

WOMAN'S WORLD



MIRIAM
STORY
HURFORD

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10 CENTS A COPY

"THE NEW DRESS" by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

Easily-made Gift Novelties in Needlework—New Fashions—Articles

And a Page of CANDIES AND COOKIES for CHRISTMAS

STORY LORE

Dolls

For "you know who"—provided
of course, that she's good

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
The story leaves rustle, and drawing near
The voices of friends like Gay Gingerbread Man
Who says "Run, run, run and catch me if you can!"

A Gay Gingham Dog

Here's proof that the Gingham Dog of poetic Field fame was Scotch; just look at this plaid descendant of his. And there will be hundreds like him this Christmas all standing firmly around, each with a hi'land bonnet cocked over his weather eye! He's 12 inches long, 9 inches tall with button eyes and everything, except the stuffing, ready-cut in packet No. 128.



Look here, my children, and you shall see
Hansel & Gretel as Dutch as can be;
Little Black Sambo in red coat so bold
Pants, shoes, umbrella in colors as told

Gingham Dog
No. 128

Black Sambo
No. 184

Golliwog
No. 185

We've seen miniature Golliwogs atop perfume bottles and real live Golliwogs dancing in a smart review, and someday their startling inquisitive pertness is always irresistible! Our clever edition will be jolly amidst the pillows on a bed or sofa. He's 20 inches tall with bright blue, red, black and white, in proper solids, stripes and polka dots and his hair raising wig—ah, that's a secret, but it is all in the packet No. 185, all materials except stuffing.

Never was there a Story Lore girl with

more imagination than Alice, and so the lucky child who owns this Alice doll may step right into a wonderland of fun! She stands 16 inches high with glossy brown hair pompadoured back, authentically cut apron and black felt slippers. Packet No. 922X contains the stamped cloth dolly, 3 colors of embroidery thread, hair ribbon and yarn for her hair, felt shoes, organdie sleeves, collar and apron and dainty print dress. Lace and braid may be added if you choose, but they are not in the assortment.

They come cut and stamped, with all materials, ready to stuff and sew together



Gretel
No. 478G



Hansel
No. 478H



Gingerbread
Boy No. 183

Order, my children, and sew as directed
And there will evolve just as you have
expected—



Rooster
No. 133

A Golliwog, say—with such talent for
knowledge
Big sister will carry him right back to
college!

The Black Sambo packet contains ever so many bits of material, enough for a brown boy with a black wool pigtail wig, red coat, blue trousers, purple shoes with crimson soles and the green umbrella of felt. He finishes 11 inches tall. All material except stuffing included in packet No. 184.

This chesty, cock-sure little rooster is either the crooner who joined the Brementown Musicians or the crower who refused to work for little Red Hen! Anyway he's just the thing for dad's sock on Christmas morning. His tail is three brilliant layers

of felt feathers with spots and top knot to match. He wears a w'scoat instead of wings, stands firmly 11 inches tall; all materials except kapok stuffing in packet No. 133.

Hansel and Gretel have the funniest round faces with sewed on ears and noses. Their wooden shoes are felt, but the rest of their clothes may be made of any bright materials from your scrap bag. Stamped muslin dolls, wig yarn, and embroidery threads are in the packets with cutting patterns and directions for their garments. They finish 12 inches tall. Han-

sel is No. 478H and Gretel No. 478G.

How a sleepy tot will adore this cuddly, chubby gingerbread boy all made of lustrous ginger tan broadcloth. His raisin eyes and currant buttons are blue and purple, his mouth is orange peel color while the nose which was a blob of dough is a stuffed applique. Sugar white ricrac looks like it might have been squeezed from a pastry tube for his cap and jacket trim. He's 10 inches tall with stamped broadcloth, ricrac and four colors of embroidery thread included in packet No. 183

Alice in Wonderland No. 922X



Photo by
H. Armstrong
Roberts

A CHRISTMAS
Editorial

By AGNES
SLIGH TURNBULL

EVERY Christmas season, like old Scrooge himself, I am visited by a ghost. But in contrast to his, mine is a very lively, very excited and happy person. It is, in fact, the little-girl-I-used-to-be. And along with her come the most nostalgic memories of Christmas as I used to know it in the small town of my childhood.

There were the snowy streets with the sweet metallic jingle of the sleigh bells ringing through them! There was the general store with its brave array of toys in the front window along with the tin pans and the felt boots! There was the old brick church lighted on Christmas Eve for the Sunday School entertainment! Oh, the bright cashmere dresses and the new hair ribbons ready for that great occasion! Oh, the recitations to be said and the songs to be sung! And oh, strangest of all, the tender hush that fell upon the audience when the old Sunday School superintendent stood forth to read:

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night."

And at last, when the program was ended—can I ever forget the thrill of it?—came the *treat*! Assorted candies in little paper boxes with just so many chocolate drops in each one (carefully counted, I assure you, by the Committee that packed them!) Then when all the children were quieted, the burst of voices came again in "Joy to the World," and the great public celebration was over.

Homely Toys and Simple Joys

But at home the open fire was blazing, and the simple surprises were all ready to be put into the pendant stockings. Did you ever, I wonder, with childish pains, make a shaving-ball for your father? Or a velvet pen-wiper for your mother? And did

you ever on Christmas morning clasp to your breast in rapture some toy that can now be bought anywhere for a dime?

The truth is, of course, that the world has moved immeasurably far away from the kind of Christmas many of us knew in our childhood. There are now no more merry sleigh-bells on the air; there are fewer blazing hearth-stones in the land; there are no more waxen tapers on the tree. We have been borne resistlessly along in to a highly mechanistic age in which marvel jostles marvel, and even our very pleasures have become standardized miracles. The every-day toys of the average child are now so numerous and so wonderful that to find a new and unusual one for Christmas taxes the ingenuity and the purse of the parent.

Luxuries have become almost casually prevalent; ways of living have grown complex; there would seem to be little time or occasion left in these days for a festival of wonder.

But most serious of all, there come now to our ears the disquieting echoes from a troubled and turbulent world. Where is the peace on earth that seemed so imminent on the first Christmas Eve? Are we growing steadily farther from its fulfillment?

Is the Spirit of Christmas Outmoded?

These are disturbing questions, which, when joined to the hurried and restless quality of our lives make it seem as though the spirit of the Christmas season is for us a thing outmoded and outgrown.

And yet, let us think again. Our world has changed stupendously, it is true. But have we? Are we women with our steam-heated houses, our telephones, radios, electric sweepers, and automobiles, very different fundamentally from our mothers

and grandmothers? Is it not true that in this very year of grace 1936, as we make the fruit cake and fill the turkey, we will be thinking the same thoughts that have occupied women's minds on like occasions for generations?

"Is there too much flour in the cake?"

"Is it Uncle Bill who *doesn't* like sage in the dressing?"

"Will the cranberry jelly *jell*?"

And when we go to buy our gifts, even though we may shop in a luxurious emporium instead of between the cracker barrels in the old general store of a generation ago, our deepest desire will still be the same as that which dwelt in our mother's breast: the desire that the eager, expectant eyes of a little child shall be made to shine with pleasure on Christmas morning.

So, in thinking of this coming holiday season, I hope we can all cling hard to the tenderness and the simplicity that lies at the heart of Christmas. Let us fasten the holly to the door and set a lighted candle in the window to guide the little Christ Child on his way. Let us take time on Christmas Eve to steal out for a moment under the stars to listen—even in this our day—for the song of the angels!

And although there be dark mutterings of storms upon the world's horizon, this too, is true. Wherever a good man and a good woman build a home upon love and draw into their own circle of light others who are less fortunate, there indeed, is peace on earth.

So now, my friends,

"Thy own wish wish I thee in every place;

The Christmas joy, the song, the feast, the cheer;

Thine be the light of love in every face

That looks on thee to bless thy coming year!"



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the *New* dress

By KATHARINE
HAVILAND TAYLOR

VERY young and engaged, Celie and Jim had never dreamed that they could be sharp with one another. It seemed simple; they wouldn't be like other people, that was all!

"But, dearest, how could we be?" he'd asked with an earnestness that made his voice shift and told of the fact that it had changed only a few years before.

"It is different with us," Celie agreed in hush. They'd both been utterly certain it was different. Why, they could see, it was plain, that their mothers and fathers and "other old people" hadn't felt what they did. "They don't know—!"

They sat in the moonlight thinking of how different life and love would be for them. Sometimes their young eyes misted because—oh, it was so wonderful! He said, tone made harsh by hope, "I—I pray I'll never fail you in any way!"

It was so strange—for that was just the way she felt about him! She said so. And then—shaking her young head she gasped an "Oh!" that was constricted by the emotion that rose in her to fill her. For you simply couldn't say all you felt! Words—words were inadequate! But they had a life ahead of them in which they would say everything!

They sat, hands clasped tightly, looking ahead with hope and reverence and humbled gratitude and—youth's own certainty that is made of iron.

"Last night," she said gently, after a soft, long sigh, "mother said father must have a new overcoat next winter and he was quite sharp, saying she needed a coat, and that—that's their love making!"

They laughed gently but with condescension. "Well, every one can't feel this!" he said. He kissed her hand lingeringly, he pressed it to his hot cheek. "Oh, *Celie!*" he whispered, adolescent hunger hallowed by being mixed with prayer.

SIMPLY thinking one another's names then meant admission to that misty, new, warm world in which one floated, a world in which every commonplace was changed. She had hurried to put away the laundry before her mother could get to it, "And always before, she had to ask me, Jim, and things like that!"

And he understood, it was that way with him; "I guess, come down to it, when people care like we do it kind of changes you," he mused aloud.

"That's just it!" she agreed eagerly. They never lacked subjects for talk; they never would, she knew. She'd never have to say, sharpness but half hidden with false sad-sounding patience, "Dear, are you listening?" Her poor mother! She must be very good

to her mother to make up to her for all she'd missed. Young emotions are thin and they spread; she wanted to be good to everyone; to be "worthy" of him! To be—oh! to be just wonderful because of him!

"JIM!" said Celie with a hint of whine, but three years later; she had changed; two babies in three years do change a woman, with the slowly crystallizing realization that life isn't as you had thought it would be.

He was reading the morning paper and she had to speak again; "Jim!"

"Um—"

"Jim, will you please listen for just a moment?" An edge to her voice and resentment in his as he answered, "Well, go to it! I'm listening!"

But he hadn't been! And he was looking at her not with ecstasy, but with fear; he knew what was coming and she had to ask it and he made it so hard!

"Jim, I have to have five dollars!" she said apologetically and then she stiffened, angered at herself, for she wasn't asking for it for herself.

He looked worried as he opened his lean bill fold; in a minute, she knew it! he'd say, "Well, try to make it last!" And some morning when he said that she would scream peacock laughter and then there would be another Johnstown Flood . . . For he always said it, and she did try so to keep down expenses!

Breakfast was invariably hurried and raucous; the babies associated eating with noise; spoons banged on trays; crusts went to the floor if you didn't watch and there was so much to watch, with two of them! This morning she held Celie Second. She was teething and it made her cry so. She would draw up like an accordion and straightening she would let out a scream . . . And the people in the apartment below didn't like babies anyway; they'd never had any. It made it hard.

Jim said, wearily, "Try to make it last, will you, Celie?" as he laid the bill on the table. He was changed too; a strain too old for his years was in his eyes and his shabby wear framed this to bring it out. He'd been saving the five because he knew—a harsh swallow—he'd have to have a new suit pretty soon. You have to look fairly well when you go out selling. And the office manager had looked him over the week before in a way that was a sign-post.

He saw her face harden; she said hotly, jerkily, "Don't I always? From the way you talk, you'd think I—"

"Oh, for gosh sake, Celie," he appealed, rising. In a second now tear for the car!

Anger swelled in her; begging her to lay off when he'd started it! "Well, you always act as if I—" she



THERE WAS A DRESS IN ONE WINDOW

began, to break off with a sharp, "No, Junior!" But the silver spoon with the short, looped handle clattered to the floor.

"Maybe if you didn't give it back to him he wouldn't throw it around so," said Jim as he surveyed his son coldly; men didn't care for their children as women did, she'd learned.

"I've tried everything, do you think I'm—a fool?" "Well, in my opinion, you say too many noes. In those books we read before he came," he nodded toward his son, "it said not to say no."

She answered, shaking—up with the baby three

A STORY THAT REACHES TO THE HEART OF HOME LIFE AND



Illustration by MARTHE MOORE

Now, so much of the time she was afraid that some one else would have him. Marriage wasn't the end of doubt; it was the beginning of it. Love wasn't certainty; it was fear . . . Her hair that had been so lovely now needed petting. It was unmanageable . . . She thought a lot about her hair; he had spoken, casually, about the pretty hair of one of the office girls . . . She had transferred to those careless words, weight from the dragging hours when she was alone, when she thought—thought—thought.

The baby squirmed in her tired arms; she jiggled her a little . . . If she could, somehow, get a new, becoming dress and have—her hair waved . . . he might see her again! Her hair would be pretty if she had time to fuss with it. If some night they could get some one to stay with the babies and they could—go out.

"No, Junior!"

THE change was so gradual; you hardly noticed it until it was made. She'd contributed to it, too, she knew. Some days dead to him, she felt nothing even akin to love. Yet all days she knew that fear of losing him; it was her dominating thought. Those office girls; they spent so much on clothes. They could. And men didn't reason; they just saw and enjoyed and—life wasn't fair.

"But I have the children!" They made everything worth while even on the bad days. Her arm tightened around the baby . . . He seemed to blame her when they cried; she felt she had to stand between him and his children . . . A thousand times, she knew, she'd said "But Jim, Junior's only a baby, he's only two—"

But he went on talking of his need for quiet and of how he must be fresh for work in the office. Life was hard! Was he at this very minute admiring that girl's hair? Sharp, short breath . . . She must get to work, she realized, there was a lot to do; there always was.

Now Junior, fed, was throwing crusts to the floor; man child . . . But—she'd changed too. Oh, everything was too mixed to think through. "I'll have to get started!" she thought, sitting sagged in her chair . . . Letting the babies play for a while; bathing them; they were growing heavy and her back ached so much of the time. Then naps and turning to what she called, "The work" and doing that with one ear toward the nursery and with the soft pedal on . . . for if they get to sleep you want them to stay so!

"I'll have to get started," she thought again.

She carried the baby to the crib and after that she put Junior into his floor pen. Jim had mentioned that girl with the lovely hair but (Continued on page 17)

THAT WAS JUST EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE OF WHICH SHE'D BEEN DREAMING

hours in the night and—dead! "If you stayed at home and took care of them—just—one—day, Jim!"

HIS face stiffened. She was always complaining. And gosh, at the office, he had worries of his own; people didn't want new roofs and it was sell, or out! He felt grieved slipping into his shabby overcoat and too tired for the start of day . . . Little Celie had howled so in the night . . . He said, with the appeal men make, "Well, good-bye" and hoped she'd soften, for—it made a difference, but her response was made in a small, tight voice that he knew, surrounded, her female grief.

He hesitated, but he couldn't be late . . . They were still laying men off now and again and—you never knew. And he had to have work . . . "They wouldn't lay off a man with a wife and two children," he thought faithfully, looking more haggard all the time.

Celie wiped her eyes on the skirt of the baby's night-dress. Then, by holding her tightly, she managed to get a sip of coffee . . . Jim, going off like that and she did try so hard to make the money reach! She remembered his saying, "We won't have much," and her response, a valiant song of certainty: "Won't have much? Why, we'll have each other!"

REVEALS THE SACRIFICES THAT ARE THE GLORY OF LOVE

by Ruth Moore Morris

*The story of a woman who
thought she was a failure*

OLD Elizabeth Mallory was cleaning out her desk. The top-heavy walnut secretary had come across the plains into the Southwest by wagon train, and it had served the Mallory family ever since. In the locked glass case were yellowed, calf-bound account books.

The market price of maize, when Texas was fighting to be a Republic, and one Mallory had gone to his death at the Battle of San Jacinto. The price of grapes for the wine presses when Texas had become the Lone Star State, and another Mallory was circuit judge meting out justice to rustlers, and gentlemen of the gambling profession who used guns too freely.

But the records Elizabeth was sorting did not deal with grapes or Indian corn, with the price of cotton seed or the early cutting of alfalfa. They were marks of passing and failure for more than twenty-five years—twenty-five years that Elizabeth had been teaching high school English. Freshman English. Sophomore. Junior. Senior. Today it seemed to old Elizabeth that they were all marks of failure. Her failure.

Well, the best thing to do was to burn them. Get them out of the way. After today she wouldn't need them. After what the President of the School Board had said. What he was going to say tonight—publicly. "We are unanimous in recognizing your services to our public schools, Miss Mallory, but in view of curtailing expenses, and, ahem—" he had coughed gently at this point—"and of your age, it seems best to me, and the Board concurs with my opinion—"

Her age! Elizabeth sniffed in a fashion calculated to crack the eastern-acquired veneer of manner, which the School Board's new President used for protective coloration against the more hearty and direct manners of the West. How old did he think she was, anyway? Didn't he know that she'd started teaching school when she was eighteen, and gone to summer normal every summer for the four following years to get her first grade certificate?

THAT was another trouble. He wanted no one but college graduates on the faculty—college graduates with advanced ideas. Elizabeth sniffed again. Maybe he didn't know it, but unless the Mallorys met violent death, they kept right on advancing until they were eighty, and made a good job of it, too!

Of course he didn't know that. He couldn't be expected to. He didn't know the Mallorys, and he didn't know this part of the country. He'd come out here with cash in the bank—when the rest of them were trying to struggle along on credit—and bought up property, a great deal of property, at prices the first settlers would have been glad to pay the Indians. Then he'd begun by interfering in civic affairs, and ended by getting himself elected President of the School Board. The rest of the Board followed him—and his ready-



CANDLE

made opinions—like a lot of sheep, who couldn't see a fence when they came to it.

Elizabeth reached across the wide sill, and flung open the window beside her abruptly. Timoteo was probably working in the garden, and he could carry these composition books away. Then they'd be out of the house—out of her thoughts. But the garden was empty. A sharp December breeze rattled the leaves of the cotton woods until they sounded like examination papers before the closing bell. It whipped past the rose bushes still in their swaddling clothes of sackcloth. But one or two of them were already beginning to show small, courageous buds.

Those roses were famous. Timoteo had them blooming every year before the season for any rose in the upper Rio Grande Valley. Yellow roses, whose fragrance old Elizabeth was convinced, was like the spicy fragrance of the myrrh and the frankincense the Wise Men had brought across the desert that other December—nineteen centuries, and thirty-six years ago.

Velas de vida, Timoteo called them. Candles of life. Candles that he brought to life! In another week, their pale yellow flames would begin to light the garden. But Timoteo wouldn't be here to tend those flames. On a pension of fifty dollars a month, she couldn't afford

to keep him on—no matter how long or how faithfully he had served her.

ELIZABETH didn't want to think about that. No use being sentimental at her age. Age? Maybe she was getting old! Maybe she was like a worn-out fire horse, who still tried to limp out of his stall when the gong clanged. Maybe she ought to be pensioned—retired—She banged the window shut. But not before a paper, from her desk, had fluttered to the floor.

"Aunt Elizabeth, what's this?"

Julie was at the door. Julie was old Elizabeth's niece. She swooped down on the folded paper. Julie had a way of swooping, like a graceful winged bird. A red-winged black bird. That was what she was like today in her scarlet wool frock. Her black hair shining and brushed into crisp black curls at her neck.

"It looks like a police court report: *Any news of the missing Henrietta Fredericks will be appreciated!* Who is the mysterious, missing Henrietta Fredericks?"

"She isn't mysterious. And that's no police court report. It's a twentieth reunion bulletin of the class of 1916. Too many detective stories, that's your trouble! Twenty years ago I tried to teach Henrietta English—and couldn't. That's all."



"SHE IS A REMARKABLE WOMAN, MY SECRETARY," THE YOUNG MAN WENT ON. "BUT I UNDERSTAND THERE IS A MORE REMARKABLE WOMAN HERE TONIGHT."

