

# True Confessions

**BITTER FRUITS OF HATE**  
**BOOK-LENGTH TRUE NOVEL**

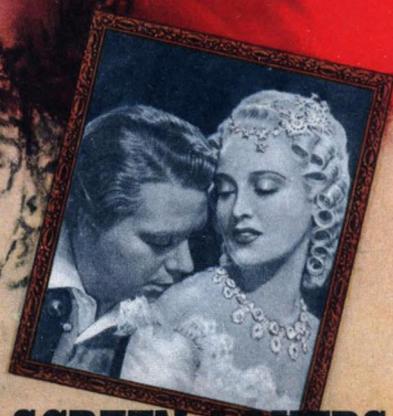
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

**AUGUST**  
NSC

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION  
**TRUE CONFESSIONS**  
**10¢**



ENGLISH-AMERICAN BEAUTY  
Fourth in a Series  
By Zoe Mozart



**I LOVED A PLAYBOY!**

**FREE! COLOR PORTRAIT OF FAMOUS SCREEN LOVERS**



*the Beauty  
of Youth*

**April Showers**

**A NEW, TRIUMPHANT, YOUTHFUL MAKE-UP**

*For Sure, Social Success*

► If you desire to dazzle, demand an introduction to the new April Showers Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick—harmonized to give you the radiant freshness of youth.

**MEET THE NEW FACE POWDER** ★ It's a powder with "come-hither"... So "smooth" and light... Won't cake... Brings out the best in your complexion... Will stay on and on—even after the last dance! *Thrilling skin-tones.*

**GREET THE NEW ROUGE** ★ Grin at its youthful audacity... Praise its charming chic! Goes on evenly. Remains till removed. *Impetuous shades.*

**CHEER THE NEW LIPSTICK** ★ Applaud its *permanent-finish!* Lips stay young, bright, lustrous—just the way you make them—come what may! *Vivacious colors.*



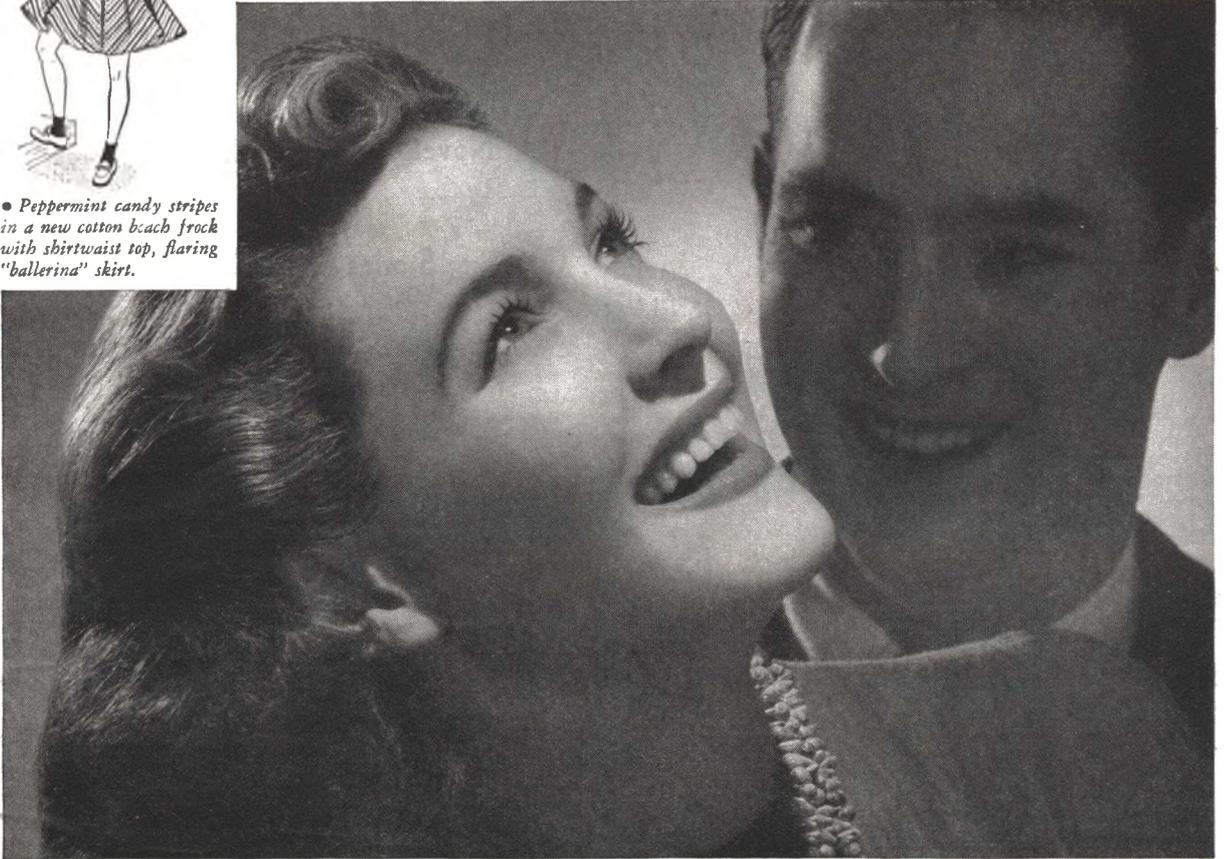
**SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER**  
**\$1.29** Value for **79¢**  
Regular 50¢ Flacon of April Showers Perfume given FREE with each purchase of Large-size Face Powder.

**CHERAMY**  
PERFUMER



# Her "Ballerina" Beach Suit held His Glance —but Her Smile ran away with His Heart!

• Peppermint candy stripes in a new cotton beach frock with shirtwaist top, flaring "ballerina" skirt.



**Never, never neglect your precious smile!  
Help guard its charm with Ipana and massage!**

**I**F MEN beg for an introduction, but never ask you for a date, it may be your smile that's turning love away!

For, alluring and smart as your clothes may be, if you let your smile become dull and dingy... if you ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"... you lose one of the most precious charms a girl can possess!

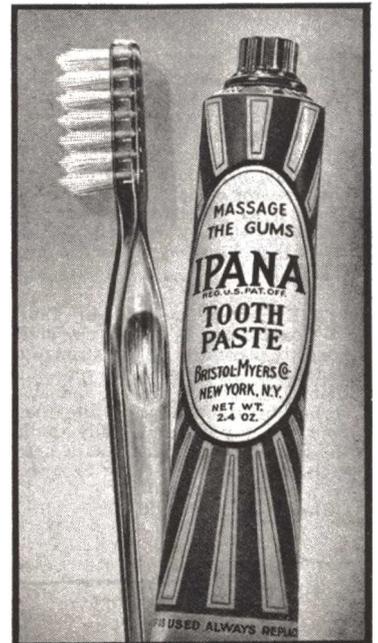
**"Pink Tooth Brush" a warning signal**

If ever you see "pink" on your tooth brush... see your dentist! It may mean nothing serious... but let him decide! Very likely, his opinion will be that your gums need more exercise... need stimulation they don't get from today's soft, creamy foods! Then, like so many dentists these days, he may

suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage!"

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums to health. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that refreshing "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It tells you that circulation is awakening in the gum tissues... helping to make the gums firmer and healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. And start now to let Ipana and massage help you to have brighter, more sparkling teeth... a lovelier, more charming smile!



# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

*Confidentially*—

ON PAGE 46 of this issue we announce the prize-winning letters of advice to Mrs. Thelma Spear Lewisohn, whose son was the legal pawn in her battle with Ludwig Lewisohn, the writer.

The custody of little Jimmy has temporarily been decided. Supreme Court Justice Levy has awarded the child to his father, granting Mrs. Lewisohn rights of visitation.

TO ALL of you who have submitted song-poems in our amazingly successful contest, we want to announce that we are now engaged in the colossal task of opening and tabulating your entries. We hope to announce the lucky winners in an early issue. Watch for the announcement—you may be the talented one whose song wins!

On page 92, we have photographed some of the letters. These have already been classified by types and are being stacked for the next step of reading.

I'VE tried to write my column this month without mentioning the war that is raging in Europe. As we in America thank God for our blessings of peace and freedom, we dares not close our eyes to the need of preparedness which we face and to the warring elements already existing among us.

The second instalment of Dorothy Waring's revealing and dramatic story makes it increasingly clear to us as Americans that we must not and will not tolerate a "fifth column" in our country and that we must be eternally vigilant to preserve our freedom and democracy.

I WANT to thank all of you who have sent postcards and letters requesting portraits of your favorite movie lovers. We are charting your preferences and shall make an effort to give you your favorites. I have had these portraits framed to hang in my office and they really add a touch of charming color on the walls—to say nothing of the effect they have on visitors to my office!

THE September issue of TRUE CONFESSIONS is lining up, and, honestly, I confess it's the strongest and most thrilling issue yet—but then, I am always moved and absorbed by the dramas of life that pour into my office. I really think the September number hits a new high. I hope you're going to agree with me!

Happy summer holiday.

*The Editor*

# True Confessions

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1940  
Vol. 37 No. 217

## True Novel of the Month

BITTER FRUITS OF HATE ..... 93

## Gripping Stories from Life

HOW CAN I WIN BACK MY WIFE? ..... 19

*Sometimes a baby can separate husband and wife. Prizes for your advice.*  
I LOVED A PLAYBOY ..... 20

*She craved society life—until she found it meant being hard, and bitter.*  
TWO-TIMING HUSBAND ..... 24

*No man can serve two masters—nor love two women!*  
SUPPOSE HE SHOULD FIND CUT! ..... 26

*The terrified confession of a woman who married an amnesia victim.*  
LIFE AND LOVES OF A WOMAN SPY ..... 30  
By Dorothy Waring, Secret Agent 89

*Further revelations by the woman who exposed the Fifth Column in America.*  
OUR PASSIONS BLINDED US ..... 33

*Hatred blinded their eyes, and love reopened them!*  
FAMOUS LOVERS OF THE MONTH ..... 35

*An exquisite color portrait which you will want to preserve.*  
HOLLYWOOD HEARTBREAK ..... 37

*The burning true story of a girl who crashed Hollywood.*  
"LET HIM WHO IS WITHOUT SIN—" ..... 40

*She was bitterly intolerant of sinners, until she herself needed forgiveness.*  
SECOND HAND MARRIAGE ..... 42

*A second wife tells her heartrending experience.*

## Fashion, Beauty and Homemaking

CONFIDENTIALLY ..... By The Editor 4  
*Secrets between us.*

BEST MOVIES OF THE MONTH ..... By Edwina 6  
*Let TRUE CONFESSIONS' movie guide help you select the movies you must see.*

CORRECT MANNERS ..... 7  
*The proper thing to do out of doors.*

EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN ..... By Winifred Rogers 8  
*Clever hints from The Vanity Case for preserving your loveliness.*

THE ICE HAS IT ..... By Mrs. Christine Frederick 12  
*Let The Cozy Kitchen help you keep things fresh this summer.*

MOVIE CROSSWORD ..... 14  
*Puzzle fans—try this one!*

THE GIRL ON THE COVER ..... 16  
*If you're the English type, learn how to make the most of your beauty.*

A COOL PROPOSITION ..... By Vicki Ames 18  
*Feminine touches within the reach of every one, is the new fashion trend.*

SAFEGUARDS FOR SUMMER ..... By Beatrice Bergman, M.D. 54  
*Prevent summer illnesses by following these few simple rules.*

A PAGE FOR POETRY LOVERS ..... 108  
*For you who love verse.*

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Names of real persons or actual business firms are never used in the stories in TRUE CONFESSIONS. If the names of actual persons appear, it is a matter of coincidence.

# Ten Baby Fingers...and Ten Million Germs!



**BABY SANDY**—million-dollar baby now starring in Universal Pictures' "Sandy Is A Lady". Her surroundings are kept extra clean with "Lysol" solution.

Help guard **YOUR** child against the risk of germ Infection  
from contaminated objects... clean house with "LYSOL"!

**B**ABY SANDY, favorite of movie fans, is cared for with all the safeguards money can buy. An important precaution taken for her welfare is . . . *cleanliness!* Surroundings kept *extra clean* with "Lysol's" help.

You can give your *own* baby the same conscientious care. It costs so little to keep bathrooms, nurseries, and play-rooms, hygienically clean. All it takes is a liberal use of "Lysol" in your cleaning.

Ask your druggist *now* for your copy of "Baby Sandy's Health Charts" . . . a complete program of health routines for children of all ages, prepared by a famous expert. Included is a special children's gift . . . a full-color Baby Sandy Cut-out Doll and complete cut-out wardrobe.

**FREE!** **WITH EVERY PURCHASE OF "LYSOL"**

**Baby Sandy Health Charts—**  
a full-color Baby Sandy Cut-out Doll and complete cut-out wardrobe

**A gift to you while they last, with every purchase of "Lysol". Don't wait until these grand presents are gone. See your druggist . . . NOW!**

Copyright 1940 by Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

YOUR DRUGGIST IS NOW SPONSORING *Baby Sandy's Health Crusade*

# BEST MOVIES OF THE MONTH

By Edwina



Brenda Marshall and Errol Flynn, in a love scene from Warner Brothers' new adventure film, *The Sea Hawk*.

## THE SEA HAWK (Warner Brothers)

**D**URING my roving around the studios this past month I've been keeping an eye on *The Sea Hawk*. If you're old enough, you may remember that Milton Sills starred in this same picture 'way, 'way back when. Now I'm ready to report, that you movie goers who enjoy nerve-tingling, swash-buckling high adventure with a capital "A" are going to have it by the carload just as soon as this Warner production begins to unroll in your favorite theatre.

You're going to like Errol Flynn in his role of Francis Thorpe, the bold privateer of the good ship *Albatross*. It's a role right down Errol's studio alley and the lovable Irishman makes the most of it.

He makes the most of his romancing, too, with his handsome leading lady, Brenda Marshall, who is importantly cast as Maria, the niece of that sly Spanish schemer, Don Alvarez de Cordoba, otherwise known in real life as Claude Rains.

*The Sea Hawk* tells the story of that troublesome, momentous era in English history dating from 1585 when the fortunes

of England, under Queen Elizabeth (played by Flora Robson) were at a low ebb. The country's future, threatened by King Phillip of Spain in collusion with the traitorous English Chancellor, Lord Wolfingham (played by Henry Daniell), was as dark as the future of Europe is now. Among England's heroes of the times were sea fighters who preyed on Spanish ships and brought the rich booty home to fill their country's dwindling coffers. And among the most intrepid of these Sea Hawks, which included Raleigh, Frobisher, Hawkins, Cavendish, was Francis Thorpe.

Privateer Thorpe undertakes such trifling matters as salvaging considerable gold from the conniving Spaniards in Panama; preparing a fleet to combat the Spanish armada; an escape as a galley slave; stealing the plans and specifications of the coming sea battle from a Spanish officer, and making successful love to Maria.

Quite a chore even for as stout-hearted a man as Thorpe, but he accomplishes everything he sets out to do with much aplomb and eclat. Perhaps it doesn't sound exciting to write about it, but take

my word for it, the screen has presented it in Triple-A style to make it one of the best motion pictures of the month.

Brenda Marshall's first screen kiss was photographed with all visitors (except me) barred.

A most novel requirement was the casting of two hundred and fifty gaunt, emaciated-looking men for the galley slave roles.

On the first day's shooting Claude Rains wore his silk hose inside out. It's his pet superstition when starting a new picture. And while we're talking about Claude we might as well include this one. His stand-in had to have a stand-in during the ship sequences because he was very allergic to seasickness!

Flynn, throughout the shooting wore the St. Christopher medallion given him by a dying padre in the New Guinea jungles.

Three thousand five hundred extras worked for eight weeks in the sea sequences at a salary cost of \$300,000.

So much for vital statistics. Be assured of this. Warners went overboard in spending on this picture and while two millions bucks or more may backfire in producing something that pleases the movie fans you need have no worry about this one. *The Sea Hawk* is a real goodie and well worth your patronage.

## MARYLAND

(20th Century-Fox)

**W**HEN word gets around that a studio has called back its cast for retakes on a certain picture, a hundred words get around that the aforesaid studio has been having production troubles and there the opus is regarded more than less in the nature of a failure. This can't be said in reference to the 20th Century-Fox production, *Maryland*, however. I had the pleasure of watching the progress of this fine picture from its very beginning. I saw daily rushes and the completed film  
[Please turn to page 11]

Our movieland reporter, Edwina, of Hollywood, selects the best pictures of the month for TRUE CONFESIONS' readers. She brings you an informal preview of the current screen fare, to help you choose your movies wisely. Watch for next month's selections in the September issue!

# OUT OF DOORS



**H**AVE you noticed how unfavorably some people react to the great outdoors or the smell of salt water? I don't know whether it is because they think they can enjoy themselves only if courtesy and thoughtfulness are dispensed with, but so many people, when they get out in the country on an outing or when they spend the day at the beach, completely forget there's such a thing as correct manners! Listed below are several of the outstanding violations that are committed against good taste. Take heed and don't be an offender!

**DON'T** use bad taste in dressing for your out-of-door excursions. Girls, be sure your shorts aren't too short; and men, don't parade around (except on beaches, of course) with your bare chest exposed to the elements.

**DON'T** be inconsiderate of those around you—particularly on a beach. You know how irritating it is to have someone sprinkle you with sand as they run gaily past you. You know how annoying it is, when you are trying to read or take a nap after your swim, to have the party next to you screaming at the top of its lungs or a radio blaring full force.

**DON'T** be untidy. If you're having a picnic, don't leave papers and trash strewn about after you leave. Others would like to enjoy the scenery—also picnic refuse is one of the worst fire hazards.

**DON'T** be an exhibitionist. Young couples, some of whom would never even think of displaying any sort of affection in public, so often seem to forget that there are hundreds of other people on the beach, too.

**DON'T** be disrespectful of other people's property. If there's a No Trespassing sign on someone's property, obey it!

# CORRECT MANNERS

## More Women prefer Mum— Saves Time...Clothes...Charm!



**Mum** is the first choice with nurses. Quick to use, on duty or off. Safe, sure, dependable!



**Leading** favorite with business girls, gentle Mum won't harm fabrics or irritate skin.



**Wives**, girls in love, make Mum a *daily* habit. Mum guards charm—*popularity!*



### Mum Every Day Guards Against Underarm Odor!

**T**ODAY, when there are so many deodorants—how significant to every girl that *more women choose Mum!* In homes, in offices, in hospitals, in schools... Mum is used by millions of women. For nowadays, it isn't enough to be pretty and smart. A girl must be *dainty*, too... nice to be around at *any minute of the day or evening!*

Don't expect your bath alone to give you that *lasting* charm! A bath may remove *past* perspiration, but *Mum* after your bath prevents risk of *future* odor.

Thousands of men, too, are using Mum... it's speedy, safe, *dependable!*

**QUICK!** Mum takes only 30 seconds—can be used before or *after* you're dressed.

**SAFE!** Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. *So safe* that it can be used even after underarm shaving!

**SURE!** If you want to be popular—make a *daily* habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

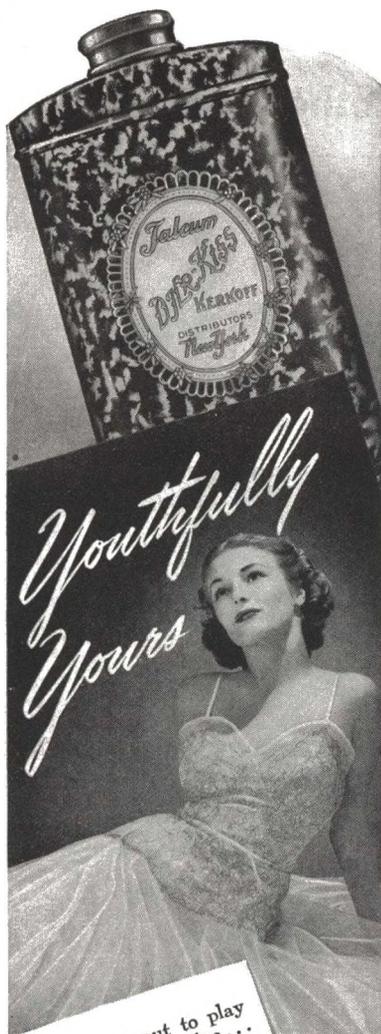
\* \* \*

**MUM FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—** More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe, gentle... guards against unpleasantness.



# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



When you go out to play ... to dance ... to dine ... be sure that you embody all the glamour that he could desire. The poise of a movie queen ... the daintiness of a ballet-dancer with an aura of fragrance that would tempt a saint. Here's one lovely way to glamour and it does something for your body, too. An all-over shower of Djer-Kiss Talcum. It's smooth ... of exquisite texture with an adorable gentleness to your skin.

When Kerkoff, the great perfumer, created the compelling Djer-Kiss Fragrance—he gave you his utmost—his inimitable best ... Djer-Kiss ... to glorify You, Youthfully. 75¢; 53¢; 25¢; 10¢.

**DJER-KISS**  
(PRONOUNCED "DEAR KISS")  
**TALCUM**  
 by **KERKOFF**  
PERFUMER

# EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN



Lovely, red-haired Lana Turner comes out in the sun prepared by a winter of beauty care.

## By WINIFRED ROGERS

**W**HEN Mother played tennis, tapping the ball gingerly across the net, all she had to worry about was whether her Gibson Girl shirtwaist would part company with her ankle length skirt or whether her rats would part company with her pompadour. Today, you don't have to worry about your blouse and skirt gapping because it's probably a bra top and brief shorts—and the only thing in your long bob is a secure hair ribbon. And if you prefer the beach to the tennis court, you probably loll about in a freedom-giving confection like Lana Turner's.

It's nice that having the vote and being allowed to wear practically nothing has brought women out of the stuffy parlor into the sunshine. But you have to pay for that privilege! Just because Mother was so swaddled in dry goods, she didn't have to worry so much about sunburn, perspiration, and hair on her legs. She didn't have to worry about her lipstick fading because that was something reserved

for actresses. But you, my bare-legged, bare-armed, and bare-midriffed friend, must pay close attention to these niceties of appearance. Because *you* can't hide deficiencies.

I know a good many of you are aware of the superfluous hair problem, because you have written me letters about it—some of them verging on the hysterical. But you don't seem to know exactly what causes excess hair or what to do about it. Most of us have larger feet than our mothers had, simply because we've worn shoes roomy enough, gone in for open sandals, and used our feet for purposes more athletic than pedalling a sewing machine. Similarly, most of us have more hair on our arms and legs than Mama had because we've exposed them to sun and air more, because we're more vigorous and active.

But the optimistic side of this picture is that it's remarkably easy in this enlightened age to remove the hair and make it unnoticeable. There are five methods, all safe and sane. The

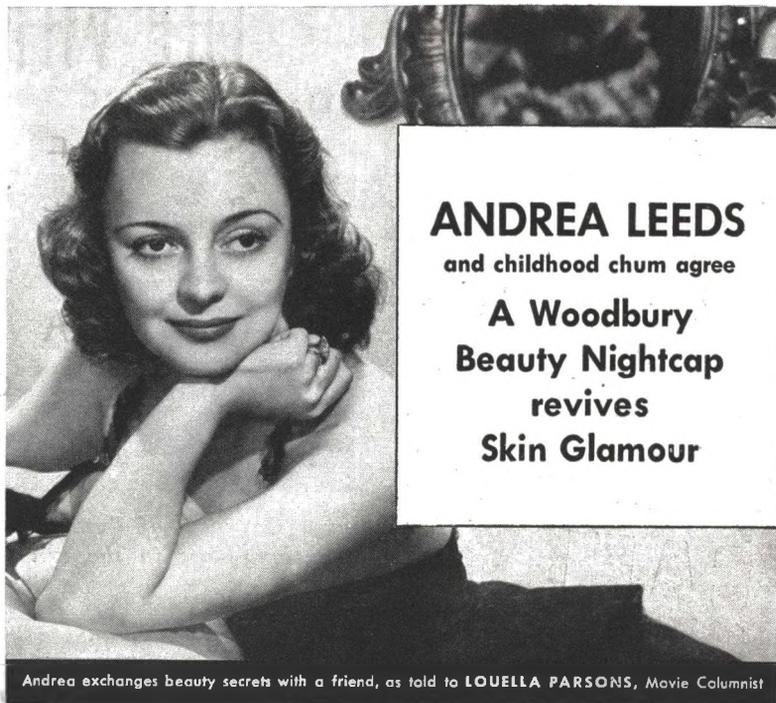
# THE VANITY CASE

only method of permanently removing hair is electrolysis—but obviously this is practical only for small areas of heavy hair on the face. It would be too expensive and tedious for removing hair on arms and legs. If you have a dark "mustache" that is causing you anguish, my advice is for you to ask your local doctor or hospital for the name of a reputable electrologist—and let him rid you of it. But don't go to just *any* electrologist, for the process can be dangerous unless the operator is skilled. If the hair on your lip is fine, but dark, then you'd be foolish to have it removed permanently. You can make it invisible simply by bleaching it regularly. After all, there's nothing disgraceful or unnatural about a little fine, light down on your skin!

The temporary methods of coping with superfluous hair are these—depilatory, epilator, abrasive mitt, and razor (either electric or safety). A depilatory is a chemical compound, usually in a cream or semi-solid form, which you spread over the hair. The chemical action dissolves the hair quickly and completely and when you wash off the preparation, your skin is hairfree as a babe's. An epilator goes a little further, requires a little more care and skill on your part. It is a waxy, sticky substance which, spread over the hair, hardens slightly and grips each hair tightly. Then when you whip off the layer of wax, you pull out the hairs by the roots. It sounds rather painful, but really isn't—and you'll love the smoothness of your skin, the way the hair takes *weeks* to grow back.

There are various types of abrasive disks—all working on the principle of pumice stone, and you need plenty of elbow grease for this method. Just rub the disk or mitt firmly over the hair until it's all erased. You know, of course, how the razor operates. You can help any of these methods along by bleaching the new hair, as it starts to grow in. That makes it practically invisible until the next hair removal.

The one warning I want to give you is that you must allow yourself plenty



## ANDREA LEEDS

and childhood chum agree

**A Woodbury  
Beauty Nightcap  
revives  
Skin Glamour**

Andrea exchanges beauty secrets with a friend, as told to LOUELLA PARSONS, Movie Columnist



**1. Aboard ship**, returning from her honeymoon, Andrea met another bride, a girl she hadn't seen since her pigtail days. "You're prettier than in pictures," said her friend. "How do you keep your skin so soft?"



**2. The other bride** has lovely skin, too. So when the girls compared notes, they found both take a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap. Both use Woodbury Cold Cream to cleanse, soften and enliven their complexions.



**3. What husbands think**, counts most with brides, says lovely Andrea. So she uses 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream every night at bedtime for cleansing; leaves on a light film to invigorate her skin while she sleeps.

**Build Beauty into Your Skin at Night  
with this 3-Way Cream**

At bedtime *cleanse* with Woodbury Cold Cream—its germ-free purity protects the skin. *Lubricate* with Woodbury—leave a film on overnight. Woodbury's oils melt at skin contact. Let Woodbury *invigorate* your skin—it contains a skin-invigorating Vitamin. Buy a jar of Woodbury Cold Cream today. This 3-Way beauty cream costs only \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, at all beauty counters.

### HAVE YOU A SUMMER BEAUTY PROBLEM?

Whether it concerns your hair, your skin, or is simply a matter of choosing the correct make-up, Winifred Rogers, our beauty editor, will help you solve it. Write her in care of TRUE CONFESIONS, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Be sure to enclose a stamped (3 cents in U. S. postage), self-addressed envelope for her reply.

CLEANSSES safely  
Smooths as it LUBRICATES  
INVIGORATES



**WOODBURY COLD CREAM**

THE 3-WAY BEAUTY CREAM

**MAIL NOW FOR GENEROUS TUBE . . . FREE!**  
(Paste on Penny Postcard)

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6716 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio  
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario  
Please send me, free and postpaid, a generous-size tube of 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream. Also 8 fashion-approved shades of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



Announcing  
**CANDY STRIPE**  
*Red*  
 by Irresistible

Fashion goes sweet on Candy Stripe Red. . . It's Irresistible's new sensation! Whip-text into a joyous, new, pulse-stirring red that's a fitting accent for candy stripe fashions, perfection with pastels, divine with white! Whip-text to be softer, smoother, non-drying, Irresistible Lipstick keeps lips lovelier longer, because it stays on longer! Complete your make-up with Candy Stripe Rouge and Powder.

USE **IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK**

IT'S *Whip-Text*  
 TO STAY ON  
 LONGER...  
 SMOOTHER



10c  
 AT ALL  
 5 AND 10 CENT  
 STORES

# THE VANITY CASE



Susan Hayward, of Paramount Pictures, takes her place in the sun beautifully.

of time to do right by any of these methods (and that doesn't mean hours on end, I assure you)—and you must follow the manufacturer's directions closely. Otherwise, you can't expect good results. And you must get in the habit of using whichever of them you prefer regularly, as you would any beauty preparation, to get most satisfaction.

**E**VEN though Mama wore so many clothes, I doubt very much if she had the perspiration problem most modern women have. For although hot weather and too much clothing will induce perspiration, there are other factors just as important. One is the physically active lives we lead—whether as career women or home girls. The other is the constant hectic stress and strain we're under—whether driving a car, trying to make the next mail, coping with junior's tantrums, or just straining every nerve to impress the boss or that new beau. All of these things cause the perspiration glands to work overtime, to produce moisture and unpleasant odor. True, your daily bath helps take care of much of the two pints you perspire each day—and on exposed areas, the moisture evaporates quickly so that it does not become odorous. But you still need to do something about underarm areas, where the problem is most acute, where the glands are thicker, busier.

Here again, science and business have combined forces to produce so many easy and safe methods of correcting perspiration, that it seems utterly silly not to take advantage of them—and this goes for men as well as women. It all depends on what you want to do. Do you want to stop perspiration under the arms, so there's no moisture, no odor? Or do you merely want to take the odor out of underarm perspiration without stopping it? If the former, then you have your choice of liquids or creams. The liquids come in two strengths, one to stop very excessive perspiration, one for less urgent cases. The cream perspiration stops are a little quicker and simpler to use than the liquids—but they are not quite so effective in extreme cases. You are the only judge. You can tell, by a little experimenting, whether a cream applied once every two

days stops perspiration for you—or whether you need to apply it every single day—or even whether you need to switch to a stronger liquid.

Here are some warnings in connection with perspiration stops: Follow the manufacturer's directions. If he says not to use it soon after you have removed hair—don't! If he says to leave it on for fifteen minutes, or overnight—don't fail to do so. And remember that when he says to apply it to a clean skin, he means it. Don't expect any product to react properly if you put it on uncleansed skin that has not been rinsed thoroughly with clear water.

Among the many preparations that take odor out of perspiration, without stopping it, are creams, powders, and liquids. The creams need merely to be rubbed lightly into the skin, till they disappear, and the liquids need to be patted on and allowed to dry. Powders are usually found most satisfactory for body areas other than the underarm, such as the feet. Don't make the mistake, either with perspiration stops or with deodorants, of applying too much or forgetting to remove any excess. Applied properly, they will not stain or ruin fabrics, but no manufacturer can answer for his product if it is carelessly misused.

Wouldn't you like to know about a grand new depilatory of a novel type? It's a hair removing lotion, that has enough body so it won't run off the areas where you want it—and it has a mild fragrance that you'll love. The frosted glass bottle in which it comes has a sponge rubber applicator fixed in the screw top—and you merely spread the lotion on with this handy gadget. After the lotion has been on your skin for a maximum of ten minutes (less in some cases) you rinse with cool water—and your task is done! There are two sizes—a two-ounce bottle for thirty-three cents and a larger one for eighty-five cents. The manufacturer is an internationally known specialist in this line—which is a nice guarantee for you. Want the name?

Also brand new on the market is a cream perspiration stop that I am happy to tell you about. It's a fluffy, quick-disappearing cream that hasn't a trace of stickiness or greasiness about it. You simply rub it into the armpits (being sure they are clean, of course) and wipe off any excess. The harmless chemicals stop the flow of perspiration immediately—in some cases for three days, and in other cases for less. It has a pleasant, faint fragrance and comes in a simple wide-mouthed jar that is easy to dip into. Priced at ten, twenty-five and thirty-nine cents. I'll be glad to send you the name.

Your Gibson Girl mother had no trouble keeping her make-up intact because it wasn't there—unless perhaps she was daring enough to try a little rice powder! But you needn't worry about your powder or rouge, either, if you use a special powder base that defies warm

[Please turn to page 13]

# Best Movies of the Month

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

and I unhesitatingly admit that I liked every foot of it. It was good. Now, with retakes and added scenes, it should be better and no doubt will be, since Mr. Darryl Zanuck, production chief of the studio, has issued orders to make it so. The story?

Well, you readers undoubtedly know about England's Grand National Steeplechase, mainly, I suspect, through the sweepstakes drawing which accompanies it. Few of you probably realize that this country has an equally internationally famous steeplechase classic—the Maryland Hunt Cup Race. It is this race, and the families which have been traditionally connected with it during the past half century, that Darryl Zanuck chose as the subject for his technicolor production, *Maryland*.

In picking the cast and crew, the final line-up revealed no less than five Academy Award winners. Two of them, Hattie McDaniel (and how I hope those retakes include bigger and better scenes for the capable Hattie!) and Ray Rennahan, received their awards while in the midst of the production on *Maryland*. Both received their awards for *Gone With the Wind*. Hattie was awarded hers by another member of the cast, Fay Bainter, who herself won it last year for her work in *Jezebel*. Walter Brennan was a two-time winner, for *Come and Get It* and for

*Kentucky*, while Assistant Director Robert Webb, who has been with Director Henry King for the past six years, received it a couple of years ago for his work in *In Old Chicago*.

*Maryland* became the fourth picture for Brenda Joyce (a future Academy Award winner as sure as you are born!) since the college co-ed was picked out of non-professional obscurity less than a year ago, and is her first chance in technicolor.

Opposite Brenda is John Payne, who makes his fourth (and successful) bid for stardom. Brought to Hollywood four years ago, John had auspicious starts at three different studios and in each case was allowed to languish after that. One of these contracts he bought off. Two others he talked his way out of, taking the gamble of some day connecting right. Even though he had the handicap of being a "three time loser," 20th Century-Fox signed him up, gave him the lead opposite Linda Darnell in *Star Dust*, and followed that immediately with *Maryland*. We venture to say at this point that John is now—and definitely—on the way up to his goal.

MOST interesting bit of casting is that of Ben Carter, Negro comedian. Ben became an actor by accident when he visited the 20th Century-Fox studio a number of months ago in his capacity

as an agent for Negro screen talent. He was trying to place one of his clients in a role in *Little Old New York*. He so impressed Director Henry King that the latter made him play the role himself and then gave him his big role in *Maryland*. This helped Ben do very well for his clients. With this "in" he was able to place seven of his clients in major speaking roles in the picture, sold the studio his thirty-two piece choir for a church sequence. One member of the choir, Joe Crawford, had written a new spiritual called *Amen*, and Ben, the sure-fire salesman, also sold that for the musical portion!

The most important horse in the picture constituted a two hundred and fifty thousand dollar gamble which the studio took. The end of the picture depends on the outcome of the race, to be filmed in actuality a couple of months after the finish of studio production on the picture. In the picture, a bay horse was prominently cast throughout the film as the horse which was to win the race in the story. The studio banked on a dark horse actually winning the race. If a white horse should win, it would mean reshooting all of the other sequences at an estimated cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. They gambled with the law of averages because only one white horse has ever won the Maryland Hunt Cup Race in more than fifty years—but that white horse won it three times!

Brenda Joyce still refuses to let Hollywood success change her mode of living. She refuses to part with her 1935 car, she lives in a modest little house with an [Please turn to page 17]

## "Thrilling"—say Lovely Women of New Camay!

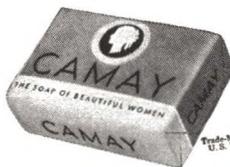


● "New Camay is so mild," writes Mrs. G. D. Lawrence, Bronxville, N. Y. "A perfect beauty soap to help keep my skin soft and radiant."

A BEAUTY soap so different, so wonderful that women everywhere are thrilled... so wonderful that thousands are switching to new Camay! Again and again they speak of new Camay's mildness—its unusual lathering qualities—its enchanting new perfume!

Let new Camay help you, as it is helping other women, to look your loveliest. Put its gentle cleansing to work for you... helping you in your search for a lovelier skin!

Great New  
Improvement in  
Beauty Soaps  
Wins Women  
Everywhere!

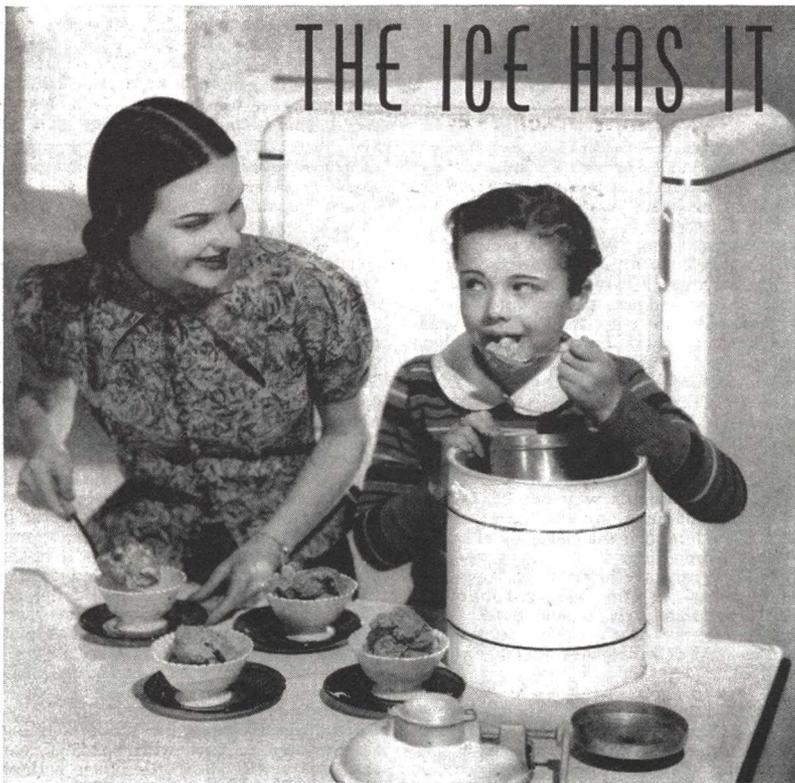


At your dealer's now,  
no change in wrapper!



● "I'm just thrilled by new Camay," says Mrs. T. J. Moriarty, Plainfield, Ind. "I take particular care of my skin, so I like a very mild beauty soap. New Camay is so wonderfully mild that it really seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. And what a marvelous new fragrance it has!"

*The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!*



Keep the children happy this summer with plenty of old-fashioned ice cream made in the new triple speed freezer!

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK  
HOUSEHOLD EDITOR

**I**F IT'S iced, it's sure to be cool! What is so thirst-quenching any hour of a hot sultry summer's day as a tall, tinkling glass of iced tea or tart fruity beverage? Or for supper, what more happy choice for the first course than a crystal chill jellied soup, followed by a refreshing meat or vegetable aspic, and a dessert chosen from the long list of tempting palate-coolers such as sherbet, mousse, or ice cream?

Ice keeps you, your foods, your drinks, cool but with satisfying safety. For the ice your ice service man brings

is purer than the water one drinks, since in its manufacture ordinary city water is purified by long filtering. Due to this care, ice is taste-free and crystal clear. Use it in your beverages and their most delicate flavor will stay unchanged.

Naturally you need plenty of ice in your summer drinks—either in the form of convenient cubes, which you can cut easily from the smooth surface of the cake of ice in your modern ice refrigerator, or in the form of chipped or crushed ice, with which to serve not

only cooling drinks, but your melons, fruits, and many other hot weather delicacies.

Ice keeps perishable foods from spoiling, and this is all-important in the good old summertime! The action of bacteria — micro-organisms — on perishable foods is dangerous to health and wasteful to the family pocketbook.

But bacteria don't like cold, in fact they literally "freeze up" and die when the cold gets down to around 40° to 50°F. Again, bacteria flourish in excess moisture and thrive best if the air is left without proper circulation. The simple answer to preventing the growth of bacteria, and consequently the spoilage of perishable foods is *constant cold, proper moisture, and circulation of purified air.*

**T**HE modern 1940 air-conditioned ice refrigerator insures all these factors for keeping foods safe, as well as providing plenty of pure ice and many more benefits of home refrigeration. When ice is used as the refrigerating agent in a refrigerator, it will maintain a constant, safe, cold temperature of between 40° and 50°F.

The ice refrigerator supplies adequate—but not excess—moisture; and is so designed and built that the odors and gases normally given off by foods while they are stored is constantly replaced by freshly chilled and purified air, so that no mingling of food flavors will result—you may store onions and bananas and not get them mixed!

There are many practical benefits in using a modern ice refrigerator: *The ice service man, carrying ice in a dripless bag, takes the responsibility of keeping your refrigerator properly iced at all times. There is no machinery to get out of order; no noise, because ice refrigerators operate without noise. The ice refrigerator and its auxiliary ice chest models are so easy to clean. And an abundant supply of taste-free ice cubes is always available. You can make smooth frozen desserts in a few minutes in an ice-using speedy freezer. And last (but not least) the cost of an ice refrigerator averages about one-third to one-half as much as the cost of other types of refrigerators of comparable size and construction.*

Here are some tricks with ice and ice refrigeration:

**Appetizers:** Make your food service and trays of relishes—olives, seafood cocktails, and fruit cups—more refreshing to the eye by serving on chipped ice.

*Beverages: [Please turn to page 15]*

FREE

Mrs. Christine Frederick  
c/o TRUE CONFESSIONS  
1501 Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.

Please send me the special leaflet, FARE AND COOLER, containing featured recipes such as Deviled Eggs in Aspic, Old-fashioned Peach Ice Cream, and Watermelon Party Punch.

(This offer expires September 15, 1940)

Name.....  
Street Address.....  
City and State.....

THE COZY  
KITCHEN

## The Vanity Case

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

weather as well as oily skin. It comes in a wedge-shaped stick that give your skin a rosy heavenly shades that give your skin a rosy or creamy or subtly-tanned look, just as you prefer. Touch the stick to forehead, nose, cheeks, and chin, then use your fingertips to blend the base evenly all over your face. A perfect safeguard for your make-up, it also helps to conceal freckles, small blemishes, and discolorations. A grand way of evening up your skin tones, if you are tan in sections, white in others. There are ten cent sample sizes, and larger ones all the way up to a dollar—so you can see that it's not reserved for movie stars—though they do love it!

Another bit of hot news! Almost everything I have to tell you about is just fresh from the cosmetic chemists' beakers and formula charts! This time it's a new line of cosmetics, made by an old, familiar perfume house. You have already no doubt used this manufacturer's perfume, cologne, or dusting powder—and loved the fresh, springlike fragrance. Well, now you can have that same odor in a silk-sifted, impalpably fine face powder, in a fine-grained cheek rouge, and a creamy but permanent lipstick! These are not just "another" line of beautifiers. As you'll see, when you try them.

The face powder is a bargain if ever I saw one—a great boudoir box for seventy-nine cents. And the lipstick, in its smart green and cream swivel case is more than you could dream of for forty-nine cents. You'll just have to glimose the ingenious rouge compact (also forty-nine cents)—a real improvement in design and materials—to appreciate my enthusiasm.

And the manufacturer has wisely chosen not to confuse you with such a multitude of shades that you don't know *where* you are. There are light, medium, and dark rouges and lipsticks—with a smart, new wild rose shade that you'll like for your summery pastels—and five shades of powder that are flattering *and* up-to-the-minute. I don't often sound such a clarion call to pen and paper—but I do want you to get busy and write me for the trade name!

Wandering through the ten-cent store the other day, I was fascinated by a demonstration of something that was new to me. It's a white, chalky-looking stick that the demonstrator was dipping in water, then rubbing across a discolored set of false teeth. I stayed long enough to learn that the white stick really whisked away the brownish stains and left the plate grinning brightly, then I bought a stick and tried it on a couple of my own molars (not store-bought, I'll have you know) that weren't as white as I'd have liked them. It works! Only ten cents, and a boon for anyone with stained or discolored teeth. I'll be glad to send you the name.

Write to me before August 15th if you would like to know the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (U. S. Postage, please) and send your letter to Winifred Rogers, Beauty Editor, TRUE CONFESIONS, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Modern Housekeeping  
now becomes even more modern with

New! Ultra-refined  
**CLOROX**

FREE FROM CAUSTIC!

Extra-Gentle in Bleaching!  
Extra-Efficient in Sanitary  
Home Cleansing!



Through the years Clorox scientists have constantly improved the quality of Clorox. Today they offer you Ultra-refined Clorox, which has new exclusive values obtainable in no other product... for Ultra-refined Clorox is free from caustic and other harsh substances. It offers higher, more modern standards of housekeeping to every home.

NEW!  
SLENDERIZED  
BOTTLE WITH  
EASY-OFF CAP  
... easy to  
handle, easy  
to open!

**Trustworthy in Bleaching!** Ultra-refined Clorox bleaches white cottons and linens to a beautiful WHITE-white (freshens fast colors), deodorizes, disinfects; lessens rubbing... prolonging life of fabrics and making wash days easier for you. Clorox also removes numerous ink, dye, medicine and other stubborn stains... even scorch, mildew. And Ultra-refined Clorox is extra-safe for even your most precious cottons and linens.

**Assures Greater Home Health Security!** Continuous germicidal tests made over a period of three years prove the intensified efficiency of Ultra-refined Clorox in home sanitation. It deodorizes, disinfects, removes numerous stains in routine cleansing of tile, enamel, porcelain, linoleum, wood surfaces... reducing infection dangers in the home. Ultra-refined Clorox is gentler yet more efficient in its many personal as well as in household uses. Simply follow directions on the label. Always order by name... be sure you get Clorox.

When its  
**CLOROX-CLEAN**  
it's hygienically  
clean!

America's Favorite Bleach and  
Household Disinfectant

Ultra-refined **CLOROX**

BLEACHES · DEODORIZES · DISINFECTS  
REMOVES NUMEROUS STAINS... Even Scorch, Mildew

# BE YOURSELF BE NATURAL!



★ In make-up, as in all things, it is best to "Be Yourself... Be Natural". Use Tangee for a glorious lip color which is yours and yours alone. Tangee changes magically from orange in the stick to the ONE shade of red YOUR skin-coloring demands. That's the Tangee way to—

*Be yourself... Be Natural*

★ Your Tangee lips will be smoother... evenly and beautifully made-up because there is NO grease-paint in Tangee... its pure cream base ENDS THAT "PAINTED LOOK" and helps you—

*Be yourself... Be Natural*

★ For complete make-up harmony use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge, compact or creme, as well. Then you'll

*Be yourself... Be Natural*



## TANGEE Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE  
MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luff Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

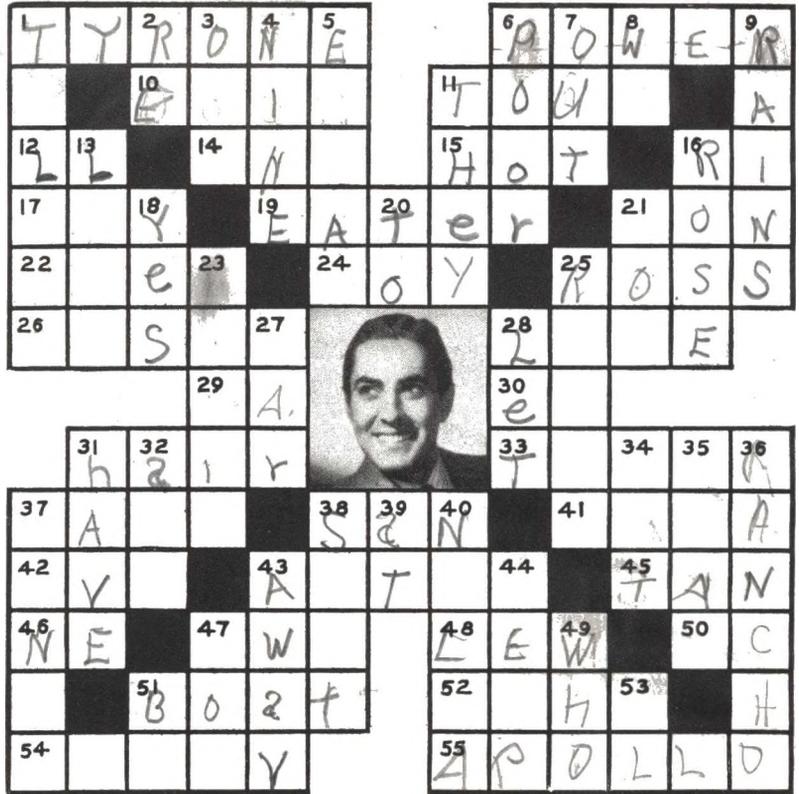
Peach  Light Rachel  Flesh  
 Rachel  Dark Rachel  Tan

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ F80

# MOVIE CROSSWORD



For solution see September TRUE CONFESSIONS

### ACROSS

- 1 & 6. 20th Century-Fox star.
10. Her last name is Bennett.
11. *Annabel Takes a \_\_\_\_\_*.
12. Lola's initials.
14. Ronald Colman's birthplace (abbr.).
15. *Some Like It \_\_\_\_\_*.
16. Nelson Eddy's home state (abbr.).
17. Descriptive of character portrayed by pictured star in *Jesse James*.
19. *The Biscuit \_\_\_\_\_*.
21. Screen brother of 1 Across in *In Old Chicago*.
22. Birthplace of pictured star.
24. Fletch McCloud in *Dark Command*.
25. Shirley's surname.
26. He portrays Tailspin Tommy.
28. Theatre box or stall.
29. Mr. Arnold's initials.
30. Comedian who talks like a Swede.
31. Pictured star has brown \_\_\_\_\_.
33. Phil Regan's singing voice. Director of *The Doctor Takes a Wife*.
37. *Francisco*.
38. Flora in *The Shop Around the Corner*.
42. Character in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.
43. 1 Across has also done this on radio programs.
45. What actors acquire at Palm Springs.
46. Mr. Eddy's initials.
47. \_\_\_\_\_ *Girls on Broadway*.
48. He has title role in *Dr. Kildare's Strange Case*.

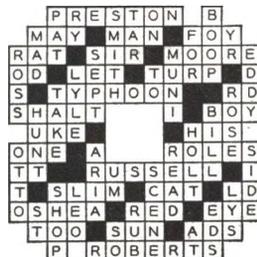
50. Initials of Mr. Calhern. U \_\_\_\_\_ 29.
52. Comical commentator of Fox Movietone News. \_\_\_\_\_ Agent.
55. Pictured player is now appearing in *Johnny \_\_\_\_\_*.

### DOWN

1. Ross Waring in *Parole Fixer*.
2. Robert Elliott's initials.
3. *And \_\_\_\_\_ Was Beautiful*.
4. *The Man with \_\_\_\_\_ Lives*.
5. First name of "slow burn" comedian.

