

MCCALL'S

February
1932

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Beginning TEMPLE BAILEY'S
gayest romance

LITTLE GIRL LOST

also Land Of The Pilgrims' Pride

Decidedly smart
for Bathrooms, this

BON AMI

package de luxe



Smart, indeed—in every sense of the word! It's smart to have a good cleanser always handy on the side of your tub or on the shelf—always ready quickly to make spotless basin, tiles, tub, windows, mirrors, woodwork, etc. And Bon Ami in this lovely, new, *de luxe Package for Bathrooms*, is so smart in appearance that you're proud to keep it out in plain sight, anywhere. It harmonizes perfectly with any bathroom color scheme. Smart, too, in the design of its sifter-top . . . under the neat, brass cap are four holes already made.

This big (almost double size) black and gold package contains exactly the same Bon Ami millions have used for years. Ask your grocer for it—along with the regular Bon Ami Powder and Cake packages for kitchen and general use. Bon Ami has no unpleasant smell, doesn't scratch, doesn't leave gritty sediment—and does not redden the hands. THE BON AMI COMPANY NEW YORK, N. Y.



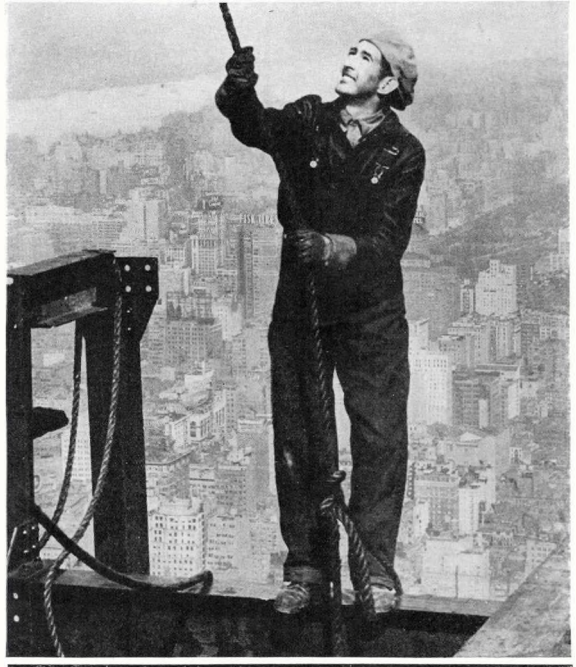
She—LIVES ON PARK AVENUE

You may have all the luxuries money can buy—and every attention and comfort in the world—but they won't keep you safe from "pink tooth brush."



He—ONLY WORKS THERE

And no matter how strong and muscular you are, or how much time you've spent out-of-doors, your gums need daily attention—to keep them firm!



“Pink Tooth Brush” doesn't care *Who* you are!

A WOMAN of wealth is just as likely to have a "pink tooth brush" as is the woman who slaves in a factory. And hard muscles and splendid general health won't keep you from having "pink tooth brush"! Even truck drivers can have it! For "pink tooth brush" is the result of a gum condition, and can be defeated only one way—through daily, intelligent care of the gums.

Gums become soft and flabby because they don't get enough stimulation. The foods of civilization are too soft to give it to them. That's why your gums

finally become so tender that you find "pink" on your tooth brush.

And while a first tinge of "pink" needn't frighten you, it's wise to combat "pink tooth brush" before it leads to serious gum troubles, such as gingivitis and Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea. It's certainly wise to get rid of it before it threatens sound teeth!

Start in today hardening those unhealthy, touchy gums of yours with Ipana and massage. Clean your teeth twice daily with Ipana Tooth Paste. First of all, it's a good tooth paste. And don't forget that a good

tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

Then, each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush and rub it into your gums. Don't rinse it off. The ziratol, the toning agent in Ipana, does better work if left there.

In a few days your teeth will look much whiter—more sparkling, too. Before the first tube of Ipana is gone, your gums will have recovered some of the firmness they had when you were a child. Keep on using Ipana with massage, regularly—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush"!

Ipana

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PASTE



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NOW—and—THEN



THE story of a faith—a faith in people and the world about her—is the story of Temple Bailey. In this materialistic age, of which restlessness is the keynote, uncertainty and cynicism the symbol of the changing times, Miss Bailey has cherished her ideals, her opti-

mism. Every line she writes reflects her own beliefs. And because her novels have become best sellers the world over, it is only meet to suppose that human nature is now, as ever, sound at heart.

Take as a case in point, *Little Girl Lost*, starting on page 7, this issue. Invested in the bewitching person of Araminta Williams, the heroine of this glamorous romance, that half-child, half-woman, whose introduction to you begins with her own introduction to heartbreak, is courage, patience and the power to understand. And of the last of these three qualities, perhaps Temple Bailey knows as much as anyone. "Girls and boys in love, whether they are mid-Victorian, post-war or up to the moment, are not as separated in their ideals as we sometimes think," she says. "They all want constancy and chivalry and loveliness of soul. The most frivolous debutante may seem hard on the surface; but if she shows her heart, you'll find it keeping time to her dreams."

It is this ability to see the human side of people as well as the spiritual—and to portray them graciously and vitally—that has made Temple Bailey beloved as a writer, sought as a woman. Here is the gift given to few. And generously she shares it with many, just as in sharing *Little Girl Lost* she shares it with you.

ANOTHER special McCall feature, which we have heralded already with more shouts than murmurs, sees the light on page 10. It is *Land of the Pilgrims' Pride*, the beginning of Morris Markey's colorful and enlightening report to you, showing you the state of mind and conditions of living of the people in the United States today. All of which sounds somber and a little forbidding, but which, in reality, makes for as absorbing reading as a paper-backed novel of the twopenny, mustachioed-bandit era, so electric is it in tempo, so vibrant the presentation. Behold then, in this and subsequent issues, your own America, caught for the first time in the mirror of the press!

AND since the "new McCall's" to which we allude every now and then is not merely a catch phrase, we want to say a word about four authors whose work has never appeared before in these pages: Mary Lowrey Ross, who gives us *It's Never the Same*; Anna Brand, author of *Officially Sixteen*; Stella Ryan, contributor of *Heartstrings*; and Wallace Irwin, creator of *Samuel Camuel*—that confused, amused, and completely devastating young man with a head for law and a heart for the ladies, who put his foot down on some occasions and into trouble on all. He is to be viewed at closer range on page 12.

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Cover design by Neysa McMein

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THERE'S something rather special about the first terse little crocus that dares the nip of a frost-tinged March wind. And there's something very special about the new novel Margaret Culkin Banning has written to delight you on brisk March nights, when only the lion-hearted crocus stalks abroad. She calls the romance *The Town's Too Small*—a story of a small town girl and her city sister. St. Vincent—any state—is the town, and Phyllis Seaman and Clare Seaman Paine, the girls. And as cosmopolitan as St. Vincent is, with its smart shops, social sets and country clubs, it is not large enough to hold two girls who have only their beauty in common—But of all this—and of Kenneth Lowry, who loved Phyllis too little, and Fred Paine, who loved Claire too much, Mrs. Banning tells you superbly in the March issue.

MARTHA OSTENSO, whose *Prologue To Love* has brought acclaim from McCall readers, is further showered with praise. From Beverly Hills, California, she writes: "McCall's, carrying the first installment of my story, arrived, and I was thrilled as a kid! You did a lovely job and I have already had a number of letters of congratulations on that score. Now—for one month I have been asked by the movie people for proofs of the story . . . Will you send them to me?"

With time on her hands—between the completion of one novel and the contemplation of another—Miss Ostenso golfs two or three times a week and teaches two Samoyede puppies puppy-sized tricks. This, she says, is much more diverting than going to teas or playing bridge or backgammon—or any of the things star writers do when they are off the lot, after a manner of speaking.

THIS brings us to the March short story program in which Margaret Runbeck scores another triumph with *Miss Doolie's Nine Children*—the story of a little girl who did a most capricious thing when her adored father said to her mother: "To think we could ever get along apart." And her adored mother said to her father: "To think we could ever get along together—"

And there's *Best Foot Forward*, Helen Augur's romance, having to do with a pretty American heiress on the still hunt for an English title, which makes this story by a newcomer to McCall's somewhat international in flavor.

Phyllis Duganne's gay piece, called *Life Class*, is proof that when a girl uses a lipstick more effectively than a paint brush, she won't get far in the pursuit of art—but in the pursuit of a young man—well, that's the story.

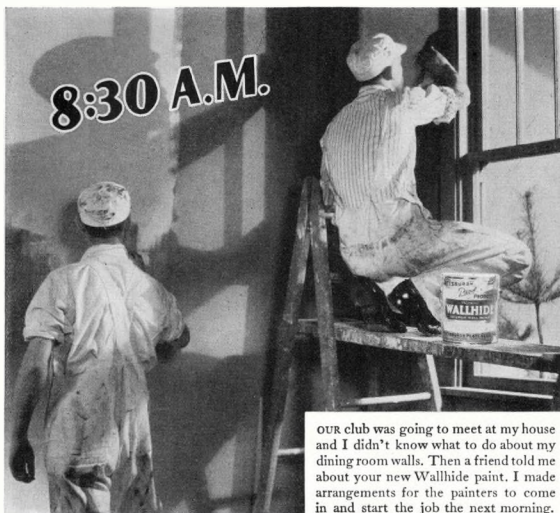
Letter Perfect, by Octavus Roy Cohen, explores the theory that saving old love letters is woman's foible alone—

And because it's spring and all's right with the world, look for further evidence in the stunning article about Hollywood bearing the by-line—James M. Fidler.



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"We had dinner in our dining room the same day it was painted"



our club was going to meet at my house and I didn't know what to do about my dining room walls. Then a friend told me about your new Wallhide paint. I made arrangements for the painters to come in and start the job the next morning.

They actually put on *two* coats of this marvelous new paint and were out of the house by 4:30. I hung my pictures, curtains and drapes and we had dinner in our dining room *that same evening.*
—from a letter by a woman in Glencoe, Ill.

"VITOLIZED* OIL"...

makes it possible to paint walls one or two coats and hang your pictures the same day

ANY woman who has ever had her home torn up for the painters will welcome this news. For now, a new discovery has made it possible to apply the second coat of paint to your walls within four hours after the first coat has been put on—and your pictures, curtains and drapes can be hung four hours later.

Think of it—let the painters start to work in the morning, after your husband leaves for work. Surprise him with clean, new painted walls with rooms all settled when he returns in the evening.

Save money also

This new Vitolized oil wall paint is called Wallhide—and it does hide the old walls better than any paint you have ever seen.

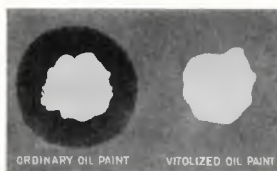
It contains a new pigment known as "Titanium." This Titanium base gives

Wallhide much greater hiding qualities. One coat of Wallhide covers as well as two coats of ordinary paint. This means economy.

One coat of Wallhide is all that is usually needed over old paint. But even on walls that have never been painted, two coats can be applied the same day and still you can hang your curtains and pictures by evening. Have you ever heard of a paint like this before?

Ask your painter to use Wallhide

A paint that brings you such convenience—such saving of trouble, mess and money as this new Vitolized oil paint—is worth insisting on—isn't it? Ask your painter to use it. Mail the coupon now, for testing samples and color card, showing the many beautiful pastel shades in which this remarkable new Wallhide paint is supplied.



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The Vitolizing process gives oil entirely different properties. As used in Wallhide First Coater the Vitolized oil stays in the paint film to keep it alive and elastic indefinitely. The oil is the life of the paint film. When it is absorbed out of the paint, the film is likely to crack, blister or peel. Above we see what happens when a few drops of ordinary first coat paint and a few drops of Wallhide First Coater are placed on common wrapping paper. Note how the ordinary oil soaks into the paper—how the Vitolized oil stays in Wallhide First Coater.

**Make your own test—
Mail coupon today**

Every woman will want to know all about this new kind of paint for walls. Upon request we will gladly send you postpaid, a small tube of Wallhide "Vitolized Oil" paint and a tube of ordinary oil wall paint with full instructions for making an amazing test of this great discovery. Descriptive literature and color chart will be included. Just fill in and mail us the coupon now.



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Paint and Varnish Division
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Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen: Please send me testing outfit, color chart and literature on Wallhide, the Vitolized Oil wall paint.

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City.....State.....



"Lass, I want to wish you all the joy there is—" "Thank you, Pan"

THE TRAIL DRIVER

By Zane Grey

Illustrated by Herbert Stoops

Conclusion

BRITE'S outfit left Doan's Post before sunrise next morning. In the afternoon of that day a band of Comanches rode out from a pass between two hills and held up the cavalcade. Brite galloped ahead in some trepidation, yelling for Reddie to leave the remuda and follow him. When he arrived at the head of the herd, he found Texas Joe and Pan Handle, with the other drivers, lined up before about thirty squat, pointed-faced Indians.

"Boss, meet Nigger Hawse an' his outfit," was Texas' laconic greeting. "Howdy, Chief," returned Brite casually, facing the stolid Comanche.

"How," replied Nigger Horse, raising his hand. "What you want, Chief?"

"Beef." Brite waved a hand toward the herd. "Help yourself."

The Comanche spoke in low grunts to his men. "Tobac," he went on, his dark, inscrutable eyes again fixing Brite.

"Plenty. Wagon come," replied Brite, pointing to Moze, who had the team approaching at a trot.

"Flour," resumed the chief, and Brite nodded his willingness.

"Coffee." Brite held up five fingers to designate the number of sacks he was willing to donate.

"Beans."

"Big bag," replied Brite, striving to remain calm.



Manifestly this generosity from a trail driver had not been the accustomed thing.

"Boss, the old devil wants us to refuse something," put in Texas.

"An' he'll keep on askin' till you have to refuse," added Pan Handle.

Moze arrived with the chuck-wagon, behind which the Comanches rode in a half circle, greedy-eyed and jabbering.

"Pile out, Moze," ordered Brite. "Open up the box an' get out the goods we selected for this missionary business. An' pretend that the stuff is heavy."

"Yas, s-suh," replied the negro, scared out of his wits.

"Sack of flour first, Moze," said Brite. "An' throw it up on his hawse."

When this had been done, Brite ordered Moze to burden the Comanche further with a generous donation of tobacco, coffee and beans.

"There you are, Chief," called out Brite. "Flour," said Nigger Horse.

"You've got it," replied Brite, pointing to the large sack.

The Indian emphatically shook his head. "The old robber wants more," ejaculated Texas. "Boss, this is where

you stand fast. If you give in now, he won't stop until he's taken all our grub."

"Brite, don't give him any more. We'd better fight than starve," said Pan Handle.

Whereupon Brite, just as emphatically, shook his head and said: "No more, Chief."

The Comanche yelled something in his own tongue. Then he roared at Brite, "Heap powder—bullet."

Brite shook his head in slow and positive refusal. "Give Injun all!" yelled Nigger Horse.

"That's the talk, boss," shouted Texas. "You can bluff the old geezer."

"Brite, stick to that," broke in Pan Handle. "If it comes to a fight, Tex an' I are good for Nigger Hawse an' four or five on each side of him. You boys look after the ends."

"Reddie, you duck back behind the wagon an' do yore shootin' from there," ordered Texas.

It was a critical moment. The wily old Comanche had made his bluff and it had been called. Probably he understood more of the white man's language than he pretended. Certainly he comprehended the cold front of those frowning trail drivers. Texas and Pan Handle held a gun in each hand. At such close range they would do deadly work before the Comanches could level a rifle or draw a bow. Nigger Horse undoubtedly saw that he had bluffed the wrong outfit, but he did not waver. [Turn to page 100]



Double Action ~ Single Cost



How gleaming bright! How clean and sweet! Knives, pots, pans and everything that's cleaned with Sunbrite Cleanser. Let Sunny and Brite, the busy double-action pair, help you in all your household cleaning. They're the twin spirits of Sunbrite Cleanser. They're in every tiny particle of this matchless cleanser. They sweeten and clean—they scour and purify. You've never met a more effective cleanser than Sunbrite. Order a supply from your grocer today.

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TUNE in daily, except Sunday, 12:15 p.m. E. S. T. for Pat Barnes, "the man of a hundred voices" on stations—WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, WENR, WTMJ, KSTP and WEBC. You will enjoy the inimitable program and you will be interested in the premium offer in exchange for Sunbrite labels and Quick Arrow tops. Or, you may get the premium by using the coupon.



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Swift & Company,
Chicago, Illinois.

Enclosed find a Sunbrite label and a Quick Arrow top. Please send me the attractive souvenir you are offering.

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City.....



PATRICIA MARY ELLEN ROBERT JOHN HONOR



Mrs. White sent us this snapshot of her family

Mrs. White's 5 Reasons

FOR THIS ACTUAL LETTER
FROM A P AND G HOME

DEAR ANN CUMMINGS, or whoever may get this letter: I have read the letter of the woman in Georgia whose colored Mammy did the washing, the mother from Texas, the mother in Indiana and many others. But I have never read a P AND G story from Kansas where North, South, East and West meet—and where it's just a little muddier when it's muddy—and a little dustier when it's dusty.

And I think I give P AND G a real test, too, living on a farm and with five children and extra help. You can imagine the size of my washings.

There's Mary Ellen, age 14, who loves her wash silk or print frocks. There's Robert, 6 months, who has a wash on the line all the time! They are just two reasons why I need P AND G. To say nothing of little John,

age 5, and Honor, 9, who spend the hot summer days down at the "crick" and often come back—well—none too clean.

But why scold them and spoil their fun when P AND G rolls the dirt out so easily?

And what a satisfaction there is in using P AND G for all cleaning and dishwashing!

If someone else does my shopping and by mistake gets a different brand of soap, Patricia (who is 13 and none too fond of washing dishes) says, "Mother, why don't you get P AND G? I just can't get suds from *this* soap!"

There is another big reason why I buy P AND G White

Naphtha. *The economy of it counts*, now when I'm shaving every expense.

You may tell my P AND G story to the world if you wish. Mrs. John F. White, Belvue, Kansas

MRS. WHITE'S letter and summery snapshot brightened up a winter day. They were so perfectly grand that I've printed them. I wanted you to have a chance to enjoy them, too.

If you use P AND G White Naphtha you know that it's a mighty fine, quick-working white soap. But perhaps you don't know why P AND G is an outstanding soap bargain. It's because P AND G White Naphtha is the most popular soap in the world. Those firm white cakes of P AND G are made by the millions. So each cake of P AND G costs less to make—and the saving per cake is shared with you!

ANN CUMMINGS

Doesn't it seem nicer to use a white soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women are turning to white soaps, and most of them are using P AND G, the White Naphtha Soap!



P AND G washes more clothes than
any other soap in the world

He sang of
burning altar fires
—of shrines and
pedestals. But
hers was a song
of hearthfires.
This is their
story

LITTLE GIRL LOST



"Are you going to marry him?" "He hasn't—asked me..."

Temple Bailey's new romantic novel

HER name should have been Cinderella; but her mother had called her Araminta, after her only sister, whose name was Minerva. But Araminta's mother had wanted something more romantic, and out of it all had evolved—Araminta. Araminta was the child of her mother's second marriage. The other girls were Leontine and Helen and Iris. They had been named by their father, and Araminta's mother had had very little to do with it. Araminta's father, on the other hand, hadn't cared in the least what his daughter was called, so long as his wife was satisfied. So Araminta was Araminta, and that was the end of it!

Or it would have been the end, if Araminta's father had been able to provide for his family. But he wasn't. He had no flair for financial matters and said so, frankly. The father of Leontine and Helen and Iris had left a comfortable fortune. His wife was to have her share of the income if she remained unmarried; if she married, it was all to go, except her dower rights, to the first husband's three daughters. And so it happened that Araminta's mother, having spent the major part of her dowry in two glorious years of honeymooning in Europe with her improvident husband—who was a painter and perfectly delightful, but whose pictures never sold—came back with a brand new baby to live with Helen and Leontine and Iris. The girls were very fond of their mother and, when they came home from the school where they had been placed during the honeymoon interim, took their stepfather on his own terms of good looks and gayety and gentle manners.

So that was Araminta's family—Leontine and Helen and Iris, and Araminta's mother, Mary, and her father, whose name was Nick! It might have been a happy family except for the fact that Araminta grew into the

loveliest of them all—an exquisite little creature, wearing the clothes that her stepsisters handed down with such grace and distinction that they might have come straight from Paris.

Araminta looked like her grandmother—the grandmother who had married a bishop, and who had been the toast of two Maryland counties. And while Iris and Helen and Leontine tried to be generous and big-hearted, it was not easy for them, with their more mature years, to look with complacency on the conquests of Araminta's youth and inexperience.

So, since Araminta had a wit to see and a heart to be hurt, here she was, at this moment, running away to be married!

Three ducks flew across the moon, and Araminta, touching her lover's arm, said, "Look, Barney, look!"

"I know, Loveliness. . ."

The moon went with them as they drove. It hung above the bay, and after the ducks were gone, thin clouds drifted across it, then bigger clouds, until at last there was no moon, and the night grew black and the thunder roared, and the rain came down in torrents. But not a whit did the lovers care for thunder or wind, or for the lightning which flashed about them. For they were safe and dry in Barney's car, and it was spring and the night was warm.

Their lights picked out the white dogwood against the darkness of the pines, and the bridal white of the bloom was like the bridal white of Araminta's wedding gown, packed in a bag on the back seat. The gown was made over from one of Leontine's, but that did not matter. Nothing mattered but the fact that Barney and Araminta were to be married tomorrow.

In an open space in the road, Barney brought the car to a stop. "It's dangerous under those trees. We'll wait until things let up a bit."

Araminta was content to wait. She laid her cheek against Barney's sleeve, while he told her over and over again of his great good luck in winning her. "I can hardly believe it, Loveliness."

ARAMINTA said nothing. Three hours ago she wouldn't have believed it. Not until Leontine had come into her room, just before dinner, and said, "We are planning a trip for you, darling."

Araminta, dazzling in Leontine's last year's pink lace, had asked: "What kind of a trip?"

"To the Riviera. Juan-les-Pins is lovely in summer. You could all take an apartment and Nicky could paint."

"You mean that Nicky and Mary are going?"
 "Yes. They jumped at it. Helen and Iris and I will put up the money."

"But why, Leo? I'm happy here."
 "We thought you'd love it." Leontine prided herself on her frankness, but she had hesitated to tell the truth to Araminta. The truth was that Araminta, growing up to unexpected loveliness, had put her stepsisters completely in the shade. And something had to be done about it!

Leontine did not underrate her own charms. She was tall and slim, with golden skin, and a head like a Greek god's; but she seemed to lack the things that made men mad about Araminta—perhaps it was some magic quality of youth, perhaps the old-fashioned air of femininity which became Araminta so well. But whatever it was, Leontine knew that she and her sisters were being swept off the stage by this star performer!

"Honestly, Minta, there are too many of us ... four unmarried women in one family. It's positively indecent!"

And now here was Barney Tyson! Thinking of Barney, Leontine had flung reticence to the winds. "There are too many of us. We thought if you'd run along to Europe with Nicky and Mary—we might have a chance at things. . . ." By "things" Leontine meant men, and Araminta knew it.

"Oh, Leontine, how silly!"

Leontine had laughed, but she had stuck to her point. "It may sound silly to you, but honestly, Minta, four unmarried women in one family is positively indecent! We thought if you would go, we would fix you up with gorgeous clothes—and give you plenty of money. . . ."

She had stopped suddenly, for Araminta had made a quick, imperative gesture. "I don't want your money, Leo. I've always hated being dependent, but you wouldn't let me work—"

"Why shouldn't you share things?"
 "Because Nicky and Mother and I really haven't any right. And as for marrying, I don't want to marry—anybody."

"You think that now. But you'll marry, of course, with a man like Barney Tyson after you."

"Oh, Barney!" Minta's light tone had dismissed him. "I don't love him in the least and he knows it." And Leontine, who loved him, had felt a flame of hope.

"You mustn't think we want to get rid of you, Minta. But a year over there would do a lot for you."

"Of course you want to get rid of me or you wouldn't have planned it." Araminta had been close to tears, for she adored them all.

At last Leontine had said, "Darling child, if you feel that way about it, don't go. But we thought. . . ." And then there had been arguments all over again.

In the midst of them the dinner gong had sounded, and they had gone down to find Nicky in flannels at one end of the table, and Mary in a stay-at-home chiffon at the other. Araminta and her sisters were going to an officers' hop at Annapolis, and three men were coming for them in two cars at nine. In one of the cars would go Leontine and Helen and Iris, with two of the men (another was to meet them at Annapolis), and in the other would go Araminta and Barney. And it was because Barney happened to be the man nearest at hand that Araminta decided to marry him!

She liked Barney. Perhaps she might have loved him if it had not been for Janney Breckenridge. But Janney was out of the picture. And so there remained—Barney. Barney, with his crisp gold locks, his lithe figure, his facile wit, his dancing eyes. Barney, who loved her, and who had asked her to marry him. Not knowing that

two years ago she had put marriage out of her life—forever!

But that was another story, and sitting beside Leontine at dinner, Araminta had felt that Barney was a sail to a shipwrecked mariner, a life line thrown. . . . Yes, Barney could save her from being banished to Europe and from the thousand humiliations which came from her dependence upon her stepsisters.

Outwardly Araminta had shown no sign of the blow that had been dealt her. She had been apparently serene—with her bright hair gathered in feathery curls on top of her head, her skin as white as milk, her eyes gray with a slight blue-greenness which darkened in moments of emotion to black. Leontine's last year's pink lace sheathed her slim body according to the latest mode, and her only jewels were a pair of pearl clasps which caught the lace across her white shoulders, and a pearl ring which had belonged to her grandmother.

IF ARAMINTA married Barney, she would have the world before her. A house of her own—two houses—three, if you counted the camp in Maine. And Iris would have her chance. And Helen. And Leontine. For wasn't there some truth in what Leontine had said, that four unmarried women under one roof was—"indecent!"

So as soon as dinner was over, Araminta had telephoned to Barney. "How soon can you come over?"

"Right away. Why?"

"I'll tell you when I see you."
 "Look for me in twenty minutes."

When Barney arrived, Araminta had welcomed him with a faint smile, and taken him for a walk. Leontine's eyes had followed them, and she had said to her jealous heart, "She doesn't love him now, but she may at any moment." For it seemed incredible to Leontine that anyone could resist Barney. She had loved him for years. Leontine was twenty-

six and Barney a year younger, and they had been friends since childhood. Then Barney had gone away, but now he was back again and quite mad about Araminta, who was nineteen, and not the least in love with him.

The thing Leontine did not know was that what Barney had felt for any other woman was as milk and water compared to the strong wine of his love for Araminta. The best that Barney had to give of manhood and strength and tenderness was for the child in Leontine's made-over pink dress, who now walked beside him in the garden. He wanted to protect and shield her. There was, indeed, a spiritual quality about his love for Araminta that shook his heart.

They had walked through the garden toward a little hill, which overlooked the Chesapeake and was topped by a summerhouse. The





Illustrated by
Charles D. Mitchell

garden, as they passed through it, was dim with twilight, and the sky was a clear green, pricked through with bright stars. Beyond the summer house was a rustic bench and table, and Araminta, sitting on the table and swinging a glistening toe, had said: "I don't know quite how to begin, Barney."

"Why not?"

"Well—"

"Go on. . ."

But for once Araminta's ready tongue had failed her. Barney's glowing youth had seemed to her, for the first time, formidable.

"Go on," he had urged, standing beside the table.

"Well, I'm trying to ask you—to marry me, Barney!"

She had been a little frightened at the storminess of his response. Yet it had been wonderful. He had lifted her from the table, laughing—and his laughter had been triumphant, as young Lochinvar might have laughed, lifting his lady lightly to the saddle!

AND now, here they were on the road to Washington, where Araminta would spend the night with Aunt Min. Aunt Min had inherited her money from a great-aunt who had thought Mary safely married and had willed her fortune to the single sister. And Aunt Min had felt that, while Mary had come to lean days, it was her own fault, because she had wanted a second husband more than she had wanted what the first one had left her. But then, if Mary had not married again, there would not have been Araminta, and Aunt Min adored Araminta. She liked Nicky, too, in spite of the fact that she didn't approve of him. And she was fond of Mary, although deep in her heart she was aware of a subconscious jealousy, since Mary had known happiness in two marriages, and Aunt Min had not married at all. Yet Aunt Min was happy in her own way. She loved to eat, and all the epicures of Washington came to dine with her. She loved politics and her home was often the

"I hate being early." "Oh, well, if you want to make a spectacular entrance—"

scene of star-chamber discussions. As for the rest, there was her Persian cat and her Pekingese, and her collection of Baxter prints—and her lamps and her lanterns, brought from all corners of the earth. For Aunt Min had traveled widely, and once she had taken Araminta with her—two years ago, when Araminta had lost her color and her appetite and had needed a change.

"There may be some trouble in getting a license," Barney said, as they sat in the darkness of the car, waiting for the storm to pass. "I don't know the District laws. But you'll be safe with your aunt, and I'll stay at the hotel. And I'll get in touch with Uncle Ted tomorrow, and ask for his boat. I want you all to myself, Loveliness, out there on the water—with this moon over the bay. . . ." Then, after a moment's silence, "What made you change your mind, Minta?"

It was the question she had been dreading. She couldn't say, "You happened to be the nearest man." So she murmured, "Oh, you're such a darling, Barney." And Barney, asking no more, gathered her up in his arms, and was aware of faint and Wordsworthian fragrances, for Araminta had touched the lace of her gown and the tips of her ears with the scent of—primroses? Violets? Daffodils? Eglantine? Barney did not know what flowers were caught in her hair or in her cobweb laces. He only knew that he held Spring in his arms and loved her!

They had left Great-Gate without giving a hint to the family of the finality of their departure. The two men had come for Leontine and Iris and Helen promptly at nine. One of the men, Oliver King, was in love with Leontine, and the other, Taylor Pierce, was in love

with Helen. All that one could say of them was that they served admirably as escorts, but could not be thought of for a moment as husbands. Taylor's debonair attractiveness scarcely balanced the drawback of his indolence, and Oliver's good looks were weighed down by his lack of brains; and they were both without adequate incomes.

It had been expected, of course, that Barney and Araminta would go with the others, but Araminta had hung back. "I hate being early."

And Leontine had said, with a touch of coldness, "Oh, well, if you want to make a spectacular entrance! . . ."

"Why not, Leo?"

So Leontine, with much perturbation, had been forced to leave her behind. There was, Leontine was sure, something in the wind. She had felt it from the moment that Araminta had come in with Barney from the garden, and had faced the lights of the house. A glamour had hung over them like a glittering net. It had been disturbing and distracting, and Leontine's mind had been filled with the thought of it all the way to Annapolis.

Having disposed of her stepsisters, Araminta had gone upstairs, leaving Barney on the porch. She stayed for a long time, and when she came down, Mary said, "Did it take all that time to powder your nose?"

"I wrote two letters, Mother."

Mary did not know that one of the letters was addressed to her, and that it lay on Araminta's dressing table, propped up with one to Leontine. Besides writing letters, Araminta had packed her bag, and hidden it in the shrubbery by the side door.

IN THE note to Leontine, Araminta had said: "Darling, I am not going abroad with Nicky and Mother. I am marrying Barney, instead. I love him a lot, and it will make things easier for everybody. And there must be no hard feelings, because I am really very happy, and I am always your adoring Minta." [Turn to page 30]

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS

By Morris Markey
Map by George Illian

OF THE America which is our very own, whose traditions and ideals are woven into our lives and hearts—it is of this America—yours and mine—we sing. And not in the mood of the troubadour, but in the simple songs of America's own people!

As dispassionately as we would discuss those picturesque folk who lend color to foreign lands, with equal candor, in the pages of *McCall's*, we will tell you of yourselves—and your own country, that country you want to know more about. For together we are living in a tempestu-



ous era, an era in which changes come with breathless rapidity; from all sides we are overwhelmingly assailed by new technical developments, new cultural aspects, new economic conditions. And to these influences your response and mine, the response of your neighbor and mine, is vital, reflecting as it does the temper of today's America. This is the picture Morris Markey has drawn for you—from life.

In this, the first panel, Mr. Markey has sketched the iron country—using as

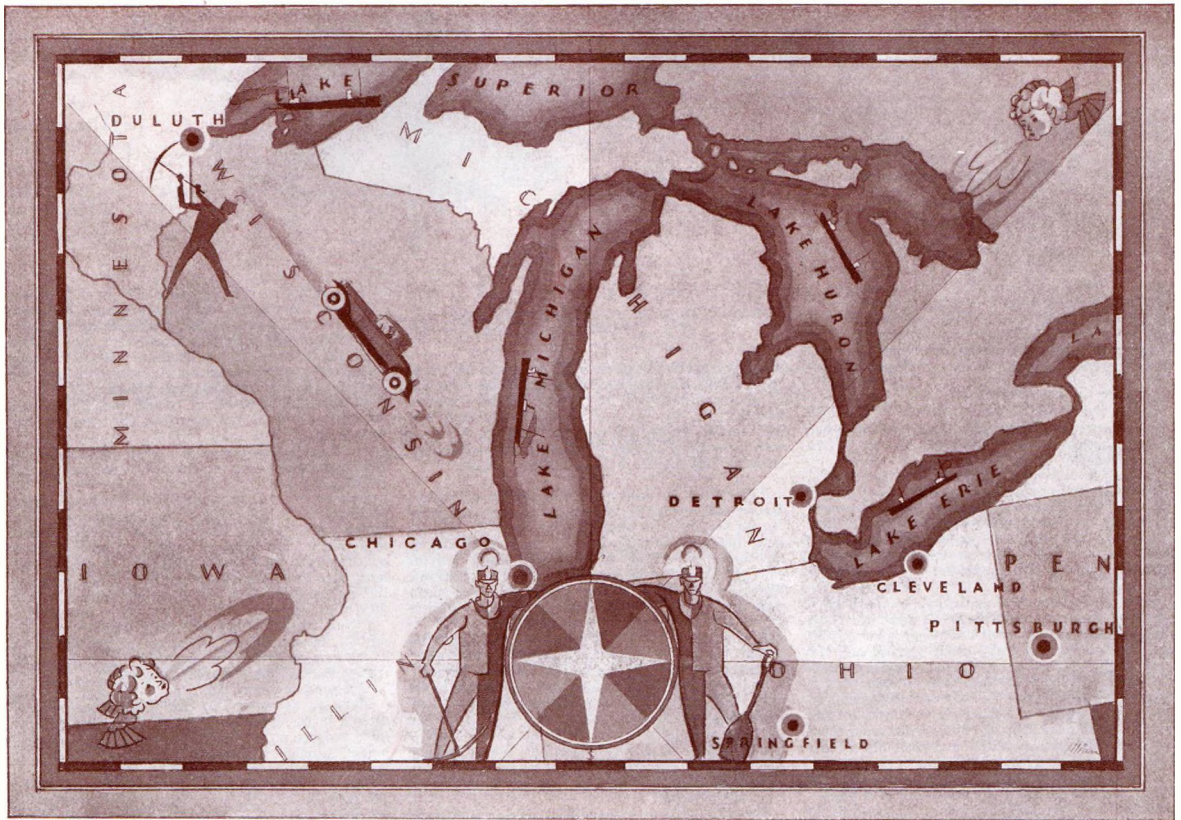
his medium the voice of the people. Folk talk mostly, the talk of miners, bosses, steel workers, boat captains, capitalists. Honest, frank talk, spoken without benefit of audience. Fascinating talk, all of it—

Following this picture of the Iron Empire, the four corners of these great United States—and the miles between—will be mirrored in *McCall's Magazine*—an amazing panorama of this land of rocks and rills that you call home.

—The Editor.

FOR this first part of the story, the road lies through the Iron Empire, that triangle in the middle of the country which Andrew Carnegie described as the most perfect spot in the world for the manufacture of steel. And the very beginning is along that low range of hills called the Mesabi, for the earth there is thick with iron, and from red, dusty iron the empire springs.

Duluth, in Minnesota, is the city of the Mesabi. It is spread in the curve of a steep bluff, and the streets mount from the blue water of Lake Superior through many trees to the edge of an empty plain. They stop abruptly there, and you stand looking out into a wilderness. It is a slightly shabby wilderness, to be sure, for



America's Iron Empire, the region surveyed in this article

PRIDE

three separate generations have snatched three separate treasures from it: fur, timber, and now iron. But even along the concrete road that leads out from the city, even when the ore trains are whistling their heavy way down to the lake, there is brooding and loneliness and the faint flavor of primeval beauty.

Sixty miles from Duluth, through that empty land, are the hills, and the greatest deposits of iron in the world, and a chain of little towns that perch on the rim of the vast canyons dug out by electric shovels. It was a little strange to discover that there are no miners. The pockets are so rich and so thick that extraction is simply a matter of stripping off a few surface feet of sand and rock and gravel, spooning out the iron, and putting it into railroad cars. A few men with a few machines can take out fifty thousand tons a day.

THE largest town of the Mesabi range is Virginia, and there I talked for a while with a shovel man. He was a hard-bitten fellow of fifty, and it was his job to perch in the carriage of a vast electric scoop and work its levers and gouge the iron ore out of the earth. He had not been in the country very long. He was from Pennsylvania, and most of his life had been spent digging with just such a shovel the foundations for buildings and for bridges.

I said to him, "Tell me why you came out here." "The new country is better for the kids," he answered at once. "Too crowded back there in the East. A youngster coming along don't get a chance to stick his head up."

I asked, "How do you like the way you live, now that you are here?"

He glanced up in genuine surprise. It was quite evident that it had never occurred to him to wonder about the matter of living. "Oh," he said, "they treat you well enough."

I told him that I did not mean precisely that. "How do you like the kind of life you have?" I insisted. "Do you have a pretty good time? What do you do when you're not working?"

He thought hard for a moment. "There's a couple of movie houses, but they're mostly for the youngsters. Sometimes you go out and fish in one of the lakes." He shook his head. "No. You just work along, and get tired, and figure with the wife on what you're going to make out of the kids. This is pretty tough country, Mister. You don't have much time to frolic around."

He was speaking, without knowing it, the eternal creed of the pioneer: the sacrifice of all the amenities by one generation, that the next might have the fruits. The schools in Virginia were extraordinarily large and good. The women met in parent associations and sewing circles. The men labored and went into the woods for brief holidays, and gave most of their thought to their children.

Back in Duluth, I found the more complex life of a city, and the pleasant excitement that comes from encountering human beings of spirit and grace. I met these people at a dinner party, and they were, without exception, pioneers or the sons and daughters of pioneers along the Mesabi.

It was cheering to sit in a beautiful room and to talk with people who concealed beneath their urbanity that tireless vitality which we like to think of as a heritage with the American race. They had won a certain meed of wealth from the iron, but they no longer owned the mines. Most of that hoard belongs to the steel corporations now. Yet their sense of possession of the land that they live upon is very strong. The wilderness, the dark forests, the red hills of iron are among the constant and intimate realities of their lives.



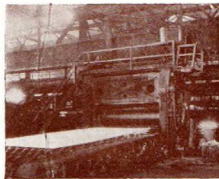
When We Grow Up

Photo by Chas. K. Archer

That is not to say that they regard their land romantically. It is simply a part of their existence, and I think they still feel a little astonishment that they were able to come into it and bend it to their wills—bend it to the end that they might sit, now, in amiable drawing-rooms. The talk, when it dealt with America's future, was full of a calm faith, bred from the futures that they had made in a struggle against grinding odds. But, more important than that, it was a clear sign that there were people at the springs of the Iron Empire who had learned how to live with serenity and yet with enthusiasm. The lives of the pioneers along the Mesabi have solidity and they have the touch of permanence. These people sit, watching the ore move down through the edge of the town to the docks, and they do not have to concern themselves with vague searchings after culture.

While the ore from the Mesabi floats across the lakes in ships, they are taking coal out of the ground along the westward slope of the Alleghenies—and coal is a part of steel. You ride along the curving ribbons of white road, and the mountains reach somberly above you toward a clear, pale sky. And now and again, rounding a hillside, you will see the bleak, angular tower that marks a pit head jutting abruptly from the earth.

THE coal mines are scattered over a wide country. The cities are few, and most of the miners live in remote little villages that stare blankly out upon the road. They are company-owned villages for the most part, with houses that are primitive and small and very old. The melancholy air of poverty hangs heavy upon them—that air of rural poverty which [Turn to page 38]





Although he almost upset her, the gesture was chivalrous

SAMUEL CAMUEL

Men like Lord Chesterfield have kept gracious traditions alive ◊ ◊ ◊ Men like Samuel Campbell preserve the legend of the bull in the china shop —and keep the world amused

HE WAS the second person to shake hands with Ducky Holden after she had won the elimination match handily against the square-rigged girl from Boston. This square-rigged girl had put up a good fight across the Forest Hills court, and Ducky glowed with modest pride, because she had won a racquet, so perfect a one that Santa Claus could not have done better by her prayers. She set it aside to proffer the generous hand of victory. That, of course, was her mistake.

She was aware of a rangy young man, who came running toward her, his hand out, his grin wide. She

noted all this before she saw that, in his haste to reach her, he had stepped through her new racquet and was dragging it along with him as a prisoner drags his ball and chain.

"My name's Campbell—Samuel Campbell," he said, and got the hand he wanted. "Maybe I'm butting in, but I couldn't help telling you that you've put up the swellest game—"

"Thank you." Her nose, which was inclined to snub, went up a little. "Mr. Camuel—I mean Samuel—would you mind taking your foot out of my racquet? It's not very becoming to you, and—"

By Wallace Irwin

Illustrated by W. C. Hoople



"Oh, my gosh." The young man unbooked the racquet from his shin and examined the hole with gray eyes that were handsome and guileless. "I leap out of a grand stand with the noblest intentions, and land with one foot on a prize." He examined the broken catgut. "Of course, if I'd gone through with both feet, I might have broken a couple of arms and a neck."

"That would have been swell," replied Ducky, whose pertness was a thorn in Aunt Laura's side.

"I'm not much on sports," admitted Samuel Camuel—for thus his name stuck in Ducky's mind. "I'll bet you hate statistics, but I'm ready to prove that accidents like this only happen once in thirty-four years. There's no kind of insurance that'll cover it. Would you seriously object if I took this thing round to a violin maker, or whoever does the work, and have it tuned up for you?"

"I would object." She tried to look haughty, but his sheepish expression made her laugh. "It doesn't matter. You wouldn't know where to take it."

"No. I'm not much up on such things." With a certain sadness he surrendered the racquet.

SHE stood there, wondering why she was letting Samuel Camuel waste her time. There was an appealing something about him, and truly he had taken her by surprise. As he had said, accidents like this happen only once in thirty-four years.

"I just wanted to tell you, before I stepped through," he went on, "that I liked the way you went after that big woman. She could make two of you, and when she started shooting it looked like trying to stop a cannon ball with a feather duster. But it just tickled me to death to see what you've got."

"Well, what?" He seemed waiting for the question. "You're the little kind that's born to worry the big fellow. Like David, with a brickbat, shouting, 'Come on, you Goliath!' Headwork and footwork. That's the stuff that worries the giants."

"You're a tennis expert?" she asked, knowing that he wasn't.

"Don't jeer me. This is the first game I've seen since I left the University of Idaho. That's four years ago."

"What inspired you to come today?"

"Well, you see I'm a lawyer."

"Of course, that explains everything."

"Partially. Right after lunch I won a petit larceny case at Mineola, and my client, who'd been locked up for three months, asked me to take him somewhere where his wife wouldn't find him. We both enjoyed the game a lot. I think I'll come oftener."

"Will you promise me something?"

"Anything I've got is yours," he said humbly, "after what I've done!"

"Well, next time will you bring a murderer?"

"I didn't have much luck with my last one," he apologized. "But if I can get one loose, he's yours."

The crowd was vanishing, and Ducky had a thirty-mile drive ahead of her to Uncle Brixton's place on the North Shore. She moved toward the clubhouse, and Samuel Camuel, as one mortified by inattention, hurried away. While she was under the shower, Ducky thought with amusement, and a little disturbance, too, of this awkward Samuel Camuel, his awkward compliments, unruly feet, and habit of taking criminals to tennis matches. Lucky Aunt Laura hadn't been there to see him. Aunt Laura thought of Ducky as a wild duck, indeed, and openly dreaded her visits. But Aunt Laura was really a dear. Only she didn't know that Disraeli was dead, and thought that all husbands should be patterned after Brixton Mayfeather, an ornament to bench and bar.

Listlessly Ducky passed a comb through her ash-blond bob, brushed a powder puff across the one freckle on her slightly tilted nose, and wondered whether she hadn't been rude to Samuel Camuel. He needed to be put in his place. Aunt Laura would have been hot for that. But this Sam Cam—that might be a good name for him, too—he wasn't, probably, as fresh as he seemed. He might have been one of those cases Freud talks about—what-you-call-'em—putting up an awful bluff to hide a feeling of inferiority. Well, he gave me the only laugh I've had for weeks and weeks, she told herself as she went out, and enough's enough.

WHEN she reached her roadster, she found him on the running-board. "I found your car for you," he announced triumphantly.

"How did you manage that, William Burns?"
 "Asked the doorman to show me Miss Holden's car."
 "Naturally you know my name."
 "There's no fun watching a fight," he said, "unless you know who's in the ring."

Languorously he swung his brief-case and ventured abruptly, "Are you particularly interested in poets?"

"No."
 "Not even in Walt Whitman?"

"Why drag him in?"
 "Because, if you happen to be driving east on the Jericho Pike, I can show you the place where he was

born, or went to school, or what have you. It's right on my way home. I'm stopping this week at the Garden City Hotel."

"Can't I give you a lift, Mr. Camuel?" she mocked. "Garden City isn't more than a thousand miles out of my way."

"Oh, I couldn't think of discommoding you." But he climbed into the car. "Come to think of it," he said, when they were well under way. "Walt Whitman's hang-out is quite a distance beyond Garden City. I hope you won't miss it much. I'm absent-minded. You know," he went on, "it was perfectly wonderful the way we met—quite by accident."

"You've expressed it, Samuel Camuel."
 They both giggled now, for a stop at the traffic light had given them a chance to look at the broken racquet. Then, when the lights switched to green, he said, "Since I started practicing law they've called me almost everything under the sun. But nobody ever thought of Samuel Camuel."

"Funny how stupid people are, isn't it?"
 "Samuel Camuel, attorney-at-law." He pondered this. "I think I'll have it put on my door."

"What's on your door now?" she asked. He brought out a card and held it under her eyes. That was annoying.

"Stop waving that thing in front of my face," she scolded. "Can't you see I'm driving a car?"

"There I go again. My mother once told me I'd never get ahead until I learned the difference between my hands and my feet. Want me to read it to you?"

"I don't care particularly."
 "Samuel Hophorpe Campbell, Attorney-at-Law, Room 1123, Hogan Building, New York," he read.
 "Sam Hop Cam, laundry," she laughed.
 "It's not nice to make fun of people's names," he said.
 "I suppose we ought to apologize to each other for being so nasty."

"If I started in apologizing to you—" his tone had grown suddenly rough—"it might take years. And every morning I'd have something new to be forgiven for."

"Very likely." She laughed nervously. His voice was very attractive with that harsh note in it.

"It would be an awfully pleasant thing," he said, "to be forgiven by you every day."
 Ducky felt the blood in her cheeks as she kept her eyes glassily on the road. When other boys said things like that, she laughed them off. But Samuel Camuel couldn't be laughed off. The only thing to do with him was to get him to his destination and dump him there.

AT THE hotel he had some difficulty in getting out of the car because of his long legs and his brief-case and a raincoat he had been trampling underfoot.

"Goodbye, and many thanks," he said, showing the smile that made his face handsome. [Turn to page 110]



"There you were asleep—wet clothes hung over everything"

These
two things
Autumn comes
to know—
revenge takes
no measure of
time and the
past is ever
present

AS SOFTLY as the coming of a summer sunrise, *Autumn Dean's* love for Bruce Landor had dawned. In the circle of his arms, her voice a stumbling whisper, she had said, "I love you, Bruce. Terribly—so terribly." And Bruce had warned, "It will not be easy, darling, against them all—"

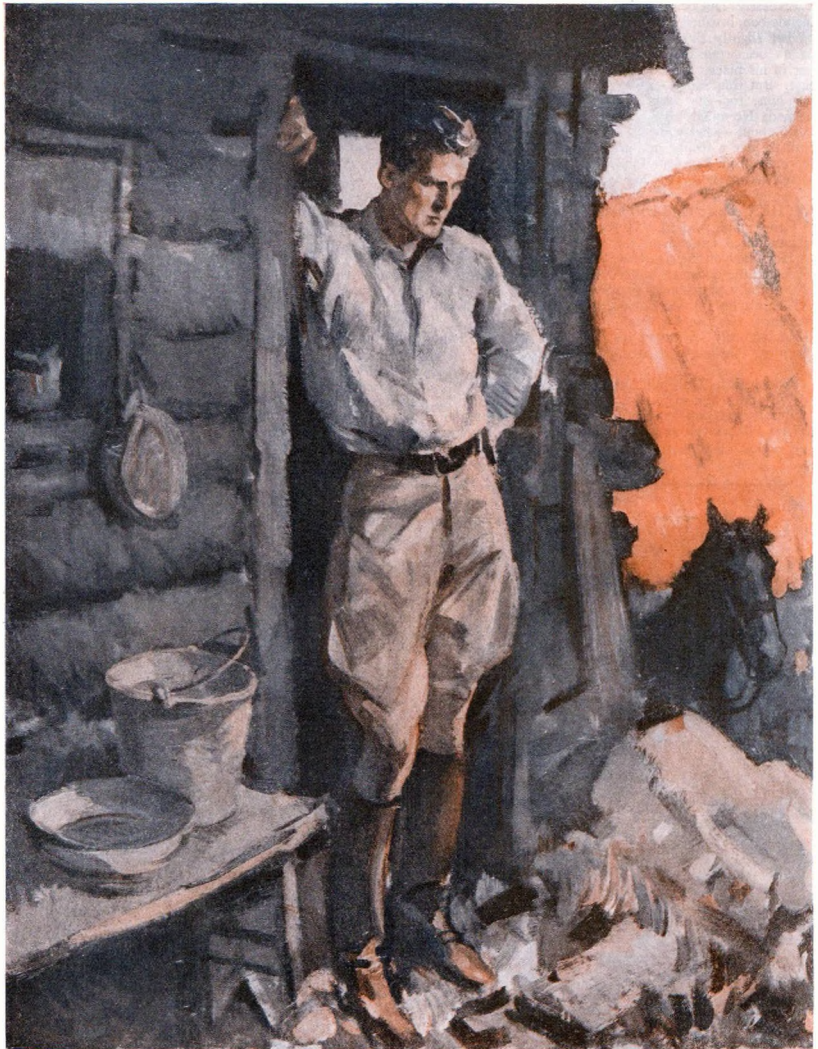
Twenty years before, on a day so magically beautiful that the whole of the Kamloops valley, spreading its majestic splendor between the Rockies and the Cascades, seemed burnished in gold, *Geoffrey Landor*, Bruce's father, had been found dead at the bottom of a wooded ravine, a revolver clutched in his outflung hand. And as though together they had had a rendezvous with death, *Millicent*, the exotically lovely girl who was Autumn's mother, died, her slender smile red in her eternal love for *Geoffrey Landor*, slender in hatred of *Jarvis Dean*, her husband. This, then, was old *Jarvis Dean's* secret, his reason for summarily banishing Autumn to Europe, sternly forbidding her the beloved uplands which, after nine restless years, had called her home.

And now, with Autumn's simple announcement, "I'm going to marry Bruce Landor, Da," the veils of time and half-truths were torn away, revealing the tragedy in all its starkness. "You can!—marry him," her father had said. "Geoffrey Landor did not take his own life—"

Burdened with this awful knowledge, two nights later Autumn met Bruce at the *Parrs*. As he came through the crowded room, she turned her back and repeated to herself dully, "I must not see him." But Bruce would not be ignored. "What sort of game is this you're playing? You're not yourself, Autumn." "I was not myself the other night. . . . Ask your mother what I am. She knows what's in the blood—" She made to pass him and he stepped aside. "As you will," he said quietly.

Part III

MAY had passed, and June—and now it was July, the month of the wild rose. Within its fortress of mountains the valley lay besieged by a torrid heat. Bruce Landor, on his way to his herder's camp beside a creek a good hundred miles away in the hills, brought his car to a halt on a high



slope and drew a breath of relief as he glanced back into the valley, rippling beneath the blistering sun. He was grateful now for the cool flow of air along his temples, not only because it dispelled his physical discomfort, but because it soothed a mind and heart that had been harrowed during the past few weeks.

Just a fortnight ago, after a day such as this, *Jane Landor* had died quietly and unexpectedly in her sleep. Bruce's sorrow had been eased somewhat by his melancholy realization that she was spared further pain and misery from an illness from which there could be no recovery; but his grief at her passing had been none the less deep and lasting.