Illustrated by MAY C. BURKE

couldn't go to college? And shoved them through their entrance exams if they did go? Isn't this house full of rose jars, and marmalade jars, and knitted afghans from grateful parents? All they haven't sent you is one of those samplers that says, 'God Bless Our Lizzie Mallory'—! Why, darling—darling, what's the matter? You've been crying!"

Elizabeth smoothed down her frizzled, coffee-colored bangs, and denied that in her best English class manner. The window had been open, and some dust had blown in her eyes. That was all there was to it.

But she hadn't convinced Julie. "That's what you say! But you're holding out on me. Ever since that oily hippopotamus came out from the school board, there's been something on your mind. Tell me about it, Aunt Elizabeth!"

ELIZABETH had no intention of telling her. Time enough after Christmas. She had no intention of spoiling the first holidays Julie had ever spent here with her own humiliation.

She clung to her schoolroom manner as being safest, "I scarcely think he would appreciate being described as an oily hippopotamus. Think of his dignity."

"Forget his dignity. It's all put on, anyway! I want to know why he left his arm chair to come all the way down here?"

Elizabeth was cornered. She decided on part of the truth, because there wasn't any use trying to put anything over on Julie—as Julie would have phrased it. Julie was wise beyond her years. "He came to see about the house. He said if we ever wanted to sell, he'd take it off our hands at a good price."

"I hope you put him in his place! Doesn't he know the Mallorys have always lived here, and that they're going to keep on living here? Doesn't he know this is home!"

Home! That was what the first Mallory, that wild Irish lad, had thought when he saw the lazy brown Rio Grande between its emerald green banks. He had thought of the blue mountain peaks, fluted like cathedral organs, as a fortress to protect his home. He had built a low-lying adobe house, thick-walled against Indian arrows. There he had stayed, and after him his descendants until the sixth generation, turning the alluvial soil of the River bottoms—where once only cattails and willows had grown—into vineyards and fields of alfalfa and cotton. It wouldn't be easy to leave all that—to turn it over to a stranger.

"You wouldn't think of selling, would you, Aunt Elizabeth? It would be like taking your heart out and selling it! There—I'm going dramatic on you again—it's that wretched bulletin! But I've never been so glad to be any place in my life."

There was an awkward knock, which Timoteo did not wait to have answered. Timoteo considered that once he had knocked, his passport of entry had been signed, sealed and accomplished. Timoteo had been inherited along with the house. Not even Elizabeth, or for that matter the aged Mexican, himself, had any idea of the number of his years.

He had made bird whistles for Elizabeth and Julie's father when they were chil- (Continued on page 11)

OF LIFE



Julie laughed. She laughed as easily and as contagiously as her reckless—and, Elizabeth was afraid, feckless—father used to laugh when he was her age. Julie's father had inherited the wandering spirit of the first Mallory, the young Irish adventurer, who had come overland from the Gulf of Mexico with one of the early Spanish expeditions. Just now, Julie's father was in Tibet on one of his wild goose chases. So Julie was here—for her first Christmas at home. The rest of her twenty Christmases had been spent, Heaven knew where. Sometimes Julie talked gaily enough about the adventures she and her father had shared. A Christmas in China. One in Boston, where they had stood in the snow and listened to the carols on Beacon Hill. A jolly old-fashioned Christmas in the English countryside. But there were other Christmases she failed to mention—out of loyalty to her father, Elizabeth was sure. Wandering around the world like a couple of gypsies without a crust between them, half the time. Well, Julie was here at last. And old Elizabeth had meant to keep her here. But now—

Julie handed the bulletin to her aunt, "How long has the missing Henrietta been missing, darling?"

"Probably," Elizabeth told her, "since she got her diploma. None of them bothered to think of her from

that day to this. She wasn't the kind you thought about. If I'd given her a little more thought, I might have taught her something. And now," Elizabeth added harshly, "she is the missing Henrietta Fredericks!"

"You're an absurd aunt! You sound positively bitter about it. A minute ago you were telling me that she wasn't actually missing that was only their sense of humor in the bulletin. And now you sound as if it were a tragedy!"

"It is," Elizabeth said. "I could have given her a chance. That was what I was there for. That was what the school board was paying me for. I failed, Julie. I've probably failed a good part of my life, and I've been too blind to see it!"

JULIE threw her arms around her, "You know, you are an idiot! Doesn't everybody say you've been the mainstay and backbone of these darned old public schools? Haven't you mothered and fathered the children—and brought them out here and made them read? Haven't you taught them history as well as English? And given them some idea of what it was all about? Life, I mean,—if you want me to go dramatic!"

"Haven't you seen to it that they got jobs if they



"DO NOT WEEP FOR ME," HE SAID. "WHY SHOULD YOU WEEP?"

ARDETH stood by the wide window, gazing out upon the valley—by the window where, only a few nights ago, there had come to her something beautiful beyond naming. A witching, it must have been, she thought now; a madness induced by dreaming—for she had dreamed shy young dreams about him she knew as John Pembroke. Still on her lips seemed to linger his caress and the memory of him was strong in her heart. Had power been given her to call him back, as she watched his slow passage along the winding road, she might have recalled him. All her life had been marked by wild and hasty fits of temper and the rash acts that temper induced. But her thoughts had not been pleasant as she walked towards the orchard—and then to see Jane Marchbanks' head resting upon his shoulder, her hands upon his arm—

Jane's swift footfall behind her—She turned angrily; she had been waiting for Jane. She stared searchingly, accusingly at her cousin, and as accusingly, as hotly, the dark girl looked at her.

"You have sent him away!" said Jane bitterly, reproach in every syllable, in the quick gesture of her hands. "Ardeth, why did you do a thing so cruel and uncalled for? I can guess what you thought. Perhaps did I love a man—"

"I do not love him!"

"Had you not loved him, you would never have condemned him unheard; even had there been anything for which to condemn him. But I tell you he means nothing to me. He was a friend, I admired him—no more than that."

"Say you so? And can I believe? Had this been yesterday, had it been even this morn-

At the SIGN of the Falcon

Concluding a novel of
seventeenth century romance by

Louis Arthur Cunningham

ing I might have thought little of seeing you thus with him. But what kind of a woman are you, Jane Marchbanks?"

Stark, unbelieving astonishment caused Jane's frail body to stiffen, seemed to make it rigid as if it had become stone. And in her eyes was a look of hurt, mortal, piteous. It was long before she could speak—a long, terribly silent moment and in that moment all the harshness, the doubt, the accusation went from Ardeth, as if they had been chaff and a purging flame had swept them. She ran to her cousin, gathered Jane into her arms and pressed her cheek against Jane's that was cold.

FORGIVE me, Jane! Sweet, kind, loving you have ever been to me. I am sorry I did say that hideous thing. What matters it to me if—you do not hate me for it, Jane—say you do not hate me! But I saw the letter that you left lying on my desk. 'Twas open. Before I thought that it was yours I had seen—"

Jane Marchbanks nodded understanding. Ardeth felt the forgiving pressure of her fingers.

"It was careless of me to leave it lying there. No doubt to one who did not know the truth—it would look as if the child that Nurse Darnley spoke so tenderly about was mine own. You did think that, Ardeth? And for that you hated to see me near him. Aye, I cried when I read about the little one and because of that letter and all the memories it awakened I could not stay in this room last night. I had to go and lay my face against the pillow and cry and cry."

"Jane! Oh—tell me! What is it that pains you so? I have been most cruel to you. But who then is—"

"Moyra—it was Moyra's little boy of whom our nurse wrote. You know she died before you came to England—"

"Your sister! But Jane, she was so young—"

"Aye, she was young and she believed and—oh, sometimes I hate to be a woman, Ardeth. I hate it—because of what some men are."

"But this man! Surely—you knew."

Jane looked with intentness at Ardeth, with a scrutiny so close and wild that it was unnerving. Ardeth started to question its reason, but Jane stayed her.

"Wait. Tell me, do you love this youth you sent from your side? Tell me in all honesty, for much more than you can realize depends upon your answer. Do not speak hastily, but tell me from your heart—do you love him, Ardeth?"

"I love him, only him. From the moment I met him something in me went—went into his keeping and I can never (Continued on page 26)

Bet you never
heard of this before—
Chocolate Almond Cake

But remember... you
can't get cake like this
with ordinary flour!



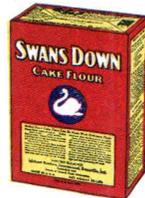
IF you want to be first in your crowd to serve the cake that's going to be the hit of this holiday season and the fad of months to come...

Just try this Chocolate Almond Cake. It's a new flavor-thrill in cakes! It's extra-large, too—enough to serve a whole party.

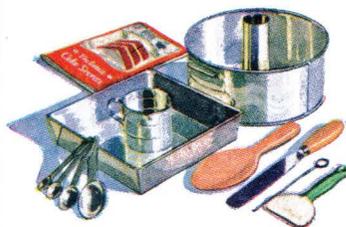
BUT REMEMBER—it's a *Swans Down* Cake. *Swans Down* Cake Flour—and only *Swans Down*—can give you as lovely a cake as the one that posed for this page. You'll never get that velvety tenderness—that wonderfully rich deliciousness—if you use *ordinary* flour instead.

Why? Because ordinary flours contain a tough, elastic gluten—excellent for bread-making—but too resistant for delicate cake mixtures.

But the gluten in *Swans Down* Cake Flour is super-delicate. So unusually tender it responds perfectly to "quick" cake leavens. *And Swans Down* is 27 times finer than ordinary flour!



SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR



Looking for gifts? Get this bargain!

New Improved Swans Down Cake Set—a wonderful aid to easier, better baking! Set consists of standard measuring spoons (aluminum); cherry wood mixing paddle; heavy square cake pan (tin); patent angel food pan (tin); wire cake tester; standard measuring cup (aluminum); batter scraper; steel spatula; copy of "Latest Cake Secrets"; sample of *Swans Down* Cake Flour. See bargain price below!

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Enclosed is 10¢ (stamps or coin), for a copy of "Latest Cake Secrets."

Please send me one complete *Swans Down* Cake Set, as described above, for which I enclose \$1.00 (\$1.25, Denver and West; \$1.50 in Canada, including postage and duty; \$2.00 elsewhere, including U. S. Possessions).

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(Fill in completely—print name and address.) If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. (This offer expires July 1, 1937.)



Photo Courtesy R. H. Macy & Co.

A GLASS CRYSTAL LAMP WITH SILK SHADE MAKES THIS CORNER OF THE LIVINGROOM INTERESTING

A LITTLE

Light

On the Subject of Lamps and Shades to Harmonize with Them

By KATHARINE MORRISON KAHLE

A LIGHTED lamp is likely to be the greatest center of interest in any room. For this reason lamps more than any other decorative accessory repay handsomely for the thought and money spent in their selection. Sufficient time should be allowed to try the lamp in the room, for a lamp should not only be beautiful in itself, but it should also fit into the decorative scheme of the room in which it is placed.

There are many things to take into consideration in choosing the type and color of a lamp. First of all, there is the character of the room, for while one does not have to keep strictly to a period, a certain consistency or degree of elegance should be maintained. Thus one would not want to see a delicate Dresden figure as a lamp base in a room of masculine modern furniture. However, unless a room is strictly period decoration the lamps may be anything that is generally attractive and harmonious. The size of the lamp is an important factor. To determine this one must know the size of the table on which the lamp is to stand. The table on which the lamp stands will not only dictate the height of the lamp but also its general contour.

LAMPS are placed in a room for light and also for their decorative qualities. For this latter reason the background is a determining factor. What is the setting or particular situation in the room? What colors should the lamp be? Should it be plain or figured and should it be dark or light in tone? How many lamps are necessary for the proper lighting of the room and how many are desirable in the decorative scheme of the room?

A lamp naturally forms a center of interest being placed in a furniture grouping with a table and a chair or two, at the ends of a sofa, or near a desk. Most rooms will accommodate one or two large lamps and several small ones. One large lamp on a table and a pair of smaller lamps that can be placed at sofa ends or on twin tables on either side of a fireplace is a satisfactory lighting arrangement for a medium sized living room.

Lamps in the same room do not need to be identical in the materials of their bases or shades, but too great a dissimilarity is to be avoided as is too much difference in the sizes of the lamps. Decorative consistency which is determined by texture, pattern and proportions should always be followed.

Whether you choose a bowl or pedestal base for your lamp depends partly upon your own desires and partly

upon the space on your table. Of course, for a small table a pedestal or a tall slender base is most satisfactory, but the bowl lamp is less formal and is also more decorative.

Vases for lamps may be had in a variety of shapes and sizes. Their contours range from the curves that match a Queen Anne leg to the square sides of modern

pottery. Undoubtedly some of the most attractive porcelain and pottery bases are the Oriental. Fine old Chinese porcelain and pottery may be used when the purse allows, but there are also modern reproductions that are excellent in shape and coloring. There are patterned bases with birds and flowers or figures and many colors but I think the most desirable are those of one color with smooth or self-toned patterned surface. There are the black glossy potteries that reflect the colors of the room, soft oyster whites which fit into any color scheme, and a variety of tans, grays and soft gray greens, as well as a beautiful oxblood red and the many blues. Fine reproductions are also made in the famous green and orange brown of old Chinese pottery, and of pottery mottled in the baking. All these oriental reproductions are quite inexpensive. A little higher in price are the Rookwood potteries and the pottery of American and European craftsmen. For more expensive bases there are old and modern cloisene vases, bronze vases and Chinese figures in jadeite, crystal and other semi-precious stones. Dresden or Chelsea



THIS MODERN LAMP BASE OF CORK WITH SIMPLE SHADE HARMONIZES WITH MODERN SETTING

figures make dainty lamps for bedrooms or for French styles of decoration. There are also lovely cream white lamp bases made of Lennox china. And for simpler rooms jars of copper and brass and American glass may serve as lamp bases.

The best pedestal lamps follow the styles of the various historic periods of (Continued on page 11)

Candle of Life

(Continued from page 7)

dren. He had worked in the rose garden then, just as he did now. He had helped with the *posadas*, the ancient Spanish Christmas pageant of the Journey to the Inns. Every year he had brought out the small figures of Joseph and Mary and the babe in the manger, that had been carved nearly a century ago for the first Christmas celebration in the chapel, of what had then been the great Mallory hacienda.

"Look, Señoritas. I have brought the *piñata*. This time it is not a small one." He set the earthenware jar on the floor between them. "This time it will hold the presents, no matter how many of the little ones in the graduating class come to the *fiesta*."

Timoteo always called Elizabeth's pupils, affectionately, the little ones, no matter what their age or pretensions to diplomas happened to be. Unless he happened to take a dislike to them, and then they became, automatically, the bad ones. The bad one with the red hair. The bad one with the crooked nose. He didn't bother with names.

Julie laughed. "I should say it will hold all the presents! It is big enough to hold all of the forty thieves, and it's the same shape as the jars they hid in. Timoteo, you're a wonder! How many will be here, Aunt Elizabeth?"

Old Elizabeth replied vaguely that she didn't know. She wasn't going to admit, yet, that the President of the Board of Education had suggested that he didn't care for this idea of a Christmas party. He had said he thought it might be better to—his word had been "eliminate" it. He had said other things, unpleasant things, about that party, which had been a yearly institution ever since Elizabeth Mallory had been teaching school. No use going into that now. She would know

his final decision at the banquet tonight.

"Well, however many there'll be, let's get going! I feel Christmas in the air, and so does Timoteo. Come on, Aunt Elizabeth. We can get out the figures. We can set up the altar. I know how it's done. I've seen it in Spain." Julie had already swooped out toward the hall.

"You two go ahead. I haven't time. I have to dress for the reunion."

Julie stopped. "Why, I thought the reunion was to be out here," she wailed. "You said reunions almost always were. And I was looking forward to meeting the author of that bulletin!"

Elizabeth smiled when she thought what Julie would probably have said to the pompous secretary of the class of '15 and the Chamber of Commerce, who had thought up that line about the missing Henrietta Fredericks. "We'll have to put the pleasure off. The reunion was to have been here, but your Oily Hippopotamus has found such a distinguished speaker for the evening, that he decided the occasion was worthy of a banquet—in town."

Elizabeth didn't add the other reason for having a banquet in town. That, in a sense, she would be the guest of honor. That they would present her with a handsome fitted travelling case, or something equally useless. That they would make long-winded oratorical comments on her service to the community, her many years spent in serving the youth of the Southwest. . . .

"Who is this guest speaker, who's so distinguished he can't take time off to come out here?"

Elizabeth shook her head. "I have no idea. That seems to be the President of the Board's secret. I'll let you know when I come home."

(Continued on page 14)

A Little Light

(Continued from page 10)

decoration. There are those of Italian and Spanish origin which have the contours of old carved wooden candelabra, and pedestals of simple classical columns and Empire pedestal lamps with frosted glass shades and hanging prisms.

Of course there are many already assembled lamps on the market today, but the supply of materials and accessories is also so complete that one should not hesitate to assemble one's own lamp and shade. When one buys a lamp base, chooses the shade, or better still has a shade made to order, selects a finial and a base, the lamp resulting is so much more individual and distinctive that time and money spent are well repaid in added decorative interest for the room.

Lamps may be wired for as low as \$3.00, and stands vary in price from the imitation teakwood at 25c up, according to size, to real teakwood at several dollars. Blocks of wood and metal also serve as stands. Finials, which together with the base, give a lamp that professional look, can be had in carved ivory and crystal in various colors, jadeite, and Dresden china. These range from 75c up.

Both silk and parchment shades may be bought already made and are less expensive unless one can make their own. However, if you count on the department store supply your style will be literally cramped. A shade should be especially designed for a lamp. This is possible since metal frames can be made in all styles, the price ranging from \$1.00 up. Pongee and rajah silk make good tailored shades and may be bound in contrasting colors. Taffetas are also smart for shades, especially the antique taffetas. One manufacturer makes a lace-like material which has allover Chinese patterns. This material comes in a wide range of soft colors. In tan over a rose china silk with a white lining next to the light this material makes an effective shade which is warm

tan in the daylight and rose when the lights are lit.

Simpler shades may be made of parchment which may be painted or decorated with old prints.

However, the material, size and shape of your shade as well as its coloring will depend upon the lamp base and the room in which the lamp is to be placed. As to size, a lamp shade should usually be less than half of the height of its base and should be adjusted so that the bottom edge of the shade is just even with the top edge of the vase, thus covering the fixtures. This adjustment gives the best appearance and the most satisfactory light. Of course the exact height of the shade will have to be determined by the proportions of the vase. Be careful not to have the shade too large or the lamp will look top heavy and if too small, it will look skimpy. The general shape of the shade may be determined by the base of the jar. A jar with a round bottom looks best with a shade with a round bottom and a jar with an oval or a square base should have the shade designed accordingly. The contours of the vase will decide the exact type of line for the shade—that is, whether its side should be straight, slanted, or curved, and if curved, the exact type of the curve.

Lamps should form a unit with a few pieces of furniture and their tone and color should add to the room in the daylight, and their light lend charm and usefulness at night.

The placing of lamps in a room is almost as important as their selection. All of the lamps should obviously not be in one end of a room, nor should they be lined at intervals down one side of a room or through the center of the room. Instead they should be grouped so as to give light at the different points of room interest such as at the fireplace, at a desk, and beside a sofa.

COLDS

go quicker when you do these two things:



Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

"When a cold comes your way," modern physicians will tell you, "you can often help throw it off more quickly by doing certain simple things." Here are two "first steps" to take:

- 1.—Cleanse the intestinal tract.
- 2.—Help Nature combat the acidity that frequently accompanies a cold.