6. *Rich Man, \_\_\_\_\_ Girl*.
7. *They All Come \_\_\_\_\_*.
8. Initials of Director Ruggles.
9. 1 Across was starred in *The \_\_\_\_\_ Came*.
11. \_\_\_\_\_ *Came By Night*.
13. His first name is Bert and he's a comedian.
16. Pictured actor also appeared in \_\_\_\_\_ of *Washington Square*.
18. *Never Say \_\_\_\_\_*.
20. *Money \_\_\_\_\_ Burn*.
21. Asta is one.
23. Remember Sally \_\_\_\_\_?
25. Pictured player had one of principal \_\_\_\_\_ in *Suez*.
27. *Popeye is one*.
28. \_\_\_\_\_ *Us Live*.
31. *All Women \_\_\_\_\_ Secrets*.
32. Gail Patrick's birthplace (abbr.).
34. Wayman in *Dr. Kildare's Strange Case*.
35. Descriptive of a talking picture.
36. \_\_\_\_\_ *Grande* is a Gene Autry film.
37. She co-starred with pictured actor in *Second Fiddle*.
38. Andy Clyde is one.
39. *A Clump \_\_\_\_\_ Oxford*.
40. Lucy in *Saint Takes Over*.
43. *You Can't Get \_\_\_\_\_ with Murder*.
44. Descriptive of Wallace Beery's voice.
47. Hero of *Ma He's Making Eyes at Me*.
49. *The Man \_\_\_\_\_ Wouldn't Talk*.
51. *Dust \_\_\_\_\_ My Destiny*.
53. Initials of a sister of 12 Across.

### Solution To July Puzzle



# THE COZY KITCHEN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Give your drinks the purity and frosty sparkle provided with pure ice cubes or crushed ice.

**Aspics or Molds:** Save time in chilling by setting in a pan of crushed ice to hurry the making, and use plenty of ice to enable you to arrange designs of garnishes in aspics, molds, and jellies.

**Fruits and Melons:** Serve fruits in outer container or saucer of crushed ice; make an easily formed ice mold, and fill center with cut fruits, diced melon, or melon balls, etc.

**Desserts:** Whip cream quickly in bowl filled with crushed ice; bury cream and fruit mixtures in three parts crushed ice to one part rock salt for 30 minutes—you will have a delicious "frozen" dessert or dish. Use plenty of ice with the new-fashioned speedy ice cream freezers.

**WHAT'S** the All-American National Dish? Everybody knows the answer—it's *ice cream!* Whether a person is six or sixty, he goes for ice cream in a big way! Experts agree that old-fashioned ice cream can't be improved on, for there is a special creamy, velvety texture in this type of cream made possible only by thorough agitation or turning while the cream is being mixed. In the old days, this agitation was obtainable only by long, arduous cranking for a half hour or



*Let the modern ice refrigerator supply easy refreshing hospitality during the warm summer months.*

longer. But to-day, triple speed dashers and easy-action handles make it possible to have a big bursting can of old-fashioned ice cream in less than ten minutes!

Since summertime is the big open season for guests and visitors, especially if the family lives anywhere near the location of a Fair, Exposition, or other attraction, there's bound to be extra demands made on the ice supply. Even with a large-capacity regular ice refrigerator, there may be an insistent call for more ice cubes or additional ice for the party.

Here is where the new and very convenient auxiliary ice chest is simply grand! Just about the size of a good-looking end-table, smart in white with black trim, these compact chests fit under the kitchen table. They can be used to store surplus supply of ice cubes (home-made or bought in water-proof containers holding twenty-four, forty-eight, or ninety-six cubes from the local ice company). Or they can be filled with bottles, pitchers or beverage. They can also be used for chilling gelatin molds and many other dishes and items which require frosting rather than freezing. They're fine for the week-end camp or summer cottage, for boats and for fishermen. Pack it to the brim, if you wish, and place it on the floor or in the rear of the auto, and take it along on a picnic ride.

*Keep cool with ice!* Every reader of this article will want to send immediately for the accompanying leaflet which tells all about chill, refreshing, and delightful dishes for the hot weather menu. Don't fail to write in at once, addressing me in care of TRUE CONFESSIONS at 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

## IT'S SO GOOD . . . SO LONG

because in the Beech-Nut kitchens the finest flavors are mixed through and through so that you may enjoy each piece of Beech-Nut Gum for a longer time. There are 7 delicious varieties:

Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum  
4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)  
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

# Gum

**GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR?**  
Be sure to visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive near the lovely Mohawk Valley of N. Y., stop at Canajoharie and see how Beech-Nut products are made.



**Intimate!  
Amusing!**

**READ**

**DOROTHY LAMOUR'S  
VACATION LETTERS**

She's made the sarong famous, but not until recently did glamorous Dorothy Lamour see the Islands of the Pacific—the home of the sarong!

You'll want to know what happened to Dottie in sarongland. Her impressions of the tropics and of tropical romance are revealed in her intimate, vivid letters written exclusively for **SCREEN LIFE**. Look for them in the August issue, now on sale.

The same issue of America's most exciting movie magazine brings you many exclusive features, photographs and gossip items.

Get your copy today!



**Screen Life**  
**10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS**

# THE GIRL ON THE COVER

**P**ATRICIAN, regal, charming beauties—these are the English girls, the reigning ladies of society the world over. Dewy-fresh, radiant, possessed of a deep, sure charm and pose, the English girls—of whom the girl on the cover is typical—combine physical, mental, and spiritual beauty.

A perfectionist might say that some English girls are handicapped by sharp features, or reedy legs, or lack of contrast between skin and eyes. Or he might say carpingly that some English girls are too round faced, with large-boned hands, and too, too sturdy legs. Yet when the physical attributes are considered as a whole, one sees only a soft rose-petal complexion, gently waved, shiny brown-blond hair, gracious dignity, a confident sense of poise, and a feeling of stability and endurance.

But in this country, English-American girls have all the good qualities of their British cousins, and more. The beautiful English complexion must be more than a result of the damp mists of the English countryside, for here in our smokiest industrial cities, a girl of English descent can be picked out by her flawless, translucent skin.

Lucky, lovely English-American girl, with her silvery coloring, her fresh, delicate skin, and her oval face. Her complexion is peaches and cream—usually enough so that she can do without rouge—though a slight touch of it, kept fairly low and out on her cheekbones, will make the lower part of her face seem fuller, her whole appearance more lively. She is the girl who looks her best in the cool rachel shades of powder, and in a true rose-red lipstick—but who looks pretty nice, too, with just the faintest flush of tan accenting that honey hair, and those blue-gray eyes. But not too deep a color, mind you—the key to her beauty is fragility, rose-petal freshness. The orange or brown lipsticks, the dark tans are not for her!

Here are some make-up hints if you are the English-American type. English mouths tend to be thin lipped—like Madeleine Carroll's and Virginia Field's. If yours is, too, you can lessen the severity by painting it fuller with a lip brush. Draw the outline first, then fill in with color. If the lower part of your face is thin, extend the corners of the mouth slightly to make it look wider. Wide-set eyes, like our cover-girl's, can be made to look less so by a thin shadow of violet or gray or blue color spread lightly over their lids, concentrated near the nose.

Apply mascara most heavily on those inner corners, and pluck the ends of your eyebrows, so they won't lead up and out. Try black mascara (or brown if that seems too theatrical) and by all means



investigate the flattering qualities of blue lash darkener in the evening. Perhaps your brows are already dark—Madeleine Carroll's are, and she's typical of this pale English beauty. If so, rejoice; but if they're not, step right up to the mirror, and get to work with a dark brown or black eye pencil.

Our model's face is oval enough to stand the smoothly brushed back hair style. If your face is long, or your forehead high, experiment with a side part and bangs. They're fun!

Wear blue, of course. It's your very best color, because it sets off the star sapphires of your eyes, and your lovely skin. Black will make you look fragile. Pink and baby blue keep you looking young and kissable—and men love them on a blonde! Stay away from oranges, browns, and yellows. Bile or yellow greens are not for you—though a soft, blue green will make you look like a water nymph. And try violet—it can be very becoming!

In homes where things always go just right, where colorful chintzes, masses of flowers, Georgian furnishings create a setting to make people love to gather together—in these homes the gracious hostess is likely to be of English descent, capable of meeting any emergency, imbued to her fingertips with the desire and the power of making our social life smoother, happier and more abundant. They are an integral part of our American life!

**NEXT MONTH'S AMERICAN BEAUTY**  
For the fifth in our series of cover girls, we have chosen the Italian-American type of beauty—vivacious, smoldering.  
Watch for this Girl on the Cover in the September **TRUE CONFESSIONS!**

# Best Movies of the Month

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

old girl friend, and she is true to Owen Ward, the boy friend with whom she went through college.

Final production note: Make a date with the family to visit *Maryland* when it shows at your favorite theatre. It's class "A" screen fare and then some.

## YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL (RKO)

THIS RKO production started out gainly enough under the title *Lucky Partners*, a tag more than suitable, it seemed to me after a due consideration of the story, but for one reason and another (you'll catch on just as soon as I give you a gist of the plot) the studio execs did a complete reverse on the old "don't swap horses in the middle of the stream" and went ahead and swapped titles in the middle of production.

And here's why: As Jean Newton (Ginger Rogers) is delivering some books to a cash customer (Jean and her Aunt Lucy, played by Spring Byington, own a book shoppe in Greenwich Village), she meets up with the dashing young artist, David Grant (Ronald Colman) and during the exchange of pleasantries David says, "Good luck." Later, when the cash customer impulsively gives Jean a very

expensive dress, Jean decides that it was David's wish that had brought her such good luck. So. . . .

She finds David and tries her persuasive best to cajole him into buying a sweepstake ticket with her on a fifty-fifty, Even-Stephen basis. She tells him, during the argument for and against the sale that if she wins she can marry a boy named Freddie (Jack Carson) who happens to be her fiance. She tells David that she can marry Freddie and still not have to be the kind of wife who has to ask her husband for every penny she wants.

Now David, being a bold sort of chap, says he isn't fond of the idea, especially since the purchase of a sweepstake ticket will take his last buck and two bits. But he finally agrees. But only under one proviso. David tells her without batting an eye that if they win he must be permitted to use his share of the money on a trip—for both of them and before she marries Freddie!

Well, and as you can imagine Jean is insulted to think that anyone would dare make such an offer, since she is the nice girl that she is. Provoked beyond words, she scoots off to find Freddie and Freddie scoots right back to David and invites him into an alley. The two batlers return ten minutes later with Freddie con-

vinced that it's not such a bad idea, especially since he won't have time for a honeymoon—and also since the two—Jean and David—will travel as brother and sister. To seal the honest intentions of the bargain Freddie holds the ticket.

Well, as you can imagine, there are plenty of complications arising every minute from this agreement. They win, of course, and the two do make the trip. And Freddie follows them. Through a switch in their rooms, Freddie is convinced that his suspicions are well-founded, and he makes a scene. Right then and there Jean realizes that she'd rather have a pseudo-honeymoon with David than a real one with Freddie.

ENIGMATIC, self-contained Ronald Colman is well-known to less than twelve people in filmdom. After serving in the British Army in World War No. 1, Colman went on the London stage. Shipped to New York with fifty-seven dollars in his pocket. Rented a room in Brooklyn. Got down to buttons and through shoe soles before landing a job in Robert Warwick's *The Dauntless Three* on the Broadway stage. Signed with Henry King to support Lillian Gish in *The White Sister*, filmed in Italy. Made such a name in it that Samuel Goldwyn signed him. Later he moved over to 20th Century-Fox and then turned free-lance.

Thanks to swell direction, splendid acting by Ginger Rogers and Ronald Colman, *You Can't Be Too Careful* turns out to be an intriguing, lively (if somewhat risqué) screen fare and we recommend it highly.



Says  
VIRGINIA YOUMANS,  
SOPHOMORE AT  
VANDERBILT  
UNIVERSITY

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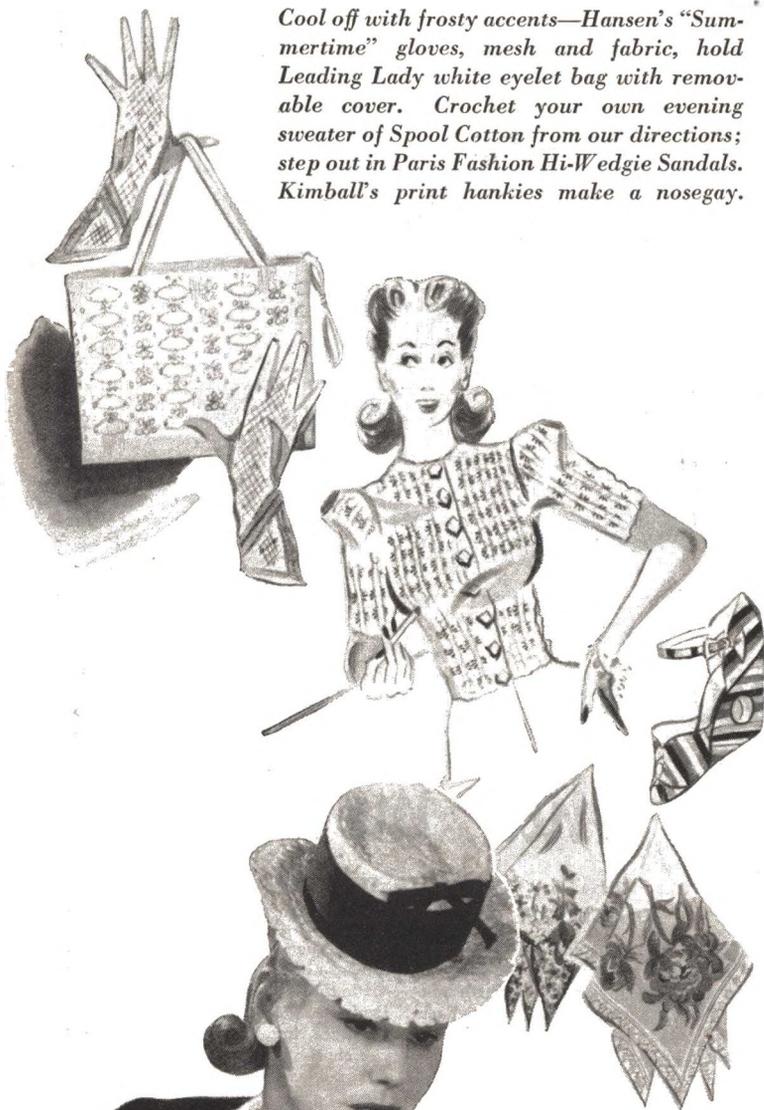
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# A COOL PROPOSITION

By VICKI AMES, FASHION EDITOR

Cool off with frosty accents—Hansen's "Summertime" gloves, mesh and fabric, hold Leading Lady white eyelet bag with removable cover. Crochet your own evening sweater of Spool Cotton from our directions; step out in Paris Fashion Hi-Wedgie Sandals. Kimball's print hankies make a nosegay.



Dance, dance, little lady, in your drop-shouldered, old-fashioned gown. Crochet it of Spool Cotton. The lacy open stitch goes quickly, and the directions are easy to follow.

A short sleeved black dress takes on new life when topped off with a white straw sailor, chalky jewelry. This bracelet and necklace set, of plastic designed in lacy crochet patterns, is from Charlotte of Paris.



Write for these free crocheting directions, and for further information about the inexpensive accessories shown on this page. Address your letter to Vicki Ames, Fashion Editor, TRUE CONFESSIONS, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

# How Can I Win Back My Wife?

AM I a brute? Am I an absolute cad? Or are there other young fathers who feel as I do?

I love my baby—Lord, nobody can help loving a baby, even when you feel that what he is doing to your life is something pretty awful! But I'm only human, and I'm working hard at a very exacting job, and I honestly don't think my nerves will stand it much longer. I'm seriously considering sending Peggy home to her mother. If it means a divorce—well, God knows our marriage has become practically a shambles ever since Roddy came five months ago, anyway! If you don't believe me, consult the record of my weight and of Peggy's. I've lost twenty pounds and Peggy has lost eighteen since that kid arrived.

We've got two rooms and a kitchenette and we've got a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. It was barely enough before the kid came. Now—well, I've practically mortgaged myself for life to the doctor—and a special baby doctor, at that!

Not that Roddy is sick. No, this infant who is practically wearing both his parents to a shadow of their former selves, is plump and dimpled and as cute as he can be. But Peggy couldn't nurse him—she cried for four days when she was told she had to wean Roddy! No, she couldn't nurse him, and we had a terrible time getting a formula that would agree with him. I used to help Peg make his formulas after I came home from the bank. We had some pretty complicated ones, too. Mixtures that took us a full hour to prepare.

After that Roddy would get in about three hours sleep, if we were lucky. Because I'm sorry to say that we definitely haven't got one of those youngsters that you put down at seven and never hear from again. Maybe the late Ring Lardner had it right when he said that the parents who had babies who never cried were the ones who'd never said a cross word to each other.

The truth is Peggy and I were probably too poor to have a baby. Or else other women manage better, or are luckier or something. All I know is that Peggy hasn't had a thought for me since he came, and that we're both working ourselves to death and running deeper in debt every day, and that I'm just about fed up.

This whole house belongs to the baby. There isn't an inch in it that is mine any more. His

things are spread everywhere. I can't play the radio for fear of waking him up. Peggy hardly ever has my dinner ready. If she's made our lunch, I'm lucky. She doesn't, if Roddy has had a fretful day. What's more she doesn't care any more. If I say, "Gee, Peg, I'm hungry," she snaps, "So is your baby—he couldn't keep his last bottle down and the next one is five minutes overdue!" If she's cheerful, it's only because the doctor has said God could have stewed fruit, and isn't that grand? When I try to talk to her about my work or my interests or politics or war or anything else, she doesn't even hear me. She breaks in to tell me worriedly that Roddy has diarrhea.

I can't talk to her any more. Not unless we talk about the baby. She can't think about anything else. She goes into a panic if anything is the matter with him. She gets up a dozen times a night even when he sleeps, to make sure he's all right. Do all mothers act like that?

I can see she's tired and worn, and I try to help her all I can. I fix a lot of his food, I even wash his diapers—all sorts of thoroughly distasteful tasks. But even so she doesn't really think I know anything about him. She sends for the doctor, or calls in the neighbors, when she's worried. She doesn't lean on me. She said an awfully significant thing the other day, quite unconsciously, when telling someone of a slight illness of Roddy's, "And I was all alone—there wasn't anybody here but Bill."

I'VE just taken a back seat, that's all. My life is out of joint. Peg doesn't really want or need a husband now. She'd be a lot better off if she could be with her mother, and be free of household responsibilities and wifely responsibilities.

I've begun to dread coming home. Coming home to a worn, pale girl instead of the blooming sweetheart who used to run to meet me and throw her arms around my neck. To a hasty greeting or none at all. To a supper I pull out of the refrigerator myself. To a house spread from one end to the other with baby things. To everlasting confusion and nerve-strain.

Maybe Peg means it when she hangs over the crib, as she did last night, and says with a shining face, "Oh, you adorable angel! He's worth absolutely everything he's cost us, Bill!" But—I don't know. Call me a cad and an unnatural father if you like. I think he's a great baby and all that, but—worth all he's cost? When he's cost me my wife's companionship, my romance, the peace of my home, our happiness together, our nervous and physical health, and our entire income? No, no, that's too high a price to pay! And I'm beginning to wonder if it has to cost so much?

Just to cite one single aspect of the matter—one that people don't usually talk about. I haven't made love to my wife for six weeks now. I'm twenty-three and she's twenty-one, and it seems as if physical romance is practically at an end. We're too worn out, and we're too afraid of waking the baby to make love any more. Is that the way a marriage, at my age, should be?

He's spoiled our marriage. And if one child does this to us—for God's sake what would two or three do? How do other people manage? Is our experience unique? I don't know. I only know that I'm at my wit's end with nerve strain and exhaustion, and that if things don't get better, Peg's got to go home to her folks and get some relief for herself and give me a little rest and freedom and privacy.

I don't want a divorce, because Lord knows I love Peggy. But I'm sick of the struggle, and I'm just about ready to abdicate for good and all to King Baby, and let him have all of Peggy. I don't blame her; I don't suppose she can help it. But I've had plenty. I'll send them all the money I can afford, and I'd like to see Rod sometimes, but I can't take this much longer. Now, I'm asking: Is this the way it always is? Or is there something that I can do to make things right again? Won't you please advise me—tell me if this is the usual thing in marriage, after children come?

## WIN A PRIZE

Every month TRUE CONFESSIONS publishes on this page a problem written by a person who is desperately in need of advice, of help. And for the best letters from our readers in answer to that problem, we offer cash prizes.

Read "How Can I Win Back My Wife?" and help this anguished man solve his life problem. Perhaps yours will be the prize-winning letter!

## A PROBLEM STORY

PRIZES FOR YOUR LETTERS—SEE PAGE 46

# I Loved a Playboy

The confession of a girl who longed to be a part of the glamorous society around her, until she found that it meant being cruel and unhappy!

I READ a novelette in this magazine some time ago. I haven't been able to forget it because I knew the girl who wrote it. It was called *My Heritage of Sin*. I couldn't help knowing the girl who wrote that story, because I lived in the same neighborhood and I had envied her often enough.

Not that Judy Fairburn—and that wasn't her name, of course—ever spoke to me. I didn't go with the society people of the town. Not until I met Hoy Burnett, anyhow. But all my life I had wanted to be part of that gay young crowd who lived on the estates which dotted the Virginia countryside. I envied them their traditions and their casualness and their fast horses and their gay times—envied them until I learned to be like them and then, well, if Judy Fairburn, as she called herself, had the courage to tell her story, I can tell mine, too.

We didn't have an estate on one of the rolling hills, nor did we possess stables of blooded horses, and we had no traditions except those of hard work and struggle and honesty and thriftiness. My father had a good-sized farm. We sold farm products, vegetables, milk, eggs, sausage, honey—whatever the seasons produced—to the near-by towns and sometimes to the estates around us. We were a big family and all of us had received fair educations in the local schools. My four brothers were perfectly content to work on the farm with my father. Two of them married girls from neighborhood farms and the other two went with girls in the village or surrounding towns. My three sisters were all married. Two of them had married men with farms like our own. Sue had married a boy who worked in the post office in town and they lived at home with us. Nancy's husband had a general store in town and they had a little house in the village.

All of them were content with their lot—all of them except me.

I used to hang around the village as much as I could, watching the big cars of the wealthy families go through on their way to or from their gorgeous homes. Sometimes the girls and boys rode into town on their horses or piled into swank station-wagons. Sometimes they stopped in the drug-store for a soda or a coke. They were always puffing on cigarettes, and their hair blew wildly. Their tweeds and riding boots could be muddy and worn, and yet there was an air about them that set them apart. They never noticed us. They seemed to think that they were something pretty special—a law unto themselves. I hated them and I worshipped them and I wanted to be like them so badly that it was an actual physical pain. Their names were like holy names, the Burnetts of Pine Comfort, the Van Wycks of

Lindores, the Fairburns of Fairburn Oaks—oh, there were dozens of them.

When I was through school I went to work in my brother-in-law's store and came even closer to these people of another world. Usually their housekeepers or maids or butlers came in to do the shopping, but sometimes they dashed in themselves for a package of cigarettes or a special liniment for a horse or dog. That was how I met Hoy Burnett.

I've learned a lot since the time I met Hoy. I've learned that women called men like him exciting and dangerous. But then I only knew that he was different from any man or boy I had ever known in my life before. I felt dizzy and awfully aware of myself when I looked at him. His hair was russet and looked clean and shiny and well brushed as it lay against his head. His eyes were russet, too, and they stared at you casually, mockingly—sure of themselves and you. His face was like smooth, carved ivory tinted a deep brown and his ears lay back against his head like those of the fox that he and his crowd hunted.

I knew that the women and girls of his own crowd were crazy about him. And I knew, too, that his name was linked with that of Lil Van Wyck, whose husband was Stephen Van Wyck, the millionaire owner of Lindores. Their stables were famous all over the country and Lil Van Wyck, stormy and restless and a leader in society, was noted for her riding and her escapades.

I used to see her often. I didn't think she was beautiful. I thought she was ugly, with her straight





*"You deserve someone better," Hoy said gently. "But now we must get married." And as he bent to kiss me, my protests died.*

red hair knotted on the back of her neck and her face without powder and her mouth red and hungry looking and her eyes so slanting and strange. I wondered how men like her husband and Hoy Burnett could love a woman like that. I wondered why the papers called her the beautiful Lilah Van Wyck.

I looked in the mirror and I thought, "You're much better looking, June Taylor. You're better looking than any of that crowd. Why should they have everything and you nothing?"

I was hungry for life and excitement. I hated the thought of marrying the kind of men my sisters had married and settling down without ever having known anything else.

I tried to dress like the girls from the big houses. I bought myself trim skirts and knit myself gay sweaters to go with them. I wore plain, crisp blouses with a cheap little suit as near like the expensive one that Judy Fairburn wore, as possible.

AND then one day Hoy Burnett came into the store by himself. He looked at the magazines and finally he bought a package of cigarettes. As he handed me the change for them he grinned down at me and said, "I'm just stalling around, you know. What I'm really after is your name. I've wanted to know you for weeks, but there's always such a mob around that I've never made the grade."

I looked at him gravely, but inside I was seething with an excitement that almost made me ill. This was what I had dreamed about and prayed about and hoped for—and now it had actually happened! "I'm June Taylor," I told him primly. "My brother-in-law, Bob Satterlee, owns this store."

"Big business, eh?" He grinned and I knew that he was making fun of me, but I didn't even care about that. He had noticed me. He wanted to know my name. He might even ask for a date!

That was exactly what he did. "How about going for a ride some night?" he asked casually. "Got a telephone? I'll give you a ring."

I don't know how I lived after that. I went around in a daze. I ate and slept and waited on customers, but in reality I was living in a world of my own. A world of roseate daydreams. I couldn't believe it was true. Hoy Burnett was going to call me up! Hoy Burnett, who lived in a white colonial mansion on a hill and who had gone to school in England and got his name in all the society columns and ran around with Mrs. Stephen Van Wyck!

I didn't dare tell my family about it. They were impressed by our wealthy neighbors and a little proud of them and the traditions they had built up in our part of Virginia, but they didn't quite approve of them and they believed very firmly in class distinctions. The Warrenton crowd was one world—we were another. We were the natives, the countryfolk. We worked. They played and spent. There was a difference. A bridge not to be crossed.

I sat by the telephone every night—waiting. When he called up I wouldn't tell them who it was. Let them think it was one of the boys I had gone



**"Believe me, June, I didn't know!"  
Hoy was gripping my hands, ignor-  
ing Lil's furious, hateful jibes.**

he did. I met him out by the gate that led into our farm. He was driving that long, imported, cream-colored roadster I had watched from afar. The same car that Lil Van Wyck rode in beside him.

I didn't know what to talk to him about. Now that my dream was reality it became a little frightening. But I didn't need to bother about that. Hoy Burnett talked easily and casually as he drove the cream-colored roadster down the back roads of the countryside. The things he said were trite—any country boy could say them, you could read them in any poorly written story. But they made little shivers go up and down my spine and started a thrilled, mad beating in my pulse—because it was Hoy Burnett who was saying them.

"You've got something, June Taylor," he assured me humorously. "Something that makes a guy like me remember you. Maybe it's those cornflower eyes of yours or that peaches and cream complexion. Or maybe it's because your hair is like a baby's hair—all soft and brown and a mass of funny little tangled curls. Anyhow, whatever it is, you've got it. A fellow wants to get nearer and see if you're real. You look like something Ziegfeld used to glorify. I don't know what you're doing in a town like this or how I managed to overlook you for so long."

"I've been here all my life," I said bitterly. "We can see the chimneys of Pine Comfort from our kitchen door. You wouldn't be expected to know a girl who can see your house only from the kitchen."

He laughed. "Now, June Taylor," he teased, "don't be a snob! You make me feel like a horrible example of the filthy rich leading the farmer's daughter astray. Let's skip that part of it and be pals. I think we can have fun together."

He put out his arm and pulled me to him carelessly. I didn't pull away from him. The boys in my own crowd did the same thing. It was a mechanical gesture of this modern age. It didn't mean anything, I told myself. But I had never known this thrilling ecstasy before that just a man's nearness could bring.

A little later we parked on a hill overlooking the countryside. The moon was up and the sky was dotted with stars. Then he kissed me. A long, slow, practiced kiss. I had never been kissed like that before.

This was an experience that the boys I knew, knew nothing about. I was afraid. Afraid of him. Afraid of myself. I pushed him away at last and I began to chatter, wildly, foolishly, about anything and everything—the stars, the countryside, my brother-in-law's store, the society horse-show. He let me go and leaned against the wheel [*Please turn to page 66*]

to school with—one of the country boys of our own class. They wouldn't think that Hoy Burnett would take a girl like me out for any good reason. But I knew that I could take care of myself, and that other world was like a Promised Land to me.

It never occurred to me that he wouldn't call. And finally

I HAD been home just three days when I met Rita Thomas. I was going with Mom and Sis to the movies that evening, and Sis asked Rita to come over and mind the baby while we were out. She lived on the next block, and I found out later that she took care of my sister's baby quite often, but I didn't even know she existed until I went into the kitchen that night and heard Mom saying, "Rita, this is my son, Ed. It's the first time he's been home in five years." And there was this kid—eighteen or nineteen, m a y b e—holding out her hand and smiling at me in a shy but friendly way that I liked immediately.

I needed to meet someone like her, for coming home had been disappointing in a lot of ways. It showed too clearly what had happened to me in the five years I'd been gone. I'd left home as a gawky kid just out of college and looking for his first job. I'd come back a tired, weary man.

Until a couple of months before, I'd been a reporter on various Los Angeles papers. By and large, newspapermen aren't the shiftless rum-pots the movies make them out to be—there are just as many good hard workers in that trade as in any other—but there are the exceptions, of course, and during the five years I spent chasing news on the West Coast, I'd become one of them.

Maybe I just wasn't big enough not to

Torn between the two women in his life, this man succeeded only in betraying the girl he really loved.

# Two-Timing Husband



*"Let me at him, you two-timing tramp!" I cried as I pushed Margot aside and rushed toward the man who was behind her.*

It left a bad taste in my mouth that I tried to wash away with whiskey.

I'd started out full of hopes and ideals, and in five years the hopes had been blasted and the ideals kicked to pieces. By the time I went home in 1937 I was typical of all the stew-bum reporters who've marched across the screen since the days of *The Front Page*. I'd been hired and fired and hired again so many times that I couldn't remember all of them. I was hardened, calloused, cynical, bitter, disillusioned. I was a man who didn't believe in anything much, except the good, sound common sense of going out every once in a while and getting drunk as a coot.

That was one reason I'd never come home before. Another was that I seldom had money enough for the trip. I made good wages but never saved anything. But in 1937 I was injured in a car accident, and when I came out of the hospital I was advised to take three or four months of rest. Dissipation and hard living had made a wreck of me. With the accident compensation I received, I bought a ticket for home.

The quiet peacefulness of Raineton contrasted so sharply with the swift tempo of the life I'd been living that I couldn't get used to it. Walking along the familiar tree-lined streets, I'd meet people I'd known in boyhood and I'd see places that brought back old memories—and yet I felt like a complete stranger.

Lying awake in my old attic room at night, watching the moonlight that streamed through the window, I felt even worse than I did in the daytime. I'd start thinking about things. About the pointless existence I was living. It wasn't what I'd gone out in search of, five years before. I'd think of Dad, who had died eight months ago. I'd think of Mom, suddenly so much older than I'd imagined, tired and worn, but still baking the deep-dish pies I'd once been crazy about and now couldn't get interested in. Of Alice, my sister, [*Please turn to page 74*]

be affected by my surroundings. I lived in a world of police buildings and courthouses and I was in continual contact with all the squalor and tragedy of the seamiest side of life. I learned all about the greed and hate, the corruption and hypocrisy that rumbles under the surface of any big city.

# Suppose He

**M**INE had been such an uneventful, normal life that never in my wildest dreams could I imagine that some day my story would appear in a nationally famous magazine—that I would live with terror and uncertainty as my constant companions and that my happiness would hang on the precarious thread of another woman's word. But let me tell you my story from the beginning.

Mother and I lived alone in the little town of Winton on the coast. I was a stenographer, and with her small income and my salary we managed fairly well. I had always had boy friends but until I met George I had never thought seriously of any one of them. But George attracted me from the beginning.

George had opened a business in our town and was prospering. He came to board with us and a strong bond of friendship developed. I was the happiest girl in the world. I knew George loved me just as every woman knows, instinctively. The hours we spent together in the quiet of the evening are sacred and unforgettable.

When he asked me to marry him, I was wild with joy.

We were quietly married and about a year later my baby was born. No two people were ever happier. Our little home was a perfect Arcadia until the summer afternoon George phoned.

"Elaine, how about going for a swim? I'll be up for you in twenty minutes. Okay?"

"Okay," I answered gaily. That meant a dip, then dinner at an inexpensive restaurant. We didn't have much money, but we got a kick out of everything we did.

After dinner we'd go for a drive, park along an unfrequented road and George would make love to me. It hardly seemed we were married, we were so wild about each other. I was twenty and, until I married George, wholly inexperienced, but a warm nature, a tender lover, and moonlit nights brought out all of my affection.

Mother had tried to find out something about George before we were married but I took George at face value. He had been to sea and had roved around a lot. When he came to our city he worked for a while, then started in business. He was un-



# Should Find Out!

certain about where he was born, and for years he literally lived where he hung his hat. Mother liked him and so she let her intuition guide her. There was nothing else to do. She knew I was crazy about him. I trusted George and felt secure in his love and so even though we knew nothing about his family or early life, I married him.

There were no clouds, no thought that this afternoon at the beach would crowd the sorrows of a lifetime into a few hours, leaving me crushed and terror-stricken. With George's voice still ringing in my ears, I dashed upstairs and changed into a fresh, starched cotton frock. I packed my swim suit and had just called Mother to tell her that we would drop the baby off at her house, when I heard the car drive in.

We lived only a short way from the beach and the day was ideal. We frolicked about like carefree youngsters, then lay on the sand in the warming sun. I had just stretched out. George was half reclining against my body with his back toward the ocean. I moved closer and raised my head as a footstep sprinkled me with sand. I stared in amazement. There stood a girl I hadn't seen since my high school days and with her was a man.

"Why, Jane Cooper!" I slid from George's half embrace and got to my feet. "Why, this is a surprise. I thought you had moved far away. Gee, you look great."

"You're pretty smooth yourself, Elaine," Jane laughed, her eyes traveling over my slender, rounded figure. "You'll tie knots in some man's heart before you're through."

*Gaily I introduced my husband and as the two men shook hands, Harvey asked pointedly, "Did you say your name is Allison?"*

"Only one man's, Jane. Guess you don't know I'm married and have a little girl."

"I'm married, too. This is my husband, Harvey Williams."

As we shook hands I said gaily, "And I want you to meet my husband, George Allison."

As the men shook hands Harvey asked, "Did I understand you to say your name is Allison?"

"That's right," George replied, "George Allison."

"Always lived here?" Williams queried.

"No, but it's my home now."

"Guess I'm confusing you with someone else. There was a fellow at school, a basketball star I remember well. You look like him a lot. That was in Portville, a small town in Texas when—"

"Nope. I've never been in Texas that I can remember."

"Well, it's just one of those things. I recall one night he



had his finger smashed, and it was always twisted and badly scarred. He was my hero in school. A kid's hero, you know." Williams studied my husband's face for a moment, then said, "You sure are his double, grown older."

My eyes traveled to George's little finger. There on his misshapen, twisted little finger was a vivid white scar. Suddenly I was cold with terror. Was there something in George's life I didn't know. Did this man, strolling along the beach with my girlhood chum really know my husband as someone else? I was numb with some unknown dread. Mr. Williams was smiling when he said, "I could have sworn you are Dick Allerton, but you ought to know. We won't dig up any graves."

Our goodbyes were said, but I couldn't forget the expression on Harvey William's face. The disbelief, the "I-won't-say-anything" smirk on his lips, and the man-to-man pat he gave George made me sick with fear. If my husband's name was Allerton and he used the name of Allison there must be a reason. Men don't change names for caprice.

George didn't realize my silence was hiding a worry and fright that made my heart pound like an engine. As soon as Jane and her husband had gone he started for the water.

I was dazed and half-sick with doubt. I looked through the crowd trying to see Williams again. I had to have the truth! Finally I spotted them and went over to where they were having lunch.

"Mr. Williams," I gasped. "What did you mean when you said you knew George?"

"Now, wait a moment. I may be wrong! I didn't say I *knew* it was your husband. I only said I thought he was Dick Allerton. I remember that scar, but maybe there are two guys with a scar like that. I knew this Dick Allerton quite well. I knew his family, three brothers and two sisters. They moved to Chicago, later to New York. I even saw Dick after he was married. And I'd take an oath that Dick Allerton is the same man you introduced me to."

"But—but," I stuttered, "George Allison is my husband—"

"Well, if you're his wife, you're not the woman I met."

Frantically, my eyes searched the man's face. Somehow, my lips framed the words. "Are you certain, absolutely certain?"

"I don't want to make trouble," Williams said slowly, "but to tell the truth, I'm positive. I knew him well. He can't fool me."

I CAME back to where I had left George. I saw nothing, I heard nothing, just moved with my eyes unseeing, my mind a daze. Allison. Allerton. Chicago. New York. Married to another woman. . . . Doubt and terror raced in my brain in wild riot. A few hours before, I was a pleasure-seeking, laughing girl. Now, I stood on that beach frozen in the glare of the summer sun.

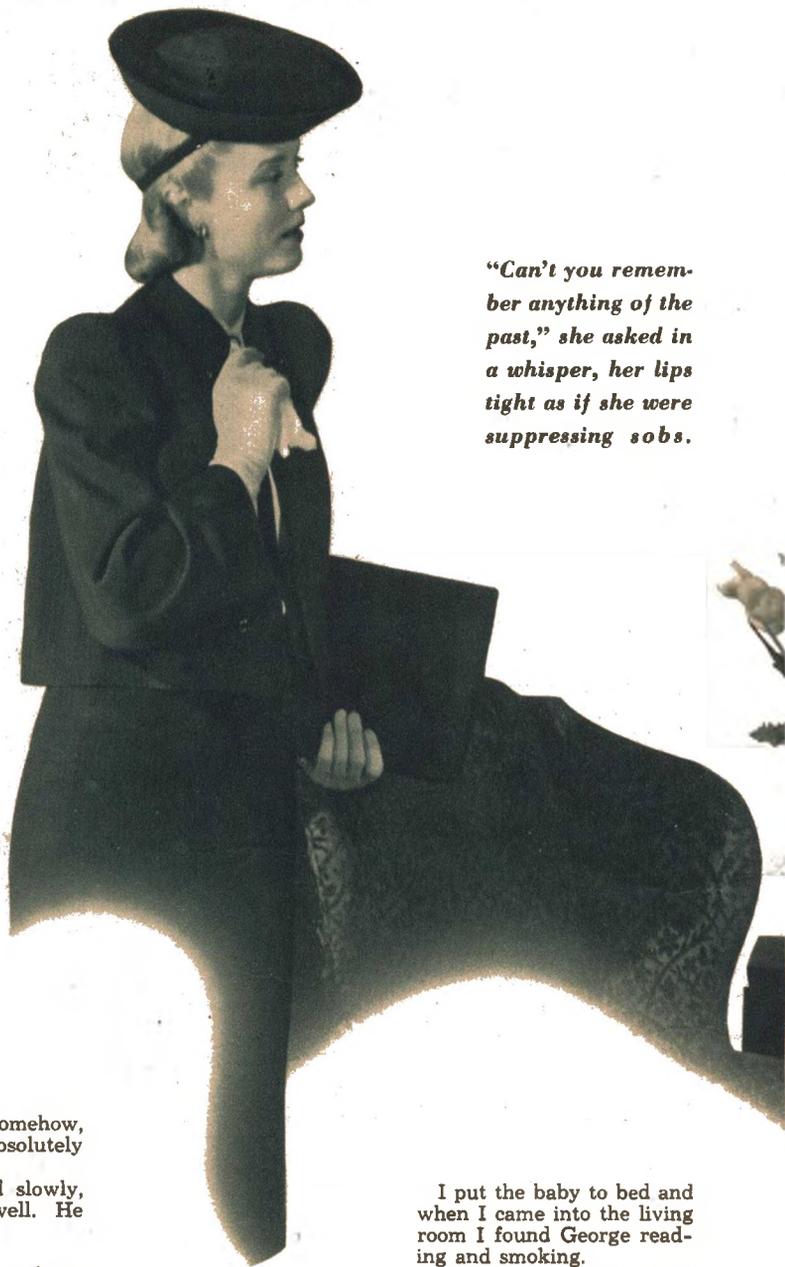
Chilling my brain was the thought: *Am I living with a bigamist?* Was my child's father a criminal, running away, perhaps, from prison. Oh, God, was I really married? I was incapable of thinking straight. One thing I knew. I loved my husband. Right or wrong, I was his. That call came from deep inside me; the cry of a woman's love.

George came out of the water and waved to me. "Have your friends gone?" he asked as he threw himself at my side.

"Yes." My voice seemed not mine.

"Well, sweet, get dressed and we'll eat."

I managed to get through the meal. I played with my food. When George suggested a drive in the country, I pleaded a headache so we went directly home.



*"Can't you remember anything of the past," she asked in a whisper, her lips tight as if she were suppressing sobs.*

I put the baby to bed and when I came into the living room I found George reading and smoking.

When he saw me, he held out his arms. I crawled onto his lap and sank into the haven of his embrace. He

pulled me closer, his lips met mine, but my heart was leaden. The old response was gone. I ran my fingers through his hair, my cheek close to his, my arms tight about him, yet my heart ached with as yet a nameless fear.

"George, were you ever in Texas? Is it possible Williams is right?" I began to stutter again. "D-did—did you ever h-have another wife?" Tears came like a deluge. All the pent-up worry let loose in convulsive sobs.

"Don't be silly! You've heard of mistaken identity, haven't you? Well, that's all this is. I probably look like somebody else. And, yet—you know, I've never told you, but sometimes I think there must be something I can't remember—something way back. . . ."

I saw a shadow cross his face. His eyes stared out across the room, and were fixed on the wall paper. I could see he was straining to think back, back into a darkened period of

*"I can't," George said tensely.  
"My baby and my wife are in a  
terrible spot. Did I have an-  
other wife in New York?"*



his life. I kissed him, but he didn't turn his face; he never felt my lips against his.

"You know, somehow, it seems I've been in Chicago. I can't get it straight. I seem to remember—and then I can't!"

"Oh, George!"

"Sometimes it seems as though I remember another life—and then it fades away and I remember nothing."

He sat shaking his head, brows knitted. I sensed the struggle he was going through; the futile effort he was making to piece out something that had gone before; to bring to a mind that remembered nothing more than being on board a ship, the hazy existence of a family.

"That boat I can recall," he said bleakly. "I know I sailed on it. But before that, I remember nothing."

**T**HERE was no sleep for us that night. I heard my husband rolling and tossing in his bed. There was no sleep for us for many nights. All we spoke of was what might be. In the end, he'd sit and shake his head. I couldn't tell Mother. George was like her own son. No mother could have been kinder; no son more considerate. There was no one we dared trust; no one who could advise us what to do.

One night George, pacing the floor hour after hour, said, "Elaine, we'll have to tell your mother. I can't go on. I'm going crazy. Maybe she'll have a suggestion. I've got to get out of this daze. I'll lose my mind, or break, or something. I can't stand this agony of knowing—yet not knowing."

George stood by the baby's crib. She was asleep. He stood for hours at her bed shaking his head and muttering. It was that muttering I feared. I knew what was going through his mind. Our baby had wound those pink fingers tightly around his heart. If George had something in his past that would separate us, it would be like a death sentence.

The next night we told Mother. Her fine face sobered into tragic lines. I knew she was weeping inwardly for George, and for our baby, and me, too.

"My first reaction and advice to you both is simple," she said. "Forget the whole incident!"

"But, Mother—" I cried.

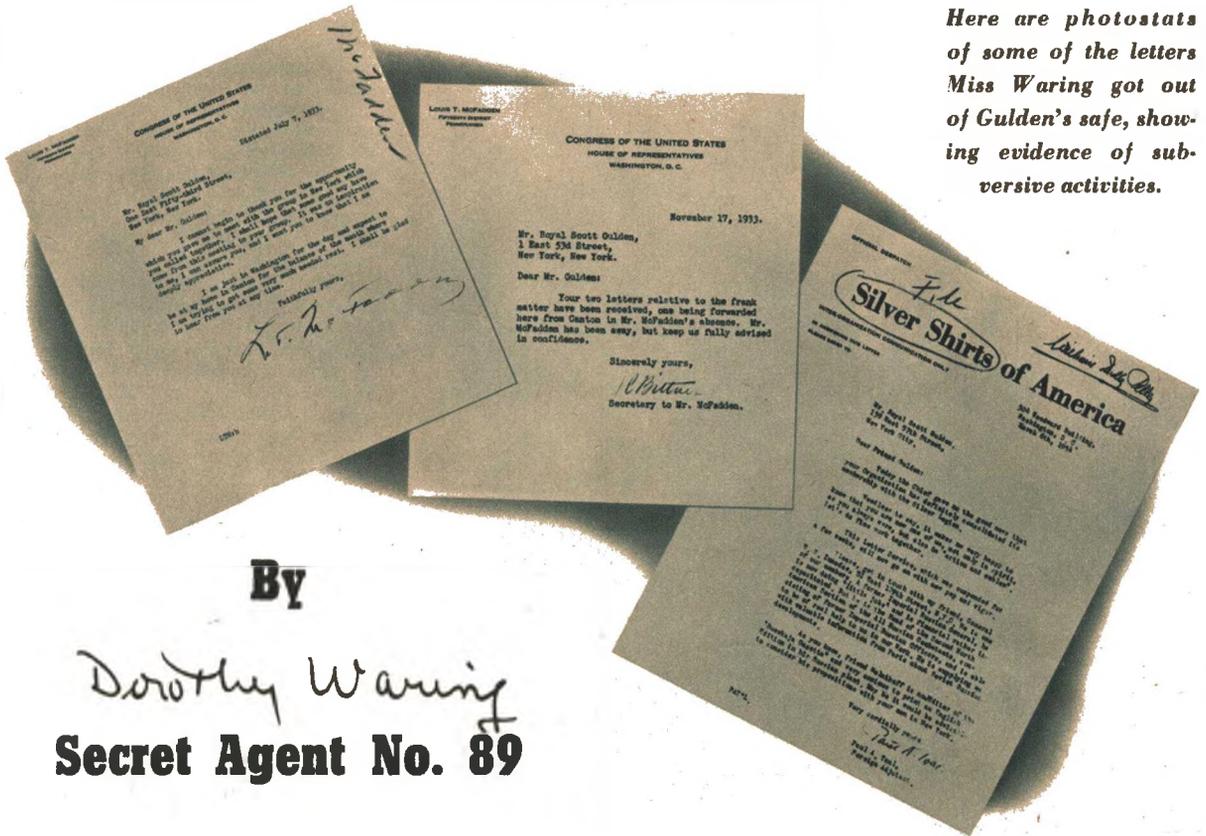
She ignored my outburst.

"George," she went on earnestly, "I feel you have nothing to worry about. Go about your affairs as though this had never happened. It's the only [Please turn to page 70]

**What would you do if you discovered your husband had been an amnesia victim—and you suddenly were faced with the past he'd forgotten?**

# Life and Loves

Here are photostats of some of the letters Miss Waring got out of Gulden's safe, showing evidence of subversive activities.



By

*Dorothy Waring*  
**Secret Agent No. 89**

We urge you to read this amazing inside story of the Fifth Column in our country, then pass this story on to a friend so that the widest publicity is given this expose!

The story thus far:

**T**HEY called me America's Mata Hari. I risked my life, my right to love, my peace of mind, my chance for all happiness, for my country. To my superiors in the United States Government, I was known only as Agent 89. It was I who have been responsible for uncovering much of the deadly, loathsome Nazi underground work in America.

As Agent 89, I was destined to meet the most menacing characters who had ever set foot on American soil. You men and women, whose homes they have tried to tear down, now know their names well:

*William Dudley Pelley*, the man who called himself the White King of America, whose twisted brain planned a march on Washington with 1,000,000 Silver Shirts to make him Dictator.

*Colonel Edwin C. Emerson*, head of the powerful Nazi-American propaganda machine, whose wife became my closest friend.

*Dr. Ignatz Griebel*, the suave, lizard-like Nazi Romeo who headed the most vicious group of Hitler's American henchmen before he escaped back to that German hell from whence he came. I let him become my personal physician. I shudder still at the memories of his filthy hands pawing me!

*Herr Fritz Gissibl*, leader of the Nazi Bund's predecessor, the Friends of New Germany.

*Fritz Kuhn*, the pompous American Fuehrer himself.

*Royal Scott Gulden*, renegade son of one of America's wealthiest, most patriotic families, whose fanatic hatred of religious freedom and democracy did so much to advance Hitler's cause in the United States.

*Karl Gunther Orgell*, smooth, clever Nazi agent, who was

# of a WOMAN SPY



*The reverse side of Miss Waring's "good-luck" locket with which she was nearly strangled to death. The picture is Miss Waring's husband, Baron Stephen D—. Right: Miss Waring as she appears today.*



to become my most ardent admirer. And I let him think that I might even love him!

Baron Johann von Stein, aristocratic adventurer, who was to decorate me with one of the highest German awards for my "gallantry, bravery, and valor."

The Hon. McFadden, late Congressman from Pennsylvania, who was publicly accused of betraying the Americans who had elected him to his high and honorable office and whose activities allowed his traitors to use his offices and the government stationery to disseminate Nazi propaganda.

Little did I dream, either in my childhood or young womanhood, that someday, I, Dorothy Waring, would be a secret agent, on intimate terms with verminous traitors to my country, or that I would risk my life, time and again, in order to expose their vicious secrets. I was born in Alabama, where our family home reflected our established position in

Southern life. I was given every advantage. And it was my early training in foreign languages, especially German, which I learned to speak as fluently and as easily as I did English, which really led me into espionage work.

When I was still in pigtails, my family moved to New York, but my life remained much the same sheltered existence. I still remember with a thrill of pride the day of my thirteenth birthday, when my grandmother solemnly presented me with her most cherished possession—the family good-luck heirloom, a lovely ebony locket, on which glittered the diamond letter A.

"Wear this in luck and happiness," grandmama said softly, as she kissed me. How could she guess the significant role it was to play in my life?

The years passed, and I got my first job. Then I got another in the publishing field, because I had always loved



Left: Miss Waring is shown relaxing in her New York apartment after testifying before the Dies Committee.

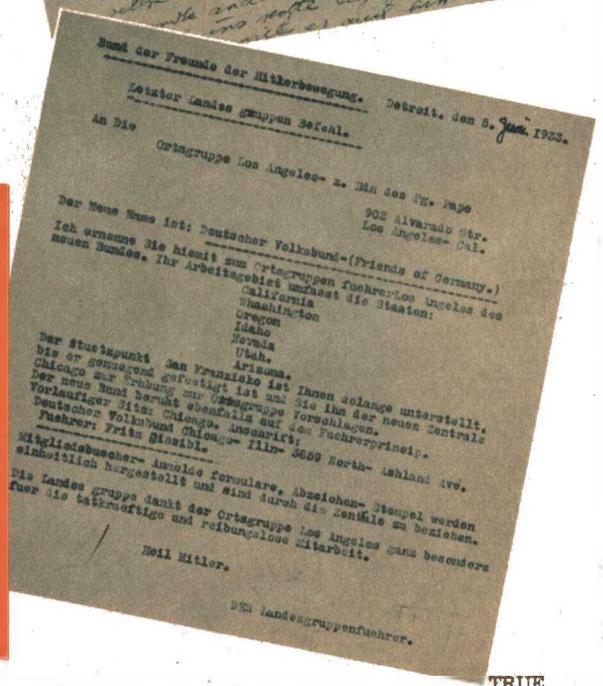
Below are letters of instructions to agents in America from Nazi officials. A translation of the letter appears in the color panel.

writing. But all these were minor interests, when I met and fell in love with Allen Muller. I was eighteen, and I was sure of our love. But on the day that Allen and I were married, I couldn't put down completely the foreboding I had. Even on our honeymoon, one of our fellow travelers on the sea trip we took warned me that to "Marry in May was to rue the day!"

