital and labor?"

He paused at last for breath. Faith decided this must be her cue to applaud but he rushed on before she had the opportunity.

"The office of public relations is the leaven to the dough, the spark to the kindling, as it were. When times were prosperous, industry foolishly thought it could dispense with our help. But since then, conditions have deteriorated; now the public relations counsel is indeed the friend in need—"

Miss Kelly came in, carrying a tray with a glass of milk, an apple and two graham crackers.

"Your lunch, Mr. Sweet."

"Thank you." He turned to Faith. "That

will be all, Mrs. Holmes. Thank you very much."

She stood up uncertainly. "Am I—or am I not—hired?"

"Yes, yes. Miss Kelly will attend to all details." He cleared his throat again. "Just one more thing, Mrs. Holmes, to bear in mind. It is my precept to all new members of my family: *Make Public Opinion Your Personal Opinion!* That is all."

As she left Faith was more than ever filled with wonder at the success of this man. In what way was he so brilliant?

NOTHING in Faith's experience had quite prepared her for the privilege of working for Homer Sweet. The layout of the offices had been planned by Mr. Sweet himself. From the impressive English reception room you stepped into the adjoining general operations room. Here stood twenty desks in serried array for clerks, stenographers and lesser assistants. At the outer rim, in glass-enclosed cubicles, slaved the contact men, the account executives and Homer's personal aides.

The conference room which separated Homer from his staff was spacious and ornate, with a long polished table around which were arranged a dozen upholstered armchairs.

Homer Sweet called the staff "his happy family," and always wanted them to understand that a job with him was a sacred trust. He demanded the best, but paid well for it. He himself was an indomitable worker, up at six each morning to scan the papers, making notes of all items of interest, and at his desk by eight. He stayed later than the staff and often returned to the office after dinner.

At the time Faith came to work for him he numbered among his clients representative industries—motors, foods, fashions, cosmetics and several banking houses, among them an important account which Corrigan had brought with him.

But the account on which he lavished his personal devotion was, of course, International Petroleum. This organization had had trouble in some of its South American dealings and Eric Ostbergh, its unpublicized chief, gave Homer the privilege of presenting the company to the world in a more appealing light.

The campaign had proved a remarkable success. For besides all the other ways in which Homer had aided the company, he had sent out one release that was noted in many papers throughout the country:

"Realizing its obligation to the hungry peoples of the world, the International Petroleum Company has put into operation a plan for feeding needy families in Europe and the Near East. Eric Ostbergh, philanthropic head of International Petroleum Company, has conceived the idea and hopes other international companies will follow suit, each assuming its share of responsibility. . . ."

When she read the release Faith was deeply impressed. "What a generous act!" she said to Corrigan.

Corrigan scowled at her. "Don't fall for it. The Sphinx isn't posing as his brother's keeper unless the results warrant it."

FAITH had a desk in Corrigan's office. She did the clerical work for Corrigan's big account, took care of the correspondence and kept the clippings up to date.

She returned to the office one evening after dinner to work on a file which seemed most extraordinary to her—the opinions of experts on subjects that Homer Sweet was interested in. It was a gold mine of information, not without brilliant ideas and suggestions.

Some of the letters from these men were, however, brusque. One was especially caustic: "You have an infernal nerve, Sweet. I would be glad to give you my ideas on any subject—for a fee."

She was staring perplexed at this note when Homer Sweet strode in. She approached him hesitantly.

"Mr. Sweet, there is a letter here from a Dr. Ellis Cairns—"

"Disregard it!" Sweet ordered abruptly.

[continued on page 86]

For a Good Meal Quick

thrifty,
fully
prepared

a new,
improved
recipe

richer,
tastier
than
ever



57

HEINZ
Cooked
MACARONI

You
know
it's good
because it's

HEINZ

extra
rich,
extra
nourishing,
at
no extra
cost

"Easy for Mother" Month



LESS THAN 11c A SERVING*

Summer Garden Salad

2 or 3 white turnips, sliced
1 bunch scallions
1 bunch radishes

2 or 3 carrots, cut in strips
2 or 3 tomatoes, cut in wedges
1 small cucumber, sliced

Lettuce

Arrange vegetables in sections in salad bowl. Serve with Ann Page Salad Dressing, French Dressing or Mayonnaise. Serves 6.



ANN PAGE SALAD DRESSING

Tops in flavor... tart-sweet, creamy-smooth... made with generous amounts of egg yolks and oil.



ANN PAGE FRENCH DRESSING

A masterful blend of fine oil, vinegar, and rich spices to add that "chef's touch" to salads!



ANN PAGE MAYONNAISE

Just the kind you like—velvety-smooth... flavor-rich with real eggs and fine oil, seasoned with delicate spices!

*Recipe cost based on average prices of ingredients in A&P Super Markets at press time.

Salads are your answer. Serve them with cold cuts, hamburgers or leftovers for a simple summer supper... or make them your menu mainstay for appetizing lunches. There's nothing simpler than a salad bowl heaped with fresh vegetables like this "Summer Garden Salad"... served with any one of the flavorful Ann Page dressing trio... Salad Dressing, French Dressing or Mayonnaise. Vitamin-rich vegetables never tasted better! Be sure to get Ann Page dressings at your A&P!

Make no mistake, Ann Page Foods are tops. They're A&P's Finest, carefully and skillfully made from the best of ingredients in A&P's own modern Ann Page food factories... then brought directly to you, eliminating many unnecessary in-between expenses... thus savings are made and shared with you.

for your finest dishes

ANN PAGE FOODS

A&P's Finest



Among the quality-famous Ann Page Foods are also such favorites as Vinegar, Spices, Olives, Relish, Mustard, Sandwich Spread, etc.

Hear This Woman

from page 85

"He should not have been on Corrigan's list of correspondents. We've had trouble with him before. He's most uncooperative."

"But Mr. Sweet—" she began quickly as he turned away, "I wanted to tell you—I've been here a month now. Of course I do like my job, but it doesn't require much initiative. When I first came here, you said—"

"We'll take care of it," he promised vaguely, "sometime soon."

"But Mr. Sweet, wouldn't this be a good opportunity?" she asked eagerly. "Let me see Dr. Cairns. Perhaps I could persuade him to join the circle."

"Very well. See what you can do. But I'm afraid you'll find him an irascible old codger."

As she had been warned, Dr. Cairns, Dean of the School of Business Administration, was tart and short-tempered. He informed her with a wintry smile that he admired Sweet's gall, if not his character.

Faith sat at the edge of her chair. "But Mr. Sweet has done much," she began earnestly, "to mold public opinion in a way advantageous to the people themselves."

"And why shouldn't he?" Dr. Cairns snapped. "With the best brains of the country at his disposal."

"Dr. Cairns, have you ever met Homer Sweet?"

"Is it necessary?"

She ignored his sarcasm. "Yes. Because once you'd met him, I'm sure you'd change your viewpoint. You'd be impressed by his sincerity. You couldn't help it! There is a spirit of altruism in all of Mr. Sweet's operations. I know that sounds stuffy and pretentious, but it's true."

He seemed impressed by her sincerity; earnest and attractive young women invariably impressed him. He leaned back in his chair, looking at her silently. Then he said, "Tell Sweet I'll ring him soon—give him the chance to talk for himself."

Homer was enormously pleased with the news. She did very well, he reflected. And he resolved henceforth to use her as a liaison between himself and the recalcitrant few.

FINALLY he entrusted her with the new campaign for Stay-Young, Incorporated.

"I am especially sentimental about this account, Faith. And I see it as a challenge to your resourcefulness. On its results will depend your future here."

"I'll do my best," she promised.

He puffed at his pipe, cuddling the bowl in his pudgy hand. "I wish to emphasize," he began, "the fact that we handle this account not merely to increase the prestige and sale of its products; what we're trying to do also is to benefit womankind. There are too many tragically unhappy women in the country—women who feel relegated to a back seat."

He looked to Faith for approbation.

"It is our duty to persuade every woman to acquaint herself with the Stay-Young way of beauty. We must build up the esteem of the mature woman. We must elevate her spirit!"

Faith scribbled industriously.

"That will be all, my dear. Good luck."

She went to work, using his methods. "A campaign," Homer had once told her, "is composed of innumerable details, none of them too small to ignore. Personally I always attack a problem with what I call the SCA approach. That is: One, be skeptical; two, be critical; three, be analytical. Once you've explored every angle and exhausted every possibility, you are the master of the situation!"

So she steeped herself in the study of the mature woman, her problems, her outlook, her aim in life. She wrote articles which exhorted such women to take their rightful places among their younger sisters.

She arranged for promotion tie-ups with the magazines, including *Feminine Appeal*, which proved especially cooperative. And everywhere she went, she found the name of Homer Sweet an open sesame.

Each week Homer sent out a capsule pep talk "for my family," in order to spur the staff on to greater efficiency and achievement. In this mimeographed sheet he always cited an

outstanding performance of some fortunate member. More than once Faith was singled out as the star of the week. She came in for her share of praise from the staff too. And at a cocktail party given by the president of Stay-Young, Incorporated, to launch a new lipstick, Harvey Jessup, the head of the Jessup Advertising Agency, cornered her.

"Mrs. Holmes, I want to congratulate you on the wonderful job you've done! Homer is certainly lucky to have you on his staff."

"Thank you." She smiled wanly. "But tonight it seems to be getting me down."

"Then there's no use your hanging around here. Much too noisy. Let's find a quiet spot where we can talk."

She had met Jessup in the office several times, for he and Homer Sweet often worked on campaigns together; and she had considered him affable and attractive. She agreed to steal away with him, but as they entered the elevator she stifled a yawn.

"What a day! I've been lining up publicity for Pink Dawn lipstick since dawn."

"What you need," he said capably, taking her by the arm, "is a good nourishing dinner. And I know just the place."

He helped her into a cab and they drove east to O'Mara's Chophouse. He ordered steaks, baked potatoes, salad, apple pie and coffee, and spoke little until Faith had eaten.

"Feel better now?" he asked.

"Much."

"Cigarette?"

"Thanks."

He touched his thumb to the expensive silver lighter and lighted her cigarette with a flourish. He was a handsome man, not yet forty, and remarkably successful in his efforts to retain a youthful appearance. His face was square and unobtrusively modeled, the eyes small, deep-set and lively, brimming over with contagious optimism. He had the poise and assurance that comes inevitably in the wake of success. Faith warmed before his spontaneous friendliness.

"You've put a lot of energy into the Stay-Young campaign."

"Let's not talk about it," she said wearily, "or I'll be dreaming about lipsticks."

"I'm sorry." He was contrite. "I have no business keeping you up. You need a good night's sleep."

She smiled gratefully. "Do you mind if I leave now?"

"No—if you'll let me take you to dinner again."

In the taxi he asked curiously, "Where do you come from, Mrs. Holmes? Somehow you don't strike me as a New Yorker."

"I came from a small town in Michigan—St. Croix. You've probably never heard of it."

"Isn't that the place Wolverine Motors is putting on the map?"

My home town, she thought, and once upon a time, my own people.

"Yes," she said quietly, "my home town."

ALL around New York Faith met girls like herself, who had made their way to success by sheer tenacity and sharp intelligence.

Career women with their own apartments and their private lives. Now she joined their ranks. She rented a small furnished apartment in a brownstone on East Seventy-seventh Street.

The first night she moved in and prepared her simple lonely dinner, she recalled how passionately she and Mark had longed for a sitting-room of their own when old Eben Holmes was still alive.

The thought of Mark brought a sudden and acute headache. How strange life was. She went on for days, absorbed in her work, driving herself with abnormal intensity, busy and reasonably content. Then she would pick up a new book by Sinclair Lewis or come across a reproduction of a Rouault clown—and the memories of the past would permeate her soul and send her to the depths of depression.

Theirs had been such a close union. Two on an island, Mark used to boast. How had it happened? What intangible force had pulled them apart? What in her mind there lin-

[continued on page 88]



"My treasure house of summer meal ideas"

Ideas for appetite-sparking menus... for ways to cut cooking time in hot weather... are endless when you shop at one of A&P's modern food department stores. A leisurely stroll down wide aisles of its grocery department, a look about in the dairy and the fish and meat departments, and a bit of browsing in the fresh fruit and vegetable section, let you come up with inspired plans for summer eating. *And that's not all:* Because everything

for every meal is on hand, there's no need to tire yourself shopping from store to store. Then, too, because prices are low every day, you are sure of bargains without bucking week-end crowds. It's easier on *you*... and your budget, too... when you shop at A&P.

A&P Super Markets



YOURS FOR **35¢ TO 39¢** A PORTION*

California Buffet

(Serves 6)

Fruit in Melon Ring
 Monterey Meat Roll with Spanish Sauce
 Jellied Carrot Salad
 Vanilla Pudding
 Iced Tea Iced Coffee

MONTEREY MEAT ROLL

Sauté $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped onions in 2 tbsps. fat, of pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread crumbs. Cook over low heat tossing lightly with fork. Re-biscuit dough into 12x5-inch rectangle. Spread with meat mixture and roll lengthwise as for hot oven, 450°F., about 25 minutes.

Spanish Sauce: Add 4 tbsps. each, chopped green pepper and onion to 2 tbsps. fat. Cook slowly until tender. Add 1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Cook slowly until sauce is thickened. Serve over Monterey Meat Roll.

Menu and recipe tested and priced by A&P Test Kitchen. *Costs based on average prices in A&P Super Markets at time of going to press.



Hear This Woman

from page 86

gered the bitter humiliating knowledge that their marriage, begun so optimistically, had fallen away to an ignominious end.

She disciplined herself to live in the present: the interview with a famed sociologist on the status of women; cocktails with Amy Stockton, the perennially young actress who had promised a testimonial for Stay-Young cosmetics; and once a week, an evening with Corrigan, who had been recently transferred to Sweet's Washington Bureau and came to New York on his day off.

She heard regularly from her father, who was working for Mark. Conditions were improving daily for the business; the airplane industry had proved its faith in the Holmes-Griswold engine by a steady stream of orders. There was talk of a new plant. Invariably her father's letters ended on the same note. "When are you coming home for a visit?"

He never mentioned her mother. Or, directly, Mark.

"MR. SWEET wants to see you," Miss Kelly said.

Faith nodded and followed her into the sanctum. Homer was standing by his desk, his face in shadow. Seated beside the desk was a heavy-set man in an unobtrusive blue suit.

"Mr. Ostbergh," Homer said, "allow me to introduce Faith Holmes—an efficient and charming member of my family."

Mr. Ostbergh acknowledged the introduction with a nod. And looking at him, Faith realized why he was known as the Sphinx. He was in his middle forties. His brows formed a promontory over the pale deep-set eyes, giving the terrifying impression of empty sockets.

Eric Ostbergh's pale eyes were watching her intently. Then almost imperceptibly he nodded to Homer.

"Faith, how would you like to be instrumental in helping one of your sex?" Homer interrupted smoothly. "How would you like to help a fine woman become a spokeswoman for your entire sex?"

"A new account?" she asked curiously. "No, let us say rather a mission, a supreme effort to contribute something vital to our American way of life."

"Who is the woman?" Homer cleared his throat. "Mr. Ostbergh's wife," he said. "Christine Ostbergh."

WHEN Corrigan got in from Washington late that afternoon, he came directly to her apartment. Over cocktails she related the story of the afternoon's session.

"So Christine is to be America's gift to politics! That's a mighty tall order."

"Homer is definitely the man to do it." He regarded her sardonically. "Good Lord, have you fallen for that pap of his?"

"Corrigan, please don't laugh at the idea of women in politics."

A twinkle lighted his brooding eyes. "Actually women should do better in politics than men. For one thing, they're better deceivers. Besides," he added, going off on a lighter train of thought, "you know how one woman can size up another and tell at a glance the value of every garment. Suppose a female politician had some boodle to sock away. Do you think she'd hide it in a little black box? Not on your life! She'd blow herself to a mink! And right away her loyal constituents would know there was something rotten in Denmark."

She choked on her drink. "Oh, come now, Corrigan. That isn't funny."

A fortnight passed before she saw Harvey Jessup again. She called him at his office about some transcribed speeches for Mrs. Ostbergh. Since Jessup held the Ostbergh International Petroleum advertising account he was consulted on Christine's special promotion.

"She'll be back from Nassau by the end of this week," Faith explained, "and would like to have them."

Hank promised to take care of it immediately and then asked if they could lunch together. She agreed and met him at "21." During the two hours they spent together Hank regaled her with ludicrous stories about

his agency and his troubles with clients. They spoke too of Homer Sweet, whom Hank admired in an indulgent way. "Advertising and public relations are practically first cousins," he added. "Though we have a concrete product to sell, while Homer peddles wind."

"You're underestimating him," Faith said. "Oh, he has his points. Have you ever heard him decry the lower forms of publicity? I've heard him say quite seriously that when a girl shoots her love to get into the tabloids, he doesn't feel that the end justifies the means!"

"That sounds just like Homer," she said. "In my office we call that a Homerism."

They talked and laughed a good deal. Hank admired her wit and she was considerably cheered and stimulated.

As they walked toward Fifth Avenue he said, "If you're free this evening, will you come to hear a new radio show of ours? I'd like very much to get your reaction."

She attended the radio première that evening, and it was no better, no worse than any other she had heard.

Hank was highly keyed up; obviously the success of the show meant much to him. When they reached the street after escaping the sponsor's party, he said, "I'm due at a club meeting but I'm going to skip it. I'd much rather talk to you." He smiled charmingly.

THEY walked for a while through the chilly streets and then she said impulsively, "Would you like to drop into my place? I'll make some coffee and we can talk."

"Nothing would suit me better. These premières always take a lot out of me."

"Then perhaps you'd better have milk." He chuckled.

While she was busy in the kitchen he switched on the radio. He was too nervous to sit still.

"Why don't you try to relax, Mr. Jessup?" she said, bringing in the tray.

"It's Hank, Faith . . ."

"Very well, Hank. Will you sit down and make yourself comfortable?"

"Okay, ma'am." After he finished his toasted sandwich and coffee, he lit a fresh cigarette. "What did you think of the comedian?" he asked.

"Please don't talk shop," she said. "Let's—tell me about yourself."

"Where shall I start?" he grinned. "As it was in the beginning?"

"Why not?"

He said slowly, "I haven't thought about my youth in years . . ." As a matter of fact he had always tried to live it down; even his wife knew little about it. And now, suddenly and to his profound astonishment, he found himself willing to discuss his past—and with a stranger! He could not analyze it, except perhaps to feel intuitively that there was no pretense with Faith Holmes. With her he could be himself, simply, honestly.

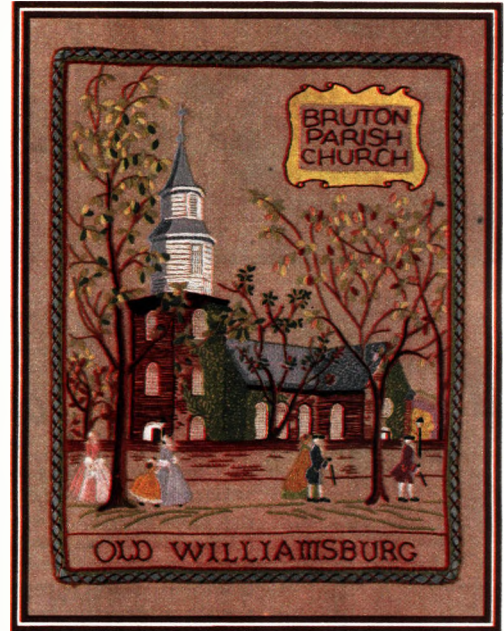
"My dad and mother were hardworking and poor. All their lives they slaved to keep their heads above water. They skimmed and hoarded their pennies. My father used to say, 'Some day we'll retire and take it easy—we don't need much.' It was their dream. It kept them going for years. And just before the great day arrived, Mother died suddenly. Her body was just too tired to keep pace with the dream—He stood up. There was nothing lighthearted in his manner now. "There's a moral to this story, Faith."

"You mean you've made up for their failure?"

"In a way. We lived in a small town in Connecticut. My father ran the general store—the kind that's almost extinct today. He figured if you were decent and honest and said your prayers every night, you would come out all right. Maybe he was right . . . but it didn't pay his bills! He had tough going. It was a hardship for him to put me through school. I wasn't what you'd call bright in class but when it came to football—" He lifted his brows quizzically. "You see before you a living example of how far a guy can travel on a pigskin!"

REPEATED

BY FLORENCE R. CASEY HANDICRAFT EDITOR



● So popular were these embroidered Williamsburg samplers that we are offering them again. Worked in easy-to-make stitches, each picture measures 14¾ inches by 19 inches when ready for framing. Their rich soft colors make them heirlooms to be cherished always. The instructions include transfer pattern, color chart, directions for making the stitches, and all the necessary embroidery threads.

"How long have you had your own agency?"

"About ten years. When I left Mansfield, International Petroleum came with me. The Ostbergh account has been bread, butter and a little caviar ever since."

"Hank, what do you honestly think of Eric Ostbergh?"

"Well, he's a shrewd operator. In all the years I've known him, I've never seen him smile. He never talks much, either. Puts the burden on you. I've come out of conferences with him limp as a rag."

"I wonder," Faith said, recalling Corrigan's words, "how much he'll influence his wife if she finally gets to Congress."

"There's no telling. He's inscrutable."

HANK felt relaxed now and at ease. Although it was growing late, he made no move to leave.

"Will you be writing her political speeches?" he asked.

"I don't know. That's pretty far off. Homer hasn't said anything yet." She grinned. "I've only met the lady once so far—"

"What did you think of her?"

"I don't know," she said candidly. "If she hadn't been tagged Mrs. Eric Ostbergh, she'd have made no impression at all."

"Faith," he said abruptly, "you're Mrs. Holmes. Yet I've never heard any mention of your husband."

She flushed. "Mark lives in St. Croix," she said carefully. "And I—I prefer to live here." She saw no reason to tell him about her divorce.

"I don't know whether my own case is better or worse," he said casually. "My wife and I share an apartment. But that's about all." She made no answer.

Before leaving, he took her hand in his. "This is the nicest evening that has happened to me in an age!" There was genuine sincerity in his voice. "May I come again?"

"Of course," she said pleasantly.

Thursday she received a note from Christine Ostbergh, inviting her for the week end at Twilight Hill, their place on Long Island.

Since Homer, too, had been asked, they drove out to the North Shore Friday afternoon in his limousine.

"I wish you'd tell me something about Eric Ostbergh," she said.

"He's an extraordinary man," Homer answered obliquely. "He came to this country penniless and today he is one of the most powerful men in the world."

"I can't understand why his wife should want to go into politics."

For once Homer was silent; he shrugged noncommittally.

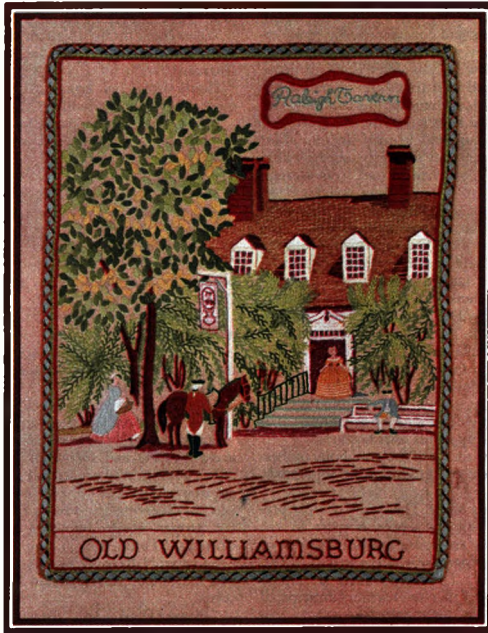
The automobile turned off the main road, passed the small English gate house and drove down a private lane guarded by poplars until it reached a vast gray Tudor house.

They were shown into the drawing-room, where Ostbergh was seated by the fireplace. He nodded deliberately. "My wife will be down shortly."

The butler brought in the tray of cocktails and just then Christine made her entrance. She greeted Faith pleasantly. She was slight and rather pallid, her age somewhere. Faith judged, between thirty and forty. Her oval face was outlined by dark hair combed back in a chignon, the center part ivory as her skin. Her well-spaced eyes were dark too, and quite without expression, and her mouth was small and without rouge. With her black chiffon frock, delicately embroidered in jet, she wore

BY REQUEST

DESIGNED BY DOROTHY BORTZ



BRUTON PARISH CHURCH, No. 3210, \$1.00
RALEIGH TAVERN, No. 3211, \$1.00

For complete directions for embroidering these pictures, send money order or check and order by number from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City 17.

no jewels other than a plain gold wedding band.

"It's good of you to come," she said politely. Homer added with an appeasing glance toward his host, "Faith's anxious to get started on the job."

Dinner was served in a baronial hall at a table so large Faith had the strange notion an amplifier might be appropriate so they could communicate with one another.

Ostberg sat at the head, impassive as a rock, yet aware of every move, every nuance. He was aloof from them, as he was aloof from all people, for long ago he had learned how easy it was to manipulate other humans, to bend them to his will.

Few people in America knew of his beginnings, for Homer was well paid to keep the information unknown.

Watching him closely, Faith wondered why he had not spoken to his wife once during the entire meal. Mrs. Ostberg herself puzzled Faith too, for she did not appear a likely political figure. Indeed she seemed withdrawn, a colorless and submissive woman who did not seem at ease in her surroundings.

SHE stood up; Faith followed her, leaving the men to their talk. Mrs. Ostberg led the way to the terrace. The tranquil night was saturated with the fragrance of spring flowers; the dark sky was clear.

"What a beautiful place this is," Faith said. "The house comes from Surrey, you know. Mr. Ostberg had it dismantled and brought here. It has quite a history." She linked her arm with Faith's and added impulsively, "But it's rather ghastly to have to live up to a house, don't you think?"

Faith was surprised and not a little impressed by her frank words; still, a kernel of

doubt lingered, for this was too iconoclastic an opinion for such a wealthy woman.

"I suppose the reason I get impatient with most women of leisure," Mrs. Ostberg continued, "is that I have worked hard most of my life. I was Mr. Ostberg's secretary before we were married. As a matter of fact, I made my own way after I was eighteen. So I had ample opportunity to see how women are shunned in business. 'Some day,' I promised myself, 'I will do something toward improving the lot of women—'"

"I know exactly how you feel."

They sat down in bamboo chairs.

"Recently I've given it considerable thought," Christine continued. "I said to myself, 'Now you have money, position, leisure. Now is the time to help your sisters.' Finally I unburdened myself to Mr. Ostberg. 'What can I do?' I asked him."

She paused delicately.

"When he suggested politics I was horrified. What do I know about politics? Mr. Ostberg laughed at me. 'What does anybody know about politics?' he said. 'You have a level head and common sense. That's enough.' So I thought—well, if I get into politics, I can promote laws to foster women's rights—"

Listening, Faith was unable to shake off the odd feeling that while Christine might be sincere, there was a subtle and complex origin to her ambitions.

Then Mrs. Ostberg asked with sudden and unexpected passion, "But do you think people will heed a woman?"

Faith cast aside all doubts. "We'll make them listen," she promised impulsively.

Because she had an affinity with causes, Faith approached the new task almost as if it were a divine mission. Homer warned her that

the entire year of 1935 must be dedicated to bringing Christine's name before the public, making Christine Ostberg synonymous with liberalism, a symbol of true democracy.

As one of the first steps, he asked Faith to write an article on modern women in politics slanted for *Feminine Appeal*. When it was accepted Sweet requested that a photograph of Mrs. Ostberg be prominently displayed on the first page with the following caption: "Christine Ostberg, wife of the famed industrialist, who is an ardent advocate of women's active participation in the American political scene."

Faith also mailed to newspapers throughout the country two thousand releases of an interview with Mrs. Ostberg on *The Destiny of the American Woman*. Here, Faith credited Christine with her own thoughts: "Women must take time off from their homes and families to exert a refining influence on matters pertaining to their government—a field up to now unfortunately dominated by men."

She also wrote innumerable human interest stories, mentioning Christine prominently in all of them. She arranged for interviews; she sent photographers to Twilight Hill for pictures of Christine in the house, in the formal gardens, at the pool with her French poodles.

Despite the intimacy into which the prelude of the campaign had thrown them, Faith found it difficult genuinely to like Christine. Beneath the well-mannered poise and charm was a core of frigidity that repelled her. Nevertheless Mrs. Ostberg was a docile student. When Faith suggested a voice teacher to eradicate the remnants of a western accent and develop her tonal qualities, she took the tiresome lessons with no sign of temperament. And each day she grew in poise and stature, knowing that whenever she must face a new situation, Faith would be standing by.

This was building up Christine Ostberg, the woman.

FINALLY, for a tryout, Homer arranged a short informal talk before a group of club-women. Faith wrote the speech and stood in the wings while Christine spoke.

It was a success. In the second speech Faith touched on what the newfound freedom would do to the future of marriage. Here she suggested that women were utterly weary of being chattels; that the bobbed hair, colored nails and camined lips were nothing but revolt against male domination. "We must never forget that one out of every two persons in this country is a woman! Socially the American woman has progressed far beyond her sister in the harem. But spiritually she still wears the veil of the seraglio."

This speech too was reprinted on the women's pages, interpreted in editorials, expounded from the pulpit.

This was building up Christine Ostberg, champion of women's rights.

"Faith," Homer said, "we're ripe now for the last step. Christine will go on record as the champion of the disinherited, the underprivileged, the minorities—"

There appeared shortly in various gossip columns the information that Mrs. Eric Ostberg would be drafted to run for Congress.

As she worked, watched, listened, Faith learned a lesson she would never forget. Here was a woman of scarcely better than average looks and intelligence, a woman who must have thousands of counterparts. Yet from the mind of one man, out of his knowledge, a new political figurehead was being created.

The Ostberg name soared like a comet through the sultry summer sky: Christine Ostberg, the woman, the humanitarian, the liberal. And from June onward there was always some national committee-member underfoot, for Christine had been nominated for Congress.

The month of October 1936, was a jumble of speeches, meetings, rallies. Homer arranged with Harvey Jessup to buy radio time. And Faith had more speeches to write in the late hours when she finally came home.

At one rally, where Mrs. Ostberg gave a particularly inspiring talk, a young reporter from the *Record* fired questions at her. Instantly Faith moved to her side and adroitly took on the task of handling the replies.

The reporter stared at Christine, carefully

dressed in an expensive black suit, her dark head bare. And then he turned to Faith, in a casual gray flannel skirt and blouse, a brown beret on her thick chestnut hair. It was not clothes alone that marked the difference between them.

"You know all the answers. Why aren't you running for office?" he asked her.

Christine's most important broadcast took place the Saturday before election, and when it was over, she remained in the studio a few moments, graciously receiving the congratulations of her retinue, which included also Harvey Jessup.

She turned to Faith. "I'm driving out to Long Island for the week end. Why don't you come with me?"

"Sorry, I still have a lot to do."

Harvey Jessup helped Christine into her Persian lamb coat; when he passed Faith there was a quizzical look on his handsome face. But Faith was too weary to notice. She was worried about the opposition nominee, a Robert Grosvenor Hewland, who was running against Christine. She feared he would be elected.

"Don't fret about it," Corrigan assured her. "It'll be a landslide—and our Christine will come in on it. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is how a stateswoman is born!"

CHRISTINE cast her vote early Tuesday morning, to the edification of the photographers Faith had lined up. Then she drove to her town apartment at the Waldorf, which by afternoon was jammed with politicians and reporters.

Faith was kept busy answering the phone, replenishing drinks and sandwiches, placating admirers whom Christine ignored. Hank Jessup was doing his amiable best to help her.

"Corrigan promised to look in," she said. "I wonder what's keeping him."

Hank looked at her intently. "You sound as if Corrigan meant a lot to you."

"Oh, he does."

"He never has a kind word for anybody and nobody ever has a kind word for him."

"I have," she retorted stanchly. "I think the world of him, although he does drive me out of my mind on occasion."

"I never thought I'd be jealous of a boor like Corrigan."

She flushed angrily and turned away but he followed her to the buffet table, where they were working in silence when Corrigan finally made his appearance. Hank Jessup nodded with none of his usual urbanity and Corrigan was equally brusque. Faith was conscious of the tension between them and she wished nervously that Hank would leave them. When finally he did, Corrigan said sourly, "You certainly attract four-flushers."

Faith was near tears. "Please, Corrigan," she said, "don't spoil the evening for me." She thrust a cup of coffee into his hand.

"Well," he said as the first reports came in, "looks as if congratulations are in order. Where's our new congresswoman?"

After a moment of search, Faith pointed out Christine, talking to her husband and a heavy-set stranger in a brown tweed suit.

Corrigan's inky black brows lifted. "Well, look who's here!"

"What do you mean?"

"That guy talking to Ostberg—he's one of the kingpins of the lobby gang in Washington. Now I get it. Damned convenient for Ostberg, having a wife in Congress."

For once Faith refused to take him seriously; Corrigan wasn't happy unless he was griping.

IN CELEBRATION the Ostbergs gave a cocktail party in their hotel suite. Both Faith and Harvey Jessup were among the guests but they managed to slip away early.

"You're really the star of this production," Hank assured Faith gallantly. "Even if you didn't get the star billing."

She shrugged. "It's part of my job. And I got a great satisfaction out of the work. I like to see men get into public life."

"You'd do right well there yourself."

Tonight Hank had chosen a small quiet restaurant instead of the well-known noisy

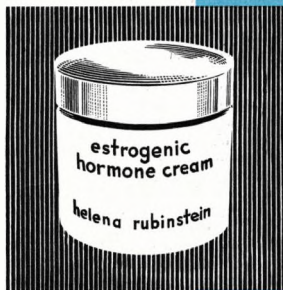
[continued on page 90]

helena rubinstein says:



**"over 30?
you can look
younger!"**

**ESTROGENIC
HORMONE CREAM™**



"If you are over-30, there is one cream you should never be without—my ESTROGENIC HORMONE CREAM. Why?"

"Because estrogenic hormones are one of the best substances yet known to science that can make your skin look younger..."

"Because I experimented until I found the right formula that would bring you the fullest benefits of these amazing substances..."

"Because thousands of women in their 30's, 40's, 50's, 60's already have found that daily use of this remarkable cream can truly smooth out fine lines and wrinkles."