He had seen very little of *Autumn Dean* since that night in May, when he had gone to the *Parrs* and had found in her a mood that had left him bewildered and harassed every time he recalled that miserable occasion. Only once since that night had he spoken to her. He had called on *Hector Cardigan* one afternoon and, as he mounted the steps to the door, Autumn had hurried out, passing him with only a swift word of greeting. He knew she had rushed away to avoid talking with him.

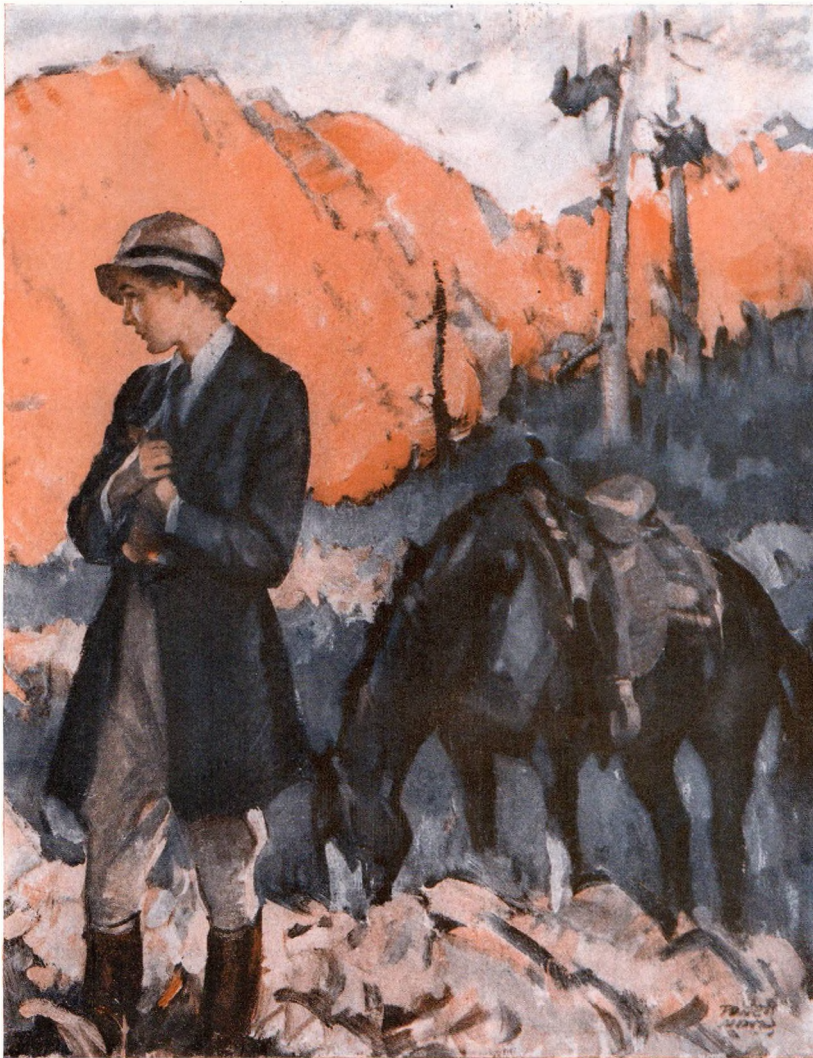
PROLOGUE

That visit with *Hector* had been a doleful affair. The old soldier had been having words with *Jarvis Dean's* daughter—of that there could be no doubt in Bruce's mind. *Hector's* grumpy mood had refused to yield to Bruce's efforts at facetiousness. The old man had burst forth in a voice full of distress. "It's that girl! There's no talking to her!"

"Why get so worked up over it?" Bruce had asked. "Why talk to her?" Even as he spoke, Bruce had known that his comment had been a defensive one.

And then *Hector* had said: "There's little to choose between a young fool and an old one—save for a trifling disparity in years."

Bruce was thinking of that afternoon with *Hector* as he climbed back into his car and started off along the increasingly difficult trail. The old fellow had reason enough to be distressed, if Autumn's reputation in the countryside meant anything to him. And Bruce



By
Martha Ostenso

Illustrated by
Pruett Carter

"Bruce, I've been wanting to talk to you." "You, too?" "I'd like to come in—"

But there clung about it still some of the pungent, zealous air of times gone by, when sourdoughs and chechakos drifted in for a night's lodging and a game of poker. The proprietor, a rugged old Scotchman, had himself been a prospector.

THERE were a half dozen idlers in the front room when Bruce entered. He looked them over and sauntered into the back room, pausing to glance about for the buyer he had come to see. He found his man at a poker table with four others. The buyer looked up. "Hello, Landon!" he said.

Bruce spoke to the other men at the table.

"Buy a stack and sit in, Landon," one of them urged.

"Not tonight," Bruce replied. "I'm going home as soon as I've had a word with Myers, here."

"I'll be with you in a minute," said Myers. Bruce watched the progress of the play. He was not sure just what had drawn his attention to a conversation at the table behind him, but presently the mention of Jarvis Dean's name caused him to glance around. Curly Belfort, a rancher from the Ashcroft district, was doing the talking, while the others listened. He had evidently been drinking. His voice thrust itself boisterously upon Bruce's consciousness. He could not help hearing the words.

"—and if there wasn't old Dean's daughter standin' up out o' the haystack, an' stretchin' herself at seven o'clock in the mornin', an' I says to young Parr: 'Do you think I'm runnin' a country hotel? Or is this the way they do it in Europe?' But he kept on tinkerin' with his car." Belfort laughed heartily at his own joke. "Some gal the Laird's daughter has turned out to be, spendin' the night in a haystack with—"

Bruce had got up abruptly and went over to Belfort, his face white, as he stood looking down at the rancher.

"You've had too much to drink, Curly," he said. Belfort, his mouth twisted in a drunken leer, laid his cards on the table.

"Who's tellin' me?" he asked. "I am," Bruce replied. "Only a drunken swine would talk the way you're talking." [Turn to page 86]

TO LOVE

supposed it did. Hector Cardigan had looked after the girl from her earliest years as anxiously as if he had been her godfather. And Autumn Dean was getting herself talked about rather freely among the gossips of the community.

The conviction had grown gradually upon Bruce that Autumn was leading this free life of hers with some ulterior purpose. He could not think of her running wild from choice. Nor had he ever been able to understand her change of attitude toward him, unless the Laird himself had caused it by something he had told her, by some peremptory ban he had placed upon their friendship. Even then he could not credit the change. Autumn was too willful, too independent, to permit even her father to make up her mind for her. Something else, something of which he was in total ignorance, was behind it all. But whatever it was, there was no course for him except a harsh discipline in forgetting.

An utter loneliness enveloped him now as he ascended the wild mountain reaches. Over there, only a short distance toward the north, lay the Dean summer range, skirting his own. Across a deep valley, spread over the palely green mountainside opposite, one of the units of the Laird's flock was dimly discernible. Trained though his eyes were to the ambiguity of vast distances, it was all Bruce could do to distinguish the flock in that brilliant atmosphere. But across the vacancy there came to him, piercingly sweet, the sound of a bell. He knew that bell—there was only one like it anywhere in the Upper Country. It was Autumn Dean's Basque bell. The sound of it had drawn him across the valley on his last trip, nearly a month ago, and he had spent an hour with the young Irish lad who was one of the Laird's herders. He would do so today, but he had to get back for an appointment he had made with a buyer in Kamloops.

IT WAS late that evening when Bruce drew up before a gray, weathered building that had served as a trading-post in the old days. The structure housed a billiard parlor now, and was known as "Sandy's Place." It had become a rendezvous for cattle and sheep men, ranch hands seeking employment, and nondescript transients.

IT'S NEVER THE SAME

By
Mary
Lowrey
Ross

Illustrated by
L. R. Gustavson

He took her hand and kissed it. For a long time they sat there, saying nothing



If you want to make a final test of friendship, stage the experiment in the country when it's raining

THE class reunion was held at the Russells', and everyone went because everyone wanted to see how rich the Russells were by this time. They were richer than ever. They had so much money that their effort now as cultivated people was to keep the fact from too obviously asserting itself. The interior of their house, book-lined, gravely lit, subdued to disciplined shapes and wine-colored tones, was one way of doing this. Their having the class party there was, perhaps, another.

The Stanley Venns arrived at nine-thirty, Louise Venn having been busy till a quarter to nine cutting the sleeves out of a green lace afternoon dress. It had been a rather unsuccessful dress to begin with; sedate, yet with a spacious air of festivity. Louise knew that her manipulations had done nothing to improve it. But that didn't trouble her very much.

She was thinking, as she stood beside Stanley at the end of the room, how little these old associations meant to her. Probably the rest felt the same way. Certainly the evening was going very badly. The Russells hadn't arranged anything—they had hopefully left

the evening to shape itself. And it hadn't shaped itself, it simply hung amorphous. Stanley was perhaps the only one who hadn't noticed. He stood with his arm around the shoulders of a man whose name, whose face even, she couldn't remember. And he was saying joyously, "And do you remember the day the six of us took Bill Hooper's coop down University Avenue, and when we got to College Street, we found nobody was driving?"

He was having a splendid time. Stanley liked class reunions, loved old associations. He was like that about everything—dry tinder for any enthusiasm that came along. That was why he was already such a successful advertising man. For he was a success, and suddenly Louise wanted everyone, especially the Russells, to realize it. For the first time she really regretted the green lace dress.

Aline Summers arrived after everyone else was there. They heard her voice first in the next room, greeting Mrs. Russell. "Edna, darling, I'm so sorry to be late, but that bad son of mine—" She had a lovely voice, always with a gay, lamenting note in it, making

everything she said the echo of her special feeling about life. Stanley was talking at the time to Marjorie White. (You remember Marjorie, people always said, with the Nose; and they indicated the nose in pantomime.) He was giving her the special consideration that he always reserved for unattractive women, and his attention didn't flicker at the sound of Aline's voice. But Louise, who lived in her husband's feelings almost more intimately and certainly more acutely than he did himself, felt the sudden start and quiver, saw the room transfigured by Aline's presence.

SHE came toward them and, after five years, she was more beautiful than ever. The old charm was there, matching her beauty so perfectly that no one could resist it. "Stan!" she said, and gave him both her hands. "And Lou!" she cried, and took one away from him to give to Louise.

Things improved wonderfully with her arrival. People came together, husbands and wives forgot to watch each other. She didn't organize or manage, she simply exercised her gift as a perfect social solvent. She had always been like that in any group, able to find the right note instantly, without fumbling. Absolute pitch. Louise thought, observing her with a stirring of the old ironical envy. Only a very few, very gifted people had it.

Toward the end of the evening Stanley and Aline stood at the end of the room, talking. Five years before they had been engaged, and it hadn't lasted. Everyone knew about it. They stood beside the window, making a little tableau of the past. They didn't try to make it seem casual, for both had a theory that any honest human relationship was nothing to conceal. At the other end of the room Louise sat eating sandwiches, her heels tucked into the rung of her chair. If she had a theory, no one knew anything about it.

At one o'clock Louise and Stanley drove home in their new little car. Stanley was at the wheel, his eyes bright and absorbed. At a corner, when they were waiting for the lights to change, he said suddenly, "You know, Louise, there's something about Aline still that gets me—" he took his hand from the wheel and brought the fingers into a tight clench—"like that."

Louise's gaze rested with casual speculation on her husband's profile. She had been married to him for over four years, and she was as freshly capable of wonder at him as she had ever been; at his ingenuousness, his charm, his obtuseness, and especially his looks, which had the quality, she often thought, of good sculpture, offering fresh satisfaction from every angle

of vision. She felt something the same way about Petie. They were both something that had happened to her that couldn't quite be accounted for—something that constantly escaped her more than usually alert sense of reality. Outwardly she was married to an advertising man, and they had one darling little boy. Actually she had moments when she might have been wife and mother to two completely legendary and improbable creatures—a hippogriff, for instance, and a leprechaun—the whole thing seemed so extravagantly outside ordinary human experience.

She said aloud, "She hasn't lost any of her looks."

The car went forward. "It's funny, but I never think about Aline's looks particularly," said Stanley. "They don't seem the important thing about her. I mean, they're just what you more or less expect of her type of personality." He went on quickly, without any intention of adroitness, "Just the same as yours. You're a sort of female Puck, keeping yourself out of sight so you can make faces at people and pull their noses. And you've got," he added endearingly, "the funny sort of little mug that goes with it."

"Stop street," said Louise.

Stanley slowed the car. "She wants us to come up to her place some night next week."

"Us!"

"Well, as a matter of fact, you."

"Me!" Louise said derisively.

"She said particularly you."

Louise laughed. "You said, 'When am I going to see you again?' and she said, 'Oh, I'd love to see you soon!' and you said, 'Next week?'"

"I said nothing of the kind!" Stanley retorted.

"And she said, 'That would be lovely! And be sure to bring Lou. You know I want a chance to get better acquainted with Lou. I like her.'"

It was close enough to the truth to have the apt unfairness of caricature. Stanley smiled, but reluctantly. He respected Louise's shrewdness, but he resented it a little at the same time. So much of the large fairness of life was spoiled by these sharp intrusions of reality. Louise felt it instantly and was sorry. It was a shame to spoil things for him. "I don't mind going," she said. She was indulging him as usual, but she carefully kept any sign of it out of her voice. Stanley disliked having her think of him as a two-year-old; almost as much, she reflected, as he enjoyed having her treat him that way. "Any night except Wednesday," she said, and climbed out first to open the garage doors.

LOUISE didn't mind—at first. She invited Aline to dinner several times and went with Stanley once or twice to visit her in her flat. But gradually the situation began to make her uncomfortable. They were too nice to her, too almost embarrassingly ready to make her the confidante of their newly-stirred affection. It was very contemporary, it kept everything simple and open and honest, but some lingering possessiveness in Louise, or perhaps some hidden irony, prevented her from feeling their way about it. One evening she made an excuse to stay away from Aline's, and Stanley went without her. After that he quite often went without her. He always told her when he was going and afterward he described the evening to her, candidly and casually,

avoiding any air of confession. She sometimes got a rather wry amusement from that.

She spoiled him, Mary said. It was perfectly criminal.

Mary was Stanley's sister. She was four years younger than Louise, and very fond of her. Their friendship had grown out of an early dislike and was all the firmer and more interesting on that account.

"However, I don't suppose it's altogether your fault," Mary said. "He's always been spoiled. Mother began it. It's because he's really rather sweet. And he is terribly good-looking."

Mary was good-looking herself, like all the Venns. She was tall and very slender, but cast for matriarchal lines. People always stared at her because she looked rather like an actress wearing her stage clothes on the street. The simplest thing borrowed that theatrical quality from her the moment she put it on. She saw life as fact, but she liked it better as drama and interpreted it that way.

"You should have seen the family when Aline turned him down," she said. She was paying Louise a morning visit and sat with her legs crossed over the arm of a deep chair. "Stan shut himself up in his room and wouldn't come out to eat. Mother was overcome—I remember her hiding the iodine. I was seventeen, and can you imagine how I adored it! I sort of hoped there'd be a shooting so I could get up in the witness box, in something simple, with little frilled collar and cuffs—"

"Spit it out!" cried Louise suddenly, and darted at Petie, who was playing on the rug. "Spit it into Mummy's hand! All of it! Spit!—Oh, Petie!"

Bit by bit, Petie yielded the blue crayon he had started to eat and was carried off to the bathroom.

Mary waited, swinging her legs. Petie was so charming, so pink and yellow-headed and guilelessly inept, that she sometimes thought there must be something the matter with her, because he so frequently seemed rather a nuisance.

LOUISE came back with Petie in her arms. He was radiant, his face washed, his hair smartly brushed and parted.

"He looks like a bell-hop," Mary said, "or a hotel greeter." She poked him in the middle. "Did Stan ever say what happened?" she asked.

Louise set Petie on the floor and gave him the button-box. "He told me what he thought happened."

Mary pulled down the corners of her mouth. "Poor Stan!" She added, "She was staying with us at the cottage when Garth Summers turned up!"

"I never saw him," said Louise.

"You missed something. Gosh! One of these tropic-bitten, fiction Englishmen. Just simply been everywhere and seen everything. Diamond mines in Africa and native uprisings in India. Planted peanuts in Brazil and British flags all over the Arctic. Can you imagine what he did to our girlish hearts? And to Stan! He made him look like the captain of the Fifth Form basket-ball team. . . . The last I heard of him—since the divorce—he was in Hollywood, trying to break into the movies."

Louise said, after a pause. "She's beautiful—really."

"I can't see it," said Mary, and added, "By the time she's fifty, her nose and chin will absolutely meet."

"By the time she's fifty," Louise answered, "it won't matter much if they do."

[Turn to page 60]



"She comes chiseling in here—" "She didn't chisel in. I invited her"

OFFICIALLY SIXTEEN

The story of fifteen lady buccaneers and one who stole their treasure

By Anna Brand

Illustrated by George Howe

MARY LEE PENNINGTON sat writing at the table in the Nurses' Room, trying to convey the impression that she was utterly unaware that the new health officer had arrived from New Orleans. It was like trying to ignore a five-ring circus. The room was buzzing with nurses and excitement; it had been rumored that Dr. Terry Crawford was young and good-looking.

What difference did that make? Mary Lee fixed a wistful gaze on the cards before her. There were just two kinds of men, anyway—married men and men who went with other girls. Even if Dr. Crawford belonged to both classifications, it wouldn't create any excitement around her. Men might come and men might go, but she would go on forever—recording mumps and measles for little Josies and Carmens.

At the end of the Nurses' Room was the door to the doctor's private office. Between eight and nine o'clock fifteen of the nurses, including Mrs. Merrill, the chief, had made excuses to go through it. They poked about his cabinet for tongue depressors, murmured something about sterile gauze, and inspected him with oblique glances. When it was discovered that the rumor was correct, they lingered, searching the shelves vaguely and having a terrible time reaching the mumps cards.

It was all so much waste ammunition on Terry Crawford. Having learned there were sixteen nurses working under him, he had braced himself for sixteen interruptions. His face was composed, unimpassioned, as he cleared out the desk of his predecessor. Old Dr. Baldwin had cherished a weakness for race horses. Form charts and *The Care and Feeding of Colts* were mixed with dietetics and *The Care and Feeding of Infants*. Terry consigned the colts to the waste basket, pausing each time the door closed to make a mark on the scratch pad beside him. It was the tally sheet.

"Fifteen!" He drew a firm line through the four short marks and gazed at the tallies with triumph. "That's all," he reflected philosophically, "but number sixteen. Well, she'll be along in a minute, now."

BUT she wasn't. Terry continued to clear the desk. Through the partition he could hear the chatter of the nurses as they packed their bags and made out their cards. He paused, struck by his overwhelming privacy.

"Why doesn't that last one come in, I wonder?" He had resigned himself to the full program, and her absence was more disconcerting than her presence would have been.

In the corner of the Nurses' Room, Mary Lee's smooth yellow head continued to bend over her cards industriously.

"What do you think of the new *jeff*, Mary Lee?" inquired a red-haired girl. "Gee, lookit my cuffs! Have you got some safety pins? I'll have to turn them."

Mary Lee produced the pins. "I haven't seen him, Stella." Deep absorption in her work again.

"For pity's sake!" Stella exclaimed. "Go in and sneak a look at him. Be weak and human, like the rest of us."

Mary Lee's blue eyes twinkled solemnly. "Who's selling the tickets?"

"Medicine show," Stella announced, with barker's gestures; "absolutely free! And worth the price, I assure you. Say—you can't fool me. It isn't that you don't care—you've got one of those funny inhibitions that Dr.

Morton was lecturing about—and you're getting even by staying out."

The grip on Mary Lee's pen tightened as she resumed her writing. "You're crazy," she murmured, with elaborate abstraction.

The door banged behind Stella, and Mary Lee dropped her pen with a baffled sigh. A call came for Mrs. Merrill to go to the City Clerk's office, and Mary Lee moved over to the chief's small desk to take the telephone messages. The Nurses' Room was empty—by nine-fifteen they were all supposed to be out, working their districts. Mary Lee consulted her watch. It was nine o'clock. Her gaze strayed to the door at the end of the room. At that instant it swung open and Terry Crawford stood there.

"Gosh, she's pretty!" he thought, arrested by Mary Lee's small perturbed face, with its luminous eyes. Then abruptly he was annoyed with himself for having noted such an irrelevant fact. It was evident she expected him to say something. He did—and instantly regretted it.

"Are you sixteen?" he inquired hastily.

Mary Lee continued to stare.

"I didn't mean sixteen, actually." Terry shoved his hands into his pockets. "I meant sixteen—officially."

Mary Lee's face burned. She had encountered several brands of masculine audacity, but none so precipitate as this.

"Both actually and officially—" the words were rather indistinct—"I'm twenty-three."

She turned to the cabinet and began to file cards with feverish energy.

"She's either scared to death," Terry reflected, "or she's perfectly furious."

Suddenly, as he studied the lashes on her averted cheek and the small, determined mouth, it became highly important to him to find out which. He cleared his throat.

The thing he had meant, he explained, was that he was making a record of the nurses, an official record of his own. (True, he qualified mentally, the ones who came buccaneering into my office.) When he had asked whether she was sixteen, he had listed fifteen of them—that was all. Certainly he had not meant the question as an impertinent personal inquiry.

Mary Lee heard the explanation in horrified silence. He thought—he thought—why, he couldn't think anything but that she was a silly, self-conscious fool.

"And I'm sorry," he concluded with a tentative smile, "that you misunderstood."

"Misunderstood! She was engulfed in humiliation. 'I'm twenty-three,' she had announced, with starchy primness. As though it made any difference to him whether she were sixty!

He waited. So did Mary Lee, in suffused silence. Then a brown hand reached out and closed quietly over one of her small white ones.

"Am I forgiven?" he asked.

Mary Lee looked up into smiling brown eyes, quizzical, disarmingly friendly. She couldn't speak. She had conquered the smothered rush of shyness only to discover a new emotion, far more disconcerting. For in that breathless instant she knew—well, just knew! It was illogical, unwarranted, senseless—but it had happened.

"It's all right, Dr. Crawford," she managed at last, her eyes on the cabinet, and the effort it took to say it belied her words. The smile left his face and a slow red crept up to the roots of his hair.

MRS. MERRILL puffed in. "Dr. Crawford! I'm simply annoyed to death—as if we didn't have enough work with this epidemic of chicken pox—now what do you suppose the Immigration Service has requested? That we send them duplicate records of all of our maternity cases from now on. And the City Clerk—he'll promise anything he doesn't have to do himself—he's agreed."

"Why do they want them?" Terry inquired abstractedly, his gaze following Mary Lee. She was packing her bag with meticulous attention. It was plain that she wasn't going to look at him. He roused himself with an effort. "If it's a government request, Mrs. Merrill, it's important. There will be no trouble with the doctors' cases, of course, and I suppose you have some system by which midwives file their records. But what about the cases that are unattended?"

"Most of them report to the clinic, and the nurses get them in their districts."

"Have all the nurses give you—" Dr. Crawford's attention wandered, for Mary Lee was adjusting her hat and leaving without a glance in his direction—



"Both actually and officially," she managed, "I'm twenty-three"

"have all the nurses bring me," he amended hastily, "their records, every Monday, for any births in the previous week." Mary Lee heard, but not by the flicker of an eyelash did she admit it.

As she headed her small, battle-scarred coupé for the Mexican quarter, her cheeks were hot and her eyes determined. Life, which at eight o'clock that morning had been a matter of vague unhappiness, had suddenly become a definite ache.

Meanwhile Fidel, son of Josefina, the laundress, slept contentedly on a pallet in the Mexican quarter. The dirt floor was cool, the ragged quilt soft, and, as Fidel was only ten hours old, he knew nothing whatever of the danger hovering over him. But Josefina knew, and her eyes were tragic.

Through the open door her Aunt Manuela could be heard at the wash-tubs, and her voice was not lifted in quavering song. Manuela had known many years and many sorrows, but nothing so terrible as this. She finished her work, emptied the tubs, and entered the cabin. Squatting beside the pallet, she gazed at Fidel anxiously. "Ay Dios!" she muttered. "We can hide him no longer, Josefina. What can we do?"

"He is so little," Josefina protested hopefully. "How can the officers object to him? Even a *perrito* or a cat would take more room than he does."

MANUELA shook her head mournfully. "That matters nothing to them. They will catch him—you will see."

"Herlinda says—"

Josefina lowered her voice—"maybe we can fool the officers."

"Fool them!" Manuela's tone was bitter. "How? Does she think they cannot count? You were one person when you were admitted in February—now you are two!" She shrugged skeptically.

"But if we put his picture on the *pasaporte*—"

Josefina fumbled under the pallet, and drew out the dingy, official card—"close beside mine, maybe the officers will not notice."

"Not notice!" Manuela's voice cracked with indignation. "Do they not have the bathhouse, obliging one to bathe, so that even a flea may not come into the country?"

No—Mother of God protect the little one! We cannot fool them. I know, for I have been here many years. They see everything."

Of a certainty Manuela knew Fidel needed protection. Not because he had no home, no clothes, no father, but because, without a passport, his existence in the alien land was insecure and subject to tragic possibilities.

Pleas, tears, nothing moved those sharp-eyed inspectors except the little official cards, so costly and so difficult to obtain. And there was no question in Manuela's mind that Fidel was an illegal entry. There had been no inspection, no photographs, no head tax, no approval of his fitness as an alien. He had arrived in the night, simply and unofficially, by the oldest known method of immigration. There he was—and there was neither time nor money to undo his crime. The best they could do was to try to conceal it.

Mary Lee's morning proved full of complications. Little Eduardo Munoz, whom she had isolated as a chicken pox suspect the day before, was conspicuous by his absence when she called for a second diagnosis.

"Oh, sí! *Si, señorita*," Mamma Munoz agreed placidly. "Eduardo had spots this morning, but none of them showed above his clothing, so I sent him to school."

In silent exasperation Mary Lee tacked the chicken pox card on the Munoz cabin and drove hastily to the Aoy School, where she extracted Eduardo from the kindergarten class. Stern-eyed, she returned him to Mamma Munoz, with strict instructions to keep him and his spots in the bosom of the family. Having reduced the Munoz family to a state of crushed guilt, she weakened the whole performance by returning twenty minutes later with a bag of ten-cent toys for the weeping Eduardo.

"And I suppose," she addressed herself bitterly, "that every quarantine you have, from now on, will take pains to expose a small mob, so he can earn the toys. Wouldn't Dr. Crawford think you are a fine disciplinarian!"

Manuela stopped sprinkling the clothes. "But, *señorita*," she spread her hands expressively. "Josefina denies nothing—she cannot help it if she has nothing. *Jesus Maria!*" she protested devoutly. "You could write my name on that little card, but it could not make me have a baby."

Baffled, Mary Lee surveyed the room. A stove, two pallets, a pine table, two soap-box chairs and in one corner a small shrine consisting of a plaster image of the Blessed Virgin on a curtained shelf. Mary Lee eyed the curtain speculatively—she crossed the room and drew it back. There lay Fidel, his black-button eyes blinking—wide awake, in convulsing silence.

Manuela collapsed in stoical defeat, but Josefina began to struggle up frantically.

"Lie down at once, Josefina," Mary Lee commanded, as she

picked up the baby. Then she paused, arrested by the dumb fright in the girl's black eyes. "Why, he's a beautiful baby!" she said hastily.

But Josefina was not to be consoled. She burst into desperate, convulsive sobs.

"Stop—you must stop!" Mary Lee ordered. "You'll make yourself sick. Tell me what the trouble is," she urged. "Maybe I can help."

Josefina talked, and Mary Lee listened with shadowed, pitying eyes. She knew little of the Immigration Service and still less of their complicated laws. What Fidel and Josefina had done was vague in her mind, but what would become of them, if they were thrust across the border in their present helpless, penniless state, was still more horribly uncertain.

WHEN Mary Lee drove away from the cabin, she drew a shaky sigh. She couldn't fling the ingratiating but law-breaking Fidel across the Rio Grande without ever knowing where he might land. On the other hand, she couldn't ignore his existence. She compromised with the situation by agreeing to withhold his name from the records for a few weeks. Fidel's arrival would not be reported officially until Josefina was strong enough to work and pay for it. That much Mary Lee justified in conceding, for with the casual Mexican attitude concerning their

progeny, many of the cases were months old when reported.

Mary Lee was almost back to the City Hall before she recalled Dr. Crawford's instructions about reporting the births every Monday. Deliberate disobedience was a grave offense. If Dr. Crawford found out—well, he mustn't find out.

"And if Josefina can't afford to have him pretty soon," she reminded herself wrathfully. "*you'll have to!* You can do without that fall coat and buy yourself a Mexican baby. It won't do to let him arrive in the world old enough to walk and talk and furnish his own statistics."

During the week Dr. Crawford entrenched himself in invulnerable privacy by having all the medical supplies and quarantine cards moved to the cupboards in the Nurses' Room. But he didn't suppress interest in himself—he merely whetted it.

Monday morning found the Nurses' Room in a state of agreeable excitement.

"Just like a lottery," Stella giggled, as she pawed through her cards. "Every baby is a prize. I know I've got some twins some place, if I can ever find them. How many babies did you have this week, Mary Lee?"

Mary Lee hesitated. "None." [Turn to page 56]



Mary Lee wanted to cry, "I did it to protect Fidel!"

In spite of the counterirritant of her work, she couldn't escape Terry Crawford. And there were disturbing memories of his quizzical smile, of her silly mistake of the moment when he had grasped her hand. She applied herself to her Mexicans with steady energy, but it was no use. He was there, too.

WHEN she reached the shack in the hollow by the railroad tracks, she consulted her cards. Josefina Gomez, pre-natal case. Probably a post-natal case by now—score one for Dr. Crawford. With a sigh of resignation, she knocked at the door.

Five minutes later she studied the pale but determined Josefina uncertainly. There couldn't be any mistake in the record, but there was an amazing discrepancy in the facts confronting her.

"But, Josefina," she insisted, "our records show your condition." There was a mystery here. Whatever it was, she must unearth it. She rose with a resolute expression, Josefina's pale face went a shade more pallid, and she did not answer.

"You know yourself, Manuela." Mary Lee appealed to the older woman, "that you brought Josefina to the clinic. Here is our record—" She extended the card.



Charles Macomb Flandrau

WHAT'S GOING ON THIS MONTH

READING AND WRITING

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

The Underwriters

considered a fair return on the talent the gods invested in them. Not enough to satisfy you and me, their public, their audience. I am thinking of the matchless poet, A. E. Housman, of the Kenneth Grahame who wrote *The Golden Age* and *The Wind in the Willows*, and, just at this minute, of the most exasperating underwriter of them all, Mr. Charles Macomb Flandrau of (among other places) St. Paul, Minnesota; Cambridge, Massachusetts; Mexico, and the Island of Majorca.

I say "just at this minute" because there now lies before me on my desk a new book of enchanting essays by Mr. Flandrau—essays so

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MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Bringing Back The Children

EVERY now and again some distant reader—usually someone seeking an introduction to Katharine Cornell, or someone with a sinister plan to have me lecture for nothing next October at the Ladies' Wednesday Culture Circle—lets fall into the second paragraph of her letter (with the intention, I suppose, of subtly undermining my resistance) some such remark as this: "And it may interest you to hear, Mr. Woolcott, that I've read every word you've ever written." Well, it does interest me somewhat, for, since in sheer quantity I have doubtless already exceeded the output of the late Mr. Charles Dickens, at least I can ineluctably deduce from that not unfamiliar remark that my fair correspondent is either a fool or—which is rather more probable—a liar.

Personally I could count on the fingers of one hand—even of a hand less completely garnished with digits than my own—the living writers of whom I could say, or would even wish to be able to say, that I had read every line they ever wrote. For, of course, most writers—and in my gloomier moments it seems to me that that classification includes practically all adults who can put down a sentence which actually parses—write far too much. Or, at least, publish far too much. They sell themselves down the river to magazines and syndicates and, lashed by insensate editors and publishers, turn out book after book without ever waiting for that uniquely acceptable excuse—their having something to say.

Indeed, I can think offhand of only three writers of our day about whom I feel (with a kind of grudging admiration, mind you) that they have not written enough. Not enough to be



Wallace Beery is "The Champ" and also Jackie Cooper's hero

MARY PICKFORD has announced her intention to produce a picture that will bring back the children into the film theaters. Just what that picture will be, I do not know (I believe that Miss Pickford herself has not yet settled on a story); but I have a notion that it will prove to be a happy venture for her as well as for her audiences.

Certainly one must applaud her purpose. The present sickly state of the motion picture industry is largely attributable to the fact that it has lost much of its former innocence. It has developed a sort of surface sophistication, the brittle Broadway kind of sophistication, that is essentially as false as was the sticky sentimentality of bygone days. Perhaps it is best expressed in that one, supposedly world-weary ejaculation, "Oh, yeah?", which the Broadwayite uses as a means of dismissing all the troublesome problems of life.

The over-boiled wisdom of Times Square does not become the cinema which, for all its talk, remains what it was ten years ago when Harry Leon Wilson, in *Merton of the Movies*, dubbed it the "Peter Pan of the arts," and condemned it justly to a state of eternal infancy. With or without sound, the movie has the divine power to appeal to the childish imagination which lurks in even the most aggressively adult, and when that power is ignored, or willfully perverted, the movie is attempting to be something which it emphatically is not.

So when Mary Pickford says that she wants to bring children back into the picture theaters, she is not referring solely to those of meager years. She is referring to the children that exist in all [Turn to page 36]



Alla Nazimova and Earle Larimore win new laurels in "Mourning Becomes Electra," Eugene O'Neill's sensational trilogy

ON THE STAGE

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

Sitting Up For Electra Returns

THE progress of Eugene O'Neill represents one of the strangest adventures ever known in the American theater. I mean that Mr. O'Neill has been highly praised for almost everything which he does not represent, and his palpable virtues have gone unsung, save at the hands of a very few.

To be sure, the foremost of American playwrights has undergone a change—a sea change, one might appropriately remark. In the early days he was hailed as a young man who was bringing to the American stage a new dedication to realism. It was held that the sailors of the early and salty plays captured the actual tang of our native tongue. It was O'Neill who was to deliver the death blow to the romantic and sentimental conception of life and to hold the mirror close enough to nature for us all to see the very mist of human breath upon the glass.

And now it seems to me that none of this is true in our own day. Not after the production of *Mourning Becomes Electra*. In all justice to the dramatist, it should be admitted that he himself has not laid claim to those attributes which have been so freely showered upon him. The title itself conveys the truthful suggestion that here is Greek tragedy restated in terms of the nineteenth century. It is explicitly stated that, "The three plays take place in either spring or summer of the years 1865, 1866." So there is no assertion that O'Neill is digging under his own doorstep for material. In fact, the date is of singularly little importance.

O'Neill has endeavored to write stylized tragedy in which human emotions are stripped down to the essence. For theatrical purposes it is valuable to sail under unencumbered masts. In tossing over timeliness, one may capture certain eternal verities. But in so doing, there must be the sacrifice of at least surface realism. You and I are very complicated persons. Our emotions and our motives are singularly mixed. In melodrama the villain and the hero are white or deep scarlet. There is no middle ground. And Eugene O'Neill has left out the No Man's Land in which, as a matter of fact, we all dwell and have our being. [Turn to page 65]



Dr. Felix Adler

DR. FELIX ADLER, the founder of the Society for Ethical Culture, the jubilee of which was recently celebrated, is one of the most influential and inspiring personalities of our generation. His two best known books, an *Ethical Philosophy of Life* and *The Reconstruction of the Spiritual Ideal*, are among the greatest books of our time. Nor must we forget his latest book, *Incompatibility in Marriage*, which, if widely read, would have saved many homes from wreck. Dr. Adler himself has just observed his eightieth birthday, and therefore has a right to speak, as he does in the sermon under review, of the spiritual meaning of old age.

"Some years ago," Dr. Adler reminds us, "a famous physician said flatly that the work of the world has been done by men under forty. He speaks of the crisis of the fortieth year, beyond which men become uncreative and slow. Fortunately he is contradicted by an overwhelming array of facts. Even in creative work we find many of the greatest masterpieces of the world wrought long after forty, by Dante, Milton, Michelangelo, Goethe, Martineau, to name no others. Plato thought no man should begin to write philosophy until he had passed his fiftieth year. At any rate, the kind of mental quality which depends upon wise judgment is not likely to be attained early in life.

"Indeed, the familiar picture of life as a hill which from youth to middle age we ascend, then reach the top, and after that descend, is absurd. It shows us a faltering and heavy step on the downward slope—how memory fails, the body shrinks into shapeless obesity, the mind relaxes, and at last we totter into a hole at the bottom of the hill. It is entirely wrong. Instead, the picture is of a series of terraces, each higher than the last, from

IN THE PULPIT

When Age Comes Creeping On

BY FELIX ADLER, D. D.

Reviewed by REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

year to year rising from power to power, life becoming richer in meaning and beauty the farther we go. Certainly, in respect to mental and spiritual qualities, it ought to be so. But it will not be so automatically; we must make it true by the fine art of living, by growing, by insight and effort. In youth life comes to us; after forty we must pick it up and shape it into a thing ugly or beautiful.

"Old age is friendly to moral development in various ways. The fever of life has abated; the fleshly appetites no longer dominate. Old age, if a man has lived wisely, means peace. It means a kind of disinterestedness. Youth is easily dogmatic, exclusive and intolerant. Old age has learned pity, patience and the ability to enter vicariously into the pleasures and sufferings of others. It takes time and tragedy to teach us charity, and youth has not had time to learn it. Then, too, old age is the time of being, while middle age and youth are the time of doing. If one takes seriously the thought that being is more than doing, he will appreciate that in this respect old age is more valuable than youth.

"Doing is indeed important, but only in so far as a man becomes something in the course of his doing. All our doing is worthless of itself. In the sight of infinity, what are the fortunes we accumulate, the bridges we build, the books we write? What do all these signify, which the waves of eternity obliterate, except as they react upon us and make us do something? The spiritual life is engendered in us through doing, but it is manifested in being—here lies the opportunity and honor of old age. But age itself does not confer honor or wisdom. It may be foolish, fretful, selfish, intolerant, miserable—we have the power to make or mar ourselves, by winning inner worth and refinement or losing it. Only greatness of soul matters, in youth or in age.

"We enter life and think of the whole of it as our estate; after a while we cease trying to remake the whole world, and select a narrower field. Then, later, we select a still narrower field. [Turn to page 48]



Mr. Rice saw the little dog. "Well, how are you?" he said. "Come over here"

A dog's
life—
and
a boy's

HEARTSTRINGS

By Stella Ryan
Illustrated by Raymond Sisley

THEY couldn't keep the little dog out of Freddy's room. He kept looking for Freddy. He had just been allowed to come into the house after three lonesome days on the back porch and three lonesome nights in the garage. During that time only Posy had come to visit him, her black face solemn and round. He had asked Posy for news, asked with his voice and with his beating paws and with his tail. "Tell me! What's the matter? Why am I tied up here? Where's Freddy?"

"Stop your barking and get down there and eat your supper. Hurry up now."

At last he was indoors again. But no one paid any attention to him, and Freddy wasn't there. He kept running up to Freddy's room and looking under the furniture and in all the corners. Then someone left the closet door open, so he went in and looked for Freddy there.

He stood under the small bits of clothing and sniffed up at them. They had all belonged to Freddy, all been worn by him, save one. A pint of new spring overcoat with an airplane embroidered on the sleeve hung there

just as it had been taken from the box. It had the strange, harsh smell of newness. The little dog turned away from it to Freddy's red zipper boots that were standing in a corner waiting for Freddy to take them out into the March sunshine. As he sat beside the boots, hoping that Freddy would come, he grew very sleepy. At last he tumbled the boots over and made a bed for himself. He slept until Freddy's mother came into the room with another woman. Freddy's mother was saying, "He'd worn everything but this little coat that I was saving for Easter."

She reached into the closet and took the small blue coat from its hanger. The little dog knew he had no business being there, so he hardly moved.

Freddy's mother said, "I can't bear to see it hanging there. He never even had it on, and if he doesn't get better—"

"Oh, Margaret, he is going to get better."
"But they're trying to hide from me how sick he is."

"Oh, no. You imagine that because you're not with him."

"I should be with him. It's a terrible thing not to let me go over there."

"But he adores your mother, and she's there."

"Oh, yes, he loves his Granny, but I ought to be with him. I can't stand being told over the telephone about him. I want to see for myself."

"It wouldn't be wise, Margaret. They have all kinds of virulent cases in that hospital."

"Nonsense. I'm perfectly well, and nothing is going to happen for weeks. I could have been over there all these days."

The grief in her voice frightened the little dog. He was about to run out and ask her what the trouble was when suddenly the closet door was [Turn to page 71]



Play is just health out for a good time !



LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



You want your child to be right out there in the thick of it, mingling with the rest of the children in normal, wholesome, healthful fun. It's the alert and able-bodied children who are the natural leaders in their little world, just as the strong prevail in later life.

Let soup be your daily ally. There's nothing like a hot, invigorating, savory soup to make the meals more beneficial. Such as Campbell's Vegetable Soup! The children love it. It helps to keep the appetite healthy and the digestion good. Its 15 choice garden vegetables supply just the nutrients growing bodies most need.

And if rebellion lifts its obstinate head—if the children sulk about eating their vegetables—and if, as is not at all unlikely, you have had to fortify your persuasions with ingenious threats, why not change all this and give the children vegetables in a form they really love—Campbell's Vegetable Soup? Just watch them devour it!

21 kinds to choose from...

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| Asparagus | Mulligatawny |
| Bean | Mutton |
| Beef | Ox Tail |
| Bouillon | Pea |
| Cherry | Pepper Pot |
| Chicken | Primordial |
| Chicken-Gumbo | Tomato |
| Clam Chowder | Tomato-Okra |
| Consommé | Vegetable |
| Julienne | Vegetable-Beef |
| Mock Turtle | Vermicelli-Tomato |

11 cents a can



Every grocer
Prides himself
Upon the Campbell's
On his shelf!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

These *TASTE* expensive...

but They Cost only 20¢ to 49¢



about
21¢

FIGS IN POTATOES
(two left-overs meet happily)

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 2 cups left-over mashed potatoes | 1 egg beaten lightly with |
| ¼ teaspoon onion juice | 1 tablespoon cold water |
| 1 tablespoon minced parsley | dry bread crumbs |
| 1 egg yolk | Crisco for deep-frying |
| 6-8 cooked sausages (small links) | |

Add onion juice, parsley and beaten egg yolk to potatoes. Beat thoroughly. Cover sausage with potato mixture and shape into croquettes. (If sausage links are large, cut in two.) Roll in bread crumbs. Dip in egg and water mixture. Roll in crumbs. Fill saucepan two-thirds full of Crisco, the pure, wholesome fat that makes fried foods digestible! Heat Crisco slowly. When it browns an inch cube of bread in 40 seconds (390° F.) deep-fry the croquettes. When brown, drain on absorbent paper. Then strain your Crisco back into a can, for the same Crisco can be used for frying, over and over again!



about
49¢

ROMAN HOLIDAY

(a grand filler-up, with left-over spaghetti)

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| ¼ cup Crisco | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 1 onion, chopped | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| 2 cups cooked spaghetti | 1½ cups canned tomatoes |
| 1 pound hamburger | ¼ cup grated cheese |

Fry onion in Crisco, the digestible cooking fat. Add meat and seasonings. Cook 5 minutes. Make a layer of spaghetti in baking dish. Add meat mixture and its drippings. Then add another layer of spaghetti. Pour in tomatoes. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Cover dish. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 35 minutes. Remove cover. Bake 10 minutes longer.

All Measurements Level—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

MY, but I've been having a wonderful time in my kitchen lately, working out these thrift recipes for you!

How do these sound?—two dainty desserts that cost under a quarter! Disguised meat left-overs—one, a tasty all-in-one-dish meal that will fill up your family for less than fifty cents!

Not one of these foods tastes scrimpy. Like you, I want every ingredient to taste good! I've used Crisco in all these recipes because Crisco *does* taste good, all by itself . . . as sweet and fresh as new-churned butter!

And I've another important reason for favoring Crisco. I know that—

“Every spoonful of Crisco is digestible!”

Every time I spoon white, creamy Crisco out of its sanitary can, I feel safe. I know my food will be digestible because Crisco is a *pure, digestible fat*.

I couldn't bring myself to put a spoonful of heavy, greasy fat into anything I make. And I wish you'd ask yourself, “Can such a fat be digestible?”

You can feel sure that Crisco will keep sweet and fresh and digestible . . . to the last bit in the can. So I hope you'll stock up on Crisco when there's a thrifty sale on that handy 3-lb. size!

Do send for my new booklet called “Good Things to Eat from Out of the Air”. Address me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. X.M.-22, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER



about
22¢

APRICOT DAINITIES

(a delicious way to use stewed apricots)

Crisco pastry: Sift 1½ cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt. Cut in ½ cup of creamy, digestible Crisco. Add just enough cold water to hold ingredients together (4 to 6 tablespoons). Roll out ¼ inch thick. Cover inverted muffin pans closely with rounds of pastry. Prick bottoms and sides. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) 10 to 15 minutes.

Custard: ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup scalded milk, 2 egg yolks (beaten), ¼ teaspoon vanilla.

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add hot milk, stirring constantly. Cook until slightly thickened. Add yolks. Cook 1 minute. Add vanilla. Cool. Pour into Crisco pastry tart shells. Cover with—

Apricot Meringue: Mash thoroughly ½ cup of drained cooked apricots. Stir in 3 tablespoons sugar and ½ teaspoon lemon juice. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff. Add apricot mixture. Beat until meringue holds shape. If necessary, add more sugar.



about
20¢

COTTON TOPS

(18 delicious little chocolate cakes)

- | | |
|--|---------------------|
| 5 tablespoons Crisco (the digestible shortening) | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup sugar | 6 tablespoons cocoa |
| 1 egg | ½ teaspoon cinnamon |
| 1½ cups flour | ¾ cup milk |
| 2½ teaspoons baking powder | halved marshmallows |

Blend creamy Crisco with sugar and egg in one easy stirring. Crisco blends so easily because it comes to you *creamed in the can*. Sift the dry ingredients and add them alternately with the milk to the Crisco mixture. Pour into Criscoed muffin pans until they are two-thirds full. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) about 20 minutes. Just before removing from oven, place a halved marshmallow on top of each cake. Leave in oven only until marshmallows melt slightly.

© 1932, P. & G. Co.

Why does Crisco digest easily? Its pure, sweet taste will tell you

IT'S YOUR MOVE

DO YOU ever feel that life is making a pawn of you, pushing you inevitably towards middle age? Even a courageous woman will slip into this insidious mood occasionally, when the little lines between her eyes seem suddenly deeper than usual, or her hair looks dull, or her figure feels lumpy under her smartest gown. The trouble is that this wickered mood of 'what's-the-use-I'm-getting-old-anyway' isn't confined to women who have actually left youth behind. It's a feminine weakness to blame each wrinkle on the poor, innocent calendar.

Do you know that insurance statisticians say that women are living longer, that our life expectancy is at least ten years greater than it was two decades ago? That means that old age and its attendant loss of vitality are being pushed farther and farther into the horizon of the future. Being forty-five, fifty, or fifty-five doesn't mean nowadays what it used to mean. It does stand for richer experience, a wiser balancing of values, and a more intelligent approach to everyday problems. We need not spend a lot more time before our dressing tables, but we should all know how to get the most from every half-hour we do give to complexion, hair, or figure.

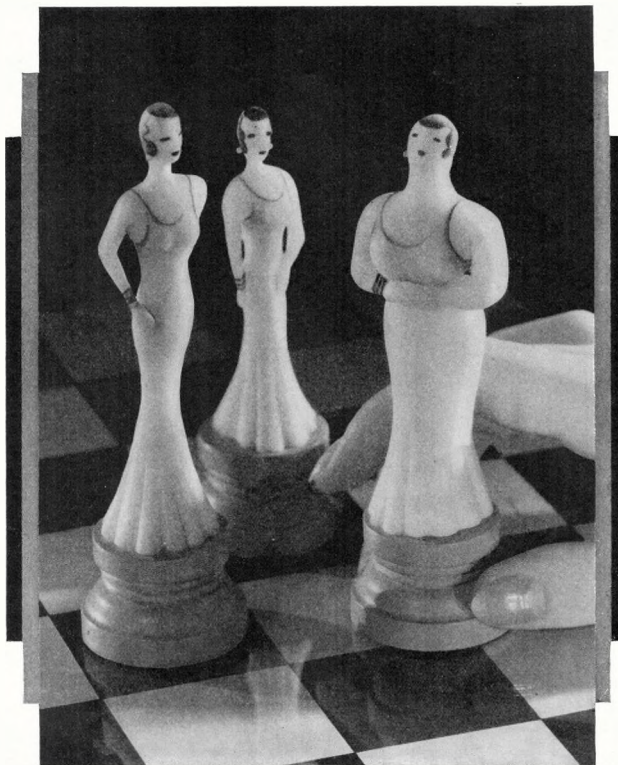
Whenever I sit down to analyze the letters that come to the Beauty Department, I'm struck by the fact that so many women are preoccupied with one wrinkle or one strand of gray hair. They say, "Except for this one blemish, I'm not really old looking. Please tell me what I can do to get rid of it quickly!"

Wouldn't it be grand if I could hand out some magic formula that would banish the offending blemish overnight? Our skins, however, depend on our bodies for their nourishment and glowing vigor. Hair is one of the first things to indicate loss of body tone and health. Figures that slump into a middle-aged posture advertise the fact that your internal machine is not getting the attention it deserves.

TRY thinking of beauty this way: as bodily fitness that keeps your face lovely, radiant, and youthful. Don't think of beauty as a face alone that just happens to have a body attached to it. I know a brilliant woman journalist in her early forties who was terribly worried by lines around her eyes and a thickening under her chin that made her look really old. She went in for many and varied facial treatments; some of them helped, specially in smoothing away lines of tension and strain. But nothing seemed to take away the tendency of her chin to thicken and of her shoulders to hunch forward. One day she happened into a famous exercise salon where they analyzed her problem fully. Every day she had been hunching over a typewriter making an ugly roll of fat between her shoulder blades, pushing her head forward so that her chin sank on a cushion of fat around her neck. What she needed were specific exercises to counteract this occupational disability.

Each of us has some small occupational disability of this sort, even those of us who haven't what the census taker calls an occupation. We're getting thick around the hips because we use our legs so little. One whimsical doctor I know believes he'll live to see the day when we won't need legs at all, since we now ride even the shortest, easiest distances. We've almost forgotten how to carry our bodies along with the splendid equipment nature gave us.

To keep your body young, alive, and glowing, walk and play more; exercise those muscles that are getting creaky long before they were meant to age. Housework doesn't count unless you know how to do it without strain and by using legs, arms, shoulders, and torso rhythmically. Walking in stuffy crowded stores doesn't



Soap Sculpture by GABA

By Hildegard Fillmore

count for beauty, nor do the one-two-three-four calisthenics we used to do as children. Dancing of almost any kind, however, is a grand investment in loveliness; good dancing teachers can do much to correct posture faults and teach us how to walk, sit, and stand with poise and grace.

This is the age of specialization. Do you know what your particular occupational disability is? Perhaps it's the stooped shoulder and hunched up neck that creates double chins. Perhaps it's weak foot arches that make springy, brisk walking impossible. Perhaps it's what the doctors call lordosis curve—the swayback condition that means backache and protruding abdomen, and leads to all sorts of figure faults.

When you can really see yourself as a complete picture, then take up seriously the job of doing nice things to your face. These tiny lines that begin to knit on the brow, around the mouth, and near the eyes need to be coaxed away by nightly massage. Many of them occur because of bad squinting and frowning habits. They require a strong dose of will power to supplement the emollient creams. Always think of pulling your face up—up—up. Its natural tendency is to sag, you know, but you can counteract this by training the important muscles that control the jaws to be taut and strong.

AFTER massage with a good cream, keep facial muscles firm by a swift stroking or patting with cotton pads wet with fresher lotion. Or skin ice over the face, first covering the skin with gauze dampened in skin tonic. A new gadget shaped like a double spoon contains a refrigerant and may be kept in the refrigerator, then used without fuss or trouble. Whenever you take a home beauty treatment, you finish by smoothing this cold pack gadget over the skin. Don't use ice on the unprotected skin. Be wary of ice or very hot water if your face flushes easily or if you notice broken veins.

Lately, because of the increasing demand of thin pocketbooks, cosmetic experts have been assembling treatment boxes in a simple, inexpensive, handy form.

One new house gets out its treatments for various types of skin in boxed sets; they're inexpensive and make a wonderful beginning for the woman who has never given her skin much care. A famous Fifth Avenue expert has arranged her treatments in groups of two each, for large pores, nourishing, firming, stimulating, and finishing the skin. You can pick your treatment group easily at the counter. A smart perfume house has two new cleansing-toning treatments: water soluble cream and lotion for oily skin, liquefying cream and lotion for dry skin. The jars are shiny black with silver motif, the bottles tall and capped in pewter.

AS ONE internationally famous cosmetic expert puts it, "There is no longer any black magic about home beauty care." The reliable, well-known toilet preparation houses are generous with information and advice. They want a woman to purchase preparations suited to her own needs. Again, quoting from this expert, "A cream that stays on the bathroom shelf is of no use to any one. The modern way is to show a customer exactly how to use the beauty aids she buys." And that goes for everything from soap to eyebrow pencils!