When we got back to New York, I decided to take some courses in journalism and psychology at Columbia University. Gradually, Allen and I had less and less to say to each other, fewer and fewer interests in common.

Then I met the brilliant young American professor, whom I shall call Nordicus, who had just returned from Germany. He noticed my fluent German, and offered me the chance to collaborate with him in writing a book on a man who was just beginning to make himself heard in Germany—Adolf Hitler. Even after the book was published, we were called alarmists because of the dire forecasts of disaster we made in the book!

By now, my husband and I were [Please turn to page 84]



Association of the Friends of the Hitler Movement; Detroit, June 5, 1933

To the Ortsgruppe (local group), Los Angeles:  
The new name is: Deutscher Volksbund (Friends of Germany)

I herewith promote you to the post of local group Fuehrer Los Angeles of the new Bund Association. Your action region includes: California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Arizona.

The San Francisco post will be under your direction until it is established stronger at which time you may suggest to the new central office in Chicago that it be raised to the rank of a local group.

Membership booklets, admission blanks, party buttons, rubber stamps will be manufactured uniformly and can be purchased from the Central office.

The national group particularly thanks the Ortsgruppe Los Angeles for energetic and smooth cooperation.

Heil Hitler. (signed) H. Strauss  
The National Group Leader

*I flung myself on my knees beside the bed. "Karl," I sobbed, "my darling, can you ever forgive me?"*

## OUR PASSIONS

# Blinded US

I'M a Polish girl living in America. I grew up in the foreign quarter of a Mid-West town that depends on a large car foundry for its bread and butter. The foundry manufactured freight and passenger cars before the war in Europe started. But now huge orders for tanks and other military equipment are filled, too. We lived in an upstairs apartment on the corner of a block in the heart of the Polish settlement. Downstairs, my father, John Henger, ran a beer parlor and dance hall, and I'd helped him wait on customers ever since I could remember. It was against the law for a minor to serve drinks but no one had ever bothered us and the smoky, cluttered rooms, the loud laughter and rough talk were all a part of my life just as the people who came in were my friends—folks that I'd known all my life.

I finished high school just before the war in Europe started. Because jobs were few and far between, I stayed

home and helped Pop around the place. Mom hardly ever came downstairs—she was too busy cooking for the customers and taking care of my nine-year-old brother, Paul.

I met Karl Ritter that first summer after I graduated. He came in late one evening and sat down in a corner alone, a quiet, good-looking boy with a serious face and mild blue eyes.

"A beer, please," he said. He didn't try to kid me along or flirt with me as some of the boys did, and I liked him for that. When I brought back the foaming glass, I sat down

and talked a while. I didn't mean to be fresh or forward. It was just part of my job.

Karl came in so often after that night that Pop started teasing me about him.

"Mary, let poor Dutchy alone," he said. "It's a shame the way you pick on him. A nice boy, Karl—and smart, too. He's got him a good mechanic's job over at the plant."

But by that time Pop couldn't tell me anything about Karl, because I'd found it all out for myself. He'd come from the East, his father was dead, and he lived with his mother in furnished rooms just a few blocks away. Occasionally I saw her down at the vegetable market with a basket on her arm, a plump, rosy woman with a cheerful face and a kind, soft voice.

I don't know when I first realized that I was in love with Karl. We went to the movies together and sometimes he came to the hall and danced with me. Folks in our quarter didn't throw their money around and Karl was saving, putting a little away each week. I admired him for it and, as my feeling for him deepened, I thought, "The girl who marries Karl will never have to worry. He'll take care of her just as he takes care of his mother. She'll always have a roof over her head, enough to eat, and clothes to wear."

Summer was hot that year and I stayed in the dance hall until late at night because the bedrooms under the roof were stifling. It gave me an excuse to be with Karl a little longer. I wanted so much to be near him—to have his arms around me while we danced. And there in his arms a queer, soft thrilling went on in my blood and my heart kept thudding in time to the "canned-music" machine Pop kept in one corner.

"Let's go outside," he suggested restlessly one night, and though the place was crowded and Pop needed me I walked out with him under the stars. It was dark and quiet at that late hour, and, drawing me into the shadow of a doorway, he held me close to him.

"Mary," he whispered huskily, "Mary—"

I lifted my face. Love was young and beautiful, and I wanted it. I wanted Karl's lips on mine and his body trembling against my own. His arms tightened around me and his lips were eager and passionate on mine.

"Mary, you know how much I love you. I—I got a raise at the plant today—enough to start in housekeeping. Oh, darling, don't let's wait! I'm afraid that something will happen. I'm afraid of losing you."

War was already casting its shadow, yet to me Karl's anxiety only meant the restless urge for possession. I didn't know what he meant then. I only knew that I loved him—deeply and passionately.

**T**HE next day he brought me a tiny diamond ring, and, blinded by happiness, I failed to notice my mother's stillness or Pop's narrowed eyes. They liked Karl. They hadn't a thing against him. But the papers now were carrying headlines, black screaming things, that said Germany was putting the thumb screws on Poland—and we had relatives there, aunts and uncles and cousins. Well, so what? Karl was an American citizen. He wasn't to blame.

We were married a week later, a whirlwind wedding, in the Greek Orthodox church around the corner, and the whole settlement was in a turmoil getting ready on such short notice. I had two bridesmaids and a maid of honor, and since Karl knew few people in town I picked the ushers from among my own friends.

Our wedding ceremony was strange to Karl, the lighted candles we held in our hands, the priest and the head choir master sing-singing their lines,

the big gold cross held up for us to kiss. But we'd rehearsed the ritual carefully beforehand and it went off without a hitch. Everyone in the community had crowded into the little church, men, women, and children, just as they'd left their work and play, in housedresses and aprons and overalls. It didn't matter. They knew they were welcome and they wanted to get a glimpse of the pretty bridesmaids in their high-heeled slippers and gowns of soft rose satin. They wanted to see me, Mary Henger, Mary Ritter now, all in white, a filmy veil brushing my flushed cheeks.

Our little apartment upstairs over the Locker family had three rooms and a bath, and we were buying furniture on the instalment plan. Just an ordinary little set-up, yet in those first delirious weeks it seemed like an exciting and glamorous paradise.

The neighborhood we lived in was noisy and crowded, and Joe Locker, a Polish man with a fiery temper, came home every Saturday night dead drunk. Then the Lockers had it hot and heavy, and, lying close and warm in Karl's arms, I often thought, "I couldn't stand it if my husband and I quarreled like that. It would destroy all the beauty and holiness of marriage.—There wouldn't be anything left."

Karl's mother came to live with us as soon as we were comfortably settled. She slept on a day bed in the dining room, and we gave her the closet at the end of the hall for her belongings. When she called me *Liebchen*, it sounded sweet and caressing, but when she and Karl spoke together in German, I couldn't understand them. She spoke fair English but it was plain to see that she loved her native language best. I couldn't blame her for that. Didn't Mom and Pop speak Polish when they were alone together?

Perhaps if I'd stayed home and minded my housekeeping, the trouble wouldn't have started—at any rate, it wouldn't have started so soon. But Karl's mother was there to cook and clean and do the marketing, so when Pop asked me to come back and help wait on customers, I jumped at the chance.

Karl was sensitive about my holding down a job.

"But, Mary, folks will think I can't take care of you!"

It seemed foolish to me when there were so many things we needed, a radio, an ice box, and a rug for the living room. Pop would pay me well and there were always tips on dance nights, so I snuggled close to Karl and coaxed him into it.

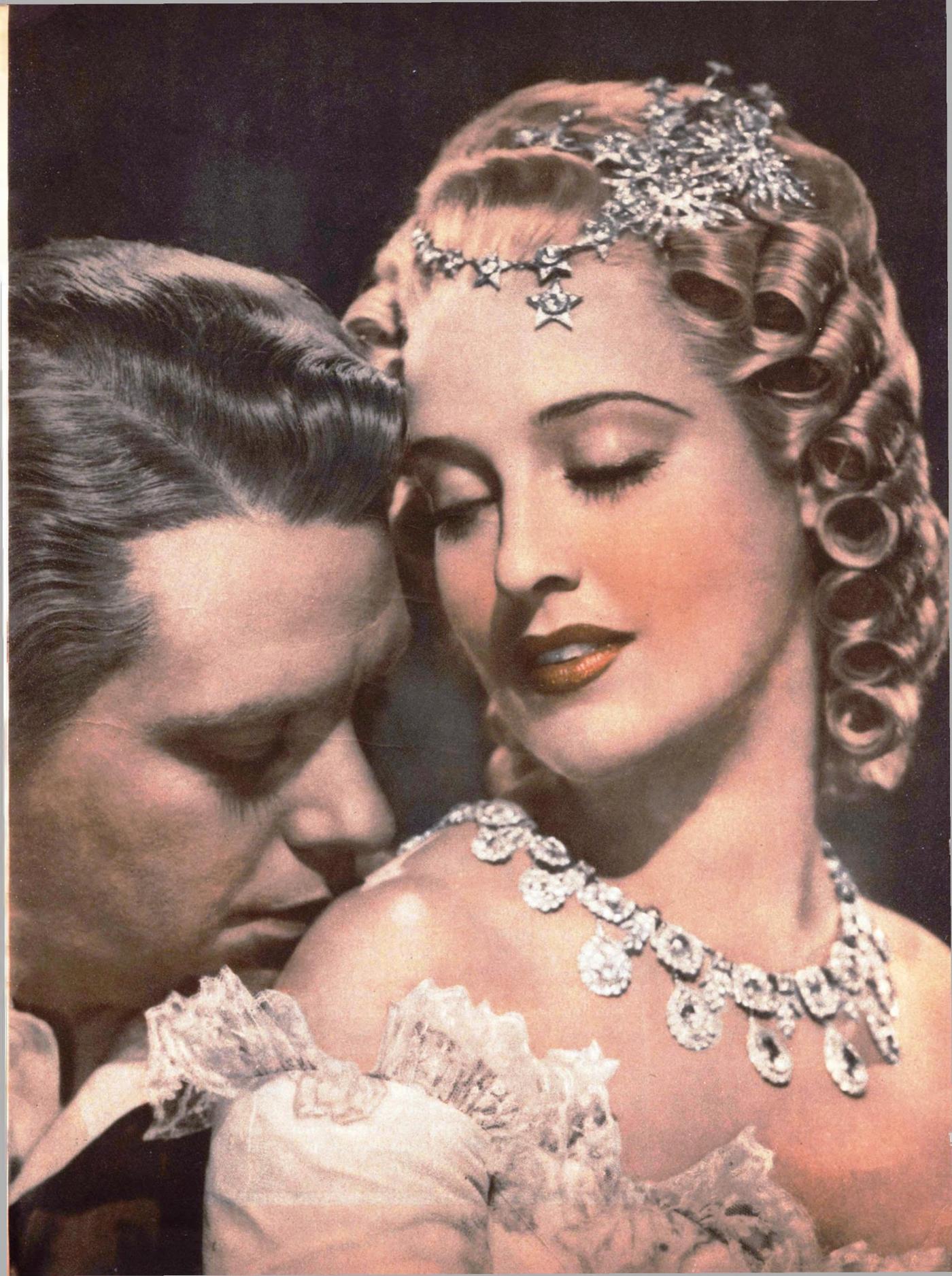
**B**ACK in the beer parlor, I heard the talk going on about world affairs, heated resentful discussions brewing hatred for Germany and everything German, so that sometimes it made me uncomfortable and a little ashamed to think that Karl's mother spoke in that guttural tongue and that her brothers and sisters were a part of Hitler's Nazi dominion.

Karl, of course, was different. He was here in America to stay. Dear Karl! I loved him so! His touch and the sound of his voice were the [Please turn to page 79]

**W**E HAVE chosen for the third portrait in our series of famous screen lovers one of Hollywood's most popular teams. On the opposite page, we give you those charming songbirds of the screen, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Since their work together in "Naughty Marietta," they have appeared together in scores of outstanding hits. Their next co-starring picture will be M-G-M's, "New Moon."

Next month's color portrait will be one of young love—the portrait promised you for so long—Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. This portrait, too, will be printed on heavy paper, entirely free of type matter. We know you'll love it!

If you would like to see your favorite movie couple in the pages of TRUE CONFESSIONS, send your choice to The Editor at 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.







*"Elsa murdered! No, it can't be,"  
I cried in horror as Terry pointed  
to the black, glaring headline.*

# HOLLYWOOD HEARTBREAK

*The story thus far:*

**I**F YOU'RE a radio fan, or if you go to many of the New York night spots, you've heard Terry Dexter and the Tremaine Sisters. In the good old days when Mother and Dad—"The Dancing Tremaines"—had played all the big time circuits, we'd have been known as vaudeville headliners. But with Broadway what the movies have made it, we were just on a swing band local, waiting for a Hollywood break. Living in hope of a Hollywood break! Elsa and I did a sister act—song and dance. Terry played the piano

for us. Now and then, when he could, Terry sandwiched in one of his own tunes, and then we'd really "give," for both Elsa and I were ready to tell the world that Terry was one swell song writer.

The night that was the turning point in all our lives, I had just sung a new song of Terry's and the crowd had loved it. "Gosh, did you see who was out there?" Terry exclaimed. "Ben Silver! It might mean—"

"Hollywood," I breathed. "In one of Silver's musical shows." My heart almost stopped as I saw Hollywood's most



***"You're through," he shouted. "We'll blacklist you in every studio in Hollywood."***

important producer waddling toward us. I didn't even notice the young man who was striding along beside him.

"Judith Tremaine!" Ben Silver said in his funny little voice, completely ignoring Elsa and Terry. "Just wanted to get a close-up of you. I knew your mother and you're as lovely as she was. Oh, yes, and here's a young man who wants to meet you. This is Martin Boyd. His dad backed a show of mine that made a fortune twenty years ago. Well, I'll be leaving you to my young friend here. But suppose you drop around to my office tomorrow." Without another word he waddled away.

Before Martin Boyd left, he said that he had something very important to tell me and asked me to have dinner with him the next evening. I promised, but with pounding heart, I wondered what this wealthy, handsome young man meant.

Both Elsa and Terry were in the dressing room when I finally opened the door, and I could see that Elsa resented my being singled out. "I hope you haven't forgotten our promise," she flung at me, "that if one got a break, we wouldn't take it—that we'd stick together." She got up angrily. "Judith this and Judith that. They didn't even know I was alive!"

**W**HEN I went to Ben Silver's office, he said he'd arranged for me to take a screen test the next day! I started to tell him that Elsa and Terry and I had always been a

team, but abruptly he cut me off. "Look," he said, "I can't use anyone but you. Now, do you want the screen test or don't you?" Guiltily, I took the studio pass he gave me. Elsa's accusing little face haunted me, and Terry's dark eyes burned in my conscience. But I took the pass anyway.

"Another thing," he added, as I was leaving. "Be nice to Martin Boyd—he's got a lot of dough. If you play right he'll buy a slice of Sterling Films for you."

I felt cheap and rotten for not throwing the card back on his desk then, and flaunting out of the office. But I didn't. I flushed hotly and left without a word.

When Martin Boyd came for me, I was all ready to back out of the dinner date. But soon I knew he was nice—really nice, this eager boy with young, embarrassed eyes. We went to his penthouse for dinner, and it wasn't until we strolled out to the terrace that my little world started whirling again. Suddenly he took my hand in his and looked into my eyes, and said he loved me. Incredibly, I listened to him tell me that he'd been at the club every night for a month just to see me; that he wanted to do anything for me that would make me happy. He said that he had talked to Ben Silver and knew that I wanted to get to Hollywood—he was willing to buy my way. "Honest, there aren't any strings," he said hastily when I looked at him questioningly. "I know it sounds crazy but I love you and want you to be happy."

I was so bewildered that I went through the rest of the evening in a trance. When I got back to the club, Elsa



**She was torn between a burning desire for a Hollywood career and loyalty to the ones she loved. It wasn't until her whole world was uprooted that she realized the road she had chosen led straight to disaster.**

wouldn't say a word to me. In a way I was glad she didn't. Everything was so terribly mixed up in my own mind, there wasn't much I could say to her. One thing I knew, I couldn't resist taking that test. If it was a flop, there'd be no need to say anything.

*Note: go on with the story:*

**B**UT when the time actually came for the test I went through it with a sureness that amazed even myself. It was as if my dreams had been a thousand rehearsals to make me familiar with each step of the way. I was alive with excitement through every fiber of my being. I was offering for sale all that I had of personality and fire and skill. I stood outside myself and prompted my own voice, drew out as through some magnetic force all that electric quality which can give the stage and screen their power. Perhaps it was just the theatre in my blood, the sense of showmanship handed down through generations. I was far from being just a scared little novice taking her first test. I was a real actress, who also had been blessed with a singing voice.

But no one gave the least sign that it was anything but

routine. Perhaps they'd seen too many brilliant promises turn sour in the play-back.

Just as I was leaving the dressing room I ran into Lydia Drew and remembered with a sinking of my heart that she often ate with our crowd at the Sky Club. Backstage gossip ran fast, and news of my screen test might get back to Elsa before I had a chance to explain it. I hurried to the apartment, but she wasn't there, nor was Terry in his room across the hall.

But late in the afternoon he came tearing up the stairs and flung open the door, his gaze ablaze with excitement. "Judy! Great Scott, what do you think happened? A Superba Studio scout heard *Rainbow* and they want me to go to Hollywood to collaborate on their theme songs."

"Terry, that's swell!"

"Sure, swell they made me the offer, and it gave me a grand lift just to know I really am good—but you can't see me walking out on you and Elsa, can you?"

"But, Terry," I gasped, "you didn't turn it down!"

"Not yet, I wanted to play with it a while, but I'm going to."

"You mustn't! We won't let you!"

"Listen, beautiful. Remember your little speech about throwing Elsa to the wolves, and about promises meaning more than movie contracts. Was that all just hot air, or isn't it supposed to work both ways?"

"Terry, that's different, and you're putting me in an awful spot. It means if Sterling offers me a contract, and I turn it down because of Elsa, you'll think you have to turn down the Superba offer, too." I broke off sharply and held my breath. I'd heard a movement outside the door, but when I darted into the hall there was no one there.

"Could that have been Elsa?" I whispered. "Suppose she heard?"

But a half hour later she came in with feverishly sparkling eyes and cheeks flushed with excitement. Surely if she had heard she wouldn't be looking like that.

"Hello, everybody!" she called. "And don't you wish you knew what's just happened to me?"

I tried to follow her into the bedroom but she closed the door and a minute later I heard her rushing the water in the tub.

The telephone stopped me then, and I answered with quickly beating heart. It was Ben Silver's secretary. They wanted me to come to the office early the next morning.

"And that can mean only one thing," Terry

said. "Gosh, Judy, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to tell 'em that Elsa and I go as a team or no dice. Run along home now, Terry. I want to find out what she's up to."

When I went into the bedroom she had just finished putting on her new evening gown. "Darling," I began, "you said something had happened—"

"You bet something has happened," she said breathlessly, "but I can't wait now. I've got a [*Please turn to page 46*]

“WELL,” I gasped. “What do you think of that for sheer nerve?”

We were sitting at our table not far from the dance floor sipping Scotch and sodas during the intermission—Larry Wayne, my fiance, Patricia Johnson and her date, a new man from a neighboring town, and the Bob Browns. They turned to follow my gaze. Everyone at the club dance seemed to be looking toward that doorway where Jancie Day stood with Fred Shaffer for a moment before she walked across to the dressing room to leave her black velvet evening wrap.

She held her curly head as high as if she didn't know that everyone there was thinking exactly what I was—that after the rumors that had been going around about her, she should have had the decency to stay away from our dance.

“It's just like her,” Patricia fumed, “expecting to come right back to town and take up life where she left off . . . I'm going to ignore her. Fred Shaffer thinks he has so much more money than the rest of us that he can do what he pleases—but he can't force Jancie down our throats!”

“You don't know that the story is true,” Bob Brown reminded us. “I hate a lot of female gossip, tearing a girl's reputation to shreds. Jancie's always seemed like a decent sort—”

“She drinks like a fish, Bob, and I, for one, know it is true about the baby—” Bob's wife cut in coldly. “She had it in a hospital up in the city. She didn't go far enough away. I know a girl whose cousin nurses in that place. The child was a little boy, and Jancie refused to let them take it for adoption—”

“There's no one so unforgiving as a good woman, is there?” Bob said angrily. “And I guess not a man in town will dare defend Jancie for fear of being accused of being the man in the case.”

“You dance with her, Bob Brown, and I'll make it hot for you! Do you understand me?”

Jancie came sauntering out of the dressing room then to join Fred Shaffer, and Mary Brown's angry words were forgotten for a moment while we stared at the town's scarlet woman. I found it in my heart to be almost sorry for Jancie,

her young mouth. I had always liked Jancie, but I avoided her eyes now. I was sorry for her because she had grown up without a mother, and her father was a queer, silent man who had always ignored Jancie. But even that was no excuse for Jancie getting herself in trouble, I reasoned, and I certainly couldn't afford to have anything to do with her any more.

I had been away at school when Jancie had gone up to the city, and the town had guessed the reason. I knew everything my friends did about the story, for it had been whispered over bridge tables and in dressing rooms wherever I had gone.

Jancie had been in love with a man she had met in the East, had announced her engagement in the local papers, and had planned a church wedding. But the man had jilted her, and she had started drinking to drown her heartbreak. There was a rumor that Jancie's child belonged to a local man, and that Jancie had said one night while she was quite tight that the man wasn't to blame because they had both been drunk, and she wouldn't marry him and spoil his life, too. Most people thought the man was Fred Shaffer, but Jancie had been a popular girl and it might have easily been someone else.

Later in the dressing room I asked Mary Brown what Jancie had done with the baby, and she told me that Jancie had wanted to bring it home with her, but they had talked her out of it at the hospital, convincing her that no child deserved to begin life branded with shame. She thought Jancie must have boarded it out with someone up in the city until she could decide what to do with it.

When I went back to the dance floor, I saw that Larry had cut in on Fred Shaffer, and was dancing with Jancie! I had naturally thought that Larry knew how I felt about the matter, and that he would ignore Jancie, too. Fury swept over me when I saw them. I suppose it must have showed in my face, for when Jancie saw me standing there shaking with anger, she said something to Larry and he surrendered her to Fred again and came back to me.

“Oh, Larry, how could you?” I stormed. “You know how they are all talking about her! No one else dares dance with her—”

Here is a girl who was too righteous, too smug. She couldn't forgive—and then the day came when she herself was a repentant sinner.



# “Let Him Who Is

who was trying so coolly to ignore us, though her set white face and her head held just a bit too high said more than words that she realized that she had walked full tilt into our unrelenting condemnation.

She wore a simple black net evening dress, and she was much too thin, and there were unhappy little lines about

“I'm sorry for Jancie,” he said quietly. “She's not a bad girl, Ann. Most of Jancie's mistakes have been made because she's so desperately unhappy over that man she was in love with. It wouldn't hurt you to be nice to her. Do you have to be so unforgiving, darling?”

“She shouldn't have done something to need forgiving

*"You dirty cheat," I gritted, "You'll tell me the truth or I'll kill you! Thought you were smart, didn't you, palming off your brat on me!"*



# Without Sin—”

for," I snapped. "But now that she has, she should stay away from decent people. And if ever you dance with her again, Larry Wayne, I'll—I'll return your ring. I won't be humiliated before all my friends."

"You couldn't mean that, Ann! We're being married in two weeks!"

It was a little frightening to be quarreling with Larry, because I loved him so desperately. I'd been in love with him since grammar school days when he'd been a freckled-faced kid with red-brown hair, and I'd been a gawky child with wide blue eyes and yellow braids. We continued our quarrel out in the shadows of the [Please turn to page 50]

# Second-Hand

**A** HONEYMOON like that! How could I ever, ever have been afraid after that?

Warm, still, star-jewelled nights in the West Indies, where we spent three ecstatic weeks. Nights scented with jasmine and orange flowers, stirred by light, mysterious trade winds. Nights of strange, shining delight when I awoke from dreambound girlhood to the full realization of life and love.

Will loved me so, needed me so! And when the sternness went out of his strong, bronzed face and a quick flame blazed in his grave eyes; when his arms and lips, sweet, gentle, claimed me again and again—I forgot Norma!

I needed to forget her. Because she was the one shadow over my marriage to Will. A looming shadow that darkened sun and moon for me.

"You're not marrying Will Kent, the X-ray man?" Nick Osborne, my boss, exclaimed when I told him why I was giving up my job. "His wife may be dead, but she's far from buried. I've dined in that tomb of a house and let me tell you, her spook still stalks!"

"That's idiotic, Nick," I said, furiously. "Will and I are mad about each other!"

"Go ahead," Nick said, with a shrug. "But it's bigamy."

And while I tried to throw off the sick fear his words stirred in me, it was hard, hard.

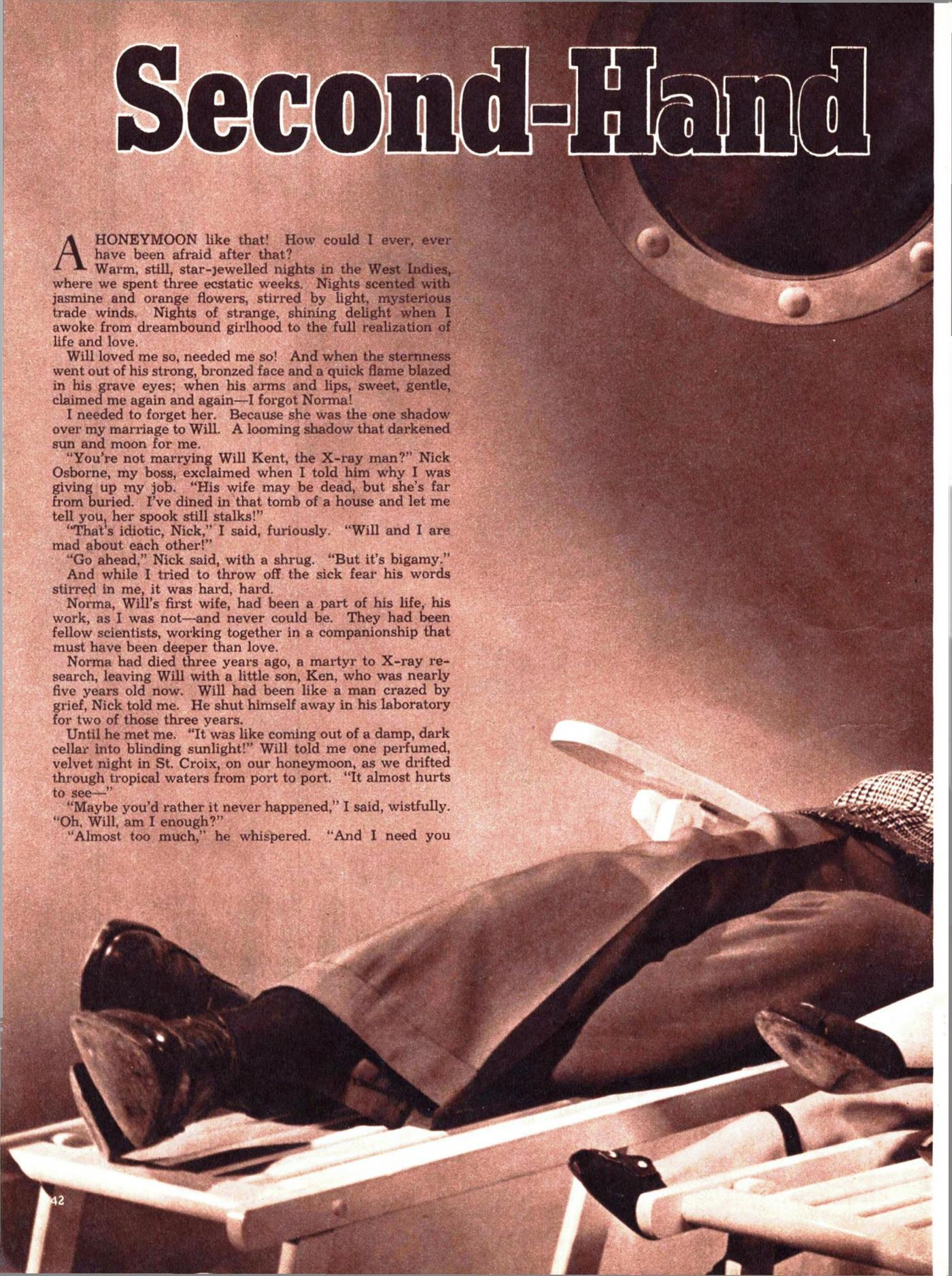
Norma, Will's first wife, had been a part of his life, his work, as I was not—and never could be. They had been fellow scientists, working together in a companionship that must have been deeper than love.

Norma had died three years ago, a martyr to X-ray research, leaving Will with a little son, Ken, who was nearly five years old now. Will had been like a man crazed by grief, Nick told me. He shut himself away in his laboratory for two of those three years.

Until he met me. "It was like coming out of a damp, dark cellar into blinding sunlight!" Will told me one perfumed, velvet night in St. Croix, on our honeymoon, as we drifted through tropical waters from port to port. "It almost hurts to see—"

"Maybe you'd rather it never happened," I said, wistfully. "Oh, Will, am I enough?"

"Almost too much," he whispered. "And I need you



# Marriage

*"I love you," my husband  
whispered. "Marrying you  
has been like coming out  
of a cellar into sunlight."*



*"How do you do," I smiled at my little stepson. "I hope you're going to like me as much as I like you."*

more than anything in the world." His big arms drew me closer, ardently, and a quick, responsive gladness filled me as I clung to him. I wanted him to need me like this! He loved me enough to forget everything but me!

But honeymoons have to end. Mine did the rainy, wind-driven April night when we rode up to Will's big gray-stone house near Central Park, and found it dark. The curved, shining windows blinked at us like rows of blind eyes peering through the rain. I felt a queer chill, childish, unreasoning, and reached impulsively for Will's hand as he sat in the taxi beside me.

"I don't get it," Will said, patting my hand absently and digging into his pocket for change to pay for the cab. "You'd think the place would be lighted up like old home week. I sent Meta a radio from the ship—"

He turned to me suddenly and for a flash I saw shadowy fear in his eyes, like a cobweb.

"About Meta," he said,

**What chance has a wife to make a success of a second marriage when everyone tries to keep the ghost of her husband's first wife alive?**

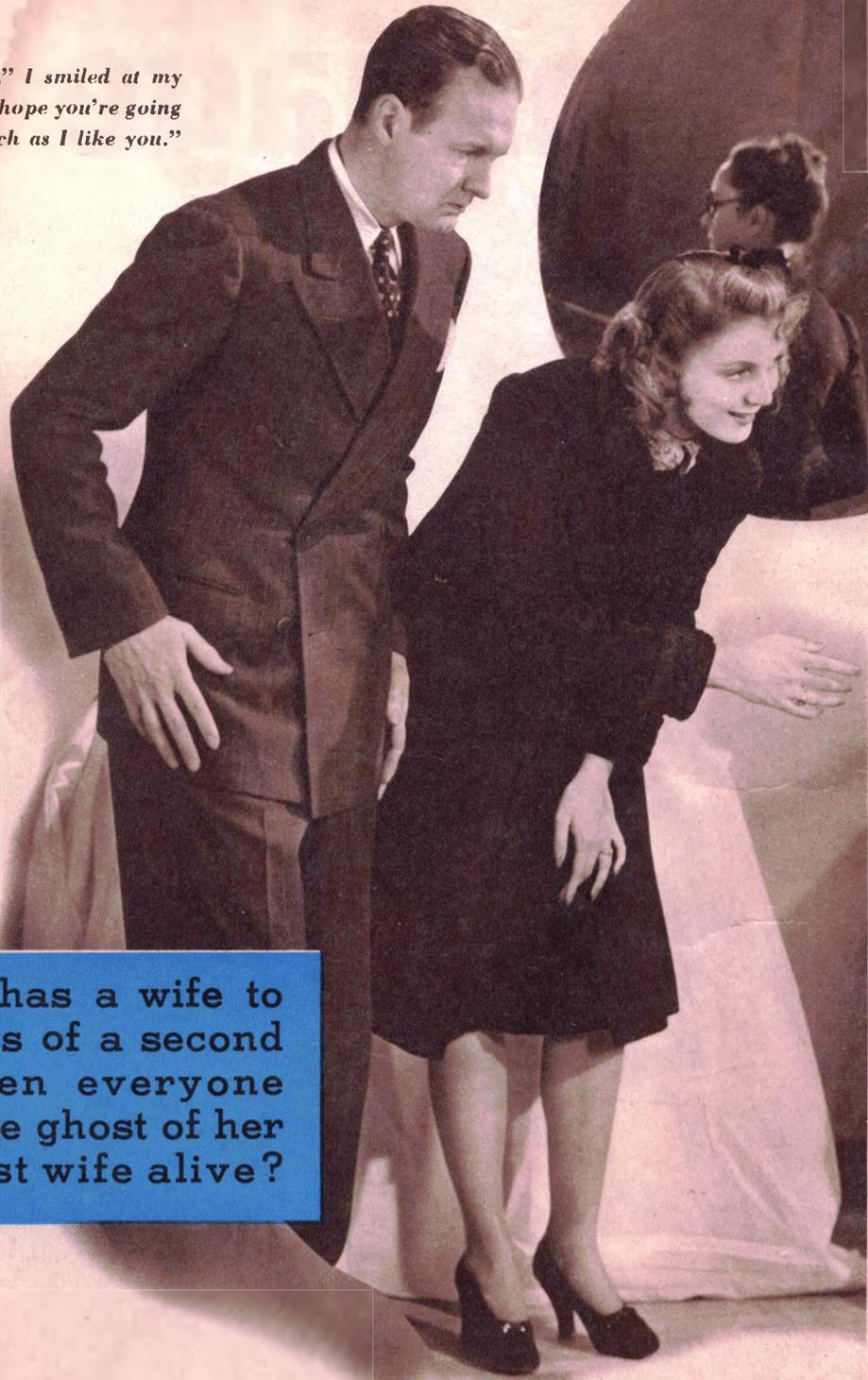
frowning. "I did ask you, didn't I, if you minded terribly about having Norma's sister with us? She's a funny girl, nervous and a little difficult sometimes, but lonesome as the devil. She's devoted her life to Ken and me. Probably she'll cut loose and make a life for herself some day. But it was hard to see putting her out—"

"Darling," I said, squeezing his hand. "We'll all get along like a dream. You'll see! Look, there's a light!"

It was on the second floor. Just a faint glow. But a curtain was drawn aside and we saw a small head and

shoulders outlined there, lost looking, motionless, lonely. "It's Ken," Will said, huskily. "Let's go, honey—"

He was out of the cab, standing in the driving rain, waving up at the dimly-lighted window. The small figure waved back, disappearing instantly, as if a hand had reached out and pulled him back.





Just for a second, before Will opened the heavy door with his latchkey, his lips met mine and he whispered:

"Yours, darling, my house and all that I have, and am!"

And then we were inside, in a large, dim hall ghostly with dustsheets on the furniture and pictures. It was quiet as a tomb, and as cold.

"What in the world—where's everybody?" Will muttered. Then he yelled, "Meta! Ken!"

"Is it really you, William?" said a woman's voice from the top of the staircase, "Ken can't come down into that drafty hall. He's putting on a decent suit. You'd better come up."

I saw her standing at the head of the stairs, a slight figure in a dark dress with close-combed, drab hair and big dark eyes in a pale face, like twin blots of ink on a white blotter. Norma had had eyes like that. I'd seen her picture. I went up, encircled by Will's damp arm, and found my hand taken briefly in a thin, hot one.

"How do you do? Come into my sitting room," Meta said, stiffly. "The gas logs are lighted. I'll have to fix a place for you to sleep. The house is closed, as is usual when Will is away."

I glanced at Will, but he seemed to be taking her strange coldness as a matter of course.

"Have you got a drink in there? We're wet and chilled through," Will said, bending to kiss her white cheek. I shivered. Somehow it was as if he were kissing Norma.

"There's some sherry, I think," Meta said.

"Swell! This is a far cry from moonlight on St. Croix!" Will said, cheerfully. "Didn't you get my radio?"

"I got it, of course," she said, thinly. "But I thought you'd go to a hotel the first night, if only on Ken's account. He's old enough to understand, you know, and to remember."

It was so plain—what she meant! My cheeks burned as I began to strip off my damp gloves. It wasn't quite proper for Ken's father to turn up like this with a perfectly strange woman who would take his mother's place.

But Norma had died when Ken was only a year old! It was absurd to imagine that he would remember a thing like that.

WHEN Ken came into the room, his thin body dressed in a little dark suit, I knew that he was a wretched, ghost-ridden youngster. His mother was dead, but Aunt Meta saw to it that her memory was kept green in the child's heart. It was in his big, feverish eyes and tight lips and the look of burning hate he leveled at me as Will gathered him into a bear hug.

"Come here and take a look at your stepmother!" Will said. "Doesn't she blight the eye, old man?"

Oh, Will—I thought, wildly. What a thing to say! With all that kids are brought up to believe about stepmothers! But I held out my hand and smiled. "How do you do," I said. "I hope you're going to like me as much as I like you."

I saw Meta's small mouth smiling faintly, a smile that didn't touch her hot dark eyes.

"Where are your manners, Ken?" she said, sharply. "Say how do you do to Mrs. Kent?"

Will looked a little startled, but he seemed to see no malice in that dig. He was only disturbed, hurt, when the boy said suddenly, with a hysterical rasp in his voice:

"Mrs. Kent? That's not her name! How could that be her—How do you do," he wound up, with a dark flush and a funny little bow, and bolted out of the room.

"Oh, Will, go after him!" I begged. "He doesn't understand!"

"Nonsense," Will said, sharply. "Has he been acting like this about it, Meta? Couldn't you explain, make it easier?"

"Explain?" she said, scornfully. "Really, William, what is an old maid like me supposed to know about the facts of life?"

Nothing good, I thought fiercely. That child is not well. There's something wrong about the life he leads. This gloomy house, this nervous, disagreeable woman! Couldn't Will see it?

But he laughed and put his arm about me, drawing me to his side.

"Ken will succumb, just like his old man," he said. "Don't bother to fix anything up for us tonight, Meta. Jean and I will settle ourselves. You girls can take the house out of mothballs tomorrow."

He was too happy to sense the real, the awful bitterness in this woman. She hated the new wife who had taken her dead sister's place in his [Please turn to page 58]

# Hollywood Heartbreak

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

date for cocktails and I'm late." Her arms went around my neck and her soft lips smeared mine with lipstick.

"But, Elsa, listen—"

"I've got to hurry, Judy. He's waiting outside." And before I could stop her she was halfway down the stairs. I rushed to the window just in time to see her walking from the lobby toward a brown sedan drawn up at the curb. A tall, dark-haired man in a gray suit got out and helped her into the front seat. I caught a quick look at his face and knew I never had seen him before. A little shiver of apprehension went through me as I saw the car swing into the early evening traffic. Elsa was such an impulsive little creature, and I didn't like the looks of the sleek, dark-haired stranger.

But I had promised to rehearse my new solo with the band and I was already late. I dressed quickly and walked the quick blocks to the club, my mind in a turmoil. I got through the rehearsal somehow and went to the drug store for coffee and a sandwich. Later, in the dressing room I found my hands so unsteady I could hardly put on my make-up. When finally I was dressed I telephoned the apartment but there was no answer. Just before time to go on, Terry dashed in, his face white and his eyes dark with trouble.

"Judy, take a look at this! I found it in the apartment."

It was a note from Elsa, and my eyes ran fearfully over the scribbled lines.

"Darling Fool," she had written, "Didn't you know that things like that have a way of getting around? I heard all about the screen test from Lydia Drew. She saw you at the studio and found out that everyone thought it was swell. Also I couldn't help hearing when you and Terry were pulling the noble sacrifice act here in the apartment. I know, too, that Ben Silver said 'thumbs down' on little Elsa, but that's okay with me, because I got my chance, too. I had it long ago but wouldn't tell you for fear you'd worry. But now everything's turned out just dandy, so you and Terry can sign all your little contracts without a single conscience prick."

"A Hollywood talent scout heard me doing my stuff and offered to get me a

contract if I'd go back with him. No, don't worry, Lydia Drew is coming, too, and we're driving in his car.

"Sorry to walk out on the act, but if I waited for goodbyes we'd probably both turn on the sob stuff, and you'd try to keep me from going. So long, darling, and I'll be seeing you in Hollywood—I hope!"

"Terry," I cried out in quick panic, "she did this because she knew we wouldn't sign those contracts unless she was out of the picture, or had her break, too. The talent scout must have been that man in the brown sedan."

"Talent scout, my eye," he exclaimed fiercely. "That isn't the way they work—not when they're on the level. The papers are full of stories about guys like that who are out to gyp movie-struck girls. We've got to do something—have that car traced—"

"But, Terry, suppose it's a real chance?"

"Well, if it is he's got to prove it to me. But, gosh, Judy, there goes the theme song. Go out there and have the boys switch the numbers around to fill in for Elsa. I'm going to telephone the police."

The band had played two dance numbers before Terry finally returned, his face drawn with worry. Somehow we got through the rest of our routine, then had to make some sort of explanation to the blustering manager. Luckily we didn't have a contract, which had been his own fault. We had worked merely from week to week, and thank heaven this was Saturday night. He couldn't hold out the pay checks, and there'd have to be a new set-up for Sunday. Goodness knows there were singers enough clamoring for our jobs.

TERRY came to the dressing room just as I finished changing. "I'm afraid it isn't much use, Judy," he declared. "I telephoned the police, but they reminded me that there are several thousand brown sedans headed for California, and thousands of men in gray suits riding with little baby-faced girls. There isn't a chance in a million that they can trace that car. The thing we've got to do is get to California first. Even then we'll have some job trying to find her."

At that moment there was a low, hesi-

tant knock on the door, and I opened it to find Martin Boyd standing in the hall. "I have grand news for you," he began. "Will you come where we can talk?"

Martin took me at once to his apartment, and we didn't try to talk much until we were settled on the roof garden with a tray of long, cool drinks between us.

"Ben Silver sent for me," he finally began. "The screen test turned out swell and he's willing to sign your contract any time you say."

"Any time I say—what?" I asked, and tried to keep my voice and knees from shaking.

"That you want me to buy the Sterling stock."

"And that means—?"

"It means I'm crazy about you, and I want to be part of your life. I'll go to Hollywood and stay as near you as you'll let me. I have a house there that my dad turned over to me, and I can make sure you have everything you want. But there's one thing I'll have to tell you before you decide. When Dad was about my age he married a show girl and made her a star. No, not my mother, he didn't meet her until afterward. His actress wife left him for another man and he divorced her. It made him bitter, and he's vowed he'll cut off my allowance and disinherit me if I ever marry anyone connected with the show business. I can play angel, and buy stock, and all the trimmings, but marriage seems to be out."

"What you're trying to tell me," I said in a low tone, "is a pretty old Broadway and Hollywood story. You love me, you'll buy me a career, but you can't marry me."

"No, darling, not like that. It isn't an old story, for there's one big difference. Come here to me, in my arms, while I try to make you understand. I do love you, I worship you, and I'd marry you tomorrow, money or no money, if that could be the thing you wanted most. But I'm not kidding myself. You don't love me that much. Perhaps you never could love any man that much. What you want is Hollywood, and without my money I wouldn't be any use to you at all."

"Martin, so much has happened I'm not thinking straight. You mean you'd marry me even if it meant losing your father's millions? It doesn't make sense."

"I told you it didn't, darling, but that's how it is. Just say the word and I'll prove it as soon as I can get a license."

"I can't, Martin, even if I would let you do anything that crazy. It still has to be Hollywood for me. It's in my blood. I never could be anything but an actress, to save my soul. If I tried to give it up, I'd wreck the life of any man I married, no matter how much I loved him."

"I knew you couldn't be anything but just what you are," he said. "And that's how I want you. If in the end you can love me, that will be just swell, and if you can't, well, that's my gamble and I'm willing to take it."

"But, Martin, if I loved any man I'm afraid it would have to be an awful lot or not at all, and if I did love you that much, and couldn't marry you, it would be terrible for both of us."

"Judy, oh, my dearest, I knew you'd be like that, honest and straight. Maybe I could even make a promise, that no

## PROBLEM STORY WINNERS

Thelma Spear Lewisohn has asked us to extend to you her deepest gratitude for the sincere sympathy you have shown her in your letters. They have given her courage to face the trying obstacles she has had to endure since last months. To each one of you who wrote to her, she has asked that we express her appreciation for your kindness.

Prize-winning letters were submitted by:

Miss O. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.	\$15.00
Mrs. S. C., Ramsey, Ill.	10.00
Mrs. P. V., Honolulu, T. H.	5.00

Turn to page 19 and read the poignant problem of the young man who asks, "How Can I Win Back My Wife?" Help this man in his distress. Prizes will be awarded for the three best letters of advice. Address your letters to Bill, c/o TRUE CONFESSIONS, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

matter how much you loved me I wouldn't take you unless we could be married."

His lips were on mine then, and I could feel all the turmoil of his young heart pounding against my own. My lips gave back his kisses, and if it was not all of love I felt, it was an emotion so close to it that a new, almost terrifying ecstasy swept through my blood. Could this be my answer—a forbidden love and a guilty, hidden secret to pave the way to Hollywood?

"Darling," he whispered, "I guess I'd better not make that promise, after all. I love you too terribly, want you too much. I can only promise that I'll never ask or take anything you can't willingly give."

"Martin—not any more tonight—take me home now—I have to think—have to be sure, and most of all I must talk to Ben Silver. There's one big question I want to ask him."

"I think I know what it is, Judy," he said gravely, "and I'm afraid his answer will be—no."

**E**ARLY next morning I sat with Ben Silver in the projection room watching the shadowy figure of myself on the screen. Just as I had seemed to stand outside myself when I went through the test, I now sat as a critical observer, viewing my own picture personality.

Often as I had stood on some stage singing my heart out, I had wished I could sit in the audience to hear and see myself. And now, here I was, almost a little frightened at what I saw and heard. It couldn't be mere vanity which made me realize all that shadow girl's appeal. This was—or could be—a real star in the making!

Ben Silver touched my arm with his soft, fat hand and broke the spell. I followed him across the hall to his studio office, and still in that trance of make-believe I sat there waiting for him to speak.

"Okay," he began in his thin, piping voice. "That's that, and it ain't so bad."

Suddenly I snapped out of it. "It's darned good," I cried out fiercely, "but I don't take any of the real credit. It's what my mother poured into my blood. I was born to it, and I shouldn't have to buy my way. That's what I'm here to ask you. Why must Martin Boyd enter into it at all? Whether he buys stock in Sterling Films or not, those shots prove I could make good in Hollywood. You wouldn't lose any money on me."

"Maybe not, my dear, and maybe yes. But remember this, when a man gambles, he's got to have money to gamble with. Sure, you might make good, but it would be a year before we could cash in on you. Then you may click and you may not. I've been wrong too many times not to know what the odds are, and I don't happen to have any more of my own money to lose."

"What you mean," I said with a sick thumping of my heart, "is that if Martin Boyd doesn't invest, I don't get the contract?"

"Listen," he snapped, "I don't know why I'm telling you all this, and we're wasting a lot of time. We gave screen tests to a hundred girls this week, and ten of 'em turned out just as good as yours. Only three can get a job. You'll have to take it or leave it."

"I know what I'd like to do," I said hotly.

"Sure, you'd like to tell me to take my contract and go to the devil. You want to crash Hollywood on your own steam, you and a million other gals. Okay, it's

up to you. I have an appointment with young Boyd at three o'clock, and I believe he has a luncheon date with you. Anyhow, think it over, and if you want to talk contract you can come to my New York office around four."

A luncheon date with Martin! Yes, he had telephoned early that morning and I had promised to see him as soon as I talked with Ben Silver. The desperate need right now was somehow to get to Hollywood before Elsa's little world crashed around her feet there.

It might be that the stranger in the brown sedan was a real talent scout—things like that did happen. Perhaps she was to have her big chance. Yet, an inner foreboding sent terror to my heart. She was such a baby in spite of her eighteen years and stage training. I had always felt so terribly responsible for her. I'd had to be mother, father, sister, all in one, even though I was only two years older. She had leaned on me all her life, and it was my fault now that she had run away. If I hadn't taken that secret screen test, or if I had insisted that she take it with me, she wouldn't have been thrown to the wolves.

I wouldn't have the slightest idea where to look for her, even after we reached Hollywood. We didn't know the name of the talent scout, or the agent he represented—if any. I had telephoned the night club where Lydia Drew worked but she had just walked out, as Elsa had, leaving no address. And so far, the police had found no trace of the brown sedan.

I went back to the apartment first, hoping to find Terry there, but his room was empty and he had left no message for me. Strange how our whole little world was so completely uprooted when those powerful wheels were once set in motion. Hollywood—paging Judith Tremaine—and look what happened!

I still had an hour before Mart was to call for me and I knew what must be done. I pulled two suit cases from the closet and started to pack. Elsa had taken nearly all her things and I didn't have many that were worth saving. By noon I was ready to leave at a moment's notice. We had no lease on the apartment and the rent was paid until the end of the month. All I had to do was notify the janitor and walk out.

**M**ARTIN came promptly at twelve, eager and expectant. Each time I saw him after a brief absence, he seemed so entirely different from my thoughts of him. I'd forgotten how young and inexperienced he was. Face to face with him again I couldn't see him as a rich playboy buying a new toy. It was all as new to him as it was to me, this little game of give and take, and we neither of us knew quite how to make the next move. "You were right about Ben Silver's answer," I blurted out. "No stock—no contract."

"Judy, let's not talk yet. You're tired and worried and it's so hot up here. We'll go over to my place where it's cool and quiet."

His apartment, in all its air-conditioned luxury, gave me an even greater sense of unreality than it had last night. That, too, was so ridiculously young, the jumbled expression of strange, confused desires. There were the publicity pictures of me that he'd had enlarged so that my face looked out at him from every corner.

"You really do think you love me, don't you?" I whispered.

"Listen, Judy," he said, "I didn't realize how much I worshipped you, or how wonderful you really are until Ben Silver let me see that screen test. Have you any idea what it might mean to a chap like me to have a part in making all that come true? I'm not kidding myself any. I'll always love you with every drop of blood in my body, but whether I get you or not, I want to help make you a star."

I turned to him with a warm rush of feeling. It was easy to love a boy like that, and to believe in all his earnest young need of me. During those next two hours he revealed to me all the tenderness of a boy's first love. He made me rest on one of the deep-cushioned divans while he fed me iced melon and cool, crisp salad. His hands caressed my hair, and his lips on mine were sweet. I made a vow right then that whatever happened, Martin mustn't get hurt.