"Use ESTROGENIC HORMONE CREAM faithfully for 30 consecutive days and see how quickly your skin responds to its dynamic action. See how much younger your skin can look!" 3.50

"PASTEURIZED" FACE CREAM SPECIAL—massage daily to texture as you cleanse. Cream away flaky dryness. Soothe! Soften! Refresh! 1.00 plus tax

helena rubinstein
655 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

places he usually frequented. He'd had several drinks and his handsome ruddy face was flushed, his manner audacious. Over coffee he began with mock solemnity, "Faith, isn't it a pity when two normal intelligent people who need each other badly keep on pretending..."

"Perhaps because she had rather expected this, it did not disconcert her. She was very much in control of the situation.

"Hank," she parried gaily, "are you leading up to a proposal or a proposition?"

He looked hurt. "You know I'm married."

"How very convenient for you."

"Aren't you being rather unkind?"

Faith leaned back in her chair, obviously enjoying his discomfiture. "I've heard all this before, you know," she said. "Shall I tell you what you meant to say next? As Homer Sweet would put it: One, your wife doesn't understand you. You've grown up and left her behind. Two, you couldn't hurt her and the children. Three, 'Why can't we be civilized human beings? We'll be discreet, no one will be hurt. And I want you so much, darling.'" She was laughing openly now.

He was embarrassed. "Now, Faith—"

"Hank, I haven't had any affairs. And I don't intend to start now."

He smiled sheepishly. "Faith, you're wonderful! You're the smartest gal I've ever met—much too smart for me. I'll be honest with you. This isn't a line—as a matter of fact, my wife doesn't give a hang for me. She's just as bored with me as I am with her."

"I'm sorry," she said judiciously. "It's tough on you. But why bring me into it?"

He regarded her, baffled.

A WEEK later Hank Jessup was present at a conference in Homer's office, along with Faith and Eric Ostbergh. The purpose of the meeting was to assemble a new radio program for International Petroleum. Ostbergh, massive and inscrutable, listened stonily to their suggestions without once committing himself.

Hank snuffed out his cigarette and turned to Ostbergh for recognition. "I'm convinced a program built around a popular comedian and a name band would be the thing."

"But Jessup," Homer Sweet interrupted, "bear in mind the type of program suited for International Petroleum. It must have an air of dignity!"

"What about a musical program?" Faith asked. At the sight of Hank's pained expression she added, "Light music—say Gershwin and Kern. That would have popular appeal."

Ostbergh stirred, something akin to approval in his pale cold eyes. "Suits me. Go ahead with that idea."

"Very well," Homer sighed with relief; thank heaven Faith could sense what Ostbergh would like. "Fifty minutes of music. With a brief intermission talk. We mustn't forget that the sole purpose of the entertainment is to engage the listener's ear, so he will be attuned to our message!"

"Mrs. Holmes," Eric Ostbergh said tentatively, "you're to give the talk."

"Me? What do I know about radio?"

"You're much too modest," Hank Jessup interrupted, quick on the uptake. "I think—"

Homer Sweet wouldn't allow him to finish. "Mr. Ostbergh should be commended for his rare judgment and vision," he said hastily.

"Thank you, gentlemen. You're very kind," Faith said nervously. "But I don't feel up to it. I've never been on the air."

"You'll learn in no time," Hank said.

"I have no doubts on the matter," Eric Ostbergh said with brusque finality.

She wondered if he considered this a suitable reward for the job she'd done for his wife.

The groundwork for the International Petroleum radio program was laid in the offices of Homer Sweet and the Jessup Advertising Agency, working together on this project. Hank suggested they buy time Sunday night. The series would begin in early September.

The subject of her first talk, Faith decided, was to be A Gallon of Gasoline, from the time it gushed forth from the earth as oil to its ultimate destination as gasoline, the tank of a car; all in terms of human beings.

Necessarily she saw a good deal of Hank that summer. The radio program involved many problems and she sat in on all confer-

Hear This Woman

from page 89

ences. The more she saw of him, the more she grew to value his genial nature, his affable tolerance and his unasked-for loyalty to her. She found herself accepting his invitations again; usually for lunch. He was a good companion, gay, humorous and considerate. He never referred to the evening he had declared himself so rashly. Now he was determined to prove he was satisfied with friendship alone.

But although she enjoyed his company tremendously, she kept herself on the alert.

Harvey Jessup had learned an important lesson from his family's poverty, one he would never forget. If you had to start from scratch, by the time you got anywhere you were too old. Few successful businessmen seemed to live long enough to enjoy their profits.

Faith could not help sympathizing with the tremendous drive that his poverty had given him. She had known poverty only too well herself. But Hank had taken a short cut by marrying Peggy D. Crawford of the Crawford Copper Mines. They had one child, a boy, born in the first year of their marriage and named after his father. And Mrs. Jessup never allowed her husband to forget it was her money, fortified by a large automobile account from a close friend of her family, that had set Hank up in his own business.

The first broadcast of the symphony orchestra took place on a Sunday in September, 1937.

It was a gala affair. The tickets for the premiere were sent to people notable in the artistic, social and business worlds. Homer Sweet's office, together with the Jessup Advertising Agency, had done such a superb exploitation job that the listeners anticipated the program as a great cultural event.

All day Faith had been tense. It was not exactly fright—she had done reasonably well during rehearsals—but simply the fluttering excitement of a new project.

Hank had asked her to have dinner with him but she had declined. At seven-fifteen, however, he was calling to take her to the broadcast.

SHE dressed carefully in a new black dress with a high neckline, long sleeves and a full skirt that fell in Grecian folds. She had had her hair cut short, in a style more becoming than the long bob.

Almost superstitiously she touched the small gold locket of her childhood. For luck!

When Hank came in, bringing a corsage of camellias, he whistled appreciatively. "Beauty and brains too—it's just too much for one person! Faith, you'll wow 'em, all right!"

They drove to the theater and went backstage. The audience was seated, rustling programs, looking about. The minutes ticked away; the announcer stepped to the microphone. The hand raced.

A tense moment of suspense. They were on the air!

Sixty musicians were poised; the conductor's baton rose for the downbeat; the first strains of The Overture to William Tell rose.

In countless homes throughout the land people were gathered around their radios, listening to music they loved. Then the announcer introduced Faith Holmes.

She stood before the mike, outwardly composed, her head high, her brown eyes sparkling with excitement. The copy trembled slightly in her hand. She began to speak, her voice pleasingly low in register, her manner friendly and intimate. She was telling her audience quite simply the story of a gallon of gasoline, from its crude beginnings to the moment you drove up to a station and said, "Fill 'er up!"

Her talk lasted five minutes. When she had finished, a wave of applause greeted her and she thought suddenly of her high school debating team—the time she and Mark had gone to Pine Bluffs and how elated she had been at the response of the audience.

When the concert was over Hank approached Faith and kissed her hand. "You were simply wonderful! I don't know of any other woman who could have done as well!"

After the broadcast they all met at the Ost-

bergh's suite for the congratulatory bouquets customary after a premiere. Everyone assured Faith she had done a superb job. Homer pecked her on the chin and said proudly, "I train my staff well."

Newspaper photographers snapped her picture—alone, with Christine and together with Homer Sweet and Harvey Jessup; the flash bulbs exploded like falling meteors.

When Hank brought Faith a drink she said, "I don't need champagne. I'm giddy with excitement!"

Hank drove her home. Although it was quite late he said hesitantly, "May I come in?"

"Well, just for a moment."

"These first nights always wear me down."

"This time," she answered, "I know exactly how you feel!"

She lighted the lamps in the living-room and they sat smoking and discussing the program, Homer Sweet's releases and the Ostberghs.

"They're a strange couple," Hank mused.

"I can see what makes Christine tick. She's been poor and she's highly ambitious. But Ostbergh baffles me!"

"He is strange—almost inhuman. I can't imagine his loving anyone—even his wife."

"Yes, when he married his secretary I rather thought there'd be some change in him. But he's still the Sphinx."

There was a pause. Their conversation lagged. The room was very quiet.

Hank thought, in a moment I'll have to leave. . . . He had something to say but he didn't know how to broach it. Faith was different from all the girls he had ever known; there was no deceiving her. His mind fumbled for the proper words and then he burst out clumsily, "Faith—I'm in love with you."

She should have known that this moment was inevitable, yet she found herself disconcerted.

"Please, Hank—let's not go through this again!"

"But wait, Faith—don't get me wrong—"

He stood before her and she felt that this time he was utterly honest and sincere; the knowledge left her helpless.

He said fiercely, "I've never known love before. I don't know how to fight it. I won't fight it—"

His casual debonair air crumbled pitifully. The man who could make a thousand friends effortlessly was racked with the agony of declaring his love for one woman.

"Faith, try to understand," he pleaded.

Trying to crystallize her own strangely obscure emotional state, she said carefully, "Hank, I don't want to hurt you—truly I don't! But I can understand one thing clearly—that I cannot come between you and your wife!"

AFTER he left, in a cloud of defeat, she couldn't go to sleep. The clock on the desk pointed reproachfully to three. Occasional footsteps on the street below reverberated hollowly through the sleeping city.

She hadn't moved. She was still rooted, numb and mesmerized, to the chair before which Hank had confronted her so impassionedly.

She might as well face it. As far as her personal life was concerned, she was in a strait jacket. She felt that this bitter mood was not merely the normal letdown after a brilliant and successful evening. It was really the letdown after five years of solitary living.

"What's wrong with me?" she cried out in silent despair. "How have I blundered?"

Recounting the errors of her past, she thought another girl in her place might have remained happily married to Mark. Or—compromised with a man like Harvey Jessup.

She had followed neither of these paths. Why? Had some deep subconscious striving propelled her out of the snug circle of her life with Mark into a sphere of bigger affairs? She wondered if she were still emotionally tied to Mark. She didn't know the answer.

After that evening she made it a point to keep her meetings with Hank on a strictly business basis. It wasn't easy. Hank was not easily discouraged. He was persistent, yet tactful enough to avoid embarrassing her openly. Nevertheless, by a word, a look, a

[continued on page 97]



New, beautifully fitted Textron nylon tricot slips, about \$7

Sunshine and horizon blue... **IN TEXTRON TRICOT OF NYLON**

Cool, cool nylon tricot! Light as sea spray... smooth as a pearly shell. Now Textron dips this miracle fabric in summer-gay colors... the rich yellow of sunlight, the soft blue of sky touching the sea, the sweet pink of a maiden's blush.

Beautifully molded for perfect fit—and all nylon... even to tiniest stitching. So easy to wash—no need for ironing! No stretching... no sagging... no running... no clinging—and the new longer skirt always stays set at dress length!

Also in Night Black or Foam White, sizes 32 to 42, average or tall. At leading stores throughout the country.

TEXTRON inc., Textron Building, 401 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

TEXTRON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HOSTESS COATS

BLOUSES

MENSWEAR

WOVEN & TRICOT LINGERIE

FIRST STITCH OF FALL



4597 • Early fall dress in Miron's worsted crepe with detachable cape (see far left), detachable plaid gingham collar and cuffs. Sizes, 12 to 42. Size 16 takes $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 34-inch fabric, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 39-inch fabric for contrast. Price, 50 cents.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL D'OME

DRAWINGS BY VIOLET BEAR

4610 • (Above, left.) Soft shirtwaist dress with easy back fullness. Sizes, 12 to 38. Size 14 takes $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch ribbon. Price, 50 cents.

4599 • (Above, right.) A dress with a shawl collar, long sleeves and soft pleats in front. Sizes, 12 to 38. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material. Price, 50 cents.

It's time to start sewing for the whole family—
for yourself, an early fall dress of light wool or
glistening tissue faille; for the girls, back-to-school plaids
and calicoes; for the boys, tough denims and wools

BY ELEANORE MERRITT

Butterick patterns at local dealers or Woman's Home Companion, P. 8, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City 17.



4630 • Plaid cotton dress with a grown-up look. Sizes, 4 to 12. Size 10 takes $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch fabric, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch rickrack. Price, 25 cents.



4632 • Capelet dress. Sizes, 2 to 10. Size 8 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 1-inch ruffling, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch bias binding. Price, 25 cents.



4631 • Two-piece calico dress with a Puritan collar. Sizes, 6 to 12. Size 10 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 35-inch contrast. Price, 25 cents.



4197 • A sturdy blue denim overall with yoke back is just right for school or play. Sizes, 2 to 8. Size 6 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material. Price, 25 cents.



4633 • One-piece. Sizes, 6 to 12. Size 6 takes $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 35-inch fabric for bodice, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35-inch fabric for skirt, 2 yards of $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch ruffling. Price, 25 cents.



4572 • Bright cotton dress with white collar and cuffs. Sizes, 4 to 12. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch fabric, $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 35-inch contrast. Price, 25 cents.



3022 • Boy's best Sunday-go-to-meeting suit has a three-button jacket, neat straight shorts. Sizes, 2 to 14. Size 6 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.



4515 • Pinafore. Sizes, 2 to 10. Size 6 takes $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 4-inch eyelet for ruffles, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 1-inch eyelet for pockets. Price, 25 cents.



3167 • Little boy's wash suit. Sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 takes $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-inch fabric for shirt, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 35-inch material for shorts. Price, 25 cents.



Black the Ace of Suedes

Rhythm Step

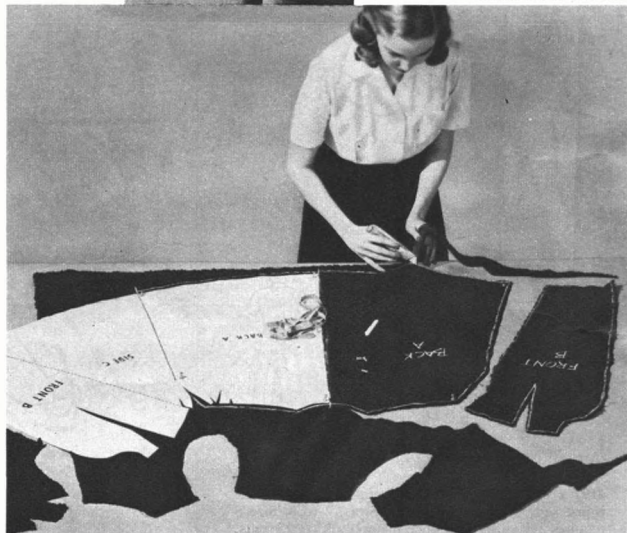
MORE than just beautiful shoes

Three invisible rhythm treads cushion every step

JOHNSON, STEPHENS & SHINKLE SHOE CO., St. Louis



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL D'ONE



Cutting: She has anchored pattern to skin side of fur with pushpins and traced around each piece with chalk. Now she cuts along the chalk line with a razor knife, taking care to hold the hairs of the fur away from blade to avoid damaging them as she cuts.

THERE'S nothing more dated-looking than an outmoded fur coat, yet it represents an investment and you think twice before you kiss it good-by. Wishing won't make your old fur coat new again—but at least one man we know, a fur-remodeling specialist named Harry Jay Treu, will tell you that you can get many more seasons of wear out of it by making it into a short cape. Since this calls for less fur, it permits you to pick the best fur and discard the worn and mangy parts. From the standpoint of style and common sense, you'll find you've added to your wardrobe an item which will be endlessly useful. Worn over an untrimmed winter-weight coat it gives you the added warmth you'd expect from a fur coat; worn over a suit it adapts itself to milder weather. Over a thinner dress it will see you into early spring—and it doubles superbly as an evening wrap, for its briefness shows off your long skirt to advantage, it slips on and off easily, has warmth without bulk.

MAKE A CAPE FROM YOUR OLD FUR COAT



This is the worn fur coat that was transformed into the useful little cape shown opposite; it will be good now for several more years of fashion life.

You can do it yourself with the help of a razor knife,
a pattern and a good set of detailed instructions



Repairing: She has cut out all the worn places in the shape of triangles, cut matching pieces from unworn parts; now she overcasts them together on leather side, using 3-cornered Number 4 needle.



Blocking: Using brush and cool water she dampens the leather side. She outlines the pattern of the cape upwards and sideways, she tacks and pulls the dampened fur—stretching it so that it extends slightly beyond the edge of the pattern on all sides.

HARRY JAY TREU SAYS WATCH THESE POINTS WHEN YOU WORK WITH FUR:

- Be sure your fur is worth the effort; if it's so brittle that it cracks when you pull it, give up the whole idea.
- If you find a thin layer of cloth stitched to the fur, remove this; it's best to work right on the skins.
- Lay the paper pattern on the coat near the bottom and work from the bottom up, for the least worn fur will be there.
- Use chalk to mark around the edge of the pattern.
- Use a single-edge razor blade (or blade fastened in a holder) to cut. As you cut, hold up the fur so that the razor will cut the skin but not the hair (see photograph above left).
- Any of the more usual furs—caracul, muskrat, Persian lamb, nutria, seal—will lend themselves to this remodeling.

- But don't attempt it with long-haired furs like fox or raccoon.
- To stitch, work from the leather side of the fur, using 4-cord cotton glacé thread and overcast stitch (see photograph above center).
- Work on a large flat surface of beaver board or on a table which you won't mind marring with tacks and pushpins.
- When stretching fur, dampen on the skin side only, using a brush dipped in water (see photograph above).
- Any fur that has straight hair can be glazed by combing and brushing it as you would your own hair, first dampening the fur slightly. Where there is a curl, as in Persian lamb, leave the fur alone.



We asked Mr. Treu to prepare pattern and instructions to help you do this. Send 20 cents in stamps and ask for *How to Remodel Your Fur Coat into a Cape*. Order from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.

JELLY-BEAN COTTONS

Little girls love the deep bright tones of green, red and purple as they love the jelly beans from which they're copied; their mothers love the sturdy many-times-washable fabric, the fresh new details of the dresses



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL D'ONE

In the fifth grade, she surveys the school art exhibit. Her red dress has white vestee and pockets, puffed-out sleeves.



In kindergarten she makes paper chains. Her dress is trimmed with rickrack; the long sleeves push up.

She admires her own colorful painting. Her purple dress has old-fashioned puffed sleeves, scallops at yoke and hem.



Even when the wheel comes off, her green dress with smocking and ruffled push-up sleeves is a real consolation to her.

• Turn to page 137 for stores carrying these dresses. They come in sizes 7 to 12 at \$6.00 and in sizes 3 to 6 at \$5.00. All dresses are Jack Borgenicht Originals in Bates Sanforized broadcloth. All come in jelly-bean green, red, purple.

Hear This Woman

from page 50

gesture, he managed to express his feelings. They were constantly thrown together because of the radio program, which necessitated weekly conferences. Possibly the only thing to do was to cut clean. But she considered such an act reckless and stupid, for she loved every moment of her work!

For once, she was weary of bucking the current. For once, she decided to be passive—and to let time take its inexorable course.

But this decision took its toll of her nerves. Because she tried to remain friendly without encouraging him, the strain was obvious and it showed in her work.

Early in December Homer Sweet invited her to the annual banquet given by the Council of Industrial Management, at which he was to be the guest speaker. When Faith arrived she caught sight of Hank Jessup with a woman she knew immediately to be his wife. She recognized her from the photographs of the society pages. She knew that a meeting was unavoidable and that she must call on all her resources to maintain her composure.

Although Mrs. Jessup was in her late thirties, to the untrained eye she looked considerably younger. She wore a severe but handsome gown of blue satin.

When Hank had dutifully made the introductions Mrs. Jessup said brittlely, "I've heard so much about you, Mrs. Holmes." Her glance was as pointed as a rapier.

Hank squirmed. Faith murmured a vague reply and moved to the table reserved for Homer Sweet's associates. During the interminable dinner she was still conscious of Mrs. Jessup's mocking glance.

After the dessert, Faith went to the powder room. Instantly she knew that Mrs. Jessup was following her. The room was packed with women. Mrs. Jessup cornered Faith. She said deliberately in her high clipped voice, "This is rather the place for feminine confidences."

"I wouldn't know," Faith replied. "Is it possible that you haven't been in this situation before? It's customary, for the stenographer to fall for her boss—"

As the vicious words lashed out at her Faith summoned her scattered wits. She was painfully conscious of the curiosity of the maid and the other women, to whom Mrs. Jessup seemed serenely oblivious. Faith thought, this is the essence of every movie she has seen, every trivial book she has read, in which the outraged wife faces her rival. And how she's enjoying her dramatic moment!

"Mrs. Jessup," she said quietly, "I am sorry for any unhappiness I may inadvertently have caused you."

But Mrs. Jessup was circling in for the kill. "You're not hoping to convince me it's entirely business," sarcastically, "when it's conducted at all hours of the night!"

Faith was too stunned to reply. How utterly vulgar and humiliating, she thought, strangely objective in this moment as she was being drawn into a vortex of petty jealousy and vindictive recriminations. She felt degraded.

"Mrs. Jessup, I'm not in love with your husband; and besides, I would never do anything to hurt another woman."

Peggy Jessup regarded her with bitter disdain, ignoring her defensive words. "How simple you are, Mrs. Holmes! Do you really think you can take Hank away from me? Hank's much too ambitious ever to relinquish my position and my money!"

Only then did Faith realize how serious Hank was about her.

FAITH stuck rigidly to her resolve. She saw Hank only when necessary and practically always when someone else was present.

Once during the Christmas rush he said wistfully, "Can't we have a drink together for old times' sake?" And though she was touched by his boyish pleas, she refused.

"Faith," he added, "I'm not living with Peggy any longer. I'm at the club."

The news distressed her. "Hank, please—" she said nervously, "I don't want to be involved—"

"I've definitely broken with her, regardless

of what happens between you and me! I couldn't take it any longer—"

"But what about your son?"
"I suppose I'll get to see him—occasionally—if Peggy is agreeable."

"Oh Hank, I'm awfully sorry!"
"I had it coming to me," he said grimly.

The International Petroleum radio program was going well. The Hooper rating was high; the press commended it. Music for the millions; music they loved. And an intermission talk simply presented in a woman's pleasant voice.

After a broadcast late in January she went directly home. She had a slight cold and was looking forward to a good night's rest.

On the night table lay a telegram that her maid had placed there for her.

"She tore it open. It was from her father: "Mother very ill come home at once."

SHE was able to get a reservation on a plane leaving at seven in the morning for St. Croix. At dawn she took a shower and put on a gray tweed suit and a warm black cashmere sweater. She wore the little gold locket, which today took on new significance. She wrote a note to her maid, sent a telegram of explanation to Homer Sweet, packed an overnight bag and took a taxi to the airport.

Although she tried to remember her mother, she couldn't capture the image in her mind. It wavered and eluded her. She could remember only her mother's eyes, dark, burning—

The plane landed on schedule in Great Falls at two o'clock. She hired a car to drive her to St. Croix; this part of the trip took almost an hour, for traffic was heavy.

She moved restlessly in her seat. As the driver turned along the lake she caught sight of the new building adjacent to Wolverine Motors. Mark's new place, she thought. What if I see him again? The idea filled her heart with fear.

At last the driver stopped before the asylum. She put her trembling hand to the bell. After a moment the heavy door opened slowly and a nurse stood before her. Behind the white figure she caught a glimpse of Tod.

"Dad!"
Without speaking, he took her hands gently in his. She knew that she hadn't come in time.

Tod took her home to Mrs. Hussar's. As they turned down Sycamore toward Ontario Place, snow lay in frozen ruts behind the sidewalks and the streets were streaked with soot and littered with refuse. How squalid everything seemed! Yet this was her home; she used to play on these streets.

The anesthesia of shock was wearing off. She ached with the anguish of the moment.

Walking beside her, hunched in his heavy mackinaw, his cap pulled over his forehead, Tod looked old and beaten. The high spirits were gone forever. He was a middle-aged defeated man. Faith felt a surge of pity for him and his aborted dreams.

"It happened very suddenly yesterday afternoon. Her heart . . ."

"Did you see her before—"

"Yes. The doctors called me right after her first attack."

"Was she conscious? Was she—rational?" Faith asked pitifully. "Did she say anything about me?"

"Pumpkin," Tod said gently, "she couldn't speak. She couldn't say a thing."

Mrs. Hussar was very kind. She welcomed Faith affectionately and did her best to make her comfortable.

"You're too thin, Faith. You don't eat enough." Mrs. Hussar always maintained that good food and plenty of it was the answer to all ills of the spirit and the flesh.

"Today you shall have Wiener schnitzel and spaetzle and apple strudel. You've been eating too many salads in your New York!"

Faith thanked her politely and Mrs. Hussar took her bulk into the kitchen. Tod was napping. The house was very quiet; it was the kind of quiet she never experienced in New

[continued on page 99]

Lovely Dresses Given to You!

VERSATILE SCARF makes a swiny new dress for every wearing.

EARN UP TO \$23.00 WEEKLY BESIDES

If there's one thing every woman can always use, it's a NEW DRESS! Especially when it's beautifully made in the latest style and the newest colors and fabrics such as those we have illustrated on this page. How would you like to receive one, two, three or even more lovely Fall dresses, without paying a penny of cost? That's right, without paying out a single cent in cash! Well, here's your chance. It's a remarkable opportunity offered by FASHION FROCKS, INC., America's largest direct selling dress company. Our dresses are bought by women in every state, and nearly every county. We need new representatives right away to take orders in spare time and send them to us. Any woman, even without previous experience, can act as our representative. You can get the chance to obtain stunning dresses as a bonus—dresses that will not cost you a penny. In addition, you can make splendid weekly cash commissions—up to \$23 a week, or more! You simply take orders when and where you please for FASHION FROCKS—gorgeous originals of exquisite fabrics, unbelievably low-priced down to \$3.98. For every order, you get paid in cash on the spot.

Free PORTFOLIO OF LATEST FALL DRESSES as low as \$3.98

NO CANVASSING — NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

Don't think you need experience. Every dress carries the famous seal of Good Housekeeping Magazine, and is sold on a Money Back Guarantee. When women see these exclusive styles—so different from run-of-the-mill dresses—so easy to buy without going to crowded stores—they just can't help but order 2 and 3 at a time! Women can't resist the alluring new fashions created especially by Constance Bennett, glamorous movie star and "one of the world's ten best-dressed women." Miss Bennett's name alone makes orders so easy, about all you have to do is write them down. What a pleasant way to take in steady cash earnings week after week! Can't you use a handy extra income—especially with Christmas coming on? And wouldn't you like your own lovely dresses without cost? Just mail the coupon below!

START EARNING RIGHT AWAY!

So many women are taking this easy way to make money, there aren't too many openings left. So don't put it off. Your Style Portfolio—with samples of America's finest fabrics—is absolutely free. Make up your mind right now—then send the coupon. There's no obligation, nothing to pay. Paste the coupon on a post card, and mail it today!

How Would You Like Exceptional Cash Earnings Like These?

- Marie Patton, Illinois—took in an average of \$39 a week.
- Mrs. Carl C. Birch, Maryland—earned an average of \$36 a week.
- Mrs. Claude Burnett, Alabama—averaged \$31.50 a week.

Fashion Frocks, INC.
DESK A2057, CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD—mail now!

FASHION FROCKS, INC. Desk A2057, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Yes—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost. Reserve my Free Portfolio and send me full information, without obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Age _____ Dress Size _____



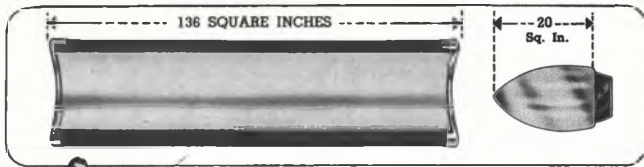
SUIT YOURSELF in soft, frost-striped CO-HAMA suiting—nest, trim, and tricky!



Constance Bennett

... fascinating star of stage, screen, and radio. One of the world's ten best-dressed women. Designer for Fashion Frocks.

"My designs for these lovely Fashion Frocks were inspired by the \$200 to \$300 dresses that drew so many compliments when I wore them myself. I'm so proud to offer them at a tiny fraction of that cost."



Why the Simplex irons so much *faster!*

When you observe that the Simplex shoe is nearly 7 times greater than a hand-iron, it is easy to understand why a Simplex irons more than twice as fast. Besides, you can sit down, comfortably relaxed. You merely guide the pieces through. The machine does the work. You save your strength, health and good disposition. Really with just a washer, you have only half a home laundry. Decide today to own a Simplex.

See your Simplex dealer for demonstration, or mail coupon below.



SMALLER AND LARGER MODELS AVAILABLE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Simplex

THE RECOGNIZED LEADER Since 1905

SIMPLEX DIVISION
BARLOW & SEELIG
MFG. CO.
Algonquin, Illinois
Cable Address: SIMPLEX 1207

Please send Simplex literature and "How to Iron" booklet. Dept. W.

Name City and State.....
Address.....

When a Slip becomes a social error... switch to Mary Barron

This advertisement is based on the embarrassing episode of Mrs. George Will of Akron, Ohio, to whom we have sent a check for \$50

Her slip stopped the style show! Not a single eye saw her beautiful costume, for her slip straps broke, dropped down embarrassingly and hobbled her ankles. A MARY BARRON slip never suffers from strap tug—never rides up nor twists in ugly folds at the hips. The patented "Biastrait" design, created by a dressmaker, assures perfect behavior for every MARY BARRON slip. If not available at your favorite store, write to Mary Barron

CLAIRANESE® RAYON TAFFETA SLIP. Ruffle designed for easy shortening by snipping at tucks. Black, navy, brown, verity blue, kelly green, frost pink, white, red. Sizes 32 to 44. Buy your Mary Barron in the same size as your brassiere.

• Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. \$3.50

WIN \$50.00 for your most embarrassing slip moment, if we use it in our advertising. Send to Mary Barron, c/o The Davidson Bros. Corp., 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. (Expires Dec. 31, 1948)

WATCH YOUR STEP

Can you pass the "motion picture" test?

Take a good look at yourself the next time you walk by a full-length mirror—and see yourself as the rest of the world sees you

BY PEGGY BELL

DO YOU CHARGE?



Yes—if you go into motion headfirst with the air of a fullback carrying the ball down the field for a touchdown. A trait of the determined type who takes to her feet with compass set, nose pointing in the wind and all flags (hat, bag and packages) flying.

TIP: Take it easy. You can't get there ahead of your feet anyway. So—straighten up, shorten your stride and RELAX.

DO YOU WADDLE?



Yes—you're bound to if you have a habit of walking with your feet turned out like a duck's. This toeing-out (a favored technique of plump sway-backed women) produces a side-to-side motion that is unhappily suggestive of a gently rocking boat.

TIP: This is navigating the hard way. Correct posture (see below) and proper foot action (feet parallel, weight rolling from heel to toes) makes walking easier and much prettier.

DO YOU LUMBER?



Yes—if you sag under your own weight, carrying yourself around like Atlas with a private world of woes on your shoulders. A picture of dejection, the lumberer walks as though there were heavy weights fastened to both feet and no hope left in life.

TIP: Pull yourself together (see below) and take some of the load off your feet. You will look and feel a great deal better.

Posture Test: Stand with back to edge of half-open door (facing a full-length mirror if possible). Place heels about four inches out from door, feet slightly apart, knees relaxed. Gripping doorknobs in both hands, lean back pressing backbone against edge of door until it touches all the way up to neck vertebrae. Holding this position as nearly as you can, walk toward the mirror and see how handsome you really can look. Remember—practice makes perfect.

DRAWING BY Leonard Fox

Hear This Woman

from page 97

York. Her mother's sudden death brought the past into sharp relief—her marriage to Mark, Charlotte's refusal to be reconciled. For years Faith had been burdened by a sense of guilt that she had gained Mark at the loss of her mother and now she had lost them both.

She was left alone, desolate and bereft.

Mark Holmes was now vice president of Wolverine Motors in charge of labor relations and production. The engine which Allan Griswold had perfected and Mark had so doggedly promoted had done much to build a national reputation for Wolverine. Mark was one of the top four executives of the concern and his reputation extended beyond the confines of business. He worked hard, yet had enough energy left over for civic interests.

He lived in a small comfortable apartment overlooking Holmes Park. It was furnished with pieces from his grandfather's house, together with his own books and paintings.

He was attractive, successful and highly eligible—and many of the new people moving to St. Croix knew nothing of his broken marriage. Among themselves they speculated on why he was a bachelor. He still refused to become a member of the country club, although he dined there occasionally with Allan and Joyce Griswold, who were active members. He looked forward to his dinners with Vrest Macklin, at the Lake Shore Hotel, which were the highlights of his week. He managed to have no time for a private life.

At first his efforts to lose himself had been dire necessity. He could not bear the empty evenings. He longed for the sound of Faith's gay voice, for the sight of her. But gradually the routine he had deliberately charted became a part of him and he found solace in it.

The only information he obtained about Faith came from her father. Often on a Sunday afternoon he dropped in to see Tod and Mrs. Hussar. He was extremely fond of them both and he felt at home there. He followed with great interest Christine Ostbergh's campaign, knowing from Tod that Faith had written her speeches. Sunday nights he made it a habit to stay home for the International Petroleum broadcasts. He sat before the fireplace in an easy chair that had once been his grandfather's, smoking his pipe. This was his rendezvous with her. For those five precious minutes she was here beside him.

THE funeral was over. Chilled and saddened, they returned to Mrs. Hussar's. Faith knew she should be packing for the trip back to New York. But she was trapped by a strange lassitude. What was she waiting for? Did she linger in the hope that she might meet Mark?

Her father had told her of Mark's great success and there was pride in his voice. "Not many young men would have had Mark's strength and courage to carry on in the face of all odds," he said admiringly.

As he spoke of Mark she could no longer stifle the desire to see him. When she had been many miles away there had been days when he was completely out of her mind. But now, home again, with a thousand poignant memories left loose, she found herself hungering for the sight of him.

"He is a remarkable man," Tod added hopefully, waiting for a gesture of atonement from his daughter; wanting to show her how eager he was to be the conciliator.

Suppose she cried, "Yes, call Mark, tell him I'm here—" and Tod brought him back—She stood up. "I'm going out," she said abruptly and Tod nodded in understanding. She walked through the streets of her childhood, blank and unheeding, her heart in a turmoil, retracing the scenes of their first happiness—her only happiness, she thought, for she had not been happy since.

It was dusk when she returned, chilled, confused, but resolved to leave immediately.

As she entered the small dark parlor, there stood Mark, awaiting her.

"Faith," he said, "I was deeply sorry to hear—"

She stared at him, impressed by his air of

inner calm and strength. He was thin and his angular face was older, distinguished, reflecting both self-control and authority. As their eyes met and she suffered his compassionate glance, all her frustrations and pitiful egotism were washed away. The purity of her feeling for him suddenly shone through, lucid and sure.