About this time of year, the tag-end of winter, most of us feel a let-down. Now, here are two ways to get out of the doldrums: First, follow my advice at the beginning of this article and keep your body so well that what you do for your skin and hair will show visible good results. Second, make your bathroom and boudoir as dainty and inviting as you can. A luxurious warm bath in the lather of your favorite toilet soap sets you up marvelously, and its effect seems to last longer when the bathroom is gay with color. Dressing nooks, too, have a way of getting shabby and cluttered. Pretty atomizers, jars, and bottles will make the plainest dressing table alluring.

The February Cosmetic Style Letter is full of what I call "bargains in beauty." Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for your copy and write The Beauty Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York.



Baked corned beef hash with eggs occupies the place of honor on a table set with yellow china, striped place mats, and amber glasses

BREAKFASTS THAT FORTIFY

By Sarah Field Splint

Director, McCall's Department of
Foods and Household Management

THERE'S a lot to be said in favor of a hearty breakfast each morning. The mother who sends her flock off well fortified with nourishing food knows that it won't starve before nightfall, even if its lunch money is limited. And she has another comforting assurance. The Dragon of Discouragement does not attack wayfarers who step confidently along with a good hot breakfast under their coats and the picture of a serene home in their heads.

So begin the day at your house with a pleasant little drama. You are the stage manager, heroine, and scene shifter. If you have an open fireplace or a sunny window, maneuver your breakfast table close to it. Set the table carefully with pretty china and with gay place mats—those above are made from dish-towelings. Mats can be kept spotless with less trouble than a cloth—and if laundry is an item, economize by using paper napkins; lots of "nice" people do. It is a great help to arrange this much of your scene the night before.

Even some of the food preparation can be done in advance. The dry ingredients for hot breads can be measured and mixed, cereal can be cooked and left in the double boiler for reheating, and all necessary utensils can be assembled should be long enough for you to stage a masterly meal. Then summon your audience—and be firm about their being on time; for no food, however perfect to begin with, is improved by standing out in the cold.

If your ideas are getting jaded, perhaps these suggestions and menus will help you.

(1)
BAKED APPLE, TOP MILK
CASSEROLE OF BAKED BEANS AND HAM*
BROWN BREAD
COFFEE
CHILI SAUCE

(2)
SHREDDED CEREAL, SLICED BANANAS, MILK
BAKED CORNED BEEF HASH WITH EGGS*
HOT ROLLS
COFFEE

(3)
FLAKED CEREAL, STEWED PRUNES, MILK
SHIRRED EGGS
COFFEE
SOUTHERN CORN PONE

(4)
SLICED ORANGES
CREAMED CODFISH ON TOAST
DOUGHNUTS
COFFEE

(5)
ORANGE JUICE
HOT CEREAL WITH MILK
BAKED SAUSAGE WITH BISCUIT CRUST*
COFFEE

(6)
HOT CEREAL WITH RAISINS, MILK
MEAT BALLS WITH TOMATO SAUCE
BISCUITS
COFFEE

(7)
TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL
CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF
TOAST
COFFEE
BAKED POTATO
MARMALADE

(8)
ORANGE JUICE
OATMEAL WITH MILK
SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH MUFFINS
COFFEE
OR
JAM
HOT MALTED COCOA

Suggestions for

FRUIT COURSE—Orange juice, sliced oranges, orange sections in grapefruit juice, grapefruit halves with seeded grapes, sliced or baked bananas, thinly sliced tart apples or baked apples, chilled prunes or apricots.

CEREALS—There is such a variety of cereals that we need never grow tired of them. An even greater variety can be obtained by adding raisins or dates, brown sugar, or evaporated milk. Hot cereals can be molded and chilled, sliced, fried, and served with maple syrup and butter. Puffed and flaked cereals are delicious with rich milk and sugar and with preserved, stewed, or fresh fruits.

EGGS—Cook scrambled eggs over hot water. Sprinkle with grated cheese and serve with hot potato chips instead of toast. Poach eggs in top milk and serve with the hot milk on toast. Fry eggs in hot fat, basting until done. If you are baking a hot bread, why not have baked eggs too? Put one egg in each greased custard cup with a little top milk, and bake to a tender consistency.

HOT BREADS—Baking powder biscuits, muffins, scones, popovers, corn muffins, gingerbread, waffles, French toast, toasted English muffins. Delicious griddle cakes are easily and quickly made from any good prepared pancake flour.

MAIN DISHES—Omelet with sausages; scrambled eggs with dried chipped beef; codfish cakes with crisp bacon; broiled and creamed fish; grilled sardines on toast with lemon slices; potato jackets filled with hash, or creamed ham; lamb kidneys *en brochette*; broiled calves' liver and bacon; open waffle sandwich with fried egg and bacon.

COFFEE—Whether you make your coffee by boiling, percolating, or dripping be sure it is fresh, hot, and plentiful. Give the children milk, hot cocoa, or a chocolate malted beverage. On special occasions serve coffee cocktails—tiny cups of hot clear coffee, just before breakfast.

Baked Sausage Meat with Biscuit Crust

Buy well-seasoned sausage meat. Pat out in a shallow pan having the meat about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch deep in pan. Cover top with rich biscuit dough and score in squares convenient for serving. Bake [Turn to page 114]

"Please, please, please... make me Lovelier"

TO 15 CONSCIENTIOUS DOCTORS
a cold scientific test

TO 50,000,000 WOMEN
the answer to a plea

Some women search in vain, throughout a lifetime, for a magic road to complexion loveliness; for a way to keep a nice skin young and fresh; or to make a faded skin bright again.

No wonder this way is so hard to find. There are so many conflicting theories. One friend says, "Use soap and water." Another says "Nothing but creams." And still another advises "Just try liquid or lotion."

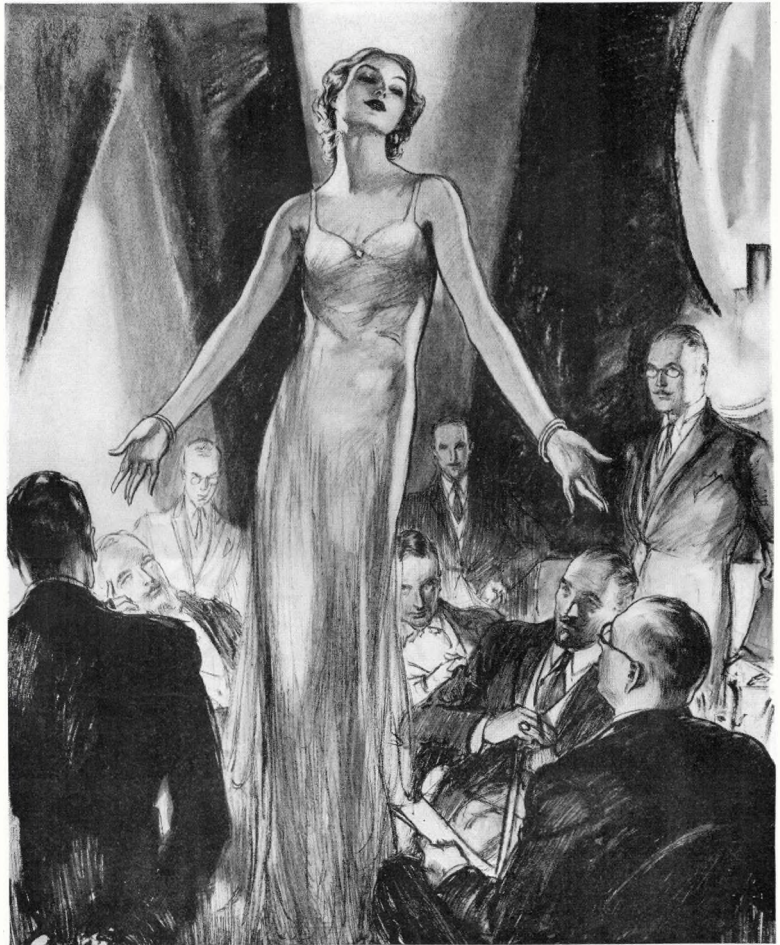
Now, Science settles the argument, clears away your every doubt. Gives you clinical *proof* of the way to have a pretty skin, to improve a blemished skin, to make a naturally good skin even clearer and fresher than before.

15 famous dermatologists tested and compared the leading soaps, creams, and lotions on the faces of 612 women. And *proved* that Woodbury's Facial Soap does more for the skin than other beauty treatment methods.

Read the details of this scientific Half-face Test in the columns at the right. Read how Woodbury's triumphed over other soaps, over expensive creams and lotions, in the radiant results it produced on women's faces! Read how it smoothed dry, rough skin; toned oily skin; cleared blackheads; refined coarse pores; corrected blemishes... when other beauty products failed. Read how even the naturally good complexions were made lovelier still by the daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap!

To the constant pleas, "Please, please, help me get (or keep) a lovely skin"... the nation's leading dermatologists now reply, "Use Woodbury's Facial Soap. We SAW it give 612 women lovelier skin than they ever had before."

Try Woodbury's for yourself and see your own skin



bloom. Buy it today at any drug store or toilet goods counter. It costs 25¢ a cake, or less than a penny a day to use. Or, if you wish, send the coupon for a generous sample.

SYNOPSIS OF THE NATION-WIDE HALF-FACE TEST

WHO TOOK PART... 612 women, aged 17 to 55, from all walks of life—society women, housewives, clerks, factory workers, actresses, nurses.

THE TEST... For 30 days, under scientific supervision, each woman cleansed one-half her face by her accustomed method, and washed the other side with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

WHERE... New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, Houston, Denver, Jacksonville, Hollywood, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Portland (Oregon) and Toronto, Canada.

SUPERVISED BY 15 eminent dermatologists and their staffs. Reports checked and certified by one of the country's leading dermatological authorities.*

RESULTS... Woodbury's was more effective than other beauty methods in 106 cases of pimples; 83 cases of large pores; 103 cases of blackheads; 81 cases of dry skin; 115 cases of oily skin; 66 cases of dull, "uninteresting" skin.

*In accordance with professional ethics, the names of these physicians cannot be advertised. They are on file with the Editor of this magazine and are available to any one genuinely interested.

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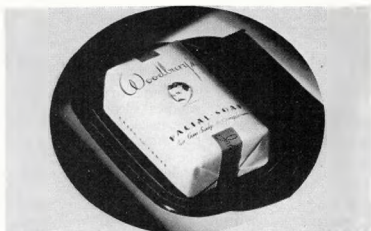
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NOT JUST A SOAP... A SCIENTIFIC
BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM



*Is there any harm
in a little blandish-
ment at such a time?
A few endearments
cost nothing, and
yet are priceless*

COURAGE ON REQUEST

By Eleanor Rowland Wembridge, Ph.D.

THIS is no time for a woman to be merely human. She must be a superwoman," says Eleanor Rowland Wembridge, psychologist, author and referee of the Juvenile Court in Cleveland, Ohio. If you are wondering how on earth you are to hold the family together and keep its members happy during these trying times here are the help and inspiration you need.

PROBABLY the last year has produced more discouraged and unhappy men than have existed since the prison camps of the War. Every evening, over the country—over the world—a host of these disheartened spirits enter houses whose upkeep they can scarcely pay for, and dread to think of what is ahead of them. Many of them have lost their employment, their property, and their savings. They feel beaten by the hard times for which they are not responsible and over which they have no control.

It is hard for many women to realize exactly how a man feels at the loss of the value of his labor and of his business prestige. It is more than the pinch in his pocketbook. He feels it to be a badge of failure. It carries with it a sense of inferiority such as a woman would feel at some physical disfigurement. Her pride is bound up with her attractiveness, whereas his depends upon his success. Both of them may be wrong in this self-estimate, but it remains true.

This is why beauty parlors flourish on their women customers, and why so many bankrupts are suicides. One has only to stand outside of an employment agency to see the difference between men and women in their attitude toward employment, even though both of them need it equally. The woman who cannot get work

retires with dignity to her home. She is merely a woman out of work. The man whose labor is refused, lingers tragically on the curb, equally humiliated to stay or to go home. He is more than a man out of work. He is a defeated soul.

This being true, what can the women do about it? Can they do anything? They kept up their courage during the War when their men were busy. Can they do as much when the men are at the harder task of having little or nothing to do?

Perhaps even middle-aged matrons can remember the gaiety of their girlhood when they planned to marry poor young men. They draped chintz on a packing box, ate with tin spoons off a few plates, and announced, "We are poor, but who cares?" Can they revive those high spirits now? For two reasons this is hard to do.

The first is because the man who once provided half of the gaiety is now all gloom and refuses to be comforted. The second is because the children who have become accustomed to more, do not take kindly to living on less, and their demands constantly hurt a sensitive father, who cannot give them what they once had, but who hates to admit it. He fears they will despise him for his business failure, and his defense against this fear is often an almost savage irritability.

THE mother, therefore, has to keep all these jarring elements at peace and, occasionally, being only human, she insists that it cannot be done. That it will not be done by anyone but herself is absolutely true. Either she does it, or no one does. It is no time for her to be merely human. She must be a superwoman!

How shall she begin? A good start and a necessary one is to insist upon knowing exactly how bad the business prospects are, and to refuse to be shielded from

the worst. If there is a little left—how much? If there is none, better to know it as soon as possible and plan accordingly.

Often the women of the family have known little of the details of the man's income, and he hates to tell them—now that the telling stabs his pride.

What did the bride do when her lover was thus discouraged? What she did then is a good model to follow now. Is there any harm in a little blandishment at such a time? Fortunately, a few endearments in the place of complaints cost nothing, and yet are priceless.

And having applied some of this precious ointment to her husband's raw feelings, a somewhat more tonic medicine might then be administered to the children. If I may judge anything from the children whom I see in court (and presumably I see the worst) they have a clearer understanding of vital issues than they are given credit for. In fact it is often clearer than that of their parents, because they are not so harassed.

MANY a time I have tried to make parents see the desirability of some plan which they have been too disturbed to grasp, and at last I have turned in despair to the child about whom they were arguing. "See here, you get the idea, don't you, Annie?" "Sure, I get it," responds Annie, "but my Dad is too het up to understand, and my mother is too nervous to listen."

"Well, you explain it to them." I suggest, and leave them alone to return in a few minutes to capable Annie; her father sheepish, her mother silenced, and their daughter with a resigned shrug regarding both of them like a distracted hen over two erratic chicks.

I am convinced that if the average parents in difficult times would admit the children calmly and respectfully into the family councils, the average child would not fail them. What children lack is not will nor reasoning power, but experience. They cannot think up the details of what is to be done, because it is all new and untried. But once the procedure [Turn to page 55]

ARE Frenchwomen MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN American Women?



Read this interesting interview with

Mrs. James J. Cabot
of Boston and Paris

WHAT IS THE TRUTH? Are Frenchwomen more attractive than American women?

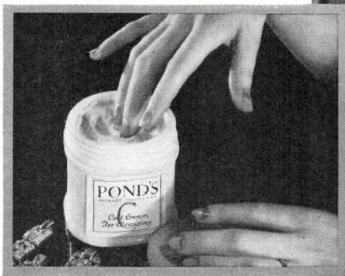
"Most certainly not," says Mrs. Cabot. "But . . . Frenchwomen are clever! Often they give the impression of being better looking than they really are . . ."

"They are expert in the art of make-up and are always fresh and charming because they think nothing of renewing their make-up half a dozen times a day.

"Each time they cleanse their skin completely," Mrs. Cabot emphasizes. "They rarely allow water to touch their skin, but prefer cold cream for cleansing.

"This is a new reason for appreciating an old friend—Pond's. Not only is Pond's Cold Cream the purest and best for cleansing—but it is so economical it reconciles French chic with a New England conscience.

"Another little nicety of the French toilette," Mrs. Cabot tells us, "is the use of vanishing cream as a foundation for make-up. How subtly rouge and powder may then be blended!



1 Rich in fine oils that cleanse and lubricate the skin . . . Pond's Cold Cream.

"I have a dry skin, so I find Pond's Vanishing Cream ideal . . . indeed, the longer I use Pond's four splendid preparations the better I like them!"

Follow these four steps for the exquisite care of your skin:

1. Amply apply Pond's Cold Cream for

thorough cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all dirt to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2. Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer, more absorbent . . . white or peach.



2 Softer, more absorbent... Pond's Tissues.



3 Discreetly stimulating to the skin . . . Pond's Skin Freshener.

3. Pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to brace and tone, close and refine the pores, firm contours.

4. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder. This disguises little blemishes and forms a lovely velvety finish. Use not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms . . . And to keep your hands soft and white.



4 For powder base and protection . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal.

Tune in on Pond's program every Friday evening 9:30 P.M., E.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. W.E.A.F. and N.B.C. Network.

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Let Him Hear



MANY a bright child is unjustly blamed for dullness because he cannot hear what his teacher says. She may not know that his hearing is defective.

There are hundreds of thousands of such children in school now. If their ears are neglected, they will probably repeat grades much more often than other children.

Any school which is equipped with a phonograph audiometer can discover its hard of hearing children, a large proportion of whom can be saved from lifelong deafness provided they receive expert care and attention.

Common colds, especially when involving the nasal sinuses, are a frequent cause of deafness. Noses should be blown gently, or infected mucus may be forced through the tubes into the middle ear and cause deafness.

After an attack of measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, meningitis or infantile paralysis, the ears should be examined to see if any condition which might cause deafness remains in the tubes leading to the ears. Diseased tonsils, adenoids, or running ears often lead to deafness. Undernourishment may have a definite relation to impairment of hearing.



For more than 12 years a national service organization has been warning against quack remedies and giving information concerning hearing aids, vocational and employment problems, hearing tests for children and lip reading instruction.

It has also assisted in forming local leagues for the deafened which have helped thousands to readjust their lives. Many of these leagues have auditorium earphone sets, ampli-

There are millions of adults in the United States whose ear troubles were neglected in their childhood, or later, and who are now permanently deafened.

Their number cannot be known since many of them are so reticent, so sensitive about their handicap that they make every effort to conceal it.

With increasing deafness, year after year, there often comes to the hard of hearing a feeling that there is a constantly growing barrier—an invisible wall—between themselves and their fellows.

Deafened persons are often persuaded to buy worthless devices and nostrums which do more harm than good. The victims suffer in silence.

However, there are scientifically constructed instruments which amplify sound and do aid impaired hearing. Ear specialists can advise regarding them.

But when all scientific aids to hearing fail, lip reading offers a rescue. It should be an essential part of the education of every child whose hearing is impaired.

Much of the deafness among adults, now incurable, could have been prevented if the cause had been detected and properly treated during childhood.

fed radios and demonstrations of standard hearing aids.

It is prepared to help those who have few social contacts and who are isolated in small villages and remote places. If you have any sort of hearing problem which you long to talk over with some one who will listen—and understand—write enclosing a self-addressed envelope to the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing, Inc., 1537—35th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

LITTLE GIRL LOST

[Continued from page 9]

And in the note to her mother, she had said: "I know you won't mind not having a wedding. And I know what you think of Barney. So I am putting a kiss in this for you and Nicky. And all my love to both of you."

It was when Araminta read over Leontine's letter that she had felt some misgivings. For hadn't she told Leontine, just a few hours ago, that she didn't love Barney? And here in black and white she was saying, "I love him a lot."

But she had let it stand, and now, riding along in the white light of the moon, she was glad she had said it. She didn't care what Leontine thought, she didn't care for anything or anybody, since Barney was by her side in this lovely world which belonged to both of them.

It was very late when they reached Washington. As they came to Dupont Circle, Araminta glanced at the little clock in front of her.

"Barney, it's after one. Aunt Min will be in bed."

"We will wake her up."

But when Araminta and Barney stopped before Aunt Min's door, there were lights shining in the hall and in the drawing-room on the second floor.

Barney said, "What shall we tell her when we go in?"

"You aren't going in, darling," Araminta told him. "I'll say goodbye now, and see you in the morning."

So Barney kissed her, and rang the bell, and waited until Rhoda, Aunt Min's maid, let Araminta in.

Rhoda said, "For goodness' sake, Miss Minta, where did you come from?"

"I've just motored up from home." "You'll find Miss Minnie in the drawing-room."

Araminta, running up the stairs, asked herself what she should say if Aunt Min had a lot of people about her, and she decided that the best thing would be to treat herself casually. When she came to the threshold of the drawing-room, she stood there a moment, looking in. And as she looked it seemed as if that lovely world which she had shared with Barney had fallen suddenly away, and that she was left in a wide and desert space, in which there were just two people—herself and the man who sat beside Aunt Min, and who two years before had broken Araminta's heart!

JANNEY BRECKENRIDGE had J wooded Araminta, and then had not wanted her, or rather, he had wanted her, but had not taken what he knew he could have if he asked for it. Araminta's family had been ignorant of the whole affair. She had met Janney in Kentucky during Derby week and then she had stayed on, and so had he, going from Louisville to Lexington on the same house parties, and living in a glamour of old gardens and starlit nights, of poetic thapsodies and high romance. Then, back with her friends to Baltimore, with Janney still in devoted attendance. And at last one night at the theater, Janney, in the midst of an intermission, had shot his bolt: "You must never marry."

Up to that moment, Araminta had expected to marry Janney. But she had managed to gasp, "Why not?"

"Marriage is bondage! And you're too wonderful! You belong on a pedestal for a man to worship. Not at his table to have him tell you what's wrong with the dinner."

He had said it half fretfully, and she had thought him joking. But the next day she had had a letter:

"Beloved: Why should you trust any man with your future? We need you as a saint to whom we can lift our eyes. As a goddess whose altar fires we tend. To drag you down from your pedestal would be to wrest you from your high estate. And so, my dear, I am saying goodbye. I shall think of you when I am on the other side of the world as a white flame in the darkness. For it is darkness, at the moment, in which I can see no light but my love for you. I do not know how much you care, and even if I knew, I should have no faith in myself to make you happy. Yet I am yours forever. . . . Remember that when you blame me, as perhaps you may, for what I have done, or left undone."

HE HAD sailed shortly after for a diplomatic post in the East. Araminta had known his address, but had not answered his letter. Love in a man, she had felt, should be linked with honor and chivalry. Jan had failed to measure up to her ideal of him, yet that failure made it no easier for her to bear the blow to her heart and pride.

Then, too, there was the sense of his unworthiness. And not only of his, but of all men's. How high he had placed her! A saint in a niche! A goddess on a pedestal! A white flame in the darkness. It had been heady wine for her youth to drink. It might have spoiled her had she chosen to believe it. But she had not, as time went on, believed. She had said to herself, in bitterness, "What if he says this to all women? What if this is his way—out?"

It was then that she had lost her color and her appetite, and Aunt Min had taken her abroad. Araminta had come back apparently cured, but with scars on her young heart instead of open wounds, and with a pride that kept all hint of what had happened from Aunt Min and Nicky and Mary, and Leontine and Helen and Iris.

And now, here he was again, this Janney Breckenridge—a ghost risen to confront her!

Neither Janney nor Aunt Min had seen her. They were, it seemed, in the midst of an absorbing discussion. There had been, apparently, two tables of bridge, but the other guests were gone. There had been, too, refreshments, and Aunt Min and Janney's glasses were still on the low table between them, and Janney's hand was on his glass as he leaned toward Aunt Min, laughing! But he stopped laughing when he saw Araminta!

She had not changed her dress when she left Great-Gate, lest Nicky and Mary should ask questions. She wore a wrap which had been Iris'—pale amethyst, which went with the pink lace as the faint colors of sweet peas blend in a garden. When Janney had seen her last, Araminta had been a mere slip of a girl in short frocks, her hair clipped like a boy's. She had had charm then and to spare. But this was something different—beauty of a rare kind—enhanced by all those floating draperies.

Janney found himself rising. "Minta!" he exclaimed.

She came forward composedly, and held out her hand. "Back again?"

"Yesterday—from Morocco."

Aunt Min said, "That's where I met him, last winter. But he didn't tell me he knew you, Minta."

"Didn't he? Perhaps he had—forgot. . . ." She smiled at Janney. "Derby week, wasn't it? Two years ago?"

[Continued on page 32]

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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the hat the
TOOTH PASTE
paid for
and the teeth
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Tried by more than 2,000,000 American women, the most critical buyers in the world when beauty and health are involved, it has won their enthusiastic acceptance. Old favorites at a high price have been discarded in favor of the new one at 25¢.

In order to win such approval, Listerine Tooth Paste had to establish gentleness and absolute safety in actual use. It did so—on millions of teeth of varying de-

grees of hardness—and never was precious enamel harmed.

It had to show quick and thorough cleansing. Not merely front and back of the teeth, but between them. It had to disclose ability to remove stains, discoloration, and unsightly tartar, quickly, certainly. And show power to preserve the lovely natural lustre of sound beautiful teeth. Millions now comment on how ably it performs these tasks.

The fact that Listerine Tooth Paste

sells for 25¢ the large tube, effecting an average saving of \$3 per year per person over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, is another point worth remembering.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Use it a month. Judge it by results only. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



THE QUALITY TOOTH PASTE AT A COMMON SENSE PRICE

LITTLE GIRL LOST

[Continued from page 30]



WHEN it comes to pleasing a man, here's one trick you may have overlooked. Serve him coconut—coconut cake, coconut pie, any dish, so it's coconut.

Men, young and old, fall for it. A recent check-up in leading cities proves that. Thousands of men told our inquiring reporter how they loved coconut. And what's more, they said they'd been ordering coconut dishes in restaurants because they didn't get it often enough at home.

Well, that means only one thing

to a wife, sweetheart or mother. It's time to begin to-day—to-day, serve him a coconut pie and watch him beam. And remember, the better the coconut, the harder he'll fall. That's why it pays to get Baker's. Use either style—Baker's Premium Shred, which keeps fragrant and fresh in a triple-sealed carton, or Baker's Southern Style—packed in a tin, so that it comes to you as moist and creamy-fresh as fresh coconut! Baker's Coconut is a product of General Foods Corporation. © 1932, G. F. COFF.

BAKER'S COCONUT

FREE! New recipe booklet of 117 coconut treats!

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me the new 40-page Coconut recipe book (free).

In Canada, address General Foods, Ltd.,
Cobourg, Ontario.

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Street _____
City _____ State _____
Fill in completely—print name and address

He started to speak, but Aunt Min interposed. "Minta, where in the world did you come from at this hour of the night?"

"Home."

"At half-past one?"

"Yes. There's a lovely moon."

"But what brought you?"

Minta laughed. "I didn't bring myself. Barney brought me."

"Barney Tyson?"

"The one and only" said Minta, letting her wrap drop from her shoulders as she leaned down to kiss her aunt: "the Barney I am going to marry."

No sooner did the words leave her lips than she had a crashing sense of

the crude melodrama she had made of it. Aunt Min gasped, "Married!" But Janney simply leaned forward and screwed the end of his cigarette into an ash tray. Then, after a moment: "Are we to wish you—happiness?"

She met his level glance with her own.

"I hope so. We are running away. Can we be married from here, Aunt Min, tomorrow morning?"

"Married? Minta! Aunt Min seemed to have breath left only for repetitions. "But why like this?" "Oh—I'm fed up on stepisters. . . ."

JANNEY'S dark face was attentive. Araminta felt his scorn! Well, let him be scornful. She'd show him she wasn't a saint in a niche!

Aunt Min was complaining, "If you are married here, what will Mary do to me?"

"She'll be delighted. She adores Barney. And there won't be any fuss and feathers."

Aunt Min considered it. "I don't mind in the least. But goodness only knows what Rhoda will say!"

"Aunt Min, you're an angel."

"I'm glad you think it. And now I'll leave you two to talk, while I face the dragon." So, followed by her smoky Persian and the Pekingesse, Aunt Min made her way to the hall, and Araminta was left alone with Janney.

Janney, waking suddenly into something that was blazing and violent, said, "Minta, are you mad?"

"Why?"

"Some women might marry like this. But not you."

She gave him a fleeting glance. "You mustn't take me so seriously." "Why shouldn't I take you seriously? You're too lovely to be tied to some boy who doesn't know that you're a golden cup filled to the brim with sacred wine."

Her lashes flickered over her smiling eyes. "I'm done with poetry, Jan."

"Poetry?"

"Oh, you say it so well! . . . But Barney does things."

"You mean he has asked you to marry him and I—haven't?"

"Why mean anything?" She was still smiling.

He jumped to his feet and stood in front of her. "Such a marriage is preposterous—and you know it."

She leaned back in her chair, looking up at him. "You ought to write a verse about it—'On Minta Contemplant Matrimony!' You were always writing verses."

"Stop saying things like that."

Silence fell between them. Araminta felt his nearness—the spell of the old

enchantment. He had changed little, and she was aware of the dark splendor which had first attracted her, his thin and graceful figure, his stormy gray eyes and black lashes, his face lean and brown, his slight mustache.

At last he said: "You haven't forgiven me. Yet I did what was best for both of us. It was as hard for me as for you, Minta."

"Perhaps." Her laugh was light. "And so you—ran away. And I found Barney and—lived happily—forever after."

She stopped suddenly for Janney said, sharply, "Don't!" and buried his face in his hands.

She wanted to take his fingers down from his face and say, "I love you." She wanted to kneel beside his chair and say, "Nothing matters but—you." But she did neither, and Aunt Min, coming in presently, found Janney again screwing his cigarette ashes into a tray.

Rhoda insisted there shall be a wedding breakfast, Minta. She says there will be plenty of time, and that I must ask the rector and one or two others—you, Janney, if you'll come. And that it would be positively indisputable to let Minta go off without wedding cake and chicken salad. . . .

"But why bother, Aunt Min?"

"It is Rhoda, child, who makes me bother. And she always gets her way."

Janney turned to Araminta. "So—I'm invited to the wedding?"

"Evidently—by Rhoda."

"Not by you?"

"You may come if you like."

"Minta," Aunt Min expostulated, "how can you be so ungracious!"

"She doesn't mean it," Janney said:

"do you?" His eyes held hers. "And you must let me wish you happiness—"

"Happiness?" She drew a quick breath. "Thank you."

After he had gone, Araminta talked with Aunt Min, telling her all about it—about Leontine, about Nicky and Mary and Barney, and Iris and Helen. But not a word did she say of Janney. Aunt Min must not know about Janney. No one must know.

When she had finished her story, Aunt Min rang for Rhoda. "Is Miss Minta's room ready?"

"And waiting," said Rhoda.

She gathered up the Pekingesse, Aunt Min took the Persian, and so they made their way upstairs—Aunt Min first, Araminta following, and Rhoda, stiff as her starched frills, bringing up the rear.

WHEN she was alone in her room with the door shut, Araminta threw herself face downward on the bed. Janney . . . Janney! . . . She knew that she loved him! . . . And she was going to marry Barney! . . . She couldn't back out of it now—and if she did, what then? She had sent Janney away. She had hurt him and she had wanted to hurt. But she loved him. She might as well face it. She was back where she had started two years ago.

At last she got up from the bed and began to undress. As she brushed her hair, she saw herself in a mirror set in the door. Tomorrow she would be married to Barney, and he would call her "Loveliness," and all her life she would belong to him. And all the while she would be loving—Janney.

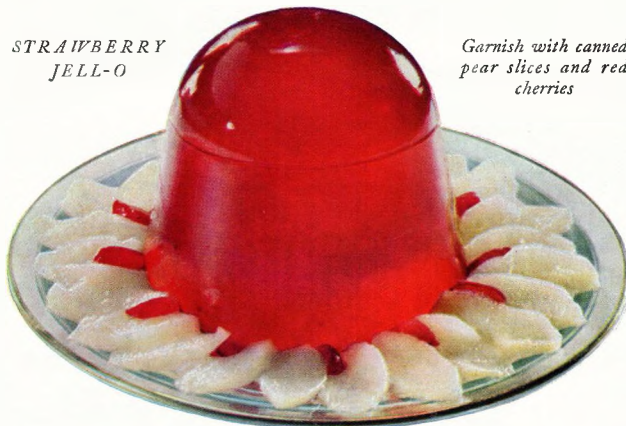
[Continued on page 35]

Serve thrillers often— Save every time!

IMPOSSIBLE? No! Prove it to yourself, here and now! It costs less to serve a wonderful new surprise than it does to serve many a plain "economy" dish.

For—just figure out any one of these Jell-O recipes—so much for this, so much for that. The low cost will amaze you—especially when you consider that every one of these Jell-O dishes could easily be the "something different" for your proudest party! Serving 6—or 8—or even 10!

STRAWBERRY JELL-O



Garnish with canned
pear slices and red
cherries

NEW MANHATTAN SALAD

1 package Lemon Jell-O 1 cup tart apples, diced
1 pint boiling water ¼ cup walnut meats,
1 tablespoon vinegar finely chopped
½ teaspoon salt 1 cup celery, diced

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water; add vinegar and salt. Pour thin layer in mold. Chill until firm. Combine apples, nuts, and celery, and place in mold. Add remaining Jell-O to mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Serve with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 8.



APPLE LIME FLUFF

1 package Lime Jell-O 1 pint boiling water
1 cup thick apple sauce, strained

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice water, and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in apple sauce. Chill until slightly thickened. Pile in sherbet glasses. Chill until firm. Garnish with red apple strips. Serves 10. (All measurements on this page are level.)



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1.

So you like my jellied salads better than Mrs. Wait's, do you? Well, Ann, here's my secret . . .



2.

I use Jell-O. And here's why. Jell-O has PURE FRUIT FLAVORS. See what it says . . . right on the package?



3.

Another thing . . . Look, here's to-night's dessert. Made up yesterday (saves me last-minute bother, you know). Yet . . .



4.

After twenty-four hours, see how tender and quivery! That's because I used the real thing—genuine Jell-O!

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Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice now
more delicious — more delectable
than ever.



Here's a new surprise in cereals. Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice now made extra crisp by a unique new "twice-crisping" process.

YOU know the *extra* deliciousness of just-baked bread . . . of crisp, fresh buttered toast!

Now you can have this same flaky crispness . . . this same freshness . . . in cereals!

For the makers of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice have perfected a new "twice-crisping" process — plus a new "seal-krisp" package. So that now these choice grains rustle into your cereal dish, as fresh as the instant they were shot from guns!

What "twice-crisping" does

Imagine the sweetest, most delicious nutmeat you ever tasted. That's the new deliciousness of the new Puffed Grains! Imagine a crispness so brittle . . . so extra fresh . . . that it melts in your mouth. This is what

"twice-crisping" adds to Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the *only* cereals to bring you grain kernels with every food cell steam-exploded for greater digestibility. The only cereals that are "twice-crisped" to give fresher . . . more lasting crispness.

Make this test

Today, buy a package of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice from your grocer. Tomorrow morning heap cereal bowls high with these enticing grain foods. Notice how every one in the family enjoys the new "twice-crisped" Puffed Grains.

Try Pettijohn's... a delicious, old-fashioned rolled wheat cereal that cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. Makes dry bran eating unnecessary.

LISTEN to Gene and Glenn, the Quaker Early Birds . . . over N. B. C.
Consult your newspaper radio program for time.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice

LITTLE GIRL LOST

[Continued from page 32]

She knew then that she could not do it. Barney had a right to a square deal, and she wouldn't be giving it. She might never see Jan again, but she could not marry Barney.

It was not until she was in bed that, sweeping across the clamour of her thoughts, came the memory of the letters she had left for Leontine and her mother. They would find them, and ask questions. She rose and looked at the clock. The girls would still be at Annapolis. Anne Hampton had asked them over for a late supper after the dance. There was still time to get Nicky. He would help her out if she asked him.

She had to descend two flights of stairs, and as she stole down, she prayed that the quick ears of the Pekingese might not hear. Luck was with her, and at last she shut herself tightly into the telephone closet in the lower hall, and got Nicky.

"Nicky, this is Minta. I'm at Aunt Min's. Barney and I didn't go to Annapolis; I'll tell you why when I see you. And Nicky—I left two notes on my dressing table, one for mother and one for Leontine. I want you to tear them up and say nothing. *Nothing*, Nicky . . . on your word of honor. You needn't explain anything to mother, except that I'll be home in the morning, and that I'm at Aunt Min's. Will you, Nicky? Well, you're a sweet thing, if you are my father. . . ."

She hung up the receiver with a sigh of relief, then went upstairs with the Persian cat, who roamed the house at will, leaping noiselessly ahead of her. When they reached the top of the stairs, a quick, short bark broke the stillness. Araminta heard Aunt Min's voice, "What's the matter?" and Rhoda's voice from the little room where the maid slept near her mistress, "It's only the cat, Miss Minnie!" and again silence fell.

Araminta lay awake for a long time, looking into the future. She would have to go abroad with Nicky and Mary. And now she would be glad to go. Away from Barney. Away from Leontine. Away from them all!

IT WAS Rhoda who made the strongest protest next morning. "But I've ordered everything, Miss Minnie."

"Then countermand the orders, Rhoda. There will be no wedding." Rhoda's manner held a hint of reproach. Aunt Min, aware of it, attempted an apology. "A woman has a right to change her mind."

But while she carried it off with a high hand to Rhoda, Aunt Min was not sure that Araminta's change of mind was justified. The child had given no excuse. She had simply arrived at Aunt Min's bedside at the ghastly hour of seven, and said, "I can't do it. I've telephoned Barney and told him."

"What did he say?"
"He thinks I've lost my mind."
"And well he might. I don't see any excuse for you, Minta."
"Neither does he. And he's coming up . . . at nine. I told him it wouldn't do any good, but he's coming. . . ." She leaned over and kissed her aunt. "Sorry to wake you, darling."
"That's all right, my dear. But the whole thing doesn't seem—reasonable—"

"No love affair is reasonable. If you come to that, Aunt Min," Araminta had replied and had gone off to her room with no further explanation.

A little later Rhoda, coming in to draw Aunt Min's bath, was informed of what had happened.

"Miss Minta is to have breakfast here with me, promptly at eight-thirty, Rhoda," Aunt Min added.

Rhoda went down and canceled the order to the caterer. She hated to cancel it, for she had considered it a triumph of diplomacy to rout him from his bed and get him to promise the wedding bells on time. They were undoubtedly in the freezer now.

When she went upstairs again, she unwound the kids from Aunt Min's spare locks, powdered her nose, and got her into a mauve dressing gown. Then she brought up the tray, and set forth the food on a little table near the window of Aunt Min's sitting room. After which she called Araminta, and went downstairs again to give the Pekingese his airing.

JUST as Rhoda, with the Pekingese in her arms, opened the front door, a young man came hurrying up the steps, his shoulders as square as those of the King's guard, and with a swing of his stride as though he marched to music.

But Rhoda could see that the music to which he marched this morning was martial music, and so, when he said, "May I see Miss Williams?" she didn't know quite what to do about it.

"She's not up," she said, "or, rather, she's having breakfast in her aunt's room."

"She expects me," said Barney. "Oh, very well, sir." Rhoda flattened herself against the wall to let him pass, and then she went upstairs to tell Araminta. Araminta was clothed in black satin pajamas and a coat which Aunt Min had brought her from Nippon.

"There's a gentleman downstairs, Miss Minta," Rhoda told her.

"He's early, my dear. Finish your breakfast."

But Araminta pushed her plate away. "I can't eat—not with Barney down there—waiting."

"Surely you aren't going down in—those?"

"Those? Oh, you mean my pajamas? Good gracious, Aunt Min, everybody wears them."

"But they aren't decent. . . ."
"Darling, times have changed. And you gave them to me."

"But not to wear in my drawing-room."

"What better place could I wear them?"

And Minta was off, and Rhoda and Aunt Min stared at each other until Aunt Min said, faintly, "I suppose they all do it?"

"Do what?" said Rhoda.

"Wear them."
The young man downstairs saw nothing strange in Araminta's apparel. He thought he had never seen her so desirable.

He held out his hand and drew her to him.

"Do you think I'm going to let you get away with it?"

"I'm sorry, Barney."

"What happened? Was it anything I did last night?"

"No." She hadn't thought it would be so hard. Barney was splendid, but she didn't love him.

She told him that. And he wouldn't believe it. "Do you think I am going to let you go like this. Loveliness?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to, Barney."

She seated herself by the fireplace, and he sat down beside her, his blue eyes burning, his voice eager. She was knit into his life, he said, and he could not tear her out. For years he had dreamed she might some day come

[Continued on page 36]



Some women are funny that way

Some women have a happy knack of finding joy in the simplest everyday things.

A table set with crisp, snowy linens—a cake baked to fluffly perfection—sunbeams dancing on spotless floors—towels fragrant with sweet, airy cleanliness—in such simple homely things, these women find delight. They're funny that way.

It pleases us greatly that these women are the very ones who fill our files with friendly letters about Fels-Naptha. Yet it doesn't surprise us. For, as far as soap-and-water tasks go, Fels-Naptha brings extra help that makes it easier to get things done beautifully.

Fels-Naptha, you see, is more than soap alone. It is good soap and plenty of naphtha. So much naphtha, you can smell it plainly. The velvety feel of the bar and its clear, golden color will tell you that the soap itself is unusually good. So you get two skillfully combined cleaners in one big bar—soap and naphtha working hand-in-hand. Under their gentle urging, even stubborn dirt lets go—without hard rubbing. Smudges vanish and woodwork sparkles. Bathtubs gleam. Windows shine. And clothes come off the line clean through and through—white and sweet!

Fels-Naptha washes clean in hot, luke-warm or even cool water. It gives extra help in tub or machine; whether you soak or boil. And Fels-Naptha, containing glycerine, treats your hands gently and helps keep them nice.

On your next grocery list, jot down Fels-Naptha—the 10-bar carton, preferably. Then try this soap! And see for yourself why so many of the best housekeepers say—"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

Here's a Chipper for you!—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. With the chipper, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naphtha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with only four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. REC 9-16

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

Name _____
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Made by the makers
of Listerine



No more
ruined clothes
or bedding

Listerine's new salve
for colds is

STAINLESS



Your common sense tells you that in these times we would not dare bring out a new product unless its superiority were so marked as to win people immediately.

When you try the new Listerine Rub you will see why it is already beginning to supplant similar products costing more.

To begin with, it contains five rubefacients selected for their penetrating power and for their stimulating action on the skin.

Therefore, it penetrates deeper and stimulates circulation almost instantly. Hence, it more quickly relieves muscular pain and congestion accompanying colds, coughs, croup. You simply rub it on the affected parts.

And it leaves no permanent stain on clothes or bedding, as ordinary counter-irritants do.

You'll like the tidy tube it comes in. What an improvement over the messy jar!

You'll probably like the price of 25¢ too. That's less than you pay for most counter-irritant salves.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

25¢

**LISTERINE
RUB**

LITTLE GIRL LOST

[Continued from page 35]

to him—and he had seen her always as a part of his future—under the moon as they sailed the seas; by his fireside to welcome him at night; smiling at him across the table; smiling at him . . . with his child in her arms.

All this with a sincerity that struck at Araminta's heart. Here was no longer the light-headed, light-hearted Barney, but a man among men, offering her a love which had to do with the deep and lasting things of life.

And, in contrast, what would Janney give her? An almost intangible devotion. Yet it was Janney's image which obsessed her, as he had stood in front of her last night at this very fireplace—dark and brooding, making indefinite demands on her allegiance.

She laid her hand on Barney's. "I've got to tell you . . . there is some one else."

"Some one else? Some other man?"

"Yes. He was here last night—I thought I had forgotten. But I hadn't."

"You mean that all you said to me meant nothing, Minta."

"I meant it at the time. . . ."

"How could you mean it? You can't love two men at once. Let two men—love you. . . ."

Her face was very white. She knew that he was thinking of that moment in the summerhouse when he had caught her up in his arms.

Her voice was tremulous. "I am not like that—really."

"Like what?"

"Cheap." Her self-control gave way. "I thought I had put him out of my life. And I wanted to care for you a lot, Barney. I wanted to care. . . ."

Her distress was unmistakable. When Barney spoke again it was with less sternness. "You couldn't help it, of course." He stood up, squared his shoulders. "Are you going to marry him?"

"He hasn't—asked me. . . ."

Barney put his hand on her shoulder. "My dear," he said gently, "that's very brave of you to tell me."

"I should have told you—long ago."

His grasp on her shoulder tightened. "You mustn't think I am going to give you up. It's a fair field and you're worth fighting for, Minta."

"Am I, Barney?"

For the first time that morning he smiled. "You are, and you know it."

AS ARAMINTA climbed the stairs slowly, she had a sense of deep depression. She had been true to herself, but at what a cost. She had lost Barney. And Jan didn't want her. There

was nothing left, apparently, but to go with Nicky and Mary to the Riviera.

Aunt Min was still at her breakfast. "Your mother telephoned. I told her you'd call back. And I told her, too, that I want to keep you here tonight. I am having Janney Breckenridge to dine and a few others. I called him up to tell him that the wedding was off, and he asked if you were staying over. He sails for Italy on Friday."

Friday—and this was Wednesday! Three days and two short nights! Araminta's heart was beating wildly.

"I'm having the Huse-Browns and two men who know Janney. And today there's a bridge luncheon and two teas. How will you fill in the time?"

"Sleep," said Minta. "I'm dead."

Aunt Min was curious. "You do you make peace with your young man?"

"He isn't my young man any more," said Minta, "and if you don't mind we won't talk about it."

SHE kissed her aunt and called up her mother. Then she went to her room, threw herself on the bed and lay there for a long time, thinking of Barney who had gone away and of Jan who would come that night.

And as she lay there, Rhoda tapped at the door. "A special delivery for you, Miss Minta."

"Thank you, Rhoda."

It was from Jan. He must see her alone, he said, after dinner. "Make a way for me to do it, Mignon. Your aunt's message brought the blood back to my heart." And he was ever hers, Jan.

That was all. But there was magic in it. She got up and moved about the room restlessly. Aunt Min's Persian basked in the window. She went to it and ran her fingers through its fur. "Darling," she said, "darling. . . ." But it was not of the cat that she was thinking.

Meanwhile Barney, riding like mad in his low-hung car, was thinking only of Araminta. It seemed incredible that she was no longer his. But she had never been his—not even at that moment when he had lifted her in his arms and had loved her.

He passed the white dogwood, where they had waited in the rain. *Three ducks flew up . . . "Look, Barney, look! . . ."* "I know, Loveliness! . . ."

A few minutes later he passed Great-Gate, looked at the house and at the hill beyond. Then he slowed up his car and stopped. Leontine was running down the hill to meet him!

[Continued in MARCH McCALL'S]

MOTION PICTURES

[Continued from page 20]

of us, the children that are thrilled by the sight of a fire engine and moved emotionally by the sound of a Viennese waltz.

Her husband, Mr. Fairbanks, has already made a good start on the big rejuvenation campaign with his brisk travelogue, *Around the World in Eighty Minutes*, and others are making similarly gratifying progress.

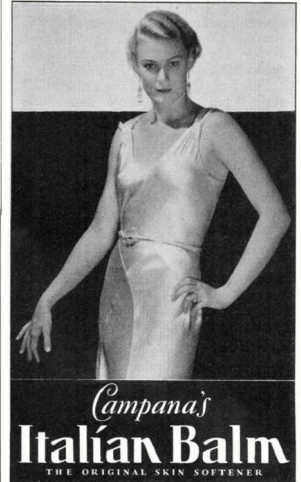
In particular, there is Jackie Cooper, who is now threatening to usurp the position of Micky Mouse as the most lovable of film stars. Those who saw young Master Cooper in *Skippy*, and those who see him again in *The Champ*, know that here, in his chunky little frame, are concentrated the qualities that have made the screen an object of devotion the world over. He is at the same time utterly true and utterly incredible. His is an art that could

never be realized save through the lens of a camera.

The Champ is undoubtedly the most teary picture that has ever been revealed. It is, for the spectator, a veritable orgy of emotionalism. One comes away from it astounded by the depths of feeling in one's own soul. Some (but by no means all) of Jackie Cooper's uncanny effectiveness in *The Champ* is attributable to the sympathetic direction of King Vidor, and to Wallace Beery's excellent performance as the disreputable bum of a father to whom the little boy clings.

The Champ disposes once and for all of the fallacious belief that the appeal of the talking pictures must be intellectual, rather than emotional. It proves that sentimentality is far from defunct, and thus opens the way for a glorious revival of sob-squeezers.

CHAPPED and DRY SKIN BANISHED *Quicker than ever before*



Campana's
Italian Balm
THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

HERE is news! Campana's Italian Balm, unrivaled skin protector in winter-loving Canada, is now sold coast-to-coast in the United States. For more than a quarter of a century, this famous skin softener has been a household word in the Dominion. It outsells all other skin protectors—it is "King of Lotions" in a country where winter-time skin protection is a necessity.

16 INGREDIENTS—SELECTED BY A WORLD-FAMOUS SKIN SPECIALIST

Nor six, nor ten—but sixteen ingredients are used to make Italian Balm. These are scientifically blended by an imported and secret process. Remember this—Italian Balm's guaranteed to banish rough, red, dry or chapped skin quicker than anything you have ever used before. Invention of a famous Italian dermatologist, it is made today exactly as his formula originally prescribed—including many imported ingredients. For sale at drug and department stores in long-lasting 35¢, 60¢ and \$1.00 bottles. Or, send in the coupon today. Try Italian Balm

—at our expense. **Free BOTTLE SENT ON REQUEST**



Tune in Saturday nights—
"Five Nights" broadcasts.
N. B. C. coast-to-coast . . .
30 Eastern Time, 8:30
Central; 7:30 Mountain; 6:30 Pacific
Class.
Campana Corporation, 844 Lincoln Highway, Illinois
Complete Italian Balm Free and potential
Name _____
Street _____
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Please Print Name and Address
on Coupon.

At 39 she laughs at Birthdays

*You can
share the screen
stars' secret*

"Of course I am 39," says Frances Starr, famous Belasco star now on the screen.

"Years matter so little nowadays if a woman knows how to take care of her complexion.

"Every actress knows that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap will do wonders for her skin, and I am among the scores of the profession who use it regularly."

Countless other lovely stage and screen stars agree with Frances Starr!

*9 out of 10 screen
stars use it*

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 605 use this fragrant white soap regularly to guard complexion beauty. It is *official* for dressing rooms in all the great film studios.

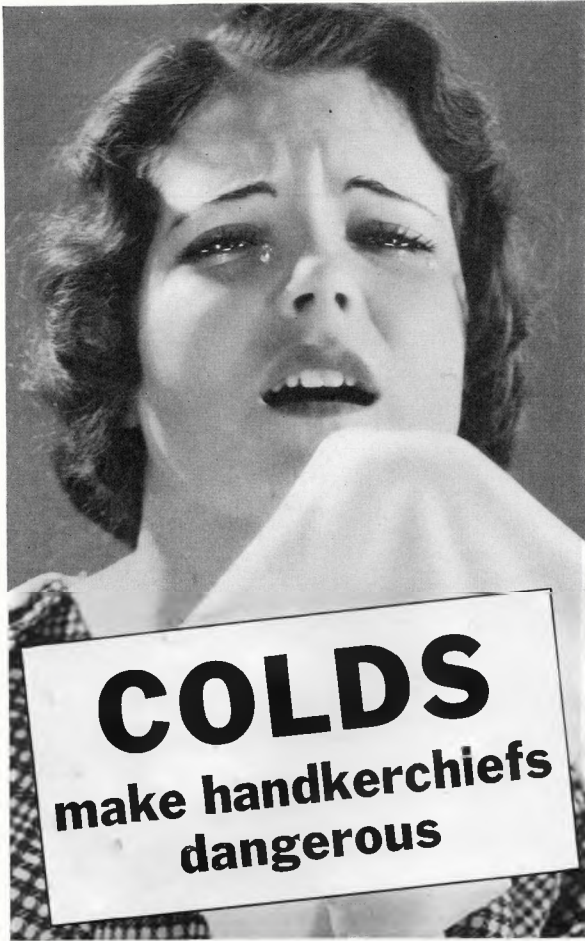
Stage stars, too, have long been insistent on Lux Toilet Soap for regular complexion care. They find this luxurious soap, for their convenience, in the dressing rooms of theatres all over the country!

Surely you will want to let this gentle, luxurious care keep *your* skin youthfully aglow.



"Yes—I am 39"
Frances Starr

LUX Toilet Soap — 10¢



Prevent self-infection by using KLEENEX Disposable Tissues

Price greatly reduced—Big box only 35¢!

THE common handkerchief is now known to be an almost unbelievable source of danger during colds.

When you have a cold, thousands of germs are poured into your handkerchief every time you use it. These germs are carried to your nose and mouth again and again. They're spread through the air, they contaminate clothing and laundry bags.

Now—a health handkerchief!

When you have a cold, use Kleenex! These exquisite tissues are superior to handkerchiefs in every way, yet cost far less than laundry alone!

So you use each tissue but once. Then you destroy it. Completely. And destroy germs too. You need never touch a soiled, damp, handkerchief to your face. *Need never wash one.*

KLEENEX disposable
TISSUES

And now Kleenex costs much less than ever before! The big box, formerly priced at 50¢, now costs but 35¢, at any drug, dry goods or department store. Never pay more.