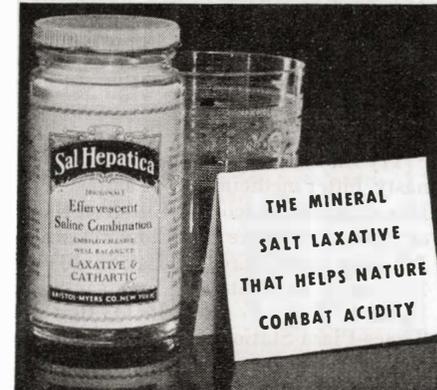
You can do both these things at once by taking Sal Hepatica!

For not only does this mineral salt laxative cleanse the intestinal tract—quickly, gently, thoroughly—but Sal Hepatica helps Nature combat acidity. In this way Sal Hepatica aids your system to return to its normal alkalinity.

Ask your doctor—see if he doesn't stress the importance of taking both a laxative and an anti-acid in treating a cold.

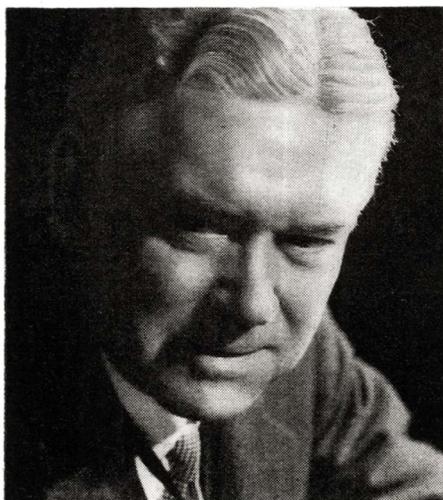
So be modern. Whenever a cold comes your way, take Sal Hepatica . . . two teaspoonfuls in a glass of water. In addition,

get plenty of rest and quiet—go to bed and call a doctor if your cold is severe. Watch your diet. Drink plenty of liquids. It pays to fight a cold the modern way. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today.



TUNE IN: Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight"—Full hour of music, drama, amateurs, fun. Every Wednesday night—N. B. C. coast to coast.

**Let the doctor's
judgment guide
you in your choice
of a laxative**



YOUR doctor is a guardian of health. He knows that many things that seem unimportant to you may be vital to your well-being.

For instance, doctors expect a laxative to measure up to certain definite standards before giving it their approval. If your doctor would write down his requirements for a laxative, these are the points he would consider important:

WHAT DOCTORS LOOK FOR IN A LAXATIVE

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
- It should *not* form a habit.
- It should *not* over-act.
- It should *not* cause stomach pains.
- It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

Ex-Lax meets the doctor's demands. Meets them so completely that many doctors use Ex-Lax for themselves and for their own families.

For over 30 years mothers have been giving Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. Today, Ex-Lax numbers its users in the millions. They have made it the largest-selling laxative in the world.

ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCING YOU

Try Ex-Lax. Prove to yourself how fine a laxative it is. Ex-Lax is *not* disturbing or upsetting. Ex-Lax does *not* over-act. It does *not* "force" or cause stomach pains. Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax is thoroughly effective. Ex-Lax is particularly kind to the delicate systems of children.

THE TASTE IS DELIGHTFUL

Try Ex-Lax for a pleasant change from nasty, bitter medicines. Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children like it, of course, and take it without resistance. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. C 126, P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets — remember
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

SO RED THE *Nose*

*Some Interesting and Authoritative
Information on the Causes,
Prevention and Cure of
"Common Colds"*



ANY time, from now until spring chases away the snowdrifts and brings back the sun, you can walk into the office of a big businessman, if you happen to know any such, and see him leaning lugubriously on his desk, chin in one hand, sodden handkerchief in the other, eyes streaming, nose in dull but angry glow, and sneeze echoing upon sneeze.

"The god a code—just a cobbod code," he says.

Dodging a sneeze, you reply. "Is that so? Then why don't you go hobe—I mean home—and go to bed?"

"Oh, ha-a-choo, excuse me," he says. "d's dothig. Just a code."

If that setting doesn't please your fancy, choose your own place to look in—the school, the factory, the home, the restaurant, the store, the streetcar, the bus, the train. Anywhere there are people, you will find colds. Plenty of them—if 400 million is what you call plenty. That's an average of three colds a year for every man, woman and child in the United States. No wonder they got the name "common cold." Some people never have colds—or hardly ever—but others make up for them with one after another. Only man and the ape is susceptible to colds, and sometimes man seems to act like an ape when he has one.

An Elusive Germ

Science knows a lot about the cold, but there is a lot more that nobody knows, and still more that everybody seems to know and nobody pays any attention to. Science knows, for example, that the cold is undoubtedly due to an infection, not with any of the common germs, but with a living substance or creature too small to spy with any known microscope, and too small to be captured with any filter now known, however fine its grain. This substance lives, as shown by the fact that it has been grown for fifteen "generations" on artificially prepared nutritive material; apes can be made to have colds by spraying their throats with a solution which has gone through the finest filters and in which no ordinary bacteria can be demonstrated. But there is more to it. Infection appears to be necessary in order to have a cold—don't worry, your friends will see to that—yet it takes more than infection.

Diet Plays a Part

It appears that diet may have something to do with colds, though nobody knows as yet just how much. It would be nice and easy if we could just say that plenty of vitamin A—that means butter, cream, carrots and other golden-yellow fruits and green vegetables and fish oils like cod, salmon, halibut and percomorph—will protect us against infection. Or vitamin C—oranges, lemons, grapefruit, cabbage and other fresh fruits and vege-

tables. Or vitamin D—cod liver oil and viosterol and vitamin D milk. Unfortunately we cannot.

It is quite true that deprivation of vitamin A may lead to increased susceptibility to infection, since it seems to have some function connected with maintaining the integrity of the mucous membranes which line the body, but that is not the same as saying that an excess over what is necessary to maintain normal nutrition, will be any help in protecting the body against colds. There is certainly no warrant for adding vitamins to cough mixtures. Or depending on huge doses of vitamin C to protect against colds.

Very much the same comment applies to vitamin D, the cod liver oil vitamin, sometimes called the sunshine vitamin because taking it has the same effect upon the disease rickets, as has plenty of sunshine. The vitamin D situation with respect to colds is somewhat complicated. Laboratory experiments show no basis for considering the taking of cod liver oil a satisfactory prophylaxis for colds, but clinical observations and the experiences of patients seem to give some evidence of benefit. Since taking cod liver oil or one of the other preparations of vitamin D in moderate doses, is perfectly safe, and since the availability of pleasant tasting tablets and other forms of cod liver oil removes the objections to the oil itself, both on the score of taste and of unwanted calories, there would seem to be no harm and at least the possibility of benefit from this measure. It is best, of course, to see the doctor about it first, for advice as to appropriate dosage and preparation to be selected. Of course, no matter what the doctor decides about using vitamin preparations, a well balanced diet including plenty of fruits and vegetables (vitamins to you), is a requisite for good health. Good general health seems to be the best protection, if not against colds themselves, at least against their more serious complications. To this extent, it may be said that a good diet may contribute to protection against colds.

Body Chemistry a Factor

Another factor must be considered in connection with colds, namely the body metabolism or chemistry. The normal body is alkaline, with a strong alkaline

reserve in the blood and tissue fluid which enables them to resist acidification. A number of your good friends undoubtedly assure you that they have acid systems. Aside from their dispositions, you may be sure that they have not—if they are alive. True acidity is incompatible with life. In health, we are over on the alkaline side without any special effort to get there, as long as we eat a reasonably well balanced diet, of which I repeat the essentials at the risk of becoming tedious—namely milk, fresh fruits, vegetables, eggs, butter, starchy foods, meats and not too many fancy foods, pastries, fried foods, and condiments. Abuses of dietary hygiene, which have been called candy and pastry jags, may indirectly favor the acquiring of a cold when the contact is made, as you may be sure it will be. As I said before, your friends will bring you all the colds you can use, and some to boot.

Influence of Climate

Contact, chemistry—two important factors—are abetted by a third, climate. Colds are diseases of the fall, winter and spring, especially October and January. So-called summer colds are often not colds at all, but manifestations of allergy (hay fever and asthma) which have superficial similarity to colds but are fundamentally different in that they have nothing to do with infection. But real summer colds may occur. Colds are primarily a winter disease, yet not necessarily a cold-weather disease. Eskimos do not have colds unless they are in contact with civilization; similar experiences have been recorded with white colonies (Spitzbergen) living in isolation in cold climates and escaping colds until the supply ships appeared in the spring, bringing with them human beings out of civilization, and colds. Climate, then, is only an accessory factor; the infection is necessary. On the other hand, tropical climates do not favor colds. It seems reasonable to conclude, and students of the common cold do so conclude, that while climate is a factor, it operates largely through secondary effects. Cold weather drives the population indoors and out of the sun; it often affects their winter diet unfavorably; it favors spread of infection through close and more pro-

(Continued on page 13)

So Red the Nose

(Continued from page 12)

longed contacts; in the more civilized environments it is accompanied by over-heating of the houses with accompanying dryness. On the other hand, high winds seem definitely to increase the likelihood of pneumonia, and the dust storms of the last few summers have been accompanied by definite increases in pneumonia, which is not surprising.

Contact, chemistry, climate—and clothing! Winter is the signal for man to wear too many clothes indoors and woman too few outdoors. Sensible clothing for persons who live and work in heated interiors, includes light underwear the year around, with sufficient heavy outer clothing for the short periods spent out-of-doors. The out-door worker, of course, must dress accordingly. Truck drivers have sense enough to wear clothes which suit their needs, but men and women working in offices and stores are often too warmly dressed for indoors, and too lightly for severe out-door temperatures. Dress should be suited to the temperature and the needs of the wearer.

CONTACT, chemistry, climate, clothing—can we add other factors? What about custom? The custom, for example, of men shaking hands when they meet—thus getting a fine opportunity to size up the opposition and slip a few germs over for good measure. Germs live from hand to mouth—your hand to your mouth. Or women greeting each other with a kiss, while mentally deploring each other's regrettable taste in hats? Or children swapping gum or lolly-pops or sharing the same apple? Or the mossy old drinking glass which still adorns so many of our public buildings where they pass the health regulations? Or imperfectly sterilized dishes in public eating places? Or employers, including school boards, insisting that their employees be on the job, regardless of colds?

Contact, chemistry, climate, clothing, custom, and currents—of air? What, drafts? Yes, drafts. The old-fashioned notion about drafts has modern scientific support. Drafts chill the surface of the body. Chilling reduces resistance to infections of all kinds, including colds. Even a current of warm air will have this effect, which explains the cold which may be acquired from sleeping under a steady breeze from a fan, even on a hot night.

Contact, chemistry, climate, clothing, custom, currents—is that all? What about courage? I mean the wrong kind of courage. The kind of courage displayed by the husky big businessman who would not give in to a mere cold, or the brave but frail little woman with the same kind of misguided gallantry. Afraid of being classified as unable, in the parlance of the moment, "to take it," they determine to fight that cold through all winter if it takes that long. And it usually does. Courage is all right in its place, but I confess to very little admiration for the bold, brave hero who will not give in to a cold. The more one fights a cold, the longer it is liable to last, and the greater the chances of serious complications. Pneumonia, influenza, acute or chronic bronchitis, activating of old tuberculosis which so many of us have (and don't know it), ear disease, eye disease—why take a chance on all these, when going to bed for rest will go far to minimize the danger?

Rest is important in all disease; it is doubly so in a disease where no specific exists for swift and effective cure. In addition to rest, a few other general measures may be tried. Hot drinks, slightly alkaline but not alcoholic, plus hot baths and plenty of covers induce perspiration and may help to break the fever. Fruit juices make a pleasant means of taking the alkaline drinks, but fruit juices themselves are not specifically curative in colds. Hot water bottles to the feet are often gratefully received by the patient. Boorhaave, a Dutch physician of the last century, gave advice which is still good: "Head cool, feet warm, bowels open." The head may be kept cool but not

chilled. Cold air does the patient with a cold no good. He needs fresh air in plenty, but not cold air, which rudely shocks the inflamed membranes and makes the situation worse.

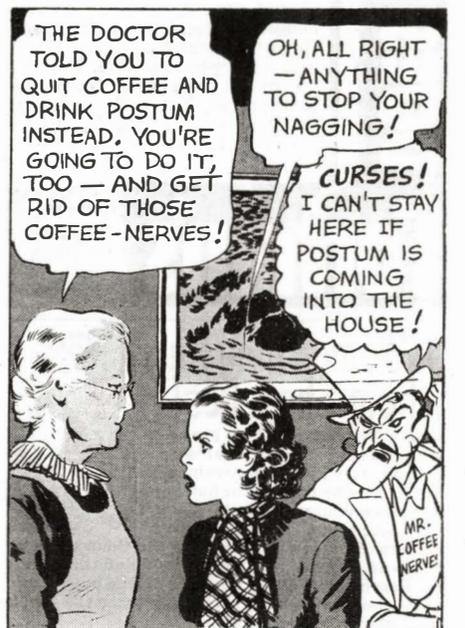
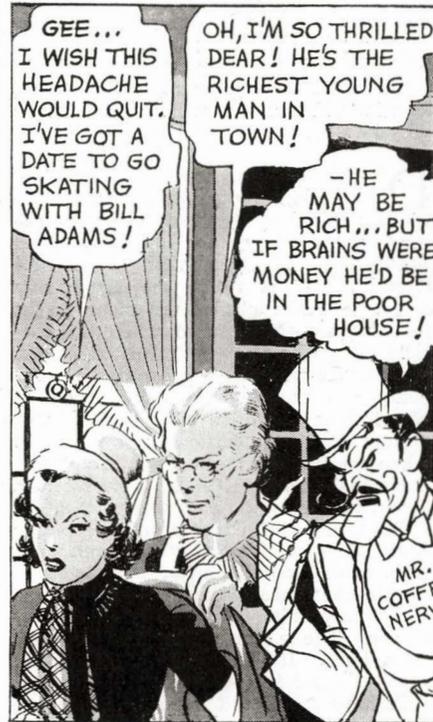
There has been much interest in vaccines for colds. It would be so easy and pleasant to be able to take an injection once a year or every two years. Even twice a year would not be so bad, if one could banish colds forever by this expedient. So reasons homo Americanus, as long as there is no vaccine which can be offered without reservations; if there were one, he would probably find a thousand excuses for not using it, as he has in the case of preventives for smallpox, diphtheria, rabies, lockjaw, and other diseases. But there isn't any sure prevention for colds, so it is quite in order for us to yearn for the unattainable. Vaccines for colds have been developed. The evidence concerning them is conflicting. Sometimes injections of vaccine, in the case of persons who are constantly troubled with colds, are followed by seasons without colds. Whether this sequence of events is cause and effect, or merely coincidence, is difficult to decide, especially since susceptibility to colds has been observed to vary, in groups studied for several years, over a cycle of about three years—that is two years of susceptibility followed by a year of relative immunity. If the cold vaccines had been taken just before the immune year was due, the apparent sequence of events would be misleading. Only repeated success could be regarded as significant. At the same time, the vaccines have the virtue of harmlessness, so that if the physician advises, there is no harm in making the experiment, but without too much optimism. Vaccines which have been suggested for taking by mouth, are of no avail.

Sunshine and sunlamps seem logically to command interest, because of the comparative rarity of colds in sunny seasons or climates where the ultraviolet rays of the sun are available most of the time. There certainly is no objection in getting plenty of sunshine in season, provided one does not try to get it all the first day out. As for sunlamps, there are two cautions to observe. One is to be sure that the sunlamp used is really a potent source of sunrays, the other that it is not too potent. Lamps for home use, especially the cheaper ones, have a tendency to be virtually worthless; on the other hand, clubs and gymnasiums of certain types provide access to really potent sources of artificial sunlight which are easily abused. The doctor is the safest guide. In any case, even when safely and skillfully administered, ultra violet rays are no guarantee against colds.

IN the light of our existing knowledge, defenses against colds seem to be none too dependable. In a general way, the best advice is to maintain the general health and resistance at as high a plane as possible by getting plenty of rest and eating a well-rounded diet. In view of the importance of infection, crowds should be avoided; old people and babies especially should be protected, for their defenses against complications—especially pneumonia—are feeble. Kissing should be minimized, especially on the mouth. Babies should not be kissed at all—futile warning! Well, if they must be kissed, then on the back of the neck, which they cannot possibly put into the mouth. Handshaking may be avoided when expedient, though such avoidance may often create embarrassment. Clothing should be sensible, adjusted to the temperature rather than to the calendar or the fashion. Sunlamps and vaccines make intriguing additions to the campaign, provided they are employed by those who know how, and not too much reliance is placed upon them. The best preventives are rest, good food and the avoidance of exposure.

While avoiding others with colds, it is, of course, only fair to remember the Golden Rule and act accordingly. Cover coughs and sneezes, not with the hands, but with a handkerchief. And keep your handkerchief strictly personal.

Mother Takes a Hand



OF COURSE, children should never drink coffee. And the caffeine in coffee disagrees with many grown-ups, too!

If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion, or can't sleep soundly, try Postum for 30 days. Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. Postum is easy to make, economical, delicious . . . and may prove a real help. A General Foods Product.

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Fill in completely, print name and address. If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. (Offer expires July 1, 1937.)

Candle of Life

(Continued from page 11)

"Well, whoever he is, I'll bet he'd like it better out here, than having to sit through a stuffy banquet in a hotel. And I'll bet you something else. I'll bet he isn't a he, but a she! Aunt Elizabeth, I'll bet the Hippopotamus has the missing Henrietta Fredericks up his sleeve. That's why he's being so mysterious!"

DRIVING into town that evening, in the battered old car that had carried her so faithfully to school five mornings a week, every week from September until May, Elizabeth thought how it would seem not to be driving in any more. She thought of the clear bright mornings in the autumn when the cattails along the river still turned golden brown. Of cold windy mornings in February and early March when the sun was hidden behind a murky curtain of yellow dust. Of early spring mornings when the pink of mock almond blossoms made the countryside look like a Western Japan in cherry blossom season.

She thought of Timoteo and his simple faith. His comforting, "Vaya con Dios—Go with God, Señorita." His candles of life that meant the rebirth of hope. Yes, that was it. This was the Christmas season. The season when hope had first been born. If she went with God, He could show her the way

Perhaps she could even persuade the Board to let her take her pension as a salary, and go on teaching, so that she wouldn't be retired—out of things! Then she would be able to charge for the tutoring she had always given freely. Julie could take over some of the practical details of the ranch—housekeeping, the bookkeeping. That way she and Julie might be able to manage.

She might even mention it to the President of the Board tonight, if he were in an amiable mood—no use leaving everything to faith. Work was equally important in the scheme of things. What was it about those who helped themselves?

But once inside the hotel it seemed to Old Elizabeth that not only her faith, but her ability to plan evaporated. The steam radiators were hissing noisily. It was close, and there were too many people. The President of the Board was apparently in an amiable mood, but every time she tried to get near enough to

was never sure afterward. The table with its garish poinsettias disappeared, and the silver Christmas tree that didn't look like a Christmas tree, but like an ornament out of a department store window. So did time. It was twenty years ago . . .

She and Timoteo had been preparing the house for the Christmas party in honor of the midyear graduating class. The class who were now sitting here eating chicken which was tough, and cranberry jelly which hadn't jelled. Henrietta Fredericks had come out from town to help. Elizabeth could see her. Setting up the wooden sheep and wooden donkeys on the altar in the dusty chapel, as patient and as wooden as the animals themselves. Not asking for help that afternoon—never asking. But always needing it—always being denied. No candle of life for Henrietta!

Then it was evening, and the long hall of the Mallory house was cleared. The lights were put out—all but the candles which the Holy Family carried as they knocked at the inn doors, and chanted the age-old verses of the Posados, the Journey to the Inns.

The President of the Board had said that he didn't approve of such Christmas celebrations. He didn't exactly approve of the prayers in the chapel at midnight either—the chapel which had been built so that the workmen on the ranch might worship there after their own faith . . . which was not the faith of the Mallorys. But then the Mallorys had always believed in tolerance.