He must have responded to her mood, for he said gently, "Faith, you've changed."

She wavered, feeling intuitively that this was the moment when she could win him again.

Then abruptly there came to her the realization that had he listened to her railings, to her contempt for what she misinterpreted as his "passivity," he would never have achieved this extraordinary success. He had made himself what he was, despite her.

Now she thought sorrowfully, we are still woven of different patterns, you and I, my darling, and I dare not hurt you again . . .

"Faith—" he was puzzled by the conflicting expressions mirrored in her dark eyes.

She tried valiantly to smile. But since the present was made up of the tangled skeins of a tragic past, any new decision could only mean danger for Mark. With a stifled sigh, she turned from him and fled.

THE following night when she reached her New York apartment it seemed a sanctuary. But not for long. The fog which had descended with her mother's death, her return to St. Croix and her fateful meeting with Mark, hung on persistently like a curtain shutting her off from life. There was an odd strain in her character, something quite alien to her usual cheerful self, which pulled her far down to the depths whenever tragedy struck and kept her entrapped for an abnormally long time. Perhaps it was the fatalistic streak inherited from her mother, which she knew to be dangerous.

There were many moments when she looked back wistfully to her youth, when she had been vivacious and irrepressible; when, like her father, she could shrug off troubles easily. But recently with each new trial and torment this talent grew less positive, until she felt herself growing introverted and morose. She knew then how much this last meeting with Mark had cost her, what a deep scar this sacrifice had left on her being.

For sheer self-preservation she knew she must change her ways. She set out deliberately to cultivate new friends and new interests. Hank Jessup had told her she was too intense, she didn't play enough. During this strained period of her life, the early months of 1938, she knew she must learn to face life light-heartedly. This way lay deliverance!

HOMER SWEET was distressed about her. He liked his "family" to maintain good health and high spirits in order to turn out the best possible work. He had a heart-to-heart chat with Faith.

"I'm a wee bit disappointed, my dear. You haven't been among the star members in our family bulletin for several weeks. Your radio program isn't the same, either. Your voice lacks—shall we say—luster and conviction. I do realize that the shock of your mother's death has unnerved you. But you must consent yourself! Life does go on, you know."

Yes, Homer was quite right. She forced herself to inject more spirit in her talks, just as she put more enthusiasm into her social contacts. She went to the hairdresser for a new hairdo, used a little more makeup, a brighter lipstick. She bought some new clothes, more daring and sophisticated than her old classic tweeds. Mark would never have approved of these.

Gradually the depression lifted and she emerged a little more vivacious but with less of her old naturalness and simplicity.

Early in February, during a conference where she, Homer and Harvey Jessup were planning the new intermission talks, Homer said casually, "I see, Hank, that you couldn't keep it out of the press. Everybody knows your wife is in Reno." [continued on page 102]



Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)

One Permanent Cost \$15...the TONI only \$2

Your hair will look naturally curly the very first time you try Toni. For Toni Home Permanent gives you soft, smooth curls. Curls that look lovely in any weather, wherever you are, whatever you do. But before you try Toni, you'll want to know:

Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Can I do it myself?

Sure. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. That's why more than a million women a month give themselves Toni Home Permanents. Women with no more skill or training than you have.

Is there a "fizzy-stage" with TONI?

No. Your Toni will be frizz-free right from the start. For Toni Creme Waving Lotion gently coaxes your hair into deep waves and luxurious curls . . . leaves it soft as silk, with no kinkiness, no dried out brittleness, even on the very first day.

How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent—or you get back every cent you paid.

Will TONI give me a loose or tight wave?

With Toni you can have just the amount of curl that suits you best . . . from a

loose, casual wave to a halo of soft ringlets. All you do is follow the simple directions for timing.

Will TONI save me time?

Toni puts half-a-day back in your life. For you give yourself a Toni wave right at home—and you are free to do whatever you want while the wave is "taking."

How about having a TONI party?

Grand idea! Invite your friends next Saturday afternoon—and have each bring along a Toni kit. While your permanents are "taking" have fun—listen to the radio or enjoy your favorite records.

Which twin has the TONI?

Pictured above are the Dublin twins of New York City. Frances, the twin at the right, has the Toni. She says, "My Toni-savings paid for a darling new hat. Now Lucille calls me the smarter half."



You can say "yes" to Romance



Because
**Veto says "no"
to Offending!**

**Veto says "no"—
to perspiration worry and odor!**

SOFT AS A CARESS... EXCITING... NEW
—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly... checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath! With Veto, you feel confident... sure of your own exquisite daintiness.

**Veto says "no"—
to harming skin and clothes!**

SO EFFECTIVE... YET SO GENTLE—Colgate's lovely cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto! *So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!*

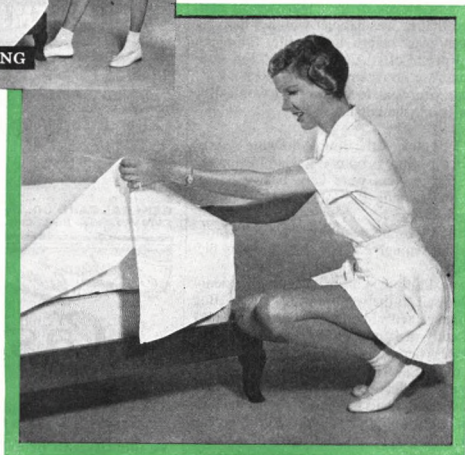
***Trust always to Veto
if you value
your charm!***

WHY WEAR YOURSELF OUT?

In spite of all the wonder-working modern appliances, there's a perpetual motion about housework that *can* get you down. But does it need to? Many Kahn—whose mission is to make women feel better and look better—says no. The trick is to avoid strain whether you are standing, sitting, walking, bending, lifting or stretching at your job. Keep the small of your back straight.

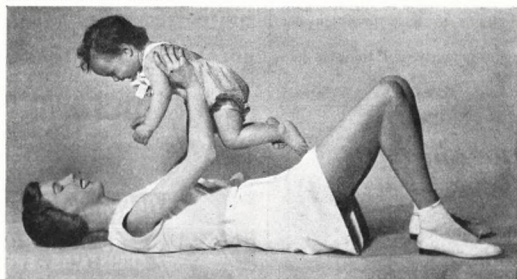
Contract your abdominal muscles. Breathe evenly and avoid sudden tensions. Here are right and wrong ways to tackle some of your chores. Easy does it—and it's lots easier on you.

BY HAZEL
RAWSON CADES
GOOD LOOKS EDITOR



RIGHT. Knees bent and back straight. Neck muscles are relaxed; eyes in line with the work at hand. Much less tiring than bending over—and incidentally a good way to keep legs supple and trim.

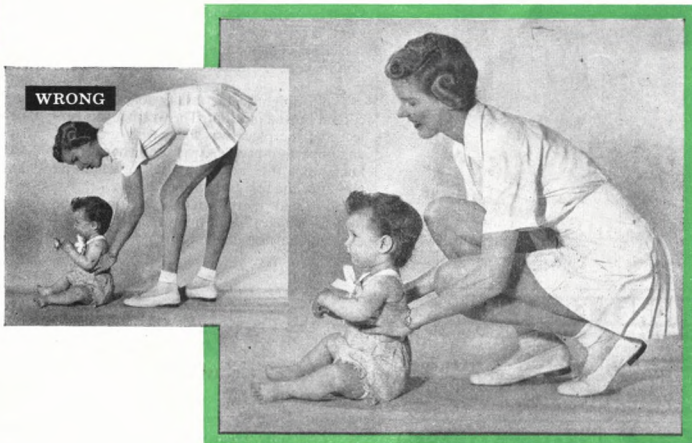
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAY-O'REILLY



RELAX! Time out for play and a good rest. Position of knees takes kinks out of your backbone—assures correct alignment of hips, shoulders and neck. Provides a good workout for baby with no strain on mother.



RIGHT. Two are easier to manage than one. The point is to keep your balance and step off briskly with back held straight and shoulders on the level. See how much better you look!



RIGHT. I lighten the load when you lift. Bent knees give your leg muscles a chance to take some of the weight off your back. Easy position of your head eliminates fatiguing tension of neck and shoulder muscles.

Hear This Woman

from page 99

"That's one bit of publicity I could have dispensed with!" Hank said. He turned hopefully to Faith. "Did you know I'm going to be a bachelor again?"

Hank was her kind, she thought; she could never hurt him as she had hurt Mark.

They were married in August, 1938, at Twilight Hill. Christine Ostbergh had insisted on it and even the Sphinx had grunted approval. It was to be a small wedding; the Ostberghs, Homer Sweet and his staff, several account executives from the Jessup Advertising Agency. The ceremony would take place at noon; there would be a breakfast in the baronial dining-room and then Hank and Faith would leave for a fortnight's honeymoon. All very efficient; everything planned in advance and according to convention. Almost like an advertising prospectus.

In the spacious bedroom that was Faith's whenever she visited Twilight Hill she was dressing now, an hour before the wedding. Christine's maid was helping her and Christine herself was stretched out on a white chaise, smoking and watching avidly.

Faith sprayed herself with perfume from the silver atomizer and stepped into the beige silk frock the maid held out for her.

"I always suspected you would finally marry Hank," Christine said.

Faith's head emerged from the frock. "You knew more than I did."

Christine allowed a skeptical smile to touch her thin lips. "Really? Then whatever possessed you to marry him?"

"I think Hank will make a good husband," Faith said evasively. Inwardly she mocked her own words. An ambiguity. A Homerism.

For the truth was simple and pathetic. She was lonely; she needed to forget her past; she needed to cut herself off from the memory of Mark forever.

A man like Hank, a gay gregarious extrovert who never had a moody moment, was just what she needed. A therapeutic measure.

She picked up the faded satin box containing the pearls Mark had sent her shortly before the divorce. Her mother's small gold locket she had hidden; she meant never to take it out again. A new life, she repeated to herself determinedly.

Christine glanced at her jeweled watch. "Time to go down," she said.

At three o'clock, when the guests were still drinking Ostbergh's champagne, Faith and Hank slipped away in his new roadster.

"Awfully decent gesture—the Ostberghs' giving us the wedding party," he said. "I bet we're in with them for life! Invite them to dinner just as soon as we're back, Faith."

"I will. I have to see Christine, anyway. She'll be up for election in November and she wants a rewrite of her old speeches."

Neither of them thought it an odd conversation for a newly married couple.

The fortnight at the fashionable Connecticut inn proved pleasant. The weather was perfect and the place was filled with successful and important people, several of whom Hank knew when they arrived and all of whom he met after the first twenty-four hours.

Faith had every obvious reason to be pleased. Hank was charming and devoted in a conventional fashion—rare orchids, fine cham-

pagne, the orchestra playing special songs. And gifts of a Russian sable jacket, a diamond.

But the images she had resolutely shut out of her mind stole back in: the two kids who had run off to Great Falls... the room clerk who was so cynical until he saw the Holmes name... their shyness, and then Mark's wonderful mature tenderness...

The present was so different, so decidedly different. She tried to convince herself she was grateful for it. A new life, remember? Much as Hank loved her, he was a man who restored himself on other people. Mornings, while Faith read or took a sun bath, he was out on the golf links and when he returned for lunch, it was usually to announce he'd made a new contact. Nothing appeared to give him greater satisfaction than the combination of pleasure and business! He was in constant communication with his office; and the fortnight proved so hectic that Faith sometimes forgot it was her honeymoon.

They had leased a brownstone house on Gramercy Park, which she had chosen. Faith resigned from Homer's office but agreed to continue the symphony program. She insisted, too, on paying her share of the household expenses, which surprised and antagonized Hank—although it did make his financial status much easier. Peggy, for all her money, had exacted a pretty stiff alimony.

On the morning of their housewarming, the first Sunday in October, Faith arranged great clusters of yellow and white chrysanthemums. "I hope the party's a success," she said.

He smiled genially. "It will be. Everything you do is a success, darling."

She knew that she had made him happy. The very first week of their marriage he had confided that he was happier with her than he had been ever before in his life. "I'm so damned proud of you," he added. "I'm sure every man we know envies me."

"Since you want to believe it, I won't disillusion you," she laughed.

BY FIVE o'clock the double drawing-rooms and the dining-room were jammed with guests; the waiters were kept busy passing drinks and serving the lobster salad, finger rolls and sandwiches.

"I didn't dare invite all my friends," Hank said a bit smugly. "The house isn't big enough."

He was, Faith saw, a superb host, who dedicated himself to the welfare of his guests. But quite unexpectedly she felt alone and isolated in this eddy of laughter. She was looking for an escape when she saw Corrigan.

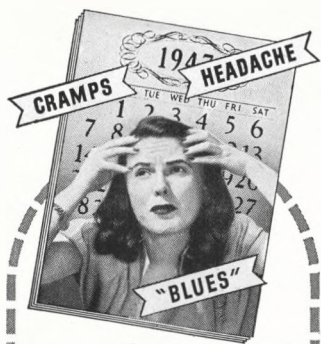
She moved swiftly to him, caught his hand with genuine affection. She was touched to see him here, for he had ignored the note she had written him announcing her marriage to Jessup. "Corrigan, it's so good of you to come. I was afraid you were angry with me."

He made no answer. He scrutinized her face as if somehow he did not recognize the expression written on it.

"Come and have a drink, Corrigan. You haven't wished me luck on my marriage."

He ignored her words. He looked around the crowded room. "So these are your chosen friends now. The lady who was fighting mad at injustice seems to have forgotten her rancor."

She thought anxiously, if Hank sees him



"BLUE" DAYS
CAN BE
BRIGHT DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

What a Difference
Midol Makes



RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASGES "BLUES"

MONEY FOR YOU!
Showing Newest Christmas Cards
Easy cash earnings with wonder value
Impressed Christmas Cards, 50 for \$1.
Fast sellers. Free Personal samples.
Also sparkling New \$1 Assortments:
Christmas, Religious, Gift Wraps, Every-
day Cards. Sample box on approval.
Chas. C. Schwab Co., Dept. P-14, Westfield, Mass.

FREE
24 PAGE CATALOG
Buy quality stamped goods direct from manu-
facturers at 1/2 price. Over 100 new items
including cards, business letter writing, show
charts, reports, bridges, signs, luncheon sets,
table cloths, shower towels, bedspreads, aprons,
linens, garments, Impressed Linens and Nov-
elties. Complete stamping instructions free.
It's easy. Write:
MERRIBEE ART EMBROIDERY CO.
Dept. 222 22 W. 21st St., New York 10, N. Y.

What's New Under the Sun?

It could be your face, given a midsummer lift.

Ever try a mask or a do-it-yourself facial? Is your skin oily, dry, difficult? Treat your complexion to a new lease on loveliness—send 6 cents in stamps for the Good Looks leaflet About Face to

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, SERVICE BUREAU,
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.

for really beautiful
hair...add lustre



Lovalon is a must after washing your hair. It rinses gorgeous rich color into your hair—gives it sparkling highlights, leaves it nice and soft and manageable. Lovalon comes in 12 flattering shades... in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes... at drug, dept. and 10¢ stores.

Lovalon hair beauty Rinse

EARN CASH NOW! Sell CHRISTMAS CARDS
Free Samples NAME-IMPROVED Christmas Cards to show friends. Make quick profits. Five astounding lines, 50 for \$1 up, all with name. Sell all night because richly applied, such big values. No experience. Start making money same day you get free samples.
24 Box Assortments, too!
Orders come fast for our Christmas and Everyday Card assortments. Religious, States, Illustration, etc. Seasonal Gift Wrappings. Amazing values, super-sellers bring you fine profits, up to \$10 on \$1 easy sale. Full or part time days. Send for your FREE SAMPLES today.
GENERAL CARD CO., Dept. 209, 1200 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7, Ill.

Mark Everything With
Cash's
WOVEN NAMES
Used for generations for
SCHOOL • HOME • TRAVEL
To identify and protect personal belongings. Ask your Dept. Store or write us
CASH'S SOUTH NORWALK 10, CONN.
PRICES: 1 Doz. \$3.50 6 Doz. \$2.00 12 Doz. \$1.00
9 Doz. \$3.00 3 Doz. \$1.50 24x a free

MAKE MONEY SHOW SMART NEW
Christians Cards
Extra cash for you daily! Sell Christmas and Everyday Card Assortments for \$1.50 for \$1.00. No experience necessary. Money-making plan for individuals, clubs, societies. Start earning now. Send today for samples on approval.
COLONIAL STUDIOS, Inc. Cards
842 S. Summer St., Dept. B-14, Natick, Mass.

Ingrown NAIL
Just a few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL relieves soreness, pain. Softens embedded part of nail for easy removal. Get a bottle today. Sold everywhere.
Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL
MAKE MONEY EASILY!
50 NEW BOXES CHRISTMAS - EVERYDAY CARDS AND STATIONERY
Bring the money-making assortment. Includes Cards, American, Religious, "Packed" Initial Stationery, others. Profits to 100%. No experience necessary. Start making money today. Write today for Christmas Leaflet. Assortments on approval and FREE SAMPLES. Full or part time days. Send today for samples on approval.
ELMIRA GREETING CARD CO.
Dept. M-39 Elmira, New York

here and in this mood—"Corrigan, please—" "I was a fool to come here. You don't seem to realize what's going on in this wretched little world of ours. Does anyone here care about what's happening in Prague?"

Uneasily she tried to placate him. "Christine feels this mess in Czechoslovakia will blow over."

"Peace in our time," eh? Nuts! And since when is Christine Ostbergh an authority on the state of the world? He turned away from her in withering contempt.

"Corrigan," she followed him nervously, "don't go away. I haven't seen you in so long. I've felt so upset because you wouldn't write me. Corrigan, please—"

"I'm in the wrong pew," he retorted.

The door closed after him. She was crushed and near tears. Today he seemed to have taken on the mantle Mark had shed. He was the only one with the power to hurt her.

She forced herself to dismiss his caustic reproach. She shut it away, deep in her subconscious, where it would not see the light of day again. She was kept busy. The nature of Hank's business demanded a good deal of entertaining. And Faith was the ideal hostess.

Still, she had a lot of time on her hands and she found new causes: the committees sponsoring China Relief; a milk fund for children. Once Hank suggested casually, "Be very cautious, Faith, before you allow your name to appear on any committee. Some of these charities are merely fronts for dangerous elements. And don't ever forget that your actions will reflect on my business."

The only time he grew impatient with Faith was when he felt she might be cultivating unimportant people. "Life's too short," he said tersely, "for such odd self-indulgence."

THAT tense jittery summer of 1939, America was ostensibly at peace. But under the normal everyday routine there lurked an air of uneasiness. There was no doubt that war clouds were rapidly approaching.

Faith remained in town the entire hot summer and found that she was totally absorbed in the papers, the weekly magazines and the radio commentators. Since the day that Chamberlain's umbrella had lost its symbolism as a dove of peace and turned instead into a wand of appeasement, she had been heart-sick. Corrigan was right in his indignation.

More and more she found herself drawn to his Washington cronies who, having the low-down on the international situation, were grimly pessimistic about it.

During one of the rare evenings when she and Hank were dining alone and discussing the growth of the American isolationists, she said angrily, "There's just one emblem for most of those misguided people—an ostrich with his head in the sand!"

"What are you het up about?" Hank asked blandly. "It doesn't concern us."

"But it does! It concerns every one of us! What right have we to be safe and happy when people are being starved and beaten and robbed of their dignity?"

For the first time since their marriage he was annoyed with her. "For heaven's sake," he ordered curtly, "get off your soapbox! I wish some of these noble souls who prate about conditions abroad would worry about their own affairs for a change. We're just coming out of our own depression."

"That's a very small-minded attitude."

"Oh, Lord," he groaned with distaste. Getting up from the table, he switched on the radio.

"This is Berlin," an American voice announced. "There is great tension in the German capital tonight."

With a muttered oath he shut it off.

By the end of August Hank was working pretty hard to stir up new accounts. Business was sluggish. The Ten Year Nonaggression Pact between Russia and Germany had knocked the wind out of everyone.

During that week he sat in on two important and secret meetings with Eric Ostbergh and Homer Sweet. One other man was present, a Mr. Emerby from Detroit, who ranted about the sorry state of the Union.

Hank invited Emerby home to dinner. Dur-

ing the meal the guest accentuated his hearty appetite with a monologue on neutrality, isolationism and the absolute necessity of keeping America out of the impending war. Only with the greatest difficulty did Faith refrain from speaking her mind.

When he finally left, she turned to Hank. "Where in the world did you pick up that mongrel?"

Hank flushed. "That mongrel, as you call him, is one of Black's most trusted men."

"You mean the head of the isolationist movement?" And as he remained silent she added urgently, "Hank, you aren't going overboard for those crackpots?"

He put his arm around her shoulder and said cajolingly, "Darling, I'm not going overboard for anything. And I hope you won't either. We mustn't get involved in something so distant it doesn't even exist for us—"

What's happening to us, she wondered with dismay. And she reflected, I am married to Hank Jessup, who cannot help thinking as he does. It serves me right. Obviously I deserve no more.

THE first of the new series of concerts was scheduled to take place Sunday, September third.

On Friday Faith worked in her library over the finishing touches to her talk. And there she heard over the radio the announcement that Hitler had marched into Poland.

She dropped her pen and sat momentarily stunned. At last the telephone aroused her.

Hank was calling. "Faith," he said urgently, "we must drive out to Twilight Hill immediately! Ostbergh just called me. Homer's coming too. Your speech is out—we'll have to draft a new version—"

She found no other guests at the Ostberghs' this week end. A cloud of secrecy seemed to envelop the men as they gathered in the library for a conference. She was not called in for the first meeting. But Saturday afternoon both she and Christine were summoned.

"Christine," Hank said bluntly, "what's the viewpoint in Washington—the general viewpoint?"

Christine gazed into her highball as if it were a crystal globe. "I don't believe Congress will ever give the President all the powers he demands."

"There is our answer," Ostbergh said as he heaved his great weight out of a chair. "The Neutrality Act."

"Quite right, quite right—" Homer Sweet agreed and his fawn-colored vest heaved with excitement. "The theme for Faith's talk should be this: America at the Crossroads!"

They mulled it over all evening, surveying it from all angles. Ostbergh said bluntly, "The President is determined to force us into a war with Germany. Now it's up to you, Homer, to present the facts so the people can judge for themselves. After all," he added, "you're paid to mold their opinion."

Listening to them, Faith stirred uneasily, for she could not help recalling Corrigan's contempt for Homer's "double talk."

Finally, armed with their comments and beliefs, she went to work on the new version. She worked through the morning, that terrible never-to-be-forgotten morning when Neville Chamberlain announced sorrowfully that Britain was at war. She came to lunch, blue and disheartened, and kept herself aloof from the busy discussion of what the war would do for Ostbergh's oil empire.

As dessert was being served she was summoned to the telephone; her houseboy, Louis, told her that Mr. Corrigan had been trying to get in touch with her all morning. He had left a number where she could reach him.

"Thank you, Louis," she said and then put in a call to him.

Corrigan got on the wire. "How soon can you get into town?" he demanded. "I have something urgent to tell you."

"I'll be in at seven for the broadcast."

"Can't you make it earlier?"

She hesitated briefly. "I'll meet you within two hours."

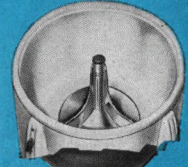
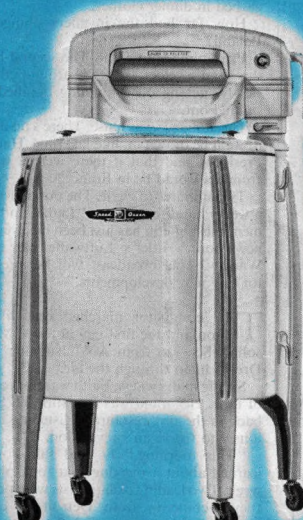
When she returned to the luncheon table she explained carefully that an old friend had arrived unexpectedly for the day and that they planned to have tea together. She dressed and packed her bag. *[continued on page 104]*

My two first loves...

(Next to my husband and children)



1 My Bowl Tub Speed Queen really gets clothes clean!



• My entire week's wash is whisked away in an hour or so. Every 7 to 10 minutes a full load is turned out, sparkling clean. The same tub full of hot suds is good through my entire wash—the double-wall tub keeps the water piping Hot. Yes, I really love my Speed Queen washer.

Speed Queen

2 My Speed Queen Ironer cuts my ironing time in half!

• When I think of the hours I've spent doing my ironing by hand! How my back and feet used to ache. Hoo! Now it's like a wonderful dream. I just sit comfortably at my Speed Queen Ironer—and let the machine do the work in less than half the time! No, it didn't take me long to fall in love with my Speed Queen Ironer.



Write for a free copy of a most interesting and instructive booklet, "Answers to my Home Laundry Problems."

BARLOW & SEELIG MFG. CO.
12 Doty Street • Ripon, Wisconsin

1908 • 40th ANNIVERSARY • 1948

To Flatter the in-between Figure



Alterations are passé when you plan your autumn wardrobe around this fluid fashion by Bobby Burns. Half sizes 12½ to 26½. In Gabardine, Sharkskin, Worsted Crepe or Sharkama (a rayon acetate blend by Cohama). Vibrant Fall colors. From \$30 to \$55 depending on the fabric.

At Russeks, N. Y., or for the store nearest you, write THE MURRAY SICES CORP. • 252 W. 37th St., N. Y. C.



for Beautiful Nails!
"POWDER POLISH" THEM
WITH *Mad* NAIL POLISH
... For a generous *free* sample write to
MAD PRODUCTS, INC., 17 E. 42 ST., N. Y. 17, N. Y.
Available at leading drug and dept. stores

Sell **CHILTON** Christmas Cards
Make **BIG MONEY**
21 Card **PRIZE** 25 for 1
CHRISTMAS BOX
50 for \$1 WITH NAME
SAMPLES FREE
WITH NAME

Show friends... Earn rich profits...
20 Smart Popular Assortments
All amazing fast sellers. 21-card "Prize" Christmas box. Religious, Fine Arts, Humorous, Everyday, Floral Notes, Gift Wrap, retail \$1. Get "Prize" and Floral Note Leader boxes on approval. Write today!
Name Imprinted Christmas Cards
Also make plenty cash showing stunning NAME ON Christmas Folders, 50 for \$1 up. 6 Series. Charming, colorful designs. Send now for your Personal samples **FREE**.
CHILTON GREETINGS CO., Dept. L-9, 147 ESSEX STREET 9 BOSTON, MASS.

CAT-TEX
SOLE OUT-WEARS LEATHER!
CAT'S PAW

Christine and the men were remaining at Twilight Hill for further conferences. Hank kissed her on the cheek. "We'll have our ears glued to the radio," he promised.
"It's a damned good speech," Homer added. "You've correlated the essential points very well. It should strike home, my dear."
"Good-by," she called.
She left behind her three men who were too much concerned about their private affairs to worry about the state of the world.

Seven forty-five.
Ushers were herding the stragglers into Studio Four. Now every seat was filled. The doors closed silently. An underlying restlessness pervaded the audience like a wind through a field of wheat.
What was happening now in Europe?
The orchestra was seated. Sixty men, neatly garbed in dinner clothes.
How far had the invaders plunged into Poland?
Five minutes to eight. The second-hand of the studio clock moved around the face slowly, ticking off a building bombed, a life snuffed out.

The audience was tense. There's no doubt of it, we'll be drawn in, like last time. Hadn't the president said that if there were a war, our frontiers would be in France?
Two minutes to eight. The announcer lifted a weary hand for silence. "Ladies and gentlemen, this bulletin has just been received in our newsroom: Hitler's Luftwaffe has bombed Warsaw. This broadcast will be interrupted for any new developments."

THE conductor marched out, lifted his baton and the first gay notes of Mendelssohn's Scherzo from A Midsummer Night's Dream lilted through the air.

Sitting in the wings, Faith was not conscious of time. Her mind was in a turmoil. She was back in the tiny restaurant, listening incredulously to Corrigan's revelation.
"This morning," he had said softly, "I learned about a meeting that took place last week. Two leading isolationists were present—they'd come in from Detroit to establish eastern headquarters—and three other men, Ostbergh, Homer and your husband."

She hadn't lost her composure. Corrigan had never liked Hank. "What about it, Corrigan? Personally, I dislike these American isolationists but they're entitled to their own opinion. I fail to see why a meeting of theirs should be considered a flagrant—"
"Don't be a fool," he interrupted sharply. "I'm telling you this because I hope there's some of the old fight left in you! Those men are trying to tie the hands of our government—to mislead the honest well-meaning people. You know Ostbergh. Why do you think he's a prime mover and contributor to the movement? For love of humanity? Hell, no—to sell oil! It's to his advantage to keep America neutral—so he can sell oil to the aggressors through his subsidiary companies in South America. Now do you understand why he wanted his wife in Congress? Now she can bring pressure to retain the Neutrality Act when it comes up for revision—" He had paused and then added with dangerous quiet, "At this meeting Ostbergh put up the funds for a prodigious publicity job. Before you know it, thousands will be picketing the White House, millions will be petitioning their congressmen to keep us out of war—"
"Corrigan," she asked bluntly, "is this war jitters—or have you actual proof?"
Awkwardly he pulled out of his billfold the photostatic copy of a canceled check, which he handed her.

"Pay to the order of Hans Emerby fifty thousand dollars," she read. "And it's signed Eric Ostbergh. Why, Corrigan, Emerby is the man Hank brought home to dinner!"
Corrigan lit a cigarette, his face somber and intense. "I'm not working for Homer after this. My resignation's in the mail."
And his eyes demanded silently, what are you going to do about it?

Sitting now in the wings, Faith heard no music, saw no people. She was remembering how often Eric Ostbergh flew to South America; she was remembering the strange man

Hear This Woman

from page 103

who was often a week-end guest at Twilight Hill—the most rabid isolationist in the country. She was remembering Christine's words, only yesterday, "I don't believe Congress will ever give the President all the powers he demands."

She herself had done her best to put Christine in her present position, where she could exert her husband's evil influence.

Suddenly she came to life. The men in black were no longer playing the gay melodies above the dirge of a world on the brink of disaster. The announcer turned his head to her.

"And now, our intermission speaker, Faith Holmes—"

She stood up and slowly approached the microphone. Her fingers were gripping the typed manuscript. And she heard her voice, it must be her voice, beginning: "It is September third in the year of our Lord, 1939. Once again, in Europe, the hands of Mars are steeped in blood."

"At this perilous moment when America is at the crossroads, we must remember the warning of our first President, who advised: 'To keep the United States free from political connections with every other country.' . . . We must hold fast in our hearts the advice of

Just Folks

I esteem foreigners as no better than other people—nor any worse. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Jefferson: 'I have ever deemed it fundamental for the United States never to take active part in the quarrels of Europe.'

"It is not for us to decide on the justice between the opposing forces on the other side of the world. It is rather for us to keep ourselves free to follow the star of our destiny . . ."

Suddenly she spied Corrigan on an aisle seat. Her voice wavered. Her eyes were staring at the printed words but suddenly she began to speak in another tone, with fresh fervor: "Ladies and gentlemen, America is *not* at the crossroads! Since we are a nation passionately devoted to fair play, we have but one choice—to align ourselves on the side of Right—"

Aware that any second she might be cut off the air for these words, which were not part of her speech, she hurried on:

"There are groups in our land, motivated by greed, selfishness and hypocrisy, who are trying to blind us. But we must not be—"

The announcer rushed to pull the microphone away. But she was already off the air.

THE butler brought in a pot of fresh coffee and Christine refilled the cups. They had just finished a buffet supper and were making themselves comfortable before the radio.

Homer Sweet sighed contentedly. "America at the Crossroads," he said sonorously. "Tonight these words will sink deep into the troubled nation's consciousness. They will dissipate all doubts, will crystallize a credo—"

Eric Ostbergh walked heavily to the side table and opened a bottle of whisky. During the day he had been in communication with Buenos Aires. There was nothing more to be done now, but his shrewd mind leaped ahead, making plans for any contingency.

The rare antique clock over the fireplace chimed eight. The announcer came on the air. "This is the Symphony Hour of the Air, brought to you each Sunday night by International Petroleum—"

The music bored them all but when they heard Faith's voice, they listened alertly.

"At this perilous moment when America is at the crossroads—"

After a moment, Hank thought, what the devil's the matter with her? She sounds like a high school kid giving a recitation . . .

Then abruptly her tone changed, took on its normal timbre. But what was she saying? These strange words were not part of the speech—

"America is not at the crossroads! Since we

are a nation passionately devoted to fair play—"

Eric Ostbergh's powerful hands clenched fitfully in his pockets. His death's head features were suddenly distorted with fury. The treacherous double-dealing—

"Of all the insolent—" Homer screamed, jumping up to switch off the radio.

"Leave it alone!" Ostbergh ordered harshly.

"What's wrong with the control room?" Hank Jessup demanded. "Where's the monitor? Why hasn't she been cut off!" He pounded the fist of one hand against the other. "She's out of her mind!"

Then the radio went dead. Twenty long seconds of silence, during which they were rooted in their places. Then music broke the spell.

Eric Ostbergh gripped the telephone as he called the broadcasting station.

CORRIGAN sat on the hard bench in Studio Four and felt he was on a cloud. He hadn't been wrong, Faith was a fighter. And this marriage hadn't ruined her. The crowd around him was aroused. There'll be hell to pay, all right.

Meanwhile he couldn't wait to clasp her hand, to tell her how proud he was.

The switchboard of the broadcasting station was jammed with outside calls. What had happened? Why had Faith Holmes been cut off the air? Why did she suddenly change sides in the middle of her speech? Had she heard something she wasn't supposed to tell? And who were the people she was trying to denounce?

City editors came to life. "Get hold of Mrs. Harvey Jessup. Get a statement from her!"

Telegrams were pouring in for Faith, from hotheads, crackpots, admirers. Among them, and the one she treasured most, was a note of congratulation from her old editor, Vrest Macklin.

During the autumn and winter Mark Holmes rarely went out on Sunday night. He sat down near the radio with his pipe and a book and tried to read until eight o'clock. But he never really concentrated on the pages. He was waiting for his weekly meeting with Faith.

Tonight as he listened he was disturbed. Strange, he thought, she isn't herself. Something's knocked the wind out of her.

He didn't like the beginning of her speech, either. It was a compromise—spoken dully and without conviction.

But abruptly there was a change of content and pace. She was urgent now and pleading. He leaned forward to catch every phrase.