At this low price, you'll find Kleenex more useful than ever. Use it for removing face creams, to blot up those fine impurities that cling so stubbornly in the pores. Use it for applying and blending make-up. Mothers find Kleenex invaluable in caring for young babies.

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Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.  McC-2

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In Canada, address: 250 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE

[Continued from page 11]

is somehow more affecting than the worst city slum. It marks very deeply the faces of the women and the girls who sit on the porches of the little old houses, nursing obscure dreams.

AT FAIRMOUNT, in West Virginia. I passed into the hands of a huge fellow, full of drawling Southern talk, who came from the mines to a desk job in one of the company offices. Riding out toward the Carolina mine, which he had agreed to show me, he talked:

"You take myself, now," he said. "I went into digging coal from choice. My folks were furniture merchants, and they wanted me to teach school. Why, at sixteen I had my certificate and I was all set to be a professor. But it just didn't appeal to me. I knew there was good money in the mines, and I got myself a job there. The first day I walked into that pit and felt all that mountain over my head, I was scared as a jack rabbit. But you get used to that, and soon you're just like all the rest of 'em—wouldn't trade your job mining coal for any other job you can think of.

"You work hard, but you work your own way. And when you've loaded your sixteen tons, you're through for the day, no matter what time it is. You're independent, like running your own business, and it gets under your skin all right. Why, even now I spend most of my time just prowling around in the mine, wishing I was back with the boys."

At the Superintendent's office we were given little acetylene lamps, and we plunged into the side of the hill, finding our way down a long, long corridor that was damp with the sweat of the earth. We walked something more than a mile toward the heart of that hill. The tunnel was high, for the seam of coal is ten feet thick at Carolina, and twelve feet wide. In the heavy gloom we could see other tunnels branching off and losing themselves. We could see the bobbing white stars of other lamps, far in the distance. We could hear the rumble and whine of the electric cutting machines, and the grunt of black powder as it blew the coal down from working faces far, far off.

We began to pass men who were coming out for the day. Two or three miners, going in on another shift, had joined our party, and I noticed a thing that was remarkable to me. As we would swim toward an outgoing group in the darkness, everybody paused, and somebody would say, "Hello, men." The answer would come, "Why, howdy, Jack." The incoming miners would say, "How is she going today?" and the answer would be explicit: "Little slow down number four shaft. Couldn't get the cars. But we did sixteen ton apiece. It's all right."

Then, "Well, guess we'll have our shot at it."
And, "Okay. Good luck to you. See you tomorrow."

I mean to suggest that the fellowship of these miners was an intense thing, and that their absorption with their chosen trade was just as intense. There were six thousand men working in the pit, and I never saw one pass another without a salutation, a brief discussion of the day's work.

We pressed on deeper into the earth, and one of the men who had joined up with us was talking. He was a lean man, something over forty, with a face permanently blackened from the

coal dust. "Now there's something I don't understand," he said. "We're doing our work right, and we're doing it honest. We're getting thirty-nine cents a ton for what we dig, and that's enough to keep a man from complaining. But why is it we can't go on all the time like that? No. We have to worry all the time for fear somebody up at Washington or New York will say, 'We don't need any more coal. Shut down the mines.' Looks like they'd find some way to keep things going steady like."

Another spoke up: "The newspapers don't tell you anything. I'd like to read something to make me understand about all these things. Hard times, they say. But they've got brains up there. Why can't they keep hard times from coming?"

The first said: "I don't say they can keep hard times from coming. But they can make us understand the why's and the wherefore's. That's all I ask. And everybody in the mine is asking the same thing. You go back to your New York, and tell 'em the miners want to understand. We can take the bad times, well as the good, but they ought to learn us about such things."

I told him that I would bear his message back, and they left us with great courtesy, disappearing down another tunnel.

We came, presently, up against a working face, where three or four men were cleaning up the odd ends of their day's labor. One of them was very young, twenty-two or thereabouts, and my guide singled him out.

"How you making it, Bud?" the guide asked.

The boy grinned. He had a pleasant face, even behind the accumulated grime. "Four ton," he said. "Could have got five, if they'd sent the empty cars down."

"You married?" asked the guide.

"Yeah," said the boy. "Two children. Live over at Gypsy."

I asked, "Going to put your youngsters into the mine when they grow up?"

He shook his head and laughed a little sheepishly. "I'm going to make a doctor out of that oldest one. Mines are good enough for me, but not for him. I'll get the other one some education, too. You've got to have education to know where you're heading." He made a vague gesture that encompassed the dark tunnel, the hilltop that hung over our heads, and the world at large. He said he was taking the engineering course, two nights a week at the community hall, from the professor who came up to the mines from the University. But he did not hope nor really want to leave the mine. "It's good work," he said. "I like it. The wife makes me take that learning."

FROM the Carolina we rode down to one of the small, independent workings. Operation had been suspended for a week or more. The men were sitting on the stoops of incredibly squalid little shacks that hung precariously to the side of a mountain. They seemed a little sullen at our appearance, but presently they talked.

A young and very sturdy man said, "We've been hard up before, ain't we? I say the ones that whine ain't got any backbone anyhow!" He was picked up by another, older miner, who had not bothered to wash his blackened face since the work stopped. "You can't

[Continued on page 40]

Royal Cakes keep fresh Longer—here's why...

Amazing photos prove that poor-quality baking powder riddles your cake with "air holes." In just a few hours moisture and flavor are gone

SERVE Wednesday's cake for Sunday supper?

Yes, it's been done many a time—when the cake was baked with Royal.

But you can't do it with cheap, ordinary baking powder.

Recent experiments prove that poor-quality baking powder forms "air holes" in cake. And "air holes," you know, cause staleness.

The freshening moisture quickly escapes through these large holes. In just a few hours the cake is dry and flavorless.

Picture No. 1—at right—shows you clearly how "air holes" are formed by cheap, ordinary baking powder. Just look at those big puffy gas bubbles in the batter. Every one leaves a large



Recipes for these five delicious cakes are in the Royal Cook Book . . . Mail coupon below for your free copy

hole in your finished cake—a hole you could put your finger through.

Compare this with picture No. 2, which shows the action of Royal, the fine Cream of Tartar baking powder.

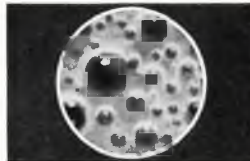
Notice the *tiny* bubbles in this cake batter. When they get to work in the heat of the oven, those small, uniform

bubbles build up a fine, even texture.

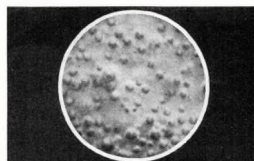
When you cut a Royal cake—what a thrill! It's smooth as velvet. Tender . . . fluffy . . . delicious!

Royal, for over 60 years, has held the place of honor on the pantry shelves of American housewives?

Yet this superior baking powder is not expensive. Enough for a handsome big cake costs less than 2¢!



1. Big gas bubbles in cake batter made with cheap, ordinary baking powder, form "air holes" that quickly dry out your cake.



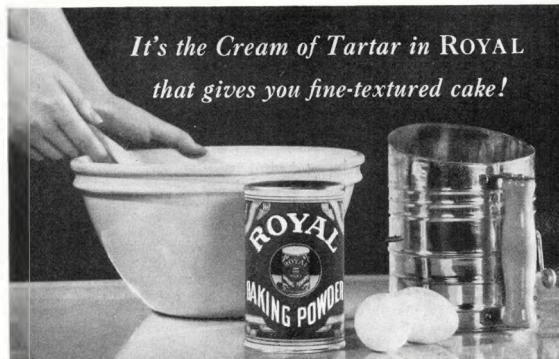
2. Tiny, uniform bubbles in batter made with Royal Baking Powder, give you fine-grained cake that stays fresh for days.

But wait till you taste it a day or so later—if you've kept it under lock and key! All the fresh-baked flavor is still right there—held in by the fine, even grain. Is it any wonder that

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In Canada . . . Standard Brands Limited • Dominion Square Building • Montreal, P. Q.



*It's the Cream of Tartar in ROYAL
that gives you fine-textured cake!*

So delicious!..
these larger, juicier roasts
from my **Westinghouse**
Flavor Zone Range



... and smaller food shrinkage is only one of the reasons Flavor Zone Ranges are more economical

Larger? Yes... actually larger than a roast of the same original weight prepared by older methods! Foods shrink less in the oven of the Westinghouse Flavor Zone Range... from 20% to 33% less. This smaller food shrinkage opens the door to economies in buying that you'll welcome.

You serve juicier, more flavorful roasts, too. Flavor Zone cooking seals in the nourishing juices and increases flavor and tenderness... in the same way that the old-time Dutch Oven cooked foods to surpassing goodness. Write for a copy of booklet, "Old-Time Cooking for Your Modern Table," with the complete story of Flavor Zone Range cooking advantages.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MFG. CO.
Merchandising Dept. Mansfield, Ohio

Other Advantages—

Cleanliness—No smoke, fumes or greasy film. Curtains and decorations last longer.

Safety—Less danger from scalds and burns. No risks from explosions or fumes.

Healthfulness—No oxygen-consuming flames and fumes in a kitchen that is always comfortable.

Freedom—Fully-automatic cooking means fewer hours in the kitchen... more time for rest and pleasure.

Food Saving—Cooking failures minimized. New opportunity for using lower-priced meats and vegetables.



START SAVING MONEY WITH A

Westinghouse
Flavor Zone Range

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE

[Continued from page 38]

damn the country just because hard times come around. The country's all right. But they ought to tell us about things, so we'd understand when the hard times are coming. That's my say."

I had observed that there was no church along the road we had come, and I spoke of it. "It seems," I said, "that you could get a lot of comfort, and good advice, too, out of your religion when things go bad like this. Isn't there a meeting house anywhere near?"

The storekeeper spoke up. He was a grizzled ancient, and his convictions were obviously very strong on all matters. "Nobody listens to preachers any more," he said bluntly. "Who cares about hell-fire, or heaven either, when his belly's empty? Some of the womenfolks complain because there ain't no Sunday school for the young 'uns. But there's nothing the preachers got to say to grown-up men. We ain't got to the point yet where we got to holler for help from on high." He laughed acidly.

The others nodded and spoke in quick agreement. One of them had a little tobacco, and he passed it around until all the pipes were filled. He threw the empty sack away. I suppose I must have made some unconscious gesture, or perhaps my face showed what I was thinking. For he turned with slow deliberation and looked at me. "And we don't need no pity, neither," he said. His voice was harsh in its intensity, and after he spoke there was complete silence.

THUS it happened that among the miners I came upon several explicit things that lie in the heads of the people of the Iron Empire. The most

important of these, to me, was the profound courage that they are matching against adversity—and hardly less important was the discovery that this courage is integral with a determination to know a good deal more about life. Listening to the phrase that was repeated again and again—"We want to understand"—was like the curious experience of watching a man who has been knocked down as he gets slowly to his feet, still full of fight, but growing wary of his opponent. Through all the iron country the courage and the desire for knowledge ran like a refrain—these and the uninterested reply, "No, there doesn't seem to be much we can get out of the churches."

On the road to Pittsburgh I went through two small towns that should, by all the rules, have been stricken towns, and hurt. In one of them, five banks had failed. In another, two.

In the first, the filling station man was pumping gas into the car. "Well," he said, "my bank went. And that's the second one that's been shot out from under me this year. What do you do in a case like that?" He grinned.

I said, "I would feel like going into hysterics."

"Oh, you can't do that," he answered. "No, sir. You know—" His hand stopped on the pump and he leaned into the car window. "You know, when everybody's broke, and you know you're not the only one, it's a kind of relief. That sounds mighty foolish,

but it's true. You sort of have less to worry about, and you feel like pulling together when you're used to fighting hard to get ahead of the other fellow. Maybe it ain't so bad." He was laughing at his own predicament when I pulled away.

PITTSBURGH is first a dark smudge on the horizon, then a long boulevard that skirts the slums where the workmen live, and then a forest of blackened buildings that lose themselves in the murk above. It is a curious city and an anomalous one: the blazing crucible of the Iron Empire, full of dangerous, fierce labor and the savage passions of the laborers—and it is also the center of American painting, the fountainhead of Andrew Carnegie's plan for the enrichment of the American mind. In its largest department store there is a wealth of superb mural decoration by Boardman Robinson, and when dusk falls, the paintings are lit grotesquely by the glare from the blast furnaces across the river.

The Cathedral of Learning is a soaring Gothic tower, a new thirty-million-dollar home for the University of Pittsburgh—and its topmost gargoyles stare out upon the heaped gob piles from the mills to the carved ears of the gargoyles comes the mutter of a hundred alien languages. The International Art Exposition selects, from among five hundred examples of modern Europeans, the work of an American for the first prize—and newsboys howl the news that the elections have been stolen by the blandest fraud in the city's history. There are six or seven fashionable hunt clubs, with ladies and gentlemen riding to hounds on fine mornings—and over at McKee's Rocks the hun-



kies read their hunky newspapers and wrestle over nickel beer with the remote problems of European diplomacy. Through the doors of the handsome library and the art museum the wives of those same hunkies pour in incredible numbers.

hugging their gingham dresses to their ample breasts and staring at pictures, borrowing books to read.

Pittsburgh is most remarkable, perhaps, for the slenderness of its middle-class ingredient, for its thin proportion of that steady mediocrity which the world really lives by. And it is remarkable, too, for the fact that within the actual scope of the metropolis there are more than a hundred autonomous towns and boroughs, each full of debauched politics, each striving harshly for some new semblance of power. These things add to the sense of confusion that is the most striking element in a city which is a miracle of harsh contrasts.

I went to Braddock with a note to a plant inspector, who was to show me how they make steel. He did, indeed, show me the blazing furnaces, the great billets of metal incandescent with 2400 degrees of heat. He showed me the marvels of electric machinery that flip these billets about as easily as you would flip a lozenge, and he showed me a thousand men engaged in labor that was brutally dangerous, brutally hard. Yet, in the end, he showed me much more than any of these: a considerable human being.

[Continued on page 42]



They are
depending on you, *Mother!*

Keep them well and strong
..yet save amazingly on food costs

Give them delicious Quaker Oats. It provides double the nourishment of more expensive foods. Yet costs less than ½ a cent a dish! Serve it oftener now.



ROASTING!

Exclusive process secret of Quaker's delicious flavor!

Roasting . . . an exclusive process. Only the plumpest, most flavorful oats are used. The choice 30% in every bushel. The ripe whole oats are roasted through 14 different ovens. This roasts the delicious flavor in so it can't boil out. The oat-flakes are made so digestible that they cook wholesomely done in 2½ minutes.

And—important economy—every package of Mother's Oats and Quaker Oats contains from 30 to 40% more oatflakes than most millers pack!

BUT how can I keep my children well and strong yet keep food costs down? Thousands of mothers are asking this question. And thousands are finding they can cut breakfast costs almost in half yet serve more nourishing . . . more delicious breakfasts. . . with Quaker Oats.

What a dish of Quaker Oats contains

For Quaker Oats is a rich storehouse of important food elements your family needs. It provides protein, the precious repair element that makes meat, milk and eggs so valuable. Like fresh vegetables

it provides body building minerals. Like far more costly foods it is rich in concentrated energy.

Yet it costs less than ½ a cent a dish.

In addition (and this is important, for children's appetites *must* be tempted), Quaker Oats has a rich flavor that makes oatmeal eating a delight. A flavor that comes from the exclusive Quaker roasting process.

Picture the plumpest, choicest oat kernels, roasting and toasting through fourteen rotating ovens. Think how this

roasting enhances their rich savoriness. How it *roasts* the goodness *in*, so it can't cook *out*. Think too what it adds to wholesome digestibility! Quick Quaker Oats cooks deliciously done in just 2½ minutes. That's faster than toast or coffee!

Save on foods, mother. Yet serve more nourishing breakfasts. More delicious ones. Let rich steaming bowls of Quick Quaker Oats help keep your family well and strong at less cost.

Try Pettijohn's . . . a delicious, old-fashioned rolled wheat cereal that cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. Makes dry bran eating unnecessary.

LISTEN to Gene and Glen, the Quaker Early Birds . . . over N. B. C.
Consult your newspaper radio program for the time.



QUICK QUAKER OATS, *cooks in 2½* minutes

When doctors approve you're perfectly safe

Your doctor has certain definite standards which he demands from a laxative before he will give it his approval.

Back of his warmly sympathetic attitude there is always present the scientific mind.

If your doctor would write down his requirements for a laxative—these are the things he would consider important:

What does a Doctor demand in a Laxative?

A laxative should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush the food through the stomach.

It should not disturb digestion.

It should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

It should be mild and gentle in action.

It should not irritate and over-stimulate the intestines.

It should not gripe.

It should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax checks on every point

Taking those requirements one by one, Ex-Lax meets every specification.

Ex-Lax is an exclusive scientific formula for the relief of constipation—pleasantly and effectively. The only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax

is phenolphthalein—a laxative that is internationally recognized by the medical profession, and that checks on every point a doctor looks for in a laxative.

And it is the exclusive Ex-Lax formula combining a delicious chocolate base with the scientific laxative—phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—that accounts for the fine results millions get from Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action—naturally and surely. It exercises the intestines—it does not “whip” them! It does not gripe—nor is it habit-forming.

Get Ex-Lax from your druggist in 10c, 25c, or 50c boxes. Or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

First step in preventing COLDS

A clean system helps to fortify you against possible colds. Cleanse your system with Ex-Lax and thus relieve your body of poisonous waste matter without weakening and without disturbing digestion.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170, M22
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name
Address
City State

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Keep “regular” with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE

[Continued from page 40]

I said to him: “Tell me about the steel workers, what sort of people they are, and what they live by.”

He was quite furious, in a contained way—a dour and poised man he was, toward fifty. “You talk about steel workers,” he said, “as if they were some species of animal. Two hundred thousand steel workers mean two hundred thousand men. There is as much variety of habit, and wealth, and intelligence, and prejudices among steel workers as among any two hundred thousand men, anywhere. Some of them are scoundrels and live like scoundrels. Most of them know all about poverty, but a few of them have money put away. Some of them are interested in educating themselves and their children, and some of them are murderers at heart.”

That was a chastening rebuke, but I asked another question. “Sociologists,” I said, “have contended that any man of the second generation in the steel mills is mentally and morally and physically ruined. Is that true?”

He smiled a little curiously. “My grandfather,” he said, “was a steel roller. My father was a steel roller. I was, too, until I was twenty-five, when they promoted me to this job. My son is eighteen. He entered one of the big Eastern colleges this term. He wants to be a poet.”

I asked, “How did that happen—how did you come up out of that?” and I pointed toward the men who were working fiercely, with the terrific heat of the billets in their faces.

He could not answer. Somewhere, in his early youth, he had read a book on economics, and it made him want to read more. “I read Adam Smith and Karl Marx when it was almost a crime to be caught at it,” he said. “I never went to school, to speak of. I don't know what made me want to educate myself.”

We went back into his little office and he drew a bit of paper from a grimy desk. He said, “This is private, between you and me. What do you think of it?” He handed me the paper and there were some verses written on it. They were rather good verses. They sang the chant of a steel man, and more than once they were touched with stirring figures.

I said, “Who wrote this?”

“I did,” he answered. “My son asked me to.”

I LOOKED at him a little while, and I returned the look. And then I said, with a gesture toward the steel plant and the slums and the city's towers, “None of that can bother you very much, can it?” He shook his head, slowly and thoughtfully. And I knew that I had met one man, at least, out of the toiling herd, who had discovered the single anchor to the good life: the anchor of resources within himself that could never be changed by the change and flow of circumstance, the reel of uncertain affairs. He understood, I think, what was in my mind, for he said, “There are a good many like that, more than you would ever think, in the two hundred thousand you put such a pat name upon.”

From Pittsburgh the road wound through Ohio, through the farming country that lies in all the interstices of the Iron Empire. It was beautiful country, incalculably rich-looking to the eye. Upon its open, rolling fields were herds and the remnants of the harvest and solid homes half-hidden by old trees. The country went swiftly

by the car window, and there was a feeling of certainty that men could never really hunger while such earth was waiting to give up its fruits. More than that, the land had the patina of living upon it, the touch of hands that have groomed the soil and nurtured it, even while they were taking sustenance from it.

Springfield, which belongs to iron, is a pleasant town in the midst of these fields, and in Springfield I sat in an oak-paneled drawing-room, listening to a manufacturer tell lightly of his ruin. He was full of optimism, and his optimism did not turn at all upon the hope that his dollars would be recovered. It dwelt, rather, upon a firm opinion that American life is going to be a better life henceforward.

“Something is happening to the people,” he said. “They have been forced to stop thinking quite so much about money. They have had a blow that sobered them a little, and already they are seeming more mature. That is it—they are coming into maturity. What a fascinating thing it will be to watch them!”

We talked nearly all night, trying to predict what the Americans really will be like when they come into their full strength as human beings. The subject was exciting, of course, and more exciting because it is not simply a dream but a fair prospect.

COLUMBUS was a handsome city spread upon the plain, and from there the route led to Cleveland.

Now it is my notion that the thing we ponder as American culture will turn out to be a culture of the cities. Civilizations have grown from a feeling for the land, the nation, the dream of stimulating government. But a feeling for the soil of the United States, what with its immense reaches of plain and mountain, its violent division of economic interests, has been a difficult thing to possess, and the government of the United States is too diffused, too much disputed for men to focus clearly upon. But the cities are ponderable entities, and a feeling for the cities had its humble beginnings in the booster spirit. We have learned that the booster spirit is susceptible of apotheosis. It can be matured into a profounder thing, less full of noise and more charged with a genuine devotion—and that maturity is well upon its way in Cleveland.

I found there a genuine community, rather than a chance grouping of houses and factories. I found that nearly all the people are engaged in a genuine communal enterprise.

This had its beginnings in a very old-fashioned thing—the arrival with the Westward movement of a handful of New Englanders with money in their pockets. Immediately, then, three generations ago, Cleveland began its life with the keen advantage of established wealth. That wealth has been augmented tremendously, of course, but it has remained in the little handful of New England families, and these people have retained through the three generations a remarkable sense of responsibility. They have been, in short, iron-willed squires of the city, and they have molded it—with a fine allegiance to their antique conscience—according to their conception of duty toward God and fellow man.

I am aware that this may sound a little romantic, but I assure you it is quite true. With a fine justification

[Continued on page 48]

As unerringly as a jeweler picks the perfect gem



**STANDARD
RATING SCALE**
for Electric Refrigeration

- Is the refrigerator manufactured by a reliable company with proper experience in the electric refrigeration field?
- Is there plenty of food and shelf space?
- Is the cabinet itself well designed, sturdily built and properly insulated?
- Is there provision for the freezing of an adequate supply of ice cubes? (Quantity of ice rather than number of cubes, which may be of large or small size, should be taken into consideration.)
- Will the refrigerator constantly maintain a proper temperature for the preservation of foods?
- Can the freezing of ice cubes and desserts be speeded up when the need arises?
- Can this extra freezing speed for ice cubes be had without affecting the temperature on the food shelves? (Too low a temperature on the shelves, will, of course, injure food.)
- Is there a place to keep meat, fish, game, "quick frosted" foods or an extra supply of ice cubes indefinitely at a below freezing temperature?
- Are these various temperatures (a. extra fast freezing; b. fast freezing; c. below freezing for storage; and d. normal food preservation temperature)—*automatically* maintained without any attention from the owner?
- Does refrigerating unit operate frequently or at infrequent intervals? (Other conditions being equal, the fewer the "stops" and "starts", the longer the unit will last and the less it will cost to run.)
- Will the cooling unit continue to cool the refrigerator for 10 or 12 hours even though the current is shut off?
- Can the back parts of all the shelves, even the lowest, be reached without kneeling or sitting down?
- Has provision been made for keeping vegetables fresh and crisp?
- Can the top of the refrigerator be used to "set things down for a moment" while the contents of the cabinet are being re-arranged?
- Is the refrigerator so designed and finished as to add to the attractiveness of the kitchen?
- Has the experience of users over a considerable period of time shown that the refrigerator is long-lived and dependable?

YOU can select your electric refrigerator

SIZE? Weight? Shape? Freedom from flaws? Color? One by one the jeweler asks the questions that make up *his* standard of value. Tests and comparisons lead him directly to the perfect stone.

Your selection of an electric refrigerator can now be made with the same certainty. The sixteen questions of the Standard Rating Scale will lead *you* directly to the best purchase.

Read question nine, for instance. Of course you want *automatic* operation. And yet, without the Scale as your guide, you might not have discovered this—that Kelvinator is the *only* electric refrigerator with four distinct, constant temperatures, *each automatically* controlled. There are no dials to set. Nothing to remember or forget. No danger of freezing the contents of the food compartment. The other questions will disclose more features that are almost as important.

Make your selection this safe, sure way. Your nearest Kelvinator dealer will gladly

show you just how Kelvinator meets the Scale requirements without dodging a single question and without any high pressure salesmanship. Kelvinator Corporation, 14252 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Kelvinator of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario. Kelvinator Limited, London, England.

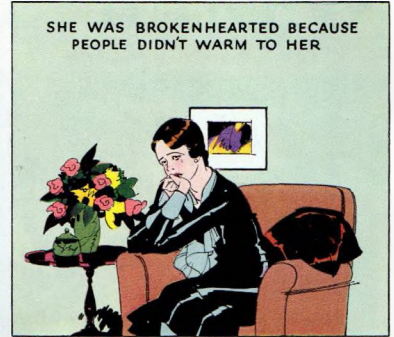
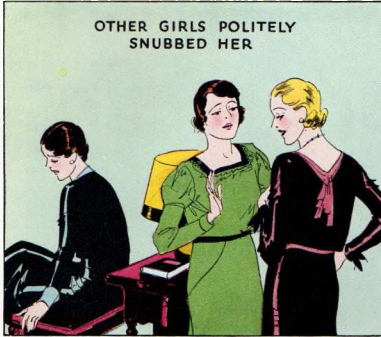


The De Luxe Model 11 which has fully automatic operation; 4-Zone Cold; World's Fastest Freezing Speed, and other noteworthy features.

Kelvinator

Look for the nearest Kelvinator dealer in the Classified Section of your local Telephone Directory under "Refrigeration, Electric".

LOVELY YET LONELY UNTIL ... by ALBERT DORNE



END "B.O." DANGER!

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Unless we take some precaution we never know the moment "B.O."—body odor—may offend. Keep safe this easy, pleasant way. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, penetrating lather purifies pores—removes every trace of odor. You'll quickly learn to love its pleasant, extra-clean scent that vanishes as you rise and tells you, "No more 'B.O.' danger now!"

Protect health
Wash hands often—always before meals—with Lifebuoy. It removes germs as well as dirt. Keeps complexions fresh and radiant. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

SECRETS of a HOUSEWIFE — by C.A. Voight



See how bright colored clothes come . . . from these safe suds

RINSO not only washes clothes fragrantly clean and white, but washable colored things come bright and new-looking—safely. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water. No bar soaps, chips or softener needed. The makers of 40 leading washers recommend Rinso. Get the BIG household package. You'll like its creamy suds for dishwashing—and all cleaning.

Valuable book—free
Send for your free copy of "Whiter Clothes—Easier Washdays", packed full of information on every phase of home laundering. Just send your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 772, Cambridge, Mass.

Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan



HELP YOURSELF

It's an old Swedish custom

By Frances Maule

PARTIES? Of course I love to give them. But I hate to make sandwiches! I really can't afford to spend so much time in beforehand preparation, so I've adopted the fascinating Swedish Smörgasbord and changed it to suit American tastes. Now when it comes time to eat I lead my guests to a table filled with appetizing "makings" and invite them to help themselves and spread their own. They think it's great fun—and so do I!

Everything for the Smörgasbord can be prepared in advance—even to the laying of the table—so that, at the last minute, there is nothing to do but set out the food. You can bring a crowd in from the movies or the beach and, almost before they get their wraps off, have ready for them a supper they will talk about for weeks.

Since the guests wait on themselves, service becomes merely a matter of supervision and direction. I certainly don't need to point out what this means to any busy homemaker, and especially to the woman who has no maid. No matter how grand the party may be, nothing is ever passed: the whole fun of a Smörgasbord is in picking out for yourself the particular delicacies that most appeal to you. And, of course, all this mixing and moving about is the best way in the world to break the ice at a formal gathering.

A very satisfying and enjoyable supper for a good-sized crowd may be served with no more fuss than merely setting out a cold roast ham or fowl or a platter of cold cuts, a large bowl of potato salad or a mixed green vegetable salad, a compartment plate containing several varieties of cheese, and a fleet of small dishes containing deviled meats and whatever preserved fish are most easily obtainable—such as sardines, shrimps, anchovies, herrings, tuna fish, and smoked or canned salmon—with celery, olives, radishes, pickles and any other relishes you may happen to have on hand. No sweets. They just definitely do not fit in, and the other things are all so savory and satisfying that they are never missed. Coffee, of course. Plenty of coffee.

On more formal occasions the Smörgasbord provides an opportunity to surprise your friends with intriguing designs and color combinations. Here are a few suggestions:

For the chief meat dish, serve a chicken or veal loaf chilled in aspic and turned out of a fancy mold. Mask it with a coating of mayonnaise and then put on a decorative design of flower and leaf forms cut out of pimiento and green pepper and thin slices of beet and carrot. Surround the base with a border of watercress and radishes, the red coats of which have been slit and turned back like flower petals to reveal the white hearts.

Instead of the simple green salad, or the familiar and obvious potato salad, serve individual timbales of bright red tomato aspic. You can get a most effective color contrast by molding these around slices of hard-cooked egg, or of chopped carrot and green pepper. Or you can decorate them on the outside with strips of green pepper, chopped chives, chopped hard-cooked egg or slices of stuffed olive. Serve with mayonnaise on a bed of watercress or curly green lettuce.

IN SWEDEN the backbone and mainstay of the Smörgasbord is the herring salad. This contains—besides the herring—diced potato, carrot and beet, sliced onions, peppercorns, and any other condiments that the individual cook may chance to favor.

If you and your friends do not share the Scandinavian enthusiasm for herring, you could serve in its place a jellied fish salad made of flaked salmon, tuna, halibut, shrimp, lobster or crab, turned out of a fish-shaped mold and garnished with strips of pimiento, and green pepper, slices of stuffed olive or hard-cooked egg, or watercress and quartered tomatoes.

A very decorative salad is made by stuffing green peppers with pimiento cream cheese; chill, and slice with a sharp, thin-bladed knife. Decorate each slice with a sprinkling of paprika, a slice of stuffed olive, or with strips of green pepper. [Turn to page 114]

So unlike ordinary raisins

... we gave them different names!

EXCLUSIVE METHODS GIVE SUN-MAID ADDED GOODNESS FOUND IN NO OTHER RAISINS


THE ONLY SEEDLESS RAISINS THAT ARE STERILIZED!

GLOSSY AND PLUMP

UNIFORMLY LARGE

ALWAYS FRESH - CAN'T DRY OUT

ACTUALLY GRAPE-LIKE IN FLAVOR



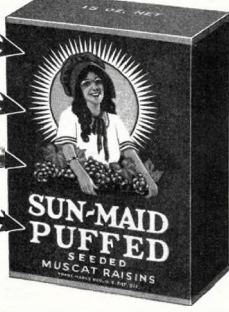
SUN-MAID NECTARS SEEDLESS RAISINS

THE ONLY SEEDED RAISINS THAT POUR FREELY FROM THE CARTON

ALL THE RICH JUICE SEALED IN

ALL SEEDS SCIENTIFICALLY REMOVED

NO PULLING APART; NO WASHING



SUN-MAID PUFFED SEEDED MUSCAT RAISINS

No other raisins can be so deliciously good because no one but Sun-Maid can use the patented Sun-Maid processes.

These special methods have made Sun-Maid so different from all other raisins, they are known by different names.

Sun-Maid Puffed (in the blue box) are the only seeded raisins ready for instant use. Instead of coming in a sticky mass, to be pulled apart one by one, they are free-flowing from the carton.

Sun-Maid Nectars (in the red box) are the only seedless raisins scientifically sterilized. They reach you fresh and plump

because they are perfectly protected against drying out.

There are scores of every day dishes you can make unusually good and more healthful by adding Sun-Maid raisins. For best results it will pay you to insist on Sun-Maid. You will never go back to old-style raisins once you've tried them.

Send Coupon Below Today for Your Free Recipe Book

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Fresno, California, Dept. M-2.

Please send your new FREE Recipe Book.

Name _____ City _____

Address _____ State _____

Even though *you* don't perspire in winter



Excitement, nervous tension are very apt to result in underarm odor, even though there is no moisture to warn you!

you still have unpleasantness to fear

You say you do not perspire in the winter months as you do in hot summer weather. Quite true—most of us do not.

And right here is where many of us get into trouble. Because we are not bothered by *moisture*, we take it for granted that we are safe from perspiration odor!

Don't be lulled into a false security simply because you are free from perspiration moisture in cold weather. The underarm, always apt to be the lurking place of unpleasant odor, has very little chance of ventilation in winter. Closer fitting sleeves, heavier materials, shut out the air almost completely.

And how this hateful, penetrating odor does cling to clothes—especially winter clothes! Its taint is disastrous!

Modern-minded women know there is just one way to play safe. That is to supplement the daily bath with an *effective underarm deodorant*. And more than a million of them use Mum!

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

STILL ANOTHER SERVICE OF MUM—No wonder women are so loyal to Mum! Not the least of its kindly protective service to women is its value as a deodorant on sanitary napkins.

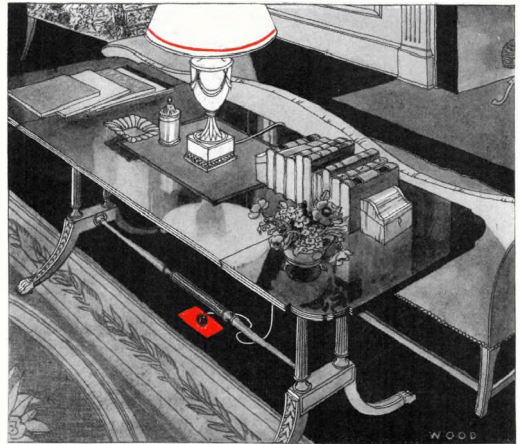
Mum is instantly effective, you know. Put it on when you dress and you're safe for the day or evening.

And it's so quick and easy to apply. No fuss or bother. No time lost. A quick fingertipful to each underarm, into your dress and on your way!

Mum is perfectly harmless to the clothing and is soothing to the skin—even a sensitive skin—right after shaving! Think of that!

Mum doesn't interfere with the natural processes of perspiration. It simply destroys unpleasant body odors. In addition to underarm use try it on your hands after preparing onions or fish for dinner. It takes off every trace of odor!

Don't wait for perspiration moisture to warn you! Avoid all danger of odor by using this snowy, dainty cream regularly *every day*. At all toilet counters, 35c and 60c a jar. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West Street, New York, N. Y.



An unexpected place for an outlet? Yes—but how convenient!

LIGHTING UP

Another article by

YOU miss half the fun of being feminine if you don't occasionally feel the urge to express your personality by moving furniture recklessly about. And yet you are likely to be baffled at the very outset by the fact that the position of the one or two convenience outlets in the room forbids any drastic rearrangements of the more important pieces. Very few houses are so wired as to give that ease and pleasure of operation that we have a right to expect from today's most expert servant.

The electricity is there but we don't give it a chance. We say apologetically to our friends that we do need more base plugs or that switches are certainly a great convenience. Just the same the job is postponed for years in the belief either that it is prohibitively expensive, or that it practically involves tearing down the house in order to accomplish it.

Neither of these objections is a live objection. Not for years has it been possible to do any kind of construction so cheaply as now: the prices of materials and labor have decreased considerably and although formerly a certain amount of tearing up may have been necessary, correct wiring practice today permits an entire house to be wired with a lot less wear and tear than are involved in having the relatives in for Thanksgiving dinner.

So if you have been bullied by badly placed base plugs into an arrangement of furniture that is against your better judgment—and if the man of the house has endangered his life every time he has felt his way cautiously to the light fixture in the basement—why not let a reputable contractor estimate on a system of adequate wiring for your house?

By having a reputable contractor you will be sure of three extremely important factors: good materials, careful workmanship that will disturb your house as little as possible, and the kind of wiring that is really an insurance against fire and accidents. Such a contractor may cost you a little more than the handy-man who

claims to be able to wire, but in the long run he is more economical.

And what do we mean by *adequate wiring*? It all depends upon you and your needs, but there are certain things we can mention that may suggest additions to your present system.

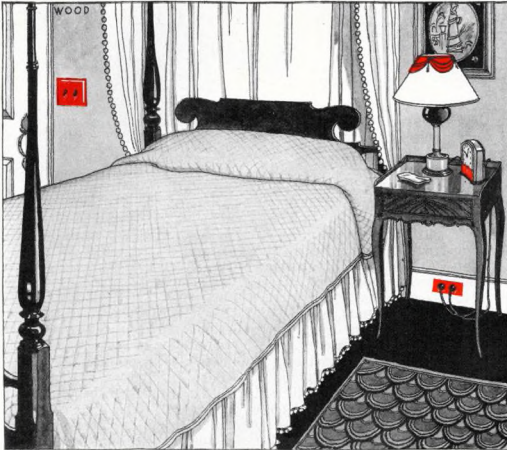
To obtain the fullest benefits from the electrical service for which we are paying, house wiring should perform several definite functions. In the first place, provision should be made not only for the general lighting of every room in the house, but for the local lighting necessitated by close work such as reading and sewing. This means that, in addition to such center fixtures or wall brackets as you wish, there should be plenty of convenience outlets for lamps.

LAMP cords are commonly six feet in length, so one double convenience outlet for every twelve feet of wall space will be ample to take care of a normal amount of local lighting. This does not mean, naturally, that your room is mathematically divided into twelve-foot divisions. Much depends upon your wall space.

Outlets should never go spang in the middle of your best spaces, as I know



To save yourself, insist on waist-high outlets in kitchen and laundry



Light on entering—light to read by—time that's always right

A DARK SUBJECT

By Kathleen Robertson

to my sorrow. When I moved into my present house there were exactly two outlets in the living room, placed squarely in the center of the two largest wall spaces. The result was that, until I got more outlets, the couch had to be moved out every time the vacuum cleaner was to be used. Plan to allot your outlets in such a way that considerable flexibility is possible in the arrangement of furniture. For a detailed discussion of lighting see McCall's for October, 1931.

If your davenport is backed by a table, you will probably want an outlet on the floor between the two. Another convenient place for a floor outlet is under the dining table, for connecting the table appliances that few self-respecting homes seem to be without these days. It is extremely simple to install such an outlet, because it is so easy to gain access through the ceiling of the basement. And, of course, you know that it is not necessary to injure the floor covering. The cord for the connection may be a very small one that can be slipped through a small rip in the seam of a carpet; or, with a little patience between the warp and woof of a rug.

BESIDES the outlets for lamps, there should be additional ones for the untrammelled use of electrical equipment. Nowadays almost every room demands special electrical appliances that lose half their pleasure if they aren't easily connected. Of course every room should have an outlet for the vacuum cleaner. And radios, refrigerators, and electric clocks insist on the exclusive use of their own outlets. Then there really ought to be another one for fans or heaters or, in bedrooms, for the heating pad or sun lamp.

The kitchen will have outlets for the iron and the other apparatus you are lucky enough to have. And unless you are going in for bending and stretching exercises in a big way, you will see to it that the several kitchen and laundry outlets are waist-high.

Probably more than any other single factor, switches add to the sheer joy of electrical lighting. Yet in many houses, one switch, which controls the ceiling fixture in the living room, is thought to be sufficient. To enter the other rooms at night is to enter enemy country where at any moment an unfriendly chair may bite one severely on the shin. It is really not too much to ask that every room (bedrooms included) have at least one switch, placed beside the door within quick reach of a groping hand.

THE lights in the halls should be on three-way switches. This means that one may turn on the light in the upstairs hall from the bottom of the stairs, and turn it off at the top. Or the other way around, depending on which way you are going.

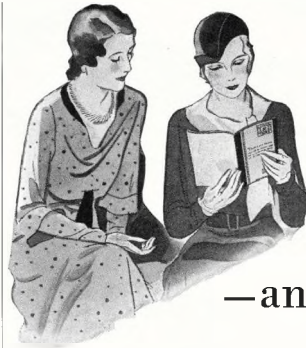
One light in the basement should be controlled by a switch at the head of the stairs, with a tiny pilot lamp to show when it has been left burning. And if the laundry and furnace room are partitioned off, switches at the entrances will save brittle tempers.

Does this sound like a lot of switches? But these are really the pretty essential ones. Additional ones would control the entrance and back porch lights from convenient places within the house, or the garage light from the nearest house-door, or the attic light from the foot of the stairs.

All this may sound as though your walls would be solid phalanxes of switches, but when you come to distribute them there really aren't more than two or three to any room. And even those can be fairly inconspicuous, because plates for switches and convenience outlets are now made in a number of pleasant colors.

But if they came only in red-white-and-blue stripes, I believe I'd have lots of them anyway, because they're such grand things to have in any home.

Is your wiring safe? Are you wasting current? **ECONOMY IN WRITING**, our new free leaflet, gives important facts every home-owner should know. Send a stamped, addressed envelope to McCall's Service Secretary, 230 Park Avenue, New York.



I have saved
\$100
by reading this
Free Book
—and so can you!

MAIL the coupon below for important new free book "Spend and Grow Rich." Not a catalogue, but a complete shopping guide that tells you how to get extra value when buying all cotton goods. This book has swept America. From every State men and women have written for it, because they want to dress better and live better at this time, without extra expense. With the book we will send you, free, our "Handy Guide to the Standard Cotton Fabrics," telling how to recognize and use over 70 different cloths.

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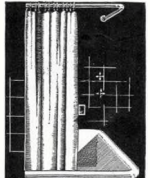
Pepperell Fine Count. Aristocrat of medium-priced sheets, \$1.35 to \$1.90.

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But do you know that you can now positively recognize all the other good products made of Pepperell fabrics? Fine broadcloths, dainty prints, strong jeans, warm blankets, pretty bedspreads and a host of other fabrics, for clothes and many different household articles like those shown here. All genuine Pepperell fabrics are guaranteed; look for this Pepperell label in stores everywhere.

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● **Mattress Covers** made of sturdy, long-wearing Pepperell fabric, well tailored to standard mattress sizes by Columbia Ideal Quilting Co., 43-25 34th St., Long Island City, N. Y.

● **Bedspreads**, made up in matching sets of spread, window drapes and valance, using color-fast Pepperell Prints, by Palmer Bros. Co., 230 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

● **Quilted Spreads** made of exclusive Pepperell prints, quilted to give an all-time effect, and beautifully finished by Columbia Ideal Quilting Co., address as above.

● **Ironing Board Covers**, made of strong Pepperell fabric with metal eyelets for tight fitting, by Ludlow Mfg. Co., 3410 Fort St., W. Detroit, Michigan.



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Making so many good fabrics, we naturally want you to be informed about all cottons. Use this coupon. You will be glad you did.

PEPPERELL

GUARANTEE: Go into your retail store and buy any sheet or other article bearing this Pepperell mark. Take it home and examine it at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with what you have bought, send it to us with the sales slip, and we will refund you the full purchase price. Pepperell Manufacturing Company.

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170 State Street, Boston, Mass.
Send me your money-saving book "Spend and Grow Rich", also your Handy Guide, free.

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Elizabeth Arden's Lotions

- Miss Arden's Lotions are exhilarating...cooling...refreshing...but more than that they are highly important factors in the plan for beauty which she has so carefully made. There is the important task of firming, clearing and healing the skin. From Skin Tonic and Astringent the cells receive their setting-up exercises, the blood its impetus to tingle galaxy through the veins. Lille Lotion furnishes a flower-like finish and serves as a superb foundation for make-up. There are also the healing lotions that clear the skin of eruptions. Preparations as vital as these to the skin's welfare and beauty must be absolutely pure.
- The perfection of the ingredients used in Miss Arden's preparations, and the scientific cleanliness of the laboratory itself, are well known. But there is yet another step to insure the purity of Miss Arden's lotions: *Filtration*. Skin Tonic is made to pass through layer after layer of filter paper, from one floor right down to the floor below, before it is bottled. No impurity could possibly survive this difficult journey. The lotions for special purposes are filtered until they are flawlessly pure under the microscope. The powder content of Lille Lotion is sifted as thoroughly as Illusion Powder.
- Nothing less than perfection satisfies Miss Arden. No product of hers is permitted to touch your skin unless it meets with her standards of purity...standards as incorruptible as her integrity...as sincere as her deep interest in making women lovelier.

Elizabeth Arden's Lotions are on sale at smart shops everywhere

VENETIAN ARDEN'S SKIN TONIC. Tones, firms and whitens the skin and keeps the tissues healthy. It brings new life to every cell. Use with and after Cleansing Cream.

85c, \$2, \$2.75, \$9.

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT. For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin and restores the contours.

\$2.25, \$4.

SPOTPRUF LOTION. A healing preparation that is ideal for daytime use, giving the skin a silken surface at the same time that it soothes and refines.

\$3.

VENETIAN ACNE LOTION. An antiseptic healing lotion which scatters congestion in the skin, thereby freeing it of pimples, spots and eruptions.

\$1.25

VENETIAN LILLE LOTION. Exquisite finishing lotion, mildly antiseptic and good for the skin. A perfect foundation for make-up, and very flattering with evening clothes. Six shades.

\$1.50, \$2.50

VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE LOTION. Use morning and night and after outdoor sports to cleanse and tone the eyes and relieve them of fatigue.

\$1, \$2.50.

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In Canada Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are obtainable at no increase in price. Canadian wholesale distributors: Elizabeth Arden of Canada, Ltd., 207 Queens Quay, Toronto, Canada

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE

[Continued from page 42]

for the capitalistic system, these families of established fortune have said brusquely to their citizens: "We shall spend a great deal of money to make your lives something besides a scramble for bread. See to it that you work hard and are good."

The results have been manifold. Good government, and wise government, to begin with. Then a most ambitious plan to make the city a beautiful thing physically, centering around the Mall Group, which will mean much more when it is finished than a mere picture postcard or a half-tone for the convention booklets. It will mean a calm and lovely group of buildings for the people to walk past every day, for the people to take quite unconsciously into their lives.

With the help of the millions that the squires give every year, the people of Cleveland have built splendid libraries, which they use; they have built an open-air stadium, where they present their own season of opera; they support and they patronize one of the best symphony orchestras in the country; they have built excellent institutions for the stimulation of talent in the young. Four years ago they opened a night school in the old Chamber of Commerce building. Now it has eight thousand students who are from sixteen to seventy-five years old, and these students are not at work on books that may, by chance, increase their earnings a little. They are studying languages, and science—and most of all, they are studying American history.

It is an unexecuted city. It has the polish of a sure plan upon it. Even the crowds in the streets seem to know what they are doing with their lives.

ISAT with the captain of a lake steamer in the extremely neat and pleasant cabin of his ship.

"A fellow like me," he said, "can pick almost any town along the lakes to live in. But I settled on Cleveland because you always feel there's somebody interested in you. You can do more than just work and live. You feel like you're getting somewhere, and learning things you ought to know about. I thought the opera was something for women and society folks until I got to going to it last summer. But it was nice. Gave you something to take your mind off your business and make you think."

In the drawing-rooms of Cedar Road and Shaker Heights, surely there are a great many who know perfectly well what they are doing with their lives. In these latter places I found many people who are living without pretension, who are using the luxury that they can afford with a shrewd restraint. They have already grown past the culture craze. They have learned that

culture, in reality, means the apprehension of a broad and deep design for the living of a brief existence—a design in which simplicity, and honesty, and knowledge, and urbanity combine to frame the motif.

I think it must be apparent that I am enthusiastic about Cleveland. The enthusiasm is genuine. There is much for all of us to learn from the way they manage things.

IN DETROIT I talked to a wise and philosophic man who was also the editor of a newspaper. I had a thoroughly pleasant hour in the Athletic Club. I talked with a bus driver and with a man whose baby had just won a thousand-dollar prize contest. I saw the automobiles dropping, one every minute or so, from the end of a production line.

The newspaper editor gave me an excellent understanding of the excitements that whip Detroit: the two million dollars they were giving in cash every month to the unemployed (until the influx of parasites became a problem that the industrial leaders had to stop)—the population that swelled from 285,000 in 1900 to 1,420,000 thirty-one years later—the city park that was given over to the Communists, for them to spout their aimless disaffections—the necessity for providing the best free education in the world, to prevent the incoming swarms of European workers from inundating the basic American scheme.

Detroit lives by activity, the swift and positive activity of its automobile factories, the turbulent flow of life that is hardly less swift. It seems less a city—a fixed and ordered spot upon the earth—than a gathering together of immense forces. These forces, of course, are irresistible, and out of their excess of energy they have built an excellent library, a fine arts building that is a thing of quality. The great towers, too, seem to be offshoots of that incalculable force.

But I do not pretend to know Detroit. One cannot know so intangible a thing as a detached and invisible energy that flings a handsome city up against the sky in two decades. I left it a little breathless, still wondering what the people there might be like when they indulged in that engaging vice called repose.

It is impossible, of course, to leave the Iron Empire without talking of Chicago. I am there now, and the sum of my growing amazement must be totaled up a little later.

Editor's Note: Chicago, the Urgent City, capital of the Iron Empire, is mirrored in the next installment of "Land of the Pilgrims' Pride"—in McCull's for March.

IN THE PULPIT

[Continued from page 21]

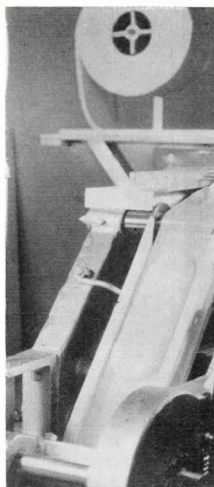
and the final wisdom is to do with zest and joy the little we can do. Why do the little that remains with eagerness and delight? Because in doing it we develop and illustrate the highest possible quality, the willingness to serve. There is nothing more pathetic, nothing more heroic, than the faithful doing of the little that one can do to make the world better and kinder. I admire the scholar in his prime whose books are on my shelves; but I reverse

the spent scholar who uses the little daylight left to add one last item of fact to our store of knowledge.

"Spiritual vision can so transform old age that it shall be the best of life, and make even the last years—the years of decay—a benediction. Men dread old age, and even the aged themselves fear it. This is a wrong attitude, and means a loss of the ripest wisdom of life. And beyond old age? Well, youth is for faith; old age is for trust."



Made in factories where the very air is washed every two minutes. White as new snow. Rolls of Kotex filler feed themselves into glistening machines, where they are carefully shaped and cut into pads.



This Kotex hospital gauze might well wear a gold medal, it's had to pass so many rigid inspections. Now it embraces the snowy filler . . . and on it goes . . . folded, packed, without aid of one human hand!



Nurses and doctors, surrounding every move with scrupulous sanitation, dispense Kotex to patients in America's great hospitals. More than twenty-four million pads were so used last year, alone.

it's an unthinkable
 compromise for her
 to sacrifice the known immaculacy
 of genuine KOTEX

WHO KNOWS—who can say what hazards and risks have been removed from women's lives because of genuine Kotex? Dangers once invited . . . now a thing of the past. Embarrassment, even humiliations, gone. And health carefully protected at times when it is gravely endangered, because this sanitary protection *is* sanitary. Because it *does* protect.

The nameless fear of the unknown, the doubtful; ceaseless experimenting is perhaps as disturbing as the haphazard methods of a bygone day.

What about these countless substitutes? How were they made? Where? By whom? What hands have touched them? Were the materials pure? Tested? Germ-free? You don't know. And unless you *do* know, how can you trust such sanitary protection?

Fortunately, when you ask for Kotex, you

know you are safe. Hospitals, alone, used more than twenty-four million Kotex pads for patients last year.

Study the pictures you see here. Consider the story they tell. A story of cleanliness, sanitation, safety in every minute phase of the making of Kotex. Every woman who uses sanitary protection should read every word that appears beneath these pictures. Before she buys a sanitary pad, she should ask herself: Is it clean? Is it safe? Is it pure? Am I certain? When she can answer all these questions to her own satisfaction—then—and not before—should she buy.

Can you—can any woman—afford to risk anything less than the scrupulous cleanliness Kotex, and Kotex alone, gives you? Ask for it. Make sure, when buying it wrapped, that you get Kotex.

Never more
 than 35c

Now

KOTEX
 SANITARY NAPKINS

TANGEE



Do men
admire natural
color?
JUST ASK ONE!

Men admire youthful, healthy color. Certainly! They want your lips to look Natural! . . . not a greasy smear of glaring, flashy color!

TANGEE gives that vital glow of freshness, that natural color which is so much in vogue today . . . so admired by men! For TANGEE is based on a marvelous color principle . . . entirely different from any other lipstick! Magically it takes on color after you apply it, . . . and blends perfectly with your own natural, individual coloring, whether blonde, brunette or red-head!

Tangee Gives You Natural Color

TANGEE leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. Its solidified cream base soothes, softens and protects! Permanent, TANGEE stays on all day. No constant making up! Economical, it lasts twice as long as ordinary lipsticks. \$1.