He had to leave me a little before three, and I knew where he was going. He had an appointment to meet Ben Silver and I was to be at the office an hour later. I held his sensitive, almost too handsome face between my hands and kissed him. "Goodbye, dear," I whispered. "Perhaps it could have been so different if Judith Tremaine didn't have to see herself—in lights."

I stopped at the apartment again on my way to Ben Silver's office, but still Terry had not returned and there was no message. I telephoned the Purple Moon Club, but they had seen nothing of him all day. I even called the New York office of Superba Studio, but they could give me no information.

Perhaps if I could have found Terry in that hour before I signed the contract, the whole of our lives might have been different. But what I did then I had to do alone, with my head still whirling in an emotional turmoil and that sense of panic making my knees shake.

The words in the contract were a vague blur, but I knew about what they amounted to. At the end of every three months if Sterling Films didn't want to take up my option there was nothing I could do about it—except look for another job. It was the chance every Hollywood "find" had to take. Sure, there was the generous salary clause, one hundred dollars a week for the first three months, and a raise every following three months until at the end of five years the figure reached two thousand a week. But too well I realized how many catches there were to that. Few indeed were the eager young starlets who reached beyond the first twelve months.

Luckily my salary was to begin at once. I was to leave as soon as possible for Hollywood and report to the main studio. My expenses to the Coast were all to be paid, and I could either fly or take the Limited.

"And don't worry, my dear," Ben Silver piped out at me. "I'm wiring Jim Darrow, our assistant production manager, to be on the lookout for you. Everything will be all set when you get there. I, myself, will arrive early next week." He was extremely pleased with whatever deal had been made and patted my shoulder with his pudgy hand.

Martin met me in front of the office and said he could get plane reservations if I wanted to fly to Hollywood that night. But first I had to find Terry. I promised Martin to telephone him as soon as I decided, and hurried back to the apartment.

Terry was there pacing the floor, his

eyes ablaze with excitement. He swung me up in his arms and whirled me around the room. "It's all settled," he cried. "I've signed with Superba for a year, at seventy-five dollars a week and any royalties I can make outside. So we're off to Hollywood early in the morning—both of us. You'll get your big break without any help from the little New York playboys."

His words were tripping over each other in their eagerness, and he was holding me so tight I could scarcely breathe. "Don't you realize what it means, Judy? I'll be earning enough to look after both of us. Elsa, too, as soon as we can find her. Once we get to Hollywood we'll have you both on the map in no time. And I sure need you there to plug my songs." Suddenly he broke off and held me away from him, his eyes anxiously searching my face. "What's the matter?" he demanded. "Don't tell me you've sold out to Martin Boyd."

"Not the way you mean, Terry, but I did sign the Sterling contract. I hoped you'd be glad."

"Glad!" he stormed. "When I know the whole rotten outfit and just how they work. Sure, I want you to have all the breaks you can get, but not—that way. I want you there on your own, with your head up."

"My head's up, Terry, look at me, and stop thinking things. I couldn't wait for the hard way. I've got to make good, quick, so I can help Elsa."

"A fat lot of help you'll ever be to Elsa, or any one else, that way!"

"Terry, you haven't any right—"

He wheeled back to me fiercely. "Why haven't I? Don't you suppose I care what sort of crooked slant she gets on things or if you go around with a price tag on your back?"

"You'll be ashamed you said that some day," I said in a low, choked voice.

"I'm ashamed right now, but not of anything I've said. Okay, go to Hollywood the easy way and see what it gets you. But remember, there have been thousands of girls with not half your looks or brains who've been able to get there the hard way."

"And millions who—haven't."

"All right, Judy, you've sold out—so what?"

"So—goodbye, I guess, Terry, if that's the way you feel about me."

He caught my shoulders and wheeled me around to face him. "You know darned well just how I feel—you must have always known."

Suddenly he caught me to him with a sudden fierce strength and pressed his lips down hard on mine. The kiss tore through my blood like wildfire and brought me to quick, amazing life. So this—this—was Terry! This wasn't just the laughing, good-natured team-mate. This was a stranger who could send sweet madness tearing through my blood.

"There's one kiss Hollywood won't get," he cried out savagely, and strode down the hall to his own room.

Perhaps it was as well that the excitement, even the air sickness of my first flight, should have kept me from too much thinking on that whirlwind journey.

I reached Hollywood dizzy and bewildered, willing enough for the first few days to leave everything in Martin's hands. It was he who found the small jewel-box of an apartment for me, not far from the house his father had turned over to him.

The little apartment to which Martin

took me was exquisitely decorated in soft, pastel shades. It was like nothing I ever could have found for myself. I didn't ask Martin how he knew of it or could possess it so quickly. The miracle of money, I suppose. It was enough that, for this little while, it could be mine. But not for long. It would be far too expensive for me to keep. Later, as soon as I could get my breath, I'd look around for something cheaper and more permanent.

I was glad that Martin stayed only a little while that first night. He was always so sensitive to my moods. "I want you to be happy, dear," he whispered when he kissed me good night. "Don't try to go to the studio for a day or two. Get the feeling first that you have this crazy town by the horns." And if anything could help me do that, it was this exquisite little place to which he had brought me.

It was also Martin who paid a private detective to try to locate Elsa. "He'll have ways we could never think of," he told me. It was a comfort to know that in those first days, while I was getting adjusted, every possible thing was being done to find her.

**M**Y FIRST reception at the studio might have been more of a jolt if I hadn't been brought up on Broadway. I knew the casual air of indifference with which the merchants in glamour can view you. The build-up was for the public and not the studio, and I was left waiting in the outer office over two hours before Jim Darrow, the assistant production manager, would take time to look me over.

Jim Darrow, Irish, gruff, and fed up with his job. I was given a script, a studio pass, and a bit of curt advice. "Read over the part of Martha," he snapped. "You may not get it, but we'll try you out. Forget everything the stage ever taught you, and for God's sake don't start acting all over the place. The less you emote the better we'll like it. That's the trouble with you Broadway dolls, you've forgotten you ever were yourselves. Remember when you get in front of the camera, you begin from scratch. Get your lines, rehearse your songs with the band, and report for the tryout on Monday."

Through all the excitement of those first days I tried to crowd out the growling, deep-down ache in my heart. I wouldn't let myself admit that every time the telephone or door bell rang I rushed to answer, hoping to find that it was Terry. I searched every face that I passed on the street, peered expectantly around each corner. I even found myself haunting the neighborhood of the Superba lot. I left a message there for Terry with my address, but so far there had been no sign that he ever had reached Hollywood.

Always, as far back as I could remember, Terry had been part of our lives, just Terry and the Tremaine Sisters, inseparable. I was as accustomed to his wide, good-natured grin and that sense of his hand on my shoulder as I was to the very air I breathed. When suddenly I realized that he was no longer there, that perhaps he never would be again, I felt as if half of me had been cut away.

I also tried to crowd out that thought of Elsa's reproachful little face, her soft, clinging arms and her constant chatter, sometimes gay, but more often wildly rebellious. She had wanted that Hollywood break with the whole of her reckless little

soul. Over and over she had declared that she'd do anything in the world to get it.

When it seemed as if I couldn't bear my own thoughts any longer I was suddenly startled by the sharp ringing of the doorbell, and someone opening the door, slamming it again and striding into the living room. I looked up in surprise.

"Terry—oh, my dear—you did come!"

He didn't wait even to greet me. He strode up to the desk where I was sitting, his face dead white, and held the glaring headlines of a Los Angeles paper before my terrified eyes.

#### "SHOWGIRL MURDERED IN MYS- TERY SLAYING ON CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY"

Beneath the heading were the pictures of Elsa and Lydia Drew. I suddenly felt sick all over.

"Murdered! No—no, Terry—not—Elsa!" I cried out in horror beyond belief. But it was a heartbreakingly familiar likeness of her that looked up at me from the paper.

"No, Judy, not Elsa. It was Lydia Drew who was murdered, but Elsa and the man have disappeared."

"Read it to me," I choked.

With a steady hand on my shoulder, he began to read the dreadful story. "No—tell it to me," I burst out. "I can't stand listening to all that."

"The man was known as Raymond Blair," Terry went on grimly. "He posed as a talent scout in search of young girls for screen and radio tests. Lydia was found shot through the heart in an abandoned brown sedan just outside San Diego. Later a black coupe was reported stolen from that vicinity. Blair and a blond girl—who must have been Elsa—were seen headed for the Mexican border. The photographs of the two girls were found in the side pocket of the brown sedan. They are just the usual publicity pictures. It says that both girls had previously been reported missing. The police are hot on the trail of the stolen car, but believe the license plates must have been changed. They fear that the blond girl may also—" He broke off and crumpled the paper in his hands.

"Tell me," I whispered hoarsely. "I've got to know."

"Well, they fear the blond girl may also have met with foul play, because a man who answered Blair's description was seen crossing the border alone in a small black coupe like the one that was stolen."

"Terry, I can't think. My mind won't work. Where can we begin? What can we do?"

"The police are doing all they can, Judy. They'll probably want to question you, and I came here as soon as I saw the headlines."

"I'd have died if you hadn't. This is all so terribly my fault. If it hadn't been for that screen test and leaving Elsa out of everything—"

"That's nonsense, Judy. She was bound to do something like this sooner or later, with all the crazy ideas she had. And now, I don't have to report to the studio until next week. I bought a second-hand car to drive out here—that's what took me so long—and I'm going to San Diego where Elsa was last seen."

"Then I'm going with you," I declared. "At least I'll be doing something. I'd go crazy, just waiting. I don't have to report until Monday, either, and then it's only a tryout. They won't start shooting for several days."

"Don't forget your contract, Judy. They

couldn't let a little starlet run around the country loose when they're just starting to build her up, especially not when it's a—murder scandal."

I shuddered. I know that my face must have been as white as his own. "Oh, Terry, stop." My voice trembled. "I'll leave a message for Martin—"

"What—walk out on him even without a by-your-leave?" Then for the first time he seemed to take in all the luxurious details of the apartment. "Especially," he added bitterly, "when he's done you so proud. This is some place. A bit different from the old Forty-Eighth Street joint."

"Terry—don't, not now when my heart is all broken into little bits. It isn't—what you think, and I'm not going to stay here long. I'll be paying my own rent, of course, and I can't afford it—not the first year, anyhow."

"There won't be any first year if I'm crazy enough to let you drive with me to San Diego. Listen, Judy, when a studio takes an option on a girl, they do just that—heart, mind, and soul, night and day. They tell her who to love and who to be seen playing around with. You'll find it right there in one of those clauses. It begins something like this: 'The artist agrees she will not become involved in any scandal or attract unfavorable attention, etc., etc.' And if she does, my little one, the contract can go phfft right in her face, and she has no come back."

"Sure," I said bitterly, "I happened to be there when I signed it, but publicity or no publicity I'm going with you to find Elsa. Where's your car?"

"Right outside, and I haven't even unpacked my bags yet."

I threw a few things into an overnight case, wrote a brief note to Martin, and mailed it in the lobby on my way out.

"Judy," Terry said very low, "thank God you're still—you."

If my heart hadn't been so filled with horror it would have seemed wonderful to be with Terry again, to feel that he was part of my life once more, easing me over the bumps and the heartaches.

But before we could get started, the police and the newshounds had tracked me down. The cameras clicked just as I was trying to get into Terry's car. The reporters clamored for a story and the police insisted that I go back inside and answer their questions.

Did I know what my sister had been wearing when she left New York? Where had she met the man who called himself Raymond Blair? Could I give them a detailed description of him? On and on, with the reporters jamming the hall, waiting to pounce when I opened the door.

I HAD to pass them again on my way to the car. They stood on the running board hurling out their questions: Was I on my way to find Elsa? Had I known she was traveling around the country with the fake talent scout? What did Sterling Studio think of the bad publicity? Would it affect my contract?

Terry's fist shot out and knocked one of them from the running board, and that, we knew, wouldn't make the story any sweeter.

It was in the headlines, hot off the press, by the time we reached San Diego. My picture and his, were splashed all over the front page.

**"NEW STERLING STARLET IN SEARCH OF MISSING SISTER"**

**"JUDITH TREMAINE, PROTEGEE OF MILLIONAIRE MARTIN BOYD, ON HER WAY TO SAN DIEGO TO FIND VICTIM OF TALENT SCOUT"**

*"It is feared that the lovely Elsa Tremaine may have met the same fate as her beautiful showgirl companion."*

*"Terry Dexter, the young song writer recently signed up by Superba Studio, accompanied Miss Tremaine on her search. It will be remembered that 'Terry and the Tremaine Sisters' were a well-known vaudeville team, lately in the floor show of New York's Purple Moon Club."*

"Terry," I cried out in sudden desperate eagerness. "Elsa is bound to see this, and if she's anywhere near San Diego she's going to let me know if she can. When we get there let's give one of the papers a story and have them print the name of the hotel"

## BIRTHSTONE FOR AUGUST

*Moonstone, a gem of mystic loveliness.*

*Each child of August should this stone possess.*

*For it conveys to those who heed its sign*

*Enduring faith and hope that is divine.*

*Its misty beauty has a charm unique*

*And helps its wearers find the goals they seek.*

*September-born? Watch for your birthstone poem next month!*

where we'll stop. A little more publicity can't hurt anyone now. And if I know Elsa's heart she'll call me there—that is, if she's—my voice choked over the words—"still alive."

She did call me, an hour after the paper giving the name of the hotel was on the stands. I was waiting there in my room, tense and expectant, when the operator's summons came. "Tia Juana, calling Miss Judith Tremaine."

Tia Juana, the small Mexican town just across the border. Elsa's voice came faint and broken over the wire.

"Judy—oh, Judy, darling, listen! I'm taking an awful chance telephoning you, and I've got to talk fast. I wouldn't have dared call at the studio, but I couldn't let you go on looking for me. You mustn't, Judy, just let them think I'm dead—for my sake, as well as your own."

"Elsa—tell me exactly where you are. I'm coming there after you—"

"Judy, you mustn't. If you do, you'll be sorry as long as you live. I can't come back—not yet—it isn't safe. I'm mixed up in something terrible. If anyone knew, it would kill all your chances in pictures, just as it killed mine."

"Elsa, all that doesn't matter now. Noth-

ing can keep me from coming where you are."

"No, I tell you, you mustn't. I won't be here if you do. I'm going right now where you can never find me."

"Listen to me." I cried out in panic. "Don't hang up—tell me exactly where you are, and if Raymond Blair is still with you."

"I can't tell you anything. And please, if you love me, let them think I'm dead. If I can ever come back I promise I will."

"Elsa—don't hang up! Oh, darling, don't!"

But her husky, broken little voice had already gone from the wire, and I stood there holding the dead receiver in my hand. Frantically, I called Terry's room on the floor below and in ten minutes we were speeding toward Tia Juana in spite of all Elsa's pleas.

Just before we reached the border, Terry abruptly stopped the car.

"Judy," he said in a low, tense voice, "suppose Elsa is mixed up with that—murder? Maybe that's why she begged you not to find her. What if we should be leading her into some sort of trap?"

"Terry, I've got to find her. She's in desperate trouble." But that faint, far-off voice kept pleading in my ears. "If you love me, let them think I'm dead."

It was dark and the little Mexican city ahead looked grim and ominous. We had to pass the border patrol and the customs inspection, then were free to drive through the dingy, narrow streets.

"Imagine her in a place like this, alone," I shuddered.

"Two cars have been following us ever since we left San Diego," Terry declared. "It's probably the police or the reporters. They'll make a Roman holiday of this, and it may get Elsa in even a worse jam."

But there seemed little chance that we could lead them to her, or find even one clue to follow later. We spent the entire night searching, but the places where we inquired weren't especially friendly toward prying strangers, and we finally had to give up and go back to San Diego.

All we accomplished was another deluge of publicity in the scandal sheets. The latest pictures revealed us being interviewed by the border patrol, and again on the streets of Tia Juana. The captions were sensationally suggestive.

In a later edition there came another startling revelation. Police had learned that the two girls, Elsa and Lydia Drew, had quarreled bitterly in San Diego just before the shooting, evidently over the attentions of the fake talent scout. All three had been drinking. The murdered girl had flung a glass of wine in the little singer's face, and Elsa had shouted that she'd pay her back if it was the last thing she ever did. The police had orders to pick up the Tremaine girl for questioning.

"But, Terry," I cried out in panic, "that's too horrible! They couldn't arrest Elsa for—murder. Why, she'd be terrified even to touch a revolver. Besides, the first reports said that the murdered girl had been—criminally attacked."

"I'm going back to Mexico," Terry declared fiercely. "I think I have an idea what that Blair devil's racket is, and just where he may have taken her. No, you can't come this time. You'd do more harm than good. The places where I've got to go would tear your heart out."

"Terry—you've got to tell me."

"I don't dare tell even myself—it's just a sort of hunch."

"You mean," I said in sick despair, "it may be the—white slave racket, that he

may have forced her into some horrible house. Oh, Terry, not Elsa!"

"Judy, don't even think about it. It's probably just a crazy idea, but I've got to go back and try to find out."

There was nothing for me to do now but return, heartsick and dazed, to my apartment. I found a flood of calls and telegrams waiting for me there. Ben Silver had just arrived from New York, and I was to report at the main studio immediately. There also were messages and frantically scribbled notes from Martin asking me to telephone him the moment I returned.

I knew I'd better get the grim business of the studio over first, before I tried to face Martin. But as much as I had heard of Hollywood's cruelty, I couldn't have been prepared for the avalanche of rage and protest which crashed down upon me. Ben Silver, Jim Darrow, and the publicity director, all thundered at me at once.

**D**ID I realize what I had done? Why, even the Hays office might crack down on them. Didn't I know what a contract meant? My first duty was to the studio. Couldn't I realize they had paid good money to launch my campaign? Their publicity stories had already been sent to fan magazines and the press, some of their highest paid writers had been put to work on them. They'd even taken Janet Laner out of the ingenue part and had scheduled me for it, and now she had signed up with Superba. Back in New York they had passed up several good tests that had turned out better than mine and had gone to the expense of getting me out here and building me up. Now they were ready to go into production and were left holding the bag, without an ingenue. To say nothing of what they let themselves in for with Martin Boyd.

On and on they raged, but not a word, anywhere, about my own heartbreak, about the tragic errand that had taken me to Mexico to rescue, if I could, the little sister who meant more to me than anything else in the world. Never, as long as I live, shall I forget the cold, merciless words which they flung out at me, and the

hot, wild hate for all of them which surged into my heart.

"You're through," Ben Silver ended his shrill tirade. "I don't need to tell you that we'll not take up your contract, and that you'll be blacklisted in every studio in Hollywood."

"No, you don't need to tell me," I said in a low, fierce rage, "but somebody needs to tell you. You'll never know and you'll never care how terribly I hate and despise all of you—everything about every one of you—your lies, your fakes, and all your great smug I Am's. Sure, I wanted Hollywood, I wanted it with all my heart and soul, and so did Elsa, and most of all I wanted to love it. What do you care if it broke our hearts, and a million other hearts, and wrecked every dream we ever had? The only thing in the world you care about is your publicity and all your rotten little gods!"

Well, that was that, and somehow I got out of the great iron gates and found my way back to my apartment.

Martin was waiting for me, and after one look at my face, he drew me into his arms with a tenderness I never shall forget.

"Judy, oh, my darling," he said huskily, "why didn't you let me see you through this? Didn't you know I'd want to help, to be with you, wherever you had to go?"

His words opened the floodgates. I cried until there were no tears left. I wept for Elsa, for all our little dead dreams, for the rage and sorrow and all the heartbreak, and for every desperate little lost girl in Hollywood.

"Oh, Martin," I choked out at last, "how I hate it, every last bit of its selfish, greedy glitter."

"I'm almost glad you do," he declared. "It sends you right here into my arms. And that's where you're going to stay, my darling. I'm going to make you forget Hollywood and every cruel, ugly thing it could do to you. Right here in the middle of it, we'll close ourselves away and build a new little world all our own. Come, sweetheart, I'm going to take you—home."

If a breaking heart, if utter loneliness and despair can be any excuse, then per-

haps I shall be forgiven for going to Martin that night. Terry was miles away on his grim errand in Mexico. Elsa was God knows where. And Martin's arms were so strong and held me so tenderly close.

He drove me up into the hills and carried me across the threshold of the great white mansion that once had been his father's Hollywood playground.

Not all its incredible luxury nor the fragrant beauty of its gardens could drive away my heartache, but at least for that little while, held close in Martin's arms, I could forget part of the ugliness and the loss.

I like to remember that not one thought came to me then that this was the man who might well have a right to my love, that my hours here in his arms were the only way I could repay my debt. I forgot all the miserable bargain by the whole sweet selfishness of his love.

He made me feel cherished and clean and protected. Over and over he told me that nothing cruel or ugly could ever touch me again. It seemed in some strange way as if he were giving me back the beauty of life.

It wasn't until afterward that I realized that in this one night of forgetfulness I had lost what little beauty there might have been left. When that realization came, I stood more alone than I ever had been in all my life. I did not dare face my own soul, or probe the depths of my despair.

Terry, oh, Terry, my heart cried out—what have I done? What is going to become of me, of all of us? How can I ever face that deep, searching look of your clear, honest eyes?

**Her dreams and ideals shattered, her sister alone, in desperate trouble, which way can Judy turn now? Don't miss the next installment of this exciting story. Order your copy of the September TRUE CONFESSIONS today!**



## "Let Him Who Is Without Sin—"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

terrace but I tried to end it by putting my arms about Larry's neck and pulling his mouth down to mine. I knew I could make Larry forget everything when he kissed me!

But he held me off for a moment that was frightening, so that I had a strange feeling that there were surprises in a man you'd known and loved all your life.

**I** FORGOT Jancie completely in the excitement of my bridal parties, for after we snubbed her so cruelly at our dance, she did not come to anything else. She was running around quite a good bit with Fred Shaffer, and they were seen at shady night spots quite drunk. But none of us held out a helping hand to her, and in the years since, I've come to see that our smugness was a sin, too.

The day I married Larry, there wasn't a cloud in my sky. I was getting the man I loved. There was a brand new little white cottage that his father had given us

as a wedding present, and my own dad had provided the furniture. Jerry's employer at the bank had raised his salary, and as we came down the aisle past our smiling friends, I wanted to pinch myself to see if it were all real. This was happily ever after, I told myself. Just like the fairy stories I had loved as a child.

And happily ever after it did seem to be for months. Months during which Larry and I learned how much we meant to each other. It was a never-ending delight to watch for Larry to come swinging down the street in the late afternoon trying his best not to hurry too much, and yet so eager that he always ran the last few steps to gather me up in his arms. I refused invitations for us because it was so much nicer to be at home alone with Larry.

I was surprised, however, at Larry's moodiness. He had a way of lapsing from his gay, laughing self into a quiet, thoughtful man who would sit looking at a

magazine and not seeing it. His eyes would follow me around the room. It was just as if he were afraid that I'd vanish if he didn't keep me in sight.

We agreed about everything but my not being able to forgive my friends for fancied wrongs. I learned not to say anything to Larry, because he always took the opposite side.

"What if Sarah did leave you out of her bridge party," he'd say. "She invited you to that reception she had. And maybe Helen didn't really criticize the club program you planned—haven't you ever been wrong about anything in your life, Ann? We're all sinners in some way or other, you know. And if you never forgive, how can you expect to be forgiven some day when you've wronged someone?"

"That's just a weak-kneed way of looking at it," I scorned. "I'm careful about what I do to people, and if I did something wrong, I wouldn't expect to be forgiven for it—"

# "Some Girls look Older in Summer - & GRIT in Face Powder is one of the Reasons!"

*says Lady Esther*

**1. Day by day** the summer sun is changing the tones of your skin! You *should* look younger in summer, yet it is tragically true, says Lady Esther, that many girls *look older*. The reason may be a shade of powder that was all right for March but all wrong for July—or it may be a face powder that is wrong in texture—a face powder that contains GRIT.



**2. Yes, grit in your powder** can give your skin a "grainy" look, a "powdery" look... often mistaken for an *aged* look and much more noticeable in summer! So beware of gritty powder—test the powder you are using, and do it *right now!*



**3. Make my famous "Bite Test!"** Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth—now bite hard and grind slowly. Don't be surprised if your teeth find grit—for *impartial laboratory tests show GRIT even in many expensive face powders... powders that cost \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00.*



**4. But you'll detect** no grit in Lady Esther Face Powder. My powder is so smooth it clings 4 long hours. Put it on say at eight—and at midnight it will still flatter you, never giving you a "powdery" look that makes you *seem older.*

## Are you using the **WRONG SHADE** for Summer?

Thousands of women unknowingly wear the wrong shade of face powder in the summer—a powder shade that was all right for March, perhaps, but is all wrong for July!

For in summer, the sun has changed your skin tones—and you need a new shade that will glorify your skin *as it is today.*

So Lady Esther says: Mail me the coupon and I will send you ten glorious

shades of my grit-free powder. Try them all!—every one. That is the way—and the only way to discover which is most glamorous for you this summer! Perhaps it will be Champagne Rachel, perhaps Peach Rachel, perhaps Rose Brunette.

So find the **right shade** of my grit-free powder—the lucky shade for you, out of this glorious collection of ten, and you will look younger, lovelier—you will be really in tune with life.

**LADY ESTHER FACE POWDER**

**★ 10 shades free! ★**

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,  
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Please send me **FREE AND POSTPAID** your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont

"You might want forgiveness more than anything in the world," Larry reminded me. "It has always made me a little afraid of you, darling. I'd hate to expect you to forgive me—"

"You're not going to do anything wrong," I said complacently. "Why, you're the gentlest, kindest person I know, Larry. Stop talking nonsense!"

It was soon after that that Larry's mother came back from a visit to her relatives in a distant state. Larry had met her at the train, and he told me about the child she'd brought home with her. The little boy was the son of her dead niece, Larry said, and none of the family wanted him. Mrs. Wayne hadn't wanted him placed in an orphanage, and she was going to try to find a home for him in Carthage, since her arthritis made it impossible for her to keep him herself.

The baby was sitting in the middle of the living room floor playing with a pile of blocks when I came to welcome my mother-in-law home after her long visit. The baby had dark hair and big brown eyes, and he was adorable in his pale yellow play suit. There was still no promise of the baby Larry and I wanted so badly, and perhaps it was because I was becoming a bit fearful that I wasn't going to be able to have a baby that my heart went out so instantly to that lovely little boy. He lifted his fat baby arms and cooed and smiled at me. Before I knew it, I had him in my arms.

I was squeezing him and talking baby talk to him. Mother Wayne, who was almost wholly confined to her chair, sat there smiling at me. I had always liked my mother-in-law, because Larry resembled her so much. I think I would have been embarrassed if anyone else had seen me making a fool of myself over a strange baby.

"I see that Sonny's won your heart, too," she laughed. "Isn't he a darling? I had a hard time making Larry go home last night when we got home from the station so the baby could go to sleep. Too bad the little fellow is homeless. The Frasier's were here to see him yesterday. They want him badly, and I'm trying to make up my mind. I wish I could keep him but in my condition—it wouldn't be fair to the child."

"But you can't let the Frasier's have him!" I protested. "Madie Frasier plays bridge all day, and she'd treat him about like a pet dog. He needs someone who'll care for him and love him. He needs a real mother—"

"That's what I've been thinking, Ann. He needs a real mother. Of course you and Larry will have children of your own, but why couldn't you take this one, too? Larry's getting ahead at the bank. He'll be head cashier one day—"

I sat back on my heels and looked at her. The idea hit me right between the eyes. A baby to love while we were waiting for one of our own. Larry was fascinated with him, I knew. He had talked about him all through breakfast this morning. Larry admitted that the child was born out of wedlock. Since the baby's mother was Mother Wayne's niece, I hated to say it, but I decided to be frank.

"But his mother—" I protested. "How do you know he wouldn't turn out like his parents?"

Mother Wayne winced, then she said slowly that she knew both the parents, and I could be assured that they had good blood in them. Her niece had expected to marry the child's father but he was

killed in a railroad accident before they could get married. The child would be mine to bring up as if he belonged to me, and Mother Wayne said that I could train him—and early training, I realized, does count for a lot.

"All human beings make mistakes, Ann," she assured me. "Of course it is a great wrong to bring a helpless child into the world with a stain on his name, but my niece was young—and she and the boy were engaged. . . . There are other sins, too, my dear," Mother Wayne added. "And nowhere in the Bible can you find any scale for grading sin. Sin is sin, and it exacts its full measure of pay. But we shouldn't hold what the parents of this child did against him. The father is dead—my niece died in childbirth. The baby needs love and he needs a home."

"I'll have to think it over," I said finally.

But Mother Wayne asked me to take Sonny home with me until I decided. I knew her cook was sick and couldn't help her care for him. And Mother Wayne was practically an invalid. So a bit later I found myself riding home with Sonny on the seat beside me, his clothes done up in a zipper bag at my feet.

He fell asleep with his head against me before I reached home, and something in the way the little fellow trusted himself to me tugged at my heartstrings. It was so very easy to make believe that he was the child we had longed for as I went up the walk with his fat little body snuggled warmly in my arms.

Larry was enchanted when he came home and found Sonny there. I thought I had never seen anything like the way they took to each other. The baby was just learning to walk, and he toddled after Larry, clapping his fat little hands together and having the time of his life. I think that was what settled it for me. Sonny loved us already. How could I give him back to Mother Wayne to let the Frasier's or anyone else have him?

"Well, even if his mother was unmarried, I suppose we'll just have to take him, Larry," I said that night after we both had undressed him and bathed him and put him to bed. "We'll have to let him call us Mummy and Dad, as we'd want our own child to. He can be the first of our children, and we must make up our minds not to make any difference."

**I**N THE months that followed, I learned to worship that little scrap of humanity. He had the most cunning ways. He had a trick of cocking one eyebrow mischievously that was perfectly fascinating. He began to call me Mummy, and his chubby little fists grabbed my heart and held it. It didn't seem to matter so much that there was still no prospect of a child of our own, when we had Sonny to love.

I was even kind to Jancie when she stopped me on the street one day to see Sonny. For the first time I was sorry for Jancie, who had had a child and couldn't bring him up as her own.

And then, as if so much happiness could not last, the first blow fell. Sonny had been with us about eight months when a flu epidemic swept the town, and he was among the first victims. In twenty-four hours he was dangerously ill with a streptococcus infection in his throat.

We rushed him to the hospital. I could not have been more terrified if he had been bone of my bone, and blood of my blood. To him I was his Mummy, the only mother he had ever had. When I realized how seriously ill he was, I insisted on

sitting by his bed night and day, and I would only let Larry relieve me in my vigil. Larry had them place a cot right outside the door, and he stayed there where he could come when I called.

It was before the days of sulfanilimide, the marvelous drug with which they fight the disease now; the doctors told us quite frankly that only about twenty per cent of the sufferers recovered, and that Sonny's only chance lay in giving him transfusions of new blood to fight the infection.

People are usually kind under such circumstances, and a number of our friends came to the hospital immediately when they found that we needed blood. Neither Larry's nor mine would do, and it soon became apparent that neither would the blood of the donors who had come forward.

The news must have spread around town that time was precious and our child couldn't live without the transfusions, for others came to be typed. Soon the doctor came in to whisper to me that he was ready for the transfusion. He had found a donor whose blood typed exactly. Miss Day would come in, and the transfusion would take place right there in Sonny's room.

"Jancie Day?" I demanded. "Oh, doctor, couldn't you find anyone else?"

"A little of Jancie Day's blood isn't going to hurt your baby's morals, Mrs. Wayne," the doctor said coldly. "You'd better be thankful that she has courage enough to offer it. It's not very pleasant giving your life's blood, you know—"

Larry, standing in the doorway, had heard the doctor's retort, and it seemed to me in that moment that there was some of the same coldness in his eyes when they met mine. But I couldn't help it; I didn't want to be under obligation to a girl like Jancie. I didn't want her blood in my baby's veins. There was no excuse for the way she had thrown her life away. But there was no use protesting further, for the nurses were coming in with a cot and a tray of instruments, and Jancie, looking white as death, was at their heels.

Her unhappy dark eyes went beyond Larry and me as if we weren't there, and fastened on Sonny's face. I heard her draw in her breath in a great ragged sob when she caught sight of the swollen little face. Sonny looked hardly human. His brown eyes, glazed with pain, were like those of an old man, the little mouth was purplish, and cracked with fever.

I thought that Jancie was doing this for our baby because she couldn't do anything for her own child. In a way she was consummating her own mother-love and although I hated to be obligated to her, I couldn't help being relieved that we had found a donor.

The nurses were busy with Jancie, helping her pull her jacket off and making her comfortable on the cot. Then they went hurriedly on with the transfusion. I was standing there watching Jancie and Sonny, with Larry's arm about me, when suddenly a terrible thought occurred to me.

Those two faces—Jancie's and Sonny's—why, it was Jancie's eyebrows that quirked like that! It was Jancie's dark hair that came down in a widow's peak like that! Good God, was it possible that Sonny was Jancie's baby?

But Mother Wayne's story . . . I knew her niece had died—but could all that business about her having been engaged have been a cock and bull story? Had they lied to me about Sonny being Mrs. Wayne's dead niece's child? But why had [Please turn to page 56]

# The lady in blue was a mystery...



**She was a dream** of loveliness in clouds of blue chiffon. Music below—the captain's ball—and yet she stood alone at the rail. Then she sighed—and because I'm the cruise nurse, I asked her what was wrong. The poor thing was having one of her "difficult days." She felt so chafed she didn't dare dance, So...



**I sped her** to the ship's hospital and reached for my box of Miracle Modess. "Feel this, and stop your sighing," I told her as I snipped into a pad and showed her the soft, downy filler. "Modess is made of fluff—not papery folds. Fluff so wonderfully soft it brings glorious new comfort!" Well...



**The lady in blue** went to the ball—and danced every dance till the last "good night" waltz. This morning I got a tiny gift package and a note: "This perfume is a gift from the lady in blue, to thank you for a very happy evening! I'll never forget this cruise—thanks to you and Miracle Modess."

Cut a "layer-type" napkin—then cut a Modess pad. Feel the difference! Modess is made of fluff—not close-packed papery folds. Soft, gentle fluff... a miracle of comfort! And thanks to "moisture-zoning," Modess stays softer!

*Fluff is softer!*  
**Modess is made of fluff**

**instead of papery folds**

**Press the fluff** in a Modess pad—see how it yields. That's why Modess moulds to the body so smoothly without bulk or bunching... why it stays flat where you want flatness! Modess' moisture-resistant backing makes it safer, too!

**Get curious! Get comfortable! Get the New Miracle Modess!**

# SAFEGUARDS FOR SUMMER

By

BEATRICE BERGMAN, M.D.

Attending pediatrician at Post Graduate Hospital and French Hospital, New York

**M**OST doctors agree—and probably your own experience has already borne this out—that summer is the season most hazardous to your baby's health. It is then that babies are most likely to be exposed to infectious diseases, and I think every mother should know about certain safeguards which, if followed, will lessen the chances of your baby's contracting these, ensure his comfort, and make the summertime as care-free as possible.

First, a word or two about the children's diseases prevalent during the summer.

## Infantile Paralysis:

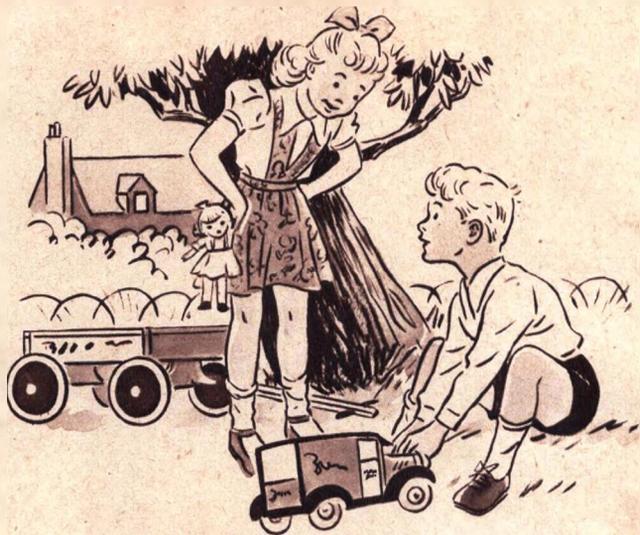
Infantile paralysis, or *poliomyelitis*, is an acute infectious (catching) disease. It is most dangerous during the warm months, between July and November, and reaches its peak by the end of August and the first part of September. Epidemics frequently center about cities and thickly populated areas. When the disease occurs in an epidemic, it can be diagnosed very quickly, but when only occasional cases occur, the correct diagnosis is often not made until paralysis has taken place.

The germ or virus of infantile paralysis is so small that it cannot be seen through the microscope, but we do know that it is present in the secretions of the nose and throat of the patient. The majority of cases occur in young children between the ages of one to five years.

We do not yet know what causes the spread of this disease. Milk, sewage, garbage—all have been held responsible. But it is felt today that human contact is the important factor in the spread of infantile paralysis. The symptoms, in the majority of cases are like those of a cold, with slight fever, vomiting, and a feeling of tiredness. The skin is usually sensitive, and the child objects to being handled. Older children will complain of headache and pain along the spine. In many cases, recovery takes place without any paralysis. If paralysis occurs it usually appears by the fourth day. Paralysis of one leg is most common, but both may be affected.

An important early sign may give a clue to the nature of the illness. The normal child bends forward easily and the back is curved, but the child with infantile paralysis will complain of pain on attempting to flex the back and he will hold it rigidly.

Absolute rest in bed is most important. The first step in the



treatment must be under the supervision of a trained physician. By the early use of splints and braces, he puts the muscles and joints into proper position, so that when the acute inflammation has passed, the paralyzed limbs remain in the best position for use. There should be no massage or rubbing until after the acute inflammation and soreness of the muscles have passed. If suitable splints and braces are not used, the paralyzed tissues may be fixed in a bad position, often resulting in the condition known as "footdrop."

When the muscles controlling the lungs are affected, breathing becomes impossible and artificial means must be used to aid in breathing. The "iron lung" is necessary in these cases.

In 1937, a widely heralded plan was offered for the prevention of *poliomyelitis*. This consisted in spraying the nose with a solution of zinc sulfate. This method was tried on the basis that the germ enters the body in most instances by way of the nerves of smell. But extensive experiments failed to establish the usefulness of the method. Moreover, time revealed serious damage to the nerves of smell, more particularly in grown-ups, and the danger of destroying the appetite through interference with the taste of foods and

drinks. Experimentation is still being continued along these lines under strictly controlled conditions, but definite conclusions have not been arrived at as yet.

The quarantine period is usually three weeks from the beginning of the illness. Fumigation of the room is not necessary, but the woodwork and floors must be thoroughly scrubbed, and the room, books, and toys must be aired and sunned for forty-eight hours.

The child must be isolated and all the precautions of any contagious disease strictly observed.

## Whooping Cough:

Whooping cough is also an acute infectious disease of childhood. About one-half of all cases occur in children under three years of age. The [Please turn to page 64]

When you write to Dr. Bergman, address her in care of TRUE CONFESSIONS, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Only in this way can you be sure of her prompt reply. Be sure to enclose a stamped (3 cents U. S. Postage) self-addressed envelope.

# YOUR BABY



**It's really a treat** for a baby's relatives to hear his mother say, "Dear—dear! I just can't get him to eat his vegetables!"

At this signal, they're off, each with a screamingly good trick, guaranteed to charm a baby into eating. Usual upshot: a tantrum.

And it's so unnecessary—you don't need tricks if he likes the taste! Try him on the flavors and textures that have made a hit with so many babies—try him on Clapp's! Watch him eat when he gets food that he likes!

## Dodge those family pow-wows . . . BABIES TAKE TO CLAPP'S!



**Get your baby's advisory council** to make a taste test—they'll soon find out why babies like Clapp's so well. Vegetables are more pleasant to *anybody's* taste when they're canned at the peak of freshness and lightly salted according to doctors' directions.

And with Clapp's rich flavor goes a growth-producing supply of vitamins and minerals, too.



**Yes, and it's the feel** as well as the taste! Clapp's Strained Foods feel smooth—though not liquid. Clapp's Chopped Foods are uniformly cut.

For 19 years, Clapp's have been getting tips from doctors and mothers . . . you learn a lot in 19 years! Clapp's were first to make both Strained and Chopped Foods commercially, and they make nothing *but* baby foods.



### 17 Strained Foods for Babies

**Soups**—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Applesauce • Pears-and-Peaches • **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.

### 12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

**Soup**—Vegetable Soup • **Combination Dinners**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Applesauce • Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins.

# Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

# "Let Him Who Is Without Sin—"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

Larry's mother been so interested in my taking Sonny? Why had she tried to fool me about it? Could it be possible that Larry was the father of that child?

I could have cried out with the pain that tore at my very vitals. For with that thought came a flood of suspicious memories that could be proof—Larry's moody spells, and the way he sometimes stared at me. . . . The things he had said about forgiveness. Had it worried him because he had known that he had done something I could never forgive him for? Could my precious Larry be the father of Jancie's child?

A little moan escaped me, and Larry patted my shoulder to soothe me. But I was so soul sick with suspicion that I felt I couldn't bear for Larry to touch me until I was sure that he was innocent. If it were true, I'd hate Larry! I'd hate Sonny for being Larry's child!

I stood there in a daze while they finished the transfusion. I had to make sure of my suspicions before I accused Larry. I had to make Jancie tell the truth about the baby! I could never go on living until I knew for sure that Sonny belonged to Jancie.

When the nurses led Jancie away, I followed them, mumbling something to Larry about having to get out for a bit of fresh air. I kept at Jancie's heels, and when they took her into a little sunroom and told her to lie down on the chaise longue for a while until she had recovered a bit from the loss of so much blood, I followed them in, and waited until they went away and left us together. I suppose they thought I was there out of gratitude. If they had guessed my purpose, I know they would not have permitted me to stay.

Jancie lay on her back; her face as white as the dress she wore, and there were great blue shadows under the eyes that were so like Sonny's. She lifted heavy lids and looked at me questioningly, and it was the thought that, behind that white face of hers, she must be laughing at me, that made me do what I did then.

Suddenly I was across the room and had her by her shoulders and was shaking her furiously.

"You dirty little cheat!" I gritted. "You'll tell me the truth, do you hear? If you don't, I'll kill you with my bare hands! Sonny is your child! You thought you were smart, palming him off on me—you and Larry—"

"Don't, Ann!" she gasped. "Please, you're hurting me—"

"I'd like to break your neck!" I choked. "I will if you don't come across with the story. Larry was the man you didn't love and wouldn't marry. I suppose it happened on that house party Helen had on New Year's up at her camp, when all of you got drunk. But why did you think I'd want him, after you threw him away? I'm going to leave him. And I'm going to name you in the divorce! I'll smear your name so that you'll stay away from decent people!"

"But you mustn't," she gasped in a broken whisper. "Oh, Ann, dear, listen to me. Sonny isn't Larry's child. Larry loves you—"

I shook her like a cat shaking a mouse then. Savagely, so that her head bobbed limply. I could have torn her limb from limb in my fury, and I did not care that

she was half fainting. I meant to have the truth even if I choked it out of her.

"Don't, Ann," she begged pitifully. "I'll go away. I'll never bother you and Larry and Sonny again. Sonny loves you. You're his mother to him, not me. . . . Oh, please, Ann—"

"Who is Sonny's father?"

"Fred—Fred Shaffer—"

"You'd have married Fred to give the baby a name," I snapped. "No, it was Larry. You knew Larry loved me, and you thought you were being very noble—"

"No wonder Larry never wanted you to know," she said from between lips that were white as death. "You—haven't any mercy in you, Ann. I—couldn't marry Larry and wreck his life over something he couldn't even remember happening. It—was my fault. But I was so unhappy over John's jilting me I think I was half crazy. And it happened before Larry married you, Ann. Can't you forget about it and go on? For Larry's and Sonny's sake?"

"I—hope I never see either of them again!" I raged.

**I WAS** too hurt for tears. Too angry. Resentment was like a fire eating at my heart, and murder raged in me. I wanted to do something dreadful to them for hurting me so. I felt that they had to be hurt in some way to make up for what they had done to me.

I turned my car toward my mother's house, and didn't stop until I reached there. I'd send my mother after my things, and I'd never go back to Larry's house again!

I found my mother was as sympathetic as I'd thought she'd be. She was properly angry and gathered me up in her arms, and I had hysterics, and she called the doctor and put me to bed.

I stayed in bed a week. Larry came every day, but Mother wouldn't let him in. Jancie had given another transfusion, Mother told me, and Sonny was going to live. But I was still too furious to care what happened to him. When my friends came in to see me, I told them the whole story. It made me feel that in a small measure I was getting even for the hurt I'd received.

At the end of the week when I was able to be up, I sent for our old family lawyer and told him to start suit for a divorce immediately. In our state you can secure a divorce in twenty-four hours on the grounds I had. A detective that Mother had put on the case had traced the baby to the woman who had kept him in the city, and the woman had said that Larry had been there to see Jancie, and had been introduced as her husband. My lawyer admitted that I had enough evidence to get the divorce, but he tried to talk me out of it!

"At least don't use the real story," he pleaded. "Think of the baby, Ann. You'll be blackening his name forever. And it happened before you ever married Larry. Perhaps he did wrong not to tell you and to trick you into taking his child. But he wanted the baby to have a decent home, and he was so afraid of losing you, Ann. Larry loves you—"

But I was too insane with jealous fury to listen to reason.

"Get the divorce on those grounds, or

I'll find a lawyer who will," I said sharply.

It made me furious for anyone to keep insisting that Larry loved me. Because deep in my heart I was afraid that if I didn't stay angry enough, I'd still be in love with Larry, too. Already it seemed like an eternity since I'd seen him, and I'd awake in the middle of the night reaching out to touch him before I'd remember, and my stubborn pride would remind me that I didn't love him any more. Or I'd sit up in bed wondering if Sonny was covered, and then the black realization of what had happened would sweep over me, and I'd tell myself that I didn't care what happened to Sonny.

Even when Dad said quietly one evening that Larry had lost his job at the bank because of the scandal, my hardness of heart didn't melt. It was only what Larry deserved, I said harshly. Then, unbelievably, it was the morning of my divorce trial, and I was walking into the courtroom past curious people with my mother and my lawyer. Larry was sitting there at a table with his lawyer, and at sight of him my heart plunged for a moment. He had changed so dreadfully. His face was gray, and there were great shadows under his deep-set dark eyes; Sonny's desperate illness and my leaving him and his losing his job had all told on Larry, I could see. And then I wouldn't look at him again, because I wasn't going to forgive him. I wanted him to be hurt as I'd been.

My lawyer read my charges; I refused to accept Larry's lawyer's plea for a reconciliation. And then after the briefest sort of formality, it seemed to me, the judge was saying that my decree was granted. The marriage was null and void now, my lawyer assured me. The whole town had my story of what Larry and Jancie had done to me.

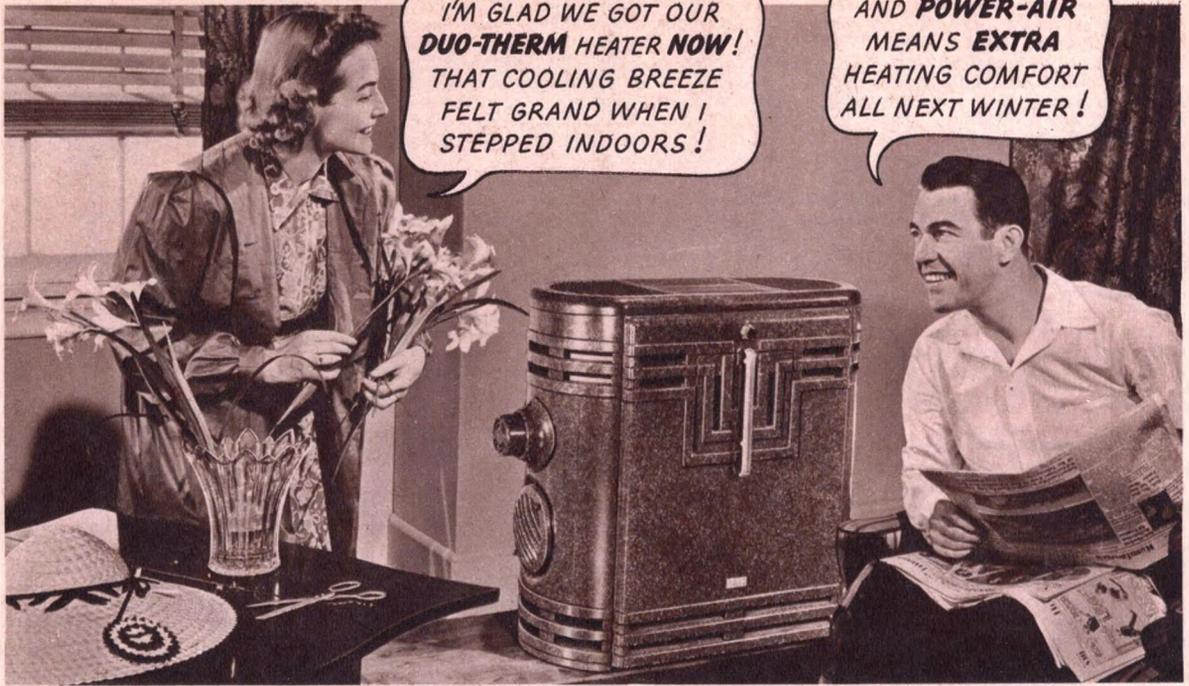
I went back to Mother's, but something seemed to have happened to the satisfaction I had thought would be mine. I found myself suddenly unable to bear the criticism implied in my friends' smug voices when they tried to tell me news of Larry and Jancie. They thought I'd like to know that Larry couldn't find work and that Jancie hadn't been seen on the streets and was supposed to be ill from the loss of so much blood—though they were convinced that it was the scandal that kept her in hiding.

**I SUPPOSE** I'd have gone on hating them for what they had done to me, if the phone hadn't rung that morning, and I hadn't been the one to answer it. There was a queer little silence from the other end of the wire, and then a weak feminine voice said my name in so hoarse a whisper that at first I couldn't place.

"Don't hang up—it's important!" said Jancie Day. "I'm going away, and I'm taking Sonny with me, Ann. We're getting out of your life forever. . . . I haven't anything to live for, and now that everybody knows about Sonny—"

"What are you talking about, Jancie?" I said sharply, but fear was catching at my heart. Even at that hour of the morning, Jancie was drunk, I guessed from her slurred words. Drunk and half crazed Crazy enough to do anything now.

"Talking about the river," she laughed harshly. "Where I might as well have



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gone before Sonny came into your life, Ann. But it's all right—I'm going to make it all right for you. Have a heart and be kind to Larry. He's paid enough—"

"You're joking! You're just trying to be dramatic and scare me!" I cried in sheer terror, because I somehow knew she wasn't joking. She meant every word of it. She must have gone to Larry's house for Sonny while he was out looking for work. She was desperate enough to carry out her mad plan! God help me, I was the one who had driven her to it with the way I'd insisted on exposing her whole pitiful story to the town!