"There are groups in our land, motivated by greed, selfishness and hypocrisy—"

These were her words.

"But we must not be—"

The radio went dead.

He whispered tenderly, "Faith, finish your sentence . . ."

The Report of Homer Sweet on the Life of Faith Holmes

PART IV: The Years of Fame and Treachery. (Prepared in 1948, as basis for campaign to oust Faith Holmes from public life.)

Used notoriety of the Ostbergh broadcast for immediate self-gain.

Persuaded Mrs. Latham to sponsor new radio program. Went overseas to become "Our Faith" for gullible GIs.

On return, subverted the famous Homer Sweet principles to launch new political organization of women.

(NOTE: Under peculiar circumstances impossible to discover, she encountered Mark Holmes in Paris. Scandal still to be uncovered here.)

Her notoriety now so great, a campaign of personal attack is certain of success. Cover following:

- Cruelty to mother.
- Indifference to first husband; treachery to Henry Jessup.
- Betrayal of Christine Ostbergh.
- Calculation behind her new organizations, especially The Women's National Committee. Plan to put women in key national positions? Where does she place herself in this picture? White House?

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN SEPTEMBER]

An Understanding Heart

from page 29

believe the world is good. I believe that it springs out of an everlasting fountain of golden life and goes on forever in some form or other. And that all our days on the earth are days of learning and working and adding to our souls' sum of goodness and understanding. It's like a—it sounds silly—but it's a sort of preparatory school for the spirit. Paul believes that too."

She spoke with crisp incisiveness, as if she had made the speech a hundred times before in her mind.

Martha smiled a bit smugly. "That's very sweet."

"What do you mean?" Stella said. "What are you trying to say? For heaven's sake, Martha. I have dinner to shop for and . . . oh, petunias to pick and everything."

"All right, Stella. It's for your own good. You can ask Paul if you don't believe me. Several nights ago Paul was tight. Of course, I like Paul—as a friend. It was the night at Smetten's. You couldn't come. Well, to put it bluntly, Paul made passes at me. I was a little surprised of course. But then Paul is . . . well, the artistic sort. I suppose faithfulness is a little foolish to that sophisticated type. But Paul is very suave and convincing and while I certainly rebuffed him there are a great many girls who wouldn't. I just wanted to mention it for your own good. With a baby and all, you have to think of those things."

"Thank you very much," Stella said evenly. "It's certainly something to think about. Certainly something. . . . Now, if you don't mind, I have to do some marketing."

"I hope you . . . I mean nobody expects a man to be a saint but—"

"Not at all," Stella managed. "My heavens! It's certainly something a woman should be told. Good-by, Martha."

STELLA sat in the armchair for a long time and it was then that the sharp sickening feeling kept sweeping over her, as if the world were bent and blurred and would never be straight again.

She dozed, dreaming sickly pale dreams, and awakened with a start when Paul dashed in and kissed her gently on the back of her neck.

"You have the prettiest back of the neck in the block," he said.

Stella smiled and said nothing.

"What's the matter? Petunias wilt?"

"No, I did."

"You did? Tired?"

"No. Paul . . ."

"What?"

"If someone you knew well and usually believed told you something horrible about me, what would you do?"

Paul sat down and slowly lighted a cigarette.

"That's a good photo," he said looking at his picture. "It's rather hard without a timer. You have to hold the plunger out of range of the lens and—"

"Paul . . ."

"I know."

"Well, I want to know."

Paul exhaled a small cloud of blue smoke and thought a second.

"I would brood, perhaps an hour or so, feeling the world was ending and everything scarlet and blue and golden was turning to a horrible gray. Then I would look around at all the familiar things that you had scattered about as a graceful means of saying, 'I love you.' I would consider all the minutes that made hours and days and years and how, in each of them, some fragment of you was given me to add to the store of your love in my heart. And then . . ."

"And then?"

"I would ask you point-blank if the thing were true. I would ask you what was wrong with me that loving me had forced you into the position of embracing evil."

Stella was forced to laugh a little even though her eyes longed for tears. "You're absurd, darling."

"What have you done?"

"Nothing." She smiled. "I was just thinking, that's all. You see movies and read books and you wonder what it would be like if the situation arose right in your own home."

"I see," Paul said quietly.

HE TURNED on the phonograph and placed a Brahms sonata on the turntable and listened to it for ten minutes or so while he held Stella's head against his shoulder.

"Stella," he said at length, with a gentle smile. "Was it Martha? Is it a terrible affair I have had with Martha that you are so sweetly, so understandingly forgiving me for in your heart?"

Stella sat up quickly. "What makes you say that? How absurd! Martha, of all people."

"Because I smell Martha's extraordinarily heavy perfume lingering hereabouts."

"Imagination. What would you like for dinner?"

"Kisses and cheese and a bunch of iced green grapes."

"You'll get crab-meat salad."

Paul held her from getting up. "Stella, it's very nice of you to say nothing when your heart is aching to ask me some overwhelming question. I am proud of you. But I would like you to ask the question since I suspect you have already forgiven me anyway."

"Yes, I have forgiven you. But what about it? Were you drunk and did you make passes at Martha at the party Wednesday?"

Paul grinned. "Yes, I was drunk and I made passes."

"Oh, Paul!"

"I was drunk to the extent of two glasses of sherry. And I made passes to the extent of telling Martha she looked very lovely, that her eyes had charming stars dancing in them and that I found her company extraordinarily pleasant."

"Why?"

"Because she looked sad and lonesome and very unattractive," he said solemnly.

Stella began to laugh. "Oh, you idiot," she said. "You shall have crab meat with kisses because I love you so."

"Do I have to eat the crab meat?" he inquired wistfully.

[THE END]

Passing of Spring

from page 19

"Don't you think, by any chance," said Paul, "that she makes me uncomfortable?"

"Why should she? You have nothing you want to hide. You aren't constantly worrying that someone is going to start asking difficult questions . . ." Kit was silent. Then she went on more gently, "I'm sorry, Paul. But other men have felt that way about Jenny. Very nice men. And she's always sent them off."

"Nicer men than I?" asked Paul with a droll vindictive look.

"Oh Paul!" she burst out, laughing impatiently. "No. Not nicer than you. Not so nice, if I'm to be the prejudiced judge. But if you think that makes any difference—"

"I mean to see that it does," he said briskly.

"That is, if your little friend Jenny grows on me any more. I mean to have another look this evening and still another look tomorrow and then . . ."

He's serious, thought Kit. Not half in fun, the way he sounds. He's in love with her already and it's too late to say anything.

Paul had arrived in town a month before but at first he had been working practically night and day getting an office rented and furnished, hiring help, making contacts. He was an employment counselor and she was proud that already he was getting a toehold, seeing and advising people each day, placing them. If only it hadn't been for this other thing . . .

[continued on page 106]



Clean smells Sweet

Things that are completely clean

have an unmistakable perfume. It's a delicate, fresh, sweet smell that never is noticeable where there is dirt in any form. It tells you instantly—this is clean!



When you unwrap a big bar of Fels-Naptha Soap,

you get the immediate impression of cleanliness. This mild golden soap breathes the clean odor of naphtha—the gentle, thorough cleaner that dirt and grime cannot escape.



When you wash with Fels-Naptha Soap Chips,

your sense of smell registers "CLEAN" with every swish of suds. Here's where you discover the joy of sneezeless washdays. These husky golden chips shed no powdery dust to irritate your nose. They're the original no-sneeze chips!



Clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way have a fresh, clean smell which proves that golden soap and gentle naphtha, combined, have done a dirt removing job no tricky soap substitutes can equal . . .

Next time you wash your baby's things make sure they're completely clean . . . Use Fels-Naptha Soap.

Golden bar or Golden chips—

Fels-Naptha
banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



You're glamorously,
alluringly feminine in your
Merry-Go-Round bra.

Patented Circular
Stitching, plus bias,
plus faggoted
seams accentuate
the small bust—
minimize the
full bust.

the
secret's
in the
circle!



only **PETER PAN**
makes Merry-Go-Round bra

Figure problem? For FREE booklet, "Your New Guide to Bustline Beauty," write Dept. W-7, Peter Pan 312 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

LITTLE LULU



"Kleenex* pops up, too!"

Little Lulu says... Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue Box—pull just one double tissue—up pops another! Compare tissues, compare boxes—you'll see why Kleenex is America's favorite tissue.

© International Cellulose Products Co.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

He had met Jenny a couple of weeks ago, seen her three or four times since, always in a casual way at the apartment when Kit was around. And now he was in love with her.

Kit devoted herself resignedly to her driving. "Paul," she said, "let me make a gloomy prediction. You wouldn't court a girl without wanting to find out a little about her. That's what makes conversation, if nothing else. But it's not going to work with Jenny. One fine day she'll find a perfectly inoffensive reason why it's necessary for her to move. To get away from you. And from your sister. And neither of us will see her again, more than to meet her on the street now and then. Because that's the kind of girl she is. She's queer, she's odd, but I've—well, studied her, and I know what she is. Remember, I told you."

"I'll remember, dear," said Paul.

THE girls' apartment was in an older unfashionable section of the town, therefore not expensive and rather large. Paul had once said that when you came into it you knew exactly the kind of quietly gracious discriminating girls who lived there. Both had shared in the planning—the paneled blue walls, the jonquil-patterned slipcovers, the books and record albums on the shelves.

Paul was at his sister's spinnet, playing something soft and moody when Jenny Carr came home. He stood up at once, smiling with more open warmth and delight than he had intended or deemed prudent, and she said in a hurried pleasant way, "No, Paul, do go on playing—it's nice." She went on through to her own room to take off her wide-brimmed black hat and put away her handbag.

So Paul sat down and played again, contenting himself with just the occasional glimpses he got of her across the long slant of the living-room and through the archway to the dinette where later she moved about setting the table. She was a rather small girl, indifferent of build beyond being very slender. Her small face was freckled all over in a way that made her of one tone as few people are—light shiny brown eyes, sand-colored hair drawn back into a knot, tanned skin. She did not look mysterious or scandal-haunted—merely quiet. She always dressed in simple tasteful clothes and she was secretary to some businessman who was lucky to have her because she was a bright girl. Bright and also deep, making Paul want to be near her, in conversation with her, to engage her brightness and sample her deepness.

But he stayed where he was, playing desultory music that belonged with this hour of the autumn day when dusk was beginning to come; playing and merely looking at her from afar without her knowledge. If she had been any other girl who attracted him, he would have been out in the dinette with her, taking knives and forks from her hands, carrying plates, getting underfoot, but making an interesting time of it for both of them. But with Jenny, he was afraid. If he became too close to her she might run away. He wasn't at all sure that his sister wasn't right. She had a habit of being right about people.

Presently Kit came from the kitchen. "Will you join us, Paul?" she said in mock formality. Paul finished his music with a delicate improvisation and got up.

Jenny was filling the water glasses from a pitcher that tinkled with ice. She measured him with an amused gaze in which, as always, there was a portion of purely impersonal cordiality. "I remember that the water wasn't cold enough for you last time."

"The immortality of impoliteness," said Paul with a pained look. "Do you have in mind, on the other hand, that I lavishly praised the roast? That I eulogized the darling little molded salads? That I—"

"Yes, yes," she smiled. "By all means we do. Anyway, who could possibly mind a criticism of the water? Look, why don't you two sit down? I'll bring things in."

They were in the middle of dinner when the telephone rang. Kit excused herself and went into the living-room to answer. After an initial expression of pleased surprise, her voice was heard in warm interrogation and intermingled murmurs of regret.

"An hour? Is that all you have? . . . Bill, I'd love to come down. But I have a guest—"

Paul called out, "Kit! Go ahead. I've got to leave early anyway."

"Just a minute, Bill," said Kit. She put down the phone and came back into the room. Her mouth was turned up at the corners and her eyes were crinkled. "It's someone I worked with back east; he's in town between trains. I'd love to visit with him but I can do it over the phone." She looked at Paul narrowly. "Can't you really stay this evening? Be truthful, because I . . ."

"Well, I certainly can't stay now," he grinned. But at the quick change in her expression he added, "No, I'm kidding. I can't stay, honestly."

"Oh, go," said Jenny, with one of those decisive gestures that every now and then seemed to shape out the rugged clean-cut outlines of her character. "You'll be here alone if you don't. I have to go out myself."

"But we haven't even finished dinner! And we were having such a good time. It's against all my principles, to interrupt one good time in hopes of finding a better one. No," she decided abruptly and started back. "No, I'll chat a bit with Bill on the phone. That will do perfectly well. I'd be—"

"Nonsense," said Paul. He pushed back his chair and got up. "Go tell your friend Bill you'll be there in ten minutes or as soon as you can finish your steak and get that delicate smear of French dressing off your cheek." He took her arm and urged her along. "It was a fine dinner and thank you for asking me. I'll come again disgustingly soon. Now scat."

After she had left, Jenny arranged crackers and cheeses on a wooden tray and poured the coffee. Paul, sitting alone at the cleared table, could just see her head above the half partition that separated the dinette from the kitchen. She looked calmly intent on what she was doing, not disturbed or upset by any feeling that things were different because one of their party had gone. I must keep it that way, Paul told himself. I mustn't let her see that to me there is a difference.

She came in with the tray and two plates. He half started up, with an awkwardness that he wasn't used to finding in himself. Kit's advice, he realized, had disturbed him, had more than half convinced him. "Can't I help with something, Jenny?"

"No, sit down, Paul. I just have to bring in the coffee."

She came back with two filled cups and settled herself on the other side of the candle flame. "There now. Can you find some cheese you like? You take cream, don't you?"

"Yes, thanks," he said and, before he knew it, found himself asking, "Did you really mean it about having to go out this evening?"

She glanced at him, coolly selecting what she wanted from the tray. "Of course. Kit and I are always honest with each other. Incidentally, I'll be getting my car out—so I can drop you where you want to go."

Adeptly done, he thought both admiringly and ironically, the way she made it clear there were to be no confidences, no intimacy.

AFTER a little while she asked pleasantly, "Where did you learn to play the piano so well, Paul? Not many people do."

"I wouldn't say I play well. Kit does a lot better. But we both picked it up as kids."

"It's nice," she said, spreading cheese on a cracker. "I love piano music. Did you know that Rubinstein is going to be one of the guest artists with the symphony this winter?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't know anything about anything as yet. One of these days I'll have to take time off and catch up with what goes on outside those four tan walls I call my place of business. I do know they have a good symphony orchestra here, but beyond that—"

Then he stopped willfully; and, contrary to his resolution to let her keep their relationship as she wanted it, he said abruptly, "Doesn't it seem to you that we're being rather formal since Kit left?"

She met his glance with a look of mild surprise. "Why, no. Are we?"

He nodded, perversely goaded on by her very refusal to acknowledge any difference. "I think so. I'll tell you, I'd like to go on talking about music, but not as if we were two strangers at a dull party, who have never met before and will never meet again. Because, as

a matter of fact, if we had never met before and were never to meet again, I would be much more than mildly miserable about it. In case you don't know."

He stopped and then found he had to go on, for her careful politeness and her surprise were both increasing. "So you like Artur Rubinstein, Jenny? And since how long? From the time you were a little girl? Tell me about it. I want to hear."

She had been paying close attention to his words. She had understood what he was saying and that he was very serious. Yet she chose to ignore it, picking up his last few words as if they were the sum of everything, saying with a shrug, "I really can't remember. I'm not much for that sort of thing—keeping a record of the evolution of my likes. Suppose we go out to the living-room and hear a few of his records rather than talk about him. Unless you can't stay that long?"

"I can stay that long," he said. Spurred into recklessness, he added, "In fact, longer. Much longer. I can outstay you, Jenny—be fairly warned of that."

She didn't say gaily, "That has the sound of a double meaning." That would have given him too much of an opening, he told himself wryly. Instead she crumpled her napkin and looked at her watch with a perfunctory expression of regret. "I do have to leave by seven-thirty. But there are a few minutes left."

Out in the living-room she stooped down by the record shelves. In a moment or two, thought Paul, she will choose a record and take it to the phonograph. The record will play out its allotted time while she sits in a deep chair far, far from me, her chin in her hand, listening attentively, discouraging by preoccupation all thought of conversation.

Perhaps then sufficient time will have elapsed so that she will feel justified in taking her leave. Eventually she will drop me on a downtown corner and I can go on home with the comfortless knowledge that I have not only made no progress tonight but have actually suffered a setback with her. For she has definitely pushed me away, he thought, as much as if she had said the words, "No, Paul, stand off, keep your distance. I don't want anyone too close to me and that includes you."

FOR the first time he was beginning to see for himself what Kit had so earnestly explained—the reticence that was more than reserve, the quietness that had nothing to do with serenity.

Thinking these things as he sat on a window sill watching her, he said suddenly, "Jenny, my car will be in shape again tomorrow. How about driving out to the Log Cabin Inn for dinner? Just the two of us, I mean."

"That's sweet of you, Paul," she answered. "But Saturday night's bad for me. I'm thinking of going out of town for the week end."

"Well, how about some night next week?" She said slowly. "Yes . . . suppose you call me next week." She was at the phonograph now. "I wonder if you'll like this, Paul. Or do you already know it? It was new to me—"

"Jenny."

She turned around.

"Why don't we arrange the evening right now? Why must I telephone next week? So you'll have time to think up excuses in advance?" He sat there smiling, his legs crossed, his arms folded. "Why don't you turn me down right now and be honest? And by honest, I mean *really* honest. Telling me whether

[continued on page 108]

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Yes, "soaping" your hair
with even finest liquid or cream
shampoos hides its natural
lustre with dulling soap film



- Halo is made with a new patented ingredient. Halo—not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film!
- So Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
- Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
- Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant!
- Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!
- Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Halo Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

HELP FOR MOTHERS



That baby of yours—and how to get him
off to the very best start

- Is it you this time who's going to have a baby? Your daughter? A friend? Our nine-letter series, *Great Expectations*, is sent one letter each month until the baby arrives. Here's authoritative advice on your physical care, help in avoiding common discomforts; hints on how to look your best, scientific facts about heredity and much besides. One dollar.
- And when the baby's safely here, there's another letter series, *Your Child's First Year*. Six in all, they're sent alternate months. Here you'll find tips of all kinds on baby care: what to do when he howls at night, when to start toilet training, sensible management of eating, sleeping and other routines. Fifty cents.
- Do you remember those anxious moments while you waited for the doctor? Whether it is a sprained ankle, a burn, sudden illness or worse, you'll appreciate our leaflet, *Till the*

Doctor Comes. Arranged alphabetically for easy reference. You need have no doubt you're doing the right thing, the safe thing, while waiting. Simple remedies for common ailments too. Ten cents.

● Your child's play is vital to his physical and mental growth. Make your child's vacation full of health and fun. *Choosing Your Child's Toys* was compiled to help you plan activities for rain or shine. Suggestions for easy-to-make toys as well as a guide on where to buy. Ten cents.

● Screwball Parties complete with games and menus for a bunch of active children. Ten cents.

● All the above are prepared for you by the COMPANION'S child-care authority, Anna W. M. Wolf, editor of the department OUR CHILDREN and Better Babies. Mrs. Wolf is also the senior staff member of the Child Study Association of America.

For any of above send stamps, money order or check to Department O. C., Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City 17. And don't forget to give us your own name and address!

PUDDING PRIZE

ready in a wink

—made with Fig Newtons



Fig Newtons Cream

Heat Fig Newtons in a covered casserole in hot oven (425 F.) for five minutes. Serve warm with light cream or whipped cream. Simple...*scrumptious!* No holiday pudding was ever better! For Fig Newtons are rich, golden-brown cake plumply filled with fine fig jam... festive fare by themselves — a merry match with dessert. Look for other cookies in packages with the red Nabisco Seal—your guide to the best in baked goods!

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

MAKE QUICK CASH Selling

Feature **MATCHED GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLES** CHRISTMAS CARDS!

Earn extra money showing exclusive De Luxe Assortments, richly designed Wrapping Papers with Tags, Seals and Gift Polders tailored to match the lovely papers. Friends, neighbors, others buy on sight. You make liberal CASH PROFIT on each order.

Personal Christmas Cards Large selection of beautiful name-imprinted 50 for \$1 Cards, 50 for \$1 and up. Exclusive designs, unusual values sell easily. FREE samples.

Fast-Selling Box Assortments Complete line of money-makers "25 Feature" 21 Christmas Assortment pays up to 10¢. Matched Gift Wraps. "Artist Award" Everyday and 19 others. All nationally advertised! Sell in your fall or spare time. For SAMPLES on approval, write today.

JANES ART STUDIOS INC.
1225 Clifford Ave., Dept. Y-8, Rochester 5, N.Y.

FOR EASIER, FASTER CANNING

USE A **FOLEY FOOD MILL**

TOMATOES—Wash 10 to 50 cts. capacity, the Master Size Foley Food Mill strains Bu. into juice in 12 min.—separates skins, seeds.

APPLES—Mashes bushel into sauce in 18 min.—no peeling, 25% greater yield—delicious flavor—no sugar needed.

STRAINS OR MASHERS in half time all fruits for jams, pumpkin, squash, etc. Ricco potatoes, strains all fresh vegetables in quantities for family meals.

MASTER SIZE CAPACITY'S QTS.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Send on money-back guarantee at **DEPT. HDWE: \$5.95**

FOLEY MFG. CO., 3363 N. E. 5th St., Minneapolis 18, Minn.
Send canning information Foley Food Mill.
Enclosed \$5.95 for Master Size Foley Food Mill, postpaid.

NAME _____
(Write address plainly in margin)

it's me you don't like, or men in general. Or human beings. I've got to know. Because if you don't like me and you can't overcome the feeling, I want it straight from the shoulder right now, so that I can start trying to get over you."

She made an effort to discipline her expression. But what registered as she stood there at the phonograph with her hand still tentatively on the needle arm was a peculiar bleakness.

"And you don't even know me..."

"Well, how do you expect me to when you won't let me get close to you?"

She made a noticeable attempt to get things in hand, replacing the record in the album, closing the phonograph. "I think we won't do this after all. Anyway, it's not too early to leave. Paul, you're being very foolish. I don't know what it is about me that you find attractive, but it's not there. Please don't think about me that—that way any more." She started toward the bedroom. "I'll get my coat. I won't be more than a couple of minutes."

Paul stood up and met her before she reached the door, caught her by her arms. It was a crude thing to do and he wasn't used to indulging in that kind of behavior, letting superiority of size win his arguments for him. But he was guilty of so much ill-advised conduct already that it was useless to draw the line at that. He had behaved foolishly from the very outset and he was beginning now to be afraid.

"Jenny, you haven't told me yet."

HER head went back as she looked up at him and he could see that she was pale under her freckles and that the short fringe of hair not caught in with the rest of her smooth hairdo was curling up into little tendrils from perspiration. "What haven't I told you?"

"Whether you don't like me or just the general idea of romancing."

"No, it's not that. It's not anything. But you're just being silly. It's just a fixation you have. You don't know a thing about me. We're strangers. It's as silly as if you saw a girl in the street or on a train and decided you were in love with her."

"What are you trying to tell me?" he demanded with an unreasonable welling of optimism. "That you aren't a nice girl? That you have a past? That you've had love affairs and there's an illegitimate child you're supporting? Jenny, I don't care what you've done in the past. I'd hardly care if you were a bigamist or—or a murderer, or—well, I wouldn't like you to have been a murderer, but barring that... Jenny, please don't be like this. Sit down and let me talk to you. Give yourself a chance to know me. Please, Jenny. Ten minutes tonight, just to start. Then we'll work it up gradually. I promise that you won't find it painful."

"Let go of me, Paul," she pleaded.

"You won't listen to me, will you?"

"No. Let me go."

"So you mean what you say."

"Yes."

He dropped his hands away from her. Yet for a moment she didn't walk on past him. It was as if his look, searching and accusing, was pressing her down into immobility.

"No. Perhaps I don't know you after all," he said, making an effort to conceal his frustration and disappointment. But he did not conceal it, for out of those feelings he spoke cruelly. "What's the matter with you, I wonder? What are you afraid of? You can't live the way you do by joyful choice. Days tapping out dull neat letters on a typewriter, nights sitting around your apartment with a book. A movie, a symphony concert now and then, a week end with your family. All adding up to a delightful forecast of Miss Jenny Carr a couple of decades hence: gray streaks in her light brown hair and a boss who is probably wishing old Jenny would quit so he could acquire a younger secretary. You're wasting your best years—your growing years. And at forty—no children of your own, no man to go on loving you, no home except an apartment with a phonograph and some books..."

He could see that he was hurting her, that his words were hitting deep. And that's good, he thought, telling himself he wasn't being brutal merely for the pleasure of it, that he was in all likelihood accomplishing something

valuable, waking her up to what was ahead. He went on, "Jenny Carr... the girl who hasn't been five minutes out of my mind for two weeks and two days. The girl I've built a house around, shared sons and daughters with, gone on twenty different sorts of summer vacations with. Do you know what you remind me of, Jenny? One of these automobiles that you see in a car lot that looks fine on the outside, shiny, clean, unblemished; then you come to drive it and find that something's gone all wrong inside, the bearings burned out, the shock absorbers broken—"

She moved past him. He had the impression of a face quite expressionless, eyes quite blank.

It was gone more than a couple of minutes. While he waited for her, he lighted a cigarette and walked about the living-room. He didn't feel proud of himself now and, perhaps for that specific reason, he was angry and resentful toward Jenny for the first time. I'll be hanged if I'll apologize, he thought. Let her carry those ideas around with her for a while.

When Jenny came out she wore her plaid coat, a scarf tied over her hair, her purse under her arm. It would have given Paul great satisfaction to see that she was angry too, but he could find no positive signs of it in her face. She said nothing and couldn't seem to manage to look quite at him.

At the foot of the steps, under the bare elms, she said, "I'll bring the car around here," and left him. It occurred to Paul that accepting a ride with her, as things now stood, was grotesque, and he considered calling after her, "Never mind, I'll catch a bus at the corner." But he didn't want to give up riding

Will Power

The world is full of willing people; some willing to work, the rest willing to let them. FROST

with her. He kept hoping she might say something, some last word at parting that would make the separation a little less complete between them. If he were to make the first move, the result would be just a patched-up surface friendship, nothing more. It had to come from her and willingly. Words like, "You were right about me, Paul." Or, "I'm sorry, Paul. I'm to blame. I haven't been fair tonight."

But as he sat beside her in her car and they drove along dark leaf-strewn streets she still said nothing.

He told her, "You can drop me in front of the Allison Hotel if it's convenient."

After at least a minute she half turned with a look of ashamed confusion. "The—the Allison?" she murmured.

"Yes. But not if it's out of your way?"

"No. No, it's not."

THEY didn't speak again, either of them. The brighter streets came, the carnival glitter of theater marquees, restaurant signs. What do I do now, thought Paul. Go to a movie? Go home and go to bed? What was Jenny going to do, he wondered. Attend some sober lecture, meet some girl—a man? He could not imagine her having a rendezvous with a man and at the same time he could imagine it too well, too convincingly, and it was painful to him. And there was no possible way of finding out anything for certain.

She swung her car around the final corner and they stopped in front of the hotel.

Paul glanced at her. She was pulling at her leather gloves, working the fingers on mechanically, her eyes down. He said, "Thanks for the lift. Good night, Jenny," and she nodded, raising her eyes momentarily. There was no coldness in her silence; there was no feeling at all, as far as he could discern. She looked subdued and quiet.

As he stood at the curb and watched her drive off, he thought, I hurt her more than I thought; I didn't mean to give her quite such a jolt. But it was too late to do anything.

He turned and went into the hotel. He sat down in the lobby, meaning to settle his thoughts and think of something to do to fill

this stillborn evening; he felt aimless and as unhappy as Jenny had looked. There was a very pretty girl sitting opposite, blue-eyed and friendly-faced. She awakened no response in him. There was a man in a chair near the entrance, a tall young man wearing horn-rimmed glasses and smoking a pipe. He did not look lonely. The good-humored tolerant expression in his face suggested a happy family in the background—a wife, perhaps a couple of youngsters who coaxed him for stories at bedtime—the sort of picture that hit Paul in a sensitive spot tonight. He got up and went into the bar for a drink.

PAUL lived in a large apartment hotel, within walking distance of downtown. His quarters consisted of a room and bath on the sixth floor, a pair of doors concealing his fold-away bed during the daytime, another pair concealing the compact kitchenette.

It was here that, after reading the paper and listening to the eleven o'clock newscast, he went to bed that night; and here that, early the next morning, when the muddy gray light of dawn was coming in through the window, the ringing telephone woke him. It was Kit.

"Paul? I'm calling from the drugstore on the corner. Get yourself awake and dressed because I'm coming up."

Although his mind was clogged with sleep, he felt all his nerves alerting and the nausea of alarm attacking at the pit of his stomach. "What's happened?"

"That's what I'm coming up to tell you. The police questioned me at the hospital. Jenny's been in a bad accident and—"

"What—?" His voice labored. "What kind of accident? Kit, is she—?"

"No, she's not dead, though they don't know if... it's uncertain if she'll live. Her car smashed into a tree out on the river road. I'll tell you everything when I get up there, Paul. And better put some coffee on—it's been a tough night. I'll see you."

It took her five minutes to get there. He heard the roll of the elevator doors and came in his trousers and undershirt to let her in before she knocked. She dropped into the easy chair and laid her hands limply against the arms and leaned her head back. "It smells like soot in here. Does it always smell like that in the morning?"

"Yes. Soft coal smoke. Kit—" He turned away from her and then faced her again. He had to tell her now. He had to get it over with. "Kit, I'm an awful fool. You warned me yesterday—and honestly, I took it to heart, though I didn't seem to—and yet last night I did everything possible that was wrong. Pushing in, getting rebuffed and then saying all the brutal things I could think of. Kit, you may as well know. I'm to blame."

"Are you, Paul?" She lifted her head and looked at her brother. Her eyes felt strained and it didn't give her any particular feeling right now that he believed himself responsible for what had happened to Jenny.

"Did you see her, Kit?"

"No." She moved her head from side to side once. "They had her in the operating-room for a long, long time and after they brought her out she was under opiates. I sat around and waited anyway—I don't know why; it couldn't help her any. Then her family came from Boulder Falls and I talked to them for a little while, then left."

"How badly hurt is she?"

"Oh... bruises, broken bones and things they can't be sure about yet; things that may have happened internally. I don't know how really serious it is. If doctors would only blunt out things—what they think, what they guess. But I didn't find out anything. Maybe in the morning we'll hear she's—she's dead. Just like that." She looked up after a moment. "Paul, they asked me questions and I told them we three had had dinner together and then had gone off our separate ways. There was no harm in it that I could see. They're not equipped to mete out a state punishment to you; you'll do that quite well enough by yourself, I'm afraid, if you feel you really were to blame." She paused and was silent, her face strained. "But I wonder if you were. There are so many things we don't know about Jenny. And there's her family..."

"What about her family?"

Kit pressed her head back against the chair and closed her eyes suddenly. "Oh, I don't know what I'm thinking about. How much can you trust your feelings at four o'clock in the morning after being up all night and under this kind of strain? It's just that none of them seemed to care whether she lived or not. It was almost as if they were sort of . . . hoping she would die." She sat up again. "They all came. There was her mother, her father, her sister Rosemary and Rosemary's husband. They all had gravity and concern in their faces and yet not one of them, except maybe the sister's husband— But why should I feel their grief was all for show? Who could possibly put faith in his own judgment at this hour of the night? Oh, Paul—" she murmured suddenly—"make some coffee. I need it badly."

Yes, that's it, thought Paul, who had been listening to her intently. Ordinarily people instinctively relied upon Kit's word. But shock and strain and sleeplessness could do things to a mind even as steady and dependable as hers. It obviously had.

"I'll put some on now," he told her. In a few minutes he was pouring a cup for each of them. Kit felt better after she had started drinking it and she got up to raise the shades higher on the paling sky outside and turn off the lights which were hurting her eyes. But to Paul, neither the approach of sunrise nor the coffee had a quieting effect.

Sitting on the edge of his unmade bed, he told his sister about the previous night. She listened without any interpolated protests or criticism and ended by minimizing the importance of it all, but he knew her kindness too well to be taken in. And even if, as Kit had said, the accident had happened after eleven—there was nothing particularly reassuring in the thought of those intervening hours. Jenny had had an errand downtown. If there were any element of duty in that errand, she would have gone through with it, no matter how she felt. But afterward, alone—that was when the pain would really have come. How neatly he had written off her future for her; with what vicious accuracy he had apparently found her own wintry fears and brought them out and given them authority. So that, alone, driving in the darkness—a freckled neat girl who had always kept up a front, whose morale one didn't have cause to be in doubt about—she should see at last no hope for herself, no use at all to going on living.

LATER that morning Paul went to the hospital. It was a warm sunny October day, one of those days too blue of sky, too mellow and mild and smiling to make autumn's real meaning believable. Yet for Paul it held only the feeling of dead and dying things, of drifts of leaves in the still shade of woods, of people in high white beds in the hush of darkened rooms.

The hospital they had brought Jenny to was old, with five stories of dirty brown brick walls. Looking up as he turned in at the walk, Paul thought, somewhere behind those windows in a room that smells of anesthetic and antiseptic, Jenny is lying. Last night I was talking to her. Last night she was pouring iced water into glasses and making a joke about it. And now she's here.

The girl at the desk in the lobby liked her job and felt important sitting there behind the counter, telling people that this patient's condition was fair and that one's was poor and that no visitors were allowed.

"Not even her family?" said Paul, feeling the dead weight of apprehension inside him leap into acute alarm. "Not even her family?"

She looked at him impassively. "Are you one of the family?"

"No. No, I didn't mean that. But is she so—so bad that . . ."

"Her family is with her," she said.

Paul flushed. "Yes, of course. I wasn't thinking." He felt clumsy, stupid. He took his arm off the counter, straightened up. "Look, isn't there someone I can see? Her doctor, maybe? Just for a minute? Someone who can tell me about her—exactly how she is—what her chances are?"

"I'm sorry," she said.

He was a fool, he told himself; he wasn't using his head. Did he think that her doctor was just sitting around in some convenient

office waiting to explain her condition to whatever casual visitor came to inquire?

He smiled, chagrined and apologetic. "I suppose it would be all right if I waited around for a while. Maybe there'll be some more news later on, or—or something. I'm very anxious to hear." Anxious. The understatement of it. The insipid understatement of it.