He had said that Christmas should be American—perhaps he meant like this. The President of the Board said that it must be non-sectarian. Elizabeth wondered, with a return of her usual humor, whether he would have considered the piñata sectarian. Blind man's buff, with canes to break the earthen-ware jar hung from the rafters, so that the presents showered to the floor, and then the rough and tumble after them. Elizabeth remembered that on that night twenty years ago, only Henrietta Fredericks had been too stolid to scramble after her share of candies and nonsensical toys.

Henrietta! Why couldn't she forget Henrietta? If only the speaker of the evening, whoever he or she was, would come and sit in that empty chair . . .

Offering

By RENE HAWKINS

There is no time—no time—to polish off a sonnet
Of my love!

And so, dumbly I stand,
Bent over brown scarred board and coaxing iron,
Smoothing your best white shirt.

talk to him, he was addressing a new group with one of his bombastic sentences, "Now, in my opinion . . ."

At last they were all seated. The class of 1915, who had grown from gangling high school seniors and pretty girls, into thin realtors, nose-glassed bankers, paunchy secretaries of the Chamber of Commerce and their wives. There was only one empty chair, across from Elizabeth—next to the President of the Board. The chair of honor for the speaker of the evening, of course. Elizabeth remembered Julie's prophesy, and suddenly it seemed to her that the chair must be meant for Henrietta Fredericks. The missing Henrietta Fredericks. The ghostly Henrietta who had come back to haunt her . . .

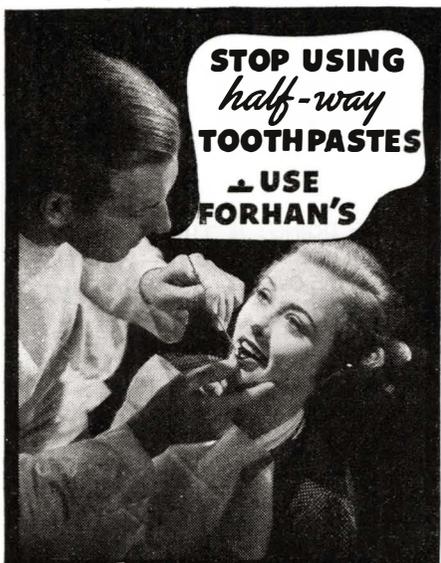
Probably Elizabeth ate the food that was put before her. The warm fruit cocktail with the dark lumps of banana in it. The limp stalks of celery. The olives that tasted salty as tears. But she

The President of the Board got up. "Ladies and gentlemen, friends and fellow classmates—although I did not have that pleasure, I feel that I can so address you." (Polite laughter)

Elizabeth was not listening, but now and then she heard a phrase, "The speaker of the evening—winner of the Nobel prize—for literature—My surprise when he consented to stop off here on his journey to California and speak to you—ahem—on the education of the future—a subject that is very near to my own heart. When I wrote him I scarcely dared hope for such good fortune."

So Julie had been wrong! The empty chair was not for the plodding Henrietta, but for a famous man. A Nobel prize winner who would speak on the future of education. Another modern, whose ideas undoubtedly coincided with those of Julie's oily Hippopotamus. A friend of his probably—otherwise he wouldn't have

(Continued on page 15)



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Candle of Life

(Continued from page 14)

consented to stop off and speak at a high school class reunion banquet. Elizabeth's heart felt as heavy as if it were being dragged down by the lead weights in the creaking hall clock at the ranch.

The Hippopotamus was rubbing his hands unctuously, "Unfortunately, our distinguished guest has been unavoidably delayed. So while we are waiting for his arrival, we may—ahem—turn to the subject of Miss Elizabeth Mallory. Miss Mallory, as you know, has faithfully served the cause of education—ahem—after her own fashion—for a great many years!"

Elizabeth's cheeks turned a bright pink. She clutched her delicate handkerchief, that had been a gift from a grateful parent, as tightly as if it had been a stout parachute, the only thing between her and limitless space. She had expected humiliation—but not this! But none of them must know! None of them must guess how she was being hurt.

She sat up very straight. A little figure, in the old-fashioned black lace that she wore for every graduation and every reunion, with her grandmother's cameos about her neck. She was not good looking. Elizabeth had never had Julie's grace of face or figure. But she had a certain dignity, and it was not assumed. It was a dignity of the heart and the mind, and it set her apart from all the other guests at the long table.

The President of the Board was saying, "We have decided, in view of Miss Mallory's long service, to present her with a slight, but—ahem—handsome token of our esteem—"

Cheers and handclapping from the class of '15 drowned out the rest. But the time had come. He would bring out the fitted travelling case or the six pairs of white gloves that would have to be kept in camphor, unless Julie wanted them, and then he'd say, "Ahem—we on the board have decided that certain changes are necessary—!" Elizabeth knew.

BUT he never got as far as certain changes. There was a hushed commotion at the door. Two bell boys were there. And the hotel manager—class of '21—very official now. He ushered in a slight young man in tweeds.

He smiled at them all. "I'm afraid I'm late. You'll have to blame it on the train, and you'll have to blame these on the train!" He gestured toward his tweeds, but as far as anybody there was concerned, he might have been wearing the brocade and satin that he so often wore, and carrying a sword instead of an old felt hat.

They all knew him as well as if he had studied English under Elizabeth along with the rest of them. He was the young actor-manager-playwright whose films were so glamorous that Hollywood producers tried to bribe him to stay on there, permanently. He was that astonishing young man who won prizes in drama one day—and starred in his own prize-winning plays the next.

All at once the banquet was no longer a dull and tawdry affair in a hotel run by a member of the class of '21. It was high adventure. It was something to be remembered for a lifetime. Elizabeth's cheeks turned a deeper pink, and she found herself surreptitiously rubbing a bit of chamois across her nose. If only she could have had this one last reunion at home, where Julie also could have met him!

The young man didn't waste any time. He came straight to the point, just as he did in his plays. "I was asked here to talk on the future of education. The trouble is, I didn't have an education!"

He smiled at them again, and Elizabeth reflected that a man with a smile like that didn't need to go to school. He had something infinitely more precious than could be learned from books. "The only thing I can talk about is my experience. It may be a poor thing, as Shakespeare used to remind us, but it's my own, and I wouldn't give it up for any other education!"

From that moment on, he took them all into his confidence. The teller of the Lone

Star National Bank. The head of the Boost-the-Southwest Real Estate Company. The secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. The Hippopotamus himself. And their wives—if Elizabeth hadn't been so absorbed she would have been amused at their wives. They were preening themselves like peacocks on parade.

He told them how he had written one play. By a piece of luck it went over. For the first time in his life he found himself with dollars instead of pennies in his pockets. "But then, in a sense, I was no better off than I had been before. I didn't know why it had been a success! I was sure I couldn't repeat it. But, by another piece of good luck—I thought it was extravagance at the time—I hired a secretary.

"And, she turned out to be a doctor—not a secretary! She diagnosed my case. She told me how the internal organs of my play worked. Then she worked with me. She slaved, and she made me slave. I can tell you. But more important, she knew the background of literature. She knew how to use that background, as a set of fine-edged tools to carve out whatever I may have done since.

"She told me once, that English was the most valuable subject in any school, for any pupil. Prejudiced in favor of English as I am, I felt she was overstating the case. And then this secretary of mine wrote down a list of the professions. Lawyers, doctors, engineers, salesmen—There were twenty of them, I remember, but those are enough to illustrate her point. She said a doctor can get along without law. A lawyer does not have to have a knowledge of medicine but he does have to be able to address the jury!—Every man who is earning a living, uses English every day in his life, whether he builds bridges or persuades the public to buy automobiles. Every woman uses it, whether she is a housewife or a great lady."

ELIZABETH was so astonished that she almost dropped her after-dinner coffee cup. She might have been listening to herself. She might have been exhorting sophomores or seniors to study English—to realize its practical application in all walks of life. For twenty-five years she had said and believed these same things.

Now all her former English pupils were listening to them, as if they were hitherto-undiscovered jewels of wisdom, uttered by a prophet who had come for the express purpose of showing them this new road to learning. The Hippopotamus was nodding his head in agreement. He was undoubtedly saying to himself, "Here is exactly the method we need in our schools!"

"She is a remarkable woman, my secretary." The young man went on, "But I understand there is even a more remarkable woman here tonight. The one who taught my secretary—and through her taught me!" He bowed toward Elizabeth. But still Elizabeth didn't understand.

"She is the real reason why I am here tonight!" He was addressing Elizabeth directly now.

"You see, Miss Mallory, I knew you the minute I came in. Black lace and cameos. She said you always wore them. I would have known you anywhere from her description. And with the permission of the rest of my hosts, I am going to ask you a favor. May I come to your Christmas celebration? May I have the privilege of watching the Journey to the Inns? Of seeing the tableau of the wise men? Of going to your little chapel at midnight?"

"You see—" he hesitated, and Elizabeth warmed toward his diffidence, and friendliness. He was human. Thoughtful. Julie would like him. "—I would like to use them in my next play, if I may. Henrietta—Henrietta Fredericks is my secretary—says I have never done anything half so dramatic. I hope that I do not seem irreverent when I say that. I know the *posados* mean more than any drama

(Continued on page 17)

JUST A FUNNY OLD SONG EVERYBODY KNOWS



"**W**E sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham," so go the words of an old song known on every college campus.

Old grads sing it at their class reunions. The young people sing it at home on their college vacations.

"How she saved, she saved, she saved the human race—" remember the words of the parody?

From laughing young lips that have never known the twist of pain it comes with gay abandon.

But to silver haired mothers who have run life's gauntlet, to women who have lain on the rack in childbirth, known the fiery ordeal of the "change"—these words bring grateful memories. To them it is much more than just a funny song.

Lydia E. Pinkham is well known in the history of American women.

She began her work in the light of little knowledge. Her laboratory was a kitchen. Her compounding vat an iron kettle.

But today her work is being carried on under the banner of modern science, and her product is made in a great plant occupying six modern factory buildings.

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You may be surprised to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is not a patent medicine.

On the contrary it is a standard proprietary compounded to aid women in facing the three major ordeals of their

sex. It is to be found in every reputable drug store.

We who carry on the work of Lydia E. Pinkham do not offer this Vegetable Compound as a panacea or a cure-all.

We do know it has been tested and approved by women of three generations. We do know that a million women have written to tell us it has been helpful during the three most difficult ordeals of their sex: adolescence, motherhood and "middle age."

If you are in need of help we can honestly advise you to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

We know what it has done for others. We have every reason to believe it will do the same for you. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. Passing from girlhood into womanhood.
2. Preparing for Motherhood.
3. Approaching "Middle Age."

*functional disorders

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

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GET A NEW VIEW OF YOU



That adoring husband of yours will appreciate a lead or two on the gift situation at this season. The clip brooch, the wide flexible bracelet and the watch fob which may also be used as a bill clip are certain to bring appreciative response from you. See photo directly above.

718—The best features of the new mode adopted in a design to make you look your slimmest self. For silk, velvet or cloth with lame gilet. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch material with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 18-inch contrasting.

719—Includes four perfect skirts, the new six gore one, the pencil-slim, ankle length skirt to wear with a lame blouse or jacket and two classic types to go with sweaters. Designed for sizes 26, 28, 30, 32, and 34 inches waist. Size 28 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch material for the gored skirt. $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch material for dinner skirt.

686—Tailored shirt, for crepes, satin and many cottons. Look, it has tails just like your husband's, which may seem amusing but which insures you against "wide open spaces" amidships. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch material.

681—There are two other jackets in this design. Have the one illustrated in lame, grand for dinner and dancing. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 yards 39-inch material.

707—You never looked lovelier than you will in your tunic suit. If you trim it with fur or fur fabric, also trim your hat with some of it. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch material with $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch lining.

701—A dress to live in. Flawless and simple, you will love it in rayon, silk with surface interest or a light wool. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch material.



Do have a fur trimmed turban. And you might drop a subtle hint where it will do the most good, that cypripedium orchids look lovely with your fur or your fur trimmed coat.

Photo at upper left—

A view of you, ready to go, in a velvet hat, maple suede gloves with flexible ruby and diamond bracelet worn the new way, outside the glove, and a lame dress.

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This is positively the most effective, quick-acting cough remedy that money could buy. Instantly, you feel it penetrating the air passages. It loosens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed membranes and makes breathing easy. You've never seen its equal for prompt and pleasing results.

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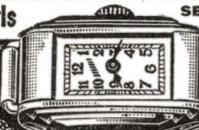
The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, 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, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Ladies - Girls

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The New Dress

(Continued from page 5)

once . . . She'd heard that when men didn't mention girls—then, look out! Perhaps—her pale cheeks stung with colour perhaps at this moment he was leaning over her desk smiling at that girl, as he'd once smiled on her. She was tense from the hot fury that grows of woman's imagining.

She noticed Junior's woolly rabbit and the anger died; it was pig-coloured again. "I'll have to wash that!" she thought dully.

The baby wailed in her crib; teeth. She stared, questioningly at the floor, for the man in the apartment below worked by night and slept by day and—wanted his sleep. If he stamped around she'd have to let the work go and hold Celie. But he didn't and Celie second quieted.

The kitchen, one ear cocked to the nursery room on the court, sterilizing bottles, mixing the formula, lime water, milk, a little sugar . . . She didn't measure it any more. She gave a quick, estimating glance to the heating milk and hurried to the dining room to carry out the breakfast dishes . . . But—sizzle and smell—and the milk boiled over! "And I cleaned that stove yesterday," she thought heavily, wanting to—cry!

THE smell of the milk turning to something like brown tissue paper on the burner made her a little sick. Spilled milk . . . Her mother and father, and Jim's mother and father, too, had begged her not to marry so young, she remembered. They'd laughed over it together. Did Jim remember this as she did? That girl! If he wanted to be rid of her after she'd had two of his babies as men sometimes did—she stiffened with anger. That wasn't fair, she realized. She was thinking this, not he.

And she hadn't understood her mother. She'd said to her mother, "Mother—isn't Jim wonderful?" And her mother had answered with a level, "He's a very nice young man—"

She'd thought her mother dull. Maybe she could take time to scrape the carrots now, start them to boiling, and when the babies were bathed and settled, push them through the sieve. You could buy canned vegetables prepared for babies and once she would have seen the cost as reasonable. But when you watch every penny—if Jim could only get a raise! The last time she'd mentioned this he'd gone off the handle; he'd said shakily, unevenly, that he was—doing his best! As if she were accusing him; they couldn't half the time now, seem to make one another understand and trying to do so only started another quarrel. And each time they talked, who had known they would always have so much to say to one another, they found themselves slipping into some difference of opinion and growing angry. "But, Jim, just a second ago, you said—" and from him a weary, "Oh, gosh, Celie!" that cried for

peace when half the time he'd started it. "He did!" she'd reason, retracing steps as young women do, and he forgot their quarrels so easily and she resented that.

Perhaps, she reasoned, moving around the kitchen, strained by listening for the babies' cries, she'd better do the dishes and make the kitchen look nice so that if anyone should happen in—

He hadn't kissed her good-bye in the morning for ages, she mused. Not since April anyway. No, it was May. He had stopped that morning when she'd asked him with brittle, sharp suspicion, why he wore his best tie—to the office. She moistened her lips. If a woman could only know what was going on. "It's better to know, I'd rather face anything—than not know!"

She put the soap shaker into the dish pan to turn a stream from the hot water faucet on it, but it was only luke warm again, and some fools said love meant trust and giving . . . To look really pretty again and make him see her; to go out with him one evening and be young and happy and rid of fear! To have him look at her as he once had . . . To have him say "Celie—" in that tight, hungry way . . . Thank heaven, the water was growing warmer . . . To lie abed a whole morning; to have her mother appear at noon, saying, "There's a box of flowers downstairs for you!" Flowers! . . . Probably that girl in the office with pretty hair had flowers sent to her . . . If Jim—ever sent another woman—flowers! Her motions were sharp and quick from sudden tension . . . No, love wasn't peace!

Those days she had got up slowly to dawdle, bathing, dressing . . . and then down town to have her hair washed, waved and to look into shop windows. She thought, "I'll have to have a new coat! My old one won't go through this winter!"

Then her wandering thoughts were ended by a keen-edged, piercing cry that came, she knew, from Junior. She raced to the nursery where her son beamed at her as she appeared; he'd wanted attention. "You devil!" she said sharply and then softened. She picked him up and her eyes stung. She whispered, "I—I have you!"

Now he was again in his play pen and happy banging around a bracelet she'd once cherished. But anything to keep them quiet! She picked up diapers to dump them into the pail that made the bathroom smell acridly sharp. She thought of the lavender bath salts she'd used before marriage and with unusual yearning because—her back ached so! She thought, sending a quick glance at the pail, "I'll let those go a little while; I guess I have enough."

Back to the kitchen; and Celie second cried. And then the milkman came to collect . . . So much happening all the time and men thought you did nothing

(Continued on page 19)

Candle of Life

(Continued from page 15)

to you, Miss Mallory. But if you would allow me—"

The Hippopotamus was on his feet instantly. For an unwieldy man he was never slow. He was saying that in behalf of Miss Elizabeth Mallory—from now on head of the English Department of the Public Schools!—of himself and of the members of the board, he wished to extend a cordial invitation to their distinguished guest, to attend the graduation exercises which were always automatically held at the old Mallory homestead, one of the historically important spots of the region.

Elizabeth scarcely heard. Two hours ago she would have given almost anything she possessed to hear half of that

—any of it! Head of the English Department of the Public Schools instead of being pensioned! Now, through her tears—and she didn't even try to pretend she wasn't crying—she saw the chair across from her.

It seemed to her that it had never been intended for the distinguished speaker of the evening. It seemed to her that it was for Henrietta. That Henrietta was sitting there now. It seemed that Henrietta, as patient and plodding as the carved donkeys and wooden sheep for the altar in the chapel, had asked for help—and that she had received it. That Henrietta's candle had been lighted at last, and that she, old Elizabeth Mallory, could warm her heart in its flame.

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HOLIDAY

faces

And how to acquire them

By ELLEN ROSE DICKEY

RIGHT now is a good time to begin facial up-trends if you want your face to look its holiday best for the Christmas festivities. Every day will count. You know the importance of properly cleansing your face and neck with both cream and soap and water and the value of plenty of cream at night—as much as your skin will absorb—for keeping your skin lubricated and soft and smooth. Most of you will remember my advice about simple local treatments for blackheads and enlarged pores and the need of astringent lotion for closing the pores and firming the skin, in preparation for your make-up. These are beauty routines every wise woman should follow regularly. Now, in addition, I suggest you try some special facial exercises which are simple to take and helpful in relaxing tense muscles.

For Lips and Mouth

If your mouth is tightly drawn or if your lips are thin, repeat the diatonic scale slowly, over and over again, several times a day, that is, the "Do-Re-Mi-Fa-Sol-La-Ti-Do" we learned in singing class when we were children. The facial muscles you use in repeating the scale, whether you sing or speak it or just silently go through the motions, will make your lips flexible and more normal in shape. If your lips are thick, practice drawing them out in a pointed pout and then bringing them way back, tightening them over the gums, forcing a long smile.

How often during each day do you laugh heartily? Few people laugh enough and it's too bad, for laughing is a great beautifier. If you can't find anything to laugh about, get out the old family album or read the "funnies" to the children and when they laugh, you laugh, too. Don't stay a sober-face if you want to look vivacious and youthful. Laughing means showing your teeth and of course they must be as pearly-white and clean and sound as your twice-daily applications of dentifrice and your twice-yearly visits to your dentist can keep them. If you've lost a back tooth or two, have them replaced or you'll be wondering what makes your cheeks look so hollow. Here's another important facial exercise. Just plain, honest-to-goodness yawning. Most of us yawn in the morning when we waken and at night when we're sleepy but it's so easy to yawn most any time. It's nature's way of limbering up tired, tense muscles. Notice how you can feel a good big yawn way down your spine.