"I mean it, Ann," she hiccupped. "Didn't mean to destroy your happiness. You and Larry can start over somewhere. Damn you, Ann, Sonny keeps crying for his mother, and he means you. Don't you see that I can hate you for that? Hate you for the way you haven't left any chance for Sonny and me—"

For one shattering moment I did hear Sonny's little whimper, and then the receiver banged up in my ear, and I was standing there holding a dead telephone. For a moment my shock held me fastened to the floor in indecision. What could I do? In that moment I knew I had to stop Jancie. If she killed herself and murdered my baby, I was responsible! Dear God, I must have been mad to have done what I did to her and to Larry and the baby. I had to get to her, reason with her—do something!

Fortunately the car was in the drive. I did not stop long enough even to hunt Mother up and explain to her. I flew out to the car and jumped in.

The Day place was four blocks over on the street leading downtown toward the bridge. As I covered the distance, my mind was working at white hot speed. Jancie would think of the bridge if she meant to jump in the river, I decided. Nearly all our town suicides had jumped from that bridge. It was fairly high above the water, and the swift current usually assured them of drowning before help could reach them. Few had ever escaped.

I lost a precious minute at the Day house ringing the doorbell. Then when no one answered, I ran to the garage and saw that the car was gone. Jancie had lost no time in leaving.

That nightmare ride is still a dark daze to me, darting by other cars and running through red lights and cutting down blind alleys, trying to get to that bridge first. The sun shone warm on my body and the scent of spring was in the air, but there was such despair in my heart that I saw none of it

I only knew that I'd want to die, too, if that desperate girl threw herself and my baby into the river with her. For he might have been born of Jancie's body, but he called me Mummy and I had run away from the hospital to leave him to die. I had destroyed the child's name, but, God help me, I knew then I'd never stopped loving him.

I heard a motorcycle cop shrilling his whistle at me as I rounded a curve and shot out onto the bridge approach, but I did not stop. I forgot all about him, for I could see Jancie's car parked at the center of the bridge. I could see Jancie staggering to the rail, with Sonny in her arms.

Even in my dreams I can still see Jancie there at that rail, climbing up with Sonny, who had caught one glimpse downward of the water, and was screaming and clinging to her neck. I can't remember stopping the car and getting out and running toward her. I knew dimly that I was screaming for her to stop. But she was like a person in a trance. She balanced precariously on that railing, a slim figure in a yellow slack suit, and just as I reached for her, she jumped.

I had had one last glimpse of my baby's terrified little face, and his "Mummy! Mummy!" was still ringing in the empty air. The policeman was shouting behind me as I leaned over to see them strike the water. What I did then, I did deliberately, knowing all the odds were against my fighting that current until help could come. But knowing at last that I would go through anything to answer that baby's appeal, I kicked off my shoes and just as the policeman came running up, I jumped.

I seemed to fall through space for a thousand years, with the water rushing up to hit my face. But I remembered automatically to keep my body in a proper dive. Just before I struck the water, I saw Sonny's head bob to the surface, and there was a flash of Jancie's dark hair . . .

Livid pain shot through me like a knife when I hit the water, and I've thought since then that it was the pain in my broken shoulder that kept me conscious to find that tiny body and hold on like grim death until rescue came to us from the shore.

I have a memory of the determined way I held on, and the way I kept making one more stroke. Then kind hands lifted my burden from me, and I knew no more until hours later I awakened to find myself in a hospital bed with my shoulder all neatly strapped up in harness. And then I knew I wasn't dreaming, for Larry was sitting there in a chair looking at me.

"Is—he alive?" I whispered. "Oh, Larry, darling, I couldn't bear it if he's dead."

"He's suffering from shock, but they think he'll be all right. But Jancie is dead," Larry said brokenly. "Did ever anyone pay so great a price for one night of sin as that poor girl." His lips quivered. "I'm grateful to you for saving Sonny, Ann, but, oh, the anguish you've added to all our suffering."

I reached out blindly for his hand, because I couldn't see him for my tears. "Sin seems to be like a rock dropped into a pool, Larry," I whispered. "The ripples from it go on and on to touch a distant shore . . . But I'm begging you to forgive me, Larry. I killed her . . . I made her so miserable she didn't want to live! And I was so sure that I was never going to do anything I'd need forgiving for!" I sobbed.

Larry watched me for a few minutes as I sobbed my heart out, then slowly he covered my hand with his.

THAT was several years ago. Sonny and Larry and I are back in the little white cottage. Larry and I remarried as soon as I got out of the hospital. Our life seems to go on much the same, for Dad talked the man at the bank into giving Larry's job back to him. But of course things can never be quite the same again. And it isn't only Sonny's nightmares when he awakes screaming my name and sobbing that he's falling into the water, nor the fact that children at school keep taunting him with the story, and he comes home crying to find comfort in my arms. My life with Larry can never be the same for I killed something in Larry by my wicked unforgiveness that can never be replaced. He's a kind, considerate husband—but all the old magic is gone.

I thought if I had a child of my own, Larry might change his attitude toward me—that we might recapture some of the ecstasy of our early days. But I know the truth now. I can never bear a child. Never.

Larry has forgiven me. I feel in my heart that Larry still loves me. But it's as if the unseen hand of Jancie keeps him from me. I'd give my soul to have Jancie's forgiveness. But it is beyond my power to ask her for it. Somewhere I hope she knows that I've done everything I can to atone. I'm trying with all my might to make it up to Larry and Sonny. Perhaps some day Jancie will, wherever she is, forgive me—and I will find my husband's heart again.



## Second-Hand Marriage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

home and was now threatening her own.

I saw that, clearly. That night I couldn't shake off the consciousness that two pairs of eyes were staring up at the dark ceilings of two rooms, Meta's and little Ken's. And that both were aching, burning with unshed tears. Two pairs of eyes? Weren't there three?

Weren't Norma's dead eyes staring at me out of the darkness of the room that must have been hers, hating me for taking her place. Suddenly I broke into nervous sobbing.

"Honey, what is it?" Will begged. "Jean,

dearest, don't! I've never loved you so much, never felt so close to you as I do tonight! This is the real beginning for us—"

"Brides always cry," I told him, "over dead honeymoons."

I shivered in his arms. Tomorrow I'd have to take hold of this strange, cold house and make it come alive! Make it a home. I must make friends with that strange, cold woman and the child who hated me already.

I didn't know where to begin. I wasn't the "executive type." I lacked initiative.

And it looked as if this marriage of mine was going to call for both qualities. Could I be his wife in every sense of the word, as Norma must have been? I loved him so. But I wasn't sure.

"You're going to be happy!" he whispered as he held me in his arms. "Like this, now and forever!"

And I was happy—blissfully happy in the safety of his arms. The darkness and the haunting eyes melted away in a golden haze.

The magic of it was still upon me when I opened my eyes next morning

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I stretched luxuriously, glad not to feel the motion of the ship, and looked about me curiously.

My bags were on the floor, unstrapped. I hadn't bothered to unpack them last night. I was rummaging in one of them feverishly, looking for something plain and sensible to put on—a sweater and skirt—when a cool, shocked voice from the door stopped me and with a gasp I whipped a silk housecoat about me.

"I beg your pardon," Meta said, coldly. "I came to ask what you'd like on your breakfast tray. The housemaid has taken Ken to school, as usual."

Meta's white face and narrow, twisted lips recalled me to myself in miserable embarrassment. She looked a little mad, outraged and yet fascinated, as if the sight of my sheer nightgown, flushed cheeks, and tumbled hair stirred something that was horrible, hateful to her, yet she couldn't drag her eyes away.

I think that was the moment in which was born the awful sense of shame that was to possess me for weeks, even in my husband's arms. That was the moment in which I began to think of myself, as I knew that Norma's sister did, less as Will's wife than as just another girl.

After that, nothing was ever quite the same again, even between Will and me.

I made a few half-hearted attempts to reach Will with the idea that Meta didn't like me, but he laughed that off.

"Nonsense!" he said, again, as he had about Ken's reaction to our marriage. "The gal's only worried about being a burden on us. She's proud."

"I certainly haven't said or done anything to make her feel she's a burden!" I said, sharply. "She runs everything her own way, just as she always has. Ken, the servants, everything!"

"That doesn't sound like you, Jean. You're usually pretty fair minded, pretty generous. Meta hasn't got a dime in the world. She'd never let me help her financially unless she did something in return for it. She gets a kick out of running this great barn of a house. Why not let her do it? You and I will have that much more time to gallivant."

"Do you really want to gallivant?" I asked him, lightly.

"Let's go in for night life in a serious way," he said. "I'm not getting the kick out of my work that I used to."

I froze. What could that mean? Was what Nick Osborne had said, true. A fierce, hot blade of jealousy stabbed through my chill. He'd tried to forget Norma! That's why he'd married me, because he couldn't stand living with a ghost any longer. But it hadn't worked. He missed her still, no matter how fervently, how ardently he made love to me.

He didn't really need me, any more than little Ken did.

And yet Ken did need me! Meta wasn't good for him. She was too morbid and strange and she didn't understand children. Will had been too wrapped up in his work to see that.

Then I found out that Meta had hallucinations that the child was a genius like his mother! It was hard to talk to Will about Ken, at all.

There actually seemed to be a sort of antagonism between Will and his son. It was hard to understand when the boy was, everybody said, exactly like his mother. I decided that that was why. It hurt Will too much to be reminded of his lost love!

Will spoke of him to me only once, with a worried expression.

"I wish you could get hold of Ken," he

said. "Could you win his heart with lullabys or raw meat, do you think? I heard him putting on a tantrum in the middle of last night. I wanted to lick him but Meta wouldn't have it."

But I did try for a while. There was something in Meta's hold on the child that had worried me all along. It seemed to me that she actually exerted a sort of spell over him.

One night when Will was working late in the lab I saw a light burning in little Ken's room. I looked in. He was sitting at a desk with a copy book and text book studying.

He didn't seem to hear me. His white, little face and strained eyes shocked me. There were grimy marks of tears on his cheeks and he kept grinding the knuckles of one hand into his eyes as if he were half dead for sleep. He drooped a little, drowsily, but started up with a muffled cry when he noticed me standing in the doorway. His pale face went even whiter, as if I were a ghost.

"It seems so late for you to be doing homework, Ken," I said, gently. "Wouldn't you like to cut it now and come down to the kitchen with me? We could make some hot chocolate. You know, not the pale, watery kind, but thick. Maybe I could whip up some cream."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Kent," he said, stiffly. "I have to study. Aunt Meta checks my homework."

"Your homework?" I echoed. I had to fight down a giggle. He was so little and scrawny and grave, talking about homework! He ought to be in kindergarten! "Does your father approve of your doing homework as late as this?"

"Dad can't be bothered with such things," he told me gravely. "I've got to be very smart and make a great name for myself. My mother expects it of me."

I stared at him, aghast at that glib line, so plainly parrot talk in which he had been coached by his Aunt Meta.

"Wouldn't you like to play games instead of doing homework, Ken?" I said. "Nope," he said, dully. "Besides, nobody wants to play with me. I'm too smart. I'm like my mother."

He said it with such conviction, turning back to his "homework" again that I said no more but went away, divided between laughing and crying. It was so awful—and he believed it!

Meta must be crazy to egg him on! It would take more than cod liver oil to straighten this out!

That was something I had to take up with Will. I began by asking him if I couldn't learn to help him in his laboratory. I thought that might open the way.

"I feel such an ignoramus in this house of genius," I declared. "Even Ken knows more about your work than I do!"

"Unfortunately, Ken is by way of being a prodigy," Will said, sardonically. "But don't you come messing around my lab! That's the Bluebeard's chamber in this shack that you're to keep out of! I'm a devil on wheels when I'm working. I can't stand any sort of interruption."

That stopped me cold.

Meanwhile the tension between Meta and me was growing intolerable. I was afraid of an open break. I couldn't see what good could come of it, if the child hated me as he seemed to now. It would only mean Will's having to choose between Meta and me, and I loved him too much not to go on trying to figure out a better way.

But I know now what I really feared! I'd whipped myself into a panic in that

house where jealousy and hate seemed to be gnawing at the very foundations, like termites. I'd convinced myself that Norma's spirit brooded over us all, jealous of Will's love for me, of my very presence in her home. I was afraid of a show-down, afraid that ghost would win!

When Will and I were alone I found myself being careful about what I said and did. I couldn't even give myself to his love as I had in those first golden weeks of our marriage, freely, unashamed.

He was puzzled and hurt, at first. Then angry.

"What's changed you, Jean?" he pleaded one night. "Have you grown tired of my love?"

I turned my head away, oppressed by that strange, almost superstitious chill. How could I explain to him? He never mentioned Norma's name except accidentally, in the most casual way. If I told him the awful burden my heart was carrying, wouldn't it make her real again to him? Somehow it didn't seem right or even decent to talk about her at all when we were together like this!

He spent more and more time in his laboratory, irritable and edgy when he came out. Meta's tight, significant little smile seemed to say that it was inevitable, of course. His work was once again absorbing his interest—his work and his memories of Norma. This new marriage of his was simply a heady interlude that was already drawing to a close.

I did make a few half-hearted attempts to take over the management of the house and Ken, but Meta met them promptly with hurt surprise and subtly conflicting orders for which she apologized so gracefully, in Will's presence, that I felt like a fool and Will was exasperated by the discussion of what were, to him, unimportant details.

"For God's sake," he snapped one day. "Give me my dinner on a tray in the lab! Does it take two, full-grown women to run this place now? It never did before!"

I asked myself bitterly why he had married me. He'd told me how starved he was for beauty, for life. That he wanted me to keep myself lovely, to wear beautiful things and exquisite perfumes. "Buy a dozen different kinds!" he'd told me, on our honeymoon. "A different one for every night!" That golden madness, that frantic delight—was that all he wanted from me? Was his love for me that shallow?

If it was, then our marriage was dying. Because the flame had burned very, very low between us now. We were quarrelling almost all the time—a polite, icy, dreadful sort of quarreling that had no healthy violence in it, no swing back to sweet moments of reconciliation.

I WAS lying in bed one morning, doing I my nails, carefully. I looked up to see Meta standing in the door as she had that first morning when I awoke in a shimmering mist of happiness. How different it was this morning! He'd worked in the lab all night. Alone—with the ghost of Norma.

When I saw Meta's face I knew that the smoldering antagonism of weeks had burst into full flame.

"You must understand," she told me, "that you are not to interfere between Ken and me."

"How have I done so?" I asked her. "By going to his room when he's doing his lessons. Trying to take him away from his homework, offering him bribes—"

"Bribes?" I laughed, but it didn't have

## "An old maid showed me how to raise my baby"

a very pleasant sound. "I offered to make him hot cocoa one night. He put me in my place, I assure you. You needn't worry, Meta. The child is thoroughly warped."

"I've given five years of my life to Norma's child," she said. "I'd rather see him dead than under the influence of a woman like you!"

"I think you'd better go," I said, carefully. I had an insane desire to strike her.

"I'm not going," she said, viciously. "But you are, sooner or later. You don't belong here. You're not really William's wife. You're only a sort of—well, look at you!"

I didn't have to. The cream lace nightgown. The narrow rose colored velvet ribbons that held it. One of them had snapped one night—ages ago—

"You and my sister's husband," Meta said, her voice like a thin lash curling about my shoulders. "It's—shameful!"

Something in me snapped with that word. "Get out," I said, hoarsely. "Get out of my room!"

"My sister's room," she corrected. "Why don't you go to William and tell him I've insulted you? He's in the lab now. Why don't you go and tell him?"

"You think I won't?" I cried. Like a fool, I picked up that challenge. I might have known how clever she could be, how shrewd hate could make her. She'd known Will and his working habits, his moods, for years.

But I never thought of that, or that he'd been working all night. I caught up a light robe and flew past her down the hall to the narrow staircase that led to his laboratory. I was half out of my mind with outrage and shame—needing his love, his backing against this vicious attack on the decency, the sanctity of our marriage.

I opened the door of the lab without knocking.

Will was absorbed, bending over a microscope, his back turned to me. He must have heard the door, because he said irritably, without turning, "Please go away, whoever it is. I've almost got what I wanted and I won't be disturbed."

I drew back noiselessly and closed the door. Sick. Sick with a revulsion of feeling so awful, so crushing that I felt faint and dizzy. Blind with jealousy, furious with pain. He must have known it was I—he wouldn't even turn around!

I went back to my room, Meta was gone. I dressed quickly, feverishly, yet shaking with a nervous chill. I had only one thought, one desire. To get out of that house. I had to be alone, where I could think.

I tossed a few things into a bag and scribbled a note to Will:

"Let me go. We've made a horrible mistake, Will. I can't stand it any longer. I don't even want to talk about it. When I've decided what I'm going to do, I'll let you know. Jean"

If he wanted to know more about why I left, Meta could tell him. She would, too!

Just outside the front door I met little Ken, coming up the steps. He looked spindly and wan in the light of noon, his big black eyes ringed with blue shadows. He was coming home to lunch, the prim maid in tow, as usual. He stood back for me to pass, but his eyes widened at the sight of my bag and he said quickly:

"Are you going away, Mrs. Kent?"

"For a while, Ken," I said, brusquely. "I suppose you're pleased?"

It was a petty, nasty crack to make to a child. I was ashamed as soon as I'd



1. I was unlucky, I guess. Some women go through pregnancy hardly knowing it. Mine was awful. Some mothers have babies good as "gold." Mine used to howl all night long. And was terribly constipated in the bargain.



2. One day an old friend of the family came to visit us. The house was a mess. The baby upset again. And I was on the verge of tears. My friend put her arms around me and said maybe she could help.



3. "I may be an old maid," she said, "but I work for a baby doctor. And he always asks mothers if they use special food... do they use special powder... special baby medicines. You see, everything a baby gets today should be made especially for him."



4. She looked up on the dresser and saw the laxative I was using for the baby. "Now that adult laxative up there," she pointed: "my doctor would advise against it. He would recommend one made especially for children... one like Fletcher's Castoria."



5. She told me that Fletcher's Castoria was designed especially and only for a baby's needs. It's gentle, as a baby's laxative should be. Yet very effective. It works mainly in the lower bowel—so it's not so likely to upset the stomach. And above all, she said Fletcher's Castoria is SAFE.



6. So I bought a bottle. It worked like a charm! But one of the pleasantest surprises was its nice taste. If your baby is a medicine-hater, as mine is, you know how important taste can be. So you can bet I keep Fletcher's Castoria always handy. (I honestly couldn't recommend a better laxative.)

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

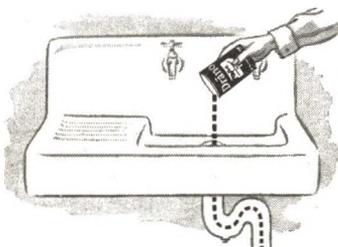
## DRAIN CLOGGED? USE DRÄNO



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# Dräno

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I had in me. His quickened interest showed in his slightly dissipated, handsome eyes.

"You've changed, baby! You'll turn into a career woman yet!"

But I knew I hadn't. I cried myself to sleep every night in my hotel room. Starving for Will's nearness. But sure he didn't really want me in the way he had to, if our marriage was to be a success.

Nick's friendship was comforting in my loneliness and confusion. According to Nick, it had been a losing fight, right from the start. As an advertising man, Nick was wise enough not to criticize Will.

One night, when we were in Nick's living room, dim with cigarette smoke from the party that was just over, he came and sat beside me on the big couch before the fire. We were a little high from the cocktails we'd had. It was pleasant basking in the warmth of his admiration.

"Are you beginning to come out of it?" Nick asked me. "I'm getting restless, you know. I can't go on being a gentleman forever. It's too wearing."

"Out of what?" I asked. But I knew what he meant. Out of the fog of my grief for my dead marriage; out of love with Will!

"No," I said. "I'm afraid not. Ever."

"You're crazy," Nick said, harshly. "You're as screwy as Meta. Listen, let's you and I take ourselves a trip South. Let's grab a boat and turn up some tropical waters for ourselves."

Tropical waters. Nick slipped up there! I closed my eyes, dizzy with memory of those nights in St. Croix with white stars hanging low and jasmine heavy and sweet on the breeze from the Caribbean.

I shrank away from Nick's hand, dropping casually on my shoulder. He was pretending not to care too much. But he loved me—he was only waiting for me to come around.

"I couldn't do it, Nick," I said. "I'm in love with Will. I always will be."

"Bunk," Nick said. "I'm in love with you. A little love would do you no harm, my gal. You're eating yourself up over a man who doesn't even know you're alive. Do you know what? I see by the sky news that he took off for Nassau day before yesterday—"

"Will?" I gasped. "For Nassau? Alone?"

"Well," Nick said. "The papers have to be careful. I guess so. It just said he was taking off. If he had someone with him, the paper discreetly didn't mention her."

I sat very still. Will had gone South! He wasn't in that little tower room; he wasn't grieving for me, either. He could bear it—the moonlight on warm waves, without me!

Dizzy with pain and hurt, I turned blindly into Nick's arms.

Through the surge of feeling that rose gradually, inexorably in me, some small part of my brain was saying over and over: "It must have been like this with him, with Will! He'd loved Norma for a long time and when he lost her and I came, he didn't forget her, any more than I can forget him! He kissed me, like this but he couldn't forget Norma. As I can't forget him—"

I found out that night that there are tides of emotion that are as relentless as the tides of the sea. Nick's tenderness, the warm glow of firelight, the haunting spell of a few drinks, and the awful hurt in my soul, these stirred me and rose in me like an immense wave that almost bore me away beyond my depth. For a moment I nearly forgot.

I broke away, speechless with self-contempt.

said it. But I was too frantic, too heart-sick to try to take it back. I couldn't miss the slow, dark flush that climbed to his thin little cheeks. He gave a quick glance at the door through which the maid had just gone into the house, and said very low:

"I'm not glad, I keep thinking about it, all the time—" he broke off, as if he were bitterly ashamed.

"About what?" I said, hailing a cab.

"That cocoa you told me about. Not thin and watery, but the thick kind, with whipped cream."

The cab door slammed on the rest of it and I was lying back against the cushions, slow, hot tears pouring down my face. For Ken. For Will. For more than a dead honeymoon—for my marriage. That was dead, too.

I've left him forever, I told myself. It would take something tremendous—something bigger than life or death, to bring us together again.

I went to a small hotel and took a room, lying on the narrow strange bed for hours, tearless, staring up at the white ceiling.

I had to find something to do. I'd go crazy if I didn't!

I called up Nick Osborne, my old boss, and asked him if he could take me on temporarily. Nick had a high-powered advertising office.

"For Pete's sake," Nick cried. "Grab a cab and get over here! We're in a jam, what with sickness and people out. You're a godsend. Get going!"

SO I fell back into the whirl of Nick Osborne's office and for three days and nights of frenzied concentration, I didn't even find time to cry.

Nick was the soul of tact. He never cracked a question. But there was a new look in his eyes when he looked at me. It made me oddly uneasy. I'd known him for years, in the casual intimacy of the trade. We'd worked all hours together and there'd been a few casual, off-hand kisses when the job on hand was done and everybody was relaxing from the strain. But he'd never really made a pass at me.

About a week after I'd left Will, when the office straightened itself out, I broke down and told Nick part of my troubles.

"You poor kid," he sympathized. "What did I tell you? There was only one thing for Will to do when that dame kicked off. He should have piled right in after her. But it's tough on the kid, at that. His Aunt Meta is plain nuts."

I tried to put it all away from me, behind me. I plunged into the job at Nick's office and gave it everything I had. More, Nick told me, surprised, than he ever dreamed

"I'm sorry," Nick said, stiffly, his eyes avoiding mine. "I guess it was a mistake. "Can I take you home?" he said, very low. "I mean back to your hotel?"

"No," I said. I went away without another word. Back in my little room, I lay, wide-eyed and aching, until dawn.

I knew by what almost had happened to me tonight with Nick that Will loved me. He must have loved me, or the happiness we had known together could never have been!

What did Norma matter to me, now? What was left of Norma, really, except that unhappy, lonely child, hag-ridden, ghost-haunted, alone in that great house with no one but servants and that woman with the hot, crazed eyes.

And now Will had gone away and left him. What Ken needed was love! The love that it was my job to give him. And I walked out on it. I could have made the child love me, if I'd tried—if I hadn't been blind and deaf and dumb in my self-absorption.

In the gray light that filtered into my hotel room I got up and began packing.

I knew what I had to do. I had to go back and make hot cocoa for Ken with my own hands. No matter where Will was, that was my job!

**W**HEN my cab pulled up at the blank, gray-stone front of the house, my heart almost failed me. Was I doing something absurd, something silly?

Maybe Will had taken Ken to Nassau with him, leaving Meta to stew in her own wretched juices! Because I knew now that Meta was worse than eccentric. She was out of her mind. Ken had been at her mercy far too long.

That last thought carried me up the steps and got my key into the lock of the front door.

The house seemed entirely deserted. I fumbled for the light switch.

The hall was veiled in dust sheets, as they had been the night Will and I came home from our honeymoon.

My own voice sounded strangely loud to me as I called:

"Meta, Ken! Are you there?"  
There was no answer, only my echo. I

was turning away, when I noticed the faint, winding, cloying smell of gas.

I stood petrified for a second. Then I heard myself cry, "No! Oh, no!"

I flew up the stairs, two at a time to Meta's sitting room. She had a gas-lit fireplace.

I heard a roaring noise in her room. I broke the lock of her door with a heavy bronze lamp base, forcing it open with a strength I never knew I possessed.

The fumes of gas rolled out at me like a tidal wave, strangling me. I had barely strength enough left to fight my way to a window and drive the lamp base through the glass.

"Ken!" I screamed. "Where are you?"

I saw Meta lying on a couch before the fireplace. She was dead. Horribly—dead. It was Ken I had to find—

"Ken—Ken!"

I was suffocating, staggering. I got into the next room and stumbled over him as he lay on the floor a little out of the path of the thick fumes that rolled from the gas logs in Meta's room. I caught him up,

[Please turn to page 65]

# Do this for Your Eyes



**ONE**—Just as Betty Grable does, blend eye shadow lightly over your eyelids, keeping it subdued above and slightly darker toward the lashline. Choose a shade to accent the color of your eyes.

**TWO**—Taper your brows with Maybelline smoothing Eyebrow Pencil. Use Black or Brown to suit your type and note the soft, natural effect.



**THREE**—Darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue. It goes on perfectly—is tear-proof, non-smudging. Solid-form in this stunning gold-colored vanity or Cream-form in smart zipper case is 75c.



BETTY GRABLE  
Appearing in E.G. Sylva's production "Du Barry Was a Lady."

PHOTOS BY HURRELL

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This note is to thank you for producing such a "baby-satisfying" cereal. When we recently started cereal, my chubby little twelve-and-a-half weeks old boy showed a decided preference for Gerber's. You may be quite certain that when the time comes, Gerber's Strained Foods will, by all means, be our choice.

(From an unsolicited letter by Mrs. S.M.B.)

It's hard for us to add to a letter like that! Except simply to rehearse the facts: Gerber's is a pleasant-tasting, nourishing, digestible cereal enriched with food substances containing vitamin B<sub>1</sub> and iron. Dry, pre-cooked, ready to serve. In economical packages bearing the picture of America's Best-Known Baby.



By the Makers of Gerber's  
Strained and Junior Foods for Babies

## Safeguards for Summer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

disease develops from about seven to fourteen days (incubation period) after contact with a person who has the disease.

Whooping cough has three stages. The first period is that in which the symptoms resemble that of an ordinary cold, with a slight cough and possibly a slight fever. The cough, however, in spite of treatment, continues to get worse. It is difficult to make a diagnosis of whooping cough during this stage unless an examination of the blood is made. Whooping cough is most contagious at this time. During the second week, the cough becomes worse and the child is in the second stage of the disease. The cough becomes especially troublesome at night and interferes with sleep. The spells of coughing last much longer. During the cough the breath is drawn in with a long inspiratory crowing sound, the so-called "whoop." This is followed by a series of coughs, the face becomes flushed, the veins in the neck stand out, and vomiting usually occurs. Whooping is usually present, but not every child will whoop. The third week is usually the worst period and at the end of three weeks, the disease has reached its climax.

During the fourth and fifth week, the third stage, or period of decline, is reached and the paroxysms of coughing become less and less and vomiting may stop. Occasionally, months after an attack of whooping cough, a child on catching a cold will whoop, and the mother will become greatly alarmed that her child is having a relapse or a reinfection. The tendency to whoop may persist in certain types of children for many months. It is no indication of whooping cough. Keeping the child out-of-doors is an important part of the treatment, provided the child is not running a temperature.

In rainy and stormy weather it is best to keep the child indoors. Be very careful that he doesn't become chilled or get his feet wet.

Whooping cough is a very serious disease in young infants and the greatest care should be exercised to avoid contact with known cases.

The value of vaccines in the prevention of whooping cough has been fairly well established. It may entirely prevent the occurrence of the disease or may cause the disease, if it does occur, to be milder and shorter in duration. The new concentrate vaccine requires only three to four injections, which are given two or three weeks apart. Very minor after-effects are observed.

Any treatment that will insure a milder case is of value, because the complications of whooping cough are usually very severe and in young infants may cause death.

If the attack of whooping cough is very severe, by all means take your child to a doctor. By means of injections, he can lessen the severity of the disease and give the poor little sufferer some relief.

### Hot Weather Hints

**Food:** Avoid overfeeding your baby and forcing him to eat. Babies' appetites are often lessened in hot weather, and too much food will only harm him. Forcing of foods will cause vomiting and diges-

tive upsets. Let nature, as indicated by the child's appetite, be the judge of the amount of food he eats. Wait until the weather cools before introducing new foods into the diet of older children, or diarrhea may result. Give young babies frequent drinks of boiled, cooled water throughout the day. If the baby is breast-fed, continue with the breast feeding until past the summer. He may be fed at longer intervals, that is, changing from a three-hour schedule to a four-hour feeding. If, however, weaning becomes necessary at this time, the change to cow's milk can be made with safety. Our milk supply in most cities is as safe a product as can be obtained. A word of caution: Refrigerate your milk immediately upon receiving it, and, of course, boil it before using, so that it will be safe from germs and the curds will be broken up and more easily digested.

**Clothing:** Avoid overdressing young infants. If the baby's skin is moist and hot, he is overdressed. During the hottest days, the baby should wear only a sleeveless shirt and a diaper. It is easy enough to add additional clothes if the temperature should drop. The clothing should be light in weight and made of cotton. The older child will be comfortable in a sun suit.

**Skin:** Prickly heat is a sure sign of overdressing and is responsible for most crying and restlessness. It is easily recognized and occurs usually about the neck, armpits, forehead, and groin. Sponge the babies' skin with a solution of one-half alcohol and one-half water. When dry, dust with cornstarch and any good baby powder. Exposing the skin to the air will help to heal the rash.

Frequent sponge baths during the day will bring a great deal of comfort to the young baby.

Tanning of the baby's skin should be done gradually, to avoid burning the skin. At the beginning of exposure, only one or two minutes are advisable. Later, the interval can be gradually lengthened to fifteen minutes front and back. Older children may have a longer sunning, but not more than half an hour twice a day. Babies are more susceptible to high temperatures than adults and sunstroke may result.

Avoid the sun from eleven to two-thirty during the day. The baby is more comfortable indoors with the windows open and the shades drawn. If the baby has a temperature or otherwise appears ill, omit the sun baths.

**Sleep:** The sleeping room should have time to cool after sundown before the child is put to bed. It may be cooled off by an electric fan. Use light bed covers and if necessary, the mother upon retiring may add additional coverings. A mosquito netting should be used for every crib or carriage, whether the baby sleeps indoors or out. Mosquitoes, flies, and insects may bite the baby and not only cause discomfort but even do considerable harm. The common house fly carries many diseases.

Mosquito bites occur mostly on the exposed parts, such as face, arms, and legs. Sponge the parts with a solution of baking soda, to relieve the itching and inflammation.

## Second-Hand Marriage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

sobbing, strangling, and staggered out into the hall. He was so limp, so cold—and yet it seemed to me there was still life in him.

I got to the telephone and called for an ambulance; I even remembered to gasp out the word that mattered: "Gas!" When they came, they were equipped with pulmotors.

And Ken was still alive.

Meta was dead. She had been too close to the source of the fumes to escape as he had. But she had meant to take him with her. There could be no possible doubt of that. Not after I saw Will's letter that was lying on the floor beside the couch, where her unconscious hand had dropped it.

*"Dear Meta: I hoped, after our conversation, that I could forget the malice of your attitude toward Jean. It is true that she has left me. But her motives in doing so cannot possibly concern you. I love my wife, and I have every hope that our differences will be cleared up. No one knows better than you do how unhappy my life was with Norma. I think you are making a mistake in trying to turn Ken into a prodigy like she was.*

*"Please send the boy to me here as soon as you can get him ready. The sun will do him good. Make your own plans. You know you have my backing financially, as well as my gratitude for your sacrifices for me and mine.*

*William"*

"Will! Will!" I sobbed, crushing the letter against my heart. Meta couldn't bear the fact that her domination was over and that she was losing Ken. Her sick brain could only find this one solution. But some greater wisdom, some divine power greater than hers, had triumphed.

I sent Will a wire, telling him to come home at once. Telling him that Ken was all right, but that Meta had met with an accident. I signed the cable, "With all my love, Jean."

He came by plane.

"That she devil—" he cried, hoarsely. "Is Ken all right, Jean? How blind I've been, how mad, not to have seen what she was."

"I was mad, too," I whispered. "Mad with jealousy. Thinking you loved Norma and that you were only trying to forget with me—"

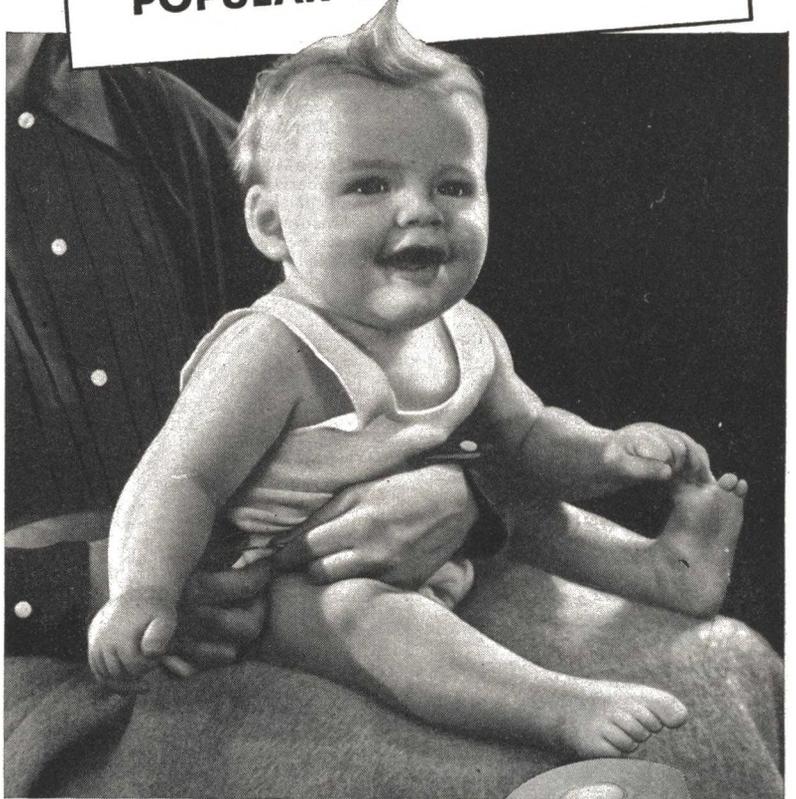
"If you read my letter to Meta," he said, bleakly, "you must understand. Norma was a genius. I couldn't explain to the world that she was less than my wife! After Ken came there was nothing between us not even our work for she was endlessly bickering, endlessly arguing. She thought no one knew as much as she did. She wasn't human, Jean. Oh, it's you I love! It's you whom Ken needs, a mother—"

I AM Ken's mother, now. And the mother of the baby sister he adores. The big, bleak house is closed, forever. And so is the book of the past, for us all. My happiness lies in the fact that Will is really happy, for the first time in his life.



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# I Loved a Playboy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

watching me, eyes and mouth smiling mockingly.

After a while he turned the car around and we started back. He kissed me lightly as he let me out at the lane that led to our house.

"Good night, little June," he said lightly. "You're even cuter than I thought you were. I'll call you again soon. How would you like to drive up to Washington to dinner sometime?"

"I'd love it," I whispered, dizzily. He liked me! He didn't think I was silly and young and provincial! He wanted another date! I couldn't believe it and yet it was true.

I couldn't sleep that night. I kept remembering how his voice had sounded and the touch of his hands and the feeling of his lips. It made me curl up inside with a strange, secret happiness that was new and delicious.

THAT was the beginning. I saw Hoy Burnett often after that. Sometimes we simply rode around the countryside and parked as we had done that first night. Once we drove into Alexandria to have dinner at the George Mason Hotel and go to a movie. Another time we went into Washington and had dinner and danced at the Shoreham. It was the first time I had been in a big hotel. The first time I had seen a cocktail room. I had read and dreamed about these things and now they were coming true.

My parents found out about Hoy. There were scenes around the house with my father and brothers telling me that men like that never married girls like me. All they wanted was a good time. But I fought back furiously. This was my chance—my chance to get out of the rut. I wouldn't give it up.

There was nothing between Hoy and me, nothing but the wonderful time he was showing me and the kisses that frightened and thrilled me and gave me something to dream about and yet went no farther than kisses. Oh, I knew that some day Hoy would try for more—it was there in the mocking smile on his lips and in his eyes. He was playing with me for a while, but a man like Hoy was used to more than kisses. I wasn't so dumb but what I knew that. And yet I was willing to take a chance. I kept telling myself that I could take care of myself, that I knew my way around. I wouldn't let this thing get out of hand. I was living in the present and I didn't want to think of the future.

"You're a fool!" my sister Nancy scolded. "You're getting a bad name for yourself. None of the fellows around here will want to marry you after Hoy Burnett is through with you. And what does Hoy Burnett want to run around with a girl like you for? He wouldn't take you any place where his friends could see you—to the club or to their swell parties—"

"He will!" I contradicted stormily. "We saw lots of people he knew when we went dancing at the Shoreham. He's going to take me there again next week."

"Well, when you get yourself into a peck of trouble don't come around for us to get you out of it," Nancy said darkly. "Bob says everyone in town is talking about you. That Hoy Burnett is a wild one—he and that Van Wyck woman he

used to run around with. They say Mr. Van Wyck put his foot down. That's why she went to Hollywood in a huff and said she was going into the movies. The movies, indeed! With a mug like hers! If she wasn't Lilah Van Wyck nobody would look at her. But if she were here your little friend Hoy wouldn't be chasing around with you."

I didn't answer her. I had heard some of the Warrenton girls talking about Lil Van Wyck in the store the other day. They said she was coming back from Hollywood. She hadn't liked the picture they had wanted her to play in. So she was coming back to Lindores for the racing season.

I had felt a sudden surge of sick fear. I wasn't jealous of any of the young girls of his own crowd that Hoy Burnett knew. He didn't seem to care about them. But although he had never mentioned Lil Van Wyck, I was afraid to have her come back. Somehow I felt that it would change things.

That was the week that Hoy took me into Washington again. We went to a place on Connecticut Avenue for cocktails and then out to the Shoreham for dinner and dancing.

The music and the glitter fascinated me. Hoy spoke to a lot of men and women and boys and girls. The men wore tuxedos and the women and girls had the kind of clothes on that I had only seen in magazines and the movies. Hoy didn't introduce me to any of them and I wondered if he were ashamed of me in the cheap, plain black suit and the small black felt hat. But he didn't seem to be. When we danced he held me close and his dark handsome face touched mine. "You're sweet, June," he whispered gently. "Too sweet."

We drank a lot that night. More than I realized. Cocktails sneak up on you when you're not used to them. It was late when we started home. I was sleepy. My head nodded against Hoy's shoulder.

I felt the machine stop. I knew that Hoy was taking me in his arms. It was nice, I thought drowsily. Nice to be loved by a man like Hoy Burnett. He kissed me then. The way even Hoy had never kissed me. Shatteringly, so that I felt broken to pieces in his hands and my mouth was crushed against his, drowning out my protests. Something that I had never guessed rose up to possess me, drumming in pulses I had never known.

Suddenly I wasn't drowsy any more. I was very wide awake. Awake and frightened—but I knew that it was too late to be frightened—too late to stem the tide of this thing that was sweeping over us.

"June!" Hoy whispered huskily. "Oh, little June. You want it, too, don't you? This is the way it was meant to be from the beginning. We've just been wasting time, haven't we?"

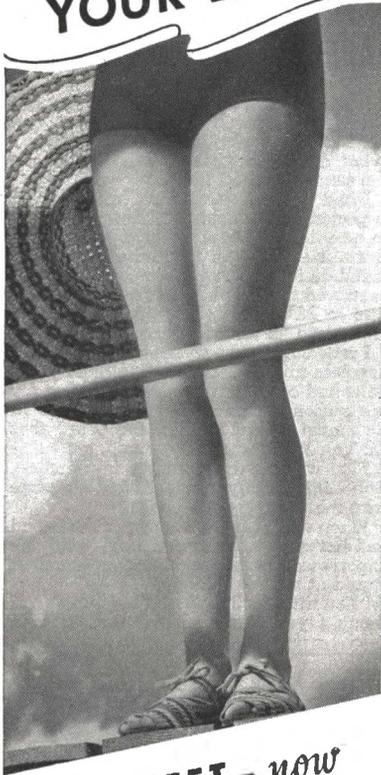
"We mustn't!" I cried. "Hoy! Take me home! We—oh, no, no—Hoy, I'm frightened!"

But his mouth silenced my cry. There was nothing but the strength of his arms and the hardness of his body against me and the shattering pain of living and the terrible, stolen sweetness that consumed me.

I cried all the way home and I didn't want Hoy's arm around me. I stayed as



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you knew weren't good enough for you—you had to start running around with a Hoy Burnett. He's the one, of course! Any girl around here could have told you why any of that crowd go around with girls from town here—it's always little saps like you, who think they're too good for their own folks, who suffer."

I tried to deny it, but it ended with me burying my head in the pillows and crying dismally, strickenly. I heard Nancy leave the room and I knew that she had gone to call my mother and father. I had tried to beg her not to but she wouldn't listen.

And after a while, they came. My mother, white and tired and shamed, from her kitchen. My father, stern and worn, from his fields. My brothers came, too, and Bob from his store and my other brothers-in-law.

They kept me in Nancy's little bedroom and it grew dark outside while the voices droned on and on in the living room. They were voices monotonous with hate and thick with shame, and as I crushed against the door sickly I could hear some of the things they said.

"It's been going on long enough," my brother Sam said sullenly. "We're decent people living decently. These people think because they've got money and their families have had money ever since they can remember that it makes 'em like God. Runnin' around with other men's wives and their drinking parties and their horses and their fast automobiles—gettin' girls like June to think they're something pretty special and then probably laughing about it at that goddam club of theirs that's 'sposed to be so high and mighty. They want to make our girls like their own women—that tramp Lil Van Wyck—everyone knows what she is. The rest of 'em ain't no better. We've put up with it long enough! It's time we did something about it!"

"They've brought a lot of wealth to this part of the country," Bob reminded them slowly. "Nobody'd ever heard about Warrenton or Middleburg or any of our towns if they hadn't come here and fixed up their big homes and kept things going."

"Does that give them the right to put our girls in the position June is in?" Sam demanded fiercely. "I say teach 'em a lesson. Teach 'em to let our girls alone. I'd almost rather see June dead than married to a guy like that—but he's goin' to marry her. But before he does that we'll teach him a lesson that none of 'em will forget for a while. They talk about their ancestors and their southern traditions—well, we'll show 'em we know something 'bout that, too. There's the good old tar and feather tradition and a good thrashing."

"It wasn't his fault any more than mine," I shouted through the door. "He—he didn't mean to. He was drunk and so was I. Oh, let me out. Let me go away. You're making it even more terrible than it is. Let me out—let me tell you. Oh, I'll go away, I'll do anything! Please—please..."

But they paid no attention to me—then or later. It was as though I had no connection in this thing they were about to do.

"He isn't here," Bob reported. "He's in Bermuda. No tellin' when he'll get back."

"We can wait," my brother Sam said inexorably.

I thought wildly that I could run away. But they were too smart to give me the chance. I didn't go to Bob's store any more. My father, tight-lipped and grim-

eyed, forbade me to leave the farm and there seemed to be always someone with me. My mother, weary-eyed and looking older than I ever remember her, or one of my sisters. And my brothers seemed to be always within shouting distance. I was trapped. Trapped within the walls of my own disgrace.

The day Bob came out to our place and I saw him and Sam and my father talking out by the barn, I knew something had happened. They sent the colored boy who helped in the fields over to the dairy for my other brothers.

"He's back," I thought dully. "Hoy is back. They'll get him tonight somehow—wait for him in the shadows of the club or outside the gates of Pine Comfort. They'll pull him out of the car and whip him and take his clothes off and put tar and feathers on him. Then they'll try to force him to marry me. It will be in the papers and the sheriff's men will come out here and get Dad and the boys and put them in jail. What will I do? Oh, God, what will I do?"

**I** HEARD my mother and father in the kitchen. My mother was crying softly. The boys had driven off in the old truck—to make final arrangements for tonight, I supposed. For the first time, no one seemed to be watching me.

I felt dizzy and tired, but I knew that somehow I had to get word to Hoy and warn him. I threw my coat around my shoulders and ran shakily down the lane toward the road. No one stopped me. No one saw me. I kept off the main road and stumbled blindly over fields and short-cuts to the big white colonial house on the hill.

The long, powerful roadster I had such good cause to remember was just pulling out of the driveway. I waved frantically. Hoy saw me, I know, but he pretended that he didn't. His eyes swept across me and a faint flush arose beneath the tan of his skin, and then with a roar, the cream-colored roadster raced up the road, leaving me leaning breathlessly against the big white pillar of the gate, wave after wave of sick humiliation and revulsion sweeping over me.

At that moment I hated Hoy Burnett and all that he stood for. I thought of the punishment my father and brothers were going to mete out to him and I was glad! But the next minute I knew desperately that I couldn't let them do it.

"He's going to the club," I thought sickly. "I'll follow him there! Oh, I ought to let them get him—but I can't! I can't!"

But when I tried to move, sick dizziness made me clutch the pillar blindly. Unless some one came along who would give me a ride to the club I couldn't get there, I thought wearily. Suppose my father or brothers came along first? My heart was pounding and my knees sagged weakly.

I saw a big black car racing along the highway. I stepped out to flag it. I had to get to the club. I had to. I had never been there before. It belonged to the millionaire owners of the estates around. It was the swankiest club in this part of the country. I had always wanted to go there. But not like this—not like this! But I had to let Hoy know what he was facing.

I tried to wave at the car, but the whole earth seemed to be weaving up and down, around and around. I felt myself falling—falling—falling...

Someone was pouring fiery liquid down my throat. A woman's husky voice was saying, "Good Lord, I practically ran over you! Don't you know

better than to go fainting around on highways? What's the matter with you?"

I opened weary eyes and then sat up abruptly, desperately. "You're Lil Van Wyck—Mrs. Van Wyck—" I whispered through dry lips. "I—you don't know me. I'm June Taylor. My father has a farm here. I came over to tell Hoy Burnett something important. He didn't stop. I've—I've got to see him—got to tell him—"

The dark, slanting eyes stared at me with hard curiosity. The red mouth curled. "So it's important that you see Hoy, eh?" the husky voice repeated. "I suppose you couldn't tell me."

I closed my eyes tiredly. I was sick—so desperately sick. Nothing seemed to matter any more. "I—I'm going to have a baby," I whispered. "My father and brothers are going after Hoy. They—they're going to make him marry me, but—but first they're going to beat him and tar and feather him."

I felt her hands biting into my shoulders and the voice sounded harsh and torn. "So you're going to have a baby, and the local yokels are going to take it out on Hoy! Well, isn't that just ducky! It sounds like Hollywood at its worst. Get up. You aren't dead, yet. Get into my car."

She dragged me to my feet and shoved me into the shiny black car.

"Hoy's at the club," she said fiercely. "I'm on my way there now. In the meantime you might as well tell me all about it. What's your game? How much do you want?"

"I don't want anything," I answered wearily and covered my face with my hands. "I thought I did. I thought it would be wonderful to know someone

like Hoy. I—don't think either of us meant to do what we did. He didn't love me. He—oh, God, I'm the one that's paying. It's too big a price. For a few rides in a big car and dinner in Washington and dancing at the Shoreham and a few cocktails. It's too much—too much—"

"Shut up!" Lil Van Wyck said harshly. "Shut up. I can't stand snivelling. When a girl's a fool she deserves what she gets. You should have known that Hoy Burnett wouldn't look twice at a girl like you. He's mine. Do you hear, you silly little fool? He's always been mine. For years he's wanted me to divorce Steve and marry him. But he's a fool, too, to think that I'd let the Van Wyck millions get out of my hands, or to let Steve get enough on me to divorce me."

We pulled up in front of the clubhouse and Lil Van Wyck's stormy eyes stared down at me coldly. "Stay here," she said. "I'll go in and get Hoy."

I stayed there as she told me. There was nothing else to do. I had hated the thought of facing Hoy. It would be worse to face him with this woman beside him.

Then they were coming toward me. Hoy's face was white beneath its tan and his hands were clenched at his sides. Lilah Van Wyck's red mouth was twisted with fury and I could hear what she was saying as she came toward me. "I might have known you would do something like this," she raved. "Now you really have gotten yourself into a mess. As though it weren't bad enough to have Steve hounding us and threatening me—you've got to start getting the whole countryside on your neck. What do you intend to do? Marry the girl?"

"Yes," said Hoy Burnett quietly and striding ahead of her he came to me and opened the door of the car and said, "I'm sorry, June. Believe me, child, if you had let me know I would have come back. I never thought of anything like that. I thought, after that night, it would be smart for both of us to break things off before we got in deep water. Today, when I saw you standing by the gate, I wanted to stop—but I felt it would get things started all over again and it wasn't fair to you—so I kept on going."

"Very noble!" Lil Van Wyck broke in furiously. "No script writer could have done better. Are you going to stand there and let this little rube rope you in like that! For God's sake pay her what she wants and then pack your bags and get out before her clan swoops down on you with their melodramatic lynching party."

Hoy turned and faced her. "I think I'm through, Lil," he said quietly. "June and I will drive to Rockville or some place where we can find a minister to marry us and that will be that! And it isn't because I'm afraid of what her family intend to do to me. I don't blame them much. I'm not awfully proud of my record."

He lifted his arms to help me out of the car. "My car's parked over here, June," he said gently. "Let's get started."

"Don't be a fool, Hoy!" Lil Van Wyck cried. "You can't marry her! Why, they'll laugh you out of society if you let a bunch of hicks trap you like this. Go away until the whole thing blows over. Then come back. I—I'll divorce Steve. I'll fix things up here for you. I'll—"

[Please turn to page 73]

# MEN ALWAYS LOOK TWICE

AT A LOVELY  
"SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION!"



HOW PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL,  
HELPS KEEP SKIN SMOOTH, ALLURING!

I ALWAYS GET JEALOUS WHEN I'M OUT WITH YOU! YOU KNOW SO MANY NICE MEN! I WISH I COULD TRADE MY DRY, LIFELESS SKIN FOR YOUR LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"! THEN MAYBE ALL THE MEN WOULD WANT TO MEET ME, TOO!