The girl gave him another of her impassive looks and nodded, then turned to answer the phone as if she had already forgotten he was there.

HE WAS still waiting a half-hour later when Rosemary Hamilton and her husband came from the elevators and stopped at the desk on their way out. He didn't guess who they were right away of course. There were murmurs across the desk and then Rosemary, a slender dark very handsome girl dressed entirely in black except for a mink stole over her shoulders, glanced around and stared at him briefly. He heard her voice saying, "A reporter probably," and the man's answer, perturbed, angry, ". . . probably digging up the old story again."

They started toward the door and only when they were almost there did Rosemary, apparently changing her mind, veer abruptly and come toward him. Her husband followed reluctantly. He was as tall as Paul and almost at once Paul had the feeling he had seen him somewhere before.

He stood up as they approached, his tension and anxiety rising to an almost unbearable climax. This was Jenny's sister; he was sure of it. And she had come from Jenny's room just now. She could tell him how Jenny was.

"I understand," she said, "that you were inquiring about my sister. You're a friend of hers?"

Oh yes, he thought, I'm a friend of hers, the kind of friend who's good at putting a knife in the back. Yes, I'm a fine friend of Jenny's—and how is she, pray?

He said aloud, his voice husky and unnatural, "How is Jenny? Yes, I'm a friend of hers. That is, she—she and my sister have been sharing an apartment. Tell me, is she—" his throat closed unexpectedly, "better? Conscious yet? I've been waiting around," he tried to smile, "thinking that maybe if—I waited around—" He was talking like a schoolboy, his voice stopping at the wrong places, trembling. He finally spread his hands helplessly and stopped.

"No . . ." She shook her head slowly and with a calm expression that he envied. "Of course you know she's heavily drugged; the pain would be too much if she weren't. But she was very low at five this morning. But she rallied." Her dark eyes looked him over thoughtfully. "Jenny has never mentioned you."

"No, I don't suppose so. I've been in town only a month. We didn't—I guess you could say—know each other well."

She seemed to lose interest. Because he wasn't a reporter who was "digging up the old story"? Or because he was a friend of Jenny's but obviously not a close friend? She began to put vague sentences together as a prelude to withdrawing: ". . . a dreadful thing, and we don't know why it should have happened, why . . . so tired . . . been up all night . . . we're going out and try to eat a little breakfast. . . . Well, Bruce?"

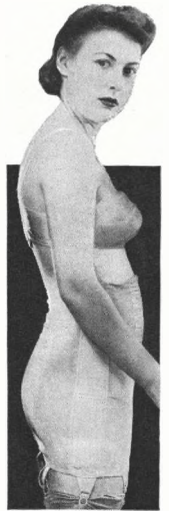
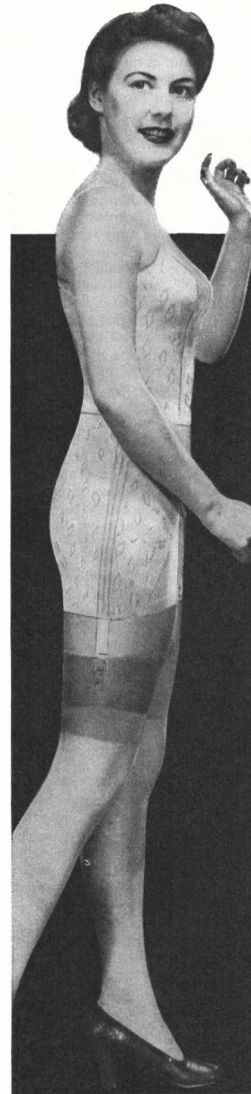
But Bruce was the one who was pausing now, taking the trouble to say with unexpected perceptiveness and sympathy, "Better not wait around, Leighton. That is the name, isn't it? We met your sister this morning, but with things the way they were . . . The plain truth is, there's nothing that any of us can do. Nothing beyond . . ."

He didn't go on. Perhaps he thought the word "praying" might sound too glib to express what he felt. He didn't look like a glib kind of person. And Paul remembered now where he had seen him. Last night at the Allison Hotel. The man in glasses who had the nice wife and the youngsters who teased him for stories. The man who had furnished such a contrast to himself.

But the preconceived background had not been too accurate. A good imported tweed

[continued on page 110]

"When I lost back-fatigue, I lost my bulges, too..thanks to my SPENCER"



Before she got her Spencer.

Your doctor will tell you that there is a close connection between sagging, bulging abdomen and tired, aching back. When abdominal muscles weaken and sag, undue strain is placed on muscles and ligaments of the back.

Your Spencer, by supporting your sagging abdominal muscles and guiding your body into restfully erect posture, permits abdomen to regain its natural flatness; relieves muscular back-ache and nervous fatigue.

Your Spencer Body and Breast Supports will be *individually designed*, cut and made to meet your needs—and yours alone. Every Spencer is *guaranteed* never to lose its shape. A support that loses its shape loses its effectiveness.

Send Coupon for Free Information

Send coupon below for fascinating booklet or ask any dealer in Spencer Supports to show you how a Spencer can help you. Spencer dealers are expert, specially trained corsetieres. Look in telephone book under "Spencer corsetiere" or "Spencer Support Shop."

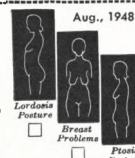
Spencer Designers Also Create Surgical-Medical Supports

Thousands of doctors prescribe individually designed Spencer Supports for back derangements; following spinal, abdominal or breast operations; displaced internal organs; movable kidney; maternity and following childbirth; certain hernia cases; and other disabilities. Spencer dealers neither diagnose nor prescribe in health conditions. See your doctor.

In her Spencer Body and Breast Supports designed especially for her.

Would You Like to Make Money in a professional type of business? Experience not needed—we train you. Profitable—interesting. Check here for information.

Also made in Canada at Rock Island, Quebec.



Aug., 1948

TO: ANNE SPENCER
Spencer, Incorporated
145 Derby Avenue, New Haven 7, Conn.
Please send your free booklet. I have marked my posture problem at left.

Name _____ (Please Print)
Street _____
City & State _____

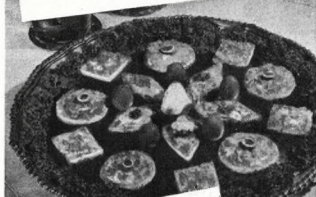
SPENCER INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED SUPPORTS FOR ABDOMEN, BACK AND BREASTS

Quick as a wink!

RECIPE FOR

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM CANAPÉ

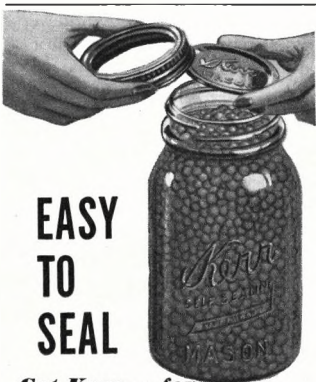
Cut bread in squares, rounds, diamond shapes, 1/4 inch thick, toast to delicate brown, spread liberally with UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM. Sprinkle with grated cheese and brown in hot oven. Delicious!



AMERICA'S FAVORITE
SANDWICH SPREAD

UNDERWOOD
DEVILED HAM

* For superb sandwiches and snacks, there's nothing like UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM. A natural, too, spread on hot buttered toast under eggs. There's flavor at its very best!



EASY
TO
SEAL

Get Kerr... for
easy, sure canning!

Just screw band down tight before you process. Jars seal as they cool—no retightening. Instant test is proof of seal. So easy! Why? Exclusive cushion-seal of Kerr lid hugs the jar rim, covers a greater sealing area, assures an airtight, perfect seal. Millions prefer Kerr. Stock up today at your dealer's.



Insist on Kerr,
the only "Self
Sealing" brand
with exclusive
cushion-seal

Kerr
MASON JARS
CAPS and LIDS

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FREE: 24-page Modern Homemaker plus jar labels. Write KERR, Dept. E-12, Sand Springs, Oklahoma.

coat might suggest financial security but not an ideal personal life. The hazel eyes smiling at him through horn-rimmed glasses didn't have quite the spirited look of a man used to happiness; and in the naturally tolerant and kindly expression there was evidence of habitual compromise. Moreover, he looked worried, under a strain and there seemed to be some barrier of disagreement or distrust between him and his wife. They did not stand side by side and face the stranger with shared thoughts and a common ground of emotion, as happily married couples did.

"The thing is," he was saying, "there may not be a change for hours. It's useless to wait or expect or—" he tried to summon a cheerful tone, "or even to think just yet. Better go along in your usual routine. For my own part, I'm going back to Boulder Falls for the day."

His wife looked up at him with pointblank surprise. "You are?"

"Yes," he answered firmly and, after answering her, looked away. "I rather think," he went on, "that Jenny herself would recommend that procedure. She'd hate being made—oh, important, in this way. . . . Do you know that about Jenny?" he asked Paul, speaking to him of Jenny as one would speak to a friend of something tenderly shared. "That she would want to be left alone now—really want to be left alone?" His eyes warmed and it seemed to Paul he was glad to be talking, finding relief in talking. "I've known Jenny a long time. Ever since she was an exuberant little girl hanging around, making a—a lovable nuisance of herself and on through her teens when she had the fastest noisiest jalopy in town, the biggest string of boy friends, the—"

ROSEMARY interrupted dryly, "I don't presume to know, as you do, Bruce, what goes on in Jenny's mind but I'm certainly not going to desert her when she's in this condition. After all, she's my sister, or my step-sister anyway, and—" She caught the surprise in Paul's face. "But you knew that she's adopted, didn't you?"

Bruce Hamilton plunged his hands in his pockets and brought out his gloves. As he put them on, he looked at Paul as if he were trying to make out his reaction. Paul wanted to tell him, "No, it's not particularly startling as a fact. The startling thing is how little I know about Jenny, how much there is to learn about her. Can't you help me, can't you see that I need help, that I'm desperate for it—can't you tell me about her?"

But he knew it was senseless to ask. Bruce Hamilton wouldn't tell anything. He was the sort of man who had loyalties and stuck to them; a patient forbearing man and a strong one. Probably Rosemary Hamilton wouldn't talk either, but it would be, he thought, for a different reason—perversity or private personal reasons. He did not like her as he liked her husband. But in any case there was no hope of anything from either of them. He would have to look elsewhere for help.

At noon there was no new word about Jenny. Paul sat by the window in Kit's apartment, his legs stretched out, his head back. The curtain swayed in from the sunny out-

doors and children with Saturday time on their hands played below in the street.

Kit lay on the sofa in a shadowed part of the room, her blue taffeta housecoat stiffly shielding her limp body. She held her hand against her forehead and stared at the ceiling, the blue ceiling that she and Jenny had painted together one summer morning years ago. None of this has really happened, Kit thought. Jenny herself will walk in. Jenny with a bag of groceries, bread wrapped in gay waxed paper, a luxurious shrubbery of celery. "How about potato soup today?" she would say, her face animated with that brisk look that came from inward energy and initiative: that look that made you think she might well have been—what was it Bruce Hamilton had said to Paul?—exuberant in her teen-days, full of liveliness and gaiety.

"He'd care if she died," said Paul. "He's the kind that would be all broken up, but he'd carry on and perhaps most people wouldn't guess how much her being alive had meant to him. But his wife, Mrs. Hamilton—about her I'm not sure. She's as beautiful a girl as you could find, I suppose, and I expect Hamilton fell hard for her, and—well, maybe she's measured up as a wife to him, because certainly you don't expect a marriage to go along without any friction whatsoever. But she seemed shallow to me. And she didn't seem to be touched very deeply by what had happened to Jenny."

"This morning at the hospital seems like something that someone else lived and told me about." Kit said, rubbing her fingers slowly back and forth over the throbbing space that was her forehead. "The dim lights in the halls and the darkness and the smell of ether that I used to like but feel sick to my stomach now remembering. And there she was, with her mink stole and her smart black clothes and her lips carefully painted as if she'd sat at her dressing table with her lipstick brush, taking all the time she needed to do a perfect job, even though she'd been notified that Jenny was in the hospital and might not live. But maybe she's good underneath. I keep sounding to myself as if I were condemning her for taking pride in her appearance and—maybe I am just jealous of her mink."

"She made a good marriage, it would seem."

"Yes. It came to me this morning who Bruce Hamilton is. Hamiltonware. That beautifully simple expensive pottery. They have their plant in Boulder Falls, I remember now. Yes, she made a prosperous marriage."

"I'd say she's about four years older than Jenny," said Paul. "And Jenny was the kid sister, rather a plain little kid sister, I imagine, but stanch and warm-hearted. I'd know that about Jenny. And. . . and I'd almost know how she'd feel about Hamilton. The man who was going to marry her beautiful older sister and who was a nice guy—just a plain nice guy. She'd worship him. And not with any jealousy. Just glad that he was in love with her sister and that they were going to be so happy. That would be Jenny's way."

"And then growing out of being a tomboy," said Kit, "and growing into a—oh, a bobby-soxer I suppose you'd say. Getting sort of slap-happy and foolish, the way the high-



If you agree with master chefs that French Dressing needs a touch of garlic, Miracle French is the kind for you. Kraft quality ingredients; superbly seasoned.

Miracle
FRENCH DRESSING
by KRAFT

Note: If you don't want even a "leetle" garlic, get Kraft French Dressing. Perfectly delicious; immensely popular.

SELL LOW COST—HIGH PROFIT CHRISTMAS CARDS

Order 100% profit. Show complete 24 new 21 cards. 100 Christmas assortments. Novel Christmas Cards. Carol, Panorama, Gift Wrap—50 for \$1.00 plus boxes. Orders close 12/15. Send at once for FREE SAMPLES. Extraordinary cards including special line name imprinted in silver. FREE STATIONERY BAMPLES and feature Christmas samples on approval. Special Offers. Cash bonus.

NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS, North Abington 20, Mass.

MERCY ME! I DON'T SEE HOW A BODY CAN KEEP HOUSE WITHOUT 3-IN-ONE!

MOMMY...

1 or 3 Oz. Cans

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

3-IN-ONE OIL

TM REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SAVES TIME—WORK—AND SOAP

THE HELPFUL CHORE GIRL

POT CLEANER INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS, PANS, DISHES, ETC.

GENUINE COPPER NEVER RUSTS—NEVER SPLINTERS—RINSES CLEAN—LASTS LONG

METAL TEXTILE CORPORATION Orange, N. J. In Canada—Hamilton, Ontario

AT LAST! MAKE EXTRA MONEY FAST

CHRISTMAS CARDS 50¢ FOR \$1 With Name

ONE FROM THE NEW SPECIAL ANNUAL

24-page Modern Homemaker plus jar labels. Write KERR, Dept. E-12, Sand Springs, Oklahoma.

BEGINNING
IN
SEPTEMBER

A GREAT NEW NOVEL
IN
TWO PARTS

BY CHARLES
MORGAN
the author of
THE FOUNTAIN

Philip's visit with Julian and Marie was to be the happy epilogue to the tragedy of Blaise . . . for there they had shared an experience so violent that it could scar their lives forever. Now, meeting and falling in love with Valerie Barton, Philip is compelled to tell her the story. And in the retelling he learns what really happened at Blaise.

school set looks to us when we grow up. Using too much lipstick and having fads. But still not changing inside."

"The old story" they said. What did they mean, I wonder. They both referred to it."

Kit pressed the heel of her hand against her forehead. The throbbing wouldn't stop and the children playing outside and the . . . the awful normality of this day . . . She said, "I feel as if I've been living with my hands against my ears and my eyes shut and my mind made resolutely stupid. And yet I had a reason. I knew she didn't want me prying, so I didn't. That was my share of a good friendship, Paul, and a small-enough share it was. I might have found out so easily. Was there ever a story of any sort that wasn't just lying under the dust waiting for someone to kick it up?"

"That is my share," said Paul. "Say it that way, Kit. Whether it makes good sense or not. Don't use the past tense. When you do, I can—I can hear the clock ticking in my ears, slow, slow, slow, like doom." He reached over to the curtain and let the inflow of air brush it against his hand. "I wish I could bring back last night," he said. "Just two minutes, or three. Just the minutes when I was talking about Jenny at forty. If I could just make them blank . . ."

PAUL drove out to Boulder Falls in the afternoon. There were things to be done at his office but he couldn't work. So he drove forty miles through farm country to the town where Jenny had lived and grown up, making his foolish futile pilgrimage.

It was a pretty town, laid out in a wide valley. It looked like a nice place to have grown up in, not too small to be dull, not too large to be lonely—a neighborly homelike town with its long main thoroughfare crowded with Saturday afternoon shoppers and its quiet shady residential streets.

What do you do in a town when you're looking for something but don't know exactly what it is? Stop at a filling station to ask directions to the Carrs' place and see what conversation develops? Suffer the likely assumption that you're morbidly curious, that you get pleasure out of poking into the private lives of people with troubles and take advantage of the human urge to gossip? . . . "And what was this thing that happened several years ago, this 'old story' they talk about?" But Paul was no gossip and when he got to the proper point in the conversation he couldn't ask the question. He hadn't come to talk about Jenny with strangers on street corners, particularly this kind of stranger who seemed to contemplate with bright-eyed malice the prospect of discussing the facts about her. He took his directions and drove off again.

THE Carrs lived out on the hilly edge of town, among the fashionable wilds and woods—presumably fashionable, that is, for there had been something in the filling-station man's tone that suggested the Carrs were people who paid a great deal of attention to living in the right place and doing the right things. Snobs? Mr. H. Wilfred Carr, the lawyer . . . The implication being that Mr. H. Wilfred Carr ought to call himself Harry Carr as he was baptized and start acting like what he was, just a mediocre small-town lawyer who had happened to get a few breaks and had been raised above the level of his natural talent. True? Or was it jealousy?

The Carr house was built on a wooded slope, too far in from the winding suburban road to be plainly seen. There were glimpses of stucco and brick, iron-railed balconies, a red tile roof—enough to support a mental picture of something definitely grander and showier than anything Paul had seen in the town itself. But there was too little visible to allow him to relate it to Jenny: no windows that might once have been those of her bedroom, no sidewalk on which she might once have played jacks. It was hard to imagine her having lived here.

Yet even harder, once one knew that she had lived here, to imagine why she had gone away when she was so young.

Paul had turned his car around and was pausing for a last look before starting back into the town when he saw a man coming down the drive from the house. Quite an old

man, tall and stooped. He pulled up short when he saw the car and then, with a jerky change of direction, came over. "Nobody's home up there," he said. "No use to go up. All in the city." He stood there a moment with his veined mottled hand on the ledge of the door, then leaned forward inquisitively. "Or weren't you aiming to go up? You ain't just out looking, are you? I don't guess anyone's wanting to come and goggle at it after all these years."

"No," said Paul, with a sense of guilt. "It's a pretty place, though."

"Pretty? What's pretty about it?" said the old man. "It used to be pretty when Jenny was around. Flowers planted in front of it and ruffy little curtains in the windows and a nice path edged with stones. Just a shack now. Hardly see it in the brush and weeds."

PUZZLED, Paul looked in the direction the old man was staring. It was only then that he saw the playhouse in the woods, a rustic cabin hardly noticeable among the trees, its roof and sides weathered to the color of bark and dead leaves. It looked strangely secretive, as houses look when they are deserted by their friends.

The old man shook his head at it sadly. "Jenny was happy there, before. One hot summer day she invited me in for lemonade—her sister would never have done that, no indeed. And Jenny was the one who cried the day they heard that Bruce Hamilton had been wounded in the war. She was fond of him. She said she wished she'd been his sister. She called herself 'no one's child,' joking-like and said she could just as well have been his sister. And he offered to adopt her, joking-like. They got along well. And now . . ." He shook his head again. "And now she's dying. Well, I suppose she didn't want to live, with the whole town against her. That's why she went away. She was always a little too gay for them. And afterward . . . it just knocked the life out of her. You know what it was like? Like it is when the apple blossoms have fallen and nature has lost its fresh look. Summer is a sad time, ain't it? In the summer you know that fall is coming. And that's the way it was with Jenny. Like—like the passing of spring."

"But why," said Paul, caught by that poetic little phrase, "why did spring pass for Jenny?" "Something had happened, something perhaps not scandalous but merely tragic.

But the old man only sighed. "Because Bruce Hamilton married her sister?"

"Oh, Bruce always loved Rosemary. Jenny knew that," said the old man. And he added with the most impersonal thoughtful irony, "I wonder how much he still loves her."

"Why?" "I'm not a gossip. I shouldn't have said that, but I don't like the woman. Nobody does. She plays around."

"But what happened to Jenny then—that knocked the life out of her?"

The old man apparently meant what he said, however, when it came to Jenny. He said again and this time meant it; "I'm not a gossip. It's all in the past now; let it stay there. No one at home," he went on vaguely. He started off down the road.

BUT that evening, back in town, Paul knew what had happened to Jenny. It was in the newspapers. The whole thing had been dragged up again—even the statements of the Carr family. And after he had read the story he put his hands up to his eyes while, with horrible appropriateness, the memory of something he'd said to Jenny last night came back to him.

"Well, I wouldn't like you to have been a murderess . . ."

For that was precisely what Jenny had been six years ago. She'd shot a boy friend, killed him, there in the playhouse.

Paul sat alone in his apartment. The room was dark except for the thin evening glow of the city which came in through the open window.

When the phone rang he thought of Kit and got up to answer with reluctance. She too knows by now, he thought, and what can we possibly say to each other, what do we know

(continued on page 112)



Why leave the kitchen to find out the time?

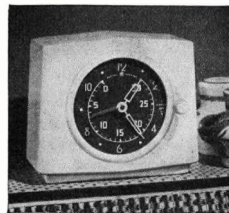
Save time, save steps—every kitchen should have a modern, electric Kitchen Clock—one that can be "read" from any part of the room!

And here's the General Electric Kitchen Clock to fill the bill. Its thin, beveled edges taper down, to give that desired "built-in" look of fitting flush against the wall!

The gleaming plastic case is available in four colors—red, green, white, or ivory.

And—like all General Electric Clocks—it is self-starting, accurate, dependable, has no "ticktock," and needs no winding! Just plug in.

Another clock you really need . . . Little Chef! \$5.95 plus tax



Meet the new General Electric "warning service"—a combination kitchen-clock-and-30-minute-timer! Invaluable for canning, preserving, and pressure-cooking, this clock-timer buzzes: "IT'S DONE!" It times any household task up to 30 minutes. You'll use it all . . . day . . . long. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Why wind a clock today?
Get a General Electric Clock and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE LOVABLE GIRL-OF-THE-MONTH

loves her *Lovable* BRA



MISS BEVERLY BURTON
of St. Louis, Mo.

Dress by Martini Frocks

You'll be lovely, too, in a



Wear flattering
Lovable Brassiere #960.
Fagoted panels are
circular-stitched for
greater support; lastex
insert gives attractive
separation.
Nude, Black or White
rayon satin \$7.50

LOVABLE BRASSIERE CO.
358 Fifth Avenue,
New York 1, N. Y.

PICTURED ON ANOTHER
LOVABLE MODEL

yet of how we feel? All I can tell her is that I know I caused Jenny's accident . . .

But it wasn't Kit.
"Mr. Leighton? This is Jenny's father. Mrs. Carr and I were on our way downtown from the hospital and took a chance on finding you in. I wonder if we could come up and talk to you?"

Paul was silent for a moment, unable to get the machinery of common courtesy into operation all at once. Not tonight, he thought. Anything but visitors and talking tonight. And yet, after all, what did it matter?

"Yes," he said with mechanical politeness. "Certainly you can come up."

When the door buzzer sounded he received them with labored cordiality. As they came in, bringing with them the smell of the hospital and the disturbing illusion of having stepped that moment from Jenny's room directly into his, he managed to ask them as a casual friend might have asked them, "How is Jenny tonight?"

"Not too well," said Mr. Carr, looking appropriately aware of the gravity of what he was saying. "Not too well, I'm afraid."

Mrs. Carr said nothing. She was a stout but shapely woman whose expression was not precisely cross but undemonstrative. She looked tired and kept knotting her hands in the pockets of her broadtail coat.

"Of course we're not giving up hope," Mr. Carr went on. "We're not letting ourselves think in pessimistic terms." He appeared prepared to do the talking for them. He folded his coat over the back of a chair and smoothed his thinning hair, at the same time, giving Paul a momentarily intent but entirely inoffensive stare.

"Nice of you, Leighton, to let us come up. I dare say you've had a tiring day too. We'll try to make this short."

"That's not particularly necessary. Sit down, won't you?"

"Thanks. Florence, how about the sofa? The thing is," said Mr. Carr, who, after sitting down, stood up again and walked about with his hands clasped behind his back, "the thing is, we haven't any idea why Jenny could have done this drastic thing. It's plain enough she tried to kill herself."

PAUL looked up, his eyes full of pain. Put into words, the idea shocked him profoundly. He had thought of Jenny's accident as something that had resulted from carelessness, a carelessness about life that he had made her feel last night. He had never cold-bloodedly thought Jenny tried to kill herself. And he could not think it now.

But her parents could. They were willing to accuse her of suicide in conversation with a stranger.

Mr. Carr was talking on in his curiously contrived manner. "As far as we know, she was making a success of her work. She seemed happy. Naturally we're bewildered. Can you help us out, Mr. Leighton? The thing is, something that happened this afternoon led us to wonder—that is, caused us to be puzzled. Jenny mentioned your name."

Paul's nerves jerked as if a bell had shrilled in his ears. Then they quieted and he felt almost nothing. It wasn't strange that Jenny had mentioned him.

"What did she say?" he asked.
"Nothing that was understandable. She wasn't conscious, you realize. She put in a very bad afternoon, a very restless troubled afternoon—and there was just your name that we could really make out."

"I see," said Paul. He considered for a moment telling them the truth. But why? Was it going to help them? Was it going to help Jenny? Could exposing his stupid brutality of last night do more than aid in his own punishment? And, as Kit had said this morning, he would do that quite well by himself.

Moreover he wasn't quite touched by their predicament. Perhaps they loved Jenny and were sincerely concerned about finding out what had hurt her. But in that case he wished that this man in the chalk-stripe suit would behave a little less as if he had precisely thought out his subject matter beforehand; and that this woman, who could perhaps be quite motherly on occasion, would have a little more honest compassion in her face.

And had it been necessary that they coldly label her misfortune "suicide"?

"I should think," he said finally, "it wouldn't be hard to imagine a cause. With all that she's been through in the past, wouldn't any—chance remark be likely to upset her?"

There was a silence, a brief but peculiarly awkward one. Mrs. Carr suddenly decided she would have a cigarette. Mr. Carr shuffled about in one spot, looking at Paul with a quizzical but unsure smile.

He asked, seeming to feel his way along, "Has she talked about the—all she's been through?"

Paul couldn't figure out his manner. "She wouldn't have to, would she?" he asked. "Tonight's papers have done it all for her."

"Oh, the papers? You mean, that's the . . . first you knew of it?"

"As a matter of fact, yes."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Carr. He seemed to find his place again and spoke smoothly. "The truth is, Jenny has had her troubles. She was quite an undisciplined girl in her school days and things got out of hand for her. But she's grown up now and entirely changed and that shouldn't be held against her."

PAUL felt completely confused. The actual reason for the Carrs' being here seemed vague and somehow unconvincing when considered together with their behavior. Had they really come to find out what they had said they had come for? Two troubled parents in search of the key to their daughter's despair? Just that?

And still, what did it matter, he asked himself again. Let them find out what they wanted and get done with him and go. Too much had happened since last night.

He stood up and went over to the window. "I gather it wasn't a nice story," he said.

Mr. Carr started to use a lot of words to say nothing, his voice tolerant and condoning. It was Mrs. Carr who interrupted, stating firmly, "No, it wasn't a nice story. Jenny was a foolish wild girl. The whole town will tell you that. And that spring she had picked up this young man from an army camp near by. They were meeting secretly at night in the playhouse whenever he could get a pass. Later, when she tried to break off with him and he threatened to make trouble for her, she took Mr. Carr's gun to frighten him with—and the boy called her bluff. That's the story. Harry—"

She turned to her husband, leaning forward at the same time to stub out her cigarette. "I'm very tired and we're obviously wasting Mr. Leighton's time. Don't you think we'd better go?"

Yes, go, thought Paul. Get out of here. Leave me alone.

As Paul went with them to the door, Mr. Carr said in the same condoning voice as before. "Of course, Mrs. Carr has told it rather too briefly. There are many extenuating reasons for firing a gun at a person, as anyone familiar with the courts well knows. Self-defense, for one thing. You understand, Jenny was not convicted."

Yes, I understand that, thought Paul. But nothing you've said has given a convincing impression it was self-defense that made her do it.

After they'd gone he went to bed, but in spite of the early hour at which he had risen that morning, he couldn't sleep. His mind moved agonizingly back and forth between the thought of what Jenny had once done and the thought of what he himself had done to her. Perhaps he wasn't being sensible. Perhaps it didn't matter to him what happened to her now after so much had happened to her. . . . But it did, it did. At the thought of her dying, he felt desolate. She's different, she's changed, he told himself, but even if she isn't, I've got to get to her, I've got to tell her I didn't mean what I said last night. Live, Jenny, he thought. Please, Jenny, try to live. . . .

On Sunday morning he called the hospital early. Jenny's condition was unchanged. As he took his shower, he thought, this won't do, I've got to get myself reorganized and make plans for a day filled with useful work. He

[continued on page 133]

VACATIONS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY VENTI
"Look, there's our ship coming in!" With East River in background, Reader-Reporter Penny Harmeyer and her husband take a long view of the silvery Hudson from Rockefeller Center.

NEW YORK HOLIDAY

- Penny and Bill Harmeyer—one of the COMPANION's young Reader-Reporter couples—dreamed of Paris in the spring, decided that New York would serve every bit as well for their second honeymoon. Bill is an ex-marine and Penny—at a scant twenty-four—is the capable busy mother of three small children. Like most young people they operate on a pretty restricted budget so they decided to sight-see all they could for free (or nearly) and then wind things up with a big evening at a famous night spot.
- Actually their plan was the best possible one for getting the flavor of a strange town. The Harmeyers covered New York from the flower market to Chinatown to a broadcast to the piers along the river front—probably know more now about the city than average New Yorker!



A stroll up Fifth Avenue—glamour mart of the big town—takes the window-shopping Harmeyers past Bonwit Teller. [continued on page 114]

Orange Coconut Angel Food

Frost angel food cake with orange icing and snow it under with luscious Baker's Coconut. For icing, use 3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, dash of salt, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, and about 5 tablespoons orange juice. Add coloring, if desired.

Joy! Joy! Baker's Coconut is back!

Is all the coconut cake they can eat your family's idea of heaven? Is their own particular pie in the sky a coconut custard, or coconut cream, or coconut fruit pie?

Make 'em happy! Baker's Coconut is back!

In kitchens, bakeries and fine food shops—tender, crunchy-sweet coconut is falling like snowflakes again.

On swirly frostings and gleaming

meringues . . . into puddings, fillings, macaroons, cookies, candy . . . glamorizing almost any dessert quick as a wink!

Get your Baker's Coconut at the grocer's today!

Send! Brand-new recipe book, spangled with bright ideas, yours for only 10¢. Address Baker's Coconut, Box WHC3, Battle Creek, Mich.

Hint for pie lovers!

Top coconut cream pie with unbaked meringue and garnish with coconut and pineapple. For meringue, combine 2 egg whites, ½ cup sugar, dash of salt, and 3 tablespoons water in double boiler; beat with rotary egg beater. Place over boiling water and beat 1 minute. Remove from heat and beat 1 minute more.

BAKER'S COCONUT

Grocers have two kinds of Baker's Coconut—Baker's Southern Style (so good it seems like fresh-shredded coconut, sweetened) and Baker's Premium Shred (more moist and tender than ever before). Perfectly delicious—both of them!



Products of General Foods

NEW YORK HOLIDAY

from page 113



It's a marine's holiday all right! A lazy "cruise" on the lake in pretty Central Park was more than Bill Harmeyer could resist but Penny's just along for the ride.



Down in the flower market—around Twenty-eighth Street and Broadway—the Harmeyers get a charge out of listening to the vendors hawk the latest in posies.



Penny and Bill have a brief glimpse of the fabulous Oriental world as they scuttle through the streets of old Chinatown.



Next comes a quick switch from eastern wonders to the thrusting Gothic glory of the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine.



VACATIONS

Big thrill for the Harmeyers—at radio broadcast of NBC's Honeymoon in New York they were one of three couples chosen to participate. Clustered around the mike: Emcee Ed Herlihy, left, Penny and Bill.



The boisterous clowning and barking at the seal pool in the Central Park Zoo is a top attraction for youngsters and grownups alike.



Down to the sea in the Cunard Line's handsome Parthia go our young sight-seers—well, across the gangplank at least! All along North River front—day or night—there's ideal hunting ground for the tourist.

[continued on page 117]



"AROUND THE SWIMMING POOL." by John Gannam. Number 18 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindness, 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

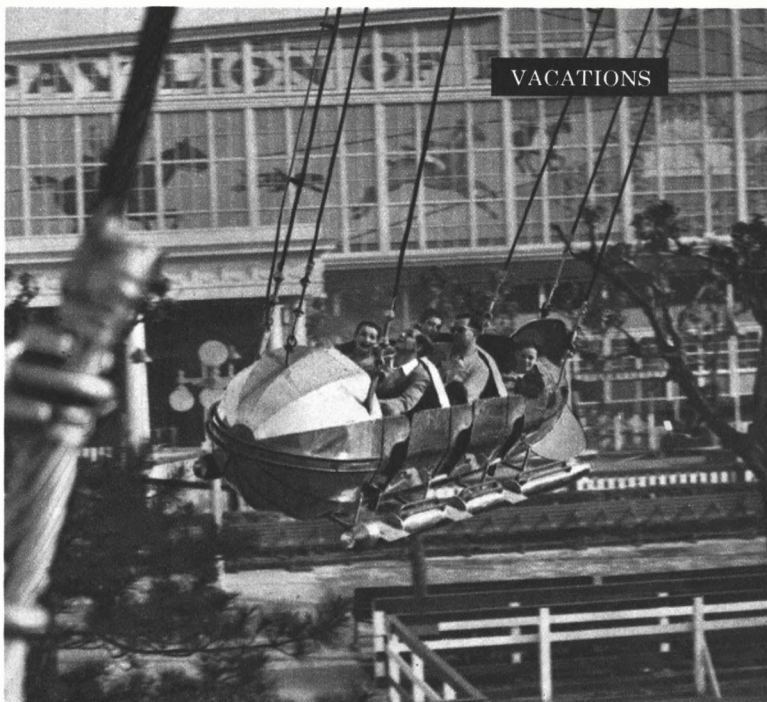


NEW YORK HOLIDAY

from page 115



Penny and Bill take a windswept ride on the Staten Island Ferry and a look-see at the welcoming Statue of Liberty.