Developing Facial Muscles

Before practicing the next facial exercises, cleanse your face and pat in plenty of cream. Stand or sit erect. Throw your head way back and with lips tightly closed, slowly open and close your jaws half a dozen times or more. This not only exercises the facial muscles but tones up the throat and neck, increases the circulation and discourages the formation of crepey neck lines. With the head still

held back, slowly turn it from side to side. This eases neck tension. Now, head erect, and with the palms of your hands, lift your face and neck up and out and as your fingertips reach the temples raise the temples at each side of your eyes. Massage the muscles behind your ears and at the back of your neck.

If you have horizontal forehead lines, draw the fingers of both hands firmly across your forehead—with the lines—as if smoothing them out. If you have deep vertical lines between your brows, move the skin firmly over the underlying tissues with the second finger of each hand, working in opposite directions, the left finger on the forehead, the right on the bridge of the nose. Another very helpful treatment for deep wrinkles on the forehead or for nose-to-mouth wrinkles is the use of gummed paper tape. Cut small strips and, first smoothing out the wrinkles, apply the gummed paper. These strips may be worn while you are doing your morning housework. They're not at all uncomfortable and they do help.

To Brighten Tired Eyes

If you're developing little squinty lines around your eyes, you probably need glasses or new lenses. After forty, opticians say, lenses should be changed every two years. Meanwhile, pat a little muscle oil around your eyes before retiring. All eyes should be treated at least once a day to a good eye lotion to keep them clear and comfortable and to remove dust particles. Never rub your eyes. It only irritates them. Several times a day open your eyes very wide and practice rolling them slowly all around and from side to side to strengthen the muscles.

Whenever you can steal a little time, sit or lie with your eyes closed for a few moments and relax all over. Better still, take a "cat nap" for five to fifteen minutes. Lay an absorbent cotton pad, wet with witch hazel, over each of your closed eyelids. This treatment refreshes the eyes and makes them sparkle. Thin, hair-line eyebrows are no longer favored but if your eyebrows are heavy keep them well shaped and trim by removing any straggling hairs, especially any between your brows. Don't have your lashes dyed. It's dangerous. If you like, use mascara discreetly. A small amount of eye shadow, nicely blended, lends an alluring look, especially for festive occasions.

Avoid Too Much Make-Up

Brighten yourself up but don't spoil the whole effect of your holiday face with too much make-up. Make-up is intended merely to enhance your own good looks—never to give you a painted look. Rouge and lipstick must either match or harmonize perfectly and give a natural bloom to your own coloring. You may have to experiment before you find the shade of face powder that is most flattering to your skin but it's certainly worth the experiment. Pat powder on lightly and need I add—with a fresh, clean puff.



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The New Dress

(Continued from page 17)

all day . . . and if you told them they grew restive or bored . . . She protracted the talk with the milkman, she saw so few people to whom she could talk . . . He didn't think it was going to rain and that made her feel better for she had to get to the store.

Now baths and feeding for the baby and naps. "If they sleep quickly I can sit down a few minutes," she thought, eyes on a clock face. "No, custards." She had to make custards. Dinner, she hadn't given one thought to dinner. A stew meant a cheap cut and saving. But that wouldn't do. She'd had a stew two nights before and Jim had said, wearily, "Seems to me we're always having some kind of stew."

And that had made yet another quarrel. She had said, stung, that it wasn't easy to make what he gave her, reach. "You knew what I had when you married me," he said, losing color and appetite. They had studied each other with actual hate in young eyes. Hard and unrelenting and hurt and—caught!

"We quarrel so much!" she thought, putting on her rubber apron. She filled a tub; tested the water temperature with a bared elbow . . . "In you go!" she said to Junior . . . Heavens, he was heavy! . . . She and Jim hadn't been out for an evening together for more than two years and that wasn't right. No wonder—the moonlight was gone. She was only—a hack. "We ought to do it, somehow, it might make a difference," she murmured, swabbing her son . . . The loveliness of his small body suddenly made love an ache in her . . . She rubbed soap on his downy yellow hair and made a little point of it and he looked so much like a Kewpie that she laughed and for a little moment felt young and gay . . . The baby next . . . Her love for them could make her fierce if she thought Jim was a little hard on them and he was hard, she reflected; her face growing strained and set . . . You never knew a man until you had at least two of his children in your arms, when he would fling out, "Can't you keep them quiet! I've got to get some rest!"

As if you didn't try!

"Upsey daisy, there we are!" she said. Now the baby was on her knees and Junior was crawling toward the diaper pail. He'd tipped it over the week before . . . she shrieked at him and he halted and wept, feeling the injustice of her rage.

And his woe made the baby cry. Bedlam. She hurried this way, that. And heard pounding on the ceiling below her that said, "Mr. Williams has to have his sleep!"

"Oh, shut up, will you?" she appealed tragically.

She'd fed the baby and they both went to sleep; she dropped for a little minute to the big chair in which she'd sat with Jim when they were "young" and still in love. Shoulder of ham; that's what she'd have for dinner. Jim liked that with candied sweet potatoes.

SOME one tapped on the door, she rose, opened it and whispered, "Oh thank you!" . . . Mrs. Hill of the flat above was so nice; so understanding. She stopped every morning, with their mail, if there was any.

"Have to go down for my own, anyway. Dearie," she said expansively. She puffed a little from climbing stairs, but she beamed. "Things all right?"

"They're asleep, thank goodness!"

"Don't I remember? Four of my own . . . close together, like yours, but it's nicer that way . . . makes a lovely family . . . but it keeps you stepping at first. Her teeth showing yet?"

"No, but you can feel them."

"Then any day, you'll see one of 'em, and she'll be less restless."

"Yes, I know."

"Giving her something hard to bite on?"

"Oh, yes! You see, with Junior, I learned that."

"That's nice. Well, I'll be getting on, but dearie, last night I was thinking that I'll come down here some night, any night

you say, to stay with the babies and then you and your husband, you can step out!"

"Oh, Mrs. Hill!" said Celie ecstatically. "Maybe you could go to a picture show and have a little bite somewhere and a dance or two!"

Celie sagged against the door jamb. "Oh—I'd love it!" she said.

"Well, we'll just do that!" said Mrs. Hill comfortably.

She'd read her mother's letter before she made custards and trust to luck that she'd get through before they woke. If she could get a new dress for that night when they went out and make Jim say again, "Celie, you're—so beautiful!" Everything would be so different if he'd say something like that . . . She drew from the envelope her mother's letter to see a check folded in it . . . She looked at it with narrowed, unbelieving eyes . . . Fifty-dollars? But it was—a check for—fifty dollars. Why—you could do almost anything with—fifty dollars!

She saw herself in a new dress . . . Jim looking at her as he had, when in love with her . . . Her mother's letter shook with the trembling of her work-scarred hands . . . Suddenly she ceased reading and she frowned, the letter slack in lax hands. Her twenty-third birthday and Jim hadn't remembered! But then—she hadn't either and yet it hurt.

SHE was sober as she put the check in the desk drawer where she kept the money. Well, perhaps he'd know how old she was, and that she was still—a little attractive when she had a new dress, hat, coat, she reflected bitterly. She could manage that on fifty dollars now, for she'd learned to manage! Acid filled her. Making custards, she considered the dress to grow happier; "Black because that goes at any hour, and I can wear black! A little black hat and a black coat, and my black bag."

She hummed softly. He would lean across the table to say, "Celie!" And she would be a little careless and casual . . . But could she be anymore? Loving stripped away defences, and he knew she cared; he was certain of her. She thought, "That was a mistake; I never should have let him feel so!" Her mind wove a mixed pattern . . . She would not tell Jim about the check; she would simply appear, lovely as she had once been. She saw the dress. Not a rag—for once! He would call "Ready?" after that glance at his watch; she would float in to their living room; he would stand blinking at her, thinking of that girl with the pretty hair in the office, knowing she wasn't worth a look. Now poison filled her again. "Why do I think of her!"

She'd be a little up-stage; all evening he'd keep looking at her. And they'd go somewhere for something to eat after the picture show. Lights and music and youth—again! And he'd lean across the table and she'd look elsewhere and—

Cries from the nursery; the babies were awake. Celie second's piping wail started Junior's more faithful one. She had a terrible time and right in the middle of the worst of it, Mrs. Williams, childless, climbed the stairs to protest in the falsely pleasant way that is harder to bear than any amount of frank ill humor.

"You see," a far too patient voice, "as I've explained, Mrs. Neal, Mr. Williams must have his rest in the daytime, and when there's so much noise up here, it is very difficult for us."

"I do try so hard, Mrs. Williams, to keep them quiet. My baby's—teething."

"Well, I thought if you'd get some books about child training, it might help us all."

Very sweetly voiced; and a cold smile, a harsh sharp nod, and she was gone.

It was difficult to rig her pair for the street and she had to do her shopping. Knitted things and waving arms and legs and so hard to get these into the right woolen gaps . . . But to-day she was helped and strengthened by thought of the new clothes . . . and appearing in them before Jim, without one prefacing hint!

Another Dizzy Spell!



● I felt sick all over—bilious, nervous. My complexion was a sight. The trouble? Constipation! Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT. I didn't think it *could* be as good as my friends all said it was, but I decided to try it. I chewed one tablet. Now I wouldn't think of using any other laxative.



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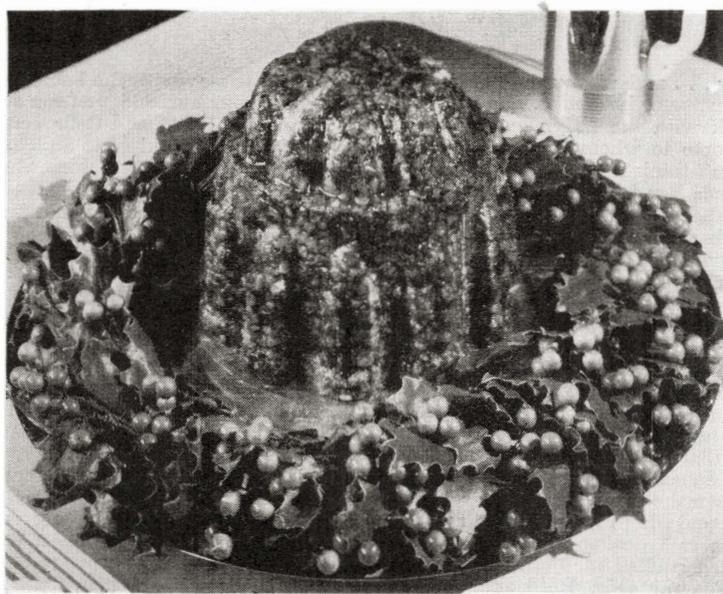
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MENUS FOR THE Holidays

ASSUMING that the celebration of Christmas will actually begin on the eve of the great day itself, let a Christmas Eve Supper inaugurate the ceremony of tree-trimming. This should be a simple meal, not demanding too much either in the way of service or subsequent dishwashing for no one wants to spend his or her Christmas Eve at the kitchen range and sink.

Cream of Mushroom Soup (Canned)
Salted Crackers
Platter of Assorted Cold Cuts
Pickles and Olives
Mixed Vegetable Salad
Hot Rolls Butter
Fruit Betty, Hard Sauce
Hot Coffee

Hardly anything needed here in the way of recipes—just turn the soup out of its can, heat either as it is or extend according to the brand used. The main dish may be one meat or a variety. If you are a town woman you may like to ease things up for yourself by buying from the delicatessen an assortment of sausages and other prepared meats. If you do your own cooking it probably will be chicken, cold roast beef or ham, but in any case it will be cooked early in the morning or even the day before. You have a wide choice of fruits for your betty—apples, prunes, canned peaches or pineapple, and you may make the crumbs from bread or stale cake, the latter obviously being richer. Your hard sauce too will be made up ahead and we suggest that you spread yourself a little and serve a Cardinal Hard Sauce—cardinal, that is, as far as color is concerned, beating either cranberry or currant jelly into your regulation sauce.

For a Two-Meal Day

Christmas Day itself is likely to be a two-meal one with possible in-between snacks for those who want them. Late breakfast following stocking explorations might well consist of

Chilled Orange or Pineapple Juice
Broiled Ham or Little Sausages with Fried Apple Rings
Toast
Quick Coffee Cake
Home-made Preserves
Coffee

For the main meal of the day, Christmas Dinner, it is wise to stick to old favorites with one or two innovations—

Fruit Cup or Halved Grapefruit
Clear Consommé Croutons (Optional)
Roast Stuffed Turkey
Cranberry Jelly
Glacé Sweet Potatoes Mashed Turnips
Buttered Onions
Celery Ripe Olives
Endive or Lettuce Salad
French Dressing (Optional)
Individual Mince Pies
Coffee
Salted Nuts Mints

Or, here is a menu without turkey:
Chilled Tomato Juice Crackers
Roast Stuffed Fresh Ham
Apple or Cranberry Sauce Gravy
Browned Potatoes Harvard Beets
Spinach with Egg Garnish
Jellied Plum Pudding
With Whipped Cream or Boiled Custard
Coffee Mints

Quick Coffee Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cup sugar
1 cup shortening
1 egg, well beaten
1/4 cup milk
For the Topping:
2 tablespoons melted butter
4 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon flour
1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon

Sift together twice the flour, baking powder and salt, add sugar, work in shortening. Combine egg and milk and use to moisten dry ingredients. When thoroughly blended spread evenly in shallow greased baking pan. Brush top with melted butter and sprinkle with sugar, flour and cinnamon stirred together. Bake in hot oven—400 degrees F.—25 to 30 minutes. Cut into squares and serve hot.

Harvard Beets

12 small beets, cooked or canned
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 tablespoon corn-starch
1/4 cup water
1/4 cup vinegar
2 tablespoons salad oil
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/6 teaspoon pepper

Combine sugar and corn-starch, add water and mix smoothly. Now add vinegar and oil and boil five minutes, stirring constantly. Add diced beets and seasonings and let all stand together over gentle heat for half an hour.

In planning these menus we have been actuated by one thought above all others—that of ease for the cook who is quite apt to be Mother.

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

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We will be glad to send you Dr. Robinson's booklet in which he tells of his long search for the Truth and how he learned to commune directly with the Living God and to use this mighty, never-failing power to demonstrate health, happiness and financial success. There will be no obligation. Send your name and address to The Church of "Psychiana," 448-12th Street, Moscow, Idaho. Write for it today. Copyright, 1936, "Psychiana," Inc., a religious institution chartered by the State of Idaho.—Advertisement.

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The New Dress

(Continued from page 19)

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"Why, Celie, you're lovely!"
And he'd be proud to be with her. And then he'd say—

"Hold still, Junior! There we are!"
Downstairs with one baby, and back for another . . . and wheeling the heavy cart to the step and waiting for some one who looked kind, to pass, and to help her down, and off to the store and watching the cart through window as she weighed lettuce by jiggling it in a palm . . . The weight tells, not the look.

"And a pound of sweet potatoes, please."
A sleek, expensive single-woman looking dress . . . and she'd wash her hair. She thought, thought of the new clothes as she pushed the perambulator. And she knew, thinking of other, fresh wear, the long mileage of her worn trousseau . . . She felt so much better; the new wear would bring Jim back to her and—it would all be so different!

The cart made her back ache worse. And she was growing sleepy. Sleep was all she seemed to think of . . . Yet, seeing a picture, dancing again, going out, that would be heaven! . . . It would bring back—all they'd lost. The air was growing cold. She tucked the carriage robe closer.

AFTER she got in her nerves were turned raw by hurry and irritation. She was late starting dinner; the baby cried . . . and although Mr. Williams was awake and up and ready to start for work he or Mrs. Williams pounded on the ceiling with an umbrella handle . . . And she was doing her best! To get a little house and be alone . . . But talking of that made Jim short and sharp. In her hurry she gripped a pan-handle that had been over an open burner and her eyes stung; small hurts are spread and deepened by weariness and inflamed nerves.

An old friend called her by the telephone and she was talking as Jim came in; dreadfully tired-looking even to her dull, exhausted eyes. He said in undertone, "You'd better cut that short; something's burning out there!"

She hastened her goodbye as her chin went up. As if she did nothing but gabble at the telephone all day! She sputtered a trail of sharply detonated explanations as she hurried to the kitchen. "If you think I—" and on.

He was quiet at dinner; something was wrong she knew, and he was miles away and she wanted so to reach him! Trying to, she showed him the glazed welt on the inside of the fingers where skin does not blister. He shrank, feeling he could not bear another hurt; he said, using rough and grudging voice as a protective armor, "It seems to me you burn yourself every fifteen minutes!"

Then he was sorry, but he couldn't say so. The emotion that made his sharpness was too delicate for him to explain and words . . . words, when you're tired . . . You can't—just can't—get 'em out!

"You're very sympathetic, I must say, Jim!"

"Well, don't you?"
"Perhaps I do . . . But if you ever tried to do what I do all the time, trying to do fifty things at once, and trying to keep the babies quiet because of those Williams! Mrs. Williams came up—"

He thought, "Oh, don't tell me about that!" Sick from weariness. Pep talks that day; "Up on your toes, boys!" and everything so uncertain!

Silence; something was the matter with her, he saw leadenly. She said across miles, "It was my birthday today."
He said, "Hell, Celie! I forgot! I'm awfully sorry." and he wanted to cry. "Not," he added consciously, "that I could have—given you much of anything."

He was raw, always, from the inflammation of not being able to do more for her.

After she did the dishes she went to the living room to find him staring at the davenport that was marked by Junior's often sticky clutches. He looked at her with the slowly absorbing, seemingly stupid gaze of one who has been long sick. "Get the dishes done?"
"Yes."

She settled with her mending; his socks were all getting old and it made a lot of darning.

"What happened at the office today, Jim?" (That girl; would he mention her?)

He answered wearily and after some long stretching seconds in which suspicion rose and burned in her. They were going off for—another drive.

Queer feeling then for her . . . He was going away from her.

"When do you start, Jim?" coldly.
"Monday . . . They're going to try to make—a record on sales."

"Oh. Will that be interesting?"

"It'll be hell," he stated flatly. "We'll work day and night, be prodded and haranged. Tillman'll shake his fist at us, bang tables, yell, 'Boys, it's—up—to—you!' By the end of the week not one of the Flying Squadron wouldn't like to land in the middle of the ocean and—sink . . . You get—so sick of the whip. Hearing it crack."

She studied him and she saw him; sick from weariness, the unending struggle and worry; suddenly she felt rising within her, that emotion that usually came when her babies were in her arms. "I—I don't mean to bother you!" he whispered. "I—try not to."

"You ought to tell me more; it'll help you," she said.

"Well, it does," he admitted slowly . . . his voice sounded better, "and there was another thing."

"What was that?"

"Well, Saylor pitched into me about clothes. He said I'd have to have a new suit; I said I'd get one when I got back. I thought maybe I could stall him along, because I don't know how I can manage—right now. It made me sick all day, because I didn't see how I could manage it—now."

That fifty; she swallowed hard, but she couldn't give up the new clothes! The evening out! That one small fling! Why, almost every second all that day she'd thought of the dress, especially . . . Why, she could see it. And how she'd look in it and how he'd look at her when she had it on . . . "I can't! I can't!"

He slept, that night, quickly and soddenly. She couldn't sleep; she lay wakeful, thinking, "I haven't had a thing for years . . . and Mother sent it to me. He wouldn't take it—anyway."

Of course it was easier when he was away for she could, and did, eat anything from the corner of the kitchen table and there was no real cooking and there were hardly any dishes. But it was queer and quiet and—lonely . . . And each night habit made her listen for the opening of the street door and his feet on the stairs.

ON THE afternoon of her second day alone she wheeled the perambulator to the outskirts of the business section and before shops that sold women's wear she shoved the carriage to and fro as she stood staring into windows. There was a dress in one window that was just exactly like the one of which she'd been dreaming; smart, expensive looking, single looking. Her eyes were big with wistfulness.

She couldn't eat much that night.

In the morning, with the babies settled to their naps, she cried a little and then she sat down to write to Jim and she endorsed a check to him. She wrote, "You see, dear, I don't need it and I hope it will make things easier for you," and for the first time, in writing him, she signed her letter with, "Your wife, Celie."