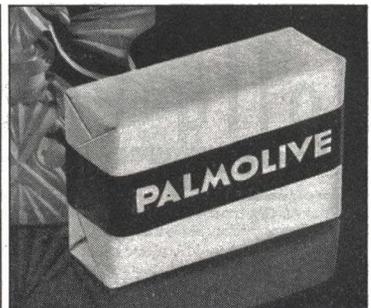


YOU KNOW, MARY, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU WHY YOU DON'T TRY PALMOLIVE SOAP! IT'S SUCH A HELP IN GUARDING AGAINST DRY SKIN!

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!



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## Suppose He Should Find Out!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

thing to do. Elaine and I will never fail you!" Later I cornered Mother in the hall while George went out to get the car. "Mother, how can we ever forget?" I asked bleakly.

"Listen, child, if you don't want a raving maniac in the house, you'll take my advice. No man can go on living in that terrible doubt; not knowing if you are his wife, not knowing if any moment might bring this menace ripping away everything worth while. You can't do that and live! We've got to help; *pretending* to forget is only the start."

She took my hand in her worn ones. "Elaine, you and I must find out the truth. George can't. You and I will never mention this again in his presence. If he wants to talk, let him. But you must hide your feelings, your heartache, your fears. Make him believe we have dismissed the matter. He'll lose his reason if this is constantly dwelt upon. Now, remember, you must force yourself to appear happy. Try to be your old self; it's your only salvation—yours and George's."

My head had found that same old spot on her shoulder. Here, in childish days, I found solace and comfort when tears rolled down my cheeks in hurt or pain. Now, in womanhood, I sobbed as she held me tight. I was still her baby, wounded and afraid.

"What you must do is this," she said. "You are going to contact by letter every authority that might be able to help. George is to know nothing about it. You write at once to Portville, to the postmaster. If it is true what this man says, we'll find someone, sooner or later, who will know whether or not George has another wife and another life which he cannot remember. There's no doubt George is an amnesia victim and we've got to get the truth without his knowledge."

"But, suppose it should be true, Mother? Somehow, I feel Mr. Williams is right; he seemed so certain."

"If it's true, Elaine, we'll face it. You and I," Mother said quietly.

WHEN George came home that evening he found me a different person. I chattered and laughed; talked of everything under the sun. He looked at me oddly, but on I went from topic to topic. My heart cried out in pity. From the big, broad-shouldered man I had married, he had changed to a shadow of his former self. His cheeks were gaunt, his eyes were sunken miles back in his head.

That night, while he was in the shower, I wrote Portville. My hand shook so I could not control it. I tried hard to stifle my fears, but inwardly something told me that the truth would be my undoing.

Thereafter each day, every time I heard a step, I thought it was the postman and I rushed to the door. One moment hope ran high, then I would plunge to the depths of hopelessness.

When the answer finally came I couldn't open the envelope. I looked at it, turned it over a dozen times before I had the courage to read it. Then I learned that there had been such a family but they had left. No forwarding address could be found.

I knelt and prayed. Here was a slight

respite. Even if George did have a wife, and she couldn't be found, I'd have him.

I didn't care about ethics. I feared the law, prison—separation that would kill me. And I feared the truth.

I prayed to God, if George had a wife who lived, to kill her. I suppose I was crazy, but I loved George. No woman's heart shattered into smaller bits than mine in this ordeal.

When my nerves settled a bit, I wrote the Chicago police. None of the Allertons in that city had a missing son. I began to hope. Perhaps all my heartache and pain were groundless after all!

MY LAST effort was to write the Missing Persons Bureau at New York. Days went by and I was lulled into something like security—and then it came: Every word in that letter was burned into my brain.

"My dear Madam: Through the police of this city we are sending you this information: We had a brother missing for over five years. Our money has been exhausted in the search. Father and Mother died of a broken heart. Your letter came too late to give them the joy of knowing Dick is alive. In the early days of his disappearance, we watched the morgue, dragged rivers and surrounding waters. Police set up a dragnet and the city was fincombed. Nothing was left undone. I cannot tell you how grateful we are. You may be sure you have made us all very happy, especially his wife!"

As I read those last two words, my world shattered. I shut my teeth until my jaws ached. I would not give him up! I would not! What did I care for society, this woman, or the law? I wanted happiness for myself, for my baby and the man into whose arms I crept nightly.

That night I lay beside George wide-eyed and staring. I couldn't tell him! I couldn't sleep with the throbbing of my nerves. I heard the clock strike three. Then, I hit upon a solution. At least, it seemed like a solving of the problem to my bewildered mind. I'd gamble! His love for me against the other woman's.

In the morning, I faced the terrible realization that George was not my husband. My child was nameless. I cursed myself for a fool. Why did I ever try to establish my husband's real place. We were happy. We could have gone on safe in each other's love. Now, what was George's status? Mine? My baby's? Those thoughts drove me mad. I would have run away with my baby and George; hid like trapped, hunted animals in dark corners if my mother had not counselled me.

"Elaine, ask that woman to come here. Tell her what has happened. The truth must be faced."

So I wrote to George's "other" wife and she decided to come, to travel miles to claim her man. Obviously she gave no thought to me or my baby. I almost lost my reason waiting for this woman. How would she meet George—who was my husband, too!

I knew George was still worrying about

his past even though I made believe I had forgotten all about it.

And then several days later, the doctor brought him home in his car. We got George to bed, the doctor staying the greater part of the night. George had brain fever. For weeks I nursed him. I wrote to the other woman to postpone her visit—George was ill, I explained, and she agreed. I prayed, hour upon hour, asking God to spare him. Through all those weary days and nights I never left his bedside. In his delirium he kept mentioning, *The Mary Ann*. I gathered that that was the ship he had spoken of but never before by name.

ONE morning George recognized me. The wan smile on his pale face was my greatest reward. The fever had gone, but he was a skeleton of his former self. Like a child, in weakness, he clung to me through long days of convalescence. And then one day George said quietly:

"Elaine, dear, ask your mother to come out a moment. I have something to tell you both."

"Now, dear?" I asked.

He nodded.

I adjusted his pillows as Mother pulled a chair up. I was afraid he'd hear the pounding of my heart.

"It's cleared," he said simply, "my mind."

The quiet, evenness of his voice made shivery waves race up my spine. Mother's face was white; mine I knew was bloodless, too.

"I remember now. I did live in New York. I had a family. Father, mother, sisters, and brothers. He moved his head

slowly until his eyes leveled mine. "Oh, my dearest, how can I tell you this? For I had a wife, too."

I sat there as if made of stone. Then George went on hesitatingly.

"I lived it all over again while I was sick. I had a business there. I used to suffer terrific headaches. I took powders. One day I swallowed five, one right after the other. Then came the blank."

"Try to remember, George," Mother said, her voice strained, unnatural.

"That ship, *The Mary Ann*—" George was groping through the haze of years, "was a coastwise steamer. The crew found me on the wharf where I had wandered. They thought I was drunk. When they came back from shore leave, I was still there. They carried me aboard and tossed me in a bunk, thinking I was a member of the ship's company. We docked at a southern port. The captain sent me to a hospital. When I was discharged I had to sign my name. My hand shook so the signature was mistaken for Allison. They said that was my name, and I couldn't remember. How I came here, what I did, where I've been—" He passed his hand over his brow. "I still can't piece together. Oh, Elaine, my darling, this is so terrible, so awful for you."

"What are we to do, my dear?" he whispered.

I couldn't speak. My lips moved mutely. What were we to do? How could I offer solace? Could I tell him that he was guilty of bigamy and that his baby and I were innocent victims? Besides, I loved him. He was mine by right of love.

Playing in the sunlight in her sand box was our little daughter. She looked up

and catching our eyes on her, she bounded up the path into her father's arms. He held her to his breast and buried his lips in her mass of curls. I came and sat on the edge of his chair and he pressed me to him, too. I kissed his forehead.

There we sat in the last rays of the afternoon sun. George's arms wrapped about me and our little girl. We sat until the dew mingled with my tears.

"Elaine," he said that night after the baby was in bed, "we'll have to communicate with my family. I know I was married—although I can't remember my wife. That part of my life is befogged, vague. And yet for our peace of mind, we've got to find out about her."

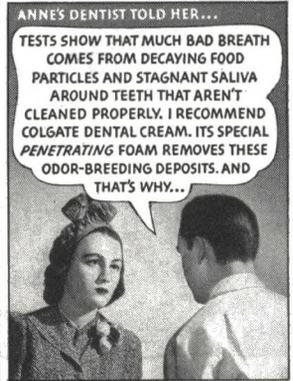
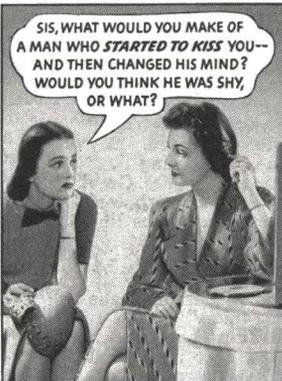
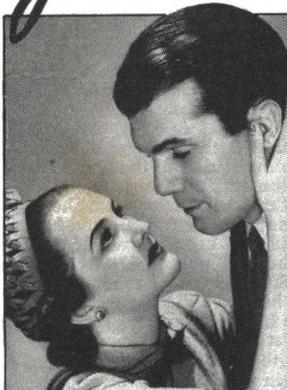
And so I wrote her once again and told her George was well now. She could come now whenever she was ready. . . .

But suppose George should remember her, remember her all too vividly. Suppose he should find her as charming as when he married her. I knew the heart-break she must have felt when he disappeared; the despairing hours that were hers through that long search; the agony of the long days and nights that brought no word of him.

This woman—I could not say "his wife"—may have loved him, and might love him still, but she certainly could not love him with greater depth than I. The thrill that surged through me at his caresses sent my blood pounding in my veins, and my lips eagerly seeking his. We were both completely satisfied, supremely happy in our union.

Would the same spark flame anew for his former wife? She had at my suggestion, enclosed a separate letter for George

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Sonatural they even have half-moons.

in her letter to me. In it she said she was an old friend of his family passing this way and they had asked her to drop in and see him. She signed that letter, Helen Gray.

I met her at the station. My heart sank as she slowly came toward me. I had described what I'd be wearing and we recognized each other immediately. She was stunning. Tall as I am short. Big, rather sad brown eyes and wavy hair, smartly groomed.

**S**HE had the poise a big city gives one and the knack of wearing clothes. She was sweet and gracious, and instinctively I liked her. Our drive home was restrained, rather silent. As we entered our house, George came out to greet us.

"George, this is Mrs. Gray, an old friend of your family."

She did not extend her hand. The sadness in her eyes deepened, the lines of pain about her mouth grew sharper. Her lips trembled, but her gaze was steady. George's bow was that of casual meeting. In his face there was no sign of recognition.

"Dick," she half whispered, then with a catch in her voice, she went on, "you have—charming flowers on your place. So different from the East."

George was anxious to bring the subject nearest his heart under discussion.

"You know my people?" he asked tensely.

We had entered the living room. Mrs. Gray sat facing George.

"Very well," she replied. "I know them all."

"Mrs. Gray, this is very vital to my happiness... our happiness, Elaine's and mine—you must tell me—"

I held to the arms of the chair. I knew what he was going to ask...

"You see," George went on tensely, "I'm not clear about my wife. If there is one—in New York. Do you know if I have a wife in New York?" he concluded simply.

The woman's lips were tight. There were white, hard knots along her jaw. Her voice came as though a great distance separated us; it was low, almost a whisper:

"Yes, you did leave a wife in New York."

"Oh, God!" George whispered, "My baby—and you, Elaine, my darling..."

I was too shattered to speak. Mrs. Gray was silent. Her eyes swept George's bowed head and for a moment her glance lingered. Then she asked:

"A baby? You have a child?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"I didn't know there was a baby," she said softly. "You poor thing."

I pointed to a small framed picture on the piano. She walked over and gazed intently at the baby's photograph.

"So much like—like—your husband," she said. "Same eyes and smile." She stared long at the childish features. "Do you mind—would it be asking too much to ask you for this photograph? I know your—your family back East would love to have it."

"Yes, of course," George said. "My baby and my wife—Elaine, I mean, are in a terrible spot, Mrs. Gray. Is there nothing I can do? I'll have to communicate with this—this other woman. Something must be done."

"I'm sorry—so sorry," the woman spoke softly. "You are happy here, aren't you—you and your little family?"

"Happy?" George's voice broke. "It's been a happiness greater than anyone could imagine or hope to have."

Just then little Dorry burst in. "Daddy,

Daddy." She threw her chubby arms about his neck. Then she saw we had a guest.

"My daddy's getting better," she said cheerfully. "I love my daddy."

"Yes, my dear," Mrs. Gray said. "I know how you must love him."

I saw a tear steal down her face. She had turned from our little girl and stared straight at George, her eyes brimming.

"Why are you crying?" Dorry asked with childish candor.

For an instant there was no answer. She held out her arms and Dorry climbed to her lap. "I'm crying because once I had hoped for a little girl of my own. A little girl much like you, even to the way your eyes are set and the way you smile. I'm crying because your daddy means so much to you, and he's been so ill. But, I shan't cry any more. Look, I'm smiling." She kissed the soft, tender palms of the hands she held, and smiled bravely into the upturned face.

I couldn't see. A mist blinded me. I heard Dorry query: "Have you a daddy?"

The woman buried her face in Dorry's curls: "Yes, I had a daddy once, a long, long time ago." Her fingers opened and closed, her glance shifted to me. "But he went away, and..."

"Did the angels take him to heaven?"

A strange, gentle smile crossed her ashen face:

"Yes. A sweet little angel like you. And, another one, a mamma angel."

She moved toward the door. George pulled himself from his chair, holding open the screen. She passed close to him, her eyes searching his face. There was no handshake; no word of parting other than a simple, "goodbye." The door swung shut. She and I stepped into the car. We kissed at the station, tears wetting our lips. She put her hands on my shoulders, crying unashamedly.

"Tell him I was afraid to say it. Afraid he was too weak, and couldn't stand it. Tell him, after I've gone that the wife he left in New York is... dead!"

"Will you get a divorce?" I ventured.

"Yes," she said. "I'll get an Enoch Arden decree of desertion."

**I** WATCHED the train pull out of the station, waited until the last car swung around the curve. There I stood with a slender thread, her word, that she'd get a divorce so that our union could be made legal. Will she keep her word? Will she divorce as she promised? Or will she, womanlike, change her mind, demanding what is hers? Will she become vindictive, use her weapon, and brand George a bigamist?

I feel that in the eyes of God I am justified in my relentless attempt to protect the love and happiness of my husband and child. Man-made laws, however, will not recognize the validity of our marriage unless she gets her decree. I can always have a religious ceremony performed. George would agree, unquestioningly. Every thing depends on her! Day and night I pray that I be given fortitude to wait her word which will set us free and give us our happiness. Oh, dear God, if only she doesn't change her mind! If only she keeps her word!

George is happy. He believes the woman he married is dead; he believes the woman lying at his side nightly is his wife. He sleeps soundly.

I watch the postman daily for word from her. God grant it will come soon!



# I Loved a Playboy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

Hoy didn't answer her. He took my hand and led me to the cream-colored roadster. He climbed in beside me and started it. I couldn't look at Lil Van Wyck standing there with her eyes burning wildly in her livid face.

We started toward Washington. "We can stop there and buy you whatever you need," Hoy said, still in that quiet, gentle voice.

"You don't have to marry me," I said desperately. "I would almost rather you wouldn't. A—a lot of the things she said were true. We wouldn't be happy. We aren't at all the same kind. You would always feel that you were trapped. If I could have gotten away I would have, but they watched me all the time. But today I knew I had to warn you. Do as she said and go away for a while—until—until everything blows over. There are places that take care of girls like me—they'll see me through the hard time and then get me started—"

He stopped the car. The russet eyes weren't mocking anymore. Silently, gently, Hoy helped me out and over to the shaded side of the road. He pulled me around to face him, "Look in my eyes June," he said. "We got off to a bad start. But we've got to see it through together. I think I saw the real Lil there in Bermuda—and maybe it was because I had known you. She was hard and brittle and

older than I was. I was fascinated by her. In our crowd it's smart to run around and cheat and get by with what you can. But to stand face to face with the idea of a bunch of men who want to beat you up and tar and feather you, makes you feel that something is wrong somewhere—something pretty rotten in yourself that can make people want to do that to you.

"Not that I'm afraid," he added quietly. "If it would help I'd go back there and let them do it. But it wouldn't help. It would only get them in trouble, too."

I nodded. "I know," I whispered. "I thought of that, too. I didn't want it to happen to you—but—but I wanted to save them from the consequences of doing it."

He smiled at me and then reached out and pulled me to him. He stroked the rumpled hair away from my forehead. He pushed it back from my neck and his fingers caressed my throat. "You deserve something better than you're getting, June," he said somberly. "We don't even know each other very well, do we? We were both out for a good time—and now we're going to get married."

"You don't have to marry me!" I cried again wildly. "It wasn't all your fault—Mrs. Van Wyck was right about that, too. A girl's a fool who did what I did. She deserves what she gets. She—"

"Shut up," he said gently and kissed me. "We probably have a lot more to make

our marriage happy than most of the couples in my crowd. Take me, June, and try to make an honest man out of me and forget what a heel I've been—"

That was two years ago.

No one believed that our marriage could possibly last. But it has. Perhaps it lasted because Hoy completely dropped away from his old crowd. We aren't in society—and I'm glad. I know now that the things that seemed so glamorous to me at one time are but the shadows of life. The real things are the things that last—security and love and peace.

Hoy has taken charge of his father's interests in the Islands. We live very quietly in a modest beach bungalow with a native maid and nurse for little Hoy, Junior. I help Hoy with the plantation accounts and management. We have grown very close together and I believe my husband's love for me is now a deep and lasting one.

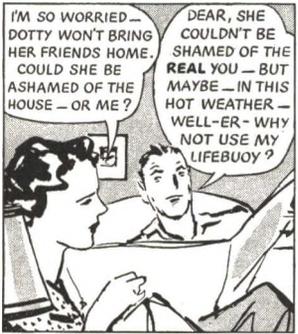
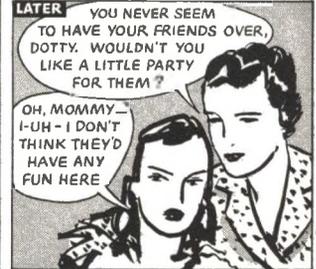
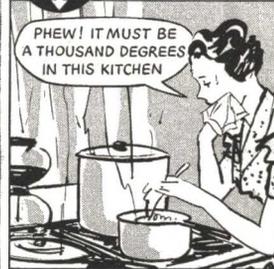
The shadow of those days in Virginia still hangs over us however and we know that we can never go back.

Frequently I read in the papers from the states about Lilah Van Wyck. She is still riding her fast horses, still driving her powerful cars, still battering on the doors of Hollywood and having her pictures taken in New York night clubs with her fabulous jewels sparkling at fingers and arms and neck. But I don't hate Lil Van Wyck anymore. I don't even envy her. The thing she wanted most in life is mine—Hoy and the happiness we have found together with our child. I have found that the other things she has do not count.



IT WAS HOT, "PERSPIREY" WEATHER — MRS. F... UNKNOWINGLY HAD **B.O.** (BODY ODOR) AND HER WORRY MADE IT WORSE!

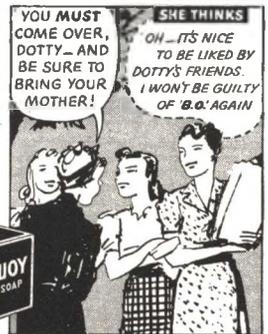
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**Two-Timing Husband**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

who'd changed from a fresh, cheeky, long-legged, lovable little brat into a wife and mother.

I was already beginning to regret that I'd come home. There were too many things that hurt, like the look of worried bewilderment in Mom's tired eyes as she tried to figure out what had happened to her son. All of them—Mom, Alice, her husband Lew, and the old friends I met on the street—lived in a world I didn't belong to any more. I'd drifted so far away that now I was a stranger in their midst, longing to get back to the Coast and Margot.

I HADN'T mentioned Margot to my family. She was a California girl who sang on the radio and in night clubs when she bothered to work. Tall as a fashion drawing, always exquisitely groomed, always beautiful. Once Margot and I had started for Yuma to get married, but we had never finished the trip, and what had existed between us since then was something that mothers like mine just really don't understand.

Lying up there in that old attic room, I'd ache for the touch of Margot's arms about my neck.

That was the kind of fellow Rita Thomas met, the night my mother introduced us in the kitchen. I knew I hadn't met anyone like her for a long, long time. It wasn't just that she was pretty, though she did have wavy brown hair and nice eyes. There was something more to it than that. I'd seen girls who were prettier, but I'd never seen one who was more attractive. Every expression on her face seemed to come right from her heart.

I noticed a light in Mom's eyes as she looked from Rita to me and back again, and I knew she was thinking how nice it would be if only her son could get interested in some fine girl like this and settle down.

Poor Mom! I'd have hated to tell her what a futile, hopeless dream that was. "We'd better be going," Alice said. "Billy will sleep for a while, Rita. Give him his bottle at ten o'clock. We won't be out much later than that."

Rita smiled, "Don't hurry back on my account, and don't worry about Billy. We get along together just fine."

That was how we met, Rita and I, and if I'd known then what that meeting would lead to during the next few weeks, I wouldn't have gone with the folks to the show that night. I'd have gone down to the depot instead and taken the first train out of town.

Rita and I had a lot of good times together. I took her to movies, for drives along the river road in Lew's car, to the carnival at Simonsville. I had dinner with her folks, quiet-voiced, kindly people whom I loved as soon as I met them. Just being with Rita gave me a comfort and peace of mind I hadn't known for years. I'd almost forgotten there were girls like her—smiling, happy, genuine girls who had a simple faith in life and lived by the standards and values I'd long ago discarded. Honesty, loyalty, devotion—these were terribly important to her.

Sometimes I got the feeling that I was making a conquest with her, and it troubled me. She wasn't the kind of girl

for a conquest; she was a girl whom any man in his right senses would grab up and marry, quick. I knew that if she ever fell in love she would do it with all her heart and soul, wholly and completely. And I knew that if she ever fell in love with Ed Holmgren there would be nothing but misery and heartbreak ahead of her. I didn't want to hurt Rita Thomas, ever. I wanted to leave her just as I'd found her, the same, sweet, unspoiled kid who had come into Mom's kitchen that night to mind the baby.

But those resolutions went the way of so many others that I'd made. There was a night when my arms were around her and hers around me. It wasn't planned; it just happened, and it made me forget that I was the kind of man I was and had no right to have anything to do with a girl like Rita. The warm softness of her lips blotted out everything, mixing up right and wrong until one became the other.

All I was conscious of, as my veins throbbed with hunger for her, was that she was a woman, as lovely and desirable as any woman could ever be, and that she was in my arms.

I would have pulled out of town after that if it hadn't been for Mom. I wanted to get so far away from Rita so that what had happened could never, never happen again.

But Mom was ailing. Her heart was bad, and my sister warned me against leaving so soon. "She knows that when you go away this time she'll never see you again, Ed. Don't leave now while she's so weak. She wouldn't be able to stand it."

AND Alice was right—dead right. I had to stick around, no matter how little I wanted to. But I did make an effort to keep out of Rita's way as much as I could. I felt ashamed and disgusted with myself every time I thought of that night.

Mom was ill for several weeks, but as she got well she seemed resigned to my leaving. I promised to come home and see her every summer from then on, and whether she believed I would or not, that helped a little.

Meanwhile I'd written to Jake Sims, an old friend who was holding down the slot on a San Francisco paper, asking him for a job, and he wired back saying I could come to work whenever I wanted to. To make me even more anxious to get back to the coast, Margot had written to tell me she had moved to San Francisco and was singing over one of the Bay stations. I was all packed, ready to leave—

And then Rita told me, right out of this air! "Ed, I'm going to have a baby."

We'd been talking of ordinary things as we walked along the dark street toward her home. What she said was such a shock that for a moment it didn't register. I looked around at her, slowly, my mouth gaping open, and I saw her nodding, "Yes, Ed. I've known for several days." I grabbed her by the shoulders and swung her around so that the light at the corner of the block fell on her eyes. Her face was calm, impassive, with only the quivering of her lips and the tears she was holding back to betray the anguish that was going on in her mind.

I was so stunned that I didn't know what to say. Rita with a child! My child! Bitterly I realized how inevitable it had been. It was always the good kids, the sweet kids like her, who got trapped. Life lies in wait for them, ready to slap them down at the first wrong move. I heard myself muttering to her, almost incoherently, "You don't have to worry, kid! I'll take care of you. I've got a little money—I can get more—there are plenty of doctors—"

I knew then that I'd said the wrong thing, the one thing I shouldn't have said. I knew it when she tore from my grasp and backed away. In her eyes there was a look that made me squirm.

"Doctors!" Her lip curled in scorn. "I won't listen to you talking like that! I don't want any doctors like that." She lifted her chin and looked at me through eyes that were now brimming with tears. "I'm going to have my baby!"

The grip she had had on herself suddenly broke, and all at once she was sobbing, trembling. "I'm not blaming you, Ed. It was as much my fault as yours. I'm not even asking you to do anything about it. You can go away—forget I ever existed."

"And leave you to face it alone! Listen, Rita—we'll get married—"

"No, I don't want that, either! Marriage means too much to me, Ed. Something beautiful, worth living for. I won't accept any substitutes. I'm not going to be forced into it—and I won't force you into it, either."

"Rita, you don't know what you are talking about! You're full of dreams that will be kicked out of you the way mine were kicked out of me. If we don't get married, you'll be buried under an avalanche of scorn you'll never forget."

"What do I care?" she demanded stubbornly. "It's what you think of yourself that counts. That's the only thing that really matters."

"Oh, you poor little fool!" I groaned. "Do you think you'd be the only one to suffer? What about your folks, my folks. What about the baby? Do you know what scandal will do to them? Rita, you must marry me! Maybe this wedding won't be the one you've dreamed about, but we have to get married whether we want to or not. After the baby's born you can get a divorce. You can have your freedom. I won't stand in your way."

**I**TOOK me a long time to convince her, but I finally did it. Gradually her objections died away, and she just stood there listening to me, her eyes glistening with tears as she stared past me fixedly into the gloom.

"I suppose you're right, Ed," she said in a thin whisper. "We—we've got to get married—whether we like it or not." She gave a harsh, crazy-sounding little laugh. "I can get a divorce after the baby is born. We'll probably hate each other so much before half the time has passed that you'll be glad to give it to me."

When I left Raineton for the coast, Rita came with me—my wife. And if the kid had ever dreamed her wedding day would be the happiest one of her life, that surely was the morning on which those dreams crashed to the ground. While a cold, chilling rain fell from doughy skies we had an early-morning wedding with just our families present. There was little celebration—everyone was still too astonished by the suddenness of our decision, and the Thomases, so abruptly faced with the loss of their only daughter, were openly fearful and worried. The gravity in Rita's blue eyes didn't make me any happier, either. I

hated myself for having forced her into this shabby makeshift for the kind of marriage she had always wanted. It wasn't a marriage at all—it was merely the best way out of a bad situation, and a sorry thing to offer an idealistic kid like her. I couldn't help feeling scared of those months ahead of us.

We were as far apart as the poles in everything, and unless we were lucky, the time we would spend together would be hell for us both.

We arrived in San Francisco shortly before noon the next day. I knew the city well—I'd worked there for a while—and within a few hours I'd seen Jake about my job and found a little apartment for Rita and me on Van Nuss Avenue.

And the first thing I did when we were alone there was answer the question in Rita's eyes.

Opening the door of the one bedroom, I said, "That's yours, kid. Yours and yours alone. I'll make out here in the living room. With the kind of marriage ours is, that's the way it had better be."

She nodded, gratefully. "Yes, Ed. That's the way it had better be."

I rested my hands on her shoulders, and met her solemn gaze with a grin. "Cheer up, hon! It won't be so bad. We're good, sensible people, and we're still pals. There isn't a reason in the world why we shouldn't be able to get along. How's for the old smile?"

She made an effort at it, but it wasn't much good.

"More!" I urged. "A great big one."

"Ed!" She laughed, the first time I'd seen her do it in days. And suddenly the ice between us was broken. I felt an almost uncontrollable urge to sweep her up in my arms and hold her close to me. But I fought that urge down—I knew that once I'd started that I'd be making everything more difficult for both of us.

"You get slicked up," I told her, "and I'll take you out and show you the town. How about taking the cable car over the hill to the Chinese Theatre? And I know a place where you take off your shoes and kneel down on the floor to eat sukiyaki dished up by a little woman in a kimono and obi. How would you like that?"

"It would be grand, Ed!" she laughed excitedly.

That night I had the swellest time of my life. San Francisco was a magic city to Rita. It made her forget the happenings of the past few weeks, and once more she was the laughing, starry-eyed girl I'd taken to the Simonsville carnival. The difficulties ahead of us seemed small and unimportant. I felt that even though we had been forced into a marriage against our wishes we could get a lot of fun and enjoyment out of life.

And I wanted to make Rita happy, if only to pay in a small way for what I'd done to her.

She'd never in her life seen any craft bigger than a rowboat, and she wanted to make the ferry trip across the bay, just for the ride. It was good to watch her excited eyes as she stood on the deck staring back at the lights of the city. She was entranced with the scene. The lights of the Bay Bridge, right above our heads for a moment, were like bright amber jewels against the dark velvet of the sky. Off in the distance was the low-lying bulk of the island where the coming fair was to be held. Ships moved through the harbor, sometimes half hidden by filmy scarves of mist.

I'd seen all that before and it had never meant a thing to me. But now I was see-

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ing it through her eyes, getting the same thrill out of it that she was. And suddenly as I looked at her, I felt a lump in my throat, and I found myself doing something I thought I'd forgotten how to do—praying. Not for myself, but for her—praying that I'd never hurt her any more than I had already, praying that she would always be as she was now, untouched by the bitterness and cynicism that had laid their acid brands on me.

Arm in arm we strolled the length of the boat, pausing a while at the engine-room fiddley to watch the steady, rhythmic beat of the huge piston-rods. We went around the stern and turned back—and almost ran smack into Margot!

I'd known it had to happen, but I wasn't prepared for it then. For days I hadn't even dared to think of her. I'd dreaded the moment when I'd have to face her. I tried to put her out of my mind. But here she was now, and there was no putting it off any longer.

She gave no sign that she knew me, except for a swift, appraising glance at Rita and a levelling of her smoky-gray eyes at me as she passed by.

I had to see her! There were things to be explained, things to be settled, and they had to be settled now. I was relieved when Rita decided to sit down for a while in the warmth of the main-deck salon. It gave me a chance to go back and look for Margot. She was standing alone in the stern, and she must have been watching us through the windows, for she didn't even look around as I spoke. She just said in a husky, throaty voice, "Who's the school-girl, Ed? My latest rival?"

"Margot," I said slowly, "that's my wife. I'm married."

I COULD see the shock of it shattering her poise and calm. I could have told Margot that I'd just killed a man and it wouldn't have hit her any harder. Turning to me, she tried to smile; the smile faded and came back and faded again. "Ed! You're—you're joking!"

"I wish I were! But I'm not! I married her while I was back home." I told Margot what had happened, trying desperately with every word to make it easier, to soften the blow I knew it was to her.

Her lips twisted in a bitter grimace as I finished. "So you married her to avoid a scandal! And what am I supposed to do—congratulate you? Pretend that it's easy to be discarded this way?"

"Margot, you're not discarded. When Rita's baby is born she'll go back to her parents. Until then—"

Margot clutched my arm, and for a moment there was desperation in her eyes. "We needn't let it make any difference to us, Ed. If you're not in love with her—"

"It's got to make all the difference in

the world. Don't you see? I walked into that kid's life and made a mess of it. I promised her a year of marriage, and that's little enough, God knows, for what I've done to her. She's going to get that year, and there's not going to be any other woman to spoil it for her."

"Other woman! So I'm the other woman now! After all—"

"Margot, try to see what I'm driving at," I implored. "That girl's suffered enough and she has a hard time ahead of her. I can't take a chance on humiliating her! We've got to wait—for at least a year—"

"But I won't wait! Ed, I'm not going to let you ease me out of the picture like this! Why, in a year you wouldn't even remember me—"

She broke off suddenly, as she realized her excited voice was drawing curious stares. All the smooth, polished sophistication was gone now; she was just a woman—troubled, unsure of herself. She swallowed, dropped her voice to a whisper. "You know where I'm living, Ed. My address was in that letter I sent you. I'll be looking for you." Then she turned swiftly and ran up the companionway to the top deck.

I couldn't get Margot out of my mind after that. She haunted me. In trying to choose between these two women with whose lives mine had become so tangled I went through a mental hell. And I had to choose, one way or the other. I couldn't be loyal to both of them. I had either to cast Margot aside entirely or give Rita a kind of marriage that would envelop her in shame and humiliation if she ever learned the truth. There had been nothing settled by my marriage to her—not when there was someone like Margot left behind.

I went up to Margot's Taylor Street flat one night, hoping I could straighten things out and get her to understand. But Margot didn't want explanations—what woman who thinks she is being discarded ever does?—and everything I had to say seemed futile against her tears. "You had no right to marry this girl, Ed!" she sobbed brokenly. "You owe me something, too! Don't ask me to give you up to her now! Don't leave me alone, Ed!"

I'd never been able to withstand Margot's tears. They'd always cut me up inside and they did now. I knew as I found her in my arms that there would be no cutting her out of my life abruptly, not even for a year. She was right; I did owe her something. You just can't use up the good years of a woman's life and then expect her to take back the remnant that's left.

I went back to Margot time and time again after that. Not always because I owed it to her—sometimes I went because I was driven back to her by the barriers between Rita and me. I'd lie awake at night, staring at the door of Rita's room, wanting to kick it in and make this marriage of ours real. But I couldn't do it, no matter how the distance between us tortured me. I had no right now even to think of Rita as my wife.

And so I found it easy to remember Margot and go back to her. I went to her apartment and I took her to night clubs and we got drunk together, and in a little while everything was just as it had been in the old days in Los Angeles, before there had been any Rita.

But if it was easy to go to Margot, it was hard to come home afterwards and lie to a girl in whose open, likeable face there was an honesty that made me squirm. It tore at my heart every time I had to do it.

She never complained about my staying out until all hours or coming home half cockeyed, and that seemed to make it all the harder. When I did come in I'd invariably find her curled up like a kitten on the chesterfield, fast asleep, with a magazine still clutched in her fingers. No matter how late I was, she would stay up to fix me the hot milk and sandwich she knew I liked. Those nights I despised myself for deceiving her.

Even though I tried to keep apart the two halves of this double life I was leading, that affair with Margot reached right into our apartment. Living with one woman, owing so much to another, dreading the thought of hurting either of them, put such a strain on me that I was nervous and irritable, and there were quarrels with Rita in spite of every attempt she made to avoid them.

Those quarrels turned her into a downcast, spindrifted girl, steadily building a wall around herself. She'd get lonely and homesick, and I'd come in to see by the redness of her eyes that she'd been crying. "When I go home to Rainetor—" A phrase like that would slip out before she could check herself.

I hated myself for the loneliness I thrust upon her and I began to hate Margot for her part in making me do it. Her driving possessiveness, her constant reminders of my duty toward her, and her flaming jealousy almost drove me crazy. She'd fly into sullen fits of temper if I even mentioned my wife.

"I get so sick and tired of hearing about her," she snapped one night when we were drinking in a Powell Street bar. "You think a lot more of her than you do of me.

You can't tell me you're not in love with her!"

I didn't say anything to that. Margot glared at me, shaking my arm and demanding an answer. "Well, aren't you?"

"Sure!" I said. "Sure I'm in love with her. Only I haven't got the guts to try to make her see it now, after the way I've treated her. If I thought that she could ever love me I'd—I'd—but what's the use of even thinking about it now! The kid's living for the day when she can go home to her folks."

"You're the one who was going to come back to me in a year," Margot sneered. "I'd have been a fool to let you get away with that. I'd never have seen you again! Don't ever forget, Ed—you've some responsibilities toward me, too."

"Responsibilities! That's all I've heard since the night I ran into you. Sometimes I wonder if I really owe you a damn thing. I've got a faint idea that you've been playing me for a sucker all these years. Look at you now—you haven't sung anywhere for months, but you're getting along all right. You couldn't live the way you do on what money I can afford to give you. Who's paying all the bills?"

Margot's smoky-gray eyes narrowed. "Supposing you were right?" she said with a derisive curl of her lip. "What would you do about it—get indignant and walk out on me? Try it and see what happens! I'll make life so hard for you and that wife of yours you'll be sorry you ever saw me. I'll smear both of you—I'll make her despise you for the cheap cheat that you are!"

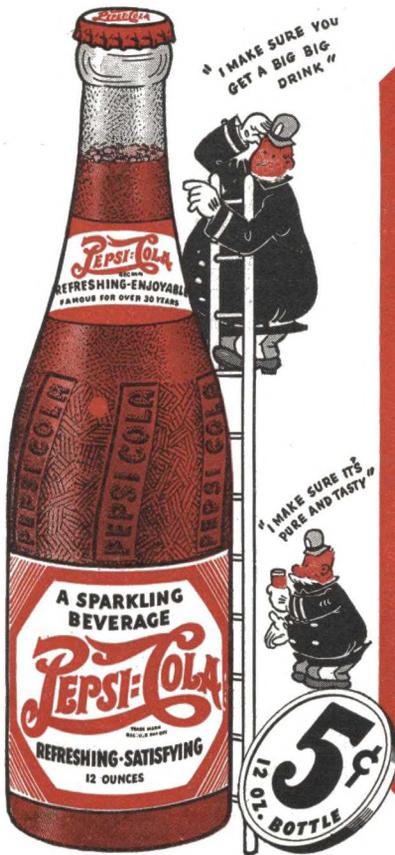
I bit my lip, trying to choke down my disgust. Once it had been her tears, now

it was these threats of going to Rita. "She couldn't despise me much more than I despise myself," I muttered. "I promised her marriage—a year of it—and I've given her nothing but loneliness and the shabby end of a shabby affair. Some day, Margot, I'm going to write myself a ticket to freedom from you. That's a promise. And I'll make another one to go with it. If you do anything to upset Rita, so help me, I'll kill you!"

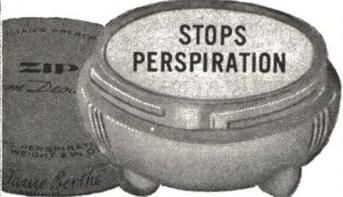
**K**ILL her? I believe I would have, had she attempted to go near my wife at that time. As Rita's trip to the hospital drew near, my nerves were on edge. I was so full of fears for the kid that I hated to leave her alone for a minute. And too, I was gripped by a deep sense of regret that our marriage hadn't worked out differently. Looking back over the past few months, I felt that if I'd been able to live them over again I might have turned it from a makeshift into something real and lasting.

But I'd chosen wrongly, right at the beginning, and it was too late to make up for it now.

To make things worse, I got an out-of-town assignment that very last week. I hated to go away at a time like that, but I was the only man available, and the story had to be covered. I drove to the town in a borrowed car and was there two days, sending in my copy by phone and press-rate-collect wires, and calling Rita twice a day. From what she told me, I knew I couldn't be away much longer. "Try to get home, Ed," she pleaded. "I'll wait as long as I can. I want—I want you to be near me when I go."



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Jake promised to send a man out to relieve me, but before he could the story blew up and I was able to return. I burned up the roads getting back, but luck was against me and I had a blowout. And then in San Francisco traffic was heavy and a drizzly rain had made the streets slippery. Impatient at every delay, I pushed through as fast as I could, thinking all the time of the ordeal that lay ahead of Rita. Poor kid, she hadn't been given much of a break—

I stiffened as the swinging lights of a car making the turn at an intersection lit up the faces of the man and woman in a big sedan that had slid alongside me to wait for the light. Margot! There was no mistaking her. I could even hear her throaty laughter through the soft hiss of the rain.

**SO SHE** was cheating! I felt a cold, bitter anger. Not jealousy, just anger. Anger because she had made such a fool of me. Anger because of what I'd lost and missed and thrown away because I'd fallen for her tears.

When the machine surged ahead I swung in behind it and hung on its tail until it turned into Taylor Street and stopped at the apartment house where Margot lived. I watched her and the man leave the car and enter the building, and the hatred I felt for her turned to a searing flame.

I waited a couple of minutes and then followed them up. Margot had already changed into a housecoat and the hiss of her swiftly indrawn breath as she opened the door of her apartment and saw me there told me I had the goods on her. She tried to stop me from coming in, but it would have taken more than that to stop me then. I pushed her roughly aside and went in. The man was there, all right; a big, swarthy, prosperous-looking man, just the type I might have figured she'd go for. Margot, seeing the ugly mood I was in, was pulling at my arm, trying to get me out of the place.

I brushed her aside a second time, snarling, "Get away from me, you crummy, two-timing little tramp!"

The man came at me, and I took a poke at him. I had nothing against the guy; I was just so mad with rage that I wanted to hit someone, and when he shoved his big face at me I hit him. He staggered and then came back at me, swinging with a be-riended finger that laid my cheek open. I hit him in the body and then in the face, and felt his nose pulp under my fist. We fought all over the apartment, smashing furniture, tripping over the rugs, knocking pictures from the walls, taking no quarter and asking none. Both of us were banged up and bleeding, but I was barely aware of it. There was an excited crowd gathering in the corridor, and Margot was screaming her head off, and taking swings at me with a bud vase she had grabbed up, and I wasn't much aware of that, either. I was still so mad with rage that when the room filled up with cops I even started struggling with them.

It was not until I'd had my cuts dressed and had been booked in the police station that my bitter anger subsided sufficiently for me to realize what an utter fool I'd been. With all the nights there were in the year, I'd had to choose this one for being arrested. At a time when Rita needed me so, I'd failed her again.

Fear was added to my self-condemnation when I called my home and got no answer. Then I called the hospital where Rita had arranged for a room. I learned then that she was already undergoing her confinement, though I couldn't find out anything else. I was almost frantic in my

efforts to be sprung from that bull-pen, but getting out wasn't so simple, for the man I'd fought with had had to go to the emergency ward for treatment, and it was no easily-fixed disturbance charge that faced me. I called a lawyer, I called Jake Sims, I even got in touch with a judge I knew. Still, it was nearly five o'clock in the morning when the desk sergeant handed me the envelope with my watch and money in it, and told me I could go.

"You'd better get up to that hospital fast as you can," he said. "You weren't kidding when you said you had a sick wife. The way I get it, there was nobody to help her downstairs, and when she tried to make it by herself she fell."

That vigil in the hospital was a horror I'll never forget. It makes you old to spend hour after hour with your heart turned to a big heavy stone and fear gripping you so tightly you can't breathe. And that's how it is when you sit staring at a blank white door and know that in the silence beyond it someone you care for is hovering on the brink of death. Even after the baby had been born I didn't know whether Rita was going to live or die.

She was in the hospital nearly twenty-four hours before I could see her. She was barely aware of my presence then. When I was allowed in the following morning she was fully conscious and fretting because she couldn't see her baby. As I sat down beside her she clutched my hand and pleaded in a pitifully weak voice, "Make them bring him to me, Ed! I want to see him. They oughtn't to keep him from me like this."

And all I could do was ask her to wait just a little longer. Before I'd entered that room I'd been warned that Rita was still too weak to be told that her baby was dead.

For just a little while, she and I had had a son.

I learned what misery was as I waited for her to come home. It was queer that such a small person could have left such a huge emptiness behind her. That apartment was like a slap in the face every time I entered it. Everything in it brought back memories of these months we'd spent together. The coffee table—I remembered the Saturday night we'd bought that, and I'd carried it home on the street car. And there was the spider plant on the wall, and the gay curtains, and the magazine she had been reading that night as she'd waited for me to come home.

**THIS**, I thought as a lump hardened in my throat, is a taste of what it will be like after she has gone. This is the freedom I promised myself when I married her. Freedom? Sure—the freedom of a man who comes home at night to an apartment with nobody in it.

Even when Rita came back it wasn't much better. It wasn't the Rita I'd known who came home from the hospital. I might have expected that any woman who loved children as much as she did would have a hard time getting over the loss of her own child, but I wasn't prepared for what it had done to her. "Never hurt her, never let bitterness touch her!" How my prayer of that night on the ferryboat mocked me now! She was silent and morose. There was no life in her voice, and when I looked at the bleak, silent misery in her eyes I knew that nothing on earth could hurt her more than she had been hurt already. The ghost of that dead baby haunted the place.

As she got well again we began talking about her going home. I wanted her to go, because I felt that with her parents

she might be able to forget what had happened.

There was another reason, too. Margot and the man I'd beaten up were only too willing to let the whole thing drop, but there was still a disturbance charge against me that had to be gone over in court. I'd managed to get a postponement, but I couldn't stave off the trial much longer and I knew that if Rita were in town when my case came up she would learn what a heel I'd been. I hadn't told her of what had kept me away that night—I'd explained my bruised face without mentioning Margot—and I wanted her to get away before she could learn the truth and have bitterness added to the sorrow that had already scarred her.

I wanted her to go—and yet when the day came, I felt as if I were having a piece of my heart cut out.

She would have slipped away quietly if I hadn't happened, to come home early that afternoon. I knew immediately that she planned to go. There was that feeling in the air. I didn't have to look into her room and see the packed bags that were waiting for the expressman. I didn't have to see the note she was writing when I came in. I could tell, the moment I opened the door.

She stood in the door of her room, staring at me, slowly shaking her head. "I—I wish you'd stayed away a little longer, Ed," she whispered. "I wanted to go—before—you came in. It would have been so much easier for—for both of us."

What could I say? What could I do? Try to wash out all the mistakes of the past year with words? Beg her not to leave me? Ask her to stay with a man who'd gone to Raineton and found a happy, laughing, unspoiled girl and was now sending back a woman with sorrow-shadowed eyes? No! It would be better for Rita if I let her go, and never tried to tell her how much I loved her.

I turned away, fumbling in my pocket for the cigarette I needed so badly. I was out of matches and went to the writing desk drawer to get some. She had been writing a note there, and I could tell it had been a hard one to write because she'd made so many false starts. I picked up one of the crumpled balls of note paper, tried to read it. The words ran into one another, going in and out of focus. And then as my eyes cleared and I was able to see, they seemed to leap right off the paper at me.

"... You've been swell, Ed, and I'll never forget you. I've cried a little sometimes because I was so lonely,

but I know you did your best to make things easy for me even though I had come between you and the woman you loved. I've felt sorry for her, Ed—"

I whirled around. "You knew about Margot!"

Rita swallowed, nodded tremulously. "That night you took me to Oakland on the boat—"

"Rita! I—" I started to speak and then halted, hesitating because what was in my mind wasn't yet a suspicion but only the hint of one. A suspicion that Rita loved me—that she didn't want to leave any more than I wanted her to go. I stared at her, trying to add things up and get an answer that made sense. Rita in love with me . . .

Why, of course! She always had been! If she hadn't loved me there wouldn't have been any baby to bring us together in the first place. She'd never have given herself to me—not that girl! Sure she was in love with me—but she'd been blinded by the fact that we had been forced into this marriage, just as I had. She'd gone on, thinking that I'd married her to give the baby a name—which was true—and believing that I was in love with someone else—which wasn't true at all . . .

I didn't waste any more time trying to reason it out. I'd grasped her two hands, and though I towered above her, I felt small beside her. The words were pouring from my lips. "You can't go, Rita! You mustn't go! There isn't any other woman—not now! And as God's my judge, there never will be! I love you, Rita! Don't leave me! Look—I'll get down on my knees and beg you—"

But I didn't have to go down on my knees. You should have seen her eyes! And then she was in my arms.

Do you know how it is to make up after a quarrel with someone you love? If you do you can just imagine how it was when Rita and I saw through the fog that had blinded us for a year and almost caused us to part. We found happiness that day when we found ourselves. Happiness for that day and the next one and all the days to follow. There once was a time when I would have dreaded to let Mr. and Mrs. Thomas see the daughter I'd taken from them. But I didn't have to be scared when they came out here last year for the Fair, because the girl who greeted them then was just about the happiest one on the coast.



## Our Passions Blinded Us

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

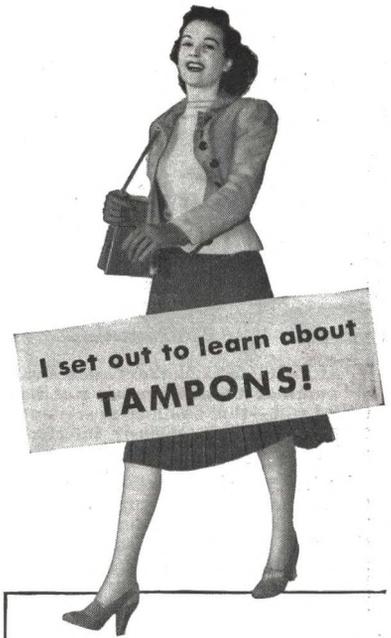
dearest things in the world to me.

Yet when, on the first of September, Hitler started his *blitzkrieg* against Poland, I was brought face to face with tragic reality. I saw my mother frantic with fear over the safety of her loved ones; I saw Pop, grim and silent, his lips a thin straight line; and some of their desperate bitterness poured into me. I couldn't help it. Karl's kinfolk were fighting to destroy a helpless people, my own people. I might be American in one sense of the word but all my furious sympathy was for Poland. You read

about such dreadful things in the paper, bombings and killings and acts of brutal violence.

Karl and I never talked about the war but I knew he had relatives in Germany. I'd seen letters that came to his mother from Stuttgart and Berlin, and once a picture came, a picture of a blond, smiling woman between two slim boys in uniform.

Mrs. Ritter cried when she saw them. "So young they are!" she said. "Poor Katie! My poor sister!" She wiped her eyes on her starched white apron, while



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I went on clearing off the table, rattling the dishes and pretending not to notice her tears.

Somehow, the sight of her grief irritated me. Why should she be sorry for those arrogant young creatures who held their chins so high? They were part of that cruel relentless machine which was crushing Poland into the dust. The mechanized troops were moving on Warsaw now and undoubtedly Karl's cousins were among them. A fierce little lump came up in my throat. War was horrible—horrible! Even here in America, it gripped and changed and hardened you, bringing hate for people that you'd never seen and turning your heart so cold that you couldn't even pity a smiling woman who was sending her sons into battle.

Karl and I had our first quarrel the night Joe Locker came home drunk and noisy. We'd just come over from Pop's and I was getting ready for bed when he heard him come shouting down the street. "Germans . . . dirty swine . . ." The words were loud in the quiet night and I saw Karl clench his fists. I heard the quick sharp breath he drew as though his throat were closing tight.

"It isn't fair," he muttered. "My poor mother—" and then he stopped, frozen, as our eyes met and clashed.

"Mary," he whispered, "don't look like that! Mary—"

"What about my mother?" I cried out wildly. "I suppose it's fair that she doesn't even know what's happening to her family! That maybe she'll never know! If you're going to feel sorry for anyone, feel sorry for her."

When he put his hands gently on my bare shoulders, something bitter and defiant inside me made me shrink away from his touch.

"I am sorry," he said slowly. "I'm sorry for everyone who's mixed up in this mess. But my mother isn't to blame for what's happening over there. I'm not to blame. Yet people here are beginning to look at me as though I had some part in it. They—they cross the street sometimes to keep from speaking." He swallowed hard before he drew me into his arms. "Mary, you're my wife, my sweetheart. We can't let this war come between us. We mustn't! Kiss me, darling."