More Used than Ever Before

1931, a year of depression? Not for TANGEE, the World's Most Famous Lipstick, and Rouge! More TANGEE was used in 1930 than in the prosperous days of '29, and even more last year than ever before! Because women like the natural, individual coloring that TANGEE gives!

Decreed by Fashion

Because of this truly natural coloring, TANGEE has been approved by the world's greatest fashion authorities: HARPER'S BAZAAR of New York; LE JARDIN DES MODES, greatest Paris fashion magazine; the SKETCH, and TATLER of London. Also approved by the Bureau of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

Lipstick and Rouge!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of TANGEE LIPSTICK and ROUGE COMPACT for professional and evening use.

NOTE: When you buy, be sure you see the name TANGEE on the package. There is only one TANGEE! Beware of substitutes, and patronize the store that gives you what you ask for!

To Match Tangee Lipstick!



SEND 10¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET!

★ Containing miniature Lipstick, Powder, two Rouges, and "The Art of Make-up"
THE GEORGE W. LUFF CO., DEPT. M-2
417 Fifth Avenue New York
Name _____
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"Mrs. Grundy
is dead — but your
own crowd demands
that you play the social
game according to rules,"
says this leader of
New York's
Younger
Set

WE HAVEN'T been hearing much lately about the wildness and bad manners of the younger generation, for the simple reason that wildness and bad manners have gone completely out of fashion. Young people today are as anxious as anybody to conform to the rules observed by all well-bred people. If they don't—well, it's not the judgment of their elders they have to fear, but of their own set. Once the men and girls of her crowd decide that a girl is "not running true to form" she is criticized, snubbed, and finally dropped.

The editors of McCall's Magazine have asked me to tell its younger readers, who perhaps are soon to go to their first big dance, something about the conventions we youthful New Yorkers observe on that great occasion. Of course no one section of this country has a corner on good breeding, and only because I have gained experience through having been "out" several years, do I venture to give advice now.

The rule about college and school entertaining is: the person who does the inviting makes all the arrangements and pays all the bills for the guest—except traveling expenses. It is exactly like inviting guests to your house; you are not responsible for getting them there, but once they have arrived you,—as host or hostess—must see that they are taken care of and have everything they need.

SO WHEN Jane Vassar invites Billy Yale to her mid-year prom, she arranges for his accommodations and pays for them, just as he does when he asks her up to the Yale prom. Only, when he does the inviting, he must also attend to securing the chaperon and to paying the chaperon's expenses.

It is not the thing for a girl to accept an invitation to a man's college, unless she is quite sure that he has made suitable arrangements for her to be properly lodged and chaperoned. And when he extends his invitation he should let her know that these matters have been taken care of. Sometimes the girls are put up at a fraternity house—sometimes at a hotel. But they must always be in charge of a responsible older woman.

The matter of providing the chaperon may be arranged in a number of different ways. Sometimes a man invites a girl's mother or older sister to come with her. Sometimes he gets his own mother, or some other mature woman relative, to act as chaperon. But the most popular plan today—and

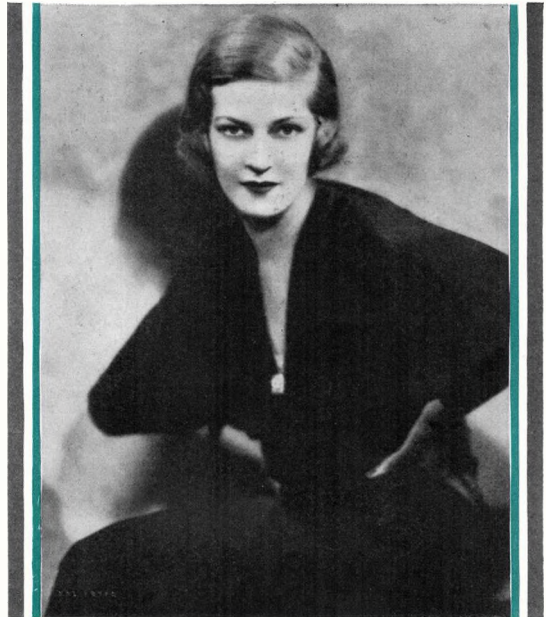


Photo by Hal Phyre

MANNERS FOR MODERNS

By Marjorie Oelrichs

this has the added advantage of being economical for the boys—is for a crowd of boys who know each other to furnish one chaperon to look after all their girls as a group.

Usually it is not regarded as necessary for a chaperon to travel with the girls to the scene of the festivities. If, for instance, a New York girl is invited to a dance at Princeton, she will telephone around and arrange to go down on a train with some of her girl friends who are also going. If, as so often happens nowadays, two or more boys plan to drive their girl guests in a car, Mrs. Grundy has nothing to say—provided the girls' parents approve of the boys. A "double date" serves all the purposes of a chaperon for a great many occasions.

It doesn't do at all for a girl or even a group of girls to go to a college man's "diggings" unaccompanied by an older woman, unless they have been assured that some older woman will be there to receive them. Most college men take the matter of the chaperon very seriously, and are the first to criticize a girl who goes about to college affairs unchaperoned.

IT IS the worst possible judgment for a girl—when no one cuts in—to cling to a man until he is ready to bribe the other stags with five dollar bills waved surreptitiously behind her back. Nothing is so fatal to a girl's chances of having a good time as for men to get the impression that they are likely—as they so elegantly express it—to

get "stuck" with her. If a girl sees that she isn't "going well" at a party, the shrewd thing for her to do is to slip quietly away before the stag line finds out.

The best way to get a good start at a dance is to be either hostess or guest at one of the dinner parties that usually precede every big affair. I know girls who simply will not go to a dance unless they can attend a dinner party and go on to the dance afterwards as a part of a crowd. The men are supposed to see that the girls have a good time by frequently cutting in themselves and by getting the stags to cut in.

AT DANCES at some women's colleges, the girls get their innings. They do the cutting in—and the tables are turned on the men.

Even in the most conservative circles it is now regarded as perfectly proper for a girl to go to a dance with a man. It is assumed, of course, that there will be older people there to uphold the proprieties. The man calls for the girl in his car—if he has one—or brings a hired car or taxi. It is customary for him to send, in advance, a shoulder knot or corsage of flowers for her to wear. If it is a subscription or club affair, he will, of course, have tickets for the dance and supper.

May a girl invite a man to a dance? Yes—when it is given by her college, school, sorority or club. And in that case she buys the tickets. She may even commandeer the family motor if he hasn't a car in which to take her.



TUNE IN on Cream of Wheat radio programs—Angelo Patri over C. B. S. every Thursday and Sunday evening at 8:45 Eastern Time. Jolly Bill and Jane every weekday morning at 7:45 from N. B. C.

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when your baby
is ready for solid food

For more than 36 years baby specialists have approved this pure, safe cereal

Will it agree with him? Will he gain? . . . Questions every mother asks when baby starts on solid food!

Take no chances with *your* baby, Mother! Give Cream of Wheat—the cereal specialists agree is *ideal*.

For over 36 years Cream of Wheat has been the standard, approved cereal for baby. Because it is so rich in energy and weight-building elements, and so easy to digest.

Baby's delicate little stomach handles Cream of Wheat with the greatest ease—and safety. All the harsh, irritating parts of the grain are removed.

Babies gain weight steadily on Cream of Wheat. It has all the elements of a *natural* weight builder.

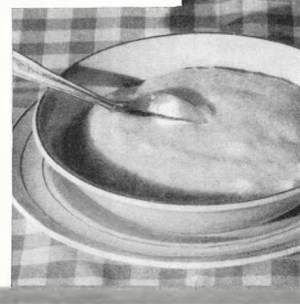
When you buy Cream of Wheat, you are giving your baby a food of highest, purest quality, protected by a triple-sealed box against contamination.

Cream of Wheat costs very little. In every box there are forty generous servings, at little more than half a cent each.

Buy a box of Cream of Wheat for your baby today—and continue it all

through childhood. It is such an easy, inexpensive way to *play safe!*

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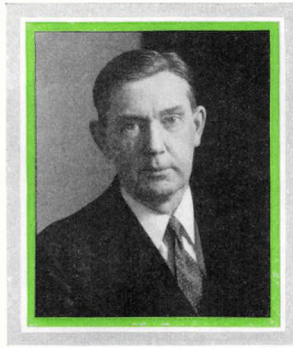
Free—a book on child feeding

New enlarged edition of "The Important Business of Feeding Children"—a booklet of information on correct diets. Just mail coupon to Department G-58, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here



OUR DAILY DIET

Edited by E. V. McCollum, Ph.D., Sc.D.

THE really thrifty woman never economizes when she is buying health for her family. She may serve stew instead of steak and cut down ruthlessly on elaborate desserts, but she'll make sure that her three meals a day include ample quantities of the milk, leafy vegetables and raw fruit, which are such a vital part of the diet. She buys them as cheaply as she can, of course, but she doesn't make the mistake of thinking that something else will do just as well.

There are no substitutes for these *protective foods*—so named because they will correct the faults of almost anything else we are likely to eat. Milk and the leafy vegetables are the only available foods which are rich in calcium; from time immemorial their worth has been recognized. Raw fruits and certain raw vegetables supply the necessary amount of vitamin C—that delicate vitamin which cannot be stored in the body.

These elements, so essential to health, are not supplied by the bread-meat-potato diet which once held undisputed sway over most American dining tables. Bread, meat, and potatoes are excellent foods which have their own part to play in satisfying the body's needs; we must not expect them to do more than their share. It is our responsibility to make sure that they are correctly supplemented by the protective foods.

MILK: One quart a day for every child, and a quart or a pint for every adult—that's our safety quota. Whenever desired, evaporated milk can replace bottled milk. This is an economical form of *whole* milk and it has the added advantage of being absolutely sterile. Malted milk, plain or flavored, mixed with water or milk, makes an appetizing and nutritious beverage.

Many men have a notion that it isn't dignified to drink milk. Fortunately, they (or anyone else) can get their daily supply in

Dr. McCollum's crusade to popularize the protective diet stands as one of the great scientific contributions; over a period of years these simple foods have had a remarkable influence on the efficiency and well-being of our nation. This article tells how the protective diet can safeguard your health and prolong your youth

cream soups, creamed vegetables, puddings, ice cream, etc. Milk is milk—whether we drink it or eat it.

COOKED LEAFY VEGETABLES: One serving every day. You can take your choice of cabbage, spinach, Brussels sprouts, chard, turnip and beet tops, dandelion and other field greens, kale, asparagus, cauliflower, broccoli, and others. It is simple—with this variety—to serve a leafy vegetable every day without making the diet seem monotonous.

UNCOOKED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES: Two servings every day. Oranges, bananas, and apples are stand-bys, available the year around in most localities. These can be interchanged with pears, peaches, apricots, grapefruit, or whatever fruit is in season. Lettuce, celery, endive, cress, tomatoes, onion, and cabbage are some of the vegetables that are good raw. Lettuce, because of its abundant calcium, deserves special attention. It can be served alone or used as the base for an attractive salad made of fruits or vegetables.

After you have included the protective foods in your daily diet you can let your taste dictate: if you have favorite foods, eat them. The protective diet, remember, is not a complete bill of fare. To keep healthy and youthful we must have a *balanced* diet, carefully planned to include everything our body needs for growth and upkeep.



A celebrity poses for its picture: here we see the PROTECTIVE DIET, famous guardian of our health, divided into its three parts. Every day every one of us should have a quart of milk—adults can get along with a pint—(suggestions on the top shelf); one serving of a cooked leafy vegetable (suggestions on the middle shelf); and two servings of uncooked fruits or vegetables (suggestions on the bottom shelf)

Your pies... Your biscuits...

will taste so much better when you use

ARMOUR'S STAR PURE LARD



WHETHER it be tablespoonsful for shortening, or a kettleful for frying, the results will be perfect with Armour's Star Pure Lard.

Armour's Star Pure Lard is a recognized standard for reliability. It is famous for its purity and smooth, snowy, creamy richness. Above all, it imparts a delicate flavor to everything with which it is used. It's a flavor that you can depend upon every time you use Armour's Star Pure Lard—a goodness no other shortening gives. You can obtain Armour's Star Pure Lard in two, four, and eight pound pails, or in the handy one-pound carton.

When you see a store that sells Armour Foods, buy with confidence. For Armour Foods are of highest quality.

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ARMOUR HIGHEST QUALITY FOODS

"BETTER BUY ARMOUR'S AND BE SURE"



(Left) Armour's Fixed Flavor Star Bacon—new and different in flavor—always tender and mild.

(Right) Armour's Fixed Flavor Star Ham—a taste-sensation everywhere.

Get acquainted with these other Armour *highest quality* Foods—Armour's Full Cream Cloverbloom Butter, Cheese, Eggs, and Poultry; Armour's Veribest Canned Meats; Armour's Fresh Meats—beef, veal, pork, and lamb.



LISTEN TO THE ARMOUR HOUR

An outstanding musical program every Friday night over any of 36 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—9:30 P.M., Eastern Standard; 8:30 P.M., Central Standard; 7:30 P.M., Mountain Time; 6:30 P.M., Pacific Time. Armour and Company, Chicago.

THE LABEL SAYS IT...THE FLAVOR SHOUTS IT... HEINZ BEANS ARE BAKED!



WHAT A DIFFERENCE BAKING MAKES!

ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES OF HEINZ FOOD PRODUCTS

It's probably news to you—it is to nearly everyone—but most of the so-called baked beans aren't baked at all. They're really steamed or boiled.

Before you say "Impossible!" look on the label of the brand you use. Unless you find the word "Baked" on the label, those beans *aren't* baked!

You can tell real *baked* beans by the label—and by the flavor! Just try Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans! They're tender and light and plump—their golden-brown goodness blended with a thick, delicious sauce. Between them and steamed or boiled beans there's all the difference that there is between a crisp-skinned, flaky baked potato and a boiled potato.

Yes, Heinz Beans are baked—actually baked in ovens by the special Heinz method. This oven-baking makes beans wonderfully light and digestible—brings out the full flavor—lets the sauce permeate through and through as butter permeates a baked potato. One mouthful of Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans—and you'll never be satisfied with any other brand!

You can get Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans in four tempting styles. Two styles with tomato sauce—with pork and without. Then there is Boston Style—with pork and a rich molasses sauce. Lastly, Baked Red Kidney Beans in a savory sauce—ready to serve.

Try all four styles. You can get them in con-

venient sizes. They'll lend variety—give a new thrill to that good old favorite—baked beans. But to be sure of getting real *baked* beans, insist upon Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans!

CORN AND KIDNEY BEANS

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 1 medium can Heinz Oven-Baked Kidney Beans | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1 medium-size can corn | 1 egg |
| 1 green pepper | 3 tablespoons grated cheese |
| | Few fine buttered bread crumbs |

Mix the beans, corn, green pepper, minced finely, salt and the egg, well beaten. Pour into a buttered baking dish, sprinkle top with cheese and a layer of buttered crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven for 30 to 45 minutes.

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ONLY REAL BAKED BEANS CAN BE LABELED "BAKED"



BOSTON STYLE—
WITH PORK

WITH TOMATO SAUCE—
AND PORK

IN TOMATO SAUCE—
WITHOUT MEAT—"VEGETARIAN"

RED KIDNEY BEANS—
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COURAGE ON REQUEST

[Continued from page 28]

is explained and the reasons given, they can understand and carry out, if they have any capacity to act and to understand at all.

Often the stubbornness of children is due to their mystification as to what is expected of them, rather than to contrariness. Or perhaps it is more exact to say that their confusion of mind has made them contrary. Therefore, in such an unusual financial emergency as we now face, the explanations should be detailed. The children should understand that bad business is not the father's fault—that the ablest economists do not agree on the reason for it. They should know that the money coming in is exactly so and so. It is no more and it may be less. So much must be paid for this, so much for that. And perhaps nothing at all for some luxuries to which they are accustomed. *The main problem is how to keep the family life intact and its members happy.*

In this connection I have often been asked if I did not think it inexcusable to allow young children to attend movies where they watch irresponsible gangsters, or ridiculous "comics" go through their antics. It is one of those tiresome questions which must be answered by "it depends." By all means give them something better, if possible. But I believe that even a poor movie is *powerless against a serene home.*

I HARDLY think that the screen under-world can do much harm to a child securely wedged between a father who wants distraction but can afford no higher-priced amusement, and a wholesome mother who has determined neither to leave her child in an empty house, nor to force her husband to take his frugal pleasures alone. The children will be better off with her at a crime movie than studying Shakespeare under a cloud of family sulks. Against the bulwark of their mother's serenity, sincerity, and if possible, her jollity, the crime wave—whether of the alley or on the screen—beats in vain.

I might even make this more emphatic by saying that children, as I see them, are not spoiled by the movies, but by their mothers; and that more of them are started on the downward path because of a quarrelsome supper table, than from all the gangsters and movies combined. How did the gangsters themselves get started on their evil ways? I have known a few, and I can tell you. They left home as young fellows and refused to go back because of discord in the family. Rather than listen to quarrels, mostly about money, they took to the streets and sought any company they could find that was good natured.

I would suggest that if ever a wife has a righteous cause, a real complaint, a valid criticism, that she should not air it before the family in the evening, nor allow the children to do so. I have known resourceful women to store up, during the day, topics for their evening meal exactly as they

would for a state banquet. No dinner table in the world can be more formidable than one's own, when it is surrounded by restless children and a discouraged father.

Write your conversational subjects, if need be, on your napkin, your apron, or your cuff! But keep the table talking on pleasant matters. Every laugh is worth a dollar. And enough of them will hold your child.

IN MANY ways the present crisis calls for the same qualities that we learned to use in war-time. And for those who are too young to remember, let me say that there were certain days when we went without fuel, and others without gasoline. Moreover, every day we were asked to cut short our supply of sugar, of white bread; of butter, and of bacon. It was considered yellow to complain of these restrictions. So we pulled on a sweater when the house got cold, learned not to overeat, and most of us survived!

Why not face the situation with the same cheerful endurance? If we cannot go out, invite our friends in. The chances are that they are as badly off as we. If the housework gets too heavy, fold half the extras away. There will be less to clean. Change parties into picnics. If we can't have chicken and ice cream, let's have doughnuts and coffee instead. Ingenious entertainment may be harder to think up than conventional amusements, but it seldom costs as much. And it is easier for ten people to be jolly in a kitchen, than it is for them to be hilarious in a hall.

I would make one final suggestion to those married women whose family fortunes are at their lowest. Many of them could probably help their husbands financially as well as otherwise if they only thought so. There are countless odd jobs to be done that regular salaried women have not time for, and that entirely unskilled women cannot do. The very poor married women have always worked for wages. The very rich do not have to. But between these extremes are many married women who could help out with nursing, with catering and canning, with the care of children. They might substitute in the schools where they once taught, in the office where they once worked, at the piano where they once gave lessons.

IN ANY event, it is for the women to keep the country out of the emotional doldrums. Just *how* they do it, is for them to decide calmly and stick to with a cheerful courage.

Thousands of family women have looked wistfully out of their windows at the world of affairs and have sighed for a chance to do great things. Here is their opportunity. It rests with them to prove that there is still some vitality in the American home, and that *even under the clouds of this depression the family does not fall apart but draws closer together, and declines to be depressed!*

"Ozite made even our old rugs so soft...we seem to sink into them ankle-deep"



SOFT and "downy" underfoot—rugs that yesterday were thin and ordinary. Family and friends notice the change at once. And husbands bless the quiet that Ozite brings.

All without really *costing* you a penny—because Ozite pays for itself by DOUBLING THE LIFE OF YOUR RUGS.

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A SWELL PARTY

TAKE my advice and have that gay little book PARTY GAMES on hand for your February parties. Send thirty cents in stamps to

THE SERVICE EDITOR

McCall's, Dayton, Ohio



Do as your dentist does— when he cleans your teeth



use
Powder

Powder Cleans and Whitens Teeth—as nothing else can

THERE is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life. Free

from all grit or pumice, it cannot possibly scratch, or injure the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Neutralizes Acids

As a neutralizer in Acid Mouth conditions, it is more than twice as effective as Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs, only half as much, to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.



In use over 60 years

Dr. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

OFFICIALLY SIXTEEN

[Continued from page 19]

"Too bad!" Stella sympathized. "I'd lend you one of mine, but it wouldn't do to have twins arrive a half mile apart."

As she worked away on her cards, the deception weighed heavily on Mary Lee. She really should tell Dr. Crawford, if for no other reason than because Josefina and Fidel were being deprived of his attention. But what if Dr. Crawford proved to be one of those stern, letter-of-the-law people? Josefina's abject terror for herself and her baby might be justified. No—they were progressing beautifully, and she would watch them herself with extra care.

She debated the question so long that it was nine o'clock before she noticed that the other nurses had gone. She began to work on her neglected records.

"Mary Lee—" Mrs. Merrill interrupted her belated haste—"be a good child and answer my phone while I slip out for a cup of coffee. I overslept and missed my breakfast."

MARY LEE nodded. When the door closed behind Mrs. Merrill, she was acutely conscious of that other closed door. It was a week since her encounter with Terry. She passed him occasionally in the halls—a palpitating instant in which she murmured something and he responded with a smile so hearty that it left Mary Lee utterly confused.

What if he should come in now? Mary Lee considered it with cautious vigilance. She was by herself, she would have to do and say something—what? Inspiration! She would act perfectly natural, just as if nothing had happened—treat him with casual, friendly courtesies.

The door squeaked behind her. She seized her pen hastily.

"Mrs. Merrill—" Terry was looking at the paper in his hand as he entered—"will you please order—" He stopped.

Mary Lee was acting perfectly natural, her gaze glued on the card before her, her cheeks a bright pink, while she scribbled away frantically. Terry regarded her with quiet determination. Silence hung in the air as he approached the desk.

"Miss Pennington," he smiled, "I'm terribly sorry I got my prescriptions mixed the last time we met. But I think the patient is going to live and I'd like to try again."

Mary Lee looked up, then her gaze went back to her work. She had written, not wisely but too well—"Carmen Perez, measles, mumps, whooping cough, chicken pox, yellow jaund—" Terry followed her horrified stare to the card. He picked it up and studied it critically.

"That's a terribly complicated case, Miss Mary Lee." He shook his head gravely. "You should have reported it immediately." But his face was convulsed with mirth.

The flush on Mary Lee's cheeks became a painful scarlet. He was laughing at her. Any man would at such a revelation of antique maidenly confusion. In the midst of her hot embarrassment there was suddenly a cool spot of defensive rage. She ripped the card to bits with steady fingers and faced Terry.

"Dr. Crawford," she suggested evenly, "I have work to do. Will you please give me your message for Mrs. Merrill?"

"Thrown out!" he ejaculated mournfully, but his eyes were amused—and purposeful.

"I'm waiting," Mary Lee reminded him briefly.

"And the door banged behind me! Oh, well—" Terry moved toward his private office judiciously—"so long as you don't call in another doctor you're still my case, I take it, as you—haven't—" he reminded her through the narrowing crack of his door—"dismissed me!"

The door closed. Mary Lee gazed at it in blind misery. Every single time she met him, something had to happen. Something that made her seem a priggish, ridiculous fool. "And that," Mary Lee whispered to herself fiercely, "is one thing I can't bear!"

For a week thereafter she occupied herself with her work. But it wasn't enough. There was always a surplus of poignant emotion that not even the most engrossing little Mexican could exhaust. And whenever she realized this, she grew dejected, abandoned her efforts—and thought about Terry. Then her mortified, miserable reflections badgered her around a circle to the Mexicans again.

It was early the following week that she discovered that the small Fidel was ailing. A slight fever, a little fretful wail, and his black-button eyes dull with pain. It might be some ordinary infantile disturbance, or it might be something very serious. Mary Lee wished with a sharp anxiety that Dr. Crawford could see him. She told Josefina so at last, reluctantly.

Josefina wept long and loud, beating her hands together helplessly. Manuela shook her head, uttering evil prophecies. The doctor would tell, the officers would come—

"Hush! Hush!" Mary Lee implored wearily. She released the tiny hot hand and consulted her watch. Two-thirty. Dr. Crawford was out on calls, he would not be in the City Hall until four-thirty. "I'll give the baby an hour or two," she reassured hastily. "I'll be back, and we'll see how he is then, but if he isn't better—" She left the rest unsaid.

She finished her district and returned at four-thirty. Her second examination was brief and her decision (unexpressed) prompt. She drove recklessly to the City Hall. The Nurses' Room was deserted. What if Dr. Crawford had gone, too? Mary Lee caught her breath as she pounded at his door. It flew open.

"Well, well!" he greeted her. "Why all the emphasis? Have you come to dismiss me?" Then, abruptly—in a grave tone—"What is it, Mary Lee?"

HE CLOSED the door and Mary Lee clung to his arm. She didn't know she did it, but Terry did, and he looked down at her with a curious expression.

Her story was incoherent, but it covered the main point—Fidel was sick. And she answered Terry's quick, definite questions with automatic accuracy. The tense apprehension inside her was abruptly snapped.

"Your car is outside?" he asked. Mary Lee nodded. "How soon can you come?"

"At once," he said promptly. A few minutes later Dr. Crawford held the distressed Fidel in his hands and examined him carefully.

"What have you fed him?" he demanded suddenly of Josefina.

Stricken, Josefina looked at the floor. She had fed him frijoles—but only a little taste.

Terry turned to Mary Lee with mingled resignation and exasperation. "Drive to the nearest drug store and

[Continued on page 58]

BETTY BUSTS THE BANK

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1 BUT I DON'T LIKE MILK!

YOU WILL WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH IT!

2 HUSH! A TEASPOONFUL OF INSTANT POSTUM AND A CUP OF HOT MILK, LOOK!

I WON'T!

3 WHY IT'S GOLDEN BROWN—NOT LIKE MILK AT ALL—(NAME)—SOME!

HERE YOU ARE—DRINK THE TREAT—IT'S YOUR YOUNG LIFE!

4 YAH—MILK—I DON'T LIKE MILK—BUT I LIKE MILK—BUT NOT—

I TOLD YOU SO, AND DRINKING IT WILL MAKE YOU GROW, YOU KNOW!

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I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me _____ (without any obligation, one week's supply of INSTANT POSTUM . . . Child (prepared usually in the cup) POSTUM CEREAL . . . For (prepared by boiling)

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"SICK HEADACHE"

It is not necessary to give-in to that headache. It's a bit old-fashioned! The modern woman who feels a headache coming on at any time, takes some tablets of Bayer Aspirin and heads it off.

Keep Bayer Aspirin handy, and keep your engagements. Headaches, systemic pains, come at inconvenient times. So do colds. You can end them before they're fairly started if you'll only remember this handy, harmless form of relief. Carry it in your purse and insure your comfort shopping; your evening's pleasure at the theatre. Those annoying, nagging aches that bring a case of "nerves" by day are ended in a jiffy. Pains that once kept people home

are forgotten half an hour after you have taken two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin!

The more serious your suffering, the more these tablets will help. If you get real aspirin, you'll get real relief. In every package of genuine Bayer tablets are proven directions which cover headaches, colds, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica and similar suffering.

The tablets stamped Bayer won't fail you, and can't harm you. They don't depress the heart. They don't upset the stomach. So take them whenever you need them, and take enough to end the pain.

BAYER ASPIRIN



OFFICIALLY SIXTEEN

[Continued from page 56]

get this stuff—" He was scribbling on a piece of paper. "I think we can have him easy in a few minutes. By the way, how old is he?"

It was Mary Lee's turn to look stricken. "Less than a month," she replied, in a muffled voice.

Terry's pen remained suspended while he stared at her. Then sharply, insistently: "Exactly how old is he, Miss Pennington?"

There was a long silence, and then Mary Lee looked up. Instantly the expression in Terry's eyes, whatever it had been, vanished. He gave his entire attention to the prescription.

"Take this—" he handed it to Mary Lee—"and wait until it is filled. Bring these also." He handed her a short list.

He was looking at her now, but not in displeasure, nor in anger. His eyes held a deep, steeled regret.

Mary Lee wanted to cry. "I didn't do this to avoid you—I did it to protect Fidel!"

But she said nothing. What was the use? Some hideous, maliciously humorous fate juggled every encounter she had with this man.

At the door she paused. "Dr. Crawford—" She hesitated, looked at the list and prescription, and said, in a low tone: "I'm sorry, but I haven't the money to pay for this."

"You haven't the money?" He repeated her words blankly. "Here—" He fumbled in his pocket and handed her a bill.

When she had gone, it occurred to him that there was much he didn't know about Mary Lee—practically everything, in fact. Why was the stubborn, blue-eyed enigma going around with no money in her pockets?

Then he remembered the unrecorded Fidel and his lips tightened sternly.

TERRY and Mary Lee made the return drive to the City Hall in silence. They had left a placid Fidel with his properly scolded and grateful mother and his great-aunt, who still had private convictions on the subject of *frijoles*.

The janitor was dragging his buckets down the hall when Terry opened the door of the Health Department.

"Clean the Tax Collector's offices first, Pedro," Terry ordered. "Miss Pennington and I will be busy in here for a while."

Mary Lee followed him with a sinking heart into his private office.

"I'll tender my resignation, Dr. Crawford—" she began bravely, but her voice trailed off and she stared at the bare shelves, where the quarantine cards had been stacked. She couldn't explain, and she was sure that he wouldn't believe that her motives had been impersonal.

He sat down at his desk, dazed. He had hoped with a hope that he wouldn't admit to himself that there was some extenuating reason. Surely she wasn't going to walk out, penniless and jobless, without advancing it. Even if her aversion went that deep—he pulled himself together in stunned calmness—he couldn't let her do it.

"As your chief, I'm entitled to some explanation," he suggested evenly, "of your insubordination. In justice to us both, I want it."

Mary Lee looked at him. Suddenly she achieved composure. In a quiet,

unemotional voice she related the facts—facts only. Fidel had been born on the sixth. No—she had not recorded his birth.

"But why," he probed, "didn't you report it? You knew the regulations."

Yes, she knew the regulations, and she had violated them.

"As much as you think of the little cuss, you were willing to risk his being deported as an alien just to—" he broke off and finished to himself—"just to avoid me."

"But you don't understand."

"Yes—I think I understand," he contradicted quietly.

"But that doesn't alter the fact that you were jeopardizing Fidel's rights as an American-born child—and all the work of

this department and the Immigration Service to protect them for him."

Mary Lee's face whitened as realization of the enormity of her offense grew. "I haven't—haven't permanently hurt his rights, have I?" she asked in a flat little voice.

"No—you haven't hurt Fidel," he affirmed, with stony emphasis.

SHE looked at him swiftly. There were tired lines around his eyes and his mouth. Through the blur of her own misery there came a swift discovery. The thing she had done had not angered him—it had hurt.

"You think I did it to avoid you?" He nodded.

"I did it only because—" her voice shook, but her resolution held firm as she went on—"only because Josefa and Manuela said the officers would deport him."

"Josefa and Manuela thought *frijoles* were good for him, too," he reminded her, grimly incredulous.

"No, Mary Lee, you couldn't have such faith in their judgment—you know them too well. I'd like to think your devotion to them could carry you to such an extreme, *but I can't!*" The last words were sharply shaded. It betrayed him like a gasp of pain.

"But you must believe it, Terry—you must!" Mary Lee answered the challenge in a reckless effort to lessen his unhappiness.

"Why must I?" He rose abruptly and stood facing her. She was close to him—the old fear had ebbed and a new fear had risen, exquisite, traitorously sweet.

"Why must I?" he insisted softly, encouragingly.

"I couldn't hurt your feelings deliberately, Terry." Her voice wavered, but her gaze clung to his.

"Go on!" He caught her in his arms exultantly. "You've gotten this far—tell it all!"

Mary Lee did. "Because I love you," she said simply.

"For a timid little thing, Mary Lee—" Terry was still holding her close when he said it—"you put up a powerful defense. You browbeat me. You snubbed me. You put me out of the Nurses' Room. And when you finally had me cowed and heartbroken, you even—"

"Proposed!" Mary Lee admitted. "But you see, Terry, I forgot—I felt so terribly sorry for you."

He held her tighter. "I see," he agreed. "You're Mary Lee, and the Lord won't ever need to worry about anyone, when you feel sorry for him!"





Why do doctors of standing use only liquids to obtain surgical cleanliness of the skin? See pore-diagram for proof that doctors' standard of cleanliness brings fresh, young beauty to dry and ageing skins . . .

After 789 skin analyses a great New York skin specialist reported: "Ambrosia cleanses well and deeply. Ambrosia Cream is beneficial for all dry and sensitive skins." Face feels smoother, silkier immediately.

Doctor refuses \$25 consultation fee *Tells woman simply to cleanse pores*

Skin showing signs of "critical age" needs only thorough cleansing—microscope proves it

Doctor explains why medical profession uses only liquid solvents for surgical cleanliness

Worried by signs of "critical age," she consulted one of New York's leading skin specialists.

"You don't need me," he told her. "What you need is thorough, pore-deep cleansing. Stop using a greasy cleanser. You think it cleans your skin but actually it pushes impurities deeper into the pores.

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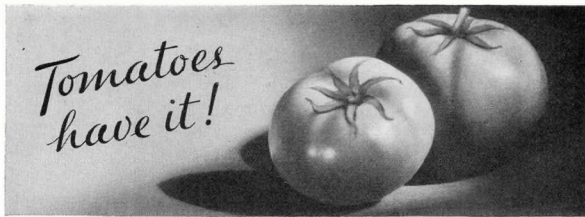
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IT'S NEVER THE SAME

[Continued from page 17]

Aline lived in a rather small apartment in a very expensive neighborhood. It was on the top floor of a house overlooking the river, and had a little balcony that was perfect on summer evenings.

When Stanley dropped in about eight o'clock, she and Hughie were in the living room, playing bear. Aline was on her knees in front of the fireplace, pretending to growl, while Hughie danced wildly in front of her. Stanley stood for a moment watching them, and presently she looked up and said: "Come on and play with us."

But Hughie wouldn't play any more. He became suddenly silent and watchful. "Aren't you saying good evening to Stanley, Hughie?" Aline asked, but he only stared expressionlessly, saying nothing.

"Hughie seems to have gone away," Aline said brightly. She and Stanley sat down opposite each other and began to talk.

Suddenly Hughie burst into tears. "I don't want—I don't want—" he sobbed, flinging himself into his mother's lap and beating on her knees with his fists.

"If she'd give him one good wallop!" thought Stanley, but Aline only said, gravely, "I don't believe you're very well, darling. And you know little boys who aren't well have to be put to bed."

STANLEY was so exasperated that he got up and went out on the little balcony. A quarter of an hour later Aline stepped out beside him. "I think he really isn't very well. He isn't himself at all." She sat down opposite him and for a little while they were silent. Underneath them the valley dropped steeply to the river and in the gathering darkness the garden slopes on the opposite hill, the square white houses, the viaduct with its tiny, distantly moving shapes, merged and became part of the vast unplanned tenderness of twilight.

"It's nice up here," said Stanley. His irritation of a few minutes ago was forgotten. It was suddenly perfect to be with her again. "And just this morning I was wanting to get away from the city."

"You love the Point, don't you?" He nodded, "I'm happier there, more myself, than any place, I guess."

"I'll miss you," she reminded him. They drifted into a silence that was perfect because they accepted it from each other as a tribute to their quiet understanding.

"Why couldn't you come up to the Point with us next month?" he said suddenly. "Lou and I were talking about it yesterday." He added, "You and Hughie."

"To the Point?" She was silent a moment. Then, "I'd love to," she murmured. "You're so sweet to me, Stan. And after what I did to you! You must have wanted to kill me!"

"I did for a while. But it wasn't your fault. You were only a kid."

"Nineteen," she said sadly, and added, "A girl of nineteen shouldn't be left alone with her own life, any more than a baby with a box of matches."

Her hand lay on the couch between them, smooth and curved and slender. He took it and kissed it, holding it against his lips. And for a long time they sat there, saying nothing, hand in hand among the stars. Up at the Point, he was thinking, there would be long summer days like this, a part of life perfectly recaptured from the past. . . . There was, of course, Hughie. But Lou would look after Hughie, he

thought with that practical part of the mind that works so oddly apart from consciousness.

The Venns went up to the Point early in June and Aline and Hughie arrived two weeks later. Stanley met them at the station with the runabout.

Aline gave him both her hands. "Oh, what a beautiful sunburn!" she cried, and impetuously kissed him. "Are there natives to be shocked?"

"Place is thick with them," Stanley said. "Let's shock them plenty."

"You said there'd be a motor-car," wailed Hughie, tugging at her hand.

Louise and Mary and Petie were just coming up from the lake as they drove up. Aline kissed Louise with real human compassion, because she looked so forlorn in her sagging bathing suit. Mary came up and said, "Hello. Hello, you're Hughie, aren't you? Where's the catawba, Stan?"

"On the shelf behind the soft-water pail last time I saw it," Stanley answered, and Mary vanished into the cottage.

They followed her, Stanley carrying Petie. When they weren't looking he pressed his cheek against Petie's smooth wet face.

"Oh, what an enormous room!" cried Aline. It was a big living room, partitioned at one side into three sleeping cubicles. "And what a marvelous fireplace!"

"It smokes rather," Louise said, and led her to the end cubicle.

Stanley came and thrust Aline's suitcase inside the partition. "Just time for a swim before supper!"

In the next cubicle Aline heard him drop one shoe, then the other, joyfully on the floor. "Oh, Lou, where're my other trunks?"

"They're on the line." "Get 'em for me, will you? I'm not—"

"All right, just a minute. Oh, Petie darling, not the drinking water!"

On the other side of the partition, Aline paused in her unpacking and faintly wrinkled her nose.

YOU know, darling, you're an awful fool!" Mary said, staring at her sister-in-law in half-exasperated despair. Lou wore an old khaki suit, shirt and trousers, and worn canvas sneakers. Her dark bang was awry. "Is she going to get away with everything? She comes chiseling in here—"

"She didn't chisel in I invited her."

"Well, you were crazy, if you ask me," Mary replied. "Don't you mind?"

"Of course I mind," Lou said sharply. Then she looked at Mary with a half-conciliatory smile. "I know perfectly well that I ought to be smooth and managing and ever so bright and talky, the way they do in plays—"

"All right," Mary said, "why don't you?"

"I'd feel such a fool!" Lou's face, with its odd irregularity of line, was for a moment a little girl's face, honestly shy. "You know the place where he says, 'Dear one, it was you, you, you, all the time? I'd want to crawl under the sofa.'"

Mary shook her head. "You can't bear to spoil things for him, that's the trouble." She was half-exasperated, half-tender. "Stan's beautiful garden of love! If necessary you wouldn't mind winding up the nightingale for them, and hanging out the moon. I never saw anything like you!"

To be alone with her like this, rocking between two depths of starry darkness, was like a perfect moment in a

[Continued on page 62]

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IT'S NEVER THE SAME

[Continued from page 60]

dream. The sounds on shore faded. Even Hughie's crying was but a far nocturnal murmur. Stanley slid the canoe around the point and stopped paddling.

"I was trying yesterday to think what color your eyes were."

"Green—as envy."

"No, they're no color I ever saw before. They keep changing."

"You make me feel so beautiful, Stan."

"You are beautiful. You're the loveliest person in the world."

She was silent. Then, "Stan!" she said softly.

He laid down the paddle, leaned over and, turning up the palms of her hands, put his face against them.

After a moment she said, "Stan, darling, would you mind very much paddling back around the point?"

He straightened abruptly, took up the paddle and swung the canoe about. "Just so I can hear," she urged, and added in a moment, "Now you're angry, aren't you?"

The implacable matter-of-factness of women. No dream, no moment of unreality, was safe from them. After a moment he said, "Hughie's all right. Lou's looking after him. You worry altogether too much about him. You know, Aline, you sort of spoil Hughie."

She wasn't angry, only amused. "Spoil Hughie! Stan, this from you! And tonight at supper when you said that Petie couldn't have a sandwich biscuit, that he had to have the plain kind, and Petie cried—"

He thrust the canoe forward, brought it sharply around the point of land. Far across the bay the light from the cottage set down a flickering streamer into the water. He pointed the canoe toward the light.

"Stan, do you remember that night six years ago on Lake of Bays?" He nodded, remembering it perfectly—a night like this. Presently his paddling slackened, and they again drifted out across the lake.

ALINE found it difficult to get accustomed to Stanley in this setting. When they were alone together, he seemed the Stanley she had always known, romantic, moody, isolated as one in a wistful dream. She had fancied him withdrawn, living almost entirely in their own little world. It was curious to find him so actively, at times so violently, the center of the world of Mary, Louise and Petie.

He was rather absurd, too, about Petie. There was the morning when she and Stanley had heard Hughie and Petie fighting on the beach, and hurried down to discover Petie on his back, with Hughie on top of him, yelling: "Don't be a cry baby!" Petie was scarlet, his mouth wide open for the roar he couldn't find breath for. Aline couldn't help laughing, but Stanley strode forward and, snatching Hughie away, picked up the gasping Petie.

Then Hughie roared and Aline stopped laughing. "Hughie isn't accustomed to being treated that way."

"Neither is Petie!" Stanley retorted, and laying Petie tenderly on his shoulder, stalked back to the cottage.

They were ashamed of themselves in five minutes. It depressed them to have the golden boy-and-girl quality of their relationship turned into something sharp, commonplace and adult. So they pretended it hadn't happened and went out together in the canoe.

And the sky grew tender and young once more, and time withdrew as it always did when they were alone together, revealing them unchanged.

FOR almost a week they had perfect weather. Then one morning they awoke to rain on the roof. It rained all day. The cottage was stifling, but every time the door was opened a cold, spray-wet wind blew in from the lake. Stanley spent the morning mending his minnow net, Louise knitted, Mary manicured her nails, and Aline went back to her cubicle and wrapped herself in a quilt. At intervals they came together to arbitrate between Hughie and Petie. All except Mary, who remained exasperatingly neutral.

They were beleaguered with water, shut in a prison with mile-thick walls. "It's like being founded in a submarine," Mary said. They had begun the day with a sort of ironical resignation, and they ended it on the note of enduring civility which is itself the warning of civility's end. At eight o'clock everyone went to bed.

They woke to sunshine, washed thin by water. "Well, it's over," they said happily. But before eight o'clock the rain had closed in once more.

Lou and Aline washed the breakfast dishes. They had scarcely a word to say to each other. Once Aline said, politely, "Would you mind—just so I can have a clean place for the knives and forks—" Afterward Mary and Lou played pinocle and Aline took Hughie and went back to her cubicle. But Hughie was as wild as a pony and in a moment or two he was back in the living room.

When Aline heard Petie scream, she thought at first it was Hughie, and she was almost instantly in the front room. Lou had Petie in her arms, and Stanley, his face perfectly white, had Hughie by the shoulders. "You little—"

Aline had never felt anger like this before. "Don't you touch him! Don't you dare!"

"Did you see what he did?" Stanley shouted. "He got Petie's fingers in the crack of the door—"

"He didn't," she said; "he'd never—"

"He did. And he's going to get what's coming—"

"If you touch him I'll kill you," she said, and wrenching his hand from Hughie's shoulder, she flung it away, violently, loathingly, as if she were flinging it away forever. Then, gathering up Hughie, she fled to her cubicle.

Outside everything grew very quiet. "Get the iodine, will you, Mary?" Lou said in a quick, matter-of-fact voice. "It's in our room on the shelf beside the ginger ale box."

Aline sat on the camp cot, with Hughie gripped to her side. She heard Stanley cross the floor and ask in a husky voice, "Is he all right?" and Lou's, "Not as bad as it might have been. He'll probably lose some finger nails."

Petie's walls dropped to sobbing. Stanley tramped back and forth. Presently he said, "I'm going out," and in a moment the door shut behind him.

Aline got up and went into the living room, Hughie following behind her. She said with an effort, "Is Petie—I hope he isn't badly hurt."

"He's better now," Lou answered. She felt suddenly sorry for Aline. But she avoided looking at Hughie.

[Continued on page 65]



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IT'S NEVER THE SAME

[Continued from page 62]

There was a long silence. Then Aline said, "I wonder if I hadn't—I think perhaps I'd better take Hughie home."

Mary was shuffling cards at the end of the table. "There's a train at four-thirty," she remarked.

Aline flushed. Lou said quickly, "That's absurd. At least wait till tomorrow."

She couldn't wait till tomorrow. Tomorrow's train was a lifetime away. She turned to Mary. "Can you drive the car?"

"Oh, rather," Mary said, and glanced at her watch. "Though we ought to leave in twenty minutes."

Lou put Petie down. "At least wait till Stan gets home. He'll feel terribly."

Aline's eyes narrowed, her fingers tightened on Hughie's hand. "Do you think he will?" she said sweetly.

Mary took Lou by the arm. "Come out and help me with the side curtains." Outside she whispered, "I'm going to get her on that four-thirty train, and try and stop me."

LOU watched them drive away and sat down to wait for Stan. He would come striding down the hill, with clean air in his lungs and the forbearance of heaven in his heart, confident as a god, to set his exasperating feminine world to rights. Poor Stan.

But he didn't come down the hill. He came back with Mary in the car. She was at the wheel and he was beside her, his cap pulled over his eyes. They stopped and he got out and went toward the beach.

"I picked him up on the road coming back," Mary said. "When he found out I'd left her at the station, he wanted to drive back and stop her. I went right to the mat with him. I told him among other things that he'd had two real breaks in his life, one when she married Garth and one when you married him, and he'd never had the sense to appreciate either of them."

Louise turned suddenly and started for the door.

"Now don't you spoil things," Mary called after her.

SHE sat down beside him. "Hello," she said gently.

He was silent for a moment. Then, "Look here, Lou, have I been a rotten husband to you?"

"Don't be silly. Of course you haven't."

"You know how things were," he said. "It wasn't as if I'd—why, I'd just as soon think of hurting Petie as hurting you. You—you're—" He couldn't express what she was.

"Oh, well," said Lou, "I wouldn't worry about it."

He spoke bitterly. "It was Hughie who spoiled things." His clouded, angry look met hers. "There's no sense in acting like that. You've got Petie and it doesn't spoil you for everybody else." There was some forlorn comfort in that. "Gosh, Lou, I don't know what I'd do if you were the maternal type."

She didn't answer. But tenderly, consolingly, she put her hand in his.

ON THE STAGE

[Continued from page 21]

Although the idol of the intellectuals, Mr. O'Neill is among the most popular of living playwrights. It may be that posterity will hail him as one of the great of our age. Bets on posterity are always ticklish business. But I cannot restrain myself from an irritation about the current belief that O'Neill has broken new ground for the drama. It is new in the sense that he has returned to modes which have been abandoned.

In drawing-rooms his name is often coupled with that of Shaw and Ibsen. Waving the question as to whether he measures up to these men, it ought to be obvious that he is not playing the same side of the street. Shaw endeavored to use the stage as a forum for political, social and economic ideas. Ibsen undertook to mirror even the most parochial incidents of life around him.

In *The Hairy Ape*, to be sure, Eugene O'Neill did attack the social structure of his day and became "a proletarian playwright." But this movement was abandoned both in *Strange Interlude* and *Mourning Becomes Electra*. Neither of these plays has anything on earth to do with the capitalist system or the collective commonwealth. They are attempts to recapture those old concepts around which Aeschylus and Euripides fashioned the first melodrama of the theater.

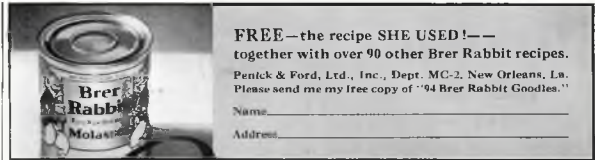
In our own day melodrama has fallen under a reproach. It is held to be fare for the unthinking. But at last it has returned to its own. I have always felt that the theater was by no means the best medium for the propagation of new ideas. It is my notion that it must always deal with emotion rather than with argumentation. Certainly O'Neill has returned to this concept; and very possibly he can and

does take pride in the fact that he has become a box-office sensation and that over the marquee of any theater where one of his plays is performed there can truthfully be emblazoned the slogan, "This is a good show!"

But I might as well admit that, for my personal taste, I am more interested in the researches of Elmer Rice. His *Street Scene* was a hugely successful experiment in proving that the detail of a single New York tenement may reveal, without distortion, the same fundamental conflicts which occur in robed and Grecian tragedy. Less eloquent and persuasive is his newest comedy called *Counselor-at-Law*. But here again he has gone into his own backyard. He served his clerkship and apparently found no great opening for himself in the legal profession.

But it was not time wasted. For now he has taken that drama which flows in and out of the glass doors and put it almost literally into the theater. There is nothing in *Counselor-at-Law* which might not have conceivably happened. To my mind, very little of the incident of *Mourning Becomes Electra* falls into the actual experience of any of us. We have to take on the mood of the spectator who will permit practically any license to the playwright, once the curtain has gone up.

Incidentally, to revert to O'Neill again, I feel that the added running time is a sort of swank. Anybody who attends a play at five in the afternoon and remains until eleven at night is under a certain obligation to like it. He does not want to feel that he has wasted an entire week-end. Even the most journeyman playwright could slash and cut into *Mourning Becomes Electra* and keep it within the conventional time limit. It is not all effective. Not every word is precious.



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• Cream together butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then add alternately the dry ingredients which have been sifted together and the mixture of milk and molasses. Pour in a buttered shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 45 minutes.

SOMETHING had to be done! The bridge club was spending entirely too much money on refreshments. Every week they became more elaborate . . . every member trying to outshine every other member.

Frankly, Mrs. Martin couldn't afford it. But she knew if she served less expensive refreshments, they would have to be different.

Desperately, she decided to take a chance, and planned a menu of delicate salad, Brer Rabbit gingerbread with whipped cream, steaming coffee . . .

The entire club went into rhapsodies about the flaky lusciousness, the spicy

goodness of Mrs. Martin's gingerbread . . . "So glad that someone had the courage to cut out our silly, over-elaborate refreshments" . . . "Whatever do you put in your gingerbread that makes it so different?" . . .

TRY some steaming Brer Rabbit gingerbread with whipped cream at your next bridge party! Your guests will find its tangy spiciness irresistible.

Be sure you make your gingerbread with Brer Rabbit Molasses! *Gingerbread made this way is as different from ordinary gingerbread as Brer Rabbit itself is from ordinary molasses.*

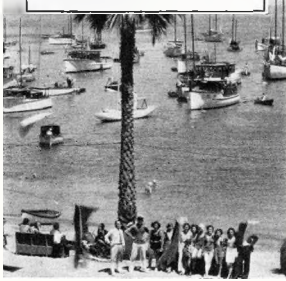
For Brer Rabbit is old New Orleans molasses, made from the very cream of fresh-crushed sugar cane juice . . . Its flavor is distinctive. Rich in iron and lime.

THERE ARE TWO GRADES—*Gold Label*—the highest quality light molasses for fancy cookery, fine on pancakes; *Green Label*—a rich, full-flavored dark molasses.

BRER RABBIT
Molasses
IN TWO GRADES

Olympic Games

make this the
summer to vacation in
Southern California



THE Olympic Games in Southern California this summer! The world's greatest sport spectacle added to the myriad thrilling vacation adventures already to be found in this playground-of-the-world. Never before such a glorious vacation opportunity!

Come for the finals if you can—July 30 to August 14. But come this summer, anyway. Southern California is in holiday mood, promising you that *big* vacation you need this year...rainless days...nights under blankets...and every kind of vacation play:

The blue Pacific. Mighty mountains, mile-high lakes. The foreign glamour of ancient Spanish Missions, palms, orange groves, and nearby Old Mexico. The modern gaiety of Hollywood's night life.

From Los Angeles scenic highways lead you to Pasadena, Long Beach, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Pomona, Santa Monica...dozens of storied cities and resorts.

Come for a vacation you'll always remember. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment lest he be disappointed, but for the tourist the attractions are unlimited.

By rail (reduced summer rates) from most points in the country, even a two-weeks vacation gives you at least 11 days actually here. And costs while here need be no more than those of an ordinary vacation. We prove these statements in a remarkable new book which the coupon below brings you free.

FREE! New 64-page Vacation Book Olympic Games Information

The book outlines, day by day, a summer (also a winter) visit to Southern California, including nearly 100 interesting gravure photographs, map, information about routes, *itemized daily cost figures*, etc...perhaps the most complete vacation book ever published. With it, if you wish, we will send, also free, another book giving Olympic Games details and schedules, with ticket application blanks. Send the coupon today. Start planning now!

(If you wish another beautiful book, "Southern California through the Camera," include 4 cents in stamps to cover mailing cost.)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

All-Year Club of Southern California, Ltd., Dist. Div.,
1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Send me booklets I have checked below:

- Free new 64-page illustrated book with details (including maps) of a Southern California vacation.
 Olympic Games schedules and ticket application blanks.
 "Southern California through the Camera" (4c enclosed.)

Also send free booklets (about counties checked below):
 Los Angeles Riverside Santa Barbara
 Los Angeles Sports San Diego Ventura
 Orange San Bernardino

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Please Print Your Name and Address

HEARTS & FLOWERS

By Vera Harrison



The coquettish spirit of St. Valentine's Day has lingered through the centuries, and modern youth, like the Romans of long ago, loves to wear its heart on its sleeve. In keeping with the tender traditions of the day, we offer ideas for a romantic Hearts and Flowers Party.