Then she cried quite hard . . . and because—she was so happy . . . It was queer to be so happy while she still saw the dress as she did, almost all the time. "It was pretty," she thought.

She heard her mother telling her father that he must have a new overcoat; she didn't know why. But she did know she had to make the expense of calling her mother by telephone although she'd written her a ream of excitedly bubbling gratitude for that wonderful check.

"Mother—!" she said thickly.
(Continued on page 22)



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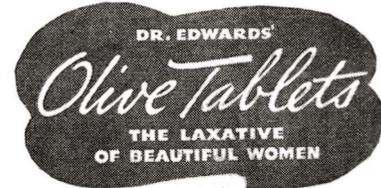
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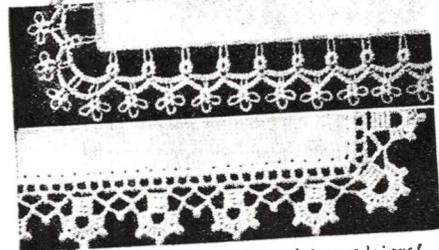
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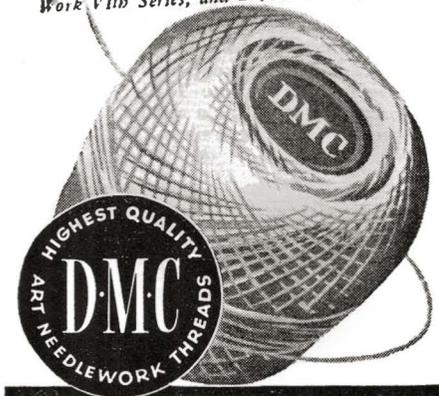
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The New Dress

(Continued from page 21)

"Why, dearie!" warm, and steady and comforting, and cheerful.

"I—I just felt I had to call you, mother . . . Mother—You're so wonderful!"

"I?" a laugh, "Why no, dear! The babies?"

"Quite well, except for Celie, teething. They're darling, Mother! They're so sweet!" Why was she crying? "I'm so happy,—Mother!"

Stammering a little, she told her mother about how they had had to use the check. "Well, I imagined you'd use it that way, dear," her mother answered flatly; "Your father knew Jim needed a suit and—we know you're growing up."

She wanted to say "I'm trying to" but she could manage only a "goodbye, Mother, dearest!" She held her babies close when they woke, thinking of her mother . . . and lips against little Celie's soft fluff of hair, she whispered an unsteady, "Mother—? Mother!"

WHEN Jim came home she laid aside her ideas of going out for any evening for another few years anyway. He was too tired. He must have rest. He wore the new suit and he was curt. "I had to take it!" he said belligerently and as if accusing her of something.

"I know," she said, who had dreamed his gratitude would be profound and shaken.

"Well, do you like it?" he pushed on, sounding angry, and he turned before her. She said, "It's lovely, the color and everything and it's so becoming. And I think it'll wear well."

"The clerk said it would," he answered anxiously, eyes on a cuff.

She saw herself, young in the moonlight . . . as if it were a picture of some one she had known long years before . . . a picture of a child.

"Dear," she said, "If you'd go right away, you could get a little sleep before dinner."

Then his eyes on her; a settled, steady, calm look, but better than the one of first love and stronger. He knew how she cared and she was proud of having taught him. "I must always make him understand he has me, anyway," she thought humbly.

Suddenly her fear was gone. She did not analyze what had killed it. She did not know that the bridge of giving will carry any little human across the dark valley of doubt, and that it is a strong bridge that gives strength to those who use it.

She knew only that he was tired. He dropped, utterly spent, to their bed; she pulled the cover over him. His eyes were fixed on her as were the eyes of her babies when they felt hunger, fright, or pain.

He gripped her hand; he said, "Can you sit down a minute?"

"Yes, if they don't cry," she answered, settling on the edge of the bed.

"I kept thinking of you, Celie."

"I was thinking of you, too."

"Did everything go all right for you, Celie?"

"Oh, yes, everything was fine!"

"Your letters were so nice, Celie."

She stroked his hand.

"Listen, Celie, I got twenty of that left."

Could you get a dress with that?"

She saw the price-tag on that dress she loved; "\$20—" It was a pretty dress; she smiled, remembering it. "No," she answered. "You get an overcoat. "Could you, for that?"

"Oh, I could, but—Oh, I wish I could say it, what I want to!"

"Well, we know, Jim."

He nodded on the pillow; "Sometimes I think—even when we forget on top—we know inside."

"We do!" she said. It was queer; they were both so close to tears.

He slipped an arm around her neck to draw her face to his and cheeks pressed tight and warm, he said, "I guess—you know!"

She did . . . She smiled, working in the kitchen, trying to keep them quiet so he could sleep . . . She smiled, remembering his kiss, his short, tight, "Some day everything—for you!" and she'd answered, "I have everything," in the flat married voice . . . And she had . . . Give faith, not doubt. Give love and all it means! And never stop the giving! Not roses and moonlight as she'd dreamed, but something sounder . . . something the little frosts of every day would not kill . . . something that shone all the while, instead of dwindling as the moon . . . He was hers and now she knew it. Those who invest in love learn the dividend.

Small Celie whimpered. Her mother picked her up, whispering, "Shhhh—!" She was growing so heavy; her weight brought out a backache . . . But so dear, and what would life be without the weight of love? And of carrying it?

She held small Celie close because, once more, she had a vision of "that pretty dress." She kissed her baby's head and smiling, she whispered, a little thickly, "Your mummy has a new dress!"

A Rose Jar for Remembering

By MARGARET SCHAFFER CONNELLY

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A fragile thing.
Filled with gay
Remembering,
Of sunlight spread
On gilded leaves
Where the busy
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Filagree'd
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Lilac scented
Just for you;
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Of roses caught
In a mesh
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And fragrant spring
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CHRISTMAS GIFT ETIQUETTE

A Talk to Girls by LORNA SLOCOMBE

AT Christmas time a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, and etiquette. She would like to give her best beau a present—but should she? And what on earth does one give a young man anyhow?

First of all, let her be sure if she wants to give him a present. Certainly not, if he isn't giving her one. So if a card has arrived from him bearing the proper yuletide sentiments, she may assume that nothing more will be forthcoming. But it may be there has been no card in the mails, and she thinks he *might* be sending a gift, though she isn't sure. Let her remember that it is better that he should give and give, and she merely smile receptively and give nothing in return but sweet thanks, than for her to load him down with presents and obligations and embarrass him out of her life. However, if his present has arrived bright and early, beribboned, besprigged, and labeled Don't Open Until Christmas, let the young lady clutch her pocketbook in her hot little fist and go shopping for a present from her to him. And here's hoping she doesn't get him a necktie. Or anything to wear, for that matter. Men are quite, quite mad when it comes to new clothes. They hate all new things. They don't like women to buy things for them, and they never buy anything for themselves. They love their old things to distraction and the ragbag, and won't wear even the most necessary new clothes until after long preliminaries of hemming, hawing, practising around the house, and seasoning in the closet. And granted that men are all a little nutty on the subject of clothes, a wise young lady will prudently evade the issue by letting them have their own way.

Pipes Are Definitely Out!

Pipes are another thing no woman will ever understand. It is a constant source of astonishment to the feminine sex that a man could possibly be under the impression that he needs so many pipes. It is equally mysterious to her how he tells one pipe from another that looks just the same, and what difference it makes anyhow. If you are a wise young lady you will again leave the mystery unprobed and unsolved. If you are going to give your beau something in the smoking line, he will certainly appreciate a carton or so of his favorite cigarettes. Or a nice virile, capacious ash tray. If he uses a cigarette case, he'd probably like one from you, but avoid anything too tricky, or too colorful. Something simple and not too expensive, with room for plenty of cigarettes.

Nice big white handkerchiefs with a simple monogram are something a man never has too many of. Get him just a bit more expensive ones than he'd ever think of getting for himself. Another possible present with the personal note is a muffler for formal evening wear—be sure it's correct. But refrain from giving him Russian pyjamas, no matter how cute you think he'd look in them.

Beware Sentimental Inscriptions

Books are always in the best of taste, and indicate that you have moderately serious interests in life. If he's in the least literary, a de luxe edition of a favorite author will be something he'll keep and appreciate always. If you wish to inscribe the flyleaf, it's quite (Continued on page 26)

See if the Shade of Face Powder You Have Been Using is the Right One for You!

By *Lady Esther*

You think you can describe your complexion by calling it "fair," "dark," "pink and white" or "olive." You think you know just what shade of face powder goes with your particular skin.

But I want to give you the surprise of your life! I want to show you—at my expense—that you probably belong to the vast army of women who habitually use the *wrong* shade of face powder—a shade that never permits them to look their loveliest or their youngest!

The reason women make this mistake is that they choose face powder shades according to old-fashioned notions of "type." But you *aren't* a type. You're you—an individual! No two skins are alike. Even the same skin alters with the years, the seasons, the state of health. Doesn't this check with your own experience?

There's Just ONE WAY to Tell!

The only way to find the most becoming, flattering shade of face powder for your skin *now*—is to try on all five basic shades. Any other way doesn't give your complexion the ghost of a chance to show which shade it demands.

I don't expect you to buy 5 big boxes of powder for this test, when one box will be all you'll need afterward. Just send me your name and address, and by return mail I'll dispatch all 5 shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, free of charge.

When the five shades arrive, do this: First, look at them all and, just for fun, guess which shade you think is most flattering to you. Keep that

shade in mind. Then try on every one of the five shades. Give yourself plenty of time. Be sure to remove each shade completely before you try the next. But the important thing is to try *all* five, before you make up your mind which is most becoming. Then compare the one you select by *actual test*, with the one you *guessed* at—you'll get the surprise of your life to find your guess was undoubtedly wrong.

Prepare for a Surprise!

Do you know what is quite apt to happen? *A complete reversal of everything you thought you knew about yourself and your face powder shade.* Why, thousands of women have told me that the shade they guessed in advance as the winner—didn't win at all! Often the winner has turned out to be the very shade they thought couldn't possibly suit them! This shade added life and vivacity not only to the skin but to their whole personality—and made them look years younger!

Write today for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Then make the test I suggest and see for yourself how right or wrong you have been in your selection of face powder shade. Mail coupon now!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (28) **FREE**

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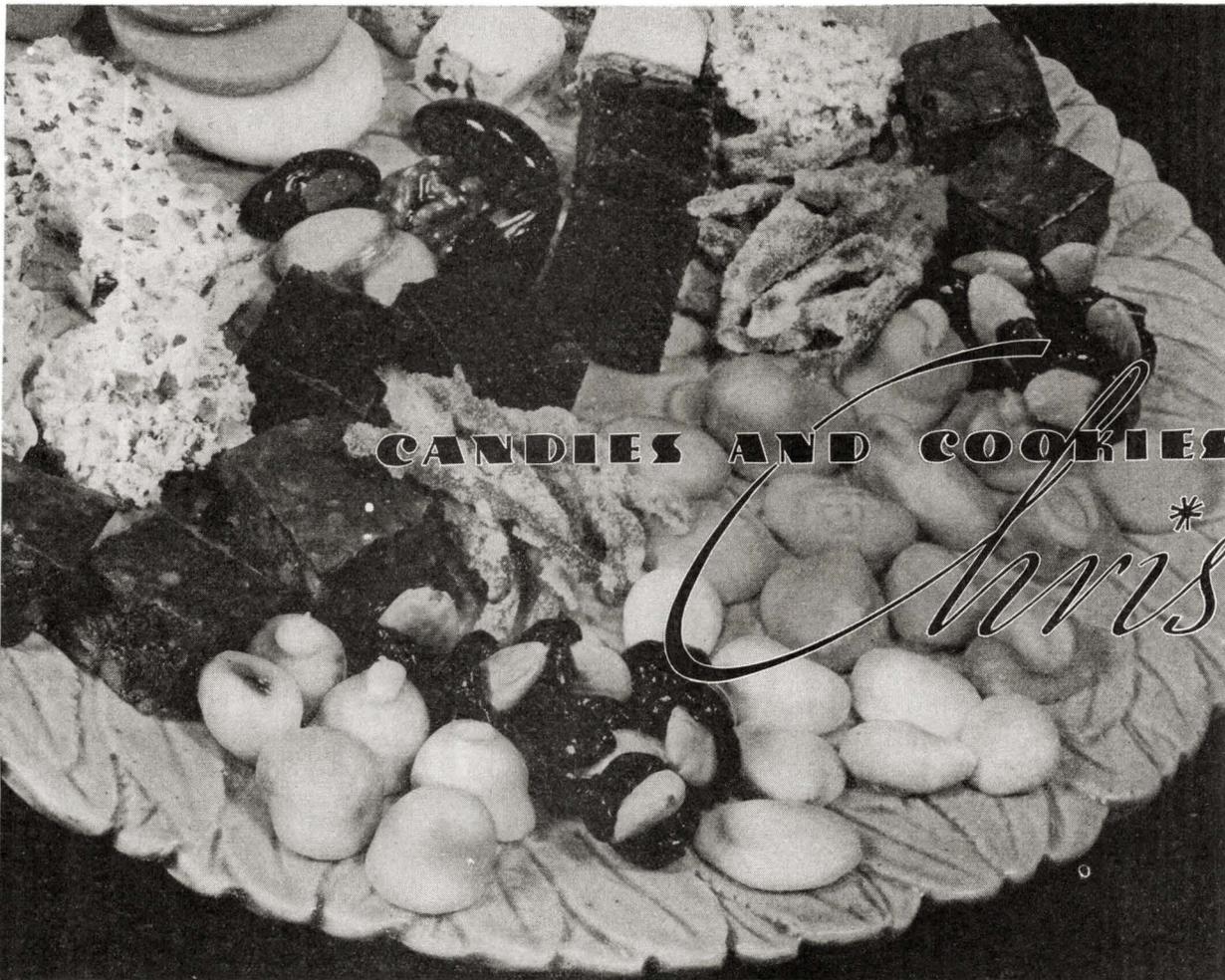


Photo courtesy
Corn Products
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CANDIES AND COOKIES FOR

Christmas

By LILY
HAXWORTH
WALLACE

Homemaking Editor

DELICIOUS HOME-MADE CANDIES—AND THEY'RE EASY TO MAKE, TOO!

Say Merry Christmas! with a box of home-made sweets

SAY it to the family—say it to your friends—to the young people who must spend Christmas far away from home—to the bachelor maid who has little time to fuss for herself—say it to almost anyone you know, for who will not welcome a Merry Christmas Greeting in the form of a gaily decorated package of your own home-made cookies or candies?

The containers are probably right at hand—those boxes and tins which you've been saving all year long though you really hardly knew what for—are just waiting to be commanded in these last hurried days. Decorate the tins with bright enamel paints, stencil them if you like, or in the case of cardboard boxes transform them into treasure chests by covering with wall paper samples or wrap in bright tissues or cellophane, making generous use of paper ribbons and seals to complete their festive appearance.

Glass jars with tightly fitting covers (enamel these too) will be just grand for salted nuts—oh there are any number of ways of sending your greeting in such a sweet or spicy manner and with the least possible expenditure other than the time and thought which mean so much and really cost so little.

Chocolate Fudge

3 tablespoons butter	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
3 cups sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons corn sirup	1 cup broken nut-meats or quartered seeded raisins, optional
2 squares (ounces) unsweetened chocolate	

Combine butter, sugar, sirup, chocolate and milk in *large* heavy saucepan and cook to 238 degrees F. (soft ball) stirring only until sugar and chocolate are melted and removing with a dampened brush any drops of sirup which form on sides of pan. Cool to lukewarm (110 degrees F.) add vanilla and beat until Fudge loses its glossy appearance and is firm enough to hold its shape when a little is dropped from spoon. Stir in nut-meats or raisins, if

used, and turn into oiled pan. Cut into squares when firm.

Butterscotch

3 cups sugar	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup light or dark corn sirup	6 tablespoons butter
	2 teaspoons vanilla

Combine sugar, sirup and water and cook to 270 degrees F. (medium crack) stirring only until sugar is dissolved. Add butter and continue to cook to 284-290 degrees F. (hard crack) stirring constantly after butter is added. Remove from fire, add vanilla and pour into oiled pan. Cool, mark into squares and break apart when cold.

Almond Butterscotch

Stir gently into Butterscotch just before pouring into oiled pan 1 cup shelled unblanched almonds, slightly toasted in the oven.

Scotch Kisses

Wipe small marshmallows and dip gently, one at a time, into the hot Butterscotch, lifting out with fork and inverting on oiled plate to cool.

Marshmallow Coconut Squares

2 cups sugar	2 tablespoons butter
1 cup light corn sirup	16 marshmallows, cut small
1 cup milk	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups shredded coconut

Cook sugar, sirup, and milk to 238 degrees F. (soft ball) add butter, then cool in pan till lukewarm (110 degrees F.) Stir in marshmallows and coconut and beat until creamy. Turn into oiled pan and mark into squares.

Vanilla Caramels

1 cup sugar	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup light cream
1 cup light corn sirup	1 teaspoon butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	2 teaspoons vanilla

Combine sugar, sirup, salt and half the cream in a *large* saucepan. Stir until boiling, then cook gently to 230 degrees F. (thread) stirring frequently. Add butter and remaining cream, not more than a tablespoon at a time so as not to check boiling. Continue cooking, still stirring frequently, to 244-246 degrees F. for a soft cara-

mel, to 248-250 degrees F. for a firmer texture. Add vanilla and turn into an oiled pan ($\frac{3}{4}$ inch deep.) Cut into squares when cold and wrap at once in waxed paper.

Variations: Stir in 1 cup broken nut-meats just before pouring.

Stir in $\frac{3}{8}$ cup shredded coconut just before pouring.

Flavor with 1 teaspoon maple flavoring in place of vanilla.

Flavor with maple and add 1 cup broken walnut meats.

Salted Nuts

Blanched nuts	Salt
Oil	

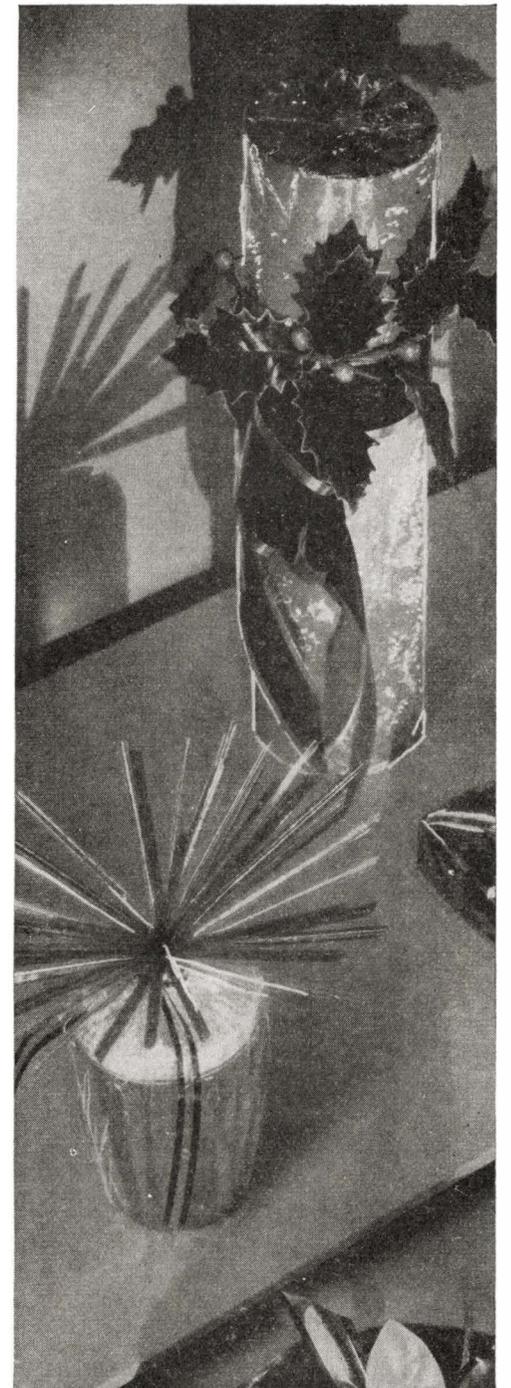
Sprinkle nuts very lightly with oil, using not more than one teaspoon to a cup of nuts. Spread in one layer in baking pan and brown delicately in moderately hot oven—375 degrees F.—stirring occasionally that they may color evenly. Sprinkle with salt after removing from oven and spread on crumpled unglazed paper to absorb any surface oil.