I gave him my lips but they were so cold and passionless that his arms dropped away from me and he said in a queer, choked voice, "All right, if that's the way you feel about it. I'm not begging any girl to love me against her will."

**MAYBE**, even then, we might have patched up our misunderstanding if Warsaw hadn't fallen. The news came over the radio one night at Pop's where I was waiting on customers, and men put down their beers to mop unashamed at their streaming eyes. Upstairs my mother was crying her heart out, holding little Paul close to her breast. Two of her brothers had been in the wrecked, shell-shattered town, married men with rosy-cheeked little girls and boys like Paul, young and innocent and defenseless. Where were they now? Oh, God, where?

I hoped passionately that Karl wouldn't come for me that night, but he did come. And when I saw that he was smiling, just for a moment I could have killed him.

I walked over to the table in the corner where he always sat and said in a fierce half whisper, "Don't laugh—not here—not now! The men will tear you to pieces. Warsaw has fallen. Don't you understand? The Germans have taken Warsaw."

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His face went white as a sheet of paper. "I—I hadn't heard about it," he mumbled. "I was working overtime at the plant. Mary, I got another raise today. I couldn't wait to tell you."

"A raise!" I echoed bitterly. "How nice!" Poland was bleeding, gasping, dying, and all he thought about was a few extra dollars in his pay envelope. There was German thrift for you! My lip curled.

He looked at me helplessly, almost piteously, trying to understand.

"But, Mary, I thought you'd be pleased. We—we can get the new rug for the living room now."

"This is Karl," I thought desperately, "Karl, my husband. I mustn't feel like this about him. If he'd only go away and let me alone just for a little while!" Already the men were casting black looks in his direction. I leaned down close and whispered, "Go home, Karl— please! You don't belong here. Can't you see? These folks don't want you."

His mouth went tight and stubborn. "Maybe you don't want me either," he said unsteadily. "You've got no right to treat me like this. I'm not running away from a crowd of drunken Polacks."

The derisive term for my people filled me with fury. Hardly realizing what I did, I lifted my hand and slapped him across the cheek. The crowd closed around us then, muttering, spoiling for a fight. I think if Karl had moved, they'd have been at his throat like a pack of wildcats, but he sat very still, too stunned to lift a finger. When I looked around me at that sea of angry, fanatical faces, I felt a queer little chill, followed by an urge of passionate protection. Karl was mine—mine! They won't harm him! I put the hand which had struck him on his shoulder.

"Just a little family fuss," I said faintly. "It's all my fault. Let's go home, Karl. I'm awfully tired."

He stumbled to his feet, the mark on his cheek a furious blaze of color. His eyes were blazing, too. They looked almost black, yet back of their fire, there was hurt and bewilderment. What had he done, he, Karl Ritter, that men should hate and resent him? That even his wife should turn against him and shame him in public? He was sober and hard-working. He'd broken no laws. What, then, was this thing called justice on which America prided itself?

He didn't speak to me all the way home. When I ventured timidly, "I'm sorry, Karl, but I was all worked up—" he stared straight ahead of him and walked a little faster.

His mother was waiting for us. She'd baked an apple cake which I specially liked, and when we came in she cut a piece for me.

"So hard you work, *Liebchen*," she said. "The *Apfelkuchen* I fix to please you." Did I just imagine that her round, pleasant face looked pale and worried and that tragic lines had settled around her smiling mouth?

I tried to eat but my throat refused to swallow and I ended up by burying my face on the table and bursting into a storm of tears.

She stood beside me making a clucking noise with her tongue.

"Tsh, tsh! Poor Mary, poor little *Madchen*! The world so full of trouble, and we try to take it all on our own shoulders!"

Oh, she was sweet, she was kind, but I could only see my side of it. I said in a

choked voice, "What do you know about trouble? You've got all the best of it. Your folks aren't being butchered like cattle. The war is over, sure, but it isn't the end." My lips quivered. "What will they do to Poland now?"

She flung up her hands in a hopeless gesture and turned away from me. Karl had gone into our bedroom and I could hear him working off steam, throwing his shoes hard on the floor and banging the door of the closet. When I crept into bed, he was lying there with his eyes closed and the veins in his temples throbbing. I said good night, but he didn't answer me and I thought, "All right. Be stubborn, be mean! I said I was sorry, didn't I?"

AS THE days went by, my husband and I grew farther and farther apart. Karl was changed. He was sullen, moody. He worked long hours at the plant, and after that night, he let me walk home alone from Pop's as though it didn't matter any longer.

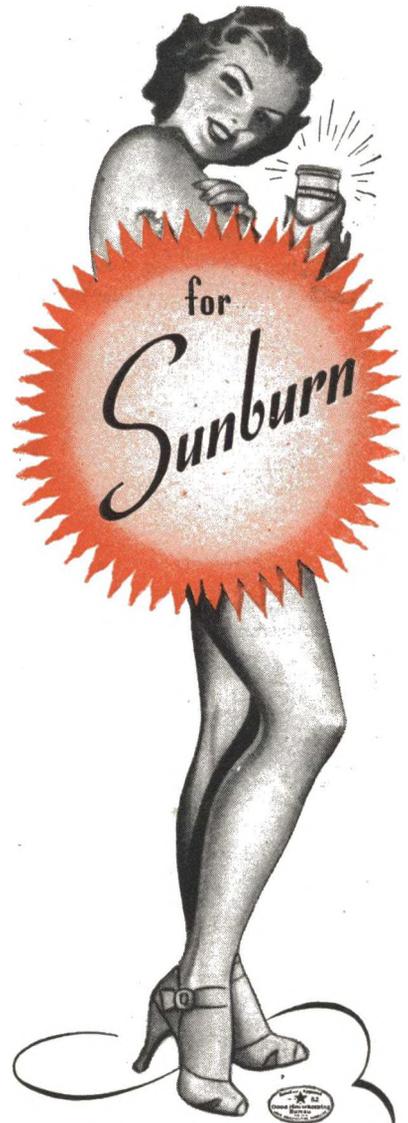
I didn't realize that my action there in the dance hall had started a wave of speculation about him, a whispering campaign. Karl was a mechanic in a factory that was turning out war supplies. He had been born in Germany, so folks put two and two together and wondered if he was a spy as well. A blueprint disappeared—Karl might have taken it. Half the Polish settlement worked in the foundry, and they were so eager to pin something on him that every little mishap in production was laid at my husband's door. Yet I hadn't the slightest suspicion. I only knew that Karl was nervous and irritable and that he didn't talk to me any longer about what happened at the plant.

And while relations between us were strained to the breaking point, news leaked out through the strict censorship clamped down on Warsaw that my cousin Reval had been shot. Reval was a schoolboy just going on thirteen, and the Nazis had stood him up against a wall and riddled him with bullets. Why? We didn't know. Some impulsive action, perhaps, the hot eager words of youth. Oh, God, what could a little boy do against that hateful, bloody government? How could he possibly harm it? I was numb with the horror of it all and my mother was prostrated. If we'd hated Germany before, now we spat upon it.

I could scarcely drag myself home that night. The stairs seemed to have no ending, and when I opened the door of the flat, the little rooms looked strange and unfamiliar, like something in a dream. Karl was still at the plant and his mother was sitting by the drop light with her knitting. Suddenly a dreadful nauseating sickness clutched at the pit of my stomach. When she asked in quick alarm, "What is it, *Liebchen*?" I cried out in wild hysteria. "Don't call me that! Do you hear me? My name is Mary. I don't want— anything German to touch me again as long as I live!"

For a moment I thought she was going to cry. Her eyes were stark with misery and her mouth twisted at the corners. Then her hands went out to grip the arms of her chair and she said in a broken way, "*Liebchen*, you are sick now. After, when the baby is here, it will be different. Babies! *Ach*, the little ones! *Die Kinder!*"

"After, when the baby is here!" Everything in me seemed to shrivel up and die. What did she mean, this fat old woman, sitting there and telling me that I was to



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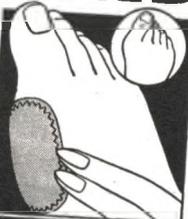
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bear a German child? I'd cut out my heart first. I'd strangle it with my bare hands. Wave after wave of disgust swept over me. My knees gave way and the world went black in front of my eyes. When I came to, I was lying in my own bed and Karl's mother was bending over me, putting cold cloths on my forehead and rubbing my limp hands.

"You will hurt yourself. Lie still, child! Soon Karl comes mit the doctor."

I lay there, shaking, the covers pulled up to my chin. Karl knew how I felt. How dared he do this thing to me? How dared he? We'd wanted a baby, but that was in the beginning, before this savage one-sided war had fully started. Now the idea of a child became a subtle form of propaganda devised by Karl to win me over to his way of thinking. I wouldn't have a baby. I wouldn't, oh, I wouldn't! There were ways, and I would find one.

Visions of Reval floated through my distracted mind. The picture of him on Mom's dresser taken when he was eight, a shy dark-haired boy in a suit too large for him; a letter in sprawling schoolboy writing. I twisted my head wildly from side to side, putting myself in Reval's place, standing small and terrified and alone before those shining, deadly guns and colder, deadlier faces. No mercy! No pity! Shoot them down, the flower of Poland's youth, so that crowded Germany might have a little more standing room! Who was going to stop them?

When Karl came in with the doctor, I struggled up on my pillows and screamed at them, "Go away! Go away! I don't want you! What can you do to help me? Reval—Reval—is dead—"

They didn't know what I was raving about. Not then. But their words were gentle and soothing, and Karl, on his knees by the bed, was pleading with me to quiet down and follow the doctor's orders. His face looked pinched and strained and there were hollows under his eyes, but, to me, his timid placating smile was like a grin of triumph, and I jerked my hands feverishly away from him, every nerve in my body shrinking and crawling.

The doctor gave me a sedative. "You're worn out, Mrs. Ritter," he said sternly. "If you want to keep your baby, you must stay home at night and rest. The noise and excitement of a dance hall isn't good for you."

"If you want to keep your baby!" But I didn't, I didn't—and the doctor had given me an out.

For a little while after he went, I slept, moaning in my dreams. Karl spent the rest of the night on the sofa, and oddly, incongruously enough, I missed him. I was so used to the warmth of him, to the sound of his faint breathing and his arm flung out across my body.

I KNOW now that I never stopped loving Karl, but the shock of Reval's death had been too much for me and during those next few weeks I went a little mad. I was away from home every night. I laughed and drank and danced until my side began to hurt like a toothache. Even Mom took me to task.

"You'll make a bad name for yourself, Mary," she said sharply. "It ain't right, child. Karl's your husband. You shouldn't be carrying on so with other men."

Most of the boys I danced with worked in the factory, and they threw out sly hints about things that went wrong in Karl's department. My husband divided his time between a gas machine for cutting armor plate and a big drop hammer.



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When the die on the drop hammer broke, causing serious delay, they called it sabotage, and although they didn't accuse Karl directly, slowly, insidiously, they filled my mind with poisonous doubt.

Karl came and went as he pleased in the foundry. He even had access to the secret department where they were turning out a new type of army tank, faster, more effective, and practically fool proof. How did I know that he wasn't in the pay of a foreign government! People, supposedly American, did incredible things these days under pressure from abroad.

Yet I was shocked almost speechless when I heard that some little Polish boys had stoned Karl's mother on her way to market. She came in one morning, her basket on her arm, and tears streaming down her cheeks.

"I go no more," she sobbed. "Even for Karl, I can't be glad. *Nein—nein!* They hate me, Mary, they hate me! Why?"

A surge of pity swept through my tortured heart.

"I don't know why," I answered huskily. "It's just the way things are, I guess. People—can't forget."

Her wet eyes accused me.

"And you, Mary, you hate me too. You are killing my boy—killing him as you want to kill the little one with the crazy dancing. You think something will happen that way. It is Karl's baby, too, and ven it dies, never will he forgive you—never!"

A note of warning sounded in my muddled brain. It was one thing to deny my husband, quite another to think that even though I went down on my bended knees, he wouldn't take me back again. Karl's child! That tiny spark of life struck from the love we'd borne each other! I could never quite hate it, and perhaps that's why I was so afraid. Afraid I'd go soft if I once held it in my arms and cradled its downy head against my breast.

Yet some notion of twisted loyalty still held me to my purpose. My cousin's death had shocked me into the ghastly plan and it took a second shock to restore my balance. To show me that two wrongs never make a right and that if my baby didn't live to see the light of day, the weight of that grim word murder would be on my conscience forever.

**J**UST one week later the accident occurred. Perhaps God planned that I should see it so the full horror would be driven sharply home. At any rate, when I came out to breakfast that dreadful morning, I found Karl's mother slumped across the table, gasping for breath.

"The—pain—" she whispered, "so bad—it is—"

Karl had already gone to work, so I ran downstairs to phone the doctor, scared half out of my wits and thinking remorsefully that I'd let her do all the work around the house, not lifting a finger to help her. But she'd seemed so strong, so healthy. I dialed the doctor's number with frantic fingers, and for the first time it occurred to me how much I'd taken Karl's mother for granted. Her cheerfulness and patience and sweetness, her tolerance and her ready smile, even while she faced the fact that I was ruining her son's life by my strange and unnatural behavior.

When the doctor came, he said soberly, "Appendicitis. I'll have to operate right away. Phone for the ambulance—and you'd better get Karl. He'll want to be here."

I called the hospital but because the foundry line was busy, I decided to run over—it was only two blocks away.

Two blocks! Yet it seemed like a mile as I hurried along, breathless and panting, my hand pressed hard against my side. There was a guard at the big iron gate but when I explained, he let me through. I ran around to the building where Karl generally worked. The double doors were open to the daylight, and I stood there on the threshold trying to catch my breath. My throat felt as though it were full of cotton and my heart was pounding in my ears.

I saw Karl almost immediately at the far end of the room, bent over the big gas machine, an expensive thing which he said had cost fifteen thousand dollars. He was working on a piece of armor plate with an acetylene torch.

I knew that Karl's work was dangerous. I knew that there in the shed a hundred feet away were more than a dozen gas tanks filled and ready. But it was one of those facts that you took for granted until something happened, as it happened then while I stood there, hesitating, wondering how to tell Karl that the mother he loved was so critically ill.

The explosion came without any warning. A blinding glare of terrible white light that seemed to cover everything and a hideous roaring sound like a clap of thunder. The blast rocked the building, throwing me on my knees, bruised and stunned, half fainting, while a rain of debris showered down on me and choking dust filled my mouth and eyes. For a moment my mind went blank as a sheet of paper. Then instinctively I thought of my husband. Karl! Dear God! I must go to him!

I rubbed my smarting eyes and stumbled to my feet, clinging to the edge of the doorway. Over the place where Karl had been working, the blue sky was shining through. I saw that first, and then I saw a twisted figure pinned down beneath a piece of machinery. I put my clenched knuckles hard against my mouth because I had the awful feeling that if I once let go, I'd scream and scream and wouldn't be able to stop.

Men were running now from every part of the plant, but I reached him first and threw myself down beside him. He lay so still, so quiet, his face black from the explosion and a trickle of blood oozing from the corner of his lips. One arm was doubled under him and part of the wrecked gas machine lay across his body. I thought dazedly, "Fifteen thousand dollars—gone, blown up—and they'll say he did it—even now."

Choking sobs were tearing at my throat. "Karl," I gasped, "I killed you! It's my fault!"

"Poor kid!" a voice said. "She's hysterical. Better get her out of here." I knew that voice—one of the boys who'd often danced with me and who'd thrown out sly hints that Karl was a traitor.

I looked up wildly at the little group of men gathered around us, men from the Polish settlement, most of them, who fought their wars in front of Pop's bar over a glass of beer.

"I did kill him! And you—you helped me, all of you! You made his life a hell on earth just because he was born a German!" I went on sobbing, frantically, despairingly. "Poor Karl! My poor darling! He couldn't understand what it was all about. He loved America. He took out papers so he could stay here in this country—"

The men were muttering among themselves. One of them said huskily, "She's right, boys. We didn't treat Karl fair and square. I guess this awful war made

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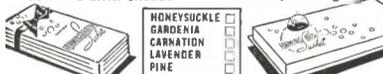


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us see everything wrong—" He put his horny hands on my shoulders and helped me gently to my feet. "Go outside, Mary, and wait for the ambulance while—while we sorta clear things off him" His voice broke as he looked down at that mass of tangled wreckage. There was just one chance in a thousand that Karl was still alive.

Shortly afterward, they carried my husband out on a stretcher and put him into the ambulance. I rode with him to the hospital, clinging to his limp hand, wondering dully if his mother was already there.

The pain in my side kept stabbing me; red-hot flashes of agony passed and came again until my body was weak and shaking. I knew what it meant. My child was in danger, too—the baby I hadn't wanted. And for the first time, down in my shamed, disloyal soul, I felt the fierce, sharp urge of motherhood. I'd have given my life to shield and protect the tiny helpless thing I'd tried so hard to destroy.

I waited there in the hospital while they examined Karl. Mrs. Ritter had gone under the anesthetic, so I couldn't see her. They wouldn't let me see Karl either, though I begged and pleaded, sobbing uncontrollably.

One of the nurses gave me something to drink and made me lie down on a straight white cot.

"You're not fit to be on your feet," she said. "If the pain gets any worse, ring for me. Now just relax, and the moment there's any news, I'll tell you."

Relax! With my nerves singing like wires and that cold still fear turning my heart to ice! It seemed hours that I lay there tense and waiting, not daring to hope, yet saying over and over in a broken whisper, "Oh, God, let him live! Please, God!"

Gradually the pain in my side eased to a murmur but my mind was still going round and round in a frantic circle. When the nurse came back, I jerked up in bed as though someone had pulled a string. She was smiling—smiling. I wet my parched lips with the tip of my tongue. But I couldn't speak, the words wouldn't come, and at sight of my pitiful face, she quickly came forward.

"Now, now, Mrs. Ritter. There's nothing to worry about. Your husband broke his arm and a couple of ribs, there's a burn or two, but there's no concussion and no sign of internal injury. I'd say he was a very lucky boy." Then as my gaze still clung to hers imploringly, she added,

"Your mother-in-law is all right, too. She's just coming out of the ether. She had a bad time of it but she's rallying splendidly. You can see her after a while."

I went in to Karl first, feeling shy and humble and cold with panic over the miserable way I'd treated him. He lay there quietly, his blue eyes meeting mine, a long livid burn across one cheek and his left arm on the coverlet in a plaster cast. His eyebrows were singed away and it gave him a queer, unnatural look.

"Karl," I said in a small, whispering voice, "it—it's Mary." The words caught in my throat, and I flung myself on my knees by the bedside. "Karl, oh, my darling, my darling. Can you ever forgive me?"

He put out his free hand and fondled my bent head.

"Don't cry, honey!" he said softly. "It—it hurts me—somewhere inside."

It was as simple as that, our reconciliation. No need to explain. No need to torture us both with a cruelty that was past. I clung to Karl, and my lips on his told him everything in the sweet, passionate language of love and youth.

Later, sitting beside Karl's mother, I felt again that deep sense of peace and understanding. When she said, "It's all right, Mary," I told her from a tight, full throat, "Don't call me Mary. Call me *Liebschen*, like you used to do."

Her eyes filled with happy tears.

"*Liebschen—Liebschen!* I have found you again!"

Mass feeling is a fickle thing. It swings from one extreme to the other—and with Karl and his mother both in the hospital, folks outdid themselves with flowers and fruit and friendly visits. They even brought gifts for the baby which I'll hold in my arms soon now. All their hatred and bitterness vanished overnight and they were just kind neighbors again, sorry for what had happened and eager to make amends.

The war in Europe still goes on. Our sympathies and loyalties are still the same, and, even though an ocean divides us, down in our souls we'll go on bleeding and dying with what we call our own people. Yet this is America, and all men here are meant to be free and equal.

I read a book once called *The Great American Tragedy*, and if I may, I'd like to coin another phrase, *The Great American Lesson*. For I, Mary Ritter, through fear and suffering, have learned each word of it by heart. The lesson of Tolerance.

## Life and Loves of a Woman Spy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

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worlds apart. He was a splendid person, but my career was in the way. Finally, in 1933, we decided to get a divorce. It was a friendly decision, and today we are still the best of friends.

It was immediately afterward that I met Captain Fritz Von F—, a U. S. Government agent, and was assigned by him to try to find out as much as I could about the Nazi Secret Societies here in America. Since my family was financially well off, I took my new work almost purely for the love of it.

It was amazingly simple for me to join the Friends of Germany, and to meet the heads of the organization—Colonel

Edwin C. Emerson and his wife. Usually, I reported my progress to Captain Von F— (whom I called Fritz), but one day he took me to meet the chief of the U. S. undercover department, whom I shall refer to as "Chief." And I was sworn in as Secret Agent 89!

It is impossible to attempt to express the feelings which charged through me. From the first day I had entered espionage work, I had felt there was something missing. Now I knew what it was: At last I was working officially for my government, for the people of the land of my birth.

Next morning, I received my first as-

signment. "Your job," said the Chief, "is to get concrete evidence. Printed matter that the Friends of Germany distribute. Get to know the people in back of the movement. Find out who finances them and what other organizations they are allied with."

So within a week I became a "volunteer worker" at the Friends of Germany office. But I was careful to proceed slowly, although Colonel Emerson and his wife accepted me freely because of my blond hair and blue eyes and my ability to speak German so well.

But when I met Karl Gunther Orgell, I had to be even more careful. Orgell, tall, blond, with heavy Teutonic features, was—and still is—one of the highest ranking Nazi agents in America. He tried to trap me, but when I was able to evade it, he thought I was an invaluable addition to the Cause and began to take me out. Through him I was able to find out about internal organizational affairs, to learn how propaganda is brought into this country on German liners; and to meet most of the leaders of the movement. All the time, of course, I was transmitting my invaluable information back to the Chief by telephone.

But one day I was summoned to the Chief's office. Characteristically, he didn't waste words. With abrupt directness, he ordered: "Go meet Royal Scott Gulden."

I almost jumped from my chair. For weeks I had been hearing about the mysterious, menacing Gulden. He was the head of one of the most active subversive groups—the Order of '76. Gulden himself was known as an individual, who stopped at nothing to preach his fanatical doctrine of hate.

"But, Chief," I stammered. "How in the world am I going to meet Gulden?"

"That's your business," he said frankly.

"I don't care what you do. Make love to him, if you have to . . ."

My fingernails dug into my palms. Make love to Gulden—a man feared by even the Nazis themselves, reputedly a dangerous enemy of my country! Could I do it?

*Now go on with the story:*

**B**UT I had my orders! I had given my oath of service. It could not matter that I was a woman.

When Fritz came to see me that night, I noticed immediately the odd, worried look on his face. I knew he must have heard, somehow, of my latest assignment. I felt what was coming even before he spoke.

"Dorothy, please don't go through with this. If I had ever dreamed what I was getting you into when I took you to the Chief, I should never, never in a million years, have done it. Please get out now before it is too late. Do anything—anything at all—except this!"

For long minutes Fritz pleaded with me. He did his best to make his arguments impersonal. When they failed, he said quietly,

"For my sake, Dorothy . . ."

I placed my finger on his lips. Hopelessly he shook his head, bent and pressed a kiss on my hand. The door opened and closed behind him.

When he had gone, I slowly undressed and slipped into bed. My thoughts, inevitably, went back to my visitor. I smiled to myself, a little regretfully, when I remember how close I had come, inwardly, to yielding to his personal charm. I was proud, too, that this man, with his dark, tall good-looks and keen mind, should be so concerned about my personal

welfare. His name was on my lips and his picture in my brain when I finally fell asleep.

The next day I returned to my work in Colonel Emerson's office, where he dedicated himself to Hitlerizing America. By dropping a few hints, I succeeded in getting Emerson himself to arrange a personal interview with Gulden for me.

I wondered excitedly what this man, whom I had heard so much about and against whom I had so seriously been warned, would be like.

At that time, the Order of '76 had offices at 1 East 53rd Street. My heart pounded as I paused before his offices, distinguished only by a printed "76" on the door. My puff trembled in my hand as I nervously powdered my nose. I turned the knob and walked in. His secretary, suspiciously, announced me in a discreet whisper. Outwardly I was calm and poised when he at last asked me to come in.

Emerson's name and his story of my background as a wealthy Park Avenue divorcee proved to be the key that flung wide the gates of cordiality. I showed him my credentials, told him of many American club activities, my writing and my work with the Friends of Germany. Without bothering to confirm a word I'd said, assuming that I was what I said I was, he began to tell me about himself.

As Gulden talked, I couldn't help comparing his fanatical air with that of one of the Spanish Inquisitors. He was in his early forties, tall and gaunt with burning, searing eyes. Though my respect for his intelligence was gone, my fears of the man as a dangerous foe mounted with each of his words.

He is a member of the famous mustard family—but not as close a relative as he claims to be.

Royal Gulden was a ne'er-do-well—always looking for something to glorify himself, to make him equal to the rest of the Gulden family, who are rich in dollars and patriotism. It was one of his great-grandfathers who was the author of that famed, ringing American phrase: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!" But now his family had nothing more to do with him. He proudly told me that they looked on him as a black sheep. He belonged to New York's socially prominent Seventh Regiment. Even more important, he claimed to be an ex-member of the U. S. Secret Service!

Completely convinced by my appearance and bland story, he opened his desk drawer to give me an application blank. As he turned, I saw the ugly gun on his hip. I shifted uneasily in my chair. I felt even more uncomfortable when I noticed the keen-edged, six-inch knife blade in his top drawer. He turned back to me.

"We fingerprint all our applicants," he said. "We investigate them thoroughly before approving them for membership. This method keeps out suspicious characters and undesirables. Do you want to fill out your blank now?"

I hesitated a minute when he handed me the printed form.

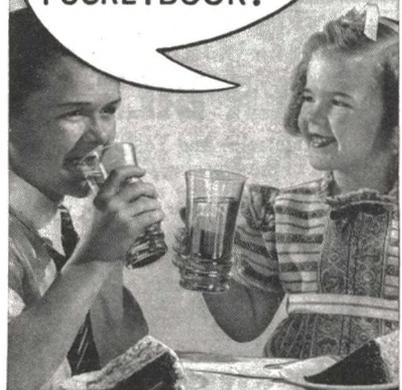
"I'd like to take mine home, if you don't mind," I said thinking the Chief had better see it first and wondering about this strict investigation of applicants. "But thanks for feeling that I can qualify."

"I can look at you and see you'll do," he answered.

"There's no doubt about it, Mr. Gulden. We have a lot of thoughts in common. I have always been for the underdog. Germany is certainly that now. Not for a

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moment do I deny my feelings and sympathy for the work Hitler is doing."

I crossed my fingers behind me as I spoke these lies but I saw Gulden nibbling at the bait. I knew his type—energetic, nervous, fanatical, bigoted. He begged for satisfaction of his conceit. His wiry body was ever alert, his blue eyes and tight mouth showed little sense of humor. He commanded serious attention—he hoped.

I rose to go. "I'll be back with my application in a day or two. I hope you will approve of it."

"No doubt about that!" he said warmly. "Goodbye."

Outside the building, I was astonished to find Fritz waiting for me.

I tried to conceal my delighted surprise. "What the devil are you doing here?" I demanded.

"I thought you might need me. What better reason for my hanging around? I had given you ten more minutes. After that I was coming up after you."

His tone was stern, but his fine face was flushed with excitement and something I knew was a deeper emotion.

"I don't know if you are a nuisance or a darling," I answered. "But you can drive me back to the office. It's not safe for me to be seen around here with you."

We entered the elevator with the Chief. We did not look at one another. Upstairs the Chief said:

"What are you two doing together?"

I explained what had happened.

"Had I thought it necessary for her to have protection, I would have made the arrangements myself," he said to Fritz. "Don't let this happen again."

Without a word, Fritz turned on his heel and left. After the Chief had taken my report, he told me to go ahead with the fingerprinting.

On my second visit to Gulden's office, I noticed printed propaganda being placed into envelopes marked with the free mailing privilege extended to our Washington Congressmen. Who was this high-ranking government official working as a spy with Gulden?

Suddenly I felt a pair of burning steel eyes that seemed to pierce my thoughts. I looked up into the stern face of my new assignment, Royal Scott Gulden.

Flustered, I jumped up and shook hands with him, mumbling a few words of greeting and telling him that I had reached a decision.

Gulden motioned me into his private office, carefully locked the door behind him. "Miss Waring, I am happy to welcome you as a volunteer worker in the Order of '76," he said pompously. "Ours is an even greater cause than that of our forefathers in '76. We haven't a moment to lose."

I filled out my application blank. Then I was fingerprinted. It was a suspense-laden, eerie feeling. I tried to hide my nervousness. I subconsciously jerked back each time I pressed my fingers into the ink. Each time, my pulse beat quicker. But Gulden noticed nothing.

For two hours after that, he filled me full of his plans. He held nothing back. He was dreaming of an America which would be like Hitler's Germany. And all this under the cloak of patriotism! Before I left, he handed me a card on which was printed:

*"In case of pogrom, this person is 100% Aryan. Pass the bearer through police lines, etc."*

This was more proof of his plan to turn America into a bloody battlefield, the same as Nazi Germany, where race and

religious hates could flame and run rampant. I, however, was protected!

Soon I had gained Gulden's confidence completely and the man, clever as he thought he was, was like putty in my hands. Within a short time, I became his confidential secretary. Now, I had access to his hidden, secret documents and, even more, I had paved the way for meeting other leaders in the pro-Hitler movement.

After my old "friend" Karl Gunther Orgell saw how well I had been received by Gulden, he suggested that I join the Friends of New Germany, which later became the German-American Bund itself. Eagerly, I agreed.

Within a few days, I was told they were ready to induct me. I knew there was some sort of fantastic ritual connected with joining the Bund but I had no idea to what lengths it went. I was escorted to a room in Yorkville, over on New York's East Side. As I was led back to the meeting room, Storm Troopers—in full German military uniform!—"heeled," clicked heels and raised their right arms, just like all of Germany's brown-shirted geese. Someone stepped forward from the crowd of Nazi Storm Troopers surrounding me.

There was the quick glint of silvery steel in his hand; I felt a lock of my hair being lifted and then heard the snip of a scissors. In response to my startled, frightened look, he explained they were going to give my hair the Aryan fire test. I watched, trembling with anger, as a match was lit and held to the strands that had, a minute before, been on top of my head. It burned for a moment and answered both their requirements: It neither curled at the end nor changed its blond color. I had passed their test. Now, according to them, I was a pure Aryan. Within a few minutes I was admitted as a member of the Women's Auxiliary of the Friends of New Germany.

I looked around me more boldly. With few exceptions I saw nothing but brutal, unintelligent faces. I noticed that there were many who inspected me, from head to toe, in a peculiarly repulsive, possessive fashion. Instinctively, I drew my coat closer around my tight-fitting frock. I had heard much of the Nazis' ideas about women. I wondered how soon I would be subjected to their unwelcome advances and how best I could put them off.

But my job was the important thing. Now a close part of the organization, I attended Nazi meetings week after week, each time listening to their vile speeches, each time joining loudly in the applause when Hitler was praised, or protesting with a vigorous "boo" when activities in the United States against Germany were mentioned.

ONE evening, a few minutes after I returned home from a hectic Bund meeting, I looked out of my window and saw a familiar figure standing across the street. I looked up and down the block. No one else was there. I beckoned to Fritz to come upstairs. When he arrived, I thanked him once again for being so interested in my welfare but begged him not to worry about me; no one suspected me; everyone, so far, was considerate.

"I've seen those worms operate on the other side," he said. "The ones that pretend to like you the most are those you should be most careful of."

For a long time we talked about Germany—the old and the new. He told me delightful stories of his country under the old regime. Stories of the cultured Germany he had known.

We talked until dawn. He listened to the many tales I remembered my grandfather had told me.

Our time together did a great deal to relieve the feeling of revulsion I always suffered after leaving a Nazi meeting. It was good to hear again intelligent opinions and ideals spoken by a completely attractive man. I tried to voice my thoughts.

"Fritz, won't you come again some time, not as my protector, but as someone I thoroughly enjoy talking to?" I asked.

He bent low over my hand. "The next time, *Kleinchen*, I will bring my picture treasures, so that we may see and talk some more about *my* Germany." With a longing look in his eyes, he added, "Some day I will go back!"

I cried a little after he left.

All during this time, my parents thought it odd that I entertained the Emersons and Guldens frequently at home, at such times when my parents were busy and couldn't meet them. My real friends began to avoid me, too. And that, also, was something I could do nothing about.

Then one day, I received a message from Mrs. Emerson asking me to visit her. Fritz drove me to their apartment and disappeared into a doorway to wait for me.

With tears in her eyes, Mrs. Emerson told me they were sailing, secretly, for Germany. Neither she nor the Colonel had told anyone but myself and three others about their plan to sail on the *Bremen* that night incognito. The Colonel had received orders from Germany to report to the Brown House, Hitler's headquarters, in Munich!

Despite their seeming poverty, they were to occupy a luxurious suite on A deck. Every mark of identification had been removed from their clothes, luggage and all personal belongings. As I said goodbye, Maizie Emerson took a small pennant from the wall. It was red and white with a black swastika in the middle. She kissed it and gave it to me. So our "friendship" was sealed.

In the Chief's file marked "Evidence" rests a small Nazi flag. Several letters addressed to me from Germany signed Maizie Emerson lie on top of it.

TWO days after they sailed, I secretly called a friend of mine on one of the New York papers and told him of the Emersons' flight. We knew that it would be important to have his leaving a matter of public record. Both Orgell and Gulden attempted to discover who had betrayed the confidence. But I didn't worry.

Orgell, as secretary of the United German Societies, had taken over the running of the Friends of Germany, and I knew that I had succeeded in attracting him to me, personally.

Fritz resented more and more my meetings with Orgell. I tried to explain that Karl Orgell was one of the most important Nazis in America—that he could give me an entree into every group I wished to enter. But poor Fritz refused to see it in terms of a job to be done.

So, I continued to lead Karl Orgell on and on—as close as possible to the danger point. All that time I knew he had a sweetheart. I realized how much she adored him. Of course I had no intention of stealing her man from her. As far as I was concerned, I was merely using him. And so drawing him on, I was able to keep him at that delicate point where he was never really sure about me—and his interest proved invaluable to me.

I still attended all the important Nazi meetings with him. Always we occupied



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BOOK-LENGTH TRUE NOVEL BEGINNING ON PAGE 93 OF THIS ISSUE

# TORRID TEST in HAVANA

TEMPERATURE

81°



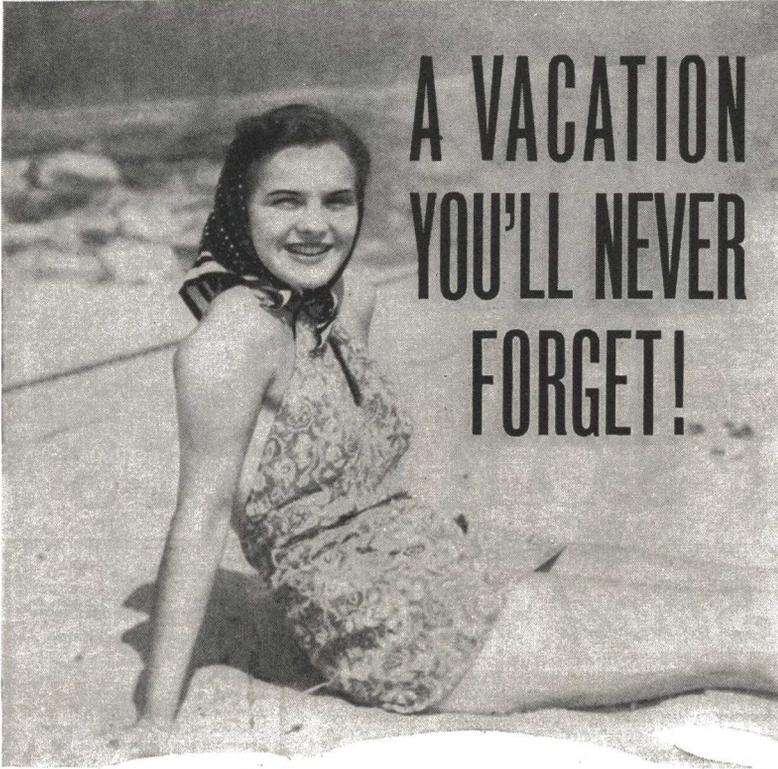
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A view of the main lodge at  
Breezy Point

## FAWCETT'S BREEZY POINT LODGE

PEQUOT LAKES • MINNESOTA

our box of honor, always the swastika flag hung draped beneath our box. After each meeting, we'd go to the Cafe Vaterland or Cafe Geiger in Yorkville for coffee and cake. Frequently, storm troopers would join us at our table. Even the women were beginning to wear brown skirt uniforms.

I was shocked more than I ever thought I could be one evening. Arm in arm, Orgell and I were walking to the Vaterland. We were on Eighty-sixth Street between Second and Third Avenues when, suddenly, I thought I must have been carried away to Berlin. There, advancing toward us, was a full company of brown-shirted Nazi storm troopers. Strutting along, they were dressed in full regalia—real, murderous guns in their holsters. They marched boldly, hands outstretched, loudly shouting their guttural "heils" to their friends on the side-lines.

And, then, I clapped my hand to my mouth to stifle a scream of protest, as I watched the advance guard shove a poor, little, bent old woman off the sidewalk. They knocked her down because she had been in the way of the ringing hobnail boots that struck the pavement close to her as they passed.

As they marched by us, their attitude changed instantly. Silently and respectfully, they gave Karl and me the "heil" salute. I breathed a prayer and, to myself, cried, "Good Heaven, can this be happening in New York, in America?"

And still, there are many who think it can't happen here!

Eagerly the Chief waited for each of my reports. For the first time, the Nazi movement in America was being exposed and tracked down to its sources. I was proud of myself and my work.

**T**HEN, one night at a gathering of the Friends of Germany, I met two people who interested me intensely. The girl had a strangely familiar face; the man I didn't bother with at first. As we sat in our box at the meeting of the Bund, I tried to place her. All I knew was that she was the secretary of some Nazi group. Then it came to me. Two years before I had advertised for a personal maid. Peggy had been one of the applicants. After she had signed up for propaganda here, she changed her German name to an English one. The previous year she had been taken to Washington, accused of being a foreign spy.

Now, we met again and I became her "friend" and learned she was a housemaid in a Park Avenue apartment house where rich, important German Nazis lived. I accepted her invitation to join her and her companion after the meeting.

As she introduced me to her escort, I realized instantly that here was no ordinary comrade. He was obviously a gentleman of distinction, despite the eight shining gold teeth glistening in the front of his mouth. He called himself Mr. Shott. Two weeks later, I learned that he was the Baron von Einhauser. According to Peggy, he had seduced her and now he was her lover. His wife, the Baroness, and their children lived in Germany.

I was to learn a great deal more about "Mr. Shott" on the night we listened to Colonel Emerson broadcast from Berlin.

Orgell had shown me one cable the Colonel sent him from Berlin telling of the enthusiastic reception he had received from Dr. Goebbels. The second cable advised us of a special message which would be broadcast direct from Germany to the United States.

Karl Orgell, Gulden, Peggy, and I gathered at Shott's apartment to hear Colonel

Emerson's voice from across the sea. But it was only an opiate—the same old stuff—the glories of Hitlerism, the new success of Germany. Three thousand miles away and still the iron fist of the Hun waved!

The next morning, I appeared at the office to make my report. Fritz was there and listened carefully. When I told about Von Einhauser and his alias of "Shott," he was stunned. Excitedly, he told the Chief that he had known him in the old country. He was now the man for whom the Department of Immigration had been anxiously searching. The Chief calmly tucked away the information in his file and explained that he couldn't act on it at this moment; to do so would immediately expose me.

I was to see the Baron only once more. We had all been to a Bund meeting and then on to a cafe for coffee. Peggy had seemed happy enough, but I thought I detected a tinge of boredom in the Baron's manner. We said our laughing good nights and then I, free again, walked the next few blocks alone to meet Fritz, who took me home. I had just gotten into bed, when the phone rang. I was ordered to go at once to the apartment where Peggy worked. How my superiors knew what had happened, I shall never know.

When I stepped out of my house, Fritz was waiting in his car. I could not ask him how he had gotten there so quickly as the doorman hovered attentively about. For the first time I wondered what these servants thought of my coming and going at all hours. Later, one told me they were accustomed to Park Avenue pranksters!

WHEN I reached Peggy's apartment door, her employer answered and excitedly told me that the girl had tried to commit suicide. All she knew was that the Baron had called her a little while ago and asked her to watch Peggy. When she went to Peggy's room, she found the girl writhing in agony on the floor. Beside her was an empty phial and a shoe polish bottle. She had washed the poison down with the polish!

I held her in my arms as she began to regain consciousness. Brokenly, she thanked me for coming. Thank God, the poor girl didn't suspect that I had been sent to gather more evidence about the Baron.

On my shoulder, she sobbed out her story.

That night, instead of the usual promise to see her the next day, the Baron had said, with cold and unfeeling finality, that he wanted to bring their affair to a close.

"And I—I gave him everything any woman could," Peggy sobbed. "I loved him. I knew he was married but he promised me that he would divorce his wife. I didn't realize that I was playing the fool—that I was only throwing away any chance I might have for future happiness by letting him take me before he made me his wife.

"And I was confused by the new ideals of our Fuehrer. My mother had taught me to keep myself clean and untouched for the man I would one day marry. But our Fuehrer said that a marriage of love only is not possible; one must create new life for the State.

"I was a simple servant girl. He, a great noble. I thought I could trust him. He held me close in his arms in his bedroom and he would whisper his plans to make me a great lady. He would tell me of his plans to return with me to the Reich and how important we would be. . . . Now he throws me away like a broken,

worthless nothing. I am sorry—sorry, do you hear, that they stopped me! I want to die. What have I to live for?"

I did my best to calm her. She had finally fallen asleep when I left. I knew I had won her friendship which, a few nights later, was to be invaluable to me.

I left the way I had come in. As I raced down the servants' stairway, my locket bobbed up and down in time with my hurried steps. It occurred to me, as I felt my way down the dark stairway, that there might be a reason for Peggy's working for a family who lived in the same building as the von Steins, whom I was to meet later—the same building I had so often visited through the Park Avenue entrance. I made up my mind to ask Fritz about it.

A shiver passed down my spine as I thought of poor Peggy, another victim of Nazi free love doctrines. I shivered again, then, as if some ominous, unseen presence was hovering over us. "Pull yourself together, Waring," I told myself grimly.

There was little light to mark the basement landing. I was glad the exit was only a few feet away. Suddenly I felt a tightening in my throat. The silk cord on which my locket hung was choking me. . . . Had I caught it on something? Terror crowding my heart into my mouth, I reached in back of me to untangle myself and felt the rough tweed of a man's coat.

"Fritz!" I shrieked. The cord drew tighter. A hand clapped over my mouth, cutting off my air. The blood rushed to my head. Every pulse in my body was pounding. "God," I prayed, "help me!"

Hadn't Fritz heard me call? Was I, at last, to be trapped like a rat in this basement? I could not turn my head to identify my assailant. I held what little breath I had left to relieve the tension of the strong silk cord which was strangling me.

And then—the beam of Fritz's flash light . . . the scuffle of feet, and I was safe in Fritz's arms. He rushed me into the night air and placed me on the seat of the car. My neck was bruised and swollen. For days afterwards I bore the purple mark of that cord around my throat.

"Thanks, I'm all right now," I gasped, although my teeth were chattering and my knees shaking from fright and reaction. "Who was it?" I managed to stammer.

"It doesn't matter who it was," Fritz said grimly. "Whoever he was, he got away before I could see him. But you'll die with your shoes on yet, you little idiot. By heaven, I'll see to it that this is the last job you're going to do! It's too dangerous for a woman!"

But I knew differently. . . .

A DAY or two later, an important festival was being staged by the German Consul at the Yorkville Casino. They invited only 100% Germans and I was not on their list. Perhaps they suspected me. . . . I didn't dare risk more suspicion by asking for an invitation. Peggy came to my rescue, however, and asked me to share her card. It was an all-Hitler meeting. After the flaming speeches—the appeals to organize and to prepare America for the dictatorship by the German men representing the Nazi government in the United States, newsreel pictures were taken to be sent back to Germany—proof to show the Fuehrer of what was being done for him in America.

Despite all my activities, I was still busy acting as Gulden's secretary. Cementing our relationship, I always reported back to him all that went on among the Nazi organizations and their meetings. I was



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biding my time with Gulden for I knew the time would come soon when he would be useful to us.

That time came sooner than I expected. I was telling the Chief of the peculiar letters that went out in the special Congressional envelopes, of the important names mentioned, of all the things that must be hidden in Gulden's safe. Impulsively, I blurted out,

"Boy, how I'd like to lay my hands on those papers! I'll bet we'd find some mighty interesting evidence in them."

"That's exactly what you're going to do, 89. I want you to get into that safe. Get the combination from Gulden. He trusts you now. I want you to work together with Fritz von F—. . . Here's how to do it—"

AND here, for the first time, TRUE CONFESSIONS, I confess that it was I who rifled Gulden's safe to procure evidence which was priceless—evidence which was to help the gigantic job of exposing the Nazis in America and their friends.

It was cold that morning. The sun, with difficulty, was pushing its way through the dying night as I left my home. Fritz waited for me downstairs. It was seven a. m. when we reached the building where Gulden's office was located. Fritz waited, in the car, around the corner. I entered the building with my night key. Hastily, I looked around. I didn't want the night watchman to see me. Tiptoeing, I began to climb the stairs to Gulden's floor. Every now and then, I threw a frightened glance back over my shoulder. The stony walls seemed to press in ever closer on me. The building was as cold and deserted as a tomb—and just as frightening. New dangers seemed to lurk behind every turn in the stairs.

I finally reached the floor. Noiselessly, I crept to the door marked with its "76." Quickly, I inserted my key, and it swung back quietly—and I thanked Heaven!—on its oiled hinges. The shades were drawn but the sun slipped in around the window edges and threw odd shadows on the floor. I hurried through the reception room, laid my trembling hand on the knob of the safe in Gulden's private office. I had gotten Gulden to give me the combination of the safe and now I held my ear close to the steel cabinet while I carefully twirled the knob. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, the safe door swung open.

I thought I heard the floorboards creak behind me. I whirled around. What if I were found in front of the opened safe by Gulden or one of his aides? But it was nothing more than the shadow of my own fright. My heart quickened. I drew new strength from some inner source and turned back to the safe. Why should I feel guilty? I reassured myself. What I was doing, I was doing for my country. Speedily I removed every document that looked as if it might mean something to the Chief. I swept them all into a small case, shut the safe, sped out of the office and down the stairs, and out the door to Fritz around the corner.

He took my parcel from me and hurried to the photographer he had waiting for him. Pictures were to be taken of the evidence and I—we hoped—would be able to return the safe's contents before Gulden arrived. But would I be successful? Nervously, I went to a dining counter to wait for Fritz to come back. I swallowed, almost unknowingly, three cups of scalding coffee. Terrifying thoughts kept pressing in on me. Was this to be my last meal? If I'm caught, Gulden will



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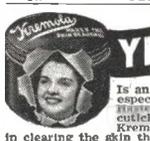
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## INSIDE REPORT ON THE DICTATOR

Charlie Chaplin has been working for two years behind locked doors on his new film, THE DICTATOR. Now, for the first time, the inside story of the filming is told. Jack Oakie, who plays Benigno Gasolini and sticks his chin out like you know who, outlines the plot and tells you of the hilarious happenings on the set.

## HOLLYWOOD

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probably see that I'm made plenty uncomfortable! I fingered my locket. I wondered if it possessed for me the protective powers my grandmother had claimed for it. True I was nearly strangled by it once—now I closed my fingers about it and prayed silently.

Even sooner than I expected, Fritz was back with the package I had given him. We looked at each other. We said nothing. Our anxiety needed no words.

Now I had to do all over again what I had done an hour before. I felt that it would be twice as difficult this time. It was after eight now. Gulden never came in later than nine. I snatched back my fleeing courage. There was a job to be done. Once again, up the steps—a dash down the still-deserted halls into the office . . . no one there . . . the safe, just as I'd left it. With lightning speed, I again manipulated the dials. The papers were returned to their proper place. Out the door I scurried back down the stairs.

Fritz was there, waiting, looking grim and worried. His face broke into a smile when I fairly tumbled into the car.

"Darling, you did a swell job!"

"Oh, Fritz, I feel like a gangster's moll."

"Hush, *liebes Kind*. You have done something you can always be proud of!"

He closed the car door. Wordlessly, I put my head on his shoulder and effortless tears rolled down my cheeks. He tried to comfort me.

"*Liebchen, Liebchen*, you're all right now. Don't worry."

I smiled at him through my tears.

AT A little after nine, I was back in Gulden's office, this time, officially. He greeted me and we exchanged our usual pleasant "Good morning." I stayed there all day, doing my regular work, and he suspected nothing. My raiding expedition had come off perfectly!

That night, when I reported back to the Chief, we carefully inspected all I had found in the safe. First, and most important, we discovered the source of Gulden's Congressional Privilege envelopes. Despite the United States Postal Law, Congressman Louis T. MacFadden of the 15th District, Pennsylvania, had given him thousands of his postage-free envelopes—to mail out Gulden's vicious propaganda in official government stationery! MacFadden, in the shadow of the Capitol Dome itself, was plotting to kill democracy, to trample on the institutions he had given his solemn oath to uphold!

Every type of vicious propaganda was found in that file: German, White Russian, Fascist. There were letters from William Dudley Pelley and his Silver Shirts, advising an immediate amalgamation—in union, he had written, lay the strength to seize the United States government!

On these pages I give you photostat copies of some of the letters found in Gulden's safe which the Chief said I might use.

I had uncovered a complete membership list of the Order of '76. There was an invaluable file of names of important officials and espionage agents working with Gulden and the other Nazi organizations. But most astonishing of all, was a document written in the form of a letter. It was written to Gulden by a White Russian whose warped mind outlined a complete plan to assassinate President Roosevelt!

For that morning's work, I received my first real praise from the Chief. I blushed with pride when he said,

"And, by the way, 89, I intend to recommend you for a raise."

I continued my work with Gulden and learned completely the system of tie-ups between his gang and the Silver Shirts, the Paul Reveres—that other vicious "patriotic" group—the Fascists, and all the other German-American Nazi organizations. I proved, beyond any question of a doubt, the strong tie between Hitler and the American Bund.

By this time, most of my old friends had almost completely forsaken me. No one, including my family, understood how I could permit myself to be seen publicly in theatres, restaurants, and clubs with well-known Bund leaders and other pro-Nazis. They all despised Hitler and what he stood for. How could I associate with his agents?

I tried to bury myself in my work. And I succeeded. And then I was ordered to investigate Baron Johann von Stein. He was reputedly a Park Avenue Nazi who lived in that same house in whose basement I was nearly strangled, and who, supposedly, was one of the benefactors of the Order of '76. Report had it that secret stairways, dangerous chemicals, and elaborate spy plans were concealed in his home.

As I sat typing in Gulden's office one day, a man, whom I had never seen before, dropped a cigarette from his gold case onto my knee. He apologized. I did not know who he was until Gulden introduced us. But it was no surprise to me to learn that the man was von Stein. I had pictured him just as he stood there. Tall, blond, mustached, faultlessly groomed, and possessing all the charm of the cosmopolite. Although we said little to each other that first meeting, somehow I felt that I had made an impression on him.