First, the quaint note paper for invitations. Then the nut-cup favor, a nosegay attached to its quivering heart. Next the playing cards—one set backed by a proud King and Queen of Hearts; the other by a quaint old-fashioned bouquet.

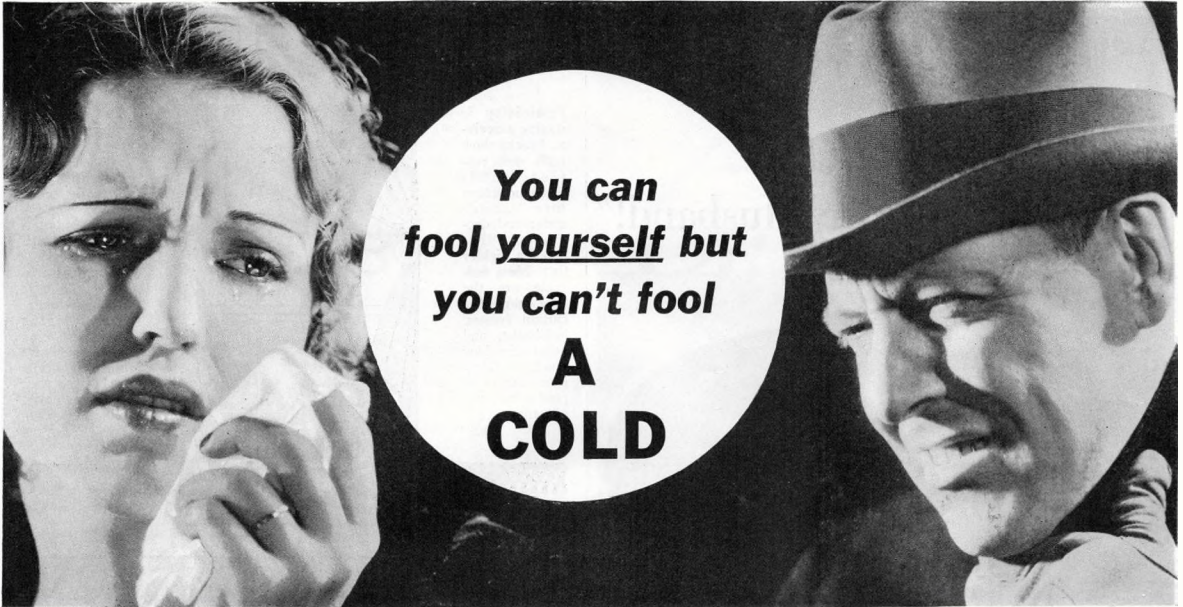


Our menu, too, carries out the theme: **PASSION-FLOWER COCKTAIL** (sections of grapefruit in petal fashion, strawberry center); **TRUE-HEARTS CRUSH** (chicken à la king in heart timbales, served with **WARM HEARTS** (hot biscuits arranged in heart design) and **FORGET-ME-NOTS** (celery curls laid in flower pattern)); **LOVER'S BOUQUET** (ice cream in flower molds with paper lace frill around edge of plate), **HEART THROBS** (heart-shaped cookies) and **CUPID'S NECTAR** (coffee).

A bouquet of hearts is held by this attractive blonde. She and her sweet brunette sister are combination place cards and tallies, the bouquet and the heart being detachable. For a prize, we suggest this new, white-glaze vase, adorned with Cupids, to be wrapped in the specially designed paper shown here.

The heart centerpiece has gauze ribbons which trail to each place, to be pulled when the hostess gives the word. If you want more details about our Hearts and Flowers Party send for the February letter, enclosing an addressed stamped envelope to McCall's Entertainment Editor, 230 Park Ave., N. Y.





**You can
fool yourself but
you can't fool
A
COLD**

Why waste money gargling when colds get worse and worse?

**3 out of 4 gargle uselessly while sore
throats get worse and colds hang on**

Don't waste dollars on antiseptics that can't kill germs unless used full strength. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when diluted with 2 parts of water. It goes 3 times as far as other antiseptics. Thus \$1 worth does the work of \$3 spent for ordinary kinds.

STOP gargling for a minute. Please answer this question: Do you add water to your mouth wash? 3 out of 4 do. Adding water robs most mouth antiseptics of power to kill germs. That's how millions fool themselves—but not their colds—and not the germs . . . nor bad breath.

If you dilute your antiseptic choose one that kills germs even when diluted. Otherwise you haven't any right even to hope for quick relief.

SAFE —yet more powerful

Here is the startling news in this new discovery. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 1 or 2 parts of water, to suit your taste, and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. That's where most other leading mouth antiseptics fail. Yet in spite of all its power, Pepsodent Antiseptic is utterly safe when used full strength. What a weapon it is in your fight against colds!

New security against bad breath (Halitosis)

And remember—when you use Pepsodent Antiseptic for colds, you are doing double duty by also fighting bad breath. For Pepsodent Antiseptic checks bad breath due to unhygienic mouth conditions 1 to 2 hours longer! Immediately after use, 95% of germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Two hours later the number of germs is still reduced by 80%. That is far longer acting than other leading mouth antiseptics.

\$3 worth for \$1—regardless of size

To kill germs—most mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. So to mix them with water is a waste of money. Contrariwise, Pepsodent Antiseptic can be mixed with twice its own volume of water. Thus Pepsodent Antiseptic goes three times as far—saves you \$2 for every \$1 you spend. Pepsodent Antiseptic comes in 3 sizes:

3 ounces for 25c—7 ounces for 50c—16 ounces for \$1. The larger the size, the more for your money.

Learn to rely on Pepsodent Antiseptic whenever a safe, effective germ-killing agent is required. It has scores of uses.

Again we say: Quit being good to germs. They've laughed at you long enough. Play safe. Buy an antiseptic that really kills germs when diluted. Remember: You can fool yourself but you can't fool a cold.

BAD BREATH (Halitosis)

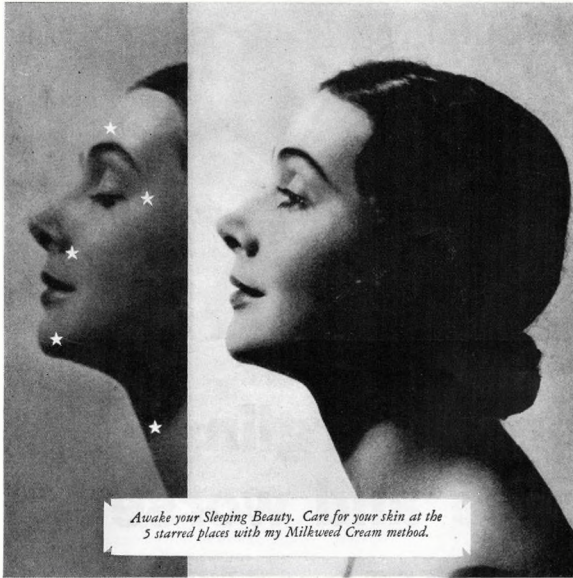
Pepsodent Antiseptic does double duty when combating colds and throat irritations. For at the same time it checks bad breath. Remember P. A. is 3 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics . . . and it kills germs when diluted.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| Cold in Head | After Shaving |
| Throat Irritations | Minor Cuts |
| Voice Hoarseness | Blisters |
| Bad Breath | Loose Dandruff |
| Cold Sores | Checks Under-Arm |
| Canker Sores | Perspiration |
| Mouth Irritations | Tired, Aching Feet |
| After Extractions | |

Pepsodent Antiseptic

"YOUR Milkweed Cream helped me help my Husband!"



As told to Frances Ingram

TREATMENT

These five stars show where a woman's skin beauty first fades. To guard against these problems, cleanse your skin thoroughly, stimulate it, and protect it with my Milkweed Cream, and follow faithfully my treatments found with every jar.

★ **THE FOREHEAD** often shows premature signs of age in the early appearance of wrinkles and blemishes.

★ **THE EYES** need special attention with Milkweed Cream to overcome dryness, wrinkles and puffiness.

★ **THE NOSE** is the vulnerable spot for blackheads and large pores. Follow my treatments to prevent and overcome them.

★ **THE CHIN** is a true index of skin condition. Here the first blemish usually appears, skin-texture becomes coarse and rough.

★ **THE NECK**, too often neglected, develops sagging muscles, coarse skin, scrawiness. You must keep it stimulated with Milkweed Cream and my treatment.



"When we first moved to Springfield," writes a young wife, "another couple arrived about the same time. For months I tried to figure out why this other man got along so much faster in business than my husband did. Finally I realized it was because she was so attractive-looking and self-confident. She got along famously with strangers—while I didn't.

"It was then that I started using your Milkweed Cream," the letter goes on. "My skin became fresh and clear and the worry-lines disappeared. I got back the self-confidence I'd had as a young girl—and I began to be of some help to my husband in his business progress. I am terribly grateful to you, Miss Ingram."

Wake Up the Sleeping Beauty of Your Skin

Most creams can do only one thing, or at most, two, for your skin. But Milkweed Cream contains special ingredients which cleanse your skin, protect it, stimulate it, and correct unhealthy skin conditions. It gives your skin everything it needs.

Won't you send for a free copy of my booklet "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young?" Simply mail in the coupon below.

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. C-22
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Each Tuesday, at 11:30 A. M., over WJZ and Associated Stations, Frances Ingram discusses many problems of skin care. Mail in this coupon for her free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young."

Name _____
Address _____

FINISHING TOUCHES

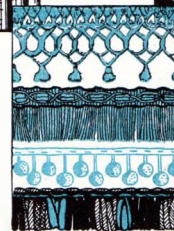
Femininity is staging a revival. Frocks show puffs and ruffles; wind-blown bobsturn into tender curls; and decoration, too, takes a lighter turn. Most welcome are the long-neglected curtain fringes, holdbacks, and other finishing touches. They give the simplest curtains a piquant air.



This straight chintz valance (left) is printed to look draped. Yellow organdy curtains aren't unique, but combine them with purple glass-grape shade pulls (below); or, loop foamy net curtains back with blue cords held by blue glass bridle buttons, and you've achieved something.

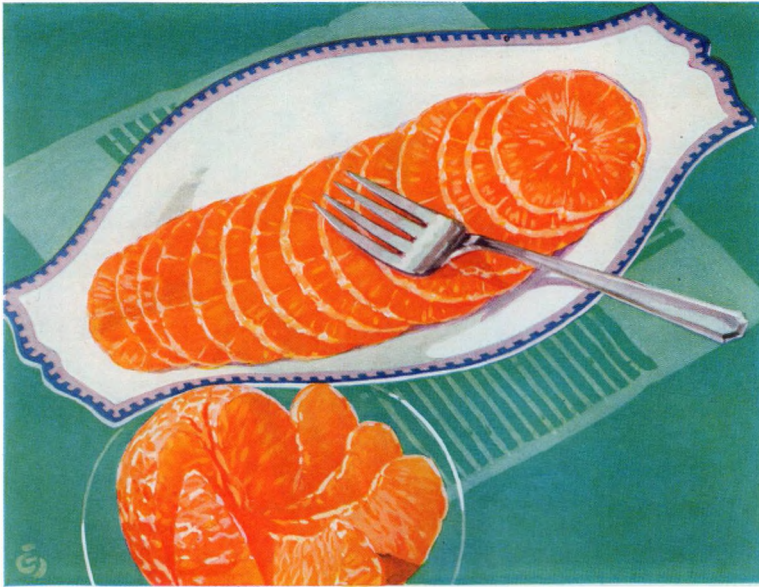


Two or three edge-finishes on one curtain? Yes! Ball fringe may be used inside self ruffles or (above) chintz points with pleating. Three-toned cording was used below.



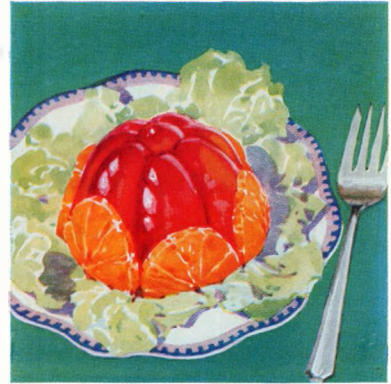
Now ball and tassel fringes in crystal, wood, cotton or silk are first in popularity. Matching fringe and cord holdbacks (left below) are preferred for the more formal draperies.





HALVED, sliced, or segmented, Sunkist Oranges are a truly delicious way of bringing healthy appetites to the breakfast table. And so quickly prepared! They have firm, but tender and luscious meat—and are *easier* to peel, slice and segment.

ORANGE AND CRANBERRY SALAD—SEE RECIPE BOOK



Rouse healthy breakfast appetites with the flavor that is always *new*

COLD days put extra demands on the energies of young and old. Substantial breakfasts should be made welcome. And can be—by sharpening appetites with the bracing tang of oranges.

No chance for tastes to tire of them. Each morning there is an appetizing "newness" in their flavor. Also, there are so many *healthful* ways to serve them.

For instance, try California Sunkist Oranges *sliced*. Their dainty, sparkling *thinness* is a breakfast-time delight you should not miss. Or cut them up in smaller bits and mix with other fruits in season. Oranges will even freshen up canned fruits this way.

Then try fresh orange juice with the juice of half a lemon in each glass. You will find added zest in the combined flavors. And some authorities now recommend two full-sized (8 oz.) glasses of lemon-orange juice each day. This amount, they say, provides an ample daily supply of vitamin C.

In fact, every orange you serve—whether as juice, sliced, or in salads, fruit cocktails or desserts—gives valuable nutritive benefits.

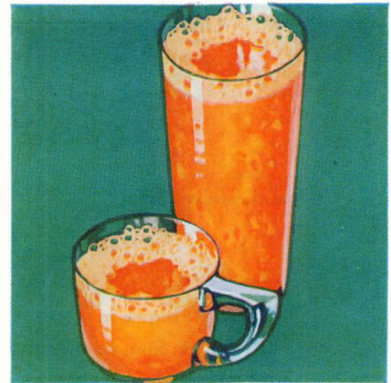
An Aid to Proper Nutrition

In planning any meal, bear in mind that nutritional research has established these facts about oranges and lemons: They contain large amounts of vitamins A and C, aid digestion by stimulating appetite, and help to prevent acidosis of both the acidash and acetone types. Also there is experimental evidence that citrus fruits tend to arrest tooth decay, gum troubles and pyorrhea and help increase resistance to other infections.

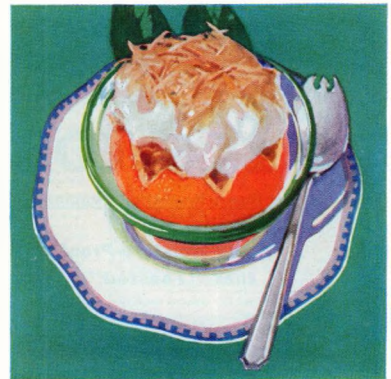
So serve oranges often to all of your family. To be sure of dependable quality ask for California Sunkist Oranges. Identify them by the trademark "Sunkist" stamped on the skin and on the tissue wrapper.

FREE—Recipe Booklet

As a useful gift to you, experts have revised the free booklet "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day." It tells of more than two hundred tried and tested ways to enjoy the healthfulness and flavor of California Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. Sunkist pays all costs. Just send the coupon. © 1952 C.F.G.A.



BAKED ORANGE MARIE—SEE RECIPE BOOK



Sunkist California Oranges

RICHER JUICE FINEER FLAVOR



Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor \$11.95 (Canada \$16.95). New, strong. Guaranteed for home use. Only two instantly removable parts to clean under faucet. If dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to address below.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS' EXCHANGE, Dept. 602, Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, California. Send me FREE, the booklet, *Sunkist Recipes for Every Day*.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



"None so good as LUCKIES"

"I've tried all cigarettes and there's none so good as LUCKIES. And incidentally I'm careful in my choice of cigarettes. I have to be because of my throat. Put me down as one who always reaches for a LUCKY. It's a real delight to find a Cellophane wrapper that opens without an ice pick."

Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow first set the screen ablaze in "Hell's Angels," the great air film, and she almost stole the show from a fleet of fifty planes. See her "Goldie," a Fox film, and Columbia's "Platinum Blonde."

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

**And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps
that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh**

**MOISTURE-
PROOF
CELLOPHANE**
*Sealed Tight
Ever Right*
**THE UNIQUE
HUMIDOR
PACKAGE**
Zip—
and it's open!



© 1935
The A. T. Co.
Mfg.

*** Is Miss Harlow's
Statement Paid For ?**
You may be interested in
knowing that not one cent
was paid to Miss Harlow to
make the above statement.
Miss Harlow has been a
smoker of LUCKY STRIKE
cigarettes for 2 years. We
hope the publicity here-
with given will be as bene-
ficial to her and to Fox
and Columbia, her produc-
ers, as her endorsement of
LUCKIES is to you and to us.

HEARTSTRINGS

[Continued from page 22]

shut tight. In a moment he heard footsteps going downstairs. He went back into the corner again and lay down on the red boots. He had suspected trouble, and now he knew it was there. It was a long time before he fell asleep again.

The second time he woke Freddy's father was in the room. With his ear close to the closet door, the little dog heard him say, "Off for a romp after being tied up so long."

Freddy's mother's voice said, "I think he's looking for Freddy." Then, after a minute, "Fred, I can't stand it a minute longer. Take me to him."

The little dog could hear the man get up and cross the room.

"Lots of other people are going through this very thing, right at this minute, Margaret," he said soothingly. "I know, but—"

"And with some of them there'll never be other children."

"Thinking those things doesn't help me. I'm not brave."

"I don't want you to be brave, my dear."

"I'm no good at a time like this."

"I couldn't stand it if you were." The doorbell rang, and Popsy came up to say that Mr. Bob Rice was downstairs. The little dog might not have detected it, but there was in Popsy's voice great awe, not for the importance of Mr. Rice as employer of Fred Dradman, her boss, but as owner of a glossy black limousine, glittering with yellow brass and disdainfully aloof from the ground in the grand manner of ten or twelve years ago.

Margaret said, "Let Mr. Rice come up here. He never saw Freddy's cunning new bed."

THE little dog didn't have to cock his ears to hear Mr. Rice coming up. He began to pant at the third step, and when he was half way up he had to sit down to get his breath. He called out between gasps, "Might as well have taken that trip with Walter Masters. Glacier Park. Wanted me to climb Mt. Rainier. I told him, 'Walter, I never climb even a curbstone.' Fact. How's Freddy?"

"They won't tell me," Margaret said, over the banister. "They keep saying that sickness has to run its course and that he's sleeping quietly." "Sounds like the truth. Patience. You'll need it. Hang on to any you have."

He wanted to say more, but he had to wait till more breath came.

Margaret said, "Don't come any farther. We'll come down."

"Nonsense. After five steps I feel noble, virtuous, magnificent. Four more, and I'll feel like Moses and the archangels."

He came into Freddy's room and sat there and talked to Margaret and Fred and tried to make them laugh. Suddenly he asked, "Where's Yank?"

At that the little dog, who had been trying to make himself believe he wasn't afraid of being found in the closet, grew bold enough to bark. For he was called Yank, although he really was entitled to all the syllables in Yankee Doodle. So he barked as loud as he could and scratched on the door.

Fred came and opened it, and Yank ran out and greeted everyone with frantic gladness.

Margaret said, "He must have followed me up here this afternoon. I came up with Evelyn. I gave her Freddy's new coat to take over to the

hospital. Freddy was so in love with it. It had an airplane embroidered on the sleeve. He called it his airplane coat."

The little dog pranced back to the closet and brought out one of the red zipper boots. Fred grabbed him and took the boot away.

Margaret said, "Give it to me."

Fred handed her the boot and turned to Mr. Rice. "He keeps looking for Freddy."

"Why don't you send him away till Freddy comes back?"

"That's a good idea."

MARGARET said nothing. She was measuring the sole of the boot against her hand. It reached only from the high plain of her palm to the second joint of her fingers.

"Lend him to me for a while," said Bob Rice. "Been thinking about getting a dog. Try this one out and see how it works. What do you say?"

Margaret was silent. She was still fondling the little boot.

But Fred said, "Why thanks, Mr. Rice. That's very kind of you."

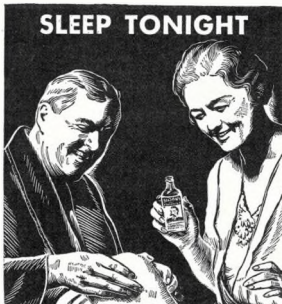
So the little dog went home that evening with Mr. Rice in the high, brass-trimmed limousine, beside the chauffeur. Most of the way he hung his head out into the cold spring night and blinked at the lights as they advanced in clusters from the towns. Only now and then he looked up at the chauffeur and tried to make him out. But no one had ever made Amy out. He had to be explained. He had been christened Bien Aimé by his French mother and called Amy by his Irish father. His mother had died when he was a child, and he had then come with his father down from Quebec to New York. It was easy enough to detect in his manner and even in his appearance his long association with stables and horses, but there was about him nothing to indicate that he could cook. That was a genius inherited from his mother and hidden behind his jolly Irish exterior.

Looking at him driving a car, no one suspected he knew really nothing of automobiles, or that any speed over twenty miles brought his heart and sometimes his gizzard up into his mouth. That he could drive at thirty miles down Park Avenue and all the way keep the wheels of his car a quarter inch from the ground flanking it on either side was due to the determination in his character. But character could not help him know a car's inner mysteries. When anything went wrong, he had to rely upon a garage.

Bob Rice willingly paid the mechanic's bill, remembering how well Amy broiled his steaks and stewed his chickens, and made that delicious dessert of almond macaroons.

The limousine sped from one town to another and finally came into the city. It stopped in an avenue fenced to the sky with lighted windows. Then Bob Rice took Yank firmly under his arm and walked toward the lights of a hallway. They entered an elevator, and when they stepped out of it, Mr. Rice let himself into his apartment. It was full of beautiful things, but Yank examined nothing with his eyes and everything with his nose. He ran from room to room, but he found in them no scent of anything familiar or beloved, so he came back and sat down near Bob Rice, waiting to be taken home again.

[Continued on page 72]



FATHER: This old knee might have kept me awake again. But it feels fine now.
MOTHER: I knew it would. Damp weather can't bother you with Sloan's in the house!

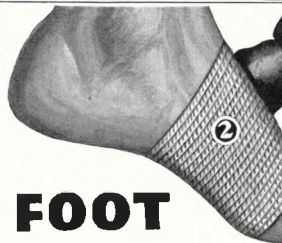
SLEEP TONIGHT

DAMP-DAY PAINS

Pat them away—Sleep!
Don't let stiff, sore joints rob you of sleep in cold, damp weather. Sloan's drives away the pain. Just pat it on—no need to rub. Fresh blood flows at once to the sore spot—pain gives way to warm, soothing, welcome relief. You enjoy a good night's sleep. Get a fresh bottle today at your druggist's. Only 35¢.



SLOAN'S Liniment
Worms Like Sunshine
THE McColl Company Button and the Credential Card bearing this emblem will identify the accredited McColl's and Redbook Subscription Representative.



FOOT PAINS GO

In 10 minutes or costs you nothing
Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—oil can now be quickly ended.
SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from displaced bones pressing against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Weakened muscles permit these bone displacements. Now a way is discovered to hold the bones in position and strengthen the muscles. Amazing bands, known as JUNG ARCH BRACES, are worn. Pains stop, muscles grow strong. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are immediate and lasting. They are highly elastic, amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. The secret is in their tension and stretch. Worn with any kind of footwear. Nothing stiff to

Every genuine BRILLO PACKAGE



contains this **BRILLO** scouring pad and this **BRILLO** polishing soap
Cleans—Scours—Polishes
1 OPERATION
2 TIMES FASTER
5 TIMES EASIER

Unequaled for aluminum, pots, pans, stoves, glassware, enamel ware, linoleum, etc. No rags—no powders. At Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrary and all 10c and 25c stores; department, hardware, grocery stores. Brillo Mfg. Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.
The IRVING YANKEE COMPANY Ltd.
170 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

1 Trouble starts with weakened muscles. Ribs bones are displaced. Pain follows.
2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

further weaken muscles and cause discomfort. The styles with exceedingly soft sponge rubber lifts are urgently advised for severe cases. Pain stops like magic. Soon bands may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge them widely.

Free 10-day trial
Wear a pair ten days; if not delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropractor. If they can't supply you use coupon below. Write for free booklet.

--- MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS ---
Jung Arch Brace Co., 222 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio
Send one pair of braces marked below:
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long brace)

| | |
|---|--|
| FOR SEVERE CASES | FOR MILD CASES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BANNER (medium) \$3 | <input type="checkbox"/> WONDER (medium) \$1 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VICTOR (long) \$2.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> MIRACLE (long) \$1.50 |

Money enclosed. Send C. O. D. plus postage.
Shoe Size.....Shoe Width.....
Send Free Booklet
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Canada: 105 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices

HEARTSTRINGS

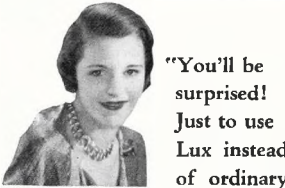
[Continued from page 71]



"Oh, Beth,
I asked
Mrs. Dobbs
at the
beauty
shop what to do
about my rough
'dishpan hands'!"



"What did
she say?"



"You'll be
surprised!
Just to use
Lux instead
of ordinary
soap! She says it gives your
hands a regular beauty treat-
ment right in the dishpan!"

Here is a way to turn your dish-
washing into beauty care! Experts in
305 famous beauty shops say — "We
actually can't tell the difference between
the hands of a woman who uses Lux in
the dishpan and those of a woman
with maids to do all her work. Lux
is so gentle it gives the hands a real
beauty treatment."

A HINT FROM 305 FAMOUS BEAUTY SHOPS

And how little this precious care
costs! *Less than 1¢ a day*—for the big
box of Lux does 6 weeks' dishes!



Lux for dishes
Lovely hands for less
than 1¢ a day

He was not taken that night. Amy
put a rug in the entry from the kitchen
to the hall outside the service eleva-
tor, and there Yank tried to sleep.
But there were too many strange
sounds. They added to the great ap-
prehension that made such a weight
inside him.

In the morning Amy came from
somewhere, dressed in a white coat
and apron. He brought breakfast, but
Yank couldn't eat. He sat beside the
kitchen door, and when Amy went
out again, he followed him.

AMY was carrying a large tray. He
went through a bedroom door and
the little dog pushed through after
him. Mr. Rice, clad in a sulphur-col-
ored satin dressing gown, was seated
beside a table reading the morning
paper. Amy laid the tray down on the
table and Mr. Rice looked up. He saw
the little dog and said, "Well, how are
you? Come over here."

Amy said, "He didn't eat a thing,
sir."

"Homesick."
Yank wagged his tail.
Mr. Rice held out a bit of sausage.
Yank gobbled it.

"There! He's all right." He held out
a second bit of sausage.

Yank sniffed at it and turned away.
"Homesick. Hand me that tele-
phone."

Amy handed him the telephone.
"Old West Haven 6561 . . . Marg-
aret? . . . Bob Rice. Well, how is
he? . . . That so? . . . Well, I wouldn't
worry. Natural . . . No, I say natural
. . . Now, don't worry . . . He's sit-
ting right here beside me, helping me
eat breakfast. . . Now, don't worry.
Be a good girl. . . Goodbye."

He hung up the receiver and said to
the little dog, "Well, it's pretty bad
with Freddy. It's so bad they're not
telling her anything, poor girl, and she's
frantic."

In the afternoon Amy took him for
a walk, and then came another period
of waiting in the entry while Amy went
downtown to fetch Mr. Rice.

That night when his dinner was put
before him, Yank wagged his tail, but
would not eat.

"Homesick," said Mr. Rice.

After dinner four or five men came
to play cards with Mr. Rice. He let
them in himself and didn't give the
door the hard push it needed to close
tight. The little dog discovered the
crack and was able to widen it suffi-
ciently to let himself into the outer
hall. He found the stairway and went
down to the ground floor. Three
women were going out the front door.
Yank scampered out ahead of them.

He shot into the street and began
running south, not heeding direction,
anxious only to be free. Once he turned
east, and then he turned west, exchang-
ing one avenue for the other until he
found himself on Fifth just below St.
Patrick's cathedral. Yank paused in
his headlong running and lifted his
nose, searching out that distant place
of trees, clapboard houses, hilly streets
and sky, where he had learned to run
so happily beside a pair of red zipper
boots.

Without compass he located its di-
rection, and without compass he started
out, bearing north by east to find it,
keeping, no matter how many barriers
lay across it, on one of those myster-
iously great circles of navigation that,
once they have started on them, bring
all dogs, big and little, back to their
true homes.

He traveled by day and rested by
night. Sometimes he had to go across

fields and under fences when the road
led him astray, but he kept at it, al-
ways coming back to the right course.

On the late afternoon of the fifth
day he arrived, appearing out of no-
where to run up behind Posy, who was
hurrying into the house with some very
small pieces of clothing she had just
taken from the line.

When Posy saw him she began to
shout, "Oh, oh, he back! Oh, Mis'
Dradman, the dog, he come back." She
opened the door and sent an exci-
ted shout through the house.

Fred came running from upstairs,
and Yank became hysterical with joy;
he had need of speech but he could
only bark, and, in trying to make his
bark eloquent of all he felt and all he
had experienced, he choked and
squealed and strangled.

Fred picked him up and hugged him
and began carrying him upstairs.

A white-capped nurse was leaning
over the banister. "Mrs. Dradman
wants to know is it Yank?"

"Yes, it's Yank."
"Oh, bring him up," called Marg-
aret's voice.

The little dog struggled toward the
sound of that voice, but Fred held him
tight and carried him.

Margaret was lying in bed with her
hair in two tight pigtails.

She said, "Oh, give him to me."
"He's pretty ragged."

"Put him down."

Fred put him down, a heap of tangled,
dirty white that became blotched gray
against the white counterpane. But
now he didn't bark hysterically. He
stretched himself out, exhausted yet
contented, close against Margaret,
within the peace of her arm.

"Oh, Fred, he's so thin!"
"Been getting here ever since Tues-
day night."

"Oh!"

"He'll be all right."

"It was cruel to send him away."

"Say, do you realize he had to come
up out of the city through the Bronx
and then clean across Westchester be-
fore he even struck Connecticut?"

"It was cruel to send him away."

"What about giving him something
to eat?"

"Tell Posy to heat some milk."

The nurse said, "I'll get it." She
went out.

SOMETHING stirred at Margaret's

other side. The little dog lifted his
head and sniffed and looked curiously
across at it. It was a tiny thing,
crumpled and helpless, with its eyes
tucked in at the top of its cheeks and
its nose hardly coming out between
them.

Margaret said, "It's Freddy's sister."

At the mention of Freddy's name,
Yank had lifted his head, and he was
now trying to get up.

Margaret said, "I do believe he
wants to go and look for Freddy."

"He's not here yet, old man. But
he's getting better every day, and he'll
be home soon."

That was good news. The tone of
their voices reassured him, so he settled
down again and put his nose under
Margaret's arm.

Margaret said, "He must have had
an awful time getting here by the look
of him."

"Well, now he's safe."

"I think it was loving Freddy that
pulled him through."

"You frighten me with your loving."

"Sometimes I frighten myself."

"Now there's the baby to help divide
it. You can love us a little less."

"No—more. It grows."



"Mary had a
little hand"



"Mary had a little hand
As smooth and white as snow,
'Til winter made it rough and red,
Too horrible to show."

Mother Gooseflesh

Foolish Mary! . . . A little Frostilla first
would have saved her those moments of
mortification. It's not too late. A little
now . . . will drive away the chapping that
winter weather brought!

Frostilla protects against weather's pranks.
A few fragrant drops . . . massaged into
your hands . . . patted on your face . . . keep
your skin white, soft, smooth . . . or make
it so it isn't! Frostilla's a great powder-
base, too . . . these windy, chilly days.

35c 50c \$1.00
everywhere. The handy size
at 5 and 10c stores. Sales
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& Co., Inc., N. Y. C.)

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size tube of the new Frostilla Brucellus
Shampoo. Gives instant, specific, Free! It
smooths chapped eyes. Free! It
softens wrinkles. Free! It
you really love A. Frostilla
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THE SMOOTHNESS OF AN EIGHT

THE ECONOMY OF A FOUR



FLOATING POWER

the most astonishing success
in all modern motor-car history

WHEN PLYMOUTH engineers gave the world Floating Power in the New Plymouth they were convinced that this new achievement was one of the greatest in modern motoring.

Exhaustive research and test in laboratory and on the road gave them every reason to believe that this engineering discovery had finally produced the ideal car for the lowest-priced field—a car that combined the Smoothness of an Eight and the Economy of a Four.

During the past half-year their highest expectations have been far exceeded.

Insistent demand has forced Plymouth during the past six months nearly to equal its previous best yearly output. Every sales record for any previous year was surpassed. In many important cities Plymouth outsold all other cars.

During this period the New Plymouth has been subjected to severest tests in the hands

of scores of thousands of owners and has come through with flying colors. Many of these owners have registered 10-, 15-, and 20,000 miles on their speedometers. Fleet users and taxicab operators have piled up even higher mileage records.

A New Plymouth sedan shattered all existing two-way transcontinental records, traveling 6287 miles in 132 hours and 9 minutes, an average of 1143 miles a day. No greater proof could be imagined of Plymouth's astounding performance and stamina.

Every experience has justified all that has been said or promised of the New Plymouth. It has given pick-up unlike any other car, second-gear speeds of 50 miles and more an hour, stopwatch speeds surpassing 65 to 70 miles an hour in high—all delivered with smoothness rivaling not that of a six, but of a fine eight.

Six months ago the New Plymouth with Floating Power was a remarkable engineering discovery. Today it stands proved by the acid tests of millions of miles of driving in the hands of owners who boast that it does things in action as no lowest-priced car has ever done them before.

The New Plymouth with Floating Power is the most astonishing success in all modern motor car history.

Know the New Plymouth with Floating Power before you buy any new car.

NEW LOW PRICES—Roadster \$535, Sport Roadster \$595, Sport Phaeton \$595, Coupe \$565, Coupe (with rumble seat) \$610, Convertible Coupe \$645, Sedan (2-door) \$575, Sedan (4-door 6-window) \$635, f. o. b. factory. Low delivered prices. Convenient time-payments. Non-shatterable plate glass is available on all models at small extra cost. All enclosed models wired for Philco-Transitons radio without extra cost.

New

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FLOATING POWER
FREE WHEELING

(at no extra cost)

\$535
AND UP - F.O.B. FACTORY

WHY DOES EVERYBODY RELY ON LISTERINE WHEN AN EPIDEMIC HITS TOWN? . . .



they know

THEY CAN DEPEND ON ITS RESULTS . . . AND SO DOES THE DOCTOR

It takes a time of real danger to establish the value of a mouthwash, in the eyes of the public.

And surveys show that when a town is hit by an epidemic, whether of cold, sore throat, or influenza, the sales of questionable mouthwashes go down, *while those of Listerine go up.*

In other words, people lose faith in new, untried mouthwashes when health is involved and real germ-killing action in an antiseptic is vital. They dare not gamble.

Tested by Experts

For your own protection, always use Listerine, the *safe* antiseptic. Behind it lie fifty years of use in the hands of bacteriologists, nurses, physicians, surgeons, dentists, and the public. Its action is *known*. Its results can be *definitely predicted*. There is no *uncertainty* about either its germicidal power or its safety.

Kills germs in fastest time

Listerine, used full strength, kills germs in the fastest time that can be measured. It reduces bacteria in the mouth 98%. Any claims of

faster killing time or greater reduction power are without fact.

Listerine's germicidal action as well as its safety are corroborated by The Lancet of London, foremost medical journal of the world. No higher compliment can be paid.

For Colds—certain results

In the prevention and treatment of the common cold, Listerine, under tests, shows results approached by no other mouthwash.

For example: When gargled twice a day, it showed power to reduce the number of colds at least 50%, often 66%.

Medical supervisors also found, in a series of tests, that when Listerine users *did* contract colds, the colds were one-fourth as severe and lasted one-third as long.

Safety is most important

Such results are made possible because Listerine is *safe* in action. That is, it does not injure the tissue while killing germs.

Mouthwashes so harsh they must be diluted

before they dare be used, *may* and often *do* irritate the tissue. Instead of driving germs out, they help them to gain entrance to the body through the irritation they set up.

Don't take a chance

For that reason we say to you—choose your mouthwash carefully. Unless you do you may encourage infection instead of fighting it. The evidence of the majority of world medical authorities is on the side of Listerine. Ask for Listerine at your druggist's—*and see that you get it.* Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

**The highest compliment
ever paid a mouthwash**

THE LANCET OF LONDON

greatest of medical journals, says:

"The antiseptic (Listerine) has been proved to be perfectly safe for use in all the body cavities.

"The actual number of micro-organisms killed in 15 seconds by the undiluted antiseptic exceeds that claimed by the manufacturers; over 600 millions were found to be killed in the time limit compared with the 200 millions mentioned by the makers."

REDUCES NUMBER OF COLDS **66%** TESTS SHOW

No. 6822. The bodice drapes low over a vestee of lace that makes the balloon puff on one of the made's most fascinating sleeves.

No. 6823. Vertical tucks at the waistline give vertical lines to the skirt's contour and the cape-collars ties fichu fashion.

No. 6800. "The bigger the sleeve, the smarter," is the successful slogan of this gracious gown with its newly square neckline.

For back views and yardage see page 108.



6800

6823

6822

Signs of Spring

One of the most dependable signs of Spring—outside the robin—is the resort wardrobe. So whether you are toasting your nose in the South or your toes in the North, here are some highlights worthy of serious consideration. The twilight-hour frock gains influence . . . with its whimsical sleeves and dignified length . . . in high-day-and-holiday fabrics . . . frequently combined with lace. The sports frock retains its simplicity no matter the made's ups and downs . . . with an epaulet for a sleeve and buttons, pockets and scarfs giving new significance . . . with skirts that hide ample ease in their straighter folds and hemlines that measure eleven to twelve inches from the floor . . . in white . . . or pastels that have undergone a change for the smarter . . . contrasted conspicuously. The suit shows feminine touches on a terse foundation and a firmly buttoned jacket that very often ends just below the hipbone.

The afternoon costume has been "made" through the made's concern for suiting the fashion to the occasion . . . with its wide-wide shoulders still running in opposition to a slim waist and that same slim waist frequently shaped through a sash starting at the side seams and ending in a bow in the back . . . with collars that never fail to pay compliments and sleeves that taper from large to small if they are long or flare in epaulet fashion if they are short . . . with the built-up skirt offering a new thrill in the formal suit fashion and ruffled sheers looking dressy but never overdressed . . . with beige making a strange play for leading part and contrast retaining the strong foothold that it has gained. The evening gown continues to insist on keeping its shoulders covered and its back uncovered . . . with a silhouette remaining true to figure lines no matter what is added by way of detail.

MAY PIPER SPEAR



6810

6824

6829

For back views and yardage see page 108.

No. 6816. This frock borrows a romantic sleeve from the past and dovetails it beautifully into an otherwise modern design. The lace frills are a vogue that bears some watching.

No. 6826. We might say that this frock is full of good points for the bodice extends into the skirt in a V and the skirt with its angular cut resembles a problem in geometry.

No. 6810. A new printed fabric and a new French design make a compelling combination in this frock whose bertha gives shoulder width along with the required suggestion of a sleeve.

No. 6824. One vanguard note is that of the raised waistline . . . expressed here in terms of a broad belt that disappears under the Eton. The skirt wears suspender straps.

No. 6829. There's a clever quirk to this collar that stands away from the face so becomingly and the peplum flounce on the skirt has a new way of hanging away from the hips.



6816

6826

from *PARIS ATELIERS* to *PALM BEACH PATIOS*



6817

6802

6808

PARIS imbues Afternoon Frocks

No. 6817. A low-lying shoulder line edged with a liberal puff sleeve starts this frock on a long and successful career of smartness.

No. 6802. A ruffled feeling—especially when it frames the face and accents the elbow—is quite the thing in major Spring details.

No. 6808. A grand example of a coat-dress style turned formal. Revers drapes themselves softly and the belt ends in a bow in the back.

For back views and yardage see page 108.



6814

6807

6811

With A Charming Personality

For back views and yordage see page 108.

No. 6814. A yielding fabric softly draped is no mean way of gaining that shapely look without revealing figure lines too frankly.

No. 6807. Simplicity remains the soul of smartness, so many a smart mode depends on its own rich fabric and nothing else for interest.

No. 6811. It seems as though contrast has come to stay for the vogue of opposing colors is just as smart as ever this Spring.



6805

6815

6804

THE 1932 SPORTS FROCK

No. 6805. Pockets, buttons, epaulet sleeve effects and crochet-like cotton weaves represent something new under the Southern sun.

No. 6815. This smartly simple sports frock has an overhanging collar that covers the shoulder according to the new mode's modesty.

For back views and yardage see page 108.
No. 6804. If anything, contrast is more significant than ever and so are scarfs. Combine the two and sports chic is inevitable.



6828

6819

BLANCH
ROTHSCHILD

ABBREVIATES ITS TRICKY SLEEVE

For back views and yardage see page 108.

No. 6828. A simple frock but one that will go South in the smartest luggage. Shown here in a new plaid-printed linen, with contrast.

No. 6819. Contrast is frank about expressing itself in this frock by edging the neckline with shades of variance with each other.



6799

6800

6813

The Latest Frocks Show An

No. 6799. Nothing can compare with a French blouse and this one with its long-short detachable scarf is no exception to the rule.

No. 6800. The larger the armhole, the greater the dash is the slogan of this notable frock with its unexpected use of color contrast.

No. 6813. Flounces to the right and flounces to the left yet always a slim decisive silhouette as hard as that may be to believe.

For back views and yardage see page 108.



6806

6801

6823

Appreciation of Color Contrast

For back views and yardage see page 108.

No. 6806. Again the coat dress exerts its influence in an alert frock with basque-like bodice and a slim straight-line skirt.

No. 6801. The sleeve-cape style bears reiteration in the wardrobe . . . it is that important. A neckline drape is another feminine gesture.

No. 6823. Contrast again and very bold contrast at that, but a striking result. A basque-like bodice and a skirt with vertical tucks.



6821

6825

6809

Tailormades Show Good Sportsmanship

No. 6821. In anticipation of a big suit Spring Paris turns out fascinating models . . . tailored in foundation but very feminine in detail. Green wool with black fur.

No. 6825. Another French designer applies the V-principle to a suit and the outcome is alert without being too strictly tailored. A collarless and furless jacket.

No. 6809. This swagger coat can change its personality at the flick of a scarf . . . button it down or tie it Ascot fashion as you wish. In a new light-tone tweed.

For back views and yardage see page 101.

does the SOCIETY Woman wear nail tips that
are TINTED or NATURAL . . . ?



Wear Cardinal nail tips with black velvet—Natural with brocaded lamé—and Coral to accent white satin . . . These gowns from Bergdorf Goodman

TO TINT OR NOT TO TINT . . . any really smart society lady would sniff—smartly, of course—at such a narrow point of view.

The instant she saw the new nail shades she realized that the big idea was Variety. She decided that from now on one nail polish was just going to be the beginning!

She suited her actions to her words and now you can only guess what color nails she'll appear in if you know what color frock she's going to wear. Which she knows very well simply makes her more alluring and devastating both day and evening.

SO IF YOU WANT to keep up with "Smart Society," get out your wardrobe and decide now what nail tint you'll wear with which frock. See how much more Interest the oldest rag has with new nails!

It's easy. Just think of them like jewels. You don't wear rubies with a green dress, but they'd be elegant

with white—if you had any rubies. Anyway, it's all worked out for you by an expert in the chart above.

BUT DON'T BE so carried away with the new colors that you forget quality counts. Cutex Liquid Polish simply hasn't a flaw. The old coat never leaves behind the faintest stain of color. The new coat flows on in a smooth, even sheen, and dries practically instantly.

Every finger nail encased in Cutex is safe from all temptation to peel, crack, streak or fade. And is blessed with an ability to glitter and gleam for days on end if you're too lazy or too rushed to change it.

Pick your favorite shades today. Two shades are enough to start with, a light one and a deep one. When you see how fascinating it is to suit your polish to each gown, you'll keep all five Cutex shades in use!

NORTHAM WARREN • New York • London • Paris

Both! She varies her polish with her gown, using all colors, from palest to deepest . . . says world's authority on the manicure

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. It goes with every one of your costumes but is best with bright colors—bright red, bright blue, bright green, the new purples, orange and yellow. It is the most popular tint today.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade that you can wear with any color dress, pale or vivid. Blondes often prefer it to all other shades. It is subtle and charming with pastel pinks, blues, lavender . . . with hunter green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, black and dark brown—either wool daytime dresses or satin evening frocks. Smart also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. It contrasts excitingly with black, white, or any of the very pale shades. Good with gray or beige; very smart with the new Empire blue. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods and be sure your lipstick matches!

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for very bright or difficult colors.



Follow this easy Cutex Manicure . . .

First, scrub the nails. Then remove the old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath the nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Now remove the old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Finally, brush on one of the lovely shades of Cutex Liquid Polish—the shade that best suits your costume, your personality. You can choose from Natural, Colorless, Rose, Coral and Cardinal. End with a touch of Cutex Nail White—Pencil or Cream—under nail tips for accent. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

2 shades of Cutex
Liquid Polish and
5 other manicure
essentials for 12¢



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CUTEX Liquid Polish . . . ONLY 35¢

PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 15]



Such a
SIMPLE SEWING
SECRET

—the Right Size of Thread

THINK how many of today's fabrics are finer, fainter, lighter in weight. You simply must stitch them with finer threads. Threads too coarse lie up on the surface and make heavy seams. Threads just right in size blend with the weave and give each seam the strength of the fabric itself.

Next time you sew with black or white thread, use size 70 for medium light-weight materials; size 80 or 100 for still finer weaves. Buy these sizes by the box and have them always on hand—for children's clothes, lingerie, home dresses, aprons, smocks, glass curtains, fine quilting and mending. J. & P. Coats & Clark's O. N. T. black and white six-cord threads are accurate in size, famous for quality. Ask for them always by number and brand name.

For a copy of "Sewing Secrets," a new book of modern sewing methods, send 5c to The Spool Cotton Co., Box 551 — 12-P, Newark, N. J.



Muttering to himself, Belfort sprang up and seized the chair. Before he could swing it, Bruce's hand had shot out and the man staggered backward and fell. The onlookers rushed forward to intervene, old Sandy among them. Before they could prevent it, however, Belfort was on his feet and was rushing at Bruce.

"Stop this, now!" old Sandy ordered. But even as he spoke, Bruce struck again and Belfort crumpled to the floor.

Sandy flung his arms about Bruce. "Stop it, lad!" he cried excitedly. "Stop it, or we'll have the law on us!"

Bruce shook him coolly off. "Better not step into this, Sandy," he advised. "Belfort has something to say to me, or one of us has to take a licking, law or no law!"

Belfort had pulled himself together painfully. Bruce strode over to him, but old Sandy stepped between them and faced Belfort.

"Here, now," he demanded, "what's all this about, Curly?"

"Ask him," Belfort snarled. "What's it about?" Sandy begged of Bruce, maintaining his position between them.

"Belfort knows," Bruce replied. "He has been talking about a young lady whose name—"

"There was another woman with her!" Belfort screamed. "And another man! The car was broke down."

"What you said was a lie, then, wasn't it?" Bruce prompted.

"I told nothing but what I saw with my own eyes," Belfort retorted.

"What you implied was a lie!" Bruce challenged, stepping toward him.

Belfort's head began wagging to and fro as he watched Bruce in a sort of stupid fascination. Presently he nodded. "If you want to look at it that way," he admitted. "I was only talkin'."

"Think twice before you talk like that again," Bruce advised him. A half dozen of Belfort's friends had gathered about him and were urging him toward the door.

"I'll talk to you again," said Belfort, over his shoulder.

"Any time, Curly," Bruce replied.

Sandy scratched his head in relief as Belfort disappeared through the doorway. Then he shook his head at Bruce. "You's a bad actor, lad," he said quietly. "I'd be lookin' out for him if I was you."

"I intend to," said Bruce, and turned again to take the seat beside Myers.

THE Laird had asked old Hector Cardigan to dinner. It was rarely, these days, that Hector was invited to dine alone with Jarvis Dean. There had never been anything but the most cordial relationship between the two men, but Jarvis had lived too much to himself during the years since his wife's death.

The dinner had been the very best that poor old Hannah was capable of producing. There had even been a touch of elegance to it. When Jarvis Dean desired to make dinner an occasion, he had saddle of lamb for the main course. As soon as Hector had seen Hannah lay a saddle of lamb before the Laird, he knew his presence at the table was something of an event in the life of Jarvis.

It was not until they had retired to the drawing-room that Dean gave any inkling of what was on his mind.

"Have you heard about this fracas in old Sandy's back room a night or two ago?" he asked abruptly.

"I was told about it," Hector admitted cautiously.

"The whole country knows about it. It's a dirty business."

"But one over which we have little control, I'm afraid."

Jarvis gave him a keen look. "We have something to say on what brought it about," he said. "In my day, a young woman's name—if she was a lady—wasn't mentioned in such a place."

"I have no doubt young Landor feels much the same about it—even in these days."

"That's not the point, sir. In my day, a young woman gave no reason for having her name bandied about over a poker table."

"The times have changed, it seems," Hector murmured.

"It's our own fault, then. We've let these youngsters get out of hand. Where is it going to end?"

"They'll probably all marry and settle down and have children of their own to plague them in their turn," Hector said lightly.

JARVIS leaned forward and looked fixedly at his guest. "I want your opinion about that girl of mine," he said frankly. "What's she like?"

Hector smiled. "She's your own daughter, sir. You ought to know her better than I."

"I don't. Since she came back, she's been a stranger in the house. More than half the time she's not here at all. She'll be back here tonight from the Parr lodge—not alone, either, I'll warrant—and the place will be like bedlam until she goes again."

Hector got up and walked to the French windows and looked out upon the garden that glowed palely under the summer starlight.

"I have been wondering about the girl," he said at last. "I have talked with her, too. She is not happy."

"Happy?" Jarvis grunted. "What does she want that she cannot have?" But his eyes were half closed in self-concealment.

"She hasn't told me that," Hector replied. "I can only guess, at best."

"What's your guess, then?"

"It is my opinion, Jarvis, that the girl has been in love—ever since she came back here."

The Laird frowned. "You mean—this young Landor?"

"Certainly," said Hector.

Jarvis shrugged impatiently. "Puppy love!" he exclaimed. "She'll get over that—if she isn't already over it."

Hector looked steadily at the Laird for a moment without speaking. "What you see," he said at last, his voice very low, "is probably the process by which she hopes to get over it. And it would not surprise me to learn that she finds it as painful as you do."

"Tommy-rot!" the Laird exploded. "You have asked for my opinion," Hector said, "and I am giving it."

"If I thought there was anything to that," the Laird replied, "I'd sell and get out—and take her with me."

"I know you would," Hector observed. "—and accomplish nothing."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" Hector smiled patiently. "You ought to know the breed better than to ask that," he said. "If Millicent's daughter is in love, there's very little that either you or I can do about it."

There followed a long silence, and then the Laird turned abruptly to talking of things that left no room for differences of opinion.

It was almost midnight when Autumn came home, bringing Linda Parr with her to stay for a few days at the

Castle. The girls found the two old men seated before the fireplace.

"Why, Da—we had no idea you'd be waiting for us at this hour!" Autumn exclaimed, after greetings had gone around. "You should have been in bed hours ago."

"The hour is no later for me than it is for you, my girl," Jarvis replied, his voice betraying a little impatience.

"But we're used to it, Mr. Dean," Linda offered, with a smile.

"So I have been informed," said the Laird. "Are you young ladies aware that your conduct is creating talk in the district?"

Autumn smiled. "You're not bothering your head, Da, over what the gossips say about—"

"I'm bothering my head about you, my girl," he interrupted her. "Do you know that your name was the center of a scandalous brawl in the back room of a dive in Kamloops the other night?"

"We've heard all about it, Da," Autumn replied. "Belfort is a beast."

"A girl with any respect for herself doesn't give a beast any excuse for talking," her father observed.

Autumn checked her rising anger. "There were four of us in the party—Lin and I, and Florian and a friend of his," she explained. "We were coming home along the highway from Ashcroft. We got started later than we had intended and when we got as far as Belfort's ranch, the car broke down. While the boys worked on the car, Lin and I went to sleep in a hay-stack. Belfort towed us to a garage about seven o'clock in the morning."

"Or we'd have been there still," Linda added.

"And that's all there is to the story," Autumn concluded.

"I accept your account on its merits," Jarvis Dean said, "but it explains nothing. The whole escapade was a scandal and an outrage, whether Belfort had anything to do with it or not."

Linda Parr had turned wondering eyes upon the Laird. "It's probably not my place to speak, Mr. Dean," she ventured, "but the whole affair was quite accidental, and we regret it quite as much as you do. We probably regret it more, since it was we who had to sleep out. On the other hand, young people are quite capable of taking care of themselves nowadays."