Puffed Cereal Nuggets

1 cup molasses	1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons vinegar	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon baking soda
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	3 cups puffed cereal

Combine first four ingredients, bring gently to boiling point, then cook until a little dropped into cold water becomes brittle—265-270° F. Remove from fire, add soda, stir until thoroughly incorporated, then pour over cereal in a large mixing bowl. Stir until all grains are coated, then drop by small spoonfuls onto waxed paper. (Continued on page 27)

The Christmas spirit is brilliantly symbolized in these shimmering gift packages decked with wrappings, ribbons and transparent drinking straws of Cellophane cellulose film. Especially effective are the fan bow of pleated film, and the pom-pom of straws on the jelly jar.



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Photo Courtesy Lever Brothers Co.

Here are some
excellent
recipes, so—

**LET'S
HAVE**

Doughnuts

HOW will you have your doughnuts—for of course you will have them now that the cold winter weather is here and we are more inclined toward hearty, calorie-rich foods. There's quite a trend toward old favorites in cooking these days and surely doughnuts were one of the earliest Colonial types of sweet cake. In his history of New York, Washington Irving calls attention to this: "Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it always was sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoecks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city excepting in genuine Dutch families."

There are just a half dozen points on the doughnut question which should be stressed before proceeding to recipes:

1. Don't use too much sugar. It is better to depend partly for sweetness on the surface sugar in which the doughnuts are rolled.

2. By all means use egg yolks or whole eggs in your doughnuts as this makes them less likely to absorb fat.

3. Select a heavy iron kettle for the frying that the fat may maintain a steady, even temperature. If using the "bread" test one should be able to count sixty before this becomes golden brown. With a frying thermometer the temperature should range from 360-375 degrees F.

4. Don't crowd the doughnuts in the frying kettle; turn as soon as they rise to the top of the fat, and be sure to drain thoroughly after frying.

5. It is wiser to do all the rolling and cutting before beginning to fry so that one's entire attention may then be given to the actual cooking.

6. The easiest way to sugar doughnuts is to place a little powdered sugar in a large paper bag, drop in three or four doughnuts, twist the top of the bag to close, then shake gently.

Plain Doughnuts

2½ tablespoons shortening	3 teaspoons baking powder
¾ cup sugar	1 teaspoon salt
2 large eggs	1 teaspoon mixed ground spices—cinnamon, nutmeg, mace
1 cup milk	
About 3½ cups flour	

Cream shortening and work in half the sugar. Beat eggs with remaining sugar

and add with milk. Sift remaining ingredients and combine with first mixture. Blend very thoroughly and if necessary use a little more flour although the dough should be as soft as it can be handled. Turn onto a floured board, roll about half an inch thick, cut and fry. Drain thoroughly on unglazed paper and roll in powdered sugar.

Sour Milk Doughnuts

2 eggs	1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup sugar	1 teaspoon baking powder
¾ cup sour milk	
2 tablespoons melted shortening	½ teaspoon grated nutmeg
1 teaspoon baking soda	About 3½ cups flour

Beat eggs and sugar together until light, add milk and shortening, then sifted dry ingredients. Mix quickly. Roll, cut, fry, drain and roll in powdered sugar.

Raised Doughnuts

1 cup milk	1 compressed yeast cake
¼ cup sugar	2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt	About 5 cups flour
½ cup shortening	

Scald milk and pour it over the sugar, salt and shortening. When cooled to lukewarm add the crumbled yeast cake, stir until dissolved, add eggs beaten until light, then the flour and knead to a smooth dough. Cover and set in a warm place to rise until doubled in bulk—about two hours. Roll from half to two-thirds inch thick on a floured board, cut, place on lightly greased pan at least one inch apart, cover and allow to rise until again doubled in bulk. Fry, drain and roll either in plain powdered sugar or in powdered sugar to which a little ground cinnamon has been added.

Chocolate Doughnuts

¼ cup shortening	1 cup sour milk
1½ cups sugar	1½ teaspoons vanilla
2 eggs	
2 squares (ounces) unsweetened chocolate, melted	About 4 cups flour
	1 teaspoon baking soda
	1 teaspoon salt

Cream shortening with half the sugar. Beat eggs with remaining sugar and add. Pour in melted chocolate, milk and vanilla and combine with sifted dry ingredients, adding more flour if necessary to make a dough which can be easily handled. Roll on floured board, cut, fry and drain.

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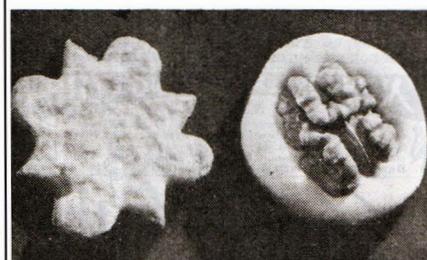
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FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR COMPOUND

At the Sign of the Falcon

(Continued from page 8)

have it back. But of what use is that—he is already wed."

"Wed! You tell me he is wed! To whom? How know you this?"

"He told me so just now. It was as if he had struck me. I feel as if all that was good had gone out of my life."

"I cannot believe, it Ardeth."

"He would not lie to me, even though he was so angry."

"No; I think he would not lie. But it seems so strange—"

"So strange and cruel. But let us not speak of it now. You said that much was contingent on my answering your question. Well, I have answered. Now what is it you would tell me. Who was this man who ruined your sister's life?"

"I should not say it now; and yet there is a good reason that it be told to you, even though one is supposed to speak no evil of the dead. Had you read all my letter, you had learned this. The man was Sir Ives Baghote—"

Ardeth, incredulous at first, read the truth in Jane's earnest eyes.

"He—he did that! And I married him."

"He tricked you into marrying him; he wanted you and I threatened to tell you of what he had done. Oh, it is not all. Ardeth. Tell you I must, for such infamy should not die with the infamous one. This man you hate, on whose head you set a price, this Jaffray Crewe—do you know why, more than because of that silly wager he made, he was at daggers-drawn with Ives Baghote?—Because, even as that man ruined Moyra, he tricked and betrayed Jaffray Crewe's fostersister, Eve!"

"Jane! I cannot—"

"It is God's truth, I tell you! And there is a last confidence that, you must promise me, will go no farther—the pained thrust that finished your—that finished Ives Baghote was not given him by Jaffray Crewe but by another—a boy who had loved Moyra. Jaffray Crewe bested him in fair fight, and Jaffray Crewe by all I have heard of him is a fine and honest youth."

Ardeth, for a long while, kept silent, her face averted and in that while the thoughts that had dwelt in her mind, the prejudices, the hates, came tumbling down and were no more. Ives Baghote, of whom she had made something like a martyr, whose trickery she had condoned, had been a craven and a man of unspeakable wickedness. This other, Jaffray Crewe, had, rather than doing her an injury, performed a favor for her by ridding her of a man she must eventually have come to hate. Indeed, she had never loved him; his polish, his good looks and skill in the art of love had for a time captured her youthful fancy.

She awoke from her bitter musings. Jane watched her with pity, with an understanding of what this must mean to one so proud and fiery.

"You did well to tell me, Jane," said Ardeth. "It has righted many things that were wrong in my mind and uprooted some that were ugly from my heart."

terested enough in him to find out his preferences beforehand. You may want to be very aesthetic and present him with a work of art, but it's awfully precarious. Opinions differ so desperately. He might not be able to stomach the dominant shade of green in the painting. Bookends would be a safer bet. And the picture he's most likely to enjoy is one of yourself. But oh lady, lady! If you're giving him your photograph, inscribe it non-committally and gently. For he may run off with a little blonde some day. If you keep that in mind as you shop for his present, you won't go far astray!

Here, friendless, to a place he had loved at first sight, that now had become somehow cold and strange to him—perhaps because of the heaviness of his heart and the lowness of his spirits—came Jaffray Crewe; and the salty zest of the sea came to him, stronger than the smells of earth, as if the sea called to him to be away from all this, to cease believing that love was truth and not a lie and that happiness for him dwelt in the light and tricky heart of a girl.

And Jaffray, at that moment, tired, disillusioned, forgetful that he left to her the land that was rightfully his, was all for going upon the sea and betaking himself to far places—to the Indies, to Cathay, where in time he could forget what his lips had learned from her lips and his fingers from her glorious hair. It seemed just now as if those memories would

(Continued on page 27)

Christmas Gift Etiquette

(Continued from page 23)

all right and adds a personal note to the gift, but be very careful not to include any flowery sentiments in the inscription. Just "Jim, from Louise, Christmas 1936" is sufficient. Then if your grand passion turns out to be just another case of wondering what you ever saw in him, your name in his library will have the beautiful anonymity of a maiden aunt's.

If his tastes run to music, rather than books, there's always something he'd love in the line of victrola records that his allowance won't ever quite cover. Perhaps a symphony, or perhaps Dwight Fiske's latest gem. It's up to you to be in-

JAFFRAY between campaigns had read that sublimely ridiculous chronicle of Cervantes—Don Quixote de la Mancha—and had laughed delightedly at the dismal endings of that great knight's exploits. Now, however, as he urged his horse towards Port Royal and, from the brute's leisurely progress, had ample time to muse on his own adventures, he discovered a great deal of sense in the famous satire and told himself he needed only a Sancho Panza, to be a counterpart of Don Quixote himself.

Women—and Mistress Stuart in particular—he compared bitterly with gunpowder—women being even more dangerous, since a man never knew when he was holding a match to the train and bringing on his own destruction.

Why could Ardeth not have listened to him, given him a chance to explain that he was but gratifying Jane Marchbank's inordinate curiosity. What fire! What a mettlesome temper! In spite of his sense of hurt and injustice, he could not help loving her the more for that he knew it was jealousy and a sure proclamation of her love for him. No doubt she would become cooler in a little while and would have a settlement with her cousin and learn the truth. That would have restored him to her favor, to be sure, but he, in his own rage had definitely committed himself to explanations. He had rashly, to punish her, told her he was already wed. He could not take it back and he dared not tell her the truth. Would he ever dare to lay bare the truth to her, whose hatred of Jaffray Crewe might never cease to be?

He arrived at nightfall in Port Royal, still familiarly called by that name, though Annapolis Royal was the name the English had given it. The Basin was like a mammoth mirror, smooth, unrippled, and the vessels that were anchored there were silhouetted sharply against the fading west. Early lights twinkled out from the houses of the town and the notes of a bugle sounded clarion-clear in the stillness, and the muffled detonation of the sunset-gun ricocheted from hill to hill.

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(Continued on page 27)

Why Laxatives Fail in Stubborn Constipation

Twelve to 24 hours is too long to wait when relief from clogged bowels and constipation is needed, for then enormous quantities of bacteria accumulate, causing GAS, indigestion and many restless, sleepless nights.

If you want REAL, QUICK RELIEF, take a liquid compound such as Adlerika. Adlerika contains SEVEN cathartic and carminative ingredients that act on the stomach and BOTH bowels. Most "overnight" laxatives contain one ingredient that acts on the lower bowel only.

Adlerika's DOUBLE ACTION gives your system a thorough cleansing, bringing out old poisonous waste matter that may have caused GAS pains, sour stomach, headaches and sleepless nights for months.

Adlerika relieves stomach GAS at once and usually removes bowel congestion in less than two hours. No waiting for overnight results. This famous treatment has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 35 years. Take Adlerika one-half hour before breakfast or one hour before bedtime and in a short while you will feel marvelously refreshed. At all leading Druggists.

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At the Sign of the Falcon

(Continued from page 26)

haunt him always.

Down by the wharves where in these days of tolerable peace, the fishingboats from the Banks and ships of commerce from the Carolinas and the Bahamas discharged and took on their cargoes, a faded signboard creaked mournfully in the breeze that had now grown brisker as if it were created by the swift-beating wings of the night. The Inn of the Bell and Trident—Captain Gervaise of the Coronel had told Jaffray that the food was excellent there and the wine, and the beds soft to sleep in.

So there Jaffray betook himself, handed over his horse, with no regrets, to the stable-boy and went into the tap-room, into the floating fragrant smoke of seamen's pipes that drifted in wraith-like wisps above the candles.

There was a note of seriousness in the room and most of the seamen and the few Acadians who were there discussed the same thing. Jaffray presently caught the gist of it—a man had been murdered, an aged farmer who lived some distance down the coast towards Cape Sable. His name was Alphonse Giraud and he was reputed a miser with much gold hidden about the house where he lived. This was a law-abiding country, the men were saying, it would go hard with this rogue—

Jaffray listened idly, his own sorrows were of more concern to him than the death of an ancient man whose whole life had been given to gathering gold and hoarding it. The landlord brought food—excellent fried fish and wheaten bread, but it had no taste to Jaffray Crewe. Slowly, as if some malignant force were creeping about him, he became aware of being watched. He turned sharply and his eyes met the glittering, curious orbs of a man who wore the cassock and cowl of a black Capuchin—a monk, of which there were full many in the land.

There was something ominous, sinister in the black monk's unswerving stare. The face, under the cowl, was lean and famished looking, the nose sharp and hawklike. There was something—some evil in that face that Jaffray knew and had seen before—where he could not tell. Abruptly, the black monk, having finished his meal, got up and came over to the table where Jaffray sat and bent down to speak to him.

"Gently, now," whispered the awful voice. "Come upstairs with me to the room I have and I will explain all to you. But come, Mr. Mallock, or 'twill go hard with you. These men would tear to pieces and rend, as wolves rend with their fangs, one who bore the sign o' the falcon!"

Jaffray, because there was no other course open to him, got up from his chair and followed the cassocked, vulture-like figure up the creaking stairs and along a dark hall. The monk opened his door and went in first, lighting a candle and then closing the shutters. He made sure the door was bolted; then wheeled upon Jaffray Crewe, thrusting his horrible visage close to Jaffray's—

"Hast seen my face before, friend? Think now! Hast seen its like?"

Jaffray's eyes narrowed and his mouth grew stern. Like a flash it came—

"Israel Mork! You are—"

"Aye," chuckled the monk. "Israel Mork it is. Once you laid me by the heels, young bantam. But now—"

The grim circle of a pistol's muzzle, a few feet from Jaffray's eyes, finished Mork's threat. The pistol in that skinny hand did not waver.

"Where is the Falcon's hoard?" said Israel Mork. "That's what I have come to find from you. Which is the island? Speak now—I hold this pistol here and this time you will not avoid the dagger thrust. If you do I'll blow a nice hole in that handsome brow. What did the Toad tell you, Mr. Mallock? Come, we will bargain. I have here the numbered chart, and the Toad, as they set me adrift, the dogs, whispered that you could tell me the number—you and the Falcon and he was dead and you soon would be."

"I know not whereof you speak," said Jaffray. "But lower your pistol, Mork. I thought you were dead and yet hell would hardly receive your like and you could not get into heaven."

"Ha! Ha! That is good, Mr. Mallock. But say you will share with me if I show you the chart the Falcon left in Portobello. Your knowledge and mine put together, eh? No, they cannot kill Israel Mork. I was picked up a few days after they set me adrift—picked up by friends. I got the Falcon's chart from his home in Portobello and I came up here. I heard about you—how you were taken to Quebec to be hanged and did escape the gallows. Then, when I saw you downstairs tonight, I knew my quest was ended. You will not trick me, I know. I still hold this pistol in my hand and I fear not to use it. Now—"

From the folds of his cassock, Mork drew a folded parchment and spread it upon the table, keeping the table between himself and Jaffray. It was a yellowed chart of the Nova Scotia shore and every island that lies off that shore—and they are legion. And every one was numbered, far up into the hundreds from the digit one, the numbers ran. And below the chart were these strange lines—

(Continued on page 28)

Candies and Cookies for Christmas

(Continued from page 24)

Plain Foundation Cookies

½ cup shortening 3 scant cups flour
1 cup sugar 3 teaspoons baking
1 beaten egg powder
½ cup milk ¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon flavoring

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg, milk and flavoring, then sifted dry ingredients. Chill, roll out, cut and bake in moderately hot oven—375 degrees F.—about 12 minutes.

These cookies may be varied by making up double the quantity, dividing into three or more portions, flavoring each differently, then cutting into different shapes or decorating differently to add variety.

Christmas Rings

Cut Foundation Cookie Dough with doughnut cutter, sprinkle with colored sugar or tiny colored candies or press bits of candied cherry and citron into tops of cookies.

Pinwheels

Leave one batch of Foundation Dough plain, color and flavor another with melted chocolate. Roll both out very thin, lay chocolate over plain, roll up like a jelly roll, chill and slice.

Rich Gingersnaps

1 cup butter ½ teaspoon ground
1 cup sugar cinnamon
1 cup molasses ½ teaspoon ground
1 cup cream cloves
About 5 cups sifted 1½ teaspoons
cake flour ground ginger
1 teaspoon baking
soda

Cream butter and sugar until light; add molasses and cream, the latter beaten until thick but not stiff. Combine with dry ingredients, sifted together twice. Form into a dough and chill, preferably overnight. Roll out thin on a floured board, cut into desired shapes, and bake on greased baking sheets about 12 minutes in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F.



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SEND NO MONEY—MAIL ANSWER QUICK!

Right now, look at the picture below and see if you can find THE TRIPLETS, the three lovable tender puppies that look alike, and send your answer today to get the opportunity to win a marvelous, magnificent fortune. With all this money you could do the things you have always wanted to do. Can you help Princess Letty find her TRIPLETS? Princess Letty is the devoted mother of the

ten bewildered puppies pictured below. Look at them, see how alike all of them look but three of them, THE TRIPLETS, are marked EXACTLY alike! That's where the fun begins. Look for the identifying marks around the heads, eyes, ears, noses and mouths. It isn't quite as easy as it appears—but KEEP LOOKING and you may find them. Mark the numbers of the Triplets in the coupon below and mail it to us today.

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Mrs. K. L. B. asks: "My children are often subject to spasmodic croup every week or two in winter and spring. Then they cough and cough night after night. Please advise a remedy."

Answer: Use Essence Mentho-Laxene and Mentho-Laxene Salve. These used as per directions are quickly effective.

C. K. K. writes: "I am 19, and afflicted with unsightly pimples (common acne) all over my face. Also constipated and about once a month suffer dreadfully with 'itching hives.' Please help me?"

Answer: To correct the tendency to constipation and aid the elimination of the waste products in the system take Sulpherb Tablets three times daily for several weeks.

W. R. S. writes: "I am 25. Have been unable to work because of a secondary anemic condition, loss of weight and strength. Am pale, and extremities are cold. Appetite poor and do not sleep well, as I am very nervous."

Answer: Your condition is often described as a "weak, run-down state of the system." I advise Cadomene tablets be taken over a period of several months, as a tonic for increasing the hemoglobin of the blood, and the stability of the nerves.

A. R. writes: "We are a family of five. All of us are greatly troubled with constipation. Most everything used loses its effectiveness and requires increasing dose."

Answer: You will find by trial that Casca Royal Pills is exactly the kind of a medicine your family can use.

Miss C. K. asks: "I suffer usually each month with dreadful headache and functional cramp-pains. What is safe and effective for relief?"

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THANKFUL LETTERS

N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa. "I was troubled with pimples, (common acne) for about 18 months. I heard that sulphur was awful good to clear up the skin but I knew that I could not take that stuff. While in a drug store one day I learned about Sulpherb Tablets. I tried them and in a couple of months my skin cleared up. Since then I've taken one box every year as a 'spring tonic.'" Signed: Jos. J. Glock, 824 Madison Ave.