A dime trip to mad glad Coney Island is capped with a terrific ride in an airship strictly out of Buck Rogers. Bill, manlike, is interested in the mechanics of the wingding but Penny's face is a blend of apprehension and pleasure.



Earliest jaunt of all was an exciting predawn trip to Pier 34 where cars of refrigerated food are auctioned to dealers.



Holiday's end—at the lush Copacabana night club they arrived early enough to snag a ringside table (you see them at right center just behind the line of Copa girls) and enjoy a lavish dinner, floor show, plenty of dancing!

PINK ANGEL



SWANS DOWN'S NEW ANGEL FOOD LOAF

(simple and sure—for you count the strokes!)

A perfect little angel of a cake for a baby shower, announcement party, or garden luncheon!

Heavenly to see, touch, taste. Unusual loaf shape that divides nicely for serving.

Small size—needs only 5 or 6 egg whites and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sugar.

And a new count-stroke method to help the greenest cook get luscious, mist-soft tenderness.

Of course, such a cake *must* have Swans Down's pure, white delicacy and downy fineness.

The recipe's guaranteed—but not with any other flour!

PINK ANGEL RASPBERRY CREAM ANGEL FOOD

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup (5 to 6) egg whites (at room temperature)
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond extract
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh raspberries, sweetened
- 1 cup heavy cream, chilled

Sift flour once, measure, add 4 tablespoons of sugar, and sift together four times. Beat egg whites and salt with flat wire whisk or rotary egg beater until foamy. Sprinkle in cream of tartar and beat until egg whites are stiff enough to hold up in soft peaks, but are still moist and glossy.

Add remaining sugar in four additions by sprinkling 2 tablespoons at a time over egg whites and beating 25 strokes after each addition. Add

flavoring; beat 10 strokes.

Sift about half of the flour over mixture. With flat wire whisk or large spoon, fold in flour lightly, turning bowl gradually. This takes 15 complete fold-over strokes. Then fold in remaining flour, using 25 strokes.

Turn into ungreased 10x5x3-inch loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Remove from oven, invert pan, and let stand 1 hour, or until cake is cool. Turn out on serving plate.

Using a sharp knife, cut a V-shaped wedge 3 inches wide and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep. Cut wedge into 1-inch slices.

Combine raspberries with cream and whip until stiff. Fill center of cake. Insert wedge slices on top. Chill and serve garnished with whole raspberries and sprigs of mint.

(All measurements are level.)

Look for folder of fascinating new recipes in your Swans Down box!



Bake a better cake
with **SWANS DOWN**

A product of General Foods

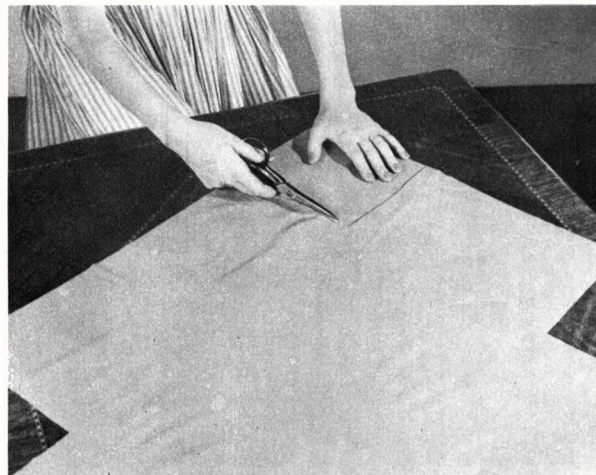
INTERIOR DESIGN



It's a glamour hamper! Make it for yourself or a picnic-minded bride. Fun starts when you pack the food, if the hamper is handy as this one. Note cork guard for knife tip.

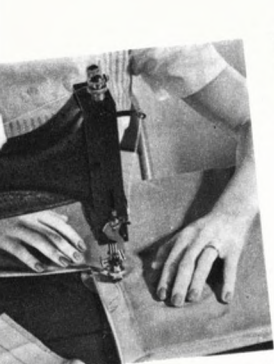
PICNIC BASKET

• To punch grommets into hem of lining, make small holes with point of scissors. One half of grommet has a stand-up collar; fit this onto punch base, collar up. Place hole made in fabric over this collar, put on other half of grommet, points down; then hammer until the halves of grommet fit tight together. If you haven't a grommet punch and can't buy or borrow one, snip holes in fabric and finish by hand with buttonhole stitch. Materials used are listed at foot of opposite page.

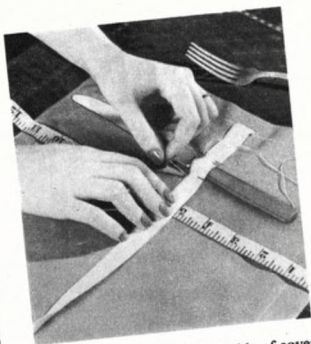


1 Lining: Measure bottom, inside height, inside cover. Cut piece for cover; 2 long strips for pockets; from pattern, lining shaped like cross (corners make snack bags).

Pineapple fare



2 With long stitch on machine or saddle stitch by hand, make 1-inch hems and sew pockets onto front and back sections.



3 Pin elastic to hem at one side of cover lining, then pin to fit implements, allowing $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch between loops; sew securely.



4 Punch grommets into lining all round hems at 2-inch intervals and only where fabric is double (see description at left).



5 Lace lining to basket through holes with bodkin. If you rub cord on beeswax or paraffin it slips between reeds easily.



6 Stow your gear: Large containers are held by long bands of plastic stitched to lining, fastened by two rings. Plates, cups, napkins, paper-plugged salt, pepper go in pockets.

LIST OF EQUIPMENT

- 1½ yds. waterproof plastic-coated fabric for lining, 98 cents a yd.
- ½ yd. $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch elastic, 15 cents a yd.
- 66 grommets to punch into lining, 1 cent each (grommet puncher costs \$3)
- 1 ball of cord to lace lining into basket, 30 cents
- 2 plastic bodkins, to lace lining in, 5 cents each
- Rings for fastenings, 5 cents a dozen
- 2 1-pint vacuum bottles, \$1.30 each
- 4 plastic plates, 25 cents each
- 4 plastic cups, 15 cents each
- 1 package gay paper napkins, 15 cents
- 4 knives, 25 cents each
- 4 forks, 7 cents each
- 4 spoons, 5 cents each
- 1 can opener, 19 cents
- 1 paring knife, 15 cents
- 1 pickle fork, 5 cents
- Salt and pepper shakers, 5 cents each
- 1 big plastic food container, 49 cents
- 2 small plastic food containers, 29 cents each
- 1½ yds. plastic for tablecloth, 98 cents a yard



*SNOWBALLS IN SUMMER

Spread thin crisp cookies with whipped cream and drained Dole Crushed. Stack in piles of 2 or 3, coat with whipped cream, sprinkle with shredded coconut and chill. Serve with more Crushed and process. Thanks to the new Dole cutting plump and sweet, complete with tropical flavor. Try it—for a summer treat!

for party-givers



*FULL MOON SALAD

Party or family dinner—a dish like this does you proud! Arrange golden moons of Dole Sliced Pineapple in mold. Pour aspic in tomato aspic. (Oil mold slightly—firm, unmold on platter.) When fill center with shrimp and diced celery. Garnish with watercress. Serve with mayonnaise thinned with pineapple syrup.

from DOLE SLICED CRUSHED CHUNKS



*PINEAPPLE ICE-CUBE COOLER

Here's moonlight in a glass to serve your guests! Fill ice-tray with Dole Chunks. When frozen, put them in tall, slender glasses and fill with pineapple punch. Garnish with fresh mint. Add maraschino cherries if desired.

*By Patricia Collier,
DOLE HOME ECONOMIST

RETAIL CAREER



On her way—major qualifications for a retail career are personality, aggressiveness and willingness to work twice as hard as at any other job.



Girl interested in retailing gets a quick screening, then an employment interview. If Macy hires her, she fills out a raft of forms, gets a locker, key and a complete physical examination—energetic health is a must!



Actual sales experience taught Dorothy Young the meaning of good salesmanship as well as importance of quality merchandise and interested service to customers—even under rush conditions.



Promotion to job as Sponsor in Moderate Price Department is first step up, rates girl as Salesman First Class. Here she's checking price tags for accuracy.

• Pert-faced Dorothy Young, Assistant Manager of Macy's Junior Deb Department, is a young merchant to be reckoned with in the hectic retail world. Her fast-paced career—from salesgirl to junior executive in less than two years—is typical of the opportunities big stores give to their bright hard-working young staff members.

JUNIORS



Beginner studies "taken" salescheck projected on visual-cast screen, learns difficult but necessary mechanics of franking DA and Cash-Time tickets on sales register.



Even in spare time Dorothy concentrates on merchandising, reads Macy magazine Sparks during rest period.



Promotion to Executive Head of Stock makes Dorothy responsible for getting clothing on sale in a hurry.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAY-O-BELLY

[continued on page 122]

Now a **NEW** Jell-O Pudding!



Jell-O Tapioca Pudding
Creamy-smooth Tapioca Pudding—made in just 5 minutes!

Here's a grand new dessert delight—Jell-O Tapioca Pudding! As delicious, as easy to prepare as those other favorites from the famous Jell-O kitchens.

Quick to fix—just add milk, bring to a boil, and cool. (See directions on package.) Sure-fire results! You get perfect texture, perfect flavor every time.

Get Jell-O Tapioca Pudding (vanilla, orange coconut, or rich-tasting chocolate flavor) today!

3 Fine Flavors—Vanilla, Orange-Coconut, Chocolate



FOR FABULOUSLY GOOD DESSERTS

Jell-O Puddings

Jell-O is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corporation



Grand old favorite
Take-your-choice Dessert Buffet

Triple party delight with Jell-O Pudding's matchless flavors! Set your party table with a pick-your-favorite assortment—Jell-O Puddings in three marvelous flavors: delicate vanilla, buttery-brown butterscotch, and rich-tasting chocolate.

For 10 people, make one recipe of each grand flavor, so there'll be plenty for your guests to try a second, or a third.

An easy-to-do, thrifty party dessert—with a lavish look and wonderful goodness. Every Jell-O Pudding's a treat, with its satiny smoothness, couldn't-be-finer flavor.



Anchored to grimy pans?



Don't slave over scorchy pans with a lazy, slippery dishrag! Use a metal-fiber Brillo pad-with-soap!

Shine 'em easy with **BRILLO**



A Brillo pad-with-soap whisks off scorch! *Shines* crusty pots and pans in a jiffy! Use Brillo every day!

GREEN box—pads and cake soap
RED box—soap-filled pads



contains **JEWELER'S POLISH**

KEEPS ALUMINUM BRILLIANT

Shines aluminum fast!

PLEE-ZING
GROCERIES

BUY



Famous Foods and Household Products all under one name

at your local grocer

PLEE-ZING, INC., Chicago 3, Ill.

Arlene has money for **YOU**

SHOW *California* CHRISTMAS AND EVERYDAY CARDS

It's EASY to earn extra cash Christmas and year 'round. Just show Arlene's beautifully illustrated greeting cards. DESIGNED IN CALIFORNIA. Christmas—names imprinted—Everyday, Religious, etc. Created by Arlene for HER REPRESENTATIVES ONLY—Obtainable from no other source. Up to 50c profit on fast selling assortments. Write for GORGEOUS FREE FOLDER and money making plan today—don't delay. Be first with these NEW CALIFORNIA cards—and get that extra cash. Send no money.

ARLENE GREETINGS
PACIFIC BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES 11, CALIF.
or Arlene Greetings
Allendale, New Jersey

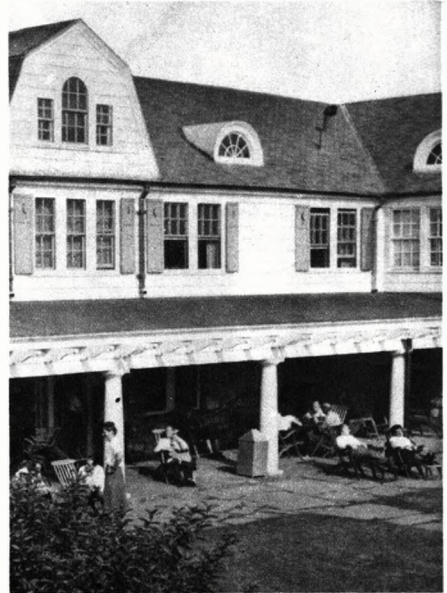
Write to



Now Assistant in Deb dresses and a junior executive, Dorothy knows providing customer with "good goods" is important part of job. Here she and technician from Macy Bureau of Standards discuss lab report—to be advertised, dress must have Bureau's okay.



She shows dress from another store to Comparison Shopping Manager Hertha Hanssen, comparing price, quality with Macy's.



Macy employees get year-round fun and rest at Isida Lodge—466 acres in New York State willed to staff by Jesse Isidor Straus.

They asked you to bring potato salad?



It will be the hit of the picnic with



SAVE THE PINT
AND QUART JARS
FOR CANNING!

THE ONE AND ONLY

Miracle Whip

BEST-EVER POTATO SALAD

Here is the recipe for a super-special potato salad, one that any number of people have called the best they ever ate. Secret of its come-on flavor is a unique type of salad dressing, famous Miracle Whip. Miracle

6 cups sliced cooked potatoes
1½ cups chopped celery
6 tablespoons chopped pimiento
¼ cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
3 teaspoons Seasoned Salt

Whip, you see, combines the qualities of zesty boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise, gives you a just-right goodness you get in it alone. On this, and all your salads, just taste the *one and only* Miracle Whip!

Freshly ground pepper
Lettuce
7 slices hologna
6 tablespoons tomato relish
or chili sauce

Hard-cooked eggs

Lightly toast the potatoes, celery and pimiento with the Miracle Whip. Add the Seasoned Salt with pepper to taste. Place on lettuce arranged on a round chop plate. Form a cornucopia with each slice of hologna, fill it with tomato relish or chili sauce, and arrange around the edge of the potato salad. Garnish with hard-cooked eggs cut in scallops.



★ *America's* favorite!

Miracle Whip out-sells the next 20 leading salad dressings combined!

We've solved the laxative problem for good!

No more harsh laxatives for us! We'd known for a long time that such laxatives irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition. Yet we seemed to need *something*—and we didn't know of anything better. *Now we do!*



Lemon in water first thing daily

Yes, just the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—that's all! If you take it each morning the very first thing when you get up, you're pretty sure to find your laxative worries are over. Lemon in water is all that most folks need.



—it's healthful!

Lemon in water is *good* for you. Instead of being upsetting and irritating, it helps your system *regulate itself*. It's not too sharp or sour, either—just tangy enough to be refreshing. Clears your mouth and wakes you up. You'll like it!



TRY THIS HEALTHFUL WAY TO KEEP REGULAR

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 alkalize, aid digestion. And lemon in water, when taken daily first thing on arising, is all that most people need for prompt, *normal* elimination. Try it! Give it time to establish regularity for you.

JUICE OF ONE
FRESH LEMON



IN A GLASS
OF WATER



FIRST THING
ON ARISING



LEMON in WATER first thing on arising

CALIFORNIA Sunkist LEMONS

FOUR YEARS OLD

• Less sensitive and tractable than at three, the four-year-old is something of a wild Indian. He is apt to be bossy, self-assertive, even boastful. He is constantly inquisitive. He loves to talk for talk's sake. His "why" and "what" are less real queries for information than they are devices to make people go on talking. Though rarin' to go and intolerant of restraint, his sense of responsibility is still rudimentary. Parents—don't expect too much.

• This is the fourth in a series of five picture articles showing how children grow and change.



"Bet I can do it quicker'n you can!" Ricky loves stunts of all kinds. Very conscious of other children, he makes constant comparisons to prove his own superiority.

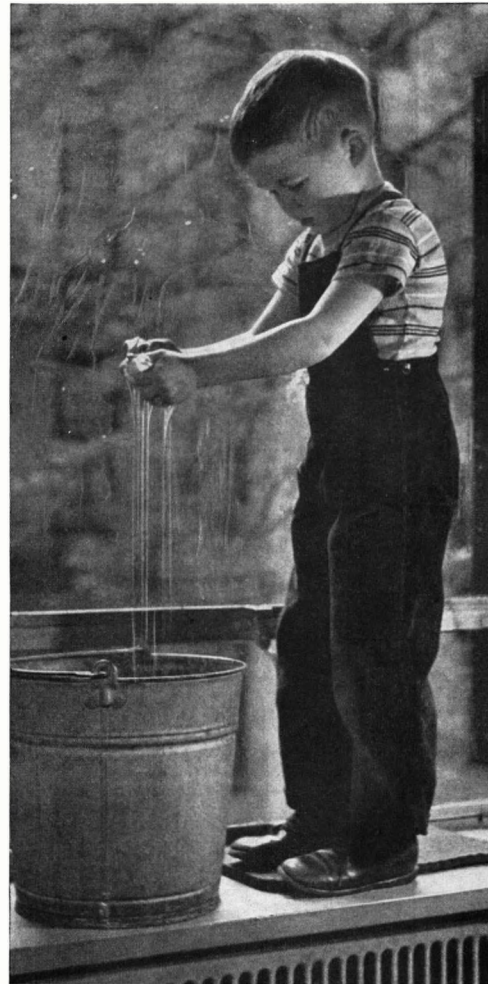
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB LEAVITT



Learning to brush teeth may be fun for the very young—a bore, later on. It's better for parents just to see it gets done than to invite fibs by questioning.



Ricky looks out on the world apparently without guile or doubts. Yet at closer range the four-year-old is already emotionally complex, may have qualms of conscience and feelings of guilt reflected in nightmares and unreasoning fears.



For a four-year-old handy man be sure the window is the nonopening kind; and don't be too fussy about results.



Ricky can't really tell time but he recognizes numbers—knows that when the small hand points to six it's time for Dad to come home. From now on games and trips alone with Dad are among life's brightest moments.



He loves to go whamming around on his tricycle, uttering ear-splitting whoops and frightening smaller children and sedate old folk.
[continued on page 126]

Does your laundering method give you all these benefits?



1. EVERY HOUSEWIFE WANTS HER WHITE COTTONS AND LINENS TO LOOK BEAUTIFUL... TO BE SNOWY-WHITE AFTER WASHING.

2. SNOWY-WHITENESS IS IMPORTANT. BUT... THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE WANTS MORE. SHE WANTS HER LAUNDRY FREE FROM STAINS, FRESH-SMELLING, AND SANITARY, TOO!



3. THAT'S WHY MILLIONS OF WOMEN LAUNDRY WITH CLOROX. IT MAKES WHITE COTTONS AND LINENS SNOWY-WHITE (BRIGHTENS FAST COLORS). IT REMOVES STAINS, EVEN SCORCH AND MILDEW... MAKES LAUNDRY SANITARY, FRESH-SMELLING... EVEN WHEN DRIED INDOORS! GIVE YOUR LAUNDRY ALL THESE BENEFITS WITH CLOROX!



CLOROX... FIRST WITH AMERICA'S HOUSEWIVES BECAUSE IT OFFERS BOTH:

GENTLER Bleaching Action...
Longer Life for Linens!

There's no gentler bleach than Clorox in laundering. For Clorox is free from caustic and other harsh substances... made by an exclusive formula protected by U. S. patent!

GREATER Disinfecting Efficiency...
Added Health Protection!

Because Clorox is caustic-free, it works faster in killing germs... does a better job of disinfecting. Give your family the extra health protection of a Clorox-clean home!

CLOROX BLEACHES • REMOVES STAINS • DEODORIZES • DISINFECTS
There's only one CLOROX... It's always uniform... always dependable!



Directions on Label

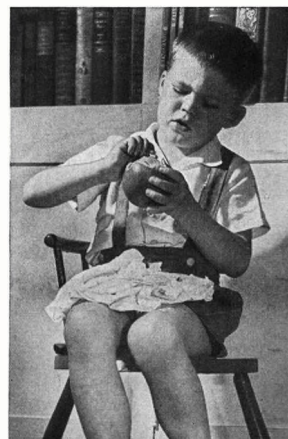
BOON made by the makers of Clorox, is another "first aid" to easy housecleaning. It wipes away dirt and grease... especially easily from washable surfaces. Cleaning with **BOON** is simplicity itself!



Ricky is playing lemonade stand. Game calls for endless customers and constant refills. But much of the fun lies in just messing round and slopping water from bottle to bottle.



House cleaning performed with more energy than skill may be hard on furniture.



Ricky loves oranges. Both food jags and food strikes are common at this age.

Sea Tang!



TRY a Deep Sea Dave FISH FAVORITE!

Davis Bros. Sardines. Medium-sized cucumbers. Firm, ripe tomatoes. Iceberg lettuce. Line salad bowl with crisp lettuce. Alternate layers of diced sardines, thinly sliced cucumbers and tomatoes. Season. Serve with French dressing.

from Gloucester by the Sea



Other Deep Sea Dave "Fish Favorites": CODDIES (Codfish Cakes) MACKEREL FILLETS FLAKED FISH (Codfish) COCKTAIL STYLE MACKEREL IN OIL CLAM CHOWDER (New England or ManhaMan) ATLANTIC OCEAN MACKEREL

DAVIS BROS. FISHERIES CO., INC.

Gloucester-by-the-Sea

Home of DEEP SEA DAVE

Mas.



Above all, the four-year-old is sociable, ready to turn on the charm for a playmate. Children this age usually play better with one friend at a time than with several.



Ricky responds to humor, suspense, pathos, delights in nonsense, makes up silly words of his own. The story hour with either Mother or Dad is a high spot of the day.



Most four-year-olds are pretty good at dressing, bathing and other routines, can do laces and some buttons. But they often dawdle, resent help even at hard moments.

Enjoy Kool-Aid Home-Made Refreshers!

Kool-Aid

The BUDGET BEVERAGE

Less Than
1¢ A GLASS!

NO OTHER beverage at any price gives your children more delicious refreshment than Kool-Aid. One 5¢ package makes two quarts of thirst-quenching refreshment. No other beverage can match Kool-Aid for wholesome home-made goodness, SIX zestful flavors to choose from.

Kool-Aid

FROZEN DESSERTS

1 package Kool-Aid (any flavor)
1 cup heavy cream
2 cups milk 1 cup sugar

(1) Dissolve Kool-Aid and sugar in milk; turn into freezing tray and freeze $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 hour (until slushy). (2) Whip cream (well chilled) until stiff. (3) Add partly frozen Kool-Aid mixture to whipped cream and whip just enough to mix well, but keep as cold as possible. (4) Return quickly to freezing tray and freeze at coldest point. Requires no more stirring. When frozen, set control back to normal. Makes over 1 quart. If desired lighter, beat 2 egg whites fluffy with 2 tablespoons sugar and fold into above mixture before final freezing.

6 DELICIOUS FLAVORS

KOOL-AID Frozen Suckers

Dissolve thoroughly 1 package Kool-Aid and $\frac{3}{8}$ cup sugar in 1 quart water. Pour into cube tray and freeze hard. Remove like ice cubes as wanted, or wrap separately in wax paper and keep in coldest section of freezing compartment. A sucker stick or paper spoon may be frozen in each cube to provide handle.

At Your Grocer 5¢

© 1948, Perkins Products Co.



The two Suns greet dinner guests Hilde Palmer and husband Chuck Kebbe of NBC. Hilde, now appearing in *Inside U.S.A.*, is sister of Rex Harrison's wife, Lilli.

FIREPLACE COOKERY

• Sally and Bob Sun love to have friends in for dinner, find serving any sort of formal party next to impossible in their one-room-and-kitchenette apartment. Their smart solution—cooking over the fireplace! Favorite recipe is shish kabob, Bob's specialty—charcoal-broiled skewers of mushrooms, small white onions, tomatoes and 1½-inch squares of lamb that's marinated in French dressing.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY VENTI



Salad is made, pressure-cooked lima beans are keeping hot so Hilde and Sally have time to pretty up the table. Dessert of spiced fruit and sour cream is on near-by desk.



Bob Sun gets the fire started army-style—burning twisted newspaper torch-fashion up chimney to create a good draft for the fire (charcoal on wadded paper balls).



Sally gets the kabobs ready—lamb chunks have marinated 45 minutes in French dressing, mushrooms are washed, stems cut; tomatoes and onions are cleaned and ready for skewering.



Nobody works but the old man and everyone enjoys watching ace copywriter Bob Sun hover over his skewers. Wife Sally has the coffee on the fire, butter sauce for lima beans heating.



The kabob-makings are speared on 4-sided skewers—easy to turn for the 5 minutes of cooking each side deserves.



Sizzling kabobs, lima beans, salad, crusty bread and sweet butter plus good company all add up to the happiest of dinner parties. Extra pleasure for hostess is knowing there'll be a minimum of dishwashing after a fireplace feast!



Still trying to say— “Umm-m, Good!”



Okay, honey, tuck in your tongue!

It'll be quite some time before mother hears you say, "Umm, Gerber's all taste so good!" But like thousands of other tots, you've been smacking your lips over the wide variety of Gerber's—ever since you began to eat from a spoon.

Babies certainly go for variety.

The doctor said so way back when we started you on Gerber's 3 Cereals. And ever since, Gerber's have kept your spoon filled with tempting surprises—*Soups, Vegetables, Fruits, Meat-Combinations and Desserts!*



Calling all Mothers!

Remember, doctors approve Gerber's too! So, you know baby's flavor-favorites are as nutritious as they are delicious! For easier change-over and less leftovers, Gerber's 15 Junior Foods come in the *same size container* as Gerber's 20 Strained Foods! All are the *same low price* too!



Babies are our business...
our *only* business!

Gerber's
BABY FOODS
Fremont, Mich. — Oakland, Calif.

FREE! Samples of Gerber's 3 tasty Cereals. Write Dept. 188-II, Gerber's, Fremont, Mich.

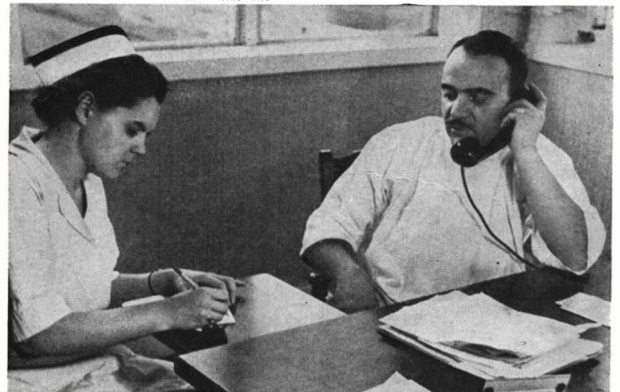
3 CEREALS • 20 STRAINED FOODS • 15 JUNIOR FOODS

BABIES

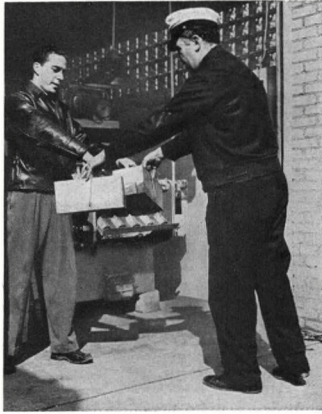


How to fill a bottle and not spill a drop—or add a germ. With equipment like this you too could be sure each bottle holds the exact amount of just the right mixture.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEONARD HYAMS AND JANINE KATZ



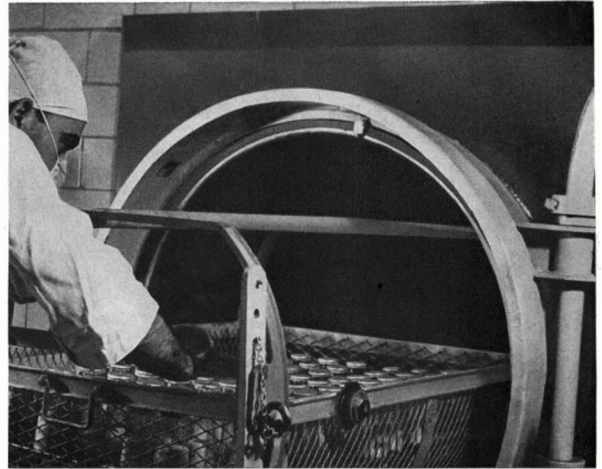
There's a doctor on the other end of the wire. Owner Sydney Ingram relays data on a formula for a brand-new customer to the registered nurse in charge of his laboratory.



Empty bottles on their way to be sterilized.

HERE'S YOUR BOTTLE, BABY!

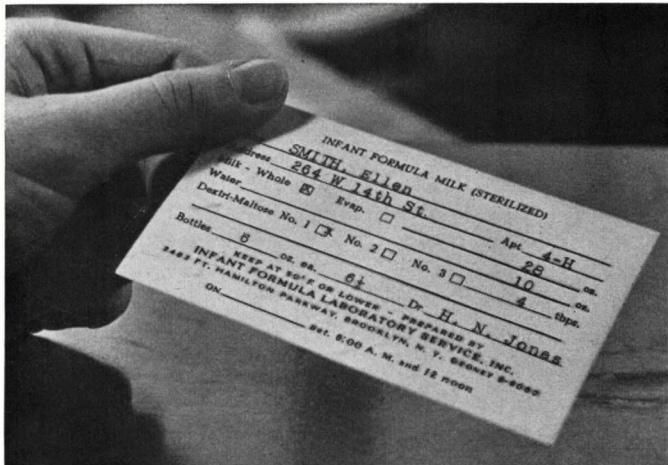
• Some babies have to be bottle-fed. Any mother can prepare a day's supply of sterilized bottles and fill them with a prescribed formula. But juggling boiling water and steaming bottles, tracking down elusive bottle caps with tongs are not the most soul-satisfying tasks connected with baby tending. About a year ago a veteran in Brooklyn, New York—Sydney Ingram—decided to take formula fixing out of the kitchen and put it on the assembly line. The result is a thriving business. Pictures on these two pages were taken in veteran Ingram's laboratory, which is staffed by registered nurses working under medical supervision. The lab is licensed by the New York City Department of Health and has a permit to supply hospitals. For mothers who can afford it, Ingram's Infant Formula Laboratory Service makes fixing baby's bottle a push-button cinch.



Into the autoclave—baby-bottle sterilizer on the grand scale. Bottles get sterilized three times—upon return to the lab, just before filling and after filling and capping.



A lab assistant makes sure the autoclave is tightly sealed before flooding bottles inside with live steam. Like the other assistants, she always wears a mask on the job.



Meal ticket junior model—or formula prescription. All prescriptions and changes must come from a doctor. Each baby's is kept on file. A copy tags his daily rations.



On the move again—to be refrigerated now. Notice tags. When delivered each baby's rack will also contain a sterile bottle for orange juice and a bottle of sterilized water.

[continued on page 132]



"But Mom, what's the matter with lullabies?"



BABY: Now that you're being *me* for a day, Mom, I thought you'd like to hear lullabies. They're supposed to be soothing!

MOM: Honey, it's going to take more than lullabies to soothe *me*! I've been wriggling and twisting ever since I woke up. And my skin's so uncomfortable I could *howl*.

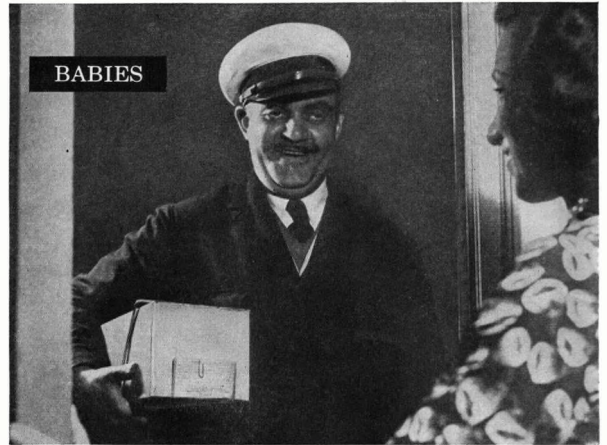
BABY: Can't sympathize, Mom. Maybe *now* you see that a baby's skin needs plenty of Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: I'll listen to anything, lamb! Tell me—why do you need *both* Oil and Powder?

BABY: Mom, that's the secret: Pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil for after-bath smoothovers, more of it at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation."

And these hot summer days, I can use lots of silky Johnson's Baby Powder for cooling sprinkles that help chase little chafes and prickles. *That's* how to soothe a baby!

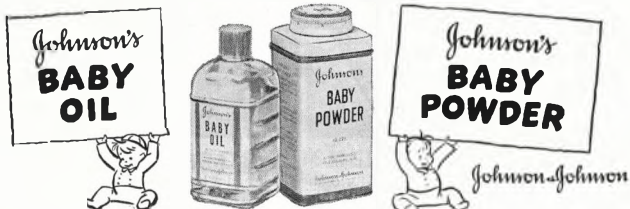
MOM: Angel, I guess your mother hasn't been quite hep! But you can put this on the record: From now on, it's Johnson's Baby Oil for you—Johnson's Baby Powder too!



Doorstep deliveries are out. From the lab in refrigerated trucks directly to home refrigerators is Ingram's rule. During last year's blizzard his trucks went through.



Journey's end. And all mama did was put on a nipple and warm up the works, which may account for her smile. At any rate, you've got your bottle, haven't you, baby?



QUICK RELIEF

FOR

SUMMER TEETHING



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on **Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion**—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

DO YOU WANT \$25?

Show lovely Dishes Christmas and All-Occasion Greeting Cards, Stationery, Gift Wrappings, to friends, neighbors, co-workers. 20 different assortments. You make \$25 profit on only 50¢ boxes. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED—our FREE BOOK shows you easy ways for any beginner to make money! Write for 2 sample boxes on approval. If friends don't snap them up, return at our expense. HARRY DDEHLA CO., Dept. W22, Fitchburg, Mass.

FREE SAMPLES Beautiful "Name Imprinted" Christmas Cards Suit them at only 8¢ for 25

It's Time to send for your

DE LIS

fall and winter CATALOGUE

This year De Lis has placed even greater emphasis on Quality and Value so that you may have the opportunity of ordering the finest merchandise for Infants and Children at the fairest price! Write for your catalogue today and see for yourself! Write to:

DE LIS FASHIONS
Box AW 48
New Orleans 16, La.