Autumn was amazed at Linda's sudden garbality. At the quick glare from the old man, however, the girl ceased abruptly, and looked rather hopelessly toward Autumn.

"I'll not have my daughter's name bandied about the country," the Laird roared.

Linda got to her feet with characteristic languor and, begging to be excused, went upstairs.

YOU are carrying on quite unnecessarily, Father," Autumn observed quietly, when Linda had gone. "I'm surprised that you should treat such a simple situation so seriously."

"Simple? Simple?" Jarvis was almost inarticulate. "Have you no sense of decency? You put yourself in a position where men engage in a brawl over you in a gambling dive—and you call that simple!"

"I have tried to explain to you, Father, that it was an accident," Autumn persisted. "We were miles from anywhere. What on earth were we to do, at three o'clock in the morning?"

"You had no business being there—or anywhere but in your bed, at three o'clock in the morning. And I'll have no more of it!"

[Continued on page 88]

Do you drink half-flavored coffee... because of OXYGEN, the *Racketeer*?

*With the VITA-FRESH Process,
Maxwell House brings you the first
completely full-flavored coffee*

IF you want the full flavor you pay for, there is just one question to bear in mind, whether you buy coffee in paper bags, cartons, moisture-proof wrappings, old-type cans or vacuum. The question: Is there air *inside* the package?

If there is—coffee deteriorates, loses flavor.

If there isn't, coffee keeps its full flavor indefinitely.

Only one coffee is packed by the method that completely removes and excludes all trace of air (Oxygen) from the sealed can. That coffee is Maxwell House—packed by the new Vita-Fresh Process.

*No wonder Maxwell
House is rising to
new popularity!*

This protection plus the famous Maxwell House blend is winning thousands of new friends each week. Sales prove it. Whether you have known this coffee in past years or not, you will find in Maxwell House today such flavor, such rich and satisfying smoothness as you have never enjoyed in any coffee before.

Ask your grocer for a pound today—in the sealed and locked can marked with the words "Vita-Fresh." Your first taste will tell you that here indeed is coffee perfection.



What Oxygen does to coffee flavor
Read these amazing facts, proved by scientists in the laboratories of a leading Eastern University:
(1) Loose or bag coffee loses 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting
(2) Coffee in old-fashioned cans or cardboard cartons loses 45% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting
All due to the attack of Oxygen—always in the air.
IT'S THE AIR INSIDE THE PACKAGE THAT RUINS THE FLAVOR.

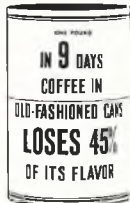


"WHAT MARVELOUS
COFFEE—IS IT
MAXWELL HOUSE?"

"YES, AND HOW
ECONOMICAL IT IS! YOU
GET MORE FLAVOR FROM
EACH SPOONFUL YOU USE"

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YOU
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The garment you order comes to you "all-but-finished," with all the difficult sewing completed by our expert men-tailors. A few seams to sew . . . a hem to turn . . . and there you are in a frock, suit or coat that really fits you, as you have never been fitted in ready-made clothes.

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PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 86]

Autumn's eyes narrowed. She glanced sharply at Hector, who was slumped in his chair. "What do you propose to do, Father?" she asked. "Keep me under lock and key?"

A dull flush lay like a sultry shadow on the old man's cheek bones. Autumn knew that her words had started the ripples of an old and cruel memory in the depths of his consciousness, and, for a moment, she was sorry for what she had said.

For some moments Jarvis did not reply to her question. Then, his mouth grimly set, he gave his ultimatum. "You will conduct yourself from now on like a lady—or back you go to where you came from! I'll not have the Dean name made the cause of drunken brawls in public dives!"

Autumn got angrily to her feet. In that moment all the wretchedness of those long summer weeks came back upon her, those weeks of striving to tear the love of Bruce Landor from her heart, and instantly her regret for the pain she was causing her father retreated.



"The Dean name!" she said. "That's what's behind all this! It isn't of what will happen to me that you are thinking. You know I can look after myself. But the Dean name must be defended. It hurts your pride to see it defended by Bruce Landor. You have been living in the past so long that it's more real and more important to you than your own daughter. Well, let me tell you, Da—I've suffered what you will never know—ever since I came back—defending the Dean name. I can't go on—I won't go on! Let the name of Dean—"

The Laird was on his feet instantly, his huge frame trembling with emotion. "Stop it!" he cried. "Stop it! You've gone—far—enough!"

Autumn stood staring at him. He seemed to have become suddenly feeble, defeated. In that moment her compassion for him rose again, and her impulse was to throw her arms about him in an effort to make peace with him. But Hector was already beside him, waving her away. She turned silently and left the room.

LONG after Linda was asleep in the room next her own, and the house stood in its dark silence, Autumn lay awake, turning over and over in her mind the restive thoughts that had had their beginning in that disconcerting clash with her father. At last, unable to bear any longer the confining darkness of her own room, she got up and put on a dressing gown and slippers.

Noisefully, she went out into the hall. Her father's hound, Saint Pat, rose from a mat outside the Laird's door, but she caressed him reassuringly, and he flung himself down again as she continued on down the stairs and out of the house.

She stole quietly to a secluded nook in the garden where, within the circle of flowering mock-orange trees, her mother's bronze sundial still stood on its low pedestal. Here the smell of roses lay in a still, dark pool of heavy sweetness; in the purple field of the sky overhead the stars leaned down, a white blur stooping to the fainter nimbus of the white and yellow roses.

Autumn seated herself on a bench beside the sundial and gathered her robe closely about her. A curious blankness seemed to possess her mind

now, a receptivity to some strange reassurance, to some strong and calming influence that drifted in upon her from the sweet cloistered gloom of the flowery crypt that had been her mother's. Millicent Odell was living again, rising above her own tragedy and that of Jarvis Dean and Geoffrey Landor, and the poor, unhappy Jane. Autumn closed her eyes in the buoyancy of her spirit, where the knowledge had dawned that her love for Bruce was an inevitable and inexorable pre-termination of life that Jarvis Dean's opposition could neither change nor destroy.

She was startled suddenly from her absorption by a sound behind her. Turning quickly, she saw Hector Cardigan standing within the dimness of the

crypt. "Hector!" she said softly. "What brings you out at this time of night?"

"It isn't the first time I've prowled around here," he said, in a low, oddly strained voice, "but it's the first time I've been caught at it."

She did not have to ask why he had come. Millicent lived for him here, as she was living for Autumn herself.

"I couldn't sleep," she told him, "—after that scene with Father."

Hector seated himself on the bench beside her. "It was rather bad, wasn't it?" he said heavily. "But I think I warned you that your father would be difficult, though I had not foreseen—quite this, I confess."

Autumn plucked a blossom from a low-hanging branch and held it to her lips. "I love Father," she said simply. "and I love everything I have come home to. I don't want to leave it."

Hector was silent for a moment. Then, as though he were talking to some third person beside them, he said, "Autumn is in love with Geoffrey's son."

She braced herself involuntarily against the weird sensation that had come over her. "Is it so evident as that, Hector?"

"The past is repeating itself," he said. "My eyes are not too old to see that."

"It is the past that has come between us, Hector—between Bruce and me," she said.

Hector leaned forward and touched her hand. "I shall have something to say about that, my dear, when the time comes."

Autumn stared at the ghostly blur of a heavily-flowered white rosebush. "If you had told me all you knew—when I first came home," she said, "we might have been spared much of what happened tonight."

Hector drew a deep and unhappy breath. "You forget that there is such a thing as loyalty still left in some of us," he said. "If I did not tell you everything I knew, it was because I could not."

"It doesn't matter, after all," she said. "It is too late now."

"On the contrary," he replied, "it is still too soon."

A slight wind touched the branches of the tree above them, and a shower of white petals fell on the grass at their feet.

ON THE following morning, when Linda telephoned to the Landor place with the intention of paying Bruce a visit during the day, the foreman,

[Continued on page 94]



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Heinz world-preferred Tomato Ketchup brings to the plainest home cooking this delectable, savory touch.

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The sign of the weaver's knot, at the rug edge, means steadfast colors, authentic designs, woven by the Bigelow Weavers. \$18 to \$160

FOR RUGS 9 BY 12 SIZE

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Rugs and Carpets made of LIVELY WOOL



YOUTHFUL SPRING FASHIONS DISPLAY HANDWORK

by Elisabeth May Blondel



1959

1961

1958

1960

1956

1957

No. 1959. A deep smoked yoke that circles the neck and sleeves is an adorable fashion for small young ladies. Dainty rambler rose sprays add interest to the center front of the yoke. Such frocks are charming in dotted swiss or organdy with the smocking in a solid color or a combination of two colors.

No. 1961. Hand-done motifs are even found on little brother's manly suits. Noah's Ark and the animals form a very decorative design across the front of the blouse. Several little appliquéd suits of this type in jersey, linen or broadcloth are found in the wardrobe of almost every well dressed young man.

No. 1958. For show occasions, she must have an outfit really worthy of her babyish beauty. A matching dress and hat of pastel crepe de Chine embroidered in delicate "rosesbud" sprays are certain to evoke exclamations of delight from her audience. The embroidery in a deeper shade is adorable.

No. 1955. A "singer bread" boy, prancing steed, "old dog Tray," and a "cat and mouse" are only a few of the clever little motifs that are being applied on small boy's suits. Often they repeat the dark color of the trousers on a lighter blouse, or they contrast vividly to the solid color of the suit. And, do you wonder that little brother adores them? They've been planned especially with a boy's adventurous spirit and imagination in mind.

1955

No. 1960. Inverted scallops dipping in points over a deep band of smocking distinguish this little frock. It's one of those dresses that is suitable for school, practical for play and adorable for "dress-up"—according to the material used. You see them in crepe de Chine, cotton prints, sheer voiles and in dimites.

No. 1956. Such a simple frock—but such a smart one—this little V-yoked dress with merely a narrow frill for sleeves. Yellow and brown flower sprays on the white yoke harmonize with the yellow of the frock. The matching hat turns jauntily up in front. Such outfits play in the most exclusive parks.

No. 1957. The dainty frock of rose dotted swiss is charming with its deep scalloped collar bound in rose and embroidered in rose sprays that fit cleverly on the sides. The brim of the matching hat is scalloped on the sides. Dress and hat ensembles are fashions decree for smart young ladies this new season.



1956

1955



Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is delivered by the same "fresh food" delivery system! A coffee delivered like the "fresh food" that coffee really is!

Rushed to you like a "FRESH FOOD"

Coffee insured against staleness . . . an actual aid to digestion

GOOD NEWS for coffee lovers! Now there is a coffee that is delivered by a daily "fresh food" delivery system! A coffee delivered like the "fresh food" that coffee really is!

Scientists have discovered that coffee, like milk or butter, is a food subject to rancidity. In each pound of coffee there is about half a cup of oil.

Fresh, this oil carries the delicate flavor and aroma you love. Stale, it is rancid—toxic—often the cause of indigestion, headaches, sleeplessness.

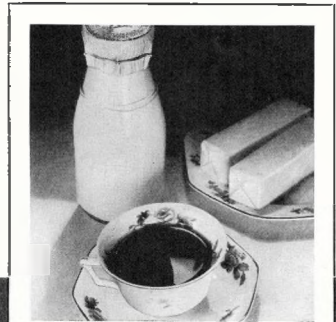
So Chase & Sanborn, to protect the superlative flavor of their coffee, now rush it to your grocer

by the same nation-wide delivery system that brings him Fleischmann's Yeast fresh daily.

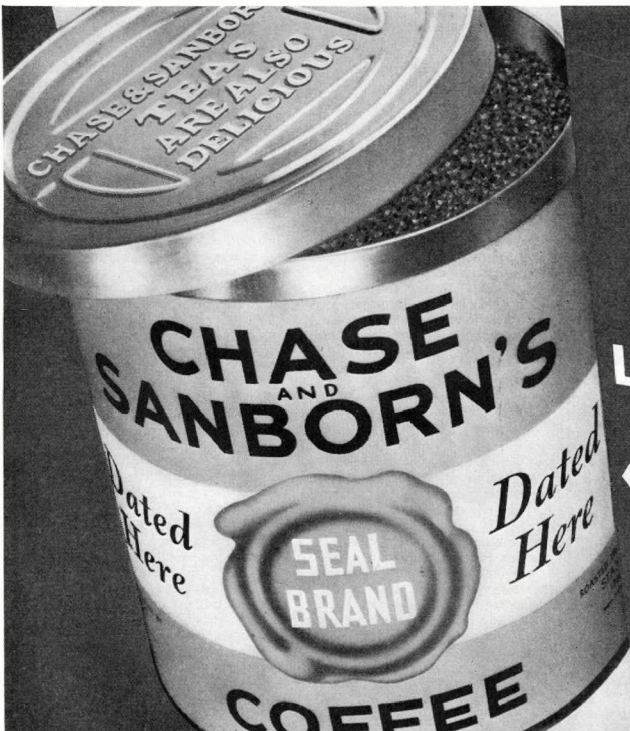
Every can of Chase & Sanborn's is dated with the day of delivery. Every can brings you this fine coffee at the peak of its marvelous flavor and aroma.

You can't buy a can of dated Chase & Sanborn's Coffee which has been on your grocer's shelves more than ten days.

Here is your guarantee against loss of flavor and dangerous staleness. Buy a can of Chase & Sanborn's—DATED—today, and enjoy the flavor and aroma famous among coffee lovers for 65 years.



ALL COFFEE contains a delicate oil, which makes it perishable—like milk or butter. And it is this oil which carries, when fresh, the delicious flavor and aroma we love. Fresh, coffee also is an actual aid to digestion.



LOOK FOR THE
← **DATE**
ON THE CAN

GOOD CLOTHES ARE WASTED ON ELSIE— WITH THAT STRINGY, OILY HAIR SHE HAS!

JUST SO MANY MORE PARTNERS FOR US, OLD DEAR! I'VE NOTICED MEN LIKE NICE HAIR

POOR ELSIE—SOME- BODY OUGHT TO TELL HER ABOUT PACKER'S PINE TAR SHAMPOO!



IF YOU HAVE OILY HAIR, the reason is that the muscles controlling thousands of oil glands all over your scalp are "slabby." Instead of controlling the oil supply and feeding it regularly to your hair, they just fill up and spill over—starving your hair one minute, flooding it the next.

An ordinary shampoo merely washes out the last flood. Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—made especially for *oily hair*—does more. It is mildly astringent. It tends to tighten the relaxed oil glands.

Wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar

Shampoo as often as it gets oily—every two or three days at first, if necessary. Every shampoo is a scientific home treatment that works away at the oil glands to restore their healthy, normal action.

FOR HAIR THAT IS TOO DRY, use Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo*. This shampoo, made especially for dry hair, contains glycerine and other soothing ingredients which help to keep dry, fly-away hair silken-soft and manageable. The Packer Company (makers, too, of Packer's Tar Soap) have had 61 years of scientific experience in the care of hair and scalp.

- 1 OILY HAIR—Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo
- 2 DRY HAIR—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo



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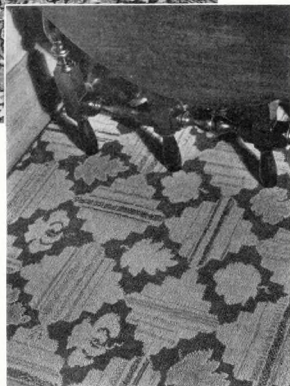
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PROBLEMS

By Mary Davis Gillies



A domestic Wilton turns Oriental



Modern hooked rugs copy the old designs

SELECTING the right floor covering is a worrisome business. It needn't perplex us too much though, because there are a number of definite guides to follow. The first questions have to do with quality, color, and design.

The five principle rug weaves—listed according to their price and quality—are: chenille, Wilton, Axminster, velvet, and tapestry. There are, of course, overlappings in quality so that a good velvet rug may be better than a poor Axminster.

In chenille rugs a yarn that looks like a fluffy caterpillar is used. The result is a high soft pile which gives a luxurious feel underfoot. Wilton rugs have a lower pile and are standard in wearing qualities. The best use worsted yarns. Because of the type of looms, Wilton designs usually have small repeats and a limited number of colors.

Axminster rugs are medium-priced and usually give good service. They are made of woolen yarns rather than worsted. Any type of design or any number of colors can be used on Axminster looms. During the first two or three weeks of use, Axminster rugs shed a great many short, uncaught fibers and should not be swept too hard. After a little use the yarns will felt or mat and the shedding will stop.

Velvet and tapestry rugs are lower-priced. Velvet rugs are tufted, and the designs and colors used are printed on the yarns before the rug is woven. In other rugs, of course, the designs are woven in. Tapestry rugs are like the old-fashioned Brussels carpets. The surface is made of looped ends.

To judge the quality of all five types look at the height of the pile, and count the number of rows to the inch. By turning the rug to the back, nine rows per inch in worsted Wilton indicate medium quality, and thirteen and a half rows indicate high grade. The better grades of Axminster rugs have seven or eight rows per inch.

If we choose the type of rug that is in our price class, and know it is made by a reputable manufacturer, we can feel content about quality. But color requires individual analysis. The floor, the walls and ceiling, is part of the background of the room and as such should be fairly unobtrusive. The

color, or colors, should repeat those used elsewhere in the room. Usually there should be a special linking up with the walls and draperies. However, almost without exception the rug should be darker and duller.

Plain or Figured?

The next pressing question is: Shall the rug be plain or figured? There are very distinct claims on both sides.

For instance, solid color rugs have a tendency to show dust, foot marks, and spots more than figured ones. Therefore, in the average household figured rugs should be used in halls, and very likely in the dining room. Furthermore, if there are several young children, a figured rug should be used in the living room.

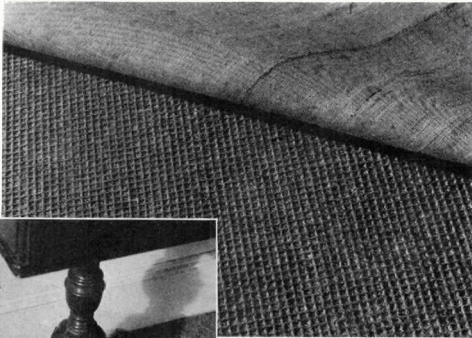
If your furniture happens to be bulky and uninteresting, figured rugs are wiser as they distract the attention. With plain walls and draperies, figured rugs are often advisable. Moreover, a figured rug will knit together a room that seems a little bare and cold.

Plain rugs give repose and peace to a room. Decoratively speaking, it is easier to harmonize them with the walls, draperies, and upholstery. They add to the apparent size of a room and show the furniture off to advantage. With highly figured upholstery they are imperative, and they are more pleasing with figured walls. For years rose taupe has been the most popular tone for plain rugs. Now such colors as soft green, henna, copper, apricot, marine-blue, mulberry, and autumn brown are replacing it. These colors contribute a great deal more sparkle and interest to the room.

A figured rug in the average-sized room should have a small all-over de-

UNDERFOOT

Housefurnishings Editor



Hair cushions add years of wear



A design of tightly twisted yarns

sign. Large, sprawly patterns have a way of making a room shrink. There should also be harmony of design between the rug and the rest of the furnishings.

There is a fascination about Oriental rugs because of their associations. The glamour of the Orient is coupled with the thought of painstaking craftsmanship. However, a cheap Oriental rug is seldom really beautiful. It is usually loosely woven and will give poor service. If Oriental motifs are wanted, a domestic Oriental will solve the problem nicely.

The term "Domestic Oriental" refers to rugs which are made in this country in Oriental designs. Most "washed" or "sheen" rugs fall into this class. Such rugs are treated with chemicals to develop a luster and soften the colors, as is done with modern Oriental rugs before they are put on the American market.

Reducing Shocks

The use of a felt padding under the rug is rapidly becoming a matter of course. With low-pile inexpensive rugs, they add a luxurious feel that rivals a chenille carpet, and under fine rugs they act as a shock absorber to pounding heels, thus adding years of service. A felted hair cushion is by far the most satisfactory type. Use only pads that carry a guarantee against moths.

Adjoining rooms, particularly those connected by open doorways or by large double doors, are usually more satisfying if they are decorated in the same or a similar color scheme. If the floor coverings are identical, a feeling of greater spaciousness results.

When a new rug is being purchased for only one room, the old ones will

look dingy, unless a dull, soft-colored rug is selected. This is also true of the "sheen" or "washed" rugs. They have a tendency to make used furniture look shabby.

Baseboard-to-baseboard carpeting is undergoing a revival. Vacuum cleaners make its care simple, and it gives a room a luxurious air. In irregular-shaped rooms, carpeting is almost essential if angularity is to be avoided. In remodeled rooms, wall-to-wall coverings are easier to lay than new floors. This treatment makes small rooms look more spacious, and in rooms already rather over-crowded with small objects, carpeting affords a wide simple foundation. In a library or bedroom, carpeting will deaden sound.

That Cater-cornered Question

Among the secondary problems is the placing of small rugs. With but three apparent exceptions they should be laid straight with the sides of the room—never diagonally—in the line of most travel, and in front of large pieces of furniture. It is correct to put a small rug parallel with the front of corner cupboards and before fireplaces or doorways that cut off corners of rooms. In all these cases, however, the rug may still be considered as following the line of the wall.

Quite often small patterned rugs are used over plain carpeting. They are effective when placed at the entrance of the room, before the fireplace, and possibly in front of the sofa. Small rugs are frequently used in bedrooms and halls.

Hall and stairway fashions have changed in recent years. Both are becoming narrower, a fact which favors unbordered carpeting from wall to wall. A stair covering then becomes imperative; when there is a border of bare floor, stair carpeting is optional. Choose a close weave for stair carpets so that there can be no splitting of the rows over the edge of the tread. A short pile is preferable, and a small design is generally the most practical. Select designs which have a repeat that will come in the same position on each step. Usually a half yard repeat for a small design and a yard repeat for the larger designs will accomplish this end.



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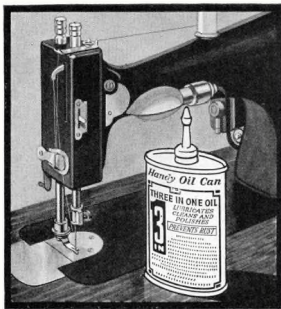
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3-IN-ONE OIL

CLEANS - OILS - PROTECTS

PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 38]

Andrew Gilly, informed her that Bruce had gone to Vancouver on business and would not be back until the end of the week.

"So that will be that!" Linda observed, stretching herself on the couch in the sunlit drawing-room.

The announcement that Bruce had gone to Vancouver filled Autumn with an unaccountable loneliness. She went over to the window and stood looking out into the garden, where she had experienced so strange an exaltation the night before. Now, in the spread of the midsummer morning, she knew that that almost supernatural assurance of the night in the garden had been a delusion. There was nothing for her to do but carry on, for her father's sake as well as for Bruce Landor's.

"How can you be anything but head over heels in love with him, Autumn?" Linda asked.

"I? With whom?"
"With whom? You know very well whom."

Autumn did not turn from the window. "You're getting positively tedious, Lin," she said mechanically.

Linda looked narrowly at Autumn's straight back. "Do you know what?" she said at last. "I honestly believe you've been in love with him from the very first."

"You must have your own reasons for thinking so, Lin," Autumn evaded.
"I hate, my dear. In the first place, your cutting up doesn't ring true to me. I cut up because I like it. But you—you don't like it."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Autumn said indifferently.

Linda reflected for a moment. "My dear," she said at last, "you're in love—or I'm a mental defective."

Autumn smiled wryly. "You're a dear imbecile, then, Lin."
"I'm a fool in more ways than one," the girl replied. "But there's one particular kind of idiot that I am not—and never intend to be. I am not the kind that goes on forever when I know there's no hope for me."

"Let's take our ride before it gets too warm," Autumn suggested.

Linda stretched and roched from the couch. "Which—being interpreted—means, for heaven's sake lay off!" she said, and went with Autumn to prepare for the ride.

ON THE following morning, Bruce Landor's foreman drove his car in at the gates of the Castle. Linda Farr had left for home only an hour before, and Autumn was cutting roses in the garden. It was no usual thing for Bruce Landor's foreman to visit the Dean ranch, and a swift shock of apprehensiveness for Bruce passed through her. She gathered up her flowers at once and went to the house.

In the dooryard Bruce's foreman was talking with Tom Willmar. Andrew Gilly turned his cap awkwardly in his hands as Autumn came up.

"Good morning, Miss Dean," he greeted her. Autumn sensed something vaguely resentful in his attitude.

"Good morning, Mr. Gilly," she returned. "Has Bruce come back from Vancouver yet?"

"No," Gilly replied, "he hasn't. And I'm very busy to see him, either. I'll have very bad news for him when he comes."

"Bad news? What has happened?" Tom Willmar cleared his throat. "Gilly found over thirty of his sheep dead in the pasture this morning."

Autumn clutched her flowers tightly in hands that had gone suddenly cold.

"Not his prize sheep—the Merinos he was experimenting with?"

"The same," said Tom Willmar. "Poisoned, they were. Poisoned with strychnine in the salt trough. I came over to see if you folks had had any trouble." Andrew Gilly went on, "but Tom tells me there's been none here."

"No," said Tom quietly. "There's been a bit of vetch about that—"

"Nature had no hand in this," Andrew interrupted. "It was a sneak that did it—and he must've crawled on his stomach during the night to get to the trough, or the dogs would've been at him."

"Have you any idea who did it?" Autumn asked faintly.

The man avoided her gaze, but the expression that came to his weathered face was one of bitter fury.

"I have my own opinion," he said significantly, "and I think I'm not far wrong. Though there's no proof—not a whit!"

Autumn knew what he was thinking. "You suspect Belfort, don't you, Mr. Gilly?" she asked bluntly.

"You can make a shrewd guess," he said. "There's no doubt in my mind—and that's something more than a suspicion."

Tom shook his head. "It'll be a tough job to get anything on Curly Belfort's gang," he remarked. "Gosh, what a shame!"

Autumn stood for a moment, helplessly trying to hold back her tears. Then she turned and fled into the house.

IT WAS only a ruse on the part of the Laird to dispatch Autumn to town on business that he could have attended to himself on his next visit. He wanted the house to himself, for he had asked Bruce to come over and talk to him on matters that could not be discussed with any degree of satisfaction over the telephone. Jarvis, of course, might have gone to the Landor place and talked with Bruce, but some instinct, some sentiment, perhaps, forbade that.

The sound of a car coming to a stop before the house brought Jarvis to his window. He saw Bruce step from his car and approach the door. He turned away and seated himself before his desk. Presently he heard old Hannah's voice in the hall below, and in a moment Bruce Landor presented himself in the library doorway.

"Good morning, Landor," Jarvis greeted him. "Come in and sit down."

Bruce entered and remained standing before the Laird. "You wanted to talk to me," he prompted.

"Yes," Jarvis replied. "Sit down, sit down."

From beneath his shaggy brows the Laird's severe eyes pierced Bruce with a look that would have brought discomfort to anyone with a less easy conscience.

"You have lost some sheep," he began, as soon as Bruce had seated himself.

"Thirty-four," Bruce replied.

"Your prize Merinos, they were?"

"Yes, sir," Bruce said.

"Too bad, too bad," Jarvis observed. "Gilly tells me they were poisoned—strychnine in the salt trough. You're sure of that?"

"The vet's report was waiting for me when I got home."

"Aye—so I understand. He tells me, too, that you suspect Belfort."

"We have no proof of it," Bruce said. "I have my own opinion, and it amounts to a conviction."

[Continued on page 96]



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PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 94]

The Laird leaned forward and tapped the ash from his cigar. "I admit the man would do it—he's the kind that would, if he had any reason for it. But even a bad man doesn't act without a motive."

"I supplied him with a motive, I'm afraid," Bruce replied directly.

"It was coming to that. You had a rumput with him last week, I'm told."

"I had," Bruce admitted.

"It was over something that Belfort said about—my daughter, wasn't it?" the Laird asked.

"I should have done precisely what I did, sir, whether it had been your daughter or any other woman."

Jarvis dismissed the suggestion with a wave of his hand. "Certainly, my boy, certainly. But that has nothing to do with the business." He drew a deep breath, then relaxed into his chair. "You are still a very young man, Landor," he went on, "and I am an old man. My opinion may count very little to a man of your years. But if a young woman chooses to make a trollop of herself, I don't see how it improves matters to make it the cause of a public brawl."

"Your daughter has not made a trollop of herself, sir," Bruce protested. "Besides, I did what I did because I had little choice in the matter."

"Would it not have been better to have left well-enough alone, instead of making both my daughter and yourself the laughing stock of the countryside?"

"I'm afraid we can't agree on that, sir," Bruce replied. "I am, of course, sorry for any unpleasantness it may have caused either you or Autumn."

Jarvis Dean's face darkened. "Be that as it may, Landor," he said, "I'd prefer to look after such things myself, when they concern me or one of my own house."

"Very good, sir," Bruce returned, his lips tightening.

"In fact, my boy, I mean to do whatever I can to wipe out the unfortunate results of this affair. How much do you figure those Merinos were worth to you?"

Bruce flushed. "I haven't figured that out, Mr. Dean," he replied.

"Put your own price on them, then, and let me know what it is. I want to make it good to you."

BRUCE was silent for a moment. There were times when a man might pardonably give way to anger, but this was not such a time, he told himself in a resolute effort at self-control. After all, the Laird was making what he undoubtedly felt to be a generous gesture.

"I understand what you mean, Mr. Dean," he said at last, "but my loss is my own. I brought it on myself, and I'll foot the bill."

"You don't mean—you are not refusing my offer?" Jarvis Dean demanded harshly.

Bruce laughed outright. "You surely didn't expect me to accept it?"

A livid vein stood out upon Jarvis' forehead. He got to his feet with astonishing swiftness. "That, Landor, is sheer impudence!" he gasped.

Bruce, who had risen promptly, looked steadily into the older man's eyes. "Are you not being a bit unreasonable, Mr. Dean?" he asked.

The Laird snorted. "That's enough, sir—and more than enough!" he replied. "I have made you a gentleman's offer, and you have refused it. Do I understand you aright, sir?"

"I couldn't think of accepting it, Mr. Dean," Bruce said evenly.

"Very well, Landor—very well! You may have it your own way, then. But from this day forward there will be no dealings between us, do you understand? You are a stranger to us—to me and to my daughter—for the rest of our days." He stepped toward Bruce and thrust his great head forward. "Do you understand that?" he demanded.

"Perfectly, I think," Bruce replied, and fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette. The hand that struck the match was not altogether steady, but he knew now that he had his feelings under control. When he turned toward Jarvis Dean again, the old man was leaning heavily with one hand on the back of his chair, his head bowed, his other hand passing uncertainly across his eyes, as though to brush from them something that obscured his vision. Bruce took an apprehensive step toward him, but immediately Jarvis drew himself erect. Although his face was drawn and white, he made a curt bow.

"Good day, Landor!" he said, and stood awaiting Bruce's withdrawal.

Bruce looked at him in frowning perplexity, and with a feeling of some unfathomable uneasiness. Then he said a quiet goodbye and turned away. As he left the room, Jarvis Dean slumped heavily into his chair and sat listening to the sound of Bruce's footsteps descending the stairs.

THE Laird was still in his library an hour or so later, when Autumn returned from town. When he heard her mounting the stairs, he closed the large, leather-bound journal in which he was writing and laid it away in the drawer of his table. He locked the drawer and returned the key to its place above the desk. He turned as Autumn came into the room.

"You're back," he said. "It didn't take you long."

"I've been gone three hours," she remarked. "There wasn't much to do."

"Did you see Snyder?"

"Yes. He'll be out to see you tomorrow afternoon."

Jarvis got up from his table. "I had young Landor out to see me," he said abruptly.

"Hannah told me," Autumn replied. "Was there some—some trouble between you? Hannah says—"

"Hannah talks too much," the Laird interrupted. "Whatever trouble there was was of Landor's own making. He's turned out to be an impudent young whelp."

"Are you sure you are being quite fair, Da?"

"He doesn't need you to defend him," Jarvis reproved her.

"I know that," Autumn replied, "and I don't mean to defend him, either. After all, I know nothing of what passed between you."

"I offered to pay him for the Merinos he lost."

"He didn't accept it, did he?"

"Why shouldn't he accept it?" the Laird demanded. "Whose fault was it that he lost them?"

Autumn regarded her father silently for a moment. "It was my fault, Da," she said at last. "I admit it. But the score between us could not be settled—like that."

"Perhaps you can suggest the proper form of settlement, then," Jarvis said scornfully.

"I'm not sure that it can ever be settled," she said.

"It's settled now, then," Jarvis replied. "From this day forth there will

[Continued on page 98]



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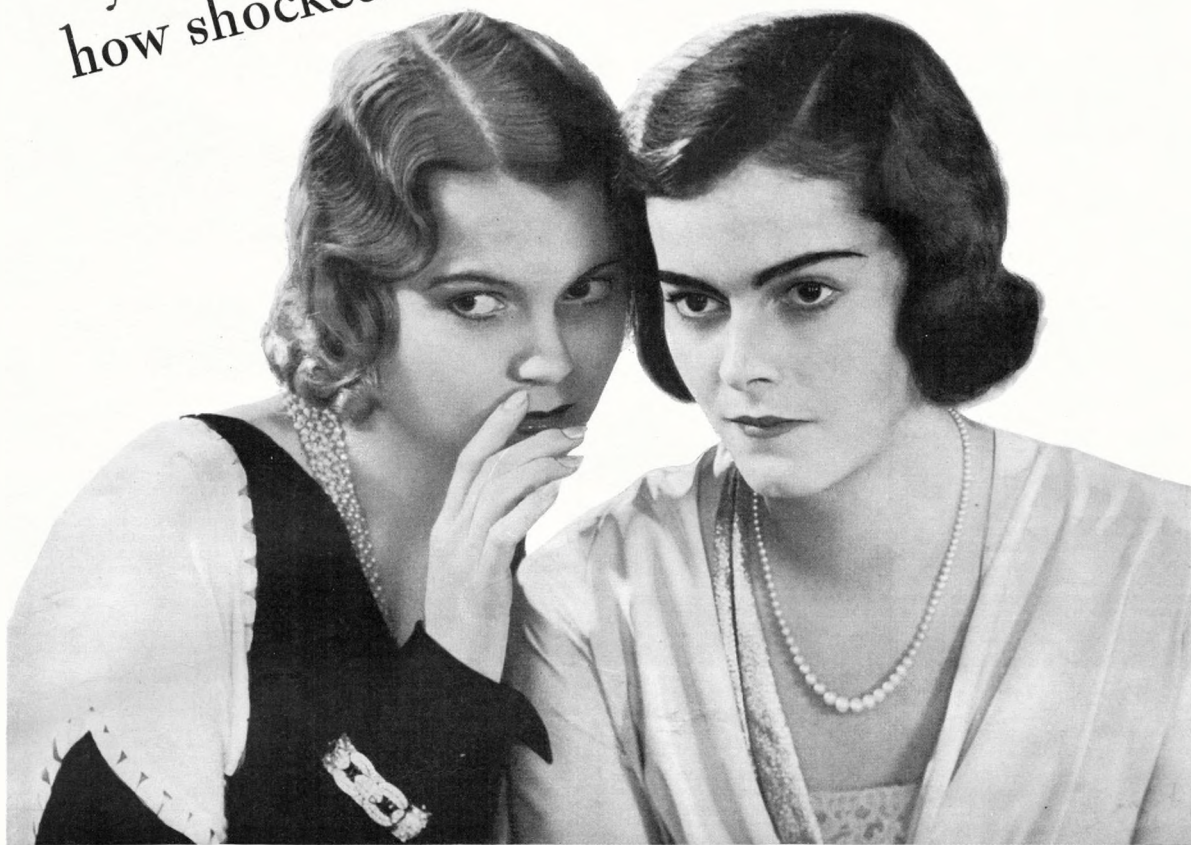
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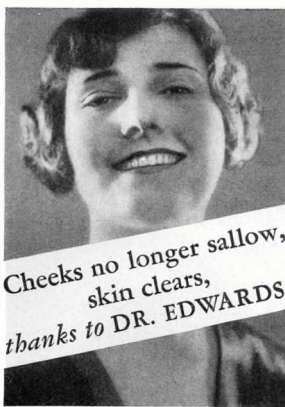
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PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 96]

be nothing more between young Landor and the Deans."

Autumn looked quickly at her father. "Did he accept that?" she asked him quietly.

"I didn't ask him," the Laird said. "I told him it would be so—and I have a right to demand compliance with my wishes."

Autumn smiled patiently. "You have always had it, Da," she observed, then turned away and went up the stairs to her room.

Autumn seated herself near the door, while Bruce leaned against the table's edge.

"You were over to see Father this morning," she began.

"At his invitation," Bruce replied. "He wished to reimburse me for some sheep I lost."

"He told me so."

"He should have told you, then, that we were to have nothing to say to each other in the future."

"He told me that, too."

"Is this visit, then, just another little gesture on your part?"

"A gesture—of what kind?"

"Disobedience to the Laird—and contempt for me," Bruce supplemented.

"Father has no suspicion that I have come to see you," Autumn explained.

"And if I wanted to show contempt for you, I should have stayed away."

"As you have done all summer," he observed.

Autumn dug her nails into her palms. She had not come here to have him bait her. "I should hardly expect you to understand that," she said.

Bruce's smile was sardonic. "It isn't so difficult to understand," he replied. "You found people of your own kind. I am not blaming you for that. It was just my misfortune that you should have called on me here that night—before you found the others."

"That was a misfortune?" she asked him.

"Not a serious one," he admitted, with a smile. "It was rather good, while it lasted."

She was on her feet at once, confronting him with eyes that burned in a face gone suddenly white. "Bruce Landor," she cried, "I came over here tonight to ask you whether we couldn't be friends, in spite of what my father said to you this morning!"

"Your pride must have suffered before you came to that decision," he returned coldly.

"That is my own affair," she retorted. "Why don't you tell me at once that I'm wasting my time?"

"I could have done so," Bruce said quietly, "if you had told me at once what had brought you over. I decided, long ago, that you and I cannot be friends, Autumn."

"I won't ask you the reason," she said, and turned toward the door.

He seized her wrist and turned her about so that she stood facing him.

"I should like you to know, just the same," he said.

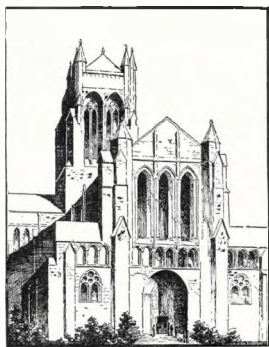
AS HE spoke, he drew her violently to him. For an electrifying instant she knew that all her resistance had vanished and that she was responding to his kiss with a fierce and overwhelming joy. Then, with all her strength, she strove to tear herself from his crushing embrace.

Suddenly Bruce grasped her shoulders and flung her from him so that she reeled backward against the wall of the cabin. She stood, gasping in rage and terror, unable to speak, while he looked at her casually.

"Now—you have the reason," he said. "You had better not come here again."

She looked across at him, unable at first to accept the terrifying conviction that had come suddenly upon her. She had done more than cure him of his love for her—she had destroyed even his respect for her. In a moment she was out of the door, into the blindness of a dying sky, a dying world, into a forlorn space that was hollow with the moan of death.

[Continued in MARCH McCall's]



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REASONS WHY CHILDREN REFUSE TO EAT

● Desire to be noticed. Refusing to eat makes them the center of attention with worried mothers. ● Wrong suggestions from grown-ups, such as talking about dislikes for certain foods or about the child's poor appetite. ● Bad health habits—lack of exercise, fresh air, sunshine, rest and sleep; too much excitement. ● A beginning illness. ● Offering too much food, too often or irregularly, or the wrong kind of food. ● Irregular bowel habits.

PROPER food, properly prepared . . . this is the first requirement which a mother must meet in the all-important business of forming correct eating habits in her children, according to one of the foremost child specialists in the country. Watch the daily diet.

If your child refuses to eat, he has a good reason. Perhaps he believes he will gain something by refusing, or it may be a matter of physical condition.

The amount of food a child will take is often largely determined by his ability to handle it—to digest, assimilate, *eliminate*.

You cannot expect a child to have a healthy appetite for food if his body is clogged with accumulated food wastes. Elimination must not lag.

The important thing is to get lazy little bowels into regular action.

But there's one important thing to remember here. Children's organs are delicate and cannot stand harsh treatment. They must be gently urged into activity.

That is just what Castoria does. It was formulated, you know, for the special needs of babies and children.

A simple dose of Castoria opens up clogged bowels and rids the system of its excess load of waste. Its gentle regulation brings prompt comfort to a colicky baby. Yet this same regulation is just as effective for older children.

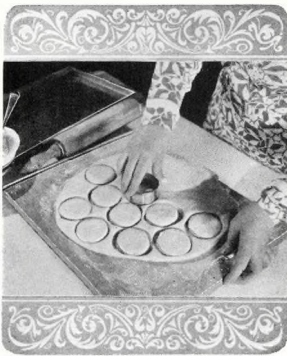
And another help—children *never refuse Castoria!* They like its taste—which explains why "Children Cry For It."

When your child has no appetite, when little ailments like colds and digestive upsets develop, use Castoria's kind, regulative help. Don't forget—genuine Castoria always has the name, Chas. H. Fletcher, on the package.



A pure vegetable preparation. NO NARCOTICS, no harsh drugs . . .

Mothers are and should be cautious about the medicine they give their children. Castoria is perfectly harmless, as any physician will tell you or as you can see for yourself by reading the formula on the carton. It contains no harsh, harmful drugs, is not narcotic or habit-forming.



It's
So Surprisingly
Simple . . .

by
MILDRED NOKES
(Home Economics Lecturer)



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"I've always had an idea that it was a lot of bother to bake unusual things for my table but after watching how easily you do it, I am off to a fresh start."

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Take cookies for instance. They add a tasty touch to any meal—yet they can be made in a jiffy—with little bother. Here's our recipe for one of many varieties:

SUGAR COOKIES

- 2 1/2 cups Occident Flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup butter
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 cup sweet milk

Method—Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream well. Add well beaten eggs and sweet milk. Sift dry ingredients. Mix soft—using as little flour as possible. Chill—roll thin, sprinkle granulated sugar, and roll lightly.

Bake—In hot oven (425-450° F.).

Be sure to use Occident Special Patent Flour. It's guaranteed, you know, to give better baking results than any other flour you have ever used or your dealer is authorized to refund the full purchase price.

I'd like to send you our complete set of recipes covering all kinds of baking. Won't you mail the coupon below?

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P.S. The best commercial bakers use Occident. Look for the Occident baker near you if you don't bake at home!

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Please send me the book of recipes developed and tested in your Home Economics kitchen.

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THE TRAIL DRIVER

[Continued from page 4]

Brite had an inspiration. "Chief," he burst out, "we do good by you. We give heaps, but no more. If you want fight, we fight. . . . Two trail herds tomorrow." Here Brite held up two fingers and, indicating his cattle, made signs that more were coming up the trail. "White men with herds come all time. Two moons."

"Ugh!" ejaculated Nigger Horse. He understood, and that tactful persuasion of Brite's was the deciding factor. Nigger Horse let out sharp, guttural sentences. Then, burdened with his possessions, he rode away without another word, followed by his band.

BRITE'S men drove on, and their difficulties multiplied. Stampedes became frequent; storms and swollen creeks further impeded their progress: the chuck-wagon, springing leaks in its boatlike bottom, had almost to be carried across the North Fork of the Red. But they kept on doggedly, their foreman cool and resourceful, all bound to this seemingly impossible drive.

When they neared Sand Creek, Texas Joe signaled the news of buffalo. Day after day this had been expected. Somewhere north of the Canadian the great herd would swing across the Chisholm Trail. That night, what little conversation prevailed around the campfire, centered on the buffalo.

"Nothin' to fear drivin' along with the buff's," vouchsafed Bender.

"That's all you know, Missouri. We could be swallowed up by buffalo—cattle, hawses, chuck-wagon, riders an' all."

"Boss, did you ever heah of that?" "Shore. That happens often. Stock grazin' right along with the buffalo." "Ahuu. Wal, what'd happen if the buffalo stampeded? . . . Thirty million buffalo, all movin' at once?"

"It ain't conceivable, cowboy." "I'll bet my last cigarette it happens." So they talked, some of them pessimistically, but all reckless, unafraid and unchangeable.

Next day the trail followed Sand Creek. A long, thick line of buffalo crossed behind Brite's herd and turning north, crept along parallel with it. This line had no break. Behind and to the west it slowly augmented and encroached upon the cattle herd. But the west and north remained open, at least as far as eye could see.

Sand Creek merged into Buffalo Creek, a deep, cool, willow-bordered stream. Texas made camp at the point where the creeks met.

Morning brought to light fewer buffalo and wider space, yet to east and south and west the black lines encroached upon the green. Only the north was clear.

"Point the herd!" ordered Brite, driven by fears and hopes.

"I was goin' to do that anyhow," drawled Texas Joe. "We can only die once an' if we have to die, let's get it over."

So they drove on and the buffalo closed in around them. Herd, remuda and riders occupied the center of a green island surrounded by rugged, unbroken waves.

About noon something quickened the buffalo. Brite felt it, saw it, but could find no solution.

"Oh, Dad, I heah somethin' behind!" called Reddie, fearfully.

"What?" "I don't know. It's like the wind in the pines."

Brite strained his ears to hear. In vain! The noonday hour was silent, oppressive, warm with the breath of midsummer. But he could see, low

down over the horizon, a peculiar, billowy smoke rising. Dust clouds!

"Look! Dust risin'," cried Reddie. "Maybe it's nothin' to worry about," said Brite, averting his eyes. "Heah comes Tex!"

The foreman swerved in round the rear of the herd and reined in before Brite and Reddie.

"Heah anythin', boss?" he queried. "Nope. But Reddie does. I see some dust rollin' up behind."

"Stampede!" flashed the cowboy, confirming Brite's suspicion.

"We're trapped in a circle," burst out Reddie. "What will we do?"

"It's been comin' to us all this drive," replied Texas. "If that stampede spreads through the whole herd we've got about one chance in a thousand. An' that chance is for our cattle to run broadcast as they are now, square an' broad across the rear. Ride behind that, Mr. Brite, an' good luck to you. . . . Reddie, if the buff's close in on you, take to the wagon. A big, white, heavy wagon like ours might split a herd that'd trample over hawses."

Brite and Reddie drove the remuda to the rear of the herd, just back to the riders. Soon Moze came lumbering up. Then all accommodated their paces to the movement of the cattle.

From behind, the low roar gradually increased. Brite's mustang snorted and balked. All the horses betrayed a will to bolt.

Brite noticed that the buffalo on each flank had broken into a lope. An instant later the low roar perished in an engulfing sound that would have struck terror to the stoutest heart. The gap between the rear of the herd and the oncoming buffalo began rapidly to close. On each side of the cattle, far ahead, the buffalo closed in.

Brite realized the terrible instant when the stampede spirit claimed the whole mass. He felt the ground shake, and his ears cracked to an awful rumble. It ceased as suddenly. He could no longer hear. And, as if of one accord, the longhorns and the horses broke into a run.

BRITE looked back. A thousand hideously horned heads formed the advance line, fifty yards or less behind him. Texas Joe on one side of the chuck-wagon, Pan Handle on the other, rode with guns belching fire and smoke into the faces of bulls that charged perilously close. Moze's team was running away, the six thousand cattle were running away. But where? They were lost in that horde of bison. They were as a few grains of sand on the seashore.

Except for Pan Handle, Texas and Reddie, all the riders were surrounded by buffalo. Brite's stirrups rubbed the hump-backed monsters; they bumped his mustang on one side, then on the other.

Bender, on his white horse, was a conspicuous mark. Brite saw him forced to one side, saw the white horse go down and black bodies cover the place. Brite could feel no more. He closed his eyes.

The stampede went on—a catastrophe which perhaps a gopher had started. Sick and dizzy, Brite clung to his saddle horn, sure that his end was near. He had lived long. Cattle had been his Nemesis. If it had not been for Reddie—

Suddenly his clogged ears appeared to open—to fill again with sound. His mustang broke its gait to allow for down grade. Ahead he caught a gleam

[Continued on page 104]

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As Keen at 18

AS MANY WOMEN OF 40 IN THE WAYS OF BEAUTY CARE



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which will keep it fresh, the lubrication which will keep it full and firm. Woodbury's COLD Cream maintains and restores that youthful skin-resilience which resists wrinkles.

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THE SERVICE EDITOR, McCALL'S, DAYTON, OHIO.

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Breathe your cold away



Put the youngsters to bed with Vapex at each end of the pillow



THE TRAIL DRIVER

[Continued from page 100]

of river! Heart and senses leaped. They had reached the Cimarron. All went dark before Brite's eyes. His horse dragged in sand. A rude arm clasped him and a man spoke in his ear.

BRITE gazed stupidly upon the broad river where strings of cattle were wading out upon an island. To right and left black moving bands crossed the water. The stampede had ended at the Cimarron, where the buffalo had split around an island.

"How—about—Reddie?" whispered the cattleman.

"Heah, Dad, safe an' sound."

"An'—everybody?"

"All but Bender an' Whittaker," said Texas. "They were lost."

"Oh, Dad! Did you see me go down?" cried Reddie. "I got pitched ahead—over my hawse. . . . That cowboy snatched me up—as if I'd been his scarf."

"Which cowboy?" queried Brite.

"Texas—Jack. . . . That's the second time."

"Boss, we're stuck," reported the practical Texas. "Some of our cattle went with the buffalo. The rest are scattered. Our remuda is half gone. . . . But we're on the Cimarron! When these cussed buff get by we'll round up our stock an' drive on."

Before dark the last straggling ends of the buffalo herd loped by. The outfit had weathered another vicissitude of the trail.

It took Brite's remaining riders four days to round up five thousand head of cattle. The rest were lost, and a hundred head of the remuda. But the unbeatable cowboys kept telling Brite that he still had five hundred more longhorns than the number with which he had started.

They got going again on the fifth day, with cattle and remuda rested, but with the cowboys ragged as scarecrows, gaunt and haggard. They had company at every camp. Snake Creek, Salt Creek, Bear Creek, Bluff Creek, and at last Mulberry Creek, with a few miles out of Dodge. That night ranchers called on the trail drivers.

"Dodge is shore a-hummin' these days," said one. "Shootin', drinkin' and gamblin' galore!"

Texas Joe took a sly look at the downcast Reddie, and with a wink at Brite, he drawled: "Gosh, I'm glad I'm free. Just a no-good cowhand in off the trail with all trouble behind! I'm goin' to buck the tiger."

"Yes, you are a no-good cowhand," blazed Reddie, furiously. "Oh, I—I'm ashamed of you! To give in to the bottle when—when all the time our boys lie dead out there on the prairie. How can you do it?"

"That's why, Reddie," replied Texas Joe, suddenly flayed. "It shore takes a lot to make a man forget the pards who died for him. . . . An' I have nothin' else but likker—"

"Oh, but you have!" she cried. "You're blind—blind!"

Dodge City was indeed roaring. Brite likened the traffic in the wide street, the dust, the noise, the tramp of the throng, to a stampede of cattle on the trail. After the drive in to the pastures, and the count, Brite had left the cowboys and the wagon, and had ridden to town with Reddie. He had left her asleep in her room at the

hotel and hurried to the office of Hall and Stevens, with whom he had had dealings before.

"Brite, you're a ragamuffin," declared the senior member of the firm. "Why didn't you rid yourself of that beard? And those trail togs?"

"Tomorrow is time enough for that. I want to sell an' go to bed. What're you payin' this month?"

"We're offerin' twelve dollars," replied the cattle buyer, warily.

"Not enough. My count is five thousand an' eighty-eight. Call it eighty even. Fine stock an' fairly fat."

"How do you want?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"Won't pay it. Brite, there are eighty thousand head of cattle in."

"Nothin' to me, Mr. Hall. I have the best stock."

"Thirteen dollars."

"Nope. I'll run over to see Blackwell," replied Brite, moving toward the door.

"Fourteen. That's my highest. Will you sell?"

"Done. I'll call tomorrow for a certified check. Meanwhile, send your cowhands down to take charge."

Brite wrestled his way back to the hotel, where he bathed and shaved and then went to bed. He was asleep the minute he hit the pillow.

What seemed but a moment later a knocking at his door awakened him.

"Dad, are you dead?"

"Come in," he answered sleepily. Reddie entered, pale, with hollow eyes and strained cheeks. She sat down upon the bed beside him.

"You handsome man! All shaved an' nice. Did you buy new clothes?"

"Not yet. I left that till mornin'."

"Where are the boys?"

"Sleepin', I guess. Don't worry. They'll straggle in late today, lookin' for money."

"Dad, do me a favor?"

"Shore. Anythin' you want?"

"Don't give the cowboys—at least Texas Jack—a-any money right away."

"But honey, I can't get out of it," protested Brite, puzzled.

"Will he want to—to get drunk—"

"Shore. They all get drunk."

"Could I keep Jack from that?"

"I reckon you could. Do you care that much about him, lass?"

"Oh! . . . I—I love him!"

WAL, then, it'll be easy, for that high-tatin' hombre loves the ground you ride on."