Glen Ridge, N. J. "I feel an urge to write and tell you what wonderful results I have had in using five grain Su-thol Tablets in the last month. I will say they have done me more good for headaches than all the medicine and treatments I had taken for such a long time. The best of praise for Su-thol Tablets! Sincerely etc." Signed: Mrs. Knox, 44 Edgewood Avenue.

Mrs. J. Anderson, 3256 Franklin Blvd., Chicago, Ill. writes: "In the past seven years I have used a number of the medicines you recommend, with great success, but it is only recently that I've used Cadomene Tablets. I was very weak and nervous and nothing I tried seemed to afford much help until I discovered Cadomene Tablets. I am on the second box, but I already feel ever so much stronger and better in every way. I also use Casca Royal Pills once in a while and like them a lot. Thanks."

Mrs. Joseph Koroly, 38 Stevens Ave., Highland Park, Detroit, Mich., writes: "For six years, off and on I had attacks of minor kidney and bladder disorder. I had to get up every night and suffered great discomfort. I saw where Balmwort Tablets were recommended in cases like mine. I sent for a package and I am thankful that I tried them. In just three days they brought me complete relief."

Mrs. M. L. Beck, R.F.D. No. 5, Youngstown, Ohio, writes: "We have used Essence Mentho-Laxene and can say it has done wonders in relieving the coughs of several members of our household. My son has had a cough off and on several times, but nothing ever helped him like that grand Mentho-Laxene. We certainly appreciate such a fine medicine."

Note: The Medical Director of The Blackburn Products Co. 412 College Bldg., Dayton, Ohio, will send his valuable guide to Health and Beauty and trial pkg. of Casca Royal Pills and Su-thol Tablets to any address upon receipt of 10 cts. Coin. The trustworthy medicines advised can be obtained of all leading druggists, in the United States.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of Woman's World published monthly at Mount Morris, Illinois, for October 1, 1936.

State of New York County of New York ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lee Ellmaker, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Woman's World, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Woman's World Publishing Company, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York City; Editor, Ray M. Wallace, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York City; Business Manager, Lee Ellmaker, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Woman's World Publishing Company, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York City; Lee Ellmaker, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

LEE ELLMAKER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1936. EDYTHE E. TOMPKINS, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1938.)

At the Sign of the Falcon

(Continued from page 27)

Odd on the right
On the left even
Add then in front the mystic seven
And there from the tall pine pace
North the left even
East the right odd
And down full three times seven.

Israel Mork's horrid eyes watched Jaffray as he studied these strange and meaningless words and from them studied the chart. But of them or it, Jaffray could make neither head nor tail. He looked up at Mork and met the cut-throat's stare, saw his teeth bared wolfishly—

"No lies, m'lud," said Mork. "I'll have it if I have to cut your heart out. What did the Toad tell you. Let's have it; for if I don't get the Falcon's bloody hoard, neither will you. I mean that—"

The door flew open as if a battering ram had struck it—which was just about what had, for the shoulders of two sturdy seamen had done it. Into the room poured men—soldiers, sailors, civilians, and flung themselves upon Israel Mork and Jaffray. It was useless to fight, Jaffray saw, even if he knew what to fight for. But Mork fought. They had knocked the pistol from his hand, but in the other now he had a dagger and brandished it aloft with a bloodcurdling yell, with awful mouthings and grimacings that Jaffray had experienced aboard the pirate ship. And Mork's sleeve slid down as the attackers bore in upon him and there for all to see was the sign o' the falcon on his arm.

THEY clubbed him to the floor; they pointed to the brand upon his arm and those who held Jaffray Crewe lifted his sleeve and found on him, too, the bird of evil. They searched Israel Mork then and found much gold upon him.

"Yes," said the inn-keeper, peering at the gold pieces. "It is even so. Look, messieurs, you see some are marked with a little cross, and, as you all know, poor old Alphonse would mark every tenth coin he saved with this cross—only the good God knows why. But had I not chanced to notice the mark upon the gold piece this wretch gave me downstairs tonight, he would surely have gone free, for who would suspect him in this sacred disguise?"

So that was it! Jaffray looked with disgust at Israel Mork's unconscious form. Mork's greed for even this poor old man's miserable savings had been his undoing. The Falcon's hidden gold would never be his now and, indeed, if its finding depended upon the deciphering of the weird chart that, doubtless, the Toad and the Falcon had devised between them, it might never be found. Men were looking curiously at the chart now, reading the strange key words aloud—

Odd on the right

On the left even—

What could it mean. They questioned him. He shrugged and said he did not know. They did not believe him. Presently now an officer came with a guard and with him was a sallow-faced and cynical-looking man whom Jaffray recognized as Mark Pennock and who, obviously, from the quick gleam of triumph in his slate-colored eyes, recognized Jaffray for what he was and saw the possibilities of his predicament.

"This man, Captain Goss," cried Pennock, pointing to Jaffray Crewe, "has been hanging about Annapolis Royal for some time. I suspected he was a rogue and now it is clear he is the confederate of this murderer and one of the band of the Falcon. But what is this—" He spied the chart upon the table and together with Captain Goss studied it carefully.

He turned to Jaffray.

"And what is your name?"

"My name is Jaffray Crewe."

"You do well to avow it at last," sneered Pennock. "Of course you know that the charges against you in England have been dropped, since some oaf confessed to having finished Baghote, and your friends, Furnival and Craymore, did make representations on your behalf—" "I did not know that," said Jaffray. "It was good of you to tell me."

"It will not help you here, Sir Jaffray. The thing you have upon your arm will require a lot of explaining—particularly since you have been an outlaw so long. It will be interesting to hear your story and that of your religious friend who seems now to be reviving to life."

It was so. Israel Mork had been clipped on the side of the head with his own pistol-butt; now his snake-like eyes—small, beady, glittering with malevolence as his situation dawned on him, darted from one to the other and finally rested on Jaffray, who stood between two soldiers. Israel Mork leered and gnashed his teeth.

"Bargain wi' them, will ye! I can see it in your eyes. You'd sell a shipmate to save your own skin. You'd tell them where the Falcon's gold is—and let me die like a dog. But ye'll swing too. Mark me, ye will swing, me hearty. He was their leader, good sirs—their leader, he was—"

Mork's finger pointed accusingly at Jaffray. It was a lie. It was the half-mad corsair's revenge for what he thought was Jaffray's treachery in not sharing the secret of the Falcon's cache with him.

"Well, well, one rogue will hang the other, eh, Sir Jaffray?" Pennock rubbed his hands and there was pleasant anticipation in his shifty slate-drab eyes. "They will deal speedily with you here. They know you very well, you see. At

(Continued on page 29)

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At the Sign of the Falcon

(Continued from page 28)

least they know the falcon that perches on your arm. We killed two birds with one stone tonight, eh, Goss!"

Goss laughed, appreciating this rare display of smart wit. He ordered his men to take the prisoners to the fort. They were to be put in the dungeons—dungeons Jaffray found, where a good man would rot with the slime and mold of age, with the water that trickled down the moss-coated walls; there the darkness seemed to press close, suffocating, terrible.

They had not put him with Israel Mork, and for that he was thankful. Mork was insane—a homicidal maniac. Yet they would take the man's testimony, they would believe him and condemn him, Jaffray Crewe, on the strength of what Mork said. Mork would paint things blackly for him. The loss of the treasure, the Falcon's vast wealth that, on some one of those thousand rocks or islands, was safely hidden, would enrage Mork still further. Firmly the men believed that Jaffray knew the key to its finding. Why had the Toad told Mork that, put that mad fancy into his head?

All night he lay awake, watching the narrow slit at the top of the dungeon wall that provided the sole ingress for the light of dawn. All night he sat on the pile of filthy straw that was his bed and hated the irons they had put upon him, constricting his movements already sadly limited in the narrow confines of his prison. And he thought of Ardeth and of his love, and this time he wanted very much to live, for he had known a foretaste of happiness and to leave life now were indeed a pity.

The morning was far advanced when the mighty bolts of the solid oak door grated and Captain Goss with two guards entered his cell. An old man followed them and laid a half-a-loaf and a tin mug of water at Jaffray's elbow. The water he drank, but the bread was untouched.

"You will have much to take on that empty stomach," said Goss. "It is your trial this morning and it has always gone hard here with such as you—a consorter with thieves and murderers, one yourself by the brand upon your arm."

It was a fair trial, as such trials go. To the Governor of Port Royal and his officials it was known that the prisoner, Sir Jaffray Crewe, had been for long a fugitive and an outlaw; that he had been taken prisoner by the French and sentenced to hang on being charged and shown guilty of piracy on the high seas, and here in Annapolis Royal he had been found with a confederate, with the Falcon's chart—was he then not one of the buccaners, one of those who had caused blood to run in the streets of Port Royal, who even now still came to find the gold they had buried and who murdered as of old?

It was idle for Jaffray to speak in his own defence, but he told them his story, prepared already for the look of incredulity that showed on their faces, for the derisive smile of Mark Pennock—but not for the wild laughter of Israel Mork and the pirate's bitter accusation—

"Believe not a word of it, my lords!" howled Mork, who hoped by accusing

(Continued on page 30)



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At the Sign of the Falcon

(Continued from page 29)

Jaffray to meet some leniency himself. "An innocent man, says he! Look at his arm, your honors, and know that, before he would be received into our crew he had with his own hand to spill the blood of one of his own companions. And that he did and he took the Falcon's oath and was one of us. He lies to you and he lied to me. Put him on the rack, good sirs, and torture out of him the secret of where the Falcon's hoard is hidden—gold and rubies, moidores and rare gems, my masters, to the tune of a hundred thousand pounds and more—"

The Court listened with interest to Israel Mork's tirade, and conversed in whispers among themselves. But Jaffray Crewe was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, and the smirk of delight that appeared on Israel's face was shortly erased, for, in even swifter time, the Court imposed a like sentence upon him.

PENNOCK, who, apparently, was aide or secretary to the governor, came to see Jaffray shortly after he had been returned to his cell, while the jeers of the mob still rang unpleasantly in his ears. Pennock still smiled, but from the prisoner came no answering smile. Pennock had come to gloat. It was in part that, but there was something else. The guard was sent out of the cell. Pennock said—

"You do not like the idea of death, Sir Jaffray?"

"I do not fear it."

"The penalty can be revoked. There is a way for you to save yourself and His Excellency has charged me with the mission of explaining it to you."

Jaffray was wary. He did not trust this man. Pennock perceived it.

"You need not fear. If you consent to this you will be taken at once to the governor and if you speak the truth, you will be given your freedom."

"What is it then you would have of me?" demanded Jaffray.

"The Falcon's treasure—hoard," said Pennock coolly. "Tell us on which of those islands it is hidden, explain the damned rigmarole on the chart and you will be given your liberty. Is it a bargain?"

Jaffray shook his head.

"No use! I do not know where the treasure is hidden nor can I decipher the chart. You offer me no chance of life, Pennock. Gladly would I give all the gold and gems in the world for my life—but as far as I am concerned this treasure is forever hidden."

"I think you lie," said Pennock. "You are a fool. This money would help your own country in the conduct of the war for the supremacy of Canada. Are you such a traitor that you love gold better than your own life and better than your country? When the shadow of the gibbet grows deeper and darker, mayhap you will change your mind. I would not gain by it, you see, for I shall claim of Lady Baghote, to whom I have sent word of your capture, the thousand pounds she offered for your head."

"She is coming here!" said Jaffray.

"No doubt she will come to see her husband avenged. You seem eager for her coming. Perhaps you would ask her to intercede for you?"

"No; I do not ask such favors of a woman. You may tell His Excellency that, if I knew where the Falcon's wealth was hidden, I would gladly barter the knowledge for my life."

"Very good. But ponder well," sneered Pennock. "The knowledge may come to you. If so, you have but to summon the guard and ask audience with the governor. Your confederate, Mork, swears that you alone know the secret. I do not think he lies."

Jaffray was left alone. He gave little thought to the Governor's offer. It meant nothing to him. Mork was insane. The Toad had told him nothing about the treasure, had not spoken to him save to hiss a few meaningless words at him as the uncouth creature sprawled over

him and dabbled on his accursed pigments.

No, he could not buy his life that way. There was no escape now. A chill, a numbness seemed to touch his heart and slowly permeate it and from it to spread all through his body. Life—he clung to life and craved it—he who, of life's ecstasy, had known only a few full moments. Was there no way—no way to escape from this hideous place, to get away—

Thus, grimly, bitterly, with set and dogged mien, he waited through the long hours. It must have been evening when she came; for he had heard the sunset gun and thought of other nights when its thunder would boom out and his ears would not hear it; how the world would go on just the same, and he not in it.

They had given him a candle—that he might have light in the few hours of life remaining to him, and in the candle's dim radiance she looked, to him who had begun to live with death—she looked the personification of the life he loved and felt so sad to lose. She wore blue—blue that he had always loved. Her hair was a shower of gold and her face so sweet and pale, the eyes so large and darkly blue—

He stood before her, head bowed. She did not speak. The guard had closed the door upon them.

"It was good of you to come to me, Ardeth," he said. "I hoped you would. I wanted you to. Yet I did not think you would come to Jaffray Crewe, but would rather watch his finish. I had to lie to you—I had to! If you had known who John Mallock was you would never have allowed him near you and thus

not want you to. I—oh, believe me, I don't want to see you die. Even if your life can mean nothing to me. But you do not seem grieved for her you leave behind—this wife—"

"I do grieve for her—and she for me." "She knows then? She knows and is not here—here with you, by your side, to be with you till the last instant—"

"She is with me, Ardeth."

"She is—"

"You are my wife—from the night at Craymore's carnival, you were my wife. 'Twas I and not Ives Baghote who went through the masqued wedding with you. I thought it a mummies' play and I—"

"'Twas you! That night—"

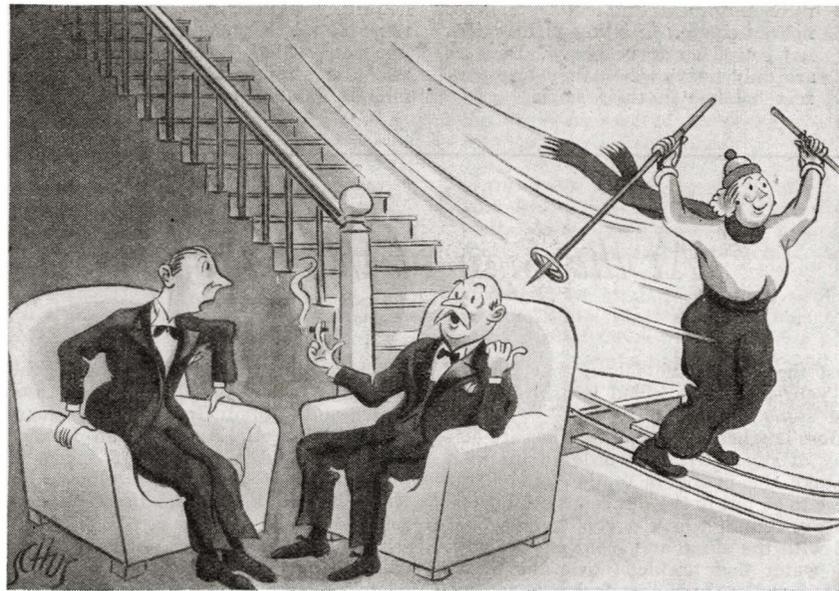
"Aye; no other. I had but come from the duel with Baghote; I wore the identical costume; they forced me onto the platform. Hence, you see, it was no fruitless wager I made with Hyde. It was won as soon as made. And with its winning—"

"Your wife! All this time—that night aboard the Falcon; when you swam with me from the ship; in Quebec; all these long, fair weeks at St. Bertholde—your wife—and you—you did not claim me—"

"I dared not claim you, Ardeth—not as Jaffray Crewe. But now—"

She came into his arms, flung herself against him and her slim body trembled convulsively in his arms.

"Why—why did you not dare?" she sobbed. "You tell me this when, in just a few hours, I must lose you. I did appeal to the Governor, to everyone, before I came here. It is of no use. They tell me that you can buy your own release if you tell them where the pirate's wealth is hidden. You do not know, Jaffray?"



When Martha goes in for a sport, she goes whole hog or not at all

never have given him a chance to know your sweetness and beauty. Believe me, I did not wish to do thee wrong—"

She was crying. Her small hands covered her face; her shoulders, under the dark, open cloak, shook.

"Do not weep for me," he said. "Why should you weep?"

She removed her hands, stiffened and that fighting, stubborn look came in her eyes.

"I—I know not," she said. "I did forget that I talked to a man who deceived me, who is already wed. I came not to weep but to tell you, Sir Jaffray Crewe, that I know the truth now about—about him who was my husband—and I am sorry—sorry I was so harsh. I have naught against you, sir, except the silly wager you made. You see what it has brought you to—or helped to bring you to. Had you never heard of me—"

"'Twas not a silly wager," said Jaffray softly. "Indeed it was the beginning of the most worthwhile things I have found in life."

"You should not talk like this. I—I do

Court and all that had come after it—the night on the Falcon—

The Falcon—there on his arm, animated in the candle-glow—perched that grim and ghastly bird with the cruel bill and talons; there it perched and looked at him with little eyes that in that wavering light seemed, fantastically, to glow like hellish rubies. Its head seemed to move—stiffly as an owl's moves—it seemed to ruffle its plumage, seemed to mock at him.

"Accursed thing!" he muttered. "You were the evil talisman that brought me to this—made of me another victim. You have dug your beak, your talons into my heart and now you will tear the heart from me!" He clenched his fist, the arm-muscle swelled and the macabre fowl seemed again to live, to move its head, to ruffle its feathers.

Jaffray laughed nervously. The thing fascinated him. He had never bothered to gaze much on it before, hating the sight of it. Now it seemed like a companion, like a familiar, a demon that had been with him through all these months and had only now asserted itself. Did it gloat over him with those terrible, bead-like eyes—? Did it really ruffle those wings with their strange blue points—strange blue points that idly he counted—three—six—seven—on the right; three—six—eight—on the left?

"Eh? God's mercy!" he cried. He bent closer, put his arm closer under the light, counted again—

Odd on the right

On the left even

Add then in front the mystic seven.

Blue lines on the falcon's breast—seven—seven—eight—seven—the chart with its numbered islands and this—this the one on which the Falcon's hoard lay buried deep in the earth in a spot to be found by pacing north and east for eight, then seven paces—

The candle guttered out; he was in darkness and yet there was light all about him—the light of hope. He had it—thanks to the Toad's grim jesting, thanks to the evil Falcon—

He summoned the guard and bade him, as soon as morning broke, to send word to the Governor that he must see him. The moments that had been so swift seemed hours now and each fancied sound sent Jaffray to his feet.

THEY came for him at last and took him to the governor's office. Thereupon the chart he pointed out the island, down near the tip of Cape Sable, that bore the number seven—eight—seven, and he explained the significance of the key and related how its meaning had come to him. It was clear. They struck the irons from him.

"And for your sake I am glad, Sir Jaffray," said the governor. "A man who can win such love from such a woman cannot be what we have made you out to be. Long hours she did plead with me last night—but I am not the law. She did storm and weep and I know not which was the worse. And she would not sleep—until sleep o'ermastered her."

"Where then is she, sir?" asked Jaffray eagerly.

The governor walked to a door and opened it softly and beckoned to him. She was there, sitting in a big chair in front of a table, her head pillowed on her arms, so like a sleeping child, her hair a golden tangle in the morning sunlight. Jaffray tiptoed in to her; the door closed behind him.

He touched her hair with his finger tips. "Ardeth!" he called softly. "Ardeth!"

She lifted her head, stared sleepily for an instant, then with a glad little cry she caught his hand in hers.

"Jaffray! I dreamed—dreamed that you were free, that I would have you always, that today you would ride with me—to our home—"

"It is a dream come true," he said. "A dream even fairer than a dream, my wife."

THE END

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