Fast Way to MAKE MONEY!

Sell Christmas Cards

IT'S EASY! Just show friends stunning NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards. BIG PROFITS with 25¢ NAME IN SILVER line. Make up 50¢ a box on gorgeous 21-card 8 1/2 De-Luxe box. Balthus Street, Pa., Religion, Kids, Etc., Novels, Blatney, Gift Wraps, Everyday and Stationery. SET boxes. WRITE NOW for 21-card box on approval. 50¢ FREE imprint sample. **MIDWEST CARD CO.** (FREE Samples \$2.00, 50¢ Box, Dept. 3, St. Louis 1, Mo.)

MOTHER!

THUMB SUCKING IS UNHEALTHFUL AND UNBECOMING TO A CHILD

USE **HUM** use like nail polish easy to apply

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

DRESS for YOU FOR ORDERING 3!

Thrilling new plan! Your choice of gorgeous new fashions in your favorite style, size and color. GIVE them to you for ordering orders for only 8 dresses for your friends or family. Write for the amazing new plan showing scores of latest fashions with actual sample fabrics. No money needed. You can get your first sample and own cash too—up to \$22 a week to spare time—easy! Write for it! Harford Frocks, Dept. R-9014, Cincinnati 25, O.

Passing of Spring

from page 112

spent the forenoon downtown at his office, catching up on the filing that the office girl had little time for during the rush of an ordinary day. And he tentatively made plans to work on into the afternoon.

Yet all the time he knew that when afternoon came he would be heading toward the hospital.

The hospital corridors were crowded with visitors today and there were two clerks at the information desk, one an older woman who was unexpectedly human and kindly.

"Oh, yes, Jenny Carr," she said. "There isn't much change. She had a blood transfusion this morning and is resting quietly."

"What does that indicate? A blood transfusion. That she's—very bad?"

She pursed her lips speculatively. "Mm . . . No. Not necessarily."

"No visitors, I suppose."

She smiled, catching exactly his intonation. "No. No visitors."

AFTERWARD, days afterward, Paul saw much to classify as irony the way he'd said those words, "No visitors, I suppose." For, saying them, he had assumed so surely that the time would come, if Jenny grew better, when the answer would be yes.

But the day came when Jenny did grow better and the Carrs were told it was safe to return to Boulder Falls and still the answer was no.

On one of those occasions, a cold windy night in early November, when he stopped in after work to inquire about her and to ask if he might not see her, Rosemary Hamilton came down to speak to him. Her dark hair was ruffled over her forehead, perhaps calculatedly ruffled by an expert hairdresser, but it made her look younger. Her blue wool dress was misleadingly as simple as a schoolgirl's.

"I want to explain," she said, "so you need not be making these unavailing trips. Jenny doesn't want to see anyone."

"Doesn't want to, or—" Hopefully he tried to find some other meaning. "Or the doctor . . ."

"No," she said, shaking her head blankly at him, her hands lightly clasped. "It's Jenny. She refuses to see anyone. She's very depressed. I think she still wants to die."

"Does she give any reason?"

She gazed at the glittering ring on her finger. She looked irritated. "She doesn't say anything. About anything. She just lies there, looking at nothing. She doesn't want to hear the letters that are sent to her. All the flowers that come—those that you and your sister have sent and all the others—she doesn't want to see them. There was a morning when the doctor finally told us, 'She isn't going to make it.' 'She's going to die?' my father asked. 'No,' the doctor said, 'she isn't going to make it to the glory land.'" Rosemary stared off across the room, her accurately penciled mouth drawn in at the corners. "Doctors are hard," she said. "He loved saying it like that."

"It must have been a bad moment," Paul remarked.

She looked around at him, coolly appraising his face. "One naturally wonders sometimes if a person oughtn't to be allowed to have his way. If I wanted to die, I'd hate it for people to try to make me live." But she shrugged and finished off staidly. "But there must be something one can tell her to encourage her, to make her feel that life is worth while . . ."

"I wish," said Paul feelingly, "that just for a little while I could talk to her."

She looked at him again. "Why? What could you tell her?"

"I wouldn't know until I got there. But I think I would know then."

"No, Mr. Leighton." She was shaking her head and had started smiling a little.

He gave her an intent glance, because there was so much hidden meaning in her words. He saw malice in her eyes, an enjoyment of what she was about to tell him.

"You see," she said, "most of all she doesn't want to see you."

"You—asked her?"

"Yes. I told her once that you had been here and wanted to see her. She turned her face the other way, as far the other way she could get it, and said, 'No, no, I won't. Not him.' She had a bad reaction afterward and we had to get the doctor in. So you see now, don't you, why you oughtn't to ask any more to see her? It simply won't do."

When Paul arrived home he found Kit sitting in her parked car in front of the apartment building waiting for him.

"Where've you been, Paul?" She pushed the door open. "Get in a minute, why don't you? I'm on my way downtown to a meeting but I have to talk to you about something. Were you at the hospital again?"

Paul stepped in and pulled the door shut. "That's right. Again. This time her sister came down to inform me that Jenny specifically doesn't want to see me. I think she liked telling me, but I'm sure that she told the truth."

Kit, bundled snugly in her hooded green coat, said with unexpected spirit, "But why are you so sure, Paul? Does she impress you as a person incapable of lies?"

"Not particularly. But there's no reason I can think of for her to lie and," he added with the dryness that often came into his tone lately, "there is a reason for Jenny not to want to see me."

Kit nodded. "You're probably right. But Paul, there's something I haven't told you, something that happened last night. And it's queer. Or maybe I'm just witch hunting or something. After all, sisters can be awfully curious about each other and want to poke around in each other's personal belongings when they get the chance . . . Honestly, Paul, I was going to call you last night and again this noon and each time I decided I was making a lot out of nothing and should just forget the whole thing. But this time," she finished sternly, "I'm going to tell you."

"You mean that Mrs. Hamilton has been poking around?"

"Well, yes. She came up to the apartment last night and asked if she could get some things that Jenny needed at the hospital—nighdgowns, hankies, things like that. Well, that was perfectly reasonable and I took her into Jenny's bedroom and showed her where things were. Then I went out into the living-room again when she politely made it clear that she'd manage all right and it wasn't necessary for me to stay. But why shouldn't I leave her? You'd certainly expect to be able to trust a sister, wouldn't you? It wasn't as if I were supposed to stand guard over a thief . . . You see, Paul? See what ridiculous terms I'm starting to think in?"

"So then she got nosy, hm? I can believe it of her."

"Well, it looked nosy to me," said Kit. "She was taking quite a while, so I decided I'd go back. I hadn't meant to sneak up to the door but the radio was on and I guess she didn't hear me—and she was over at Jenny's desk going through some of the drawers in quite a hasty furtive way."

"Sounds like her," said Paul disgustedly. "Did you tell her off?"

"No, I certainly didn't. I just backed out of the doorway and went over and turned off the radio and then made noise coming in the second time. By then she was back at Jenny's dresser."

"Well, I imagine you watched her after that," said Paul grimly.

"Yes, of course I did. But Paul, that isn't all of it. It's not so simple as you think."

"She's coming again, you mean? Well, just stand around and watch her."

"But it's not going to do any good!" Kit persisted. "She's clever, Paul. She fixed it up for herself, unless it's the truth she was telling. Before she left last night she went over to the desk again and pulled at the top drawer and asked if I had a key. She said that Jenny wanted some things out of it but had neglected to mention it was locked. Don't you see what that means? Next time she'll come

[continued on page 134]

Thrilling New Skin Beauty

starts in just 7 days

the CUTICURA Medicated Way

Clearer, softer, more alluring skin. radiant new tone can be yours when you lather-massage your face regularly twice daily with Cuticura Soap. Fragrant, mild Cuticura Soap contains medical ingredients many skin specialists use. No other soap can match it! For all-over loveliness, use Cuticura Soap also for your daily bath. Follow with Cuticura Talcum for long-lasting freshness and protection. Buy Cuticura preparations at drug counters everywhere.

Cuticura

MAKE MONEY EASILY

Take easy, big profit orders from friends, others. Show Christmas Cards with name—5 big lines selling at 50¢ for \$1.00 ap. Amazing designs, gorgeous papers. FREE SAMPLES. A small \$1.00 assortment of Christmas Cards, Gift Wrappings, Everyday Cards, Stationery, Christmas assortments sent on approval. Write Southern Greeting Card Co., Dept. A12, 216 S. Pauline Street, Memphis, Tenn.

Sell Name-Imprinted CHRISTMAS CARDS 50 for \$1 Also Assortments

KNITTED FOR SOFTNESS

Turkknit

10 cents brings you an authoritative, helpful, illustrated 16-page booklet—"How to Bathe and Dress Baby." Send a dime today for your copy.

BABY BATH BLANKETS TOWELS . WASH CLOTHS

At Leading Stores

Turkknit Gift Sets are attractively packaged. They make ideal presents.

PUTNAM KNITTING CO. Dept. W Cohoes, N. Y.

Keep Baby SAFE from S-P-I-L-L-S

BABEE-TENDA*

STURDY FOLDING SAFETY CHAIR

Tuck your young squarmer in this low, tumbling-proof chair for feeding or play. Patented safety features. Folds for easy carrying or storage. Converts to many-use junior table. Grand baby gift. Doctor-approved.

SEND FOR FREE FOLDER

Not sold in stores. See phone book for authorized agency or write today for helpful illustrated folder.

THE BABEE-TENDA CORP. Dept. 1311, 750 Prospect Avenue, Cleveland 15, Ohio

SELL FAMOUS SUNSHINE CHRISTMAS CARDS

Take orders easily. Exclusive! Original! Smart! Illustrations of the most loved Christmas characters. Personalized ENVELOPES, Greeting, Delicate Stationery, Religious, Gift Wrapping, Informal, 4 imprints. 25¢ each. Write for complete information. Like. Age 14 or approval. FREE SAMPLES! Imprint lines. No investment. 50¢ profit.

THE SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS 115 Fulton Street, Dept. W-2, New York 6, N. Y.

MATERNITY DRESSES WRITE FOR CATALOG

Smart, youthful styles for Morning, Street or Evening. All Sizes. Also Maternity Corsets & Linings.

BRIDGE CLOTHING CO. Dept. R-735 Park Ave., Kansas City 6, Mo.

STOP CORNS!

HERE TODAY



GONE TOMORROW
CORN STOPPED

END PAIN INSTANTLY

CORNS—SORE TOES



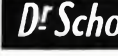
Take this famous foot authority's advice: At the first sign of sore toes from tight shoes apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Discomfort ends instantly and corns stopp'd before they can develop! But—if you have corns, callouses or bunions—thin, soothing, cushioning, protective Zino-pads will relieve your pain at once!

CALLOUSES



Remove Corns, Callouses You'll marvel, too, how the separate Medications included with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly remove corns, callouses. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores.

BUNIONS



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

FEET HURT, BURN?
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves tired, aching, hot, sore feet, due to exertion. Very soothing, refreshing. Sold everywhere.

MATERNITY FASHIONS
FOR FALL
YOUR MATERNITY SHOP, INC., Dept. W-2 251 W. 43rd St., N. Y. 18

Women! Earn money showing FREE SAMPLE STOCKING and Amazing Fit Service

Write today... ask for FREE outfit with sample stockings. Enjoy talking orders for YOURS-TRUK-Nylon Hosiery, Sensational Individual Customer Fit Service to fit every type of leg—short, long, extra long, slim, stout, and average. Earn money of your own. No experience is needed. Write fully, American Home Mail Order, Dept. 518, 1000 17th St., Ind.

NEW, DIFFERENT, EXCLUSIVE Sell CHRISTMAS CARDS 50 WITH NAME IMPRINTED Pen-n-Brush STUDIOS
EARN EXTRA \$\$\$ Compare our 31-different "Champion" Cheerio Ass't. sells for \$1, sent on approval. Investment. Also new Christmas Carol Ass't with music's 3-fold Scenic; Re-Create Christmas Memories (Personalized Birthdays, etc. New Complete Department Store Quality. All materials included. Home or other extra-arrangements. Write today.
Dept. W-8, Pen-n-Brush Studios, 154 Nassau Street, New York 7, N. Y.

FREE CATALOG! SAVE ON COTTONS!
Now... real savings that help you Beat High Prices on cottons! Family and home cottons! Mail coupon today for FREE Catalog of thrilling cotton values in shirts, underswear, dresses, children's wear, prints and fabrics, towels, sheets, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. See how South Carolina Mills Lower Prices can SAVE YOU MONEY! Rush coupon for FREE catalog today!
SOUTH CAROLINA MILLS DEPT. 402, SPARTANBURG, S. C.
South Carolina Mills, Dept. 402 SPARTANBURG, S. C.
Please send me FREE copy of your Money-Saving "Catalog".

SAVE! SEE THESE TYPICAL VALUES!
White Broadcloth Shirts \$2.29
Work Shirts, Each \$1.59
Cotton Dress, Low at \$1.99
Bath Towels, 20 x 40" each 49¢

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



RICH MAN



POOR MAN



BEGGAR MAN



THIEF

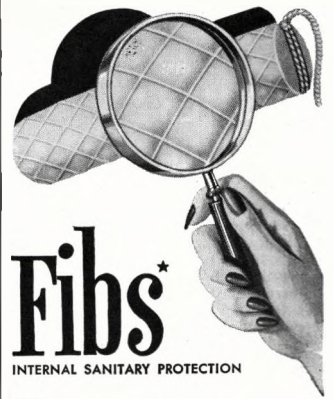
RICH MAN! POOR MAN!

BEGGAR MAN, THIEF... count out the big round wooden buttons that trip lightly down your summer jackets, beach coats or Sloppy Joe shirts. Each disk gets its own design—either letter them with the different designations or paint on their symbols, such as money bags for rich man and feather headdress for Indian chief. They'll gay up your vacation garb!

A TEEN FEATURE



DRAWINGS BY JAY WARBUTH



Fibs*

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

"QUILTED" COMFORT
"Quilting" keeps this tampon from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size—which could cause pressure, irritation. Only Fibs are quilted—for your comfort!

"QUILTED" SAFETY
This special feature helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate membranes. Only Fibs are quilted—for your safety!

ROUNDED ENDS
You'll say "At last—a tampon that's easy to use!" Because of all leading tampons, only Fibs have gently rounded ends to make insertion comfortable, easy.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
MAKE EXTRA MONEY—FREE SAMPLES!
SELL EXCLUSIVE CHRISTMAS CARDS and STATIONERY NOT OBTAINABLE ELSEWHERE
25 and 30 for \$1.00 Home Impressed Christmas Cards and Stationery
18 W. Woodruff St., Dept. W-2, Hazel Park, Mich.

BE A HOTEL HOSTESS
ENJOY YOUR WORK! Fascinating Position (Hotel to Motel), Executive Roomkeeper, Manager, Social or Food Director, Grade school education plus Lewis Training qualifies you. Lewis National Placement Service Free of extra charge. One student writes: "Business Manager and Hostess. Have attractive suite in addition to salary, thanks to Lewis Training." Write for Free Book. Course approved for Veterans' Training.
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL
Sta. NO-2801, Washington 7, D. C. **32** SUCCESSFUL YEARS

BRUSH AWAY Gray Hair
... AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER
Now, at home, you can quickly tint delicate streaks of gray to natural appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—your money back. Approved by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is dependable—guaranteed harmless when used as directed. No skin test needed. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical, lasting. Does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One tinting imparts desired shade. Simply retouch, as new gray appears. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. First application must satisfy you or money back. 75c and \$1.75—all druggists. Retain youthful charm. Get Brownatone now.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES
This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief
Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.
When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills

with the key out of Jenny's purse, with or without Jenny's permission or knowledge. Then, right in front of me, she can do all the rummaging she wants and take just what she pleases. Because how am I to know that Jenny doesn't really want something?"
"All right," said Paul. "The answer to that is, ask—!" But he stopped and a look of comprehension came into his face. He glanced at his sister. "I see what you mean now. We can't ask Jenny because she won't see us. We can't write her a letter. She won't read her letters. But how do we know it isn't really Rosemary Hamilton who's at the bottom of it all?" He sat there thinking and he felt a lift of spirit he hadn't experienced for weeks. "Kit, it's possible! Do you realize that? Maybe Jenny isn't having anything to say about seeing people or reading letters. Maybe it's Mrs. Hamilton who's managing all that."

Kit didn't answer at once. Go slowly, she thought. Slowly. We're letting an idea run away with us. We're going to make crazy fools of ourselves if we're not careful.
"Paul," she said in a quiet sensible voice, "don't forget that Jenny may be very fond of her sister. That she may trust her implicitly. That she may have asked her to get something out of her desk."
"Yes, I know," Paul nodded. "Don't worry, I'm not going to do any more half-cocked things that I have to lie awake over later. No, Kit, don't worry. I'm just going over to the hospital tomorrow afternoon during visiting hours and see that I talk to Jenny—or at least to her nurse. Not to this sister of hers who may be giving Jenny plenty of encouragement not to see people, if not actually speaking for Jenny herself."
Kit, seeing the hope in his face, put her hand out impulsively to his. "Do it.

But, oh Paul, it's—it's a thin little chance."
"But it's a chance," said Paul, drawing in his breath. "At least it's a chance."

Paul had been in hospitals during his war years, not as a patient himself, but often to visit friends; but he had never become used to them. The tiled cold corridors, the glimpses of bed-captive human beings, the medicinal smells that meant operating-rooms and tragedy—all these things affected him uncomfortably and made him look forward with disproportionate anxiety to getting out into the street again.
But today was especially bad, for he was nervous. Nervous that he wouldn't be allowed to talk to Jenny; nervous that he would. Upset at the thought of the importance of what he was doing, of what he was about to find true or not true. Afraid that he wouldn't say the right thing if he actually saw her.

There were other visitors riding up in the big slow elevator with him. They looked used to what they were doing, as if they had been visiting hospitals all their lives. Perhaps he looked used to it, too, but he wasn't.
The only hospital I'll ever enjoy coming to, he thought with eerie unreal amusement, is the one that my wife has a baby in. Was it only a few weeks ago he had been thinking in those terms, having long imaginings about the house he would buy, the rooms it would have, the children there would be that belonged to him and that quiet freckled girl he had fallen in love with? I was quite a schoolboy, he thought. I came through the war and everything else thinking that a little charm, the right smile, would get me anything. It took something like this to make me grow up.

He walked along the fourth-floor corridor. As he came to Jenny's room, his chest tightened and he said silently, Jenny, I grew up

lately and I could give you understanding now; not just shallow teasing talk and flirtation, but kindness and understanding. I've grown up now and I could.

Her door was closed. He paused a moment, then lifted his hand and knocked.

No sounds came from within. Yet after a moment the door opened narrowly, exposing a bit of shadowy east room, a corner of bare flowerless dresser, and Rosemary Hamilton looked out at him.

When she saw who it was she slipped through the door and closed it cleanly behind her, leaning against the knob. She wore a dark red dress and a dark red velvet band over her hair. She looked young, without guile, certainly not the designing villainess that he and Kit had imagined her last night. Why, she's just a normal wholesome girl, he thought, an older sister that Jenny shared secrets with as a child, talked over parties with. It's crazy, what we've been thinking about her. But it was too late to back down now.

"What is it?" she asked him in a low voice. "I want to see Jenny."

"You can't. I've told you that."

He ignored her anger and said firmly, looking straight at her, "I've got to see her." They both spoke in an undertone. Rosemary said, unmoving, "I'm sorry."

"Let me talk to her nurse," Paul said.

"What can she tell you that I haven't already?"

Paul shrugged. "Nothing, probably. But I'd just like to see her."

Rosemary gazed at him stonily.

"Let me see her," said Paul again, still in the same undertone.

Rosemary stood motionless; then, with a tight smile, half of contempt, half of exasperation, said abruptly, "Very well. Wait here." She slipped back into the room.

IN LESS than a minute the nurse appeared. There was something subtly disappointing to Paul in her prompt appearance. Had he hoped the delay would be long enough to suggest a whispered conference, a last rehearsal of a trumped-up story? But she came promptly and she was round-faced and patently honest.

She closed the door quietly and peered into his face. "Did you want to see me?"

"I'd like to talk to Jenny. May I?"

The nurse pursed her lips gently, frowned and shook her head.

"For five minutes," she urged. "For one minute. For as long as you want to say. Please. I'll leave if it disturbs her."

She folded her arms over her starched bosom and bent her head, lowering her eyes. "Come down to the end of the hall where we can talk better. I'll explain how it is."

He followed her down the corridor. At the end was a window looking out on the windy rainy day. She stopped there and turned around, her arms still folded. "You see, she's still a pretty sick girl and we have to humor her. If she were in better shape, we might decide we knew best and try her out with some cheerful company. But not now. When she says she doesn't want visitors, it has to stick."

"But how does she know?" Paul protested desperately. "Maybe I could say things that would make her feel better. Maybe I—" But he stopped. "No, I can't convince you that way. . . . Look, would you do this at least? Would you go and tell her that Paul Leighton is here and wants to see her?"

The woman unfolded her arms and dropped them to her sides with a frowning smile. "Oh, now—is it that important?"

"Yes," said Paul, not smiling back. "It is."

She looked at him as if she were about to start a good-natured argument. Then, experiencing one of those abrupt reversals of mood, she shrugged suddenly and said, "All right, I'll go and tell her."

"Wait," Paul stopped her. "Tell her what I said. But tell her something else first. Tell her—" He thought hurriedly, trying to put words together that would have meaning for Jenny, that would have little meaning for her sister. "Tell her I didn't tell her—that anything I said—that that might have sounded cruel, I didn't mean. Tell her that, will you? And then say the other."

She organized it in her mind and nodded. "All right. Wait here."

Paul sat down impatiently on a long bench. What is happening in there, he thought; what is she telling the nurse?

When he heard footsteps at last he didn't glance up. If he had looked, he would have seen that there was neither sympathy nor triumph on the round practical face, merely the matter-of-fact look of someone who is used to being around sick people and accepting their moods and fancies. She paused beside him.

"No. She doesn't want to see you."

She was surprised at the degree of strain in his face as he looked up at her.

"What did she say?" he asked.

"Not much. She said, 'Tell him to go away,' and turned her face to the wall."

"Her way of getting as far away from me as she can."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. Remember, she's been through a lot. And she's sick. You know how sick people are."

"Look." He seemed not to have heard. He said, "Do one more thing, will you? Go in and tell her that I—that I've missed her. And that I—and that—please get well."

She went without a word this time. And she came back too soon.

Standing over him, she said, "I can't tell her those things, Mr. Leighton. She's crying. She just lies there staring at the ceiling with the tears running out of her eyes. Honestly, Mr. Leighton, I don't think they'd give her any comfort."

Paul got to his feet and buttoned up his coat. "No," he said carefully. "I guess not. Thanks."

He sat in his car for a few minutes listening to the rain whip against the windows. Then, pulling himself together and applying stern logic to the situation, he started the motor and drove toward his office. He knew there was no use hoping any longer and there was no use being a prey to regrets any longer. Neither would do any good. It was time to buckle down to the ordinary routine of working and living. Eventually he'd forget about Jenny and what he had done to her or at least push the knowledge harmlessly into the background of his mind.

HE HAD arranged to have dinner with Kit at her apartment that night. When he arrived about six, she had a pink percale apron tied over her office dress, her blond bob caught trimly back at her neck with a barette. She was in the kitchen making scalloped potatoes. He finished telling her everything almost before he had taken his coat off, dealing with it as briefly and factually as possible. Then he began to help her.

"Okay, if you insist," she said. "Get the meat out of the refrigerator and pound it with that mallet thing. I want to make Swiss steak in the pressure cooker."

She was prepared to be cheerful and he was prepared to be cheerful. They even made plans to go to a movie later on. "I have to dash over to Mr. Barlow's after dinner," said Kit. "He's flying to New York tonight and he wants me to take some notes but I should be back in an hour or so—plenty of time for the late show. What do you say, Paul? Let's really cut loose."

"Suits me," said Paul. "A new leaf, hm?"

He settled down on a stool to pound the meat. It was only after he had finished that he spoke again.

"You know, Kit," he said, "it's just since this afternoon that I've been able to do any real thinking about things. Detached objective thinking, I mean. And there's a lot that puzzles me. For instance, Hamilton was in the city the night of Jenny's accident, because I saw him at the Allison, and it's queer if they didn't meet, considering what good friends they are—and if they did meet, well, what about that? Jenny looked odd when I asked her to drop me at the Allison. Could it have been because she was meeting him there? Did she just go off and park her car and then come back to meet him? And if so, why should seeing him upset her? He seems like such a good guy."

Kit shook her head. She too was baffled.

"And then there's something else—the way her people acted. Their coming to see me that night, as if trying to find out what—well, what I might have found out, what Jenny might

[continued on page 136]

RELIEVE PAIN INSTANTLY

COMBAT INFECTION from CUTS

WITH SOOTHING CAMPHO-PHENIQUE



Use this modern, stainless antiseptic for relief of all minor Cuts, Burns, Scratches, Skin Abrasions



Avoid nasty infections from little skin injuries. Quick! apply soothing Campho-Phenique. It stops pain—instantly. Kills many germs on contact. Aids healing by combating infection. Use Campho-Phenique also to relieve cold sores, fever blisters, itchy insect bites. Many doctors, dentists and nurses prefer this famous liquid antiseptic. So do children. It does not smart or sting . . . and it's stainless! Recommended over 50 years. Get it now.

CAMPHO-PHENIQUE

(pronounced Cam-fa-fi-neek)

THE ANTISEPTIC THAT RELIEVES PAIN INSTANTLY

DON'T LET THOSE "DIFFICULT DAYS" COME BETWEEN YOU

Maybe it was his fault—that quarrel. Maybe. But next time take care! Don't let those Monthly Blues make you nervous and irritable! Instead—for nervous tension, periodic cramps and headache—help get usually grand relief with these improved Chi-Ches-Ters Pill Pack in three convenient sizes. Get Chi-Ches-Ters Pill at your druggist today.

The Improved CHI-CHESTERS PILL
For relief from "periodic functional distress!"
FREE—New illustrated booklet of intimate facts every woman should know. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write today! Chichesters Chemical Company, Dept. N-8, Philadelphia 46, Pennsylvania.

HANDY HELPER'S

JINGLE QUIZ #271

When canning peaches, beans or yams, Or making pickles, jellies, jams . . . What should you use to mark each jar So all may know what contents are?



Dennison
CANNING LABELS

At Stationery Departments Everywhere

keep legs hair-free longer



odorless Hair Remover Cream

3 WAYS DIFFERENT FROM A RAZOR

1. Keeps legs hair-free longer.
2. Prevents stubby regrowth.
3. No possible cuts or nicks.

This summer the "Nude Look" is the new look. Keep your legs and arms immaculately hair-free with Imtra. This amazing, snowy-white cosmetic cream, gently, painlessly, quickly removes hair below the skin line. Keeps legs and arms hair-free longer than a razor. Smooth on...rinse off. One application does the trick. In tubes: \$1, also 45¢. (PLUS TAX) At cosmetic counters.

IMTRA, Dept. 53, Bloomfield, N. J.
Enclosed is 10¢ to cover handling of trial tube of Imtra.

Name _____
Address _____



"Who wants a wife with CORNS?"

"I know my husband doesn't—and I don't want them either. So the minute a corn appears, I apply a Blue-Jay Corn Plaster! It's wonderful!" Instantly shoe-pressure pain stops! Pain-curbing Nupercaine® (exclusive with Blue-Jay) soothes away surface pain, while gentle medication loosens hard "core"—you just lift it out in a few days. Ask for Blue-Jay today.



Want Extra Money? **SELL CHRISTMAS CARDS WITH NAME** **50¢ for \$1**
Quick CASH Earnings are yours—for showing Fast-selling Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, Box Assortments, Everyday Greetings, Gift Wraps, Assorted cards and \$1.00. **FREE SAMPLES** Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards and Assortments on Approval. **WRITE TODAY!** **CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN, Dept. MS-137 W. Pearl St., Cincinnati 1, O.** **FREE SAMPLES**

MILLIONS SAY: DON'T LET SIMPLE PILES Spoil Your Fun!

Here's a single soothing preparation to speed relief from miseries of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo®. Acts at once to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. The help you get is wonderful!
So, to speed relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo. Your doctor can tell you about it. At all druggists' in Suppository form—also in tubes with perforated pile pipe for simple, thorough application.
Pazo Ointment and Suppositories. ©

PULVEX FLEA POWDER
TWO KINDS
WITH 5% DDT for dogs. Kills fleas and lice quick. Keeps fleas off 5-7 days. Many home uses.
OR WITH ROTENONE for cats, dogs. Quickly kills fleas, lice. Kills fleas when put on a single spot. Pre-war formula.
EITHER KIND 35¢ & 50¢
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
MADE IN AMERICA

NEW EXTRA MONEY PLAN **SHOW FRIENDS UNUSUAL CHRISTMAS CARD ASSORTMENTS** **FREE SAMPLES PERSONAL CARDS AND STATIONERY**
You can make up to 1000 Profit—without experience—showing new Christmas Cards, Everyday Card Assortments, Wreathery, Stationery, Greetings, unusual and attractive. Complete, ready-to-go FREE assortment.
Thomas Terry Studios, Dept. MS-137 W. Pearl St., Cincinnati 1, O.
THOMAS TERRY STUDIOS, 58 Union Ave., Westfield, Mass.

MAKE MONEY SELL DRESSES FROM NEW YORK
Specially Priced \$5.99 to \$19.95
11th Ave., N. Y. Firm develops women to sell Dresses, Quilt, Tingerie. An seen in "Vogue", "Mademoiselle", featuring the New York Look. Good commission. Write for sample Book **MODERN MANNER**, 315 Fifth Ave., Dept. W-8, New York

TOOTHACHE? **TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS** **DENT'S POLICE**
Ask your Druggist for

living-room expecting to see Kit returning for something she had forgotten and met Rosemary Hamilton face to face.

She came to a halt as she saw him and for an instant she stood balanced, motionless.

"Oh!" she said in the next instant. She looked confused and embarrassed. "I didn't realize you were here. This must look terribly queer to you, my coming here when your sister said she wouldn't be home. But you see—after I'd talked to your sister, Jenny suggested there was no need to wait, that I should take her key. It seemed the logical thing to do, really. Of course, if I'd known anyone was home . . . but apparently you didn't hear my knock. Oh, I feel dreadfully boorish to have rushed right in like this."

In her confusion she forgot that she had spoken to him in cold anger that afternoon.

Paul said, "It doesn't matter. In fact, if you had come a few minutes later I would have been gone. I was just staying long enough to clean up the dishes."

"Well, please don't leave on my account. I'll just be a minute. I think I know exactly what Jenny wants and where to find it." She started toward Jenny's bedroom, stripping off her gloves as she went.

Paul picked up his coat and then put it down again. His hands were trembling and his chest felt constricted. He started to take out his cigarette case but replaced it and stood there for a moment in painful indecision. Then abruptly, pushing his hand back over his hair, he went and stood in the bedroom door.

Rosemary Hamilton was at Jenny's desk, bending over the open top drawer. There was neither haste nor anxiety in her movements.

"Need any help?" Paul asked her.

She glanced around briefly. "No, I don't believe so," she said. A moment later she seemed to find what she wanted, for she picked up two letters and, having looked them over quickly, she put them in her purse and closed the drawer. "I think that's all," she said pleasantly. "I won't be bothering your sister any more—unless, of course, Jenny thinks up some more little errands. But I doubt very much if she will."

"I doubt it too," Paul said.

She glanced at him curiously, but without seriousness, rather with amusement, as if she were trying to decide what he meant but did not consider it very important. But as she came across the room to the door and he

(continued on page 138)

JELLY BEAN COTTONS

on page 96

May be found in New York City at B. Altman & Co. and at the following stores

- ALABAMA
Birmingham: Burger-Phillips
- CALIFORNIA
Hanford: Hochderffers
Los Angeles: Eastern-Columbia
Modesto: Lullaby Land
Oakland: Kahn's
Oceanside: Tot To Teen
Redlands: The Harris Co.
San Bernardino: The Harris Co.
Stockton: Katten & Margro
- COLORADO
Denver: Fox Baby Shop
Fox School Girl Shop
- FLORIDA
Fort Pierce: Carnleigh's
Lakeland: Juvenile Shop
St. Petersburg: Lowrey's
Tampa: Fernandez & Garcia
- GEORGIA
Atlanta: J. P. Allen & Co.
- INDIANA
Bloomington: Neumode
Evansville: Schear's Department Store
Greensburg: Dalmbert's
Muncie: Ball Stores, Inc.
South Bend: Geo. Wyman & Co.
Terre Haute: Meis Bros. Co.
- IOWA
Des Moines: Younger Bros.
- KANSAS
Wichita: Young Moderns Shop
- KENTUCKY
Louisville: Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Paducah: Look's Children's Shop
- MASSACHUSETTS
Brookton: Fraser's Inc.
Worcester: John C. MacInnes Company, Inc.
- MICHIGAN
Battle Creek: Jos. C. Grant Co.
Detroit: J. L. Hudson Co.
Grand Rapids: Siegel's
Howell: Ruth's Ladies' and Children's Apparel
Kalamazoo: Fred Mahoney
Mt. Pleasant: Glen Oren Store
Pontiac: George's
- MINNESOTA
Minneapolis: John W. Thomas Co.
- NEW HAMPSHIRE
Manchester: Leavitt Co.
- NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park: Steinbach Co.
Atlantic City: M. E. Blatt Co.
Red Bank: Steinbach Co.
- NEW YORK
Binghamton: Hills, McLean & Haskins
Jamestown: Abrahamson-Bigelow Co.
New York: B. Altman & Co.
Schenectady: The Wallace Co.
- NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville: Bon Marche, Inc.
Charlotte: J. B. Ivey & Co.
Goldsboro: Well's
Kinston: Brody's
- OHIO
Canton: Kobacker's
Dayton: Adler & Childs
- OREGON
Portland: Eastern Dept. Store
- PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown: Children's Shop
Altoona: William F. Gable Company
Chester: Speare Bros.
Easton: Orr's Department Store
Hazleton: The Leader
Lancaster: The Children's Shop
Philadelphia: B. F. Dewees, Inc.
Pittsburgh: Gimbel's
Williamsport: Brozman's
- RHODE ISLAND
Newport: Ye Viking Shoppe
Pawtucket: Shartenberg's
Providence: Outlet Company
- SOUTH CAROLINA
Sumter: The Capitol Dept. Store
- TENNESSEE
Knoxville: S. H. George & Sons
Memphis: John Gerber Co.
- TEXAS
Beaumont: The Fair, Inc.
Galveston: Robt. I. Cohen, Inc.
San Antonio: Wolf & Marx Company
- UTAH
Salt Lake City: Keith-O'Brien, Inc.
- VIRGINIA
Norfolk: Rice's Fashion Corner
Portsmouth: Blumberg's
Roanoke: N. W. Pugh Company
- WASHINGTON
Raymond: Tot N' Teen
Tacoma: Rhodes Brothers
Vancouver: Tower Tot Shop
- WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston: Coyle & Richardson
Huntington: Bradshaw-Diehl Company
Weirton: The Children's Shop
Wheeling: Stone & Thomas
Williamsburg: National Style Center
- WISCONSIN
Beloit: Hexter's
Eau Claire: The Fashion Store
Milwaukee: The Grand Apparel

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 you and on your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. But you are now a woman, not a girl, so you must keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

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. Doctors have proved its safety. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women 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, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is 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.