"Have I yore consent?"

"You have my blessin', dear. I think the world of Texas Joe."

"Could you let him quit trail drivin'? Because if he drove, I'd have to go."

"Reddie, I got a fortune for that herd. Which reminds me I still have ninety-two hawses to sell."

"But you can't sell mine."

"We'll leave him with Selton, to be sent south with the first outfit."

She leaped up, flushed and happy. "Hurry. Get up an' dress. Take me out to buy things. . . . Hurry, Dad. I wouldn't dare go alone."

"I should smile you wouldn't."

When she ran out, Brite made short work of getting into his torn and trail-stained rags. Then he took Reddie into Denman's merchandise store, turned her over to a woman clerk and hastened

| | | | | | | |
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Will you give me 10 days TO PROVE I CAN MAKE YOU SLENDER
Annette Kellermann

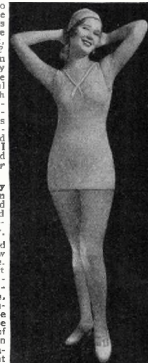
HOW many pounds do you want to take off? How many inches do you want to reduce your neck, bust, waist, hips, arms, legs, calves? In just 10 days you can have the proof that my personal methods will give you a slender, graceful figure. It was through these methods that I developed "the body beautiful" and won fame as the world's most perfectly formed woman. And by these same methods I have kept my weight and figure without change for over ten years.

40,000 women of every weight, age and condition of life have been benefited by these methods. No need now for you to fear obesity in any part of the body.

Graceful posture and poise come with this new figure you will acquire. Health, too—health that will glow in a racy complexion, free from sallowness, wrinkles, pimples, sag lines. Pen and energy that will make life worth living! Your whole system will be cleansed of impurities. Constipation and other ailments, contributing to your present condition will be corrected.

And it's fun this quick easy way. Spend only 15 minutes with my special methods daily. I allow you plenty of delicious, satisfying foods, but they produce energy instead of fat. No pills or starvation diets.

You owe it to yourself to learn about my tested method. "The Body Beautiful." Don't please act at once. Write, Address, Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 82, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.



Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 82, 225 West 39th Street, New York City

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Keep full strength Musterole on hand, for adults and the milder—Children's Musterole for little tots. All druggists.

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MUSTEROLE
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PAIN-RELIEF PASTOR
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[Continued on page 106]

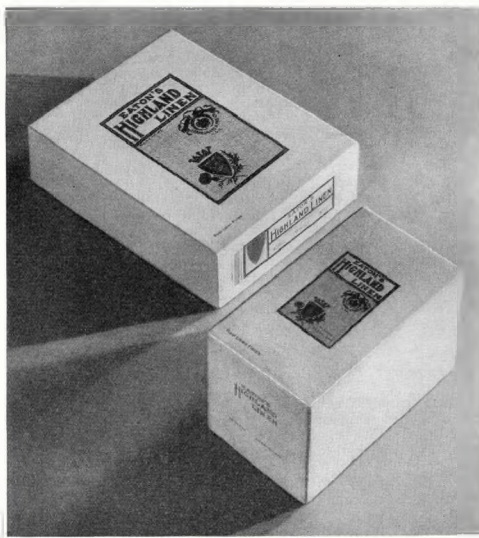


A L O N G T H E H I G H R O A D O F L I F E

THE MORNING OF THE YEAR

"Now that it is Spring, the air seems full of the coming of new things. The year's begun. Life's more worth living than ever. I wish you could come."

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Have gained youthful
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✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

BLACK DARK BROWN MEDIUM BROWN LIGHT BROWN
 DARK RED LIGHT RED BLONDE



THE TRAIL DRIVER

[Continued from page 104]

to purchase an outfit for himself. They had a merry and toilsome job packing their purchases back to the hotel. Reddie barred herself in with her precious possessions. Some time later a tap on Brite's door interrupted the finishing touches of his dressing.

"Come in," he answered.

TEXAS JOE entered, his handsome face shining. "Mornin', boss," he drawled. "My, but you're spruced up."

"Yes, an' you'll be feelin' like me pronto. How're the boys?"

"I don't know. Asleep, I reckon." "Tex, if I asked you as a particular favor, would you give up goin' on a debauch an' take the first stage with me an' Reddie?"

"Boss, you're askin' too much. Somethin' terrible, or maybe wonderful, has got to come between me an' that death-dealin' drive."

"I understand. But do this for me. Go with me to Hall's office, then to the bank. An' I'll take you to the store where I bought this outfit."

"That's easy. I'll stick to you till I get my money. Clean broke, boss."

They went out into the street.

"Boss, would you mind walkin' on my left side. I might have to clear for action. If we meet Hite—wal, Pan is goin' to be left!"

But nothing happened on their several errands. Upon returning to the hotel, Texas engaged a room and proceeded to get rid of the stains and rags of the Chisholm Trail. Brite went to Blackwell, where he sold the remuda for twenty dollars a head. He was treading the clouds when he got back to the hotel. Men and women, some of them flashily dressed, passed through the lobby to the dining room. Brite noted a very pretty young lady in colorful attire pass to and fro as if on parade. He observed that she had attracted the attention of a frock-coated gambler. When the man accosted her, Brite decided he had better make sure the girl wanted this kind of attention. To his amazement and consternation he heard the girl say, in a familiar voice: "Mr. Flowery Vest, if I was packin' my gun I'd shoot you!" "Reddie!" burst out Brite.

"Hello, Dad. An' you didn't know me! Lend me a gun."

The gambler fled. Brite gazed at his adopted daughter, unable to believe his own eyes.

"Reddie, darlin', is it you?" "Yes, it's me. That is, I think an' feel it is, 'cept when I look in that mirror. . . . Do I look—nice?"

"Nice! Reddie, you are the sweetest thing I ever saw."

"Dad, will he like me—this way?" "Like you? He'll fall on his knees."

"Oh!" She started, her bright eyes widening. "There's Texas now. Oh, I hardly knew him. . . . Dad, stand by me. I wouldn't say my happiness is at stake—or all of it—but my love is. . . . If I've only got the nerve—" "Remember Wallen, honey, an' that day of the stampede." was all Brite had time to say before Texas joined them.

"Boss! Who—who—" "Jack, don't you know me?" Reddie asked roguishly.

"For heaven's sake!" gasped Texas. "Come, Jack," she cried, clasping his arm and then Brite's. "We'll go up to Dad's room. I've somethin' to say—to you."

When they were in Brite's room with the door shut, Reddie tossed her dainty bonnet on the bed.

"Jack, do you like me?" she asked, facing him with her eyes aglow.

"You're staggerin' lovely, Reddie," he replied.

"Jack, will you give up goin' on a drunk?"

"Sorry, Miss Bayne, but I can't. That's a trail driver's privilege. An' any human being wouldn't ask him not to drown it all."

"Not even for me?"

"I reckon—not even for you."

She slowly drew close to him. "Shore somethin' will coax you out of this idea. . . . What? I'll do anythin'—anythin'—"

He seized her in his arms and lifted her off her feet. "You'd marry me?"

"Oh, yes—yes—yes!"

"But why, girl? Why?" he demanded, in a frenzy of doubt.

Reddie flung her arms around his neck and kissed his quivering cheek. "Cause I love you, Jack—terribly!"

He kissed her hair, her brow, her cheek, and at last the uplifted mouth. "Aw, Reddie! It was worth goin' through everything—for this. . . .

When will you marry me?"

"Today—if you want," she whispered, faintly. "But I—I'd rather wait—till we get back to Santeone."

"Then we'll wait. But we must leave today, darlin'. . . . This Dodge town is brewin' blood for me."

"Oh, let's hurry," she cried. Slipping out of his arms she turned appealingly to Brite. "Dad, we've made up. When can you take us away?"

"Today, an' pronto," replied Brite, heartily. "Pack yore duds an' go to the stage office at the east end of the street. I will pay off an' rustle to meet you there."

Brite spent a fruitless hour trying to locate the cowboys. Upon returning to the hotel, with the intention of leaving their wages as well as their share of the money found on the stampeder Wallen, he encountered Pan Handle vastly changed in garb, though not in demeanor.

"Hullo, Pan, Lookin' for you, Heah's yore wages an' yore share—"

"Brite, you don't owe me anythin'," returned the gunman, smiling.

"None of that or we're not friends," retorted Brite, forcing the money upon him. "I'm leavin' in an hour by stage with Tex an' Reddie. They made up, an' we're all happy."

"Fine! I'm shore glad, I'll go to the stage to see you off."

"Pan, hadn't you better go with us, far as Abilene, anyway?"

"Wal, no, much as I'd like to. I've somebody to see heah yet."

"Wal, I'm sorry. Will you take this wad of bills an' pay off those fire-eaters of mine."

"Shore will. But they're heah, just around on the side porch."

HOLDEN sat on the porch steps, I while Ackerman and Little leaned on the rail. They still wore their ragged trail garb, minus the chaps, but their faces were clean and bright from recent contact with razor and soap.

"Howdy, boss. Got any money?" asked Rolly, with a grin.

"Shore. I have it here waitin' for you—wages an' bonus, too."

"Boss, I'm goin' to take ten to blow in, an' want you to put the rest in somebody's hands to keep for me," said Ackerman, keenly. "You know I'm not trailin' back to Texas. I'm waitin' here to join the Hardys."

"We'll miss you, Deuce."

Brite gave the boys their wages, and then bidding them goodbye and good luck, left the hotel with Pan. Brite noticed that Pan Handle walked on

[Continued on page 108]

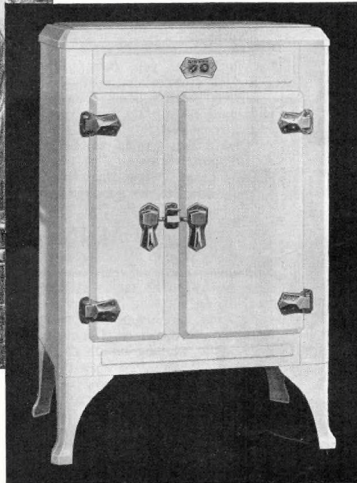


About

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THE TRAIL DRIVER

[Continued from page 106]

the inside and quite apart. He spoke briefly when addressed. As they passed Beauty and Kelly's store, a dark-garbed man strode out of the barber shop next door.

"Jump!" hissed Pan Handle.

EVEN as Brite acted upon that trenchant word, his swift eye swept to the man in front of the door. Sallow face, baleful eyes, crouching form—Ross Hite reaching for his gun!

As Brite plunged off the sidewalk two shots boomed out, almost together. Then Brite saw Pan Handle standing erect, his smoking gun high, while Hite stretched across the threshold of the barber shop door.

A rush of feet, excited cries, a loud laugh; then Pan Handle sheathed his gun and strode on to join Brite. They split the gathering crowd and hurried down the street.

Breathless with haste and agitation, Brite reached the stage office.

"Waitin' for you, boss," drawled Texas Joe, from inside the stage coach. "Wal, you're all winded. You needn't have hustled so. I'd have kept this stage driver heah."

"Dad, I was afraid," cried Reddie. "Dog-gone! Heah's Pan too," exclaimed Texas. "Shore was fine of you to come down to say goodbye."

Pan Handle coolly lighted a cigarette with fingers as steady as a rock. He smiled up at Reddie.

"Lass, I want to wish you all the joy an' happiness there is in this hard old west."

"Thank you, Pan," she replied, shyly. "I wish—"

"All aboard that's goin'," yelled the stage driver.

Brite threw his bag in and followed, tripping as he entered. The strong hand that assisted him belonged to Pan Handle, who stepped in after him. Then the stage coach lurched and rolled away.

"Wal now, Pan, where's yore baggage?" drawled Texas Joe.

"Tex, I reckon all I've got is on my hip," replied Pan Handle, his glance meeting that of Texas.

"Ahu. . . . Wal, I'm darn glad you're travelin' with us."

"Oh, Dad, you didn't forget to say goodbye to the boys for me, especially to Deuce, who'll never come back to Texas?"

"No, Reddie, I didn't forget," replied Brite.

"I hope Ann can coax Deuce never again to be a trail driver," concluded Reddie, happily, as she smiled up at Texas Joe. "I'd like to tell her how."

[THE END]

READING AND WRITING

[Continued from page 20]

delightful that they fan in me the embers of an old and still smoldering indignation. For no one in this country has quite the graceful touch, quite the rippling, winning humor of this fellow from St. Paul. And yet this little book, which is called *Loguacities*, represents all the work he has seen fit to do in the past twenty years.

It is a good deal longer ago than twenty years that I first encountered the name and art of Charles Flandrau. It must have been back in 1900 or thereabouts, when I was a cross between a tot and a youth. At that time, my father had begun bringing home with him, from his office in Philadelphia, a newly resurrected weekly called "The Saturday Evening Post." One of the first serials that the new editor bought to put the "Post" on its feet was a story called *The Diary of a Freshman*, by Charles Macomb Flandrau. Each week I read it avidly, and decided then and there, for the first time, that it would be a pleasant thing to go to college. And if I am now a L. H. D. and an old grad of the most virulent type, it is due more to the influence of the aforesaid Flandrau than to that of any other man. I cannot truthfully say he has had a controlling influence on my literary style. I wish I could.

From time to time, I reread *The Diary of a Freshman* and find it still incomparably the best college story I know. Of late years, I would look for it only to discover that one of the many thieves among my kith and kin had gone off with my copy. I would then telephone the second-best bookseller in the world, only to learn that this masterpiece was out of print, and had been since 1920.

This would drive me to the necessity of raking the second-hand shops, a process made exasperating by my moody reflection on all the trash being poured each year from the very presses which had let *The Diary of a Freshman* go out of print. A few weeks ago, however, the publishers awakened from their stupor, and now it may be had

for the asking—plus, I believe, two dollars.

Then in 1908, Flandrau published *Viva Mexico*. If you insist on classification, I suppose it must be called a travel book—the best, I think, ever written by an American; indeed, the most graceful introduction of one people to another that I can call to mind. But *Viva Mexico* is an acknowledged classic. Next, in 1911, he put forth a little volume of extremely readable essays called *Prejudices* and then lapsed into silence for twenty years. And now, after all this time, here is another book called *Loguacities*, a collection of irresponsible, unrelated and excruciatingly unimportant papers which I read at a sitting with sheer delight, and put down at last with a feeling that Charles Macomb Flandrau is the most civilized, and reprehensible loafer in all the world of letters.

SO MUCH for *Loguacities*. As to other new books, I think addicts of biography should note an excellent one of Wellington written by Philip Guedalla, whose unfailing wit is so much velvet, as it is not needed to mask a lack of scholarship. The Iron Duke lived fifty crowded years after Waterloo, lived so long a life, indeed, that the writing of it immersed Guedalla for three years, and when I last saw him in London, he was vowing next time to tackle some historical character cut off at an earlier age. I suggested Edward VI, but he was all for writing the lives of those princelings who were smothered in the Tower by the wicked Richard. Then please note that under the repulsive title, *The Second Omnibus of Crime*, you will find an admirable anthology of mystery and horror stories, and that, also in the fiction field, *The Diary of a Provincial Lady* is an engaging work, which will both delight and annoy every woman who reads it—annoy her because she will put it down with a mistaken feeling that, if she had had the presence of mind and the industry, she might have written it herself.



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SAMUEL CAMUEL

[Continued from page 13]

She shifted gears and departed, a mixture of rage and mirth boiling within her as she recalled the fate of her beautiful racquet.

Stopping at the Hicksville turn, she reached down for it, but groped in vain. It had vanished.

"Can you dent that!" she sniffed, determined to turn back and claim her property. But she drove on toward home.

THE Sunday evening that followed Saturday afternoon's adventure found Ducky alone in the mausoleum with the Mayfeathers, with the forced humility of the very rich, had chosen to call The Homestead.

Uncle Brixton and Aunt Laura had gone to a colossal dinner, where nothing less than Grade A ambassadors, Number One corporation lawyers, industrial monarchs, and heavy patrons of the arts were ever admitted. Now and then a stray major general or admiral came as a filler-in.

Before the Mayfeathers swept away, Ducky had aroused Aunt Laura by saying that she couldn't understand why brainy people didn't die, trying to talk to each other. But Uncle Brixton seemed sympathetic. He was in high spirits; tomorrow was his birthday, and he could stay home and play golf and have a big party, groaning with heavyweights.

"You're right, Ducky," he whispered. "The reason why lions roar is because they've never learned to sing. The poor fish."

"The worst thing about you, old Brick," Ducky chirped, "is that you never, never, make a mistake."

He liked her to call him Brick—when Aunt Laura wasn't listening. Ducky liked him, but she wished that he'd lose a case once in a while, just to knock the struts off Aunt Laura.

Ducky dined alone, and since she wasn't in one of her best moods, she only picked at her food. All day she had been considering whether it wouldn't be a good thing to ring up the Garden City Hotel and tell them they were harboring a racquet thief. She was contemplating a dish of ice cream when she noticed Mapes, the fearfully sad butler, hovering as over the urn of his ancestors.

"A gentleman is calling," announced Mapes. "A Mr. Camuel."

"Oh," said Ducky. "He's waiting in the drawing-room, Miss Duccella."

She considered for a second. It wouldn't do any harm to ask him in for a dish of ice cream. But, no. He might spill it in her lap, or break a yard of Aunt Laura's crystal.

"Tell him I'll be in presently."

She took her time, then went into the vast drawing-room where, amidst gigantic furniture, Samuel Camuel was studiously examining a Flemish tapestry that depicted a lively murder scene in the Trojan war.

He turned suddenly, knocked over a vase of flowers, and sprawled to repair the damage.

"Oh, that's all right," said Ducky, observing the laws of hospitality with the pity that ennobles women. "That's just the way we live. No elbow room."

Samuel Camuel glanced up at the lofty, beamed ceiling. "All this room needs is a train announcer," he mused. Then with a sudden smile, "I've had you on my mind all day."

"That's a compliment."

"It ought to be, considering the number of important things I ought to be worrying about. I've got a case on in the morning that would curl your hair. Only yours doesn't need it. Is it natural, the way it wiggles like that over your ears?"

"No," said Ducky, "I wear a wig. I inherited baldness from my father. Won't you sit down?"

"No, thanks." A crash came in to wipe up after the maid, and he looked on uneasily.

"How did you find out where I live?" asked Ducky.

"I took the number of your car, found it registered under the name of Brixton Mayfeather, added two and two. It's easy, when you know how."

"I'll admit it."

"And I didn't think it was doing the right thing by you to leave that tennis racquet up in the air, so to speak."

"What have you done with it?" Trying to look resentful.

"I sent it in to Belding's to be fixed. Is that a good place?"

"That's where it came from. But I thought you didn't know a thing about tennis."

"I don't. But half the people in the hotel do. The other half are aviators. Cross-examining's one of my show features."

"Please sit down," she urged. To herself, she said, "He's fun, even if he is dangerous."

"Let's take a breath of air," he suggested, glancing up at the twenty-foot ceiling. "It's stuffy in here."

REGARDING his lawless figure, she decided that he belonged to the great outdoors. On the Mayfeather grounds there were only trees to knock over. They went down the marble steps and found a flagged path that led to the wharf.

[Continued on page 115]

The hard-water problem is simply solved

Do your white things turn gray when they're washed? Does your dishpan get coated with a greasy film when you do dishes? Is there a dirty ring around the bathtub when you've finished a bath? Hard water is the culprit! For hard water and soap combine with dirt to make a greasy discolored scum that's unpleasant and ruinous.

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Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices: Room 1131, The Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.; 609 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Spring and Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga.; 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.; 60-62 Front St., West, Toronto 2, Can.; 204 Gt. Portland St., London, England.

| No. | Size | Price | No. | Size | Price | No. | Size | Price | No. | Size | Price | |
|------|--------------|-------|------|--------------|--------------|------|--------------|--------------|------|--------------|--------------|----|
| 8797 | 14-18 | 36-42 | 50 | 8804 | 14-18, 36-42 | 45 | 8802 | 14-18, 36-42 | 50 | 8822 | 34-46 | 50 |
| 8798 | 14-18 | 36-42 | 45 | 8803 | 14-18, 36-42 | 45 | 8801 | 14-18, 36-42 | 45 | 8823 | 14-18, 36-42 | 50 |
| 8799 | 12-30 | 35 | 8806 | 14-18, 36-42 | 50 | 8805 | 14-18, 36-42 | 45 | 8824 | 12-50 | 45 | |
| 8796 | 12-30 | 35 | 8807 | 14-18, 36-42 | 50 | 8808 | 14-18, 36-46 | 45 | 8825 | 14-18, 36-42 | 45 | |
| 8795 | 12-30 | 35 | 8809 | 14-18, 36-42 | 45 | 8810 | 14-18, 36-42 | 45 | 8826 | 14-18, 36-42 | 50 | |
| 8800 | 14-18, 36-42 | 45 | 8811 | 14-18, 36-42 | 45 | 8812 | 14-18, 36-42 | 45 | 8827 | 2-6 | 35 | |
| 8801 | 14-18, 36-42 | 45 | 8813 | 14-18, 36-42 | 45 | 8814 | 14-18, 36-42 | 45 | 8828 | 14-18, 36-46 | 45 | |
| 8802 | 14-18, 36-42 | 45 | 8815 | 14-18, 36-42 | 50 | 8816 | 14-18, 36-42 | 35 | 8829 | 14-18, 36-42 | 65 | |
| 8803 | 14-18, 36-42 | 45 | 8817 | 14-18, 36-46 | 45 | 8818 | 14-18, 36-42 | 85 | | | | |

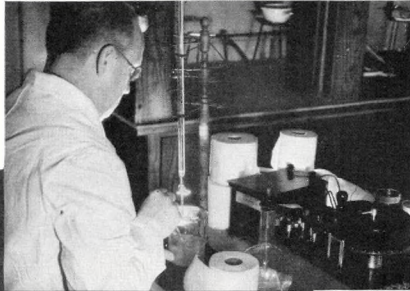
Embroidery and Novelty Patterns

| No. | Size | Price | No. | Size | Price |
|------|----------------|-------|------|----------------|-------|
| 1853 | Yellow or blue | 35 | 1857 | 2, 4, 6 Blue | 45 |
| 1854 | Blue | 25 | 1858 | 1, 2, 4 Blue | 45 |
| 1855 | Blue | 25 | 1859 | 2, 4, 6 Yellow | 45 |
| 1856 | 2, 4, 6 Blue | 45 | | low or blue | 45 |
| | | | 1862 | Yellow or blue | 35 |

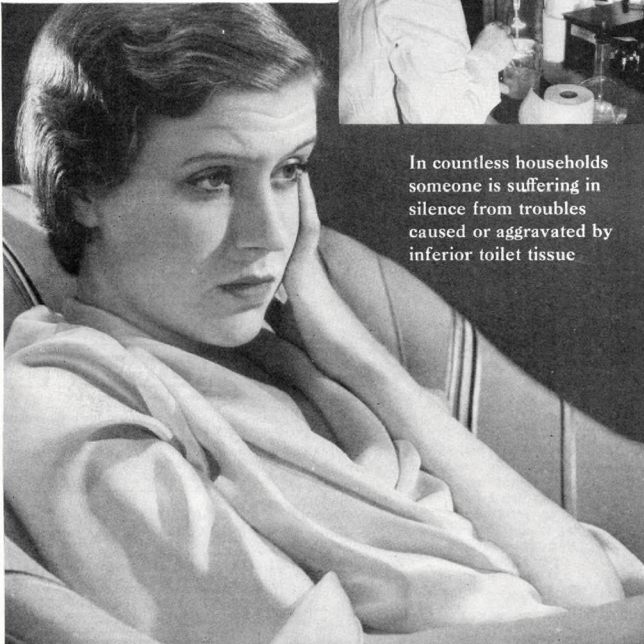
455 out of 660 Toilet Tissues contain *Harmful Acids*

Laboratory Tests show many brands unsafe because of strong acidity—some actually found to contain poisonous chemicals . . . *chlorine—mercury—even arsenic*

These tests were made in a nationally known laboratory. 660 brands of toilet tissue were examined—brands purchased at retail in grocery stores in different sections of the country. 455 of these brands were found to contain harmful acids.



Many cases of serious illness attributed to widespread use of inferior tissues . . . Tests prove ScotTissue and Waldorf absolutely safe.



In countless households someone is suffering in silence from troubles caused or aggravated by inferior toilet tissue

WHEN you buy toilet tissue without specifying the brand of a responsible manufacturer, you are taking a serious risk of endangering your family's health.

For actually two out of three of the so-called "brands" sold today are unsafe.

This was proved recently in a hospital laboratory. 660 brands were tested—chemically and microscopically.

The detailed report shows that 455 of these 660 toilet tissues are decidedly inferior and contain chemical impurities which are an actual menace to health.

Strong acid (hydrochloric and sulphurous), mercury, aluminum, sand, chlorine—and even

arsenic were found. In addition 270 of these toilet tissues contained unsafe quantities of abrasive wood splinters.

In every test, the two health tissues, ScotTissue and Waldorf, met the strictest medical standards.

No harmful acids or chemicals were found. No harsh irritants. Both ScotTissue and Waldorf were rated extremely soft and cloth-like, absolutely pure, with perfect degree of absorbency.

It doesn't pay to take chances. Rectal trouble is a serious, painful malady, often requiring an operation.

Be sure of safety. Always call for ScotTissue or Waldorf by name. Never say "some toilet tissue, please." Remember, two out of three brands may cause serious illness.

65 per cent of all men and women at middle age suffer from some form of rectal trouble, specialists say. Cases of this kind may frequently be traced to harsh or chemically impure toilet tissue.



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The above tests showed that ScotTissue and Waldorf are absolutely safe—entirely free from harsh irritants . . . and chemically pure. These extremely soft, absorbent health tissues have always been approved for safety by doctors, hospitals and health authorities.

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One packet each of *Large Early Flowering Cosmos (mixed)*, *New Giant Zinnias (mixed)*, *Giant Single Flowering Petunias (mixed)*, *Invincible Asters*, *Brilliant Mixture Poppies*, and *Giant Waved Spencer Sweet Peas*.

"Everything For The Garden" is the title of our annual catalogue. For 1932 it is a beautifully illustrated book with 22 full color plates and hundreds of interesting illustrations direct from actual photographs of results from Henderson's seeds—the finest and most complete catalogue we ever issued.

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Ragged Robin or Bachelor's Button?

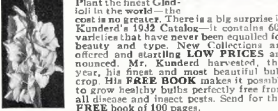
Neither name is correct, as you can see by referring to Page 77 of Dreer's Garden Book. Don't envy your friends who can speak with authority on any subject pertaining to flowers. Be like them. Get the new, revised 1932 edition of this one completely authoritative work of its kind.

Sent free on request to those interested in vegetable and flower seeds, roses, perennial plants, etc.

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(A)—This young garden will grow beautiful with age

A GARDENER'S TABLOID

By Ellen Eddy Shaw
Of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden

MANY, many people have little time to gather together all the information they need to help them dig their gardens and make them grow, so we are offering an (A), (B), (C) guide which covers—in tabloid fashion—the essential points of good gardening.

We'll let (A) stand for age, to stress the importance of the time element in gardening. If you feel at the end of the first season that you have not accomplished much, do not be discouraged. Making a garden is something like the formation of character—a slow process. Remember that whatever is done in the first few years of the garden's life will determine its fullest success later on.

(B) stands for basic principles which can best be explained by practical questions and answers.

1. *When shall I start my garden?*
As soon as the soil is workable in the spring. To tell this, take a handful of soil, and hold it close in the hand; if, after opening your hand, the soil falls apart, start work. If it stays a close, tight mass—wait.

2. *How deep shall I dig to make a good garden bed?* The depth of the spading fork is possible. Deeper? Yes, if you can. Reclaim a little more

depth each season. If the area is sodded, take off the sod, shake the good soil from the roots back onto the garden bed; pack the sods up in some inconspicuous place, alternating grass side and earth side. Let them rot; next year dig this compost, rich in plant food, into the garden soil.

3. *What fertilizer shall I use?* On sandy soils—rotted manure, compost, peat moss; on clay soils—rotted manure, commercial humus, peat moss. On either, a well-balanced commercial fertilizer as suggested by your own local seedsman or nurseryman. Trust his advice.

4. *When shall the fertilizer go on?* Any time, spring or fall, for a natural fertilizer; the day before planting for a chemical fertilizer.

5. *When is lime used and how much?* Lime is used when soil is acid; put on twenty-five to thirty pounds to every 800 square feet.

6. *How can I tell when soil is acid?* Buy one of the testers sold by seeds-men and test it as directed.

7. *May I lime and manure the garden at the same time?* No, it is wiser to do one operation in the spring; the other in the fall. If fresh manure is to be used, put it on in the fall, and

[Continued on opposite page]

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HELLER BROS. CO., Box 215, New Castle, Ind.

A GARDENER'S TABLOID

[Continued from opposite page]

leave it in heaps upon the ground, with a little soil thrown over it, to weather. In that case, put the lime on in the spring. Otherwise, it's better to lime in the fall.

8. *How shall I proceed with the fertilizer?* Dig it thoroughly in and rake the surface of the garden so the soil is fine and level. If the fertilizer used is a chemical one in the form of a powder, sprinkle over the surface of the well-dug garden and rake it thoroughly in.

9. *How can I tell if the garden has sufficient food in it?* As the plants grow they will tell you. If foliage is weak, nitrogen is lacking. If flowers are small, stems weak, and growth poor, phosphorus is lacking. When plants are weak and given to disease, and the flowers and fruit are poor, potash is lacking.

10. *What fertilizers represent these food elements?* Manures, humus, ni-

trate of soda, sulphate of ammonia, compost, and peat moss are rich in meal are common fertilizers used for nitrogen. Acid phosphates and bone phosphorus; and wood ashes, sulphate and muriate of potash offer the potash element.

(C) stands for constant cultivation. The most important of all things to hold in mind in gardening is this: the garden soil is not a dead and static affair, but a living, changing one. When the soil is given the proper preparation and cultivation the air and water content are changed and improved. If the soil is loose, the air is kept within the soil. Sunshine plays its part—and water, too; the well-cultivated soil has improved drainage.

With air and water at work, with the soil elements functioning to the best of their ability because of sweet soil and sunshine, most of our ground-work problems are solved.

Beginner's Flower-Planting Table

| NAME | COLOR | HEIGHT | TIME OF BLOOM | | |
|------------------|----------------------------|---------|---------------|--------------------|--|
| Ageratum | Blue, white | 3"-2" | June-Oct. | Annual | |
| Alyssum | White | 3"-5" | May-Oct. | Annual | |
| Aster | Various | 12"-18" | July-Sept. | Annual | |
| Bleeding Heart | Pink to purple | 8"-10" | May | Perennial | |
| Calendula | Orange, yellow | 22"-24" | June-Oct. | Annual | |
| California poppy | Orange, yellow | 12" | August | Annual | |
| Campanula | White, blue, pink | 18"-36" | June-July | Perennial | |
| Cornflower | White, blue, pink | 10"-12" | July-Oct. | Annual | |
| Chrysanthemum | Various | 12"-36" | Aug.-Oct. | Perennial | |
| Cockscomb | Various | 6"-12" | June-Oct. | Annual | |
| Coreopsis | Yellow, brown | 12" | June-Aug. | Annual | |
| Cosmos | White, pink, red | 24"-72" | Aug.-Sept. | Annual | |
| Dahlia | Various | 2-4' | July-Sept. | Perennial | |
| Forget-me-not | Blue | 6"-18" | April-July | Perennial | |
| Foxglove | Pink, white | 10"-36" | June | Perennial | |
| Gaillardia | Red, yellow | 36"-60" | July-Oct. | Perennial | |
| Heliopsis | Yellow | 36"-48" | July | Perennial | |
| Hollyhock | Various | 36"-6' | Aug. (July) | Biennial | |
| Iris | Various | 18"-3' | May-July | Perennial | |
| Larkspur | White, pink, blue | 12"-60" | June-July | Annual | |
| Delphinium | White, pink, blue | 12"-60" | June-July | Perennial | |
| Loebelia | Deep blue | 6"-12" | July-Sept. | Annual | |
| Marigold | Lemon to orange | 10"-24" | June-Oct. | Annual | |
| Mignonette | Green-white | 6"-12" | June-Sept. | Annual | |
| Nasturtium | Various | 6"-60" | July-Oct. | Annual | |
| Pansy | Various | 6" | May-Oct. | Biennial | |
| Petunia | White to claret | 12"-24" | July-Sept. | Annual | |
| Phlox | All except blue and orange | 12"-60" | July-Oct. | Annual & perennial | |
| Salvia | Scarlet | 10"-24" | Aug.-Oct. | Annual | |
| Snagdragon | Various | 24" | July-Sept. | Perennial | |
| Zinnia | Various | 12"-24" | July-Oct. | Annual | |

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Write for prices illustrated catalog for Canada, 20c.

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(A) — When the ground is workable, plunge the spade all length into the soil and turn it over



(C) — Constant cultivation conserves moisture in the soil, increases the air content, and discourages weeds



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... conscious of a lovely, smooth, glowing skin? Make sure... by following faithfully this simple beauty treatment. First, cleanse your skin, keep it soft, clear, and alive with **Krank Lemon Cleansing Cream**... so refreshing, revitalizing. Then close the pores and gently firm with **Krank Astringent Lotion**. Next apply the sheerest film of **Mentha-Lemon Foundation Cream** followed by your favorite shade of smoothest, finest, delicately-scented **Poudre Krank**, exquisitely packaged, Krank Beauty Aids are 31, and less, everywhere. Try them!



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1 centless — cents for trial size of: **Lemon Cleansing Cream**, **Astringent Lotion**, **Mentha-Lemon Foundation Cream**, **Poudre Krank** (Loose Powder) 10c each, all four, 30c—Including New Beauty Book "Captivating Loveliness."

Write your name and address on the back of this advertisement and mail to: **A. J. Krank Co., Dept. 25, Beatty Park, St. Paul, Minnesota**

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This is the 1932 garden year-book, combining with inspirational and instructive advice by experts, a complete list with pictures, prices, descriptions of everything a home gardener needs. It hits the tender, first-favored

Table Quality Vegetables giving vitamin values and mineral content of each. Describes 2,164 different flowers; contains 200 accurate color plates: annuals, perennials, roses, lilies, water lilies, gladioli, dahlias. Special 1932 offer: Wonderful new game, Sweet William (Dianthus Sweet Wive's field) of brilliant colors and honey laden petals. Guaranteed. Catalog sent with seeds or alone, free.

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Buy Ferry's purebred Seeds in fresh dated packets. For sale at the store around the corner.

Write for 1932 beautifully illustrated Home Garden Catalog free.

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Keptable and Full of Life **SPECIAL OFFER** Made to Build New Business

PRIZE COLLECTION: Radish, 11 varieties, worth 15c; lettuce, 11 kinds, worth 15c; tomatoes, 11 of the finest, worth 20c; beans, 1 splendid, worth 10c; peas, 5 best varieties, worth 10c; 10 Spring Flowers Bulbs, worth 25c—60 varieties in all worth \$1.00.

Guaranteed to Please. Write Today.

Send 10c and receive this valuable collection of seeds postpaid, together with my big instructive, beautiful Seed and Plant Book, tells all about Buckbee's "Full of Life" Seeds, Plants, etc. **Write Now!** **Rockford Seed Farms, H. W. BUCKBEE, Farm 48, Rockford, Ill.**



SOUP TO THE RESCUE

Another Three Minute Talk about menus

By Beulah V. Gillaspie

IS SOUP just soup to you? Is it a first course, and nothing more? If it is, you are overlooking exciting possibilities for varying your menus, and we must certainly talk about it.

Soup "as is" is a heartening beginning to any meal. Generous servings of the heavier soups make splendid *main dishes* for lunch and supper. But the latest use for soup is as an *ingredient*. Prepared and semi-prepared soups are not only economical in time and money, but are an answer to prayer in emergencies. Your grocer carries the popular kinds which are:

Clear Soups—bouillon, consommé, clam; *Cream Vegetable and Condensed Soups*—asparagus, bean, celery, pea, tomato; *Thick Meat and Vegetable Soups*—beef, oxtail, mock turtle, chicken gumbo, clam chowder, vegetable; *Strained Vegetables and Vegetable Purées*—carrot, pea, spinach, tomato; *Extracts* (cube and paste)—beef, chicken, and vegetable.

Now to get down to practical suggestions:

FIRST COURSE—Make soup by following basic directions on can or container. The amount of milk, water, or seasonings may be varied to suit individual preferences. It is often a pleasant change to combine soups of different flavors as beef and tomato, celery and chicken, pea and bouillon. Consommé, bouillon, and diluted tomato soup may be served hot, cold, or jellied. Jellied soup should be broken lightly with forks, or cut into cubes, and then piled into cups. Another attractive

way to serve it is to place thinly-sliced layers of the jellied soup on fancy shaped, small pieces of buttered bread; garnish with olive slices or chopped hard-cooked egg, and serve as appetizers.

Change the personality of your soups occasionally by changing the seasonings. Do a little experimenting with Worcestershire sauce or other liquid seasoning, dried parsley, bay leaf, onion, celery, and meat extracts. The non-alcoholic flavorings, such as sherry and rum, give bouillon an epicurean flavor.

Attractive garnishes and accompaniments make soup twice as appetizing. Among the possibilities are: minced green and red pepper, shredded carrot, chopped parsley, rings of hard-cooked egg white; cooked rice, tapioca, noodles, spaghetti; dry cereals and pop corn; slices of lemon and orange—especially good in bouillon and mock turtle soup; whipped cream; grated cheese and chopped nuts; cheese straws and crisp crackers.

MAIN COURSE—Soups can be used as an ingredient or as an extender for left-over food. The extracts and soups with beef flavor are fine in all recipes which call for stock, such as beef and onions or pork chops in casserole; curried beef, jellied tongue or veal; as a

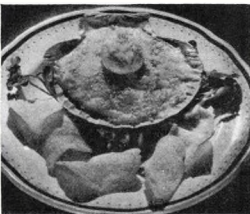
basis for gravy to be used with left-over meat; in left-over meat pie or stew; and with meat loaf and balls. Chicken extract or soup is excellent in such dishes as veal pie, curried chicken, minced veal on toast, curried eggs, and jellied chicken.

Tomato soup makes a splendid base for a spicy tomato sauce which is delicious served with rice and chopped meat, fish balls, meat croquettes, pork chops, baked eggs, stuffed peppers, and cheese on toast.

Vegetable soup (undiluted) can be combined with white sauce and served hot on toast; or combined with white sauce and used with chicken, sausage, or potatoes in scalloped dishes. Other popular combinations are: escalloped ham and potatoes with pea soup; thick bean soup with parboiled frankfurter cut in pieces; celery soup used as a sauce with salmon, tuna fish, or carrots; a ragout made with spaghetti and one of the meat soups.

Strained and pureed vegetables are especially nice in souffles and timbales because they are ready to use. Substitute them in the same amount as the vegetable called for in your recipe.

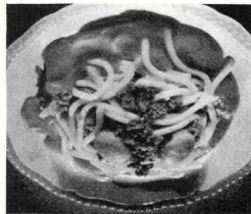
SALAD COURSE—Jellied bouillon and tomato soup make delightful molded salads. They can be used clear, or in combination with vegetables and meat. Some nice combinations are: asparagus tips and pimiento strips or tomato quarters and cucumber slices in jellied chicken bouillon; chicken, olives, and celery in tomato jelly; stuffed eggs and olives in jellied bouillon.



Shrimps baked in celery soup



Whence this rich brown sauce?



Tomato soup with spaghetti



Jellied bouillon and vegetables

“WOMEN ESPECIALLY are subject to this trouble”

Read what **DR. VON HALBAN**, the world-famous Vienna authority on diseases of women, says about *Intestinal Fatigue!*

SUBJECT to constipation? Troubled with irregular elimination of body waste? If so, listen . . .

“There is one region of the body which demands regular daily care—which must be kept active and clean by natural means. *I refer to the intestines.*”

That statement is by one of Europe's leading authorities on diseases of women, Dr. Josef von Halban, of Vienna. Dr. von Halban is the author of medical books used in practically all medical schools. He adds:—

“The person who is irritable, who has headaches, loss of energy, skin trouble, coated tongue and bad breath is usually constipated. Women are especially subject to this trouble.

“As a cure I recommend eating fresh yeast . . . Yeast restores the ability of the intestine to clear itself regularly . . . Poisons are prevented from forming and entering the blood.”

DR. VON HALBAN is head of the clinic for women's diseases in Vienna's well-known Wieden Hospital.



Dr. von Halban illustrates, by means of X-rays, how fresh yeast “tones up” sluggish intestines.

Eaten regularly, three cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—Fleischmann's Yeast mingles with and softens the accumulated waste material in your intestines.

At the same time it actually “tones” and strengthens the muscles that clean these wastes away.

Thus, elimination becomes easy and regular. Energy reappears. You catch cold less easily, tire less quickly. You digest your food better than before.

Try Fleischmann's Yeast—in place of harsh medicines! Start eating it today.

Write for booklet on Yeast for Health. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.

Read this actual Case Record!

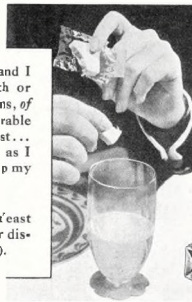
Files of eminent physicians record hundreds of cases benefited by fresh yeast. DR. ALEXANDRE BRUNO, gynecologist (specialist in women's diseases), of the famous American Hospital, in Paris, cites this typical case:—

“A young wife,” he writes, “who was to become a mother . . . was experiencing wholly unnecessary distress from constipation. It was inadvisable to prescribe cathartics and laxatives . . . I was gratified when by means of fresh yeast her intestinal sluggishness was relieved.”



(Left) “My system was sluggish, and I didn't seem to have any strength or vitality,” writes Miss Thora Higgins, of East Longmeadow, Mass. “I felt miserable . . . I read about Fleischmann's Yeast. . . tried it. My strength came back as I lost my sluggishness. . . It cleared up my complexion beautifully, too.”

EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly—just plain or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).



Important Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend! At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Every cake is rich in three vitamins—B, G and D.

important conference, luncheon must be changed to dinner at eight; if some declined, there was an admiral, a brigadier general, and a sporting millionaire who could be asked in their places.

"What's the idea?" asked Ducky, when the servants had gone.

"There isn't any. Only your uncle is ruining his life because of that pettifogger's persecutions. Maybe you know that Brixton has reached the top of his profession because of his iron will—a fighter to the last ditch. That's why everyone has such faith in him."

"They lean on Uncle Brick," sympathized Ducky.

Fanning herself with her sun-hat, Aunt Laura resumed, "Four hundred and twenty-six dollars and seventy-two cents. The seventy-two cents sound so insulting. Child, do you realize the millions involved in your uncle's cases? And last month he almost lost an enormous suit because he was called to a Brooklyn court and held a week by that detestable pest."

"What did the deplorable test do?" Then, seeing the mean look. "Aw, Aunt Laura! I don't know why I slip letters the wrong way. Maybe it comes from playing anagrams."

IF YOU care to listen, I'll tell you. It was a year ago last October—no, it was May. We were in our new car—I got it specially for Brixton, to rest his nerves.

"Well, the road was slippery and Connors was at the wheel—quite a dependable man until he married. He was going carefully when a smallish car got in our way. Connors, quite properly, tried to pass it—then there was a horrid bump, broken glass and something blowing steam.

"A very common man got out of the small car. Your uncle's sense of justice was aroused, and he told the fat person that he was the sort of driver that makes motoring a menace; then the fellow asked your uncle if he wasn't rich enough to hire a safe chauffeur. Said that to your uncle!

"Brixton was stunned by his impertinence when the man asked him if he was insured. 'None of your business,' said Brixton. 'I'll not turn this over to my insurance company. Take this into court, and I'll make a public example of you. I happen to be a lawyer.'

"The man used shocking language as he drove away. Connors only found a slight bend in our front fender; and Brixton decided he'd let the person go with a good calling down. But in a week the annoyance began. First this pettifogging lawyer demanded damages. Brixton sent a crushing letter, declaring he wouldn't pay a red cent. Then the pettifogger had the effrontery to say that he was bringing suit, putting the damages low, as his client was too honest to extort money. That shouldn't have bothered Brixton, but it did. Especially when that pettifogger began sending all sorts of summonses at the most inconvenient times.

"The first time it was at Mineola—just a trick of an unscrupulous lawyer of a small caliber. Brixton had to drop two big industries he was merging and go to court. Then, some way, the case got adjourned for a month, while the silly swindler kept writing letters, asking Brixton to settle out of court. That made Brixton so furious he said he'd fight it the rest of his life. The next time the case opened, it was in Flatbush, in the dead of winter.

"Brixton had a terrible cold, but his iron will wouldn't let him back out. That horrid shyster managed to pack the jury, but Brixton got a stay of execution, or something. Then he came home and went to bed. We thought it was pneumonia. He should have been in Washington, attending to a big land case. And the petty persecution's still going on."

"Poor Brick!" sighed Ducky.

"Poor me!" sighed Aunt Laura. "I'd made such preparations for his birthday. And you can't expect people—important people—to come to dinner like this, at the last moment." Then, upon Ducky's offer to help, her aunt wheezed mournfully. "What can you do? A girl who can't stay home nights."

Association of ideas caused Ducky to ask in an awed whisper. "What's his name?"

"Whose name?" Defiantly.

"The pettifogger who's stinging Uncle Brick?"

"Campbell," said Aunt Laura. "Samuel Hophorpe Campbell."

"Hopeless," groaned Ducky, and tottered into the house.

Although Uncle Brick's dinner party was like Hamlet without the ghost—he had telephoned at seven that

SAMUEL CAMUEL

[Continued from page 115]

he'd be a little late, and they'd better sit down without him—it was a tribute to the great lawyer's standing in the realm of art, finance, and war. The financier had cut another party to be there, the judge had postponed a trip to Washington. The governor's place was taken by an admiral of the fleet. Ducky, who had moved in a dizzy stupor since her aunt's revelation, vaguely realized that the military person seated next to her was complaining about the fortifications of Manila Bay.

When Five Such Persons Live In A
Town The Size Of St. Vincent, Then

THE TOWN'S TOO SMALL



Phyllis "I only played around with Ken a little. You know how people talk in this town"

Kenneth "I know where I'd be if I married Nancy. How I'd stand with her—and the town"



Nancy "If I decide to marry Ken, I'm stepping right off. I just hate long engagements"



Mick "I give women all that's coming to them... sooner or later most of them go sour—"



Clare "You can make money in New York—do what you please. Why waste your life?"



And speaking thus, they
will appear in a new novel

by Margaret Culkin Banning

IN THE MARCH McCALL'S

Pretending to listen, Ducky let her glance wander toward Aunt Laura; she was seated between the judge and the financier. With the characteristic animation of a hostess in agony, the good lady laughed a great deal, twinkling her eyelashes, challenging the leaden gallantries of the gentlemen who surrounded her. Inwardly, Ducky knew, Aunt Laura was mad as hops.

"Unless we expect to surrender the Island," the military person was saying, "Congress should act."

WE CERTAINLY should," agreed Ducky. Her quick ears heard a door slam, and a distant bass mumble. Uncle Brick! Aunt Laura too must have heard, for she whispered to Mapes, then turned her gaze girlishly toward the financier, who gestured to explain a drollery.

"When he comes in," the financier stroked his silvery mustache, "suppose we all rise and drink his health—with a few remarks."

"You make the remarks," said the judge.

"Very well, if you insist." The financier's shirt front swelled a little. He was proud of his after-dinner accomplishments. "But how shall I begin? With something light? Something about his absent-mindedness? About how he started for Washington, got off at Philadelphia, and wired his office. 'Why am I here?'"

Many laughed, but Aunt Laura looked severe. "I think this is an opportunity," prompted the judge, "to pay a tribute to him as a lawyer."

"I was leading up to that. Something like this: 'To quote from Horace, *Integer vitae, scelerisque purus*. An integrity of life, free from corruption. These have been mighty forces in the success of Brixton Mayfeather. He goes to battle like a warrior, he goes to court like a lawyer—'"

"Hem!"

A shadow, two shadows, fell across the doorway. The shorter one seemed to flame with Uncle Brick's golden smile. The taller one—Samuel Camuel! His dinner jacket was a little short, his collar a little loose.

"Just in time for an acceptance speech," said Uncle Brick, and, as everybody arose with bubbling glasses, "Never mind the eulogy. I heard most of it. This is Mr. Campbell."

Samuel Camuel stood blushing, grinning, trying to look at ease. He was so pitiful that Ducky wanted to take him in her arms and let him cry it out. But Uncle Brick was pounding him on the back, as though he had swallowed a fishbone.

"I apologize for being late to my own birthday dinner," chortled Uncle Brick. "And this young man was the cause of it all. Excuse his dinner jacket. I had to lend him mine, and he's outgrown me. Gosh, I believe he's outgrown me three feet in the last eight hours."

IN SPITE of his ecstatic mood, Uncle Brick looked tired. Samuel Camuel threw out an elbow and knocked something over. What it was Ducky never knew, but he caught her gaze in sly apology.

"And right now, while I'm still able to stand," went on Uncle Brick, "I want to tell you about this young man. Once upon a time I bit somebody's car—yes, I did, Laura. Sam Campbell here has convinced me I did. The other fellow took it into court and retained Sam. Like an old fool, I decided to fight the case myself. Well, I did. For over a year Sam Campbell has managed to haul me out of my bed, out of my mind, out of my office. He's hailed me into courts as far north as Sitka and as far south as Miami. And always for perfectly sound legal reasons. The original bill was four hundred and twenty-six dollars—"

"And seventy-two cents," supplied Ducky. "Right, my dear," smiled Uncle Brick. "But the costs ran up into five figures when we settled it today—"

"Out of court?" broke in Aunt Laura sharply. "You women are positively uncanny," twinkled Uncle Brick. "It took this young man exactly three hours of confidential monologue to prove to me that I'd never win the case and that he was practically on my payroll, since he'd been charging up costs against me for a couple of years. It was seven o'clock when he convinced me of this. So I laid down my shield like a vanquished Roman."

"How perfectly outlandish!" moaned Aunt Laura.

"I wanted to talk business with Mr. Campbell, so I brought him along. You see, I've had more experience with him than if he'd been working in my own firm. It's rather a sad thing to contemplate—" Uncle Brick's wide smile denied his sadness—"but I was forced to the conclusion that it would be a lot better to have him working for me than against me, so I offered him a job in our office, but he declined with thanks. He was after something a little better than that, he said."

Ducky seemed to be looking at the end of her nose, seeing everything slantwise. Uncle Brick merrily thumping a tall young man who stood there, loose-jointed and blushing as a schoolboy.

"He wouldn't take anything less," spluttered Uncle Brick. "So I'll have to introduce him all over again. Mr. Samuel Hophorpe Campbell, our new junior partner. Mapes, bring up a chair for Mr. Campbell."

Samuel Camuel had wandered aimlessly around to where Ducky was sitting.

"Mapes," she commanded softly, "put his chair next to me, please."

For a while the two of them were silent. Camuel was making ungainly gestures, unfolding his napkin.

"Tell me something," she whispered, when conversation became general. "When did you first know that I was Brixton Mayfeather's niece?"

"When I stepped through your racquet," he said artlessly.

She studied him with adoring eyes, then moved his water glass, so that he wouldn't spill it in her lap.

You are in a Beauty Contest every day of your Life



The girl above, like every other woman in the world, is in the Great Beauty Contest of Life! She has met a new man—his eyes rest upon her! In a tenth of a second his opinion will be formed. How wonderful to have a clean, natural loveliness that draws a sincere tribute from everyone you meet.

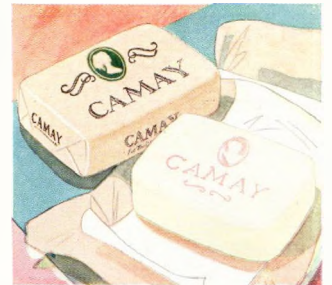


Every man, policeman or banker, likes clean, natural loveliness. Men jump to serve the woman who has it. They desire to do things for her. She has the love of her husband, the approval of the world, the admiration of other women, for these are the rewards in your every-day Beauty Contest.

Buy a dozen cakes of Camay—the world's finest soap. Use it—to the exclusion of all other soaps, on your face, your hands, your body. Long before the dozen is gone, you'll see a new texture to your skin, for your clean, natural beauty will shine as never before!



Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But be sure you use only the most delicate, the safest, of beauty soaps on your precious skin.



Delicate Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use to-day and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

A light lather of Camay on the cheek—one brief minute with a soft cloth and warm water—then a quick rinse with cold water—and your most important duty to your complexion is done! ☆ Your cheek glows because it is clean. It is soft and feathery to the touch because Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is so soft, so *douce*. ☆ Your skin is freed from the invisible dirt that clogs pores and ruins beauty. ☆ Cherish your skin. Guard it only with Camay! . . . Camay, the one soap praised by 73 leading skin doctors. . . so delicately blended. . . so flower-like in its fragrance. . . so gentle to your skin. ☆ You are in a Beauty Contest, every day of your life. Get all the help that Camay can give you. Don't trust your skin to a lesser soap.

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