EARN MONEY SHOWING FREE SAMPLE FABRICS
Write me, and I'll send you the big package of actual sample fabrics and style presentation—ABSOLUTELY FREE. You'll see gorgeous, newest style dresses—lovely lingerie—hosiery—all at LOW PRICES. Take orders from friends and make money in spare time. **GET FREE SAMPLES!** Send me your name and address and I'll send you a free sample fabric. It's yours free—no purchase necessary.
THE MELVILLE CO., Dept. 4682, CINCINNATI 3, OHIO

Keep Free of ROACHES

Always keep Gator Roach Hives around and you'll be free of roaches, water bugs, silverfish and crickets—for good! They love bait in sanitary tube, eat it—and die! Clean, easy to use. At most stores. If yours has none, send name of store and \$1 for 9 Hives
De Soto Chemical Co., 8 Wall St., Arcadia, Florida

GATOR ROACH HIVES

Constipated?

Starts Intestinal Tract Moving Again

Now you can get the relief you want from constipation, with Petro-Syllium (R). If other laxatives have failed, try the comfortable lubricating action of Petro-Syllium. It's gentle, but oh so thorough you'll wonder why you haven't tried it before. Taken as directed, it's the way many doctors recommend to start bowel moving comfortably again. Used for easy action by many plev sufferers. Take this to your drug store so you will be sure to get genuine Petro-Syllium today.

100% PROFIT FOR YOU . . . NOW!

Sell luxurious 21 Card Feature Christmas assortment with "Relative Soak" and "Business Center" Bibles—complete line of Box assortments including new Foreign Text. Sell for \$1. GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED. Sample on Approval. Write **HOUSE OF HARMON**, Dept. MS-137, HARMON, N. Y.

YOUR \$1 EARNS YOU \$2

"RUG MAGIC" by OLSON

Your Old RUGS, CLOTHING
Save You up to 1/2

IT'S ALL SO EASY! Your materials can be sent at our expense direct to the Olson Rug Factory where...

BY THE OLSON PROCESS we sterilize, shred, merge materials of all kinds; reclaim the valuable wool, etc. then bleach, card, spin, dye, and weave into lovely, new, deep-textured, reversible

BROADLOOM RUGS—in sizes to 16 feet seamless, and any length.

Solid Colors Early American
Tweed Blends 18th Century
Florals, Ovals Oriental Designs

FACTORY-TO-YOU. Satisfaction guaranteed. 2 million customers. We do not have agents or sell thru stores. Our 74th Year.

Chicago New York San Francisco
Mail Coupon or 1c postcard.

FREE Catalog in Colors

OLSON RUG CO., B-12, Chicago 41, Ill.
Mail Rug Catalog (Decorating Guide) FREE to:

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
TOWN _____ STATE _____

© 1948

makes EASY

QUICK ELASTIC
HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS

NO BOILING
NO STICKING

MAKES IRONING EASY

the Starch in the buttercup yellow box

27 STAMPED PIECES for EMBROIDERY

1.98

SEND NO MONEY

This set of 27 lovely pieces of stamped material which you can easily and quickly embroider. Costs only \$1.98 yet you would ordinarily expect to pay \$5.00 or more for these many pieces. A Beautiful Bargain! Large scarf for dress or radio, 7 pc. refreshment set, large round and flat, flush tank cover, dollies, samplers, pot holders, lining, whole broom holder, 3 pc. chair set, 3 pc. vanity set, 3 pc. buffet set, etc., etc.—27 pieces in all for only \$1.98 on the white art cloth. **FREE to Anyone**—Embroidery hoop free, generous assortment of strand floss. Also free, amazing new intention file on any sewing machine easily, quickly! Makes button holes, collars, seams on buttons, attach slippers, darn stockings, mend tears, etc. Sew also where regularly for \$1.00 but sent to you free. Satisfaction guaranteed. If not perfectly pleased, return stamped goods (keep free hoop, thread and button hole maker) and your \$1.98 will be refunded. (Count anything but more fair: You be the Judge! You can't lose! Send no money. Don't delay! Act Now! Just mail a card today.)

KNEIGHT MAIL ORDER COMPANY Dept. 3622-M
3140 Roosevelt Road Chicago 12, Illinois

didn't make any move to let her by, she stopped and the light curiosity in her face sharpened into surprise and annoyance.

"Mrs. Hamilton," he said with a constrained unnatural smile, "this is very crude of me but it seems I'm going to do it." He reached out and took her purse gently but firmly from her hand. "You see, Jenny may not have wanted you to come here and get what you did. How am I to know? And so I have to see what you took, see if it's something Jenny would be likely to want." He opened the catch with a considerate but slightly unsteady touch and removed the letters. "And that means," he said, "that I'll probably have to read what's inside these. I honestly don't like to read other people's letters but I'd be foolish to stop at that when I've gone this far. I've already earned Jenny's undying dislike, so I can't do myself any further harm... but of course I don't need to keep your bag."

She took the purse from his outstretched hand. She had not moved. There seemed to be horror and panic in her eyes, or perhaps it was neither; perhaps it was just revulsion. Revulsion for him.

"Now I know," she said, "why Jenny hasn't wanted to see you—a man who would do what you're doing now."

His courage almost left him then. She's on the level, he thought, she isn't acting; she couldn't possibly act that naturally. But he had to go through with it.

"I know," he said. "She probably sensed that in my character. This is odd, though," he added as he studied the envelopes. "Apparently I'm not the only one who reads private correspondence. These don't belong to Jenny. The name is Pfc. John E. Rocco with a San Francisco APO address. How does it happen they're lying around here?"

The Human Pair

I'm not denying that women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men.

GEORGE ELIOT

"I haven't any idea," said Rosemary coldly. "I was only asked to get them. You'll have to inquire of Jenny."

He laughed. There was an element of ludicrous humor in her suggestion. "Do you think I'd have any luck by that method? No, I'm afraid I'd better find out for myself."

He started to take one of the letters out of its envelope.

Suddenly Rosemary turned and went over and sat down in Jenny's boudoir chair. The change in her expression was a more profound change than would have seemed possible. "Don't read them, Paul," she said with a soft and appealing helplessness, using his given name for the first time. "It's true. Jenny didn't ask for them. I came to get them myself. They're mine. He, the man whose name you read, went to Jenny offering them for sale. They contained something damaging to me. She bought them and kept them and ever after blackmailed me."

Paul's first feeling was one of complete relief. Then I haven't blundered, after all, he thought; she did come here in her own interests. His relief was so strong an emotion that he missed at first the details of what she was saying. When he did comprehend them, complete incredulity spread over his face.

"No, you won't believe it of Jenny," she said with a gesture expressing the futility of anything she could say. "Why is it men always believe in Jenny—believe in her honor, believe in her honesty, believe in her kindness?" Her breath trembled as she drew it in and went on, "She isn't any of those things, Paul. She's blackmailed me for years and she'll go on doing so as long as she lives, as long as she has those letters. Give them back to me—please, please. This is the first chance I've had to get them away from her—the only chance other than hope that she would die. But she isn't going to die and this is my only chance. Please let me have them and go."

Paul went over and sat down on the bed. "Tell me some more," he said without irony or sarcasm. Conjecture had turned into reality and thereby had made reality dreamlike, nightmarish. It was incredibly strange to find his desperate speculations grow solid under

his feet, grow strong enough to bear the weight of actual life, of the past and the future. "Tell me more," he repeated and did not think of himself now as trying to learn something to vindicate Jenny and implicate Rosemary. All he felt was the driving desire to find the truth.

"You say she blackmailed you," he said, "and, as you guessed, I don't believe it. Convince me, if you hope to make any headway. Don't tell half the story, because it isn't enough. What kind of blackmail did she get from you? Money?"

Rosemary shook her head and brought her hands together distraughtly and drew them apart again. "Money... you don't know Jenny. She's never cared about money."

"Well, what then?"

"Oh, it was something so—so—oh, what does it matter? What is important except that she did? You want to know what is in the letters. And I'll tell you. I—I had an affair with a soldier stationed near here before I married Bruce. I was engaged to Bruce but he was away in the army and I was—oh, bored, I guess. And this man I had the affair with wrote to a friend of his overseas, the person whose name is on those envelopes, and told him about it. That's what is in the letters. I swear it."

It seemed a doubtful story to Paul, that a woman like Rosemary would be so afraid of her husband's finding out such a thing. So desperately afraid that she would endure being blackmailed for years. But for the moment he accepted it.

"What I can't understand," he said, "is why this person, John Rocco, came to Jenny with the letters. Surely he could get more money from you."

"Money..." she said bitterly. "He got it from me as it was. Jenny had no money. She came to me for that."

Paul stared at her, astonished, then looked down to hide his amazement. He said in a matter-of-fact tone, "In other words, you gave Jenny the money to buy letters with which she could blackmail you later?"

"Yes, I was desperate. I thought, better to have them in her hands than in his."

She stood up suddenly. "Someone's knocking," she said in a low voice.

"It's the windows rattling."

"No. It's probably Bruce. He drove me over from the hospital. Listen." She was silent. This time Paul heard the noise and stood up too. She moved toward the door, pausing as she passed him, looking up at him with dark stoical eyes. "Are you going to blackmail me too?"

He put the letters in his pocket without answering.

She crossed the living-room and opened the door. Bruce Hamilton stood there, hunched in his rain-streaked gabardine coat. "Ready?" he said.

"Yes, Bruce, you remember Paul Leighton. He stayed to do the dishes for his sister. Wasn't that sweet of him?"

"Hi there, Leighton." Bruce pulled off his glasses in a hearty manner and took out his handkerchief to wipe them. "Ready for some snow in the morning?"

"So it's going to be snow, is it?"

"Bruce, we'd better be going. It's a long drive home." She turned around. "Good night, Mr. Leighton."

Bruce lingered behind her, looked at Paul, seemed to hesitate over something. But too much had happened tonight. Nothing could seem as strange as it deserved to seem. Not even Bruce's finally taking the trouble to say, "Been to visit Jenny yet?"

"I've been, but not visited," said Paul. "I'm afraid I'm not too welcome."

"Aren't you?" Bruce looked at him searchingly. He hesitated again. Rosemary stood waiting a few feet away. At length he said with ordinary cheerfulness, "Well, try again, why don't you? It's..." But he gave it up and stopped. "Well, good night," he said. "Glad to have seen you again."

"Good night."

Pain soothed Promptly BOILS BROUGHT TO A HEAD Quicker

Nature often causes a boil to come to a head and thus ease painful misery. BUT, doctors agree that moist heat coupled with a poultice action helps bring boils to a head quicker. An easy, practical way for you to apply moist heat is by using proven, world-famous

Antiphlogistine

Helps in 3 ways... 1—eases pain and tension... 2—softens the boil, relieving soreness... 3—increases blood circulation, localizes and brings the boil to a head quicker.

MEDICATED POUltICE DRESSING

MAKE \$25 or EASY

SELL ONLY 50 BOXES OF CARDS (50¢ each) in 10 days. Includes: Christmas, Religious, Humorous, 1000 Wrappings, Everlasting Cards, Stationery, different box assortments, retail 50¢ to \$1.00. Personal Christmas Cards, 50 for \$3. Extra sales with New Address Book and Date Book. Get FREE Personal Samples and 21-card box an approved credit write PHILLIPS CARD COMPANY 888 NUNY STREET NEWTON, MASS.

21-CARD CHRISTMAS Assortment
EVERYDAY Card Assortment

POISON IVY OAK or SUMAC

Science has discovered an excellent new treatment for ivy, oak and sumac poisoning. It's gentle and safe, dries up the blisters in a surprisingly short time, often within 24 hours. At drugists, 59¢

Ask for **IVY-DRY**

CALLUSES and CORNS REMOVED BY MOSCO

Safe • Sure • Convenient • Stainless • Economical. Adhesive and Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. 30c, 50c jars. Sold at drug stores. Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

SELL XMAS CARDS—MAKE \$25

For selling only 50 boxes of our 50-for-21 personalized assortments, with many attractive designs, you can make \$25 in 10 days. Free trial box with details of complete line. It costs nothing to try!

FREE! CREATHE ART PUBLISHERS, Inc.
SAMPLES! 145 Warburton Ave., Dept. CL, Yonkers 2, N. Y.

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a popping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at drugists. If your drugist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. KLUTCH CO., Box 4846-M, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Relieve Misery of ITCH

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Quick itching fast. See trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your drugist for D.D.D. Prescription.

KNITTING YARNS

POSTAGE FREE! MONEY BACK GUARANTEED! 100% COTTON YARN HEADQUARTERS, Dept. W, 718 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA. 6, PA.

SEND TODAY FOR NEW FREE BOOKLET

MAKE \$25 or more quickly! In spare time write up "Christmas Cards, City Map on Stationery, etc." (cost nothing to try). Credit to Club. Samples on approval. WRIGHTWELL CO., 302 Transit Bldg., Boston 18.

After they had gone Paul sat down and took the letters out of their envelopes and read them.

The Carr place had a cold bleak look in the morning light. The rain had turned to snow in the night and there were patches of white among the black wet-trunked trees.

Paul parked his car in the paved space below the house and climbed the iron-railed steps to the front door. A maid in a blue uniform showed him into a large living-room with a timbered ceiling and a tiled floor. The room smelled of damp plaster and charred wood, the result of someone's having tried to start a fire in the fireplace with wet logs. Not an inviting place to come into on this raw cloudy morning.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Carr were there. Mrs. Carr was restraining an amber necklace. She gave a fairly convincing impression of just happening to be there. But Mr. Carr was on his feet and walking about the room—and looked as if he had been thus occupied for some time in nervous expectation of Paul's visit.

"I suppose you know why I'm here," said Paul.

"Well . . ." Mr. Carr's agile smile flashed doubtfully on, then off. "Of course Rosemary has told us what happened. In fact, she has been in a state of nervous collapse since last night. She couldn't even go home."

He cleared his throat and took a more vigorous tone. "Leighton, I'm not going to do any bluffing and try to convince you that you haven't got us in a bad position. It's in your power to make trouble for Rosemary, for all of us, if you want to. The question is, have you considered the matter from all angles?"

Paul made a harried impatient gesture. "I haven't considered it from any angle. I haven't come out to discuss it at all. All I want to know is why you let Jenny take the blame for Rosemary, or how you could have. It was Rosemary who shot that man six years ago in the playhouse. He was her boy friend, not Jenny's. I suppose you and Mrs. Carr were desperate. She was going to be married to Bruce Hamilton and if the truth came out, you knew that was finished. But how, anyway, whatever you stood to lose, how could you have let Jenny take the blame?"

Mrs. Carr spoke sharply. "She wanted to." "Oh no," said Paul. "No one wants that sort of thing. No one wants to go around for the rest of her life with that on her record."

"Yes, she did want it," said Mrs. Carr beligerently. "She saw the difficult position we were in and she saw it as a way to repay us for everything we'd done for her. In addition, she had always been very fond of Bruce and she realized how hard it would be on him to find that out about Rosemary. Once she had it in her head, we couldn't talk her out of it." "You tried to, of course."

MRS. CARR started to answer in her positive uncompromising voice, but Mr. Carr spoke above her with a certain humility. "Well, as a matter of fact, Jenny didn't understand the situation fully at the time. She had the impression the man was just someone who was annoying Rosemary and that she had—well, shot him in self-defense. You must understand it happened very quickly. We couldn't wait too long before notifying the police. It—it had to be decided quickly."

"I see," said Paul. "In other words, Jenny didn't know, till after she'd confessed, just how big a thing she'd confessed to, just what kind of reputation she was nailing on herself for the rest of her life. If—"

"Leighton, look here, won't you sit down?" said Mr. Carr hastily. He was not putting up a foolish bluff. He was alarmed and he showed it. Even in the agitation of the moment Paul recorded the fleeting observation that Carr was at least smarter than his wife. Smart enough to break down and admit his errors. He said, "Admittedly this is a difficult matter but nothing is to be gained by anger or re-cremination or hasty unconsidered action. We made a mistake in letting Jenny shoulder the blame. We know that now, but—"

"I wonder if you'd know it," said Paul, "if a man named John Rocco hadn't come to Jenny first with his letters."

"Yes, yes, we'd know it anyway. Jenny was young and good-hearted and impulsive and didn't understand. It was wrong of us to take advantage of her. But," he added unctuously, "it's too late to talk about that. Jenny has suffered but—"

"Suffered!" said Mrs. Carr angrily. She put down her tray of beads and got up. "Harry, let me do a little talking here. I think there are things, Mr. Leighton, that you don't know about Jenny. Granted she got the short end of the deal six years ago, but don't think she hasn't had some fun out of it too. You say this man Rocco had the inquisitiveness—I call it plain maliciousness—to come to Jenny with the letters, thereby putting into her hands the evidence that Rosemary was involved with his friend, not she. Well, don't think Jenny hasn't used it. Do you know that during these past years she's kept our daughter practically in bondage?"

"Actually, that's more or less true," said Mr. Carr as he saw the disbelief in Paul's face. "She hasn't been easy on Rosemary."

"Decidedly not," said Mrs. Carr. "She's spied on Rosemary. She's never given her a moment's peace. If Rosemary so much as smiled at another man, Jenny managed to find it out and call her on it. Do you know what Rosemary has had to listen to all these years?"

"You might tell me," said Paul with irony so gentle that it was almost imperceptible. "Then I will have heard everything."

"The same thing over and over," Mrs. Carr said. "That Bruce was such a fine person; that everything Jenny had done, she had done for him. That she'd sacrificed her own chances of ever having the respect of decent people so that Bruce and Rosemary could have a happy marriage. And you're going to keep him happy, Rosemary, she's kept telling her, as if Rosemary didn't. You're going to be a decent wife to him. As if Rosemary wasn't. I've given up too much to—"

"Florence."

"No," said Mrs. Carr. "He may as well know it all; he may as well realize what—"

"Florence."

But it wasn't her husband's voice that stopped her; it was that Paul wasn't looking at her any longer, that he was looking past her toward the door.

BRUCE HAMILTON stood in the doorway, his coat still on, his hat in his hand. He looked exactly what he was, a well-bred man who had inadvertently walked in on a brutally candid discussion of himself and his wife and would have given years of his life to have withdrawn again without being noticed. But he didn't look surprised or shocked in the expected way, although he must have heard enough of his mother-in-law's harangue. He just stood there awkwardly admitting his presence, smiling a little as if he were trying to put the others at his ease.

"Well, it's true. It's true," said Mrs. Carr, in a hopeless attempt to justify herself, to keep her dignity. Then she cried out, "Oh, damn that girl! We adopted her so that our daughter would have a companion, but she's been nothing but trouble to us, nothing but trouble, trouble, trouble."

And she believes it, thought Paul. She honestly believes it.

Mr. Carr's facial muscles quivered and he was chalky but he succeeded in giving his voice an almost normal pitch and calmness. "Rosemary's upstairs, Bruce. Just go right up. The last room on the left."

Paul reached for his hat without a word and went toward the door. Mr. Carr glanced after him and looked as if he were about to ask him to wait, but couldn't quite get a speech going in the face of the catastrophe that had just occurred. Neither he nor Mrs. Carr said anything to him. If one or the other had asked him what he was going to do, what his plan was, he would have turned around and answered honestly and without particular rancor, "Nothing. It's up to Jenny. You can just go along as if I don't know anything about it and never did." Yes, people do mete out their own punishment. He thought of Rosemary lying in her bedroom scared sick, and of these two people, her parents, who had paid

[Continued on page 140]

how do you want to say Merry Christmas?



...say it your way with Wallace Brown GREETING CARD ASSORTMENTS

High Quality Christmas Cards that Cost So Little When Purchased in Complete and Carefully Planned Assortments

Christmas! . . . when heads are joined . . . when expressions of love and friendship are exchanged! This year say "Merry Christmas" with cards selected from the many Wallace Brown Christmas Assortments. They echo your warmest sentiments . . . they impart your every thought. For 27 years Wallace Brown has been publishing hearty Assortments of exquisite greeting cards for Christmas, birthdays, and other occasions. You'll delight in the dignified, exclusive designs and you'll wonder at the exceptional values. Wallace Brown also publishes fine stationery and original imitations in Personal Christmas Cards with name imprinted . . . in all popular price ranges . . . and imports an exclusive line of English Floral Napkins.

The Wallace Brown representative in your community will gladly visit your home and show you our complete line. You'll enjoy this private, leisurely way of shopping for your Greeting Cards and Stationery.

Extra Money for Your Spare Time

If you are looking for an easy, dignified way to make money in your spare time for yourself or for your organization, mail this coupon for the Wallace Brown money-making opportunity. Thousands of men and women everywhere eagerly welcome cash making orders for Wallace Brown Greeting Cards from their friends, neighbors, co-workers, and club members. No experience or investment necessary. ORGANIZATIONS—Add cash to your treasury taking orders. Mail Coupon for Samples. SEND NO MONEY

WALLACE BROWN, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., Dept. H-12, New York 10, N.Y. I am interested in earning money with Wallace Brown Greeting Cards. Please send me an approval sample box of your 1948 "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment, and send me free samples of your personal, name-imprinted Christmas Cards.

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____

WALLACE BROWN, Inc. 225 Fifth Ave., Dept. H-12 NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

Above you see only a small part of the Wallace Brown line of more than 18 popular, low priced Assortments of Greeting Cards, Gift Wrappings, and Floral Stationery. FREE the nearest representative in America . . . WALLACE BROWN Napkins, matching like they've never seen anywhere.

"Cooking by the Clock"

— so easy with this

Automatic Range



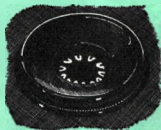
Entirely new and different cookbook. Recipes tested and timed by Jean Mattimore, shown at her new Caloric—America's easiest range to keep clean.

"COOKING BY THE CLOCK"
by Jean and Clarke Mattimore
at all book stores.



"Automatic oven timer gives complete control over cooking results even when you're away."

"Top burners give any degree of heat you want, protect vitamins, minerals, save gas, speed cooking."



"Porcelain broiler is completely removable for easy cleaning, has extra-deep smokeless pan and rack."

All the Features you want—AND MORE

Flavor-Saver Dual Burners ★ Vari-Clean Broiler ★ Observador Oven ★ Hold-Heat Door Seals ★ Balanced-Action Door Spring ★ One-Piece Porcelain Burner Box ★ One-Piece Porcelain Front Frame ★ Porcelain Fluorescent Light ★ Hi-Lo Porcelain Broiler Pan & Rack (Pat. Pend.) ★ All Burners Guaranteed for Life.
Caloric Stove Corporation, Widener Building, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

CP Features available in every model. Specially engineered models for LP-Gas (acetylene) and city mains. Dealers listed under CALORIC in Classified Telephone Directory.



Caloric Automatic Gas Ranges

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

for their position with their peace of mind, and he could feel nothing but a passive depression. People make their own hell, he thought. The Carrs, theirs . . . I, mine. No, he knew the story now, and he was done with it, and he was willing enough to say so if anyone asked him. But nobody asked.

At the thick oak front door Bruce Hamilton overtook him.

"Where are you going now, Paul?" he said quietly.

Paul glanced around with a feeling of lassitude and indifference. "I don't know. No-where. Back to work, I guess."

"But you'll be talking to Jenny?"

Paul gave him another look, careless, apathetic. "Are you joking? Do you think Jenny would ever want to see me? I was the one who made her feel as she did that night."

But Bruce shook his head.

THEY went out into the cold raw morning. Bruce laid his hand on the iron railing. "This is difficult to say," he began. He looked at Paul and then looked down at his hand. "You see, what they were talking about in there—I've known for quite a while what the truth was."

He paused in the stress of trying to say what one set of loyalties constrained him to withhold, what another set of loyalties forced him to tell.

He finally went on, "I put things together, little by little, long ago. I found it easy to believe that my wife might have— Things her parents let slip, things that she herself said and did after we were married. It's hard for anyone to live a lie without a few blunders, a few errors. I suppose you can imagine how hard it is . . . not to mention how unrewarding, how wearing. Anyway I guessed the truth finally—and that night I met Jenny at the Allison and I finally told her that I had known."

"You told her," said Paul, looking at him in sharp surprise.

"Yes," said Bruce. "Like a fool, I thought it might . . . comfort her. I thought she might feel better to know that—that someone realized the great sacrifice she'd made, that someone in the world knew she was innocent." He paused, then went on with difficulty, his face twisted, "She put her hands up to her face for a minute and then took them down, and I knew I'd made a mistake. She saw, I think, what my marriage was and she felt responsible, though God knows I hadn't intended that—and she said, 'Then it's all been for nothing, for worse than nothing. It hasn't done any good for anyone. Only harm . . .'"

Paul listened tensely. "Then that was what . . . but it couldn't have been! All these days she's refused to let me come to her . . ."

"No," said Bruce. "I don't think so, Paul. Listen to all of it. There was more. And I can tell you now without violating her secret, because you know her secret now, you've found out for yourself what she did. She said—these

are her exact words—I haven't forgotten them or confused them, you can believe that. She said, 'So that's all I've done. Ruined your life. Ruined my own. Given up the right to do anything but run when someone nice, who liked me, asked me not to run away from him.'"

Paul's hands closed hard around the miscellaneous articles in his coat pockets. "She said that?"

"Yes. Those are her exact words. Did she mean you, Paul?"

"I don't know," said Paul in a harsh uncertain voice. "I don't know." He stared past Bruce Hamilton at the desolate winter landscape, the patches of snow, the bare-branched trees, and he told himself there was no real reason why he should feel the way he was suddenly feeling, why hope should be pushing up inside him like something growing out of richly nourished soil. How did he know whom she meant, what she meant, whether she meant anything at all?

"I don't know," he repeated in that same harsh uncertain voice.

"Well, why don't you find out?" said the other man gently.

"Yes," said Paul and looked at him, and felt that robust hope pushing out into his face, smiling on his mouth, shining in his eyes. He gripped Bruce Hamilton's arm, hardly realizing that he did so. "Yes," he said and turned and started down the steps. "Why don't I?"

THIS time he met her nurse in the hospital corridor. She was frowning as she walked along and she kept on frowning when she saw him.

"I'm not going to be any trouble," he said hurriedly, before she could speak. "Would you just give Jenny these two letters and tell her—" He paused and then said, "No, I'd better write it." The nurse handed him a little note pad and pencil and waited with mounting irritation.

Dear Jenny,

These letters are some I took away from your sister one night and also read. Dear, dear Jenny, you don't have to run away any more from someone nice, if the someone nice you meant was me. Will you let me come in?

PAUL

"Just give it to her. You see, it's very simple. You don't even need to talk."

Again he was at the end of the hall by the window when she came out a few minutes later.

He heard her footsteps but he didn't turn around, not even when she was close.

"She's crying again," she said.

"Oh no, no," he whispered, his voice out of control.

"But it doesn't matter," she went on, and he looked around, and he saw her face, and even before she spoke he knew it was different this time. Even before she said, "Because this time she wants you to come in." [THE END]

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

CORKA



"Go on back to sleep and don't worry. It's perfectly natural for a baby to go through some nights without crying."

Look! Now Ivory Flakes brings you **2 SPECIALS!**



SPECIAL CARE!

Your fine washables are in for a brighter, longer life once you discover what special care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes can do for them.



Once you see how Ivory Flakes care helps keep your nice things looking bright and fitting right, you'll never again trust your lovelies to strong soaps and rough handling. Remember, *one* wrong washing can fade and shrink them. Gentle care with Ivory Flakes will keep them looking their best far longer.



And that's not all! Not only will Ivory Flakes care help preserve the loveliness of your gay cottons, dainty undies and precious nylons—but Ivory Flakes has another "special" for you! Yes, Ivory Flakes is making a very special offer to win new friends and delight old ones! Read the good news!

SPECIAL OFFER!

\$1.50 Stainless Steel Carving Set
FOR ONLY **50¢** AND ONE IVORY FLAKES BOX-TOP!

"WHAT A BARGAIN!
YOU SAVE \$1.00!"



"BIG 8-INCH BLADE
IS HOLLOW GROUND
TO STAY SHARP!"

"STAINLESS STEEL -
WON'T RUST OR STAIN!"

Talk about bargains! This colorful carving set has "sure-grip" plastic handles molded on so they won't come loose or come off! Both knife and fork are of stainless steel—won't rust, stain or tarnish! The big 8" blade has a safety edge near the grip to help you carve in comfort. And this

wonderful "Quikut" carving set is yours for only 50¢ and one Ivory Flakes box-top!

But hurry! This offer is for a short time only. So fill in that order blank now! Send it with 50¢ and one Ivory Flakes box-top and get your carving set at this amazing bargain price!

Mail this order blank **TODAY!**

IVORY FLAKES, Dept. K, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio

Please send me.....Quikut Carving Sets. I enclose 50¢ in coin and 1 Ivory-Flakes box-top (any size) for each set ordered.

NAME _____

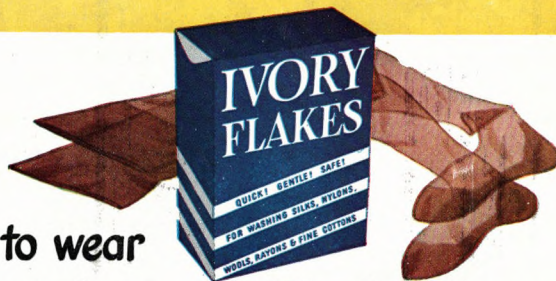
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

This offer expires September 30, 1948. Be sure to place sufficient postage on your letter. Please allow 14 to 18 days for your order to reach you. Offer good in continental United States and Hawaii. Void in Montana.

If it's
lovely to wear

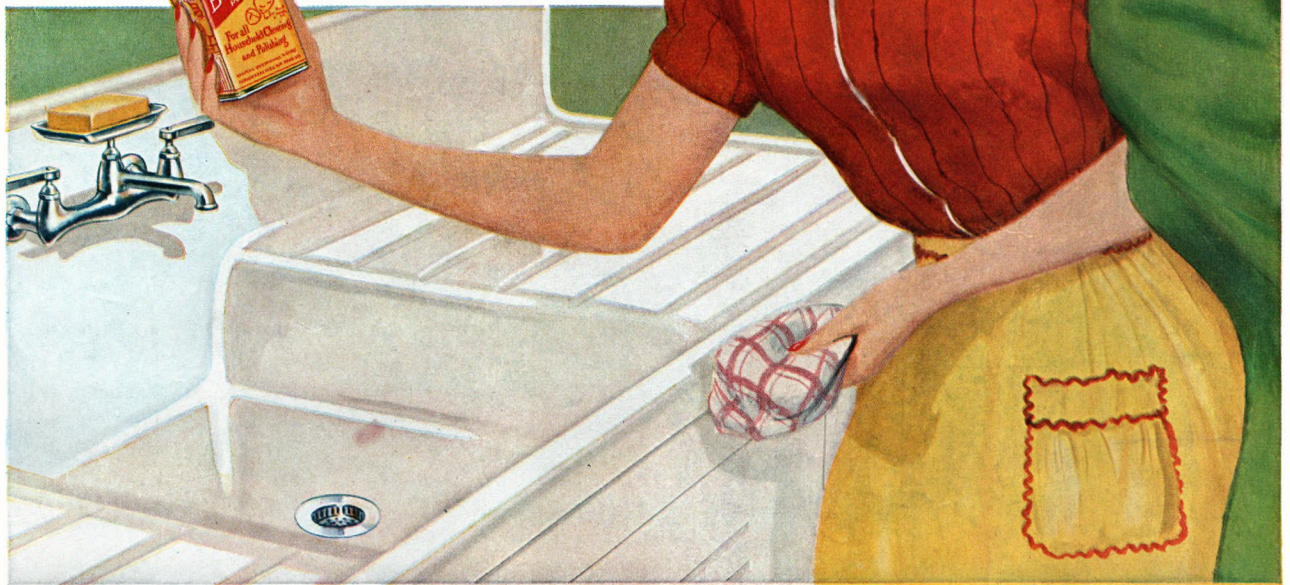
it's worth **Ivory Flakes care**



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

I'VE FOUND THE
SAFE, EASY WAY
 TO CLEAN SINKS **FAST**

Bon Ami cleans without grit. No dirt-catching scratches. No hard scrubbing. No red, rough hands.



SO SPEEDY
POLISHES AS IT CLEANS

Want your kitchen sinks and bathtubs to be really bright? Really clean? Then try Bon Ami—the cleanser that's not only fast but safe. Bon Ami is so fine, so white! Contains no grit or harsh caustics. Yet it lifts off grease and grime instantly. Leaves no dulling scratches to hold onto dirt and make your cleaning harder. And Bon Ami does two jobs at the same time, because it gives a bright, lustrous polish as it cleans. Sinks and bathtubs shine like new—without extra work.

Remember, it's quicker—easier—to clean a surface that's free from dirt-catching scratches. And the sparkle lasts longer. That's why housewives who have compared results choose Bon Ami over all other cleansers. It keeps surfaces easy to clean.

**FOR SPARKLING WINDOWS
 USE BON AMI CAKE**

Cleans windows and mirrors cleaner. No oily film. No streaks. Polishes as it cleans—and cleans 10 windows for only a penny.



Bon Ami  *"hasn't scratched yet!"*