As he turned to leave the room, my eye caught an object I shall never forget. In the buttonhole of his lapel he wore a jade Buddha the size of my thumbnail. Atop its head rested a five pointed diamond crown. Around its neck hung a tiny chain on which a diamond was strung. The Buddha sat on a beautiful diamond base. It was a strikingly lovely and enchanting piece of jewelry. But I knew it must be more than just that. I commented on its artistry. Von Stein smiled as if he were pleased but said nothing in explanation at that meeting.

I saw quite a lot of von Stein and his wife after that. I dined with them and Gulden. They visited me. It was the first time I had met Nazis of any culture or intelligence. But they, too, didn't know how to keep their mouths shut. The Chief soon knew every move they made. Particularly, the Chief was interested in my report that von Stein had been an important espionage agent for Germany during the last war.

I noticed that always, as von Stein spoke, his hand tenderly caressed the jade Buddha in his coat lapel.

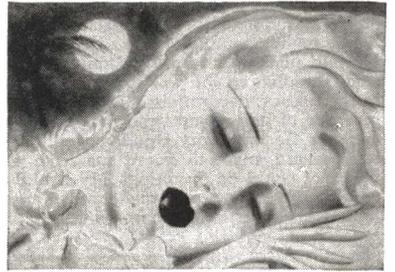
The von Steins and I, as guests of Gulden, attended the fashionable full dress review of the Seventh Regiment in honor of J. P. Morgan. As the regiment marched, von Stein whispered in my ear his ridicule of the military bearing of the American National Guard. German soldiers did not march so listlessly, he confided to me. It would be good to introduce a few Nazis to these boys, to teach them precision and perhaps a few other things, he whispered knowingly.

"Fraulein, I have been watching you closely for the weeks I have known you. I am proud of what you are doing. We all appreciate, beyond words, your tireless and valuable efforts for the Nazis."

Then, astonished, I saw him take from

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his full-dress coat lapel the little Buddha. He put it in front of me.

"This is for you, Dorothy, you deserve to wear it."

"But you are jesting," I replied. "I cannot accept such a gift!"

My cheeks burned with embarrassment and shock, too. But the Baron thought it was modesty and pleasure. He insisted. He told me that there were only twelve such Buddhas in the world, that it is one of the highest decorations Germany could give one of its servants and that if ever I came to Germany my Buddha would act as a sacred angel to guard me from all harm. I could do anything! My Buddha would protect me and make me almost immortal. Silently, I accepted it. I still have it. I, and the eleven others. Von Stein wouldn't tell me who they were but the decoration was given only to the highest. I wondered if Goering, Goebbels and I, an American secret agent, belonged to the same order!

On October 25, 1933, Heinz Spanknoebel, former leader of the Friends of Germany, was indicted by a New York Federal Grand Jury. Next day, he vanished. A week later, Captain George Schmidt landed in New York from Germany, supposedly on a wine-selling trip. But he was also here to reorganize the Steel Helmet—the German equivalent of our American Legion—in this country.

But the important fact that Americans did not know was that all units of the Steel Helmet were to be held unconditionally at the service of the Nazi party; all Steel Helmet activities were actually orders from the German Nazi party.

The Chief assigned me to Schmidt's trail. Guided by feminine intuition, I discovered how neatly Spanknoebel's disappearance and Schmidt's arrival coincided. How swiftly and precisely the German machine worked! Schmidt was openly fostering "good will" between his Steel Helmets and the American Legion. All, presumably, to extend the hand of brotherhood to men who had once fought against each other in No Man's Land. What a hideous lie! It was I who discovered the truth.

I learned that Schmidt and his Steel Helmet officers were holding meetings in Baron von Stein's apartment. I passed this information on to Fritz who soon was able to give me a list of the Steel Helmet leaders. On it was the name of a German aristocrat who worked as a reception clerk in a swanky apartment hotel in the West Fifties. I had met him often at Gulden's office and so I decided to try my luck with him. A bridge game was easily arranged for his night off.

A week after that, he took me out to dinner. Before the evening was very old, I learned about the friendship between the Steel Helmets and the American Army men.

"It is wonderful the way you, an American girl, work for our German cause," he said to me. "We are not doing so badly over here, either. If we ever are to establish our doctrines in this country, we can do it only by force. The people who are most susceptible to our ideas are, naturally, military men like ourselves. Of course, it is very difficult to approach officers of the regular army. But with the veterans' organizations and particularly the National Guard, it is different.

"Without arousing too much suspicion

reaching effects are now part of the Congressional record!

One morning I sat in the '76 office alone. I was typing letters and I glanced up when the door opened. Before me stood two men. The smaller one wore a Van Dyke beard. His gray-brown hair was sleek and his cold brown eyes were penetrating. Black trousers, black boots, silver shirt, and black military jacket, topped by a Sam Brown belt, covered a wiry figure. Over his arm he carried an aviator's coat.

"Is Mr. Gulden in?" he asked. His tone and manner were brusque and arrogant. I recognized him to be William Dudley Pelley. I asked him to wait for Gulden to return.

He did not identify himself and did not bother talking. I didn't mind. I had long wanted to study this man. Two things struck me: His arrogance and his attempt immediately to establish his importance. To my mind came his writing, his fake appeals to superstition, his interest in mysticism and sex. His unsavory reputation became understandable to me as I looked closely at the man's face and into his shifting eyes. So! Here was the future Dictator of America. The saviour of our youth. But not if I could help it!

Gulden came in and introduced us. Pelley merely nodded at me. As soon as they had gone into the private office, I dashed out of the room, into the elevator, and down to call the Chief. Immediately, he assigned Fritz to wait outside Gulden's building and pick up Pelley's trail. As soon as Fritz arrived, I went back to the office, ready to begin the biggest assignment the Chief had ever given me:

William Dudley Pelley.

Don't miss the conclusion of this amazing inside story of subversive activities in this country. As an American, we urge you to pass this magazine on to your friends so that this expose gets the widest distribution possible, so that every American gets these true facts from the woman whose reports and findings are now government property.

The dramatic conclusion of Dorothy Waring's own true story will stun you!

The September issue is on sale August 1st.



During the last two months, our offices have literally been flooded with entries in our outstanding song-poem contest! Above is a photograph showing two of our staff sorting out some of the letters we have received from all parts of the country—over 25,000 of them!

We know you are all waiting anxiously for the announcement of the lucky winners. And we want to tell you that it will be soon. But it isn't easy to choose! The judges are still working hard at it. Watch next month's TRUE CONFESSIONS for further announcements.

we can see them socially frequently and gradually win them over to our ideas. They are the ones who have access to the armories and arsenals, and when *der Tag* (the day) comes, they will open them to our boys and make common cause with us.

"But what is more important, by establishing good will and friendship between our crowd and the National Guard, we have a wonderful chance to get our boys right in there where they get full military training and at the same time have a chance to influence their associates.

"If we do this systematically all over the country, the National Guard will be Nazi within two or three years. Don't forget that many officers are secretly in sympathy with us but can't afford to show it."

I held my breath as rage swept through me—rage which I daren't show, of course. Here, again, was direct proof of foreign agitation actually penetrating our national defense. I couldn't wait to reach the Chief to report my findings! Immediately, he ordered a thorough military investigation. The discoveries and the shaking, far-





# BITTER FRUITS OF HATE

## Chapter One



WAS born in a rocky little town on the New England coast. My father was a fisherman, and when I was six years old, he was lost in a storm at sea, leaving my mother alone and penniless. I can just barely remember the day he went away. Dad was angry over something my mother had done, some trifling thing, but the spark of Irish

in him flared up and boiled over, so that he tramped out

the door, his red head high, without kissing my mother goodbye.

The tragedy of that little misunderstanding was the fact that he never came back. When the news of the wreck reached us, my mother took me down on the sands, shading her tear-dimmed eyes with her hand as she gazed toward the far horizon.

"He—he's out there somewhere, Jo," she sobbed, "and if he could speak, I know he'd say, 'I'm sorry.' He didn't mean it. It was just his way, getting mad and making peace with me afterward." She gathered me close in her arms. "You—you're sorta like him, baby—the same red hair and stormy blue eyes. You're wild and

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH TRUE NOVEL

free and careless, and sometimes I'm a little afraid for you—"

She went on sobbing passionately while I wriggled uncomfortably in the crook of her arm.

"Water is cruel, Jo, cruel—and I hate it. It—it puts on a sort of beauty, shining and sleek and deadly like—like a lovely woman, and then it takes your man away from you."

She dropped to her knees in the sand, and I knelt beside her, my lips moving to the lines she'd taught me. "Now I lay me down to sleep, if I should die before I wake—"

Dead! My father was dead! I didn't understand, yet it struck a chord of terror in my childish soul, dim and mysterious but never to be quite forgotten. I loved the sea, yet just for a moment it seemed like a monster with a woman's face and a thousand sucking arms, reaching out greedily for the bodies of its victims.

My mother failed rapidly after that. She was a delicate woman and she had no will to live, even for me, her daughter.

"Jo," she faltered one day, "if—if anything happens to me, I've made arrangements for Minnie to take you." Aunt Minnie was my father's sister and she ran a boarding house at Cedar Junction up in the Maine woods.

When my mother closed her eyes in her last long sleep, Aunt Minnie came after me. She was a big, strapping woman with a seamed face and horny hands, but her breast was firm and deep and she gathered me close to her, expounding the homely philosophy life had taught her.

"There, there, child, don't take on so! Folks jest can't go round cryin'. They have to grin and bear whatever the good Lord sends."

My aunt was always kind to me, and I'm sure that she loved me, but she couldn't express herself as my mother had with pats and kisses and tender words, so I grew up there in the solitude of the woods, a browned little pixie with too much imagination and a heart fairly bursting with loneliness.

WHEN I was eight, my aunt sent me down to the nearest town for my schooling. I went to school during the winters as long as the roads were passable, and when the drifts cut me off from town, I studied my lesson books, reading everything I could lay my hands on. Quick to learn, I was always at the head of my class, and the other children resented it. When I was eleven, I came home one day with a long scratch on my cheek, and Aunt Minnie was properly scandalized.

"Land's sake, Jo! You h'aint been fightin', have you? It h'aint right for little girls to fight."

My eyes flashed and my fists doubled into a ball.

"She started it—that Mary Davis. She called me a 'sissy' 'cause I spelled her down so—" I hung my head. "I slapped her and the teacher sent me home."

Aunt Minnie looked at me for a moment in silence. Then she said gently, "It don't matter who started it, Jo. It don't matter who's right or wrong. Go back there and tell Mary Davis you're sorry. You don't want to go to bed with wicked thoughts in your mind." Then she quoted solemnly, "*Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.* Remember your pop, Jo! How do you think he felt out there in the storm when his ship was goin' down? He wa'n't afraid. It wa'n't in him—but his heart musta broke clean in two to know that he couldn't make it up with your mom."

All of a sudden, in my imagination, I could hear my mother sobbing. "He didn't mean it. It was just his way—" I dug my fists

into my eyes. Mary Davis was a meanie but maybe she felt bad because she couldn't spell.

"Can—can I take her an apple, Aunt Minnie?" I sniffled.

She picked one out, the largest and reddest one in the basket, and I trudged back to school, feeling that there ought to be a halo around my head. When I went to bed that night, I prayed for Mary Davis. "Make her a good girl so I won't have to slap her again." But I was glad because I'd given her the apple. It was a nice, comfortable feeling to know that I wasn't mad any longer!

During the summer months I let off steam. I learned to swim like a fish; I dived from the highest and most impossible places. I rowed boats and paddled canoes, and when every bed in the ramshackle old place was filled with visitors, I helped Aunt Minnie. She set a good old-fashioned table and the guests came back from year to year, mostly folks who wanted a rest and a cheap vacation. The rich ones went to the big hotels where they could drink and dance and have themselves a time.

I was seventeen the summer that Tony Carvell came into my life, a slender girl with red-gold hair and blue eyes full of suppressed dreaming. I'd finished high school the year before and was studying to be a teacher at the nearest Normal, throwing myself into my work with all the energy and enthusiasm of my turbulent nature. But Tony's coming changed all that for me. Aunt Minnie was down at the Junction buying supplies when the bus stopped at the door that never-to-be-forgotten day, so I stepped back of the desk and laid the thumbed old register out on the counter. It was early for visitors—only the middle of June—and the idea of a new face was vaguely exciting.

Tony Carvell was young and slim and arrogant with tired, dark eyes and a nervous manner. His hand twitched when he signed the register, and his mouth had a sulky droop.

"I suppose there's nothing to do around here?"

He looked so much like a bad-tempered child that I laughed aloud.

"There's plenty to do if you want to do it. Do you like to fish?"

He shrugged.

"Sometimes, but I'm not in the mood just now. Ask me another!"

"How about swimming and hiking?"

He lit a cigarette with a jerky motion.

"Do I look like a boy scout, Miss—Miss—"

"Gardner," I supplied obligingly, "Jo Gardner, short for Josephine." Curiosity was eating me alive. If he was looking for entertainment, why had he come to our place? I glanced at the book in front of me. "Anthony L. Carvell." His name didn't mean a thing to me in that out-of-the-way corner of the woods, but he must be somebody because his bags were made of expensive leather and his clothes were the last word in swagger.

As though he read my mind, he glanced up with a crooked grin that held no amusement.

"I suppose you're wondering why I picked on you? Well, it's this way. I had to go somewhere and it didn't matter much, so I shut my eyes and stuck a pin in the map of Maine. It speared Cedar Junction right through the heart." He picked up his luggage, as though the conversation was beginning to bore him. "And now, if you'll be so good, please show me to my room. If a letter comes, or a telegram, let me know at once."

I took him upstairs to the best room in the house, two windows facing the east, a hooked rug on the floor, and the spool bed that had belonged to my grandfather. It had always seemed pretty grand to me, but this weary, ill-tempered boy standing there in his smart new clothing made it look dingy and old-fashioned.

"I hope this will suit you," I said. "It's sunny and very comfortable."

He shivered as he set down his bags, and for the first time I felt a little sorry for him.

"Places are all alike to me. I've got to put in my time somewhere." He turned on me almost desperately. "I've got to stay until September fifth. I promised Breck and he'll hold me to it, damn him!"

His violence startled me.

"Who is Breck?"

Tony Carvell sat down on the bed and his eyes turned black with a stubborn and thwarted passion.

"Breck is my stepbrother. He's a lawyer with everything that the word implies. He handles my money and tries to run my life for me. We hate him, my sister Francie and I. He's always preaching and throwing cold water on the things we want to do." His mouth set in a bitter line. "My father left me money but I can't

## BITTER FRUITS OF HATE

TRUE CONFESSIONS  
BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

touch a penny of it unless Breck says so, not until I'm twenty-five, and by that time the best part of my life will be over."

Twenty-five! To my seventeen years, it seemed like an eternity, yet it never occurred to me that there must be a good reason back of the financial arrangement and my vivid imagination pictured Breck as a miserable old skinflint doing his best to make two young people unhappy.

Tony blossomed out under my ready sympathy.

"Anyhow, I'll be eighteen on the fifth of September and I can do as I please about—about a certain plan I have in mind. Breck thought if I went away from home, I—I might see things differently, but I know what I want and nothing will ever change me." He moved restlessly. "I don't know how I'm going to stand it here. How do you manage? You're young and pretty. I should think you'd go nuts, living here year in and year out."

Some of Aunt Minnie's hard-headed wisdom came to my aid.

"I keep busy," I said. "It's dull in the winter but the summers are swell. There's a scrumptious lake a little way down the trail, and I've got a canoe all my own. Then we have dances at Cedar Junction on Saturday nights—"

"Isn't that just ducky," he mocked. "Will I enjoy that? A lot of farmers grow through their paces—"

I forgot that he was a guest and flared out at him.

"You needn't make fun of us! You came here to spend the summer and if you can't be a sport about it, you'd better go back home where you belong."

He stared at me, startled, then suddenly he laughed, his whole face changing. His eyes turned warm and alive and a flashing charm which thrilled me in spite of myself came to the surface.

"What a little spitfire! I might have known you'd have a temper to match your hair. I'm sorry, kid. I didn't mean to be disagreeable." He reached out and caught my hand, swinging it lightly. "What say we just forget it and be friends?"

I felt a tingle clear to my fingertips. I'd never met a boy like Tony, and his very difference fascinated me. He was like a swaggering young prince out of a story book, out of a strange glittering world called "society" which in itself meant romance and mystery.

No wonder that he went to my head a little. No wonder that when I ran downstairs, I stopped and looked at myself in the glass because he'd called me pretty. My hair and eyes were all right, but my skin still held some of last summer's tan and a freckle or two. Girls in the cities used creams and lotions. I had never owned a jar of any kind of cream in my life.

"What are you up to, Jo?"

I jumped a foot when Aunt Minnie spoke to me. I hadn't heard her come in, but all of a sudden there she stood, market basket on her arm and her sharp black eyes snapping with disapproval.

"Just—just looking," I stammered.

She took some eggs carefully out of the basket and laid them away in the old stone crock.

"Gettin' notions, be you? I saw that boy go by the store on the bus headin' for our place. Nice lookin' rascal but jest summer folk, Jo, remember that! Here today and gone tomorrow."

A burning flush came up in my cheeks.

"Sure, Aunt Minnie, I know." She didn't need to warn me. Tony Carvell would be around for a month or two and then he'd vanish as thoroughly and completely as though a genie had rubbed a lamp. I wasn't going to be a fool about him. I was just going to enjoy him while he lasted. Where was the harm in that?

He came down at supertime and ate his meal with listless inattention. It was a good supper, too. Fried chicken and waffles and real maple syrup from Vermont; but he poked his food around on his plate as though it didn't tempt him and afterward he sat in the living room, chain smoking, lighting one cigarette from the stub of another and staring at the burning logs in the old stone fireplace.

Once when I passed through, he roused himself to ask a question.

"You're sure that nothing came for me? I thought there might be a telegram."

I stood there a moment, looking at the dark shine of his head in the firelight, sleek and polished, like patent leather.

"No, nothing came. Would you—would you like to play a game of checkers? I'm pretty good at that."

"Checkers!" The word almost exploded but he had the grace to add, "No, thanks, not tonight. I'm going up stairs and get tight instead. It's the way I put myself to sleep lately."

Aunt Minnie came into my room while I was getting ready for bed. I still wore my childish, high-necked nightgowns and I still said my prayers, kneeling down as my mother had taught me.

"You're a good girl, Jo," she murmured gently. "Don't ever forget that talkin' with God is the best way to clear up your troubles." She laid her hand on my bent head, pressing it tight. "That Carvell boy—" her voice was uncertain. "He's there in his room drinkin' all by himself. I don't like it, Jo. He's lawless, that one, wild as a hawk. He don't belong here. Tell the truth, I'm worried about him!"

On the second day of Tony's stay a letter came for him, a fat blue envelope covered with delicate handwriting. It must have been plenty potent because half an hour afterward he came out in the kitchen where I was making pies and said cheerfully, "Show me that lake you were talking about! Let's go swimming!" Just like that—as though I was supposed to drop everything and entertain him.

Aunt Minnie nodded reluctantly, so I dusted off my hands and tore upstairs for my bathing suit, a scanty green outfit one of the summer visitors had left me. My aunt claimed that it wasn't decent but I adored it, the only garment I owned that was really up-to-date.

Walking down the trail with Tony, scuffling my bare feet in the pine needles, I hummed a little tune half under my breath. It was a gorgeous morning for a swim. The water would be stinging cold but the sun afterward would feel warm as toast. Tony said casually, "You've got pretty legs, Jo," and I hated myself for blushing. He'd think I was silly and old-fashioned to be fussed by that careless remark.

## Chapter Two



E STAYED in the water for fifteen minutes and by the time we reached the bank, Tony's lips were blue and his teeth were chattering.

He bit down hard on a cigarette.

"Smoke, Jo?"

I shook my head.

"Aunt Minnie would skin me alive," I answered

simply.

He laughed.

"You're a funny kid. Most girls wouldn't take orders from an old battle-ax like that."

"She isn't a battle-ax." I was angry again. Tony rolled over on his back and kept right on laughing.

"Okay, okay, she's the Queen of Sheba, if you want it that way. Seriously, though, she and Breck would have a lot in common. You should have seen the act he put on when I bought my plane—worse than an old biddy hen, squawking around."

My eyes turned big as saucers.

"You—you mean you've got an airplane?"

"Sure," he said carelessly. "Why not? I've got to have some fun out of life."

"But—but how could you buy it without any money?"

"Out of my allowance. 'Jingle money,' Francie and I call it. Of course, I had to get it on the instalment plan."

Here is the heart-breaking story of a girl who found that happiness and peace are wherever there is decency and character.

It flashed through my mind that Tony's allowance couldn't be so niggardly if he was able to buy a plane, even on time payments, but then it was all in the point of view. He'd been brought up in luxury and I was poor as a church mouse, so how could I judge?

"You're an awful little greenhorn," he went on idly, "but darned if I don't like you, Jo. We'll probably see a lot of each other this summer unless you're all sewed up with some yokel boy and at that"—he blew a ring of smoke toward the smiling sky—"I guess I could give him a run for his money."

I thought of the blue envelope he had received in the mail and swallowed hard. I might be dumb, but I knew that letter meant a girl in his life, and I suspected that was the reason Breck had sent him away. What was she like, I wondered? Beautiful, of course, and sophisticated as all get-out. She was his sort and I wasn't, but fate had thrown us together and we both were lonely. Our youth would do the rest.

For me, the summer seemed to fly. Once Tony made up his mind to it, he entered into the spirit of the place, and we fished and swam and tramped the woods together. His nervous manner disappeared entirely, and the sun turned him a deep golden-brown until he looked like a young god. He stopped brooding and he only drank once in a while but he still waited for the mail with that eager, breathless intensity and he still spoke of Breck in a sullen undertone, as though he loathed the very sound of his name.

After the regular visitors began to arrive, I spent more time in the kitchen but I got up earlier and hurried through my work, so that I always had a free hour or two, and when the supper dishes were done at night, there were long, enchanted evenings under the stars, just Tony and I. But the ghost of that "someone" in his life, a haunting, glamorous ghost who walked lightly, yet was always there, was like a shadow over my happiness.

Aunt Minnie watched me that summer with anxious eyes.

"You're headin' for trouble, Jo," she said once. "Mebbe you look good to young Carvell up here in the woods, but take you down to the city and he'd be ashamed of you. I'd have more pride'n to let him see I was that daft about him."

But by that time, I could no more have denied Tony's companionship than I could have made my heart stop beating. His voice with its lazy laughing inflection and its muted note of arrogance thrilled me through and through. His careless touch set me quivering; his slightest wish became my law. Maybe that's why we got on so well, because I never crossed him. He was used to having his own way, he told me frankly, but even that was all right with me. The king could do no wrong.

Now at Aunt Minnie's words, my fierce young loyalty rose to his defense.

"Tony's not a snob," I cried passionately. "We're pals, Aunt Minnie, friends. You don't understand."

She threw me a pitying glance.

"I understand a lovesick girl when I see one. It sticks out all over you, Jo, the way you look at him, the way you act when he's around. You tag on his heels like a puppy—" Her voice sharpened. "Better get out in the kitchen and shell the peas. Work's the best cure for what ails you—if there is a cure," she added half under her breath.

I went out and picked up the dishpan with trembling hands.

All right, so I loved him! I couldn't help that. A reckless, despairing anger rose in my throat. I knew he didn't care for me—

not really—I knew he was going away. But why couldn't Aunt Minnie have let me go on pretending? Why did she have to spoil it all?

Three days later the letter came that changed the face of the world for me. Tony ran down that morning, whistling, his eyes glowing as they always did at the sight of one of those perfumed envelopes.

"I'll read it in a jiffy," he promised, "then we'll go for a swim. Hop into your suit and the last one down to the lake gets a ducking."

I waited for Tony there at the edge of the water. It wouldn't be fair to go in without him even though I'd beat him to our meeting place. Why didn't he come? What was the matter? I lay down in the pine needles, crushing my cheek against their prickly pillow. How I loved the brittle smell of them, brown and dead, yet holding a pungent sweetness. Oh, it was good to be close to the earth, to feel the soft air on my body and hear the lap—lap of the water as it touched the shore.

I didn't see Tony until he stood right over me, a strange, white-faced Tony, his eyes lighted with unholy fire. Something in me seemed to stop dead still and then go on again—thump—thump—my heart pounding against my side, beating in the ends of my fingers and roaring in my ears. *Tony, Tony, what has happened to make you look like that? Tragic and desperate and hating—black hate that twists your mouth and shines like blood in your eyes?*

I couldn't move. I couldn't speak. I just lay there, staring up at him and shivering. Whatever affected Tony affected me and some of that dark evil passion seemed to be pouring into me, making me share his hatred and his wild despair.

He sank down beside me as though someone had pulled a string, in a loose, disjointed sort of way, his arms around his knees as though he were holding himself together. His lips were dry, and he licked them furtively with the top of his tongue. His voice when it came was harsh as sandpaper.

"He did it, Jo. Breck did it. He took her away from me, but I'll get even with him, so help me, God!"

"Tony," I whispered, "Tony!" It was dreadful to see him suffer so. He'd gone his headlong, passionate way, and now that his world had crashed, he had nothing to steady him, no power of self-control and no will to resign himself. I reached out a trembling hand and touched him. "Do you want to tell me about it?" I whispered.

He swallowed convulsively.

"I don't know what to say. She loved me. I know she did. But Breck thought she was after my money and he made me promise to go away until I was eighteen. You don't know Breck. He's got a will of steel. He fastens his teeth in a thing and he never lets go. He got me out of town and then worked some devil's trick on her. Carol's just a kid. He—he could have told her any sort of lie and she'd believe it. Oh, God, I don't understand! Her letters sounded just the same until today—"

Carol! So her name was Carol! It sounded sweet and lilting like a song at Christmas time.

"But, Tony," I whispered, "what happened? If she loved you—how could he take her away?"

He flung himself on the ground beside me.

"How? That's what I've been asking myself. She—she's married, Jo, married to a man who could buy and sell me ten times over. An old man—" his face contorted. "It's horrible, *ghastly*—"

Scarcely realizing what I did, I put out my arms and drew Tony into them. I wasn't thinking of myself. I only wanted to comfort him, to bury that beautiful, twisted face in the hollow of my shoulder and bring it peace. This, then, was Tony's secret, the sordid story of a girl who hadn't waited, who'd snatched at a better chance. And Breck, for all his faults, had seen right through her, and seeing, had tried to save Tony from making a tragic mistake. He might be cold and arbitrary, he might be a tyrant but as Tony's guardian, he'd acted according to his lights.

Yet I couldn't say, "Don't blame it all on Breck. If she really cared for you, she'd have stuck to you through thick and thin." Tony couldn't have stood the truth just then. He wouldn't even have believed it. It was queer and bitter-sweet to feel him clinging to me, his body shaken with dry convulsive sobs.

"You're all I've got, Jo." He never kissed me before but he kissed me then, his mouth bruising and crushing mine and the exquisite shock of it went through me like a thousand needles. I didn't realize that there was danger in his very frustration or

## BITTER FRUITS OF HATE

TRUE CONFESSIONS  
BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

that the dammed-up flood of his emotion must find an outlet, no matter what it cost in tears and suffering.

Sex was new and strange to me, a thrilling, mysterious power which drew me to Tony like a magnet and held me there, breathless and a little frightened, yet blindly adoring. Right or wrong, Tony was Tony and I was for him. If he'd asked me to follow him down into hell, I'd have put my hand in his and gone along with him.

"Jo," he whispered thickly, "I need you so! Jo, Jo, darling, meet me here tonight! You do love me, don't you? You won't ever let me down?" His kisses held a feverish insistence, a ruthlessness which considered nothing but himself, yet to me in my childish sincerity, it meant only one thing. Tony was beginning to care for me. No matter how or why, he'd turned to me for love, and I mustn't fail him.

### Chapter Three



LOOKING back, I could weep for that little girl who was Jo Gardner, running down the path that night, a yellow moon over her shoulder and romance waiting at the end of the trail. First love—before its rose-white ideals are shattered, ardent and glowing, burning in your heart like a prayer. There is just one moment in all the years when your stumbling feet touch the mountain top and you face the blinding beauty of those eager impossible dreams come true.

I saw the glow of Tony's cigarette in the darkness, and I ran a little faster, murmuring his name. When I stepped into the clearing, he said, "I thought you'd never come, Jo." His arms were hard around me and his hungry lips seemed to pull the soul from my body; reckless, passionate Tony, demanding everything, giving nothing, yet making it seem like paradise.

I never thought of the consequences. That wild adventurous spirit which sent men down to the sea in ships was part of my heritage. My ignorance did the rest. Tony was mine and I was his. It was as simple as that to me—and "afterward" was just a word, an ugly word which held no meaning.

Yet during the days that followed, I was far from happy. That shamed, guilty feeling in my soul grew and grew and for the first time in my life I couldn't look Aunt Minnie straight in the eye. Tony seemed to think that, after that night, sin was an accepted thing between us, and when I resisted his advances, he grew bitter and sullen, so that the frantic fear of losing him was added to the weight on my mind.

"You're willing to kiss me," he complained angrily. "You're willing to pal around with me and give me the works until I can't sleep nights for thinking about you. Then why don't you want me to love you again—really love you, I mean?"

Hot tears rushed to my eyes.

"You—you don't understand, Tony. I made a mistake but I don't want to go on being bad. I—I'm not built that way."

He looked at me as though I were a stranger.

"Sometimes," he said deliberately, "you remind me of Breck. You know what's right for everybody and you insist on their doing it whether they like it or not."

I felt as though he'd struck me.

"But Tony, you—you haven't any use for Breck—"

"Well?" he asked cruelly. Then at sight of my stricken face, he relented a little.

"Okay, Jo, have it your own way! If you want to spoil these last few weeks together, that's your privilege."

Shortly afterward he started drinking again, sometimes coming down to the table in a noisy mood and quarreling with the other guests. Aunt Minnie spoke to him about it but times were hard and she couldn't afford to send him packing. "He's a problem, that one," she said. "I'll be glad when the summer's over."

The month of August was hot and stifling, even there in the woods. I felt tired and listless. Swimming was an effort, and diving from the springboard made me so dizzy that I gave it up entirely. Yet I didn't realize the ghastly truth until I awoke one morning early in September with a nauseating sickness at the pit of my stomach. When I tried to get up, I fell back weakly on the pillow, my hands cold as ice and my body dripping with perspiration.

A stab of fear went through me, a sharp flash of terror. I put my hands across my eyes and prayed, that tragic, desperate

appeal so many girls have uttered. "Oh, God, don't let it happen! Don't let it happen to me!"

Aunt Minnie came in a moment later. She opened the door of my room and stood there on the threshold, watching me grimly.

"What's the matter?" she demanded harshly. But she knew. I could see it in her eyes which were black with shock and pain and a bitter understanding of human frailty.

I turned my head restlessly from side to side, too sick even for shame.

"I don't know—"

She tramped across the room and sat down on my bed.

"Don't lie to me, young lady. I was afraid of something like this." A hard tear trickled down her leathery cheek. "You poor little fool! What are you going to do now? Do you expect me to take care of you? Do you expect to stay around here where everyone will point a finger at you and your baby?"

"No," my words came out in a strangled whisper. "I—I don't expect anything, Aunt Minnie. I just want to die!"

Her mouth set in a grim, straight line.

"It hain't so easy as that, Jo. When you sin, the good Lord makes you pay the price and if I know Tony Carvell, you'll have to pay it all by yourself 'cause he hain't the kind to marry a girl from the backwoods. He'll go his fancy way and leave you to stand it. A fine gentleman!" Her voice was hard with scorn.

"Don't—don't tell him!" I pleaded. I couldn't bear it if Tony knew and then deserted me, or worse still, offered to buy me off. This way I could go on pretending, a pathetic little pretense yet better than nothing at all. I could think that Tony *might* have risen to the occasion, that he might have been gallant about it, even a little glad—

My aunt brushed furiously at the tears in her eyes.

"But that hain't fair, Jo. Even a skunk deserves a chance. He's plannin' to leave on the fifth and then it'll be too late."

I could picture Aunt Minnie breaking the news, bluntly and savagely, rousing all the antagonism of Tony's nature.

"I—I'll tell him," I said faintly. "Oh, please, go away now! Leave me alone for a little while! I—I've got to get used to it, Aunt Minnie. Don't you see?"

She stooped and kissed my cheek.

"Yes, child, I see. My old eyes have seen a lot in their time and they're gettin' pretty tired of it all. Sometimes I wonder what's the use of it, the pain and the heartbreak and young things like you, caught in a trap of their own makin'. Why couldn't God have given you sense along with your pretty face? Why couldn't He?"

I stayed in bed all that morning until those waves of sickness passed. Then at noon I swallowed a cup of scalding coffee and walked slowly down to the edge of the lake. Tony, Tony! How could I tell him? Where would I find the words and the courage? How would he look at me? What would he say? Oh, surely that passionate hour under the stars must have meant something more to him than raw desire, some bit of tenderness and pity, some mystic bond, fragile as a thread fashioned of cobwebs, yet strong enough to hold us together.

But when I heard him calling me, I wanted to run, so far and so fast that he'd never find me. I stood stockstill, clenching my hands and biting my underlip in a frenzy of terror.

"Jo!" His voice was eager and excited and when I turned to face him, the sense of something breathless and important was there in the air between us.

"I've been looking for you all morning," he said. "I—I've been thinking, Jo. How would you like to go back home with me? Marry me, I mean, and give old Breck the surprise of his life?"

I began to shake all over. I couldn't stop it. Now when hope was lowest, Tony had come to me and out of a clear sky offered me my soul's salvation. He didn't know about the baby. How could he? Aunt Minnie had never betrayed a confidence in her life.

"Here!" Tony exclaimed. "What's wrong with you? Are you sick, Jo? You look so white." Suddenly he bent and kissed me, a fierce, exultant kiss. "I'll be eighteen day after tomorrow. Let Breck try and stop this marriage! I'd like to see his face when we walk in on him, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Carvell."

If I hadn't been half crazy with relief and gratitude, I might have reasoned, "*He hasn't said he loved me. He doesn't even seem to be thinking about me, really, only Breck and how he'll react to the staggering news.*" But you don't stop to figure out the whys and wherefores when your heart is bursting with happiness. It was so good to feel a little of my pride come creeping back, so good to hold up my head again! I said wildly, "Tony, Tony,

darling—" and felt his laughter crushing down on my lips.

"I guess you do love me, don't you, baby? I guess we'll show 'em, you and I! Better toddle in and tell your aunt about it. She thinks I'm poison, but I should worry. Once we get out of this God-forsaken place, we'll never come back."

Aunt Minnie was bustling around in the kitchen when I hurried in. I was so excited that I could scarcely speak.

"Tony wants me to marry him. Oh, Aunt Minnie, I—I didn't tell him but he wants me just the same! Everything is going to be all right."

A queer, guarded expression crossed her face, as though she half regretted the step I was taking. But she only said, "I'm glad for you, child. I'll miss you but mebbe you'll be writin' me once in a while."

Fumbling in her apron pocket, she drew out a roll of bills.

"You'll want some fancy duds if you're goin' to the city. Mebbe—mebbe you can find something down at the Junction."

I threw my arms around her to hide the tears in my eyes.

"I'll go down right now," I said around the lump in my throat. Aunt Minnie worked so hard for her money, yet she'd be hurt if I refused it. She was going to be lonely without me but I'd write her every day and I'd come back often. Even Tony couldn't stop me.

Buying a trousseau at the community store wasn't as bad as it sounded, since they stocked up for the summer trade, and there were always a few models left after the season closed. I found a rust-colored knitted outfit to match my hair, a blue wool dress with white yarn embroidery, a flowered housecoat, and some silk pajamas, the first I'd ever owned. I felt like a queen when I brought them home and looked them over. I'd be equal to anything now, even Breck.

The day Tony came of age, we flew to Connecticut and were married by a justice of the peace. I hadn't told Tony yet about my condition, so when the trip made me violently ill, he blamed it on the altitude.

"You'll have to get used to it," he said in a matter-of-fact way. "You'll have to because flying is the thing I like to do best."

We took a room at the hotel for the rest of the day and while I unpacked, Tony went down and sent a wire to Breck. He came back, chuckling. "Ten words," he said, "but packed full of dynamite. Gee, will Francie get a bang out of this!"

I was still feeling dizzy, so I'd put on the flowered housecoat and was lying down. Tony came over and lay down beside me.

"Hello, gorgeous," he said softly. "Got a kiss for your new husband? You can't fight me off now, Jo. You belong to me."

Just as he abandoned himself to every emotion, he abandoned himself now to the stored-up passion in his blood. The fury of his love-making exhausted me but I told myself that tenderness and consideration would come later, perhaps when I told him there was going to be a child.

I was dressing for the trip home next morning and was laying out the knitted suit when I felt Tony's hands on my bare shoulders.

"Not that one, honey. Wear the little gingham there in the closet. I like it best."

"But—but, Tony, it's old and faded. I don't even know why I brought it along except that I had such good times in it."

"Wear it!" he said flatly. There was a new note in his voice

now, a note of authority, and I took the old dress off the hanger with shaking hands. I'd planned to look so smart when Breck saw me and now I'd be dowdy and old-fashioned but I couldn't quarrel with Tony. It wasn't worth it. After all, what did Breck's opinion matter?

We reached New York at one o'clock. A girl was there at the airport to meet us, a dark, lovely girl in a streamlined car, red as a fire wagon.

Tony called, "Hi, Francie!" She laughed, showing a dimple.

"Hi, yourself, smart aleck! You did it this time. Breck's fit to be tied." Her voice was sweet but it held the same bored, half-insolent note as Tony's own.

In spite of myself, I hung back a little. Francie was looking me over through long, extravagant lashes thick with mascara.

"Your new sister," Tony drawled. "'Jo' to you and me, but I suppose Breck will call her 'Josephine.'"

Francie lit a cigarette from a gadget on the dashboard, a bunch of bracelets jangling on her slender wrist.

"Perfect!" she said. "We can get a padded cell ready for Breck."

Then to me, "Hop in back, will you, that's a good kid. I want Tony here with me. You've had him to yourself all summer."

I climbed in, feeling stiff and numb, and during the drive to Long Island I sat there staring mutely at those sleek, black heads, so close together. I didn't belong. Even their language was strange to me, a smart, slangy jargon broken by their hard, young laughter. At what? At me? At Breck? How could I tell?

Once Tony turned around and threw me a word of warning.

"Remember, Breck thinks you're a red-headed little so-and-so and you're to go on letting him think it, understand?"

I nodded forlornly. Of course, Breck wouldn't like me, yet somehow Tony made our marriage seem like a brilliant coup instead of a holy consummation.

#### Chapter Four



THE Carvell house fairly took my breath away. It was situated on the Sound, on a small hill set back from the ocean, and a winding drive led up to a gray stone building so large that to my bewildered eyes it looked like a castle. To the west there was a long, bare landing field where the wings of a plane glittered in the sun and back of it crouched the hangar, gay with aluminum paint.

I stepped out of the car and stood there, hesitating. A faint breeze was blowing in from the sea and the salty tang of it swung my mind back to my childhood, so that for a moment I forgot to be afraid of Breck and the ordeal ahead of me, forgot to worry about that secret something between Francie and Tony which excluded me entirely. I turned my face to the clean, white sand and the sparkling water, stretching out my arms and breathing deep of that never-to-be-forgotten fragrance. This was my welcome home. I'd come back—back to the sea that I loved.

Francie's little chuckle broke in on me.

"Why the tableau, darling? Better save your dramatics for Breck because he'll be waiting with all his beautiful sarcasm trained to annihilate you."

I glanced at her doubtfully, but she wasn't smiling now. She looked hard as nails, her mouth thin and her eyes smoldering, so that I half expected, as we went up the steps, to see the door flung open and hear an irate voice ordering us all away. Instead the door was opened quietly by the butler and the house was so still you could have heard a pin drop.

Tony broke in with the question I'd been dreading. "Where's Breck?"

"He's in the library, sir." The man's face was without expression. "Will you have tea served there? Mr. Breck didn't know. He said to wait till you arrived."

Tony lifted mocking eyebrows.

"This isn't a tea party, Saunders. It's a celebration. Shake us up some cocktails and don't be stingy with the gin."

I followed Tony and Francie into the library, my knees trembling. They were putting up a bold front, those two, a sort of swaggering parade, and they meant me to do the same—like a game of follow-the-leader. But somehow I couldn't play up. I held my breath and waited until Tony took my hand and pulled me forward. "Meet the wife!" he said.

## BITTER FRUITS OF HATE

TRUE CONFESSIONS  
BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

A man was sitting there at the desk, a young man with a stern, clean-cut mouth and blue eyes that seemed to search my soul. Breck? But this couldn't be Breck. I'd thought he was off and ugly. I'd thought—

"How do you do?" He spoke very carefully as though he was choosing his words. His voice was low and mellow but restrained, and he hesitated just an instant before he got to his feet and offered her hand.

Tony jerked at my sleeve, but I slipped my small, cold hand in Breck's. I couldn't meet his polite gesture with rudeness, even for Tony.

"I'm—I'm all right, thank you." Curiously enough, I found myself clinging to the lean, hard strength of his fingers. When would he begin to bawl us out? He didn't look mean, even though his mouth was pale and unsmiling.

Tony interrupted smoothly. "I've ordered cocktails. I thought you'd want to drink to the bride and groom. Just an old family custom." His flashing eyes deliberately challenged the other man, and Francie took over where he left off. "Sure, good old Breck! He wants everyone to be happy, don't you, darling?"

Breck said a little sharply, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me. I've a business engagement in town and I'm leaving immediately. But don't let my absence cramp your style."

He went out of the room quietly, shutting the door behind him, while Francie made a little gesture of disgust.

"No use getting plastered now. Breck's spoiled the party."

But they started drinking just the same, as though their code demanded it, and when my first cocktail made my head swim, Tony said, "Why don't you go upstairs and rest a while?" He said it as though he wanted to get me out of the way so he could talk to his sister alone.

Francie jumped to her feet and put a careless arm around me.

"I'll have to take you under my wing and teach you how to handle your liquor. Rosine will help you unpack. She's the parlor maid. I can't afford a maid of my own. She'll try to pump you, but don't tell her anything. She's nuts over Breck."

She went into the hall with me and called Rosine, a dark little woman with a harried manner, and as we turned away I heard Francie saying, "I ran into Carol yesterday—" so that I went upstairs with Carol's name ringing in my ears. Tony was still in love with her. He wanted to talk about her. That was why he had sent me away.

The bedroom, Tony's and mine, was the last word in luxury and there was a tiled bathroom in black and white with deep, fluffy towels and cabinets full of bottles and lotions.

Lying back in the warm, perfumed water, I thought almost hysterically of the portable tin tub in the boarding house, the harsh, yellow soap, and the scrubby wash cloths. I couldn't be homesick! That was silly. Yet there were tears in my eyes and an aching loneliness in my heart. I could just hear Aunt Minnie saying, "You can't fit a round peg into a square hole, Jo." But I could. I had to. I was Tony's wife and I loved him. I'd make a place for myself in this strange new world. I'd make him proud of me.

I shampooed my hair and put on the rust-colored suit. Francie came in before I finished dressing. There were patches of color on her cheeks, and she tripped over the rug in front of the door.

"Glory!" she said. "You can't wear that dud. We're going to a dance at Bremer's Inn right after dinner. Wait. I'll get you something of mine. We're almost the same size."

She came back with an evening gown, all silver sparkles. It felt cold and slippery and there wasn't any back. She touched my mouth with lipstick and put drops in my eyes that made them look wide and feverish. When the dinner gong rang, I went downstairs slowly and reluctantly. I felt awkward and unhappy and half undressed. I dreaded to have Breck see me.

Tony was still in the library, so I thought, "I'll stop and get him. A meal will sober him up." In my heart I tried to excuse him. "He's upset at seeing Breck again. He's showing off just to annoy him." After all, there'd been long weeks up in the woods when he hadn't touched a drop, so it wasn't really a habit. Explanations, alibis—trying to reassure myself against that sickening doubt in my mind, yet remembering so clearly Aunt Minnie's troubled voice, "He's there in his room all by himself, drinkin'—"

I'd reached the door of the library when I heard Tony's voice, thick and hot and stammering a little as though he couldn't manage his tongue.

"I told you I'd get even with you for messing up my life. Carol

wasn't good enough to marry me! No, oh, no! My wife must be rich and social register. She had to be somebody." He laughed harshly. "Well, how do you like the little nobody I brought home with me? A little hick from Cedar Junction with the hay still in her hair—"

I pressed my clenched knuckles hard against my mouth to keep from screaming, the ugly words dropping like acid on my soul. *Tony had married me to spite Breck.* I couldn't fool myself any longer. I couldn't think, "He does care just a little—"

I leaned sickly against the wall, the cold glitter of Francie's gown like ice on my shaking body. I could hear Breck saying, "You drunken young pup! I ought to smack you down." Breck was defending me. I felt a rush of passionate gratitude. He might be against me but he'd never make a fool of me like Tony had done. I was just a good joke to Tony and Francie . . .

I took my hand slowly away from my mouth. There was a red smudge on the knuckles and I stared down at it dully. Francie's lipstick! She'd dressed me up like a circus horse so they could take me out and make fun of me.

A healthy spark of anger struck through the misery of my mind. I stumbled back upstairs and tore off the garment, letting it slither to the floor and leaving it there. Francie could pick it up if she wanted to. But no, she and Tony never picked things up. There was always someone to do it for them.

They were all at the dinner table when I came down in my own clothes. Francie's mouth made a big round Oh of astonishment.

"But—but, darling, why did you change? I told you we were going on to Bremer's Inn."

Darling! She called Breck that, too, and she hated him.

My pale lips smiled at her.

"I decided to stay home. You and Tony go. I'll talk to Breck."

Breck glanced at me queerly, then over toward Tony who was making an effort to sit up straight in his chair. He didn't look glamorous just then. He looked like any drunk, vacant-eyed and a little disgusting, his mouth loose at the corners. I wondered suddenly if Breck stood this sort of thing every night, Tony and Francie there at the table, making a show of themselves, yet thinking they were smart and superior. It was the first time I'd ever considered Breck's side of it. I'd simply taken Tony's word for everything. Yet his word was no good. I know that now.

Tony flew into a rage because I refused to go out that night. Yesterday his temper would have reduced me to tears and contrition, but now the fact that he was furiously angry with me only pressed the cold, tight band around my heart a little tighter. I'd loved him so! I still loved him but he wasn't on a pedestal any longer. He was just a handsome young savage with a selfish disposition and a lot of glaring faults.

After they left, Breck asked me into the library. He pulled out a big, cushiony chair for me and said gently, "Sit down, Jo, and we'll get acquainted. How old are you, child? You seem so very young for marriage."

"I'm seventeen." Breck looked different when he smiled, friendly and kind, his eyes warm and his mouth relaxing. Before I realized, I was telling him about the boarding house up in the Maine woods, about Aunt Minnie, about Tony and the way we'd walked and fished and swam together.

He listened thoughtfully, pressing the tips of his long, sensitive fingers together.

"I'm afraid," he said at last, "you'll find this kind of life quite a change. There's nothing healthy or normal about the pattern of existence Tony and Francie have set for themselves. I've tried to do my best for them but—well—I guess you've noticed they have a very definite antagonism toward me. Our father left the money in my keeping and it's been a sore spot to them both. They have a liberal allowance. They have every comfort and luxury, but it isn't enough."

"Tony told me about it," I stammered. Here was Breck's side again, a wholesome, intelligent side which was easy to understand. Already there seemed to be a bond between Breck and me, the tie of sound reasoning and good common-sense.

Tony came in at daylight, his face gray and deep pockets under his eyes. I hadn't been able to sleep, yet I got up when he crawled in bed beside me, put on the flowered housecoat, and went downstairs without a word to him. Francie was still out. I wondered if Breck was worrying about her.

There was a pink slip of paper beside my plate that morning, a check with Breck's name scrawled across the bottom.

"I thought you might want to shop," he said. "It's only pin

money, you know, but Tony is always broke, so it's better for you to have your own allowance."

Tears rushed to my eyes. It was strange and disturbing to meet generosity and kindness where I'd expected hostility.

"You—you're pretty swell," I whispered. "I guess I've upset all your plans for Tony's future. You wanted him to marry someone worthwhile, didn't you?"

He looked at me gravely.

"It all depends on what you mean by 'worthwhile.' I hoped Tony would marry someone who'd make a man of him. Maybe you can do it, Jo." He flung out his hands in a queer little gesture. "I can't. I've tried but I've only made a mess of things."

"Breck," I asked impulsively, "what was she like, that other girl?"

His voice hardened.

"Just a pretty little tramp. The kind that comes a dime a dozen."

A commotion at the door stopped him. Francie's husky laughter drifted in. "How about a spot of breakfast, Don? Sure, you want it, you big lug! One cup of coffee and you can walk a chalk line."

They barged into the dining room, Francie and a tall young man with dissipated eyes and sandy hair. His top hat was still on his head and ashes were spilling from the end of his cigarette. He and Francie had evidently made a night of it. Francie's satin gown was wrinkled and untidy and the stain of a spilled cocktail decorated the front panel, yet she seemed quite pleased with herself as she found a chair, pounding on the table with her vanity case and demanding "service."

She didn't bother to introduce the man called Don, but he made himself at home, anyhow. He sat down beside me and squeezed my bare arm.

"Who's the stunning lil' red-head? I say, Francie, you've been holding out on me."

I tried to draw my arm away, but he held it tightly.

"No, you don't, sweetheart." His face was suddenly close to mine and I thought wildly, "He's going to kiss me."

Francie was still laughing but Breck sprang to his feet and said, "Get out of here! I'll give you one minute to make the front door before you're thrown out!"

"Don," Francie shrieked, "stay where you are!" But Breck was already hustling him from the dining room, and Saunders was removing the cup of coffee he'd just brought in, his face blank as a sheet of paper. I suppose he was used to living in a mad house but I wasn't. I was holding my breath and wondering what would happen next.

Breck came back, dusting off his hands as though he'd touched something unclean, and Francie stumbled up to meet him, raging, her black hair falling into her eyes.

"You boor! Insulting my guests—" The smack of her palm against his cheek went all through me. Oh, how could she? How dared she? I thought dazedly, "She's what Aunt Minnie would call a 'little trollop.' Breck ought to take her over his knee."

Breck stood a second, his face gray and the mark of Francie's fingers standing out in brilliant patches. Then he picked her up in his arms, kicking and struggling, and carried her upstairs to her room. I heard the slam of a door, the click of a key in the lock, and a moment later the violent ringing of the bell from Francie's room.

Rosine came running from the kitchen, but Breck, who was

finishing his breakfast just as though nothing had happened, said quietly, "Never mind, Rosine. Don't answer it! My sister will get tired of it after a while."

Rosine said, "Oh, yes, sir." Her eyes were on Breck with open adoration. "But you can't keep Miss Francie in with a lock. She'll climb out the windows."

"It's quite a drop to the ground," Breck said grimly. "If she wants to try it, let her!"

I realized suddenly that I was staring at Breck just like Rosine did, wide-eyed and admiring. When he suggested that I drive into town with him that morning for some shopping, I almost said, "Oh, yes, sir," out of the new and deep respect in my heart.

I ran upstairs hastily to cover my confusion. Francie was storming around in her room, throwing things and screaming for her brother, "Tony, Tony—" But Tony was dead to the world, his face buried in the pillow, and I thought, "It's just as well. If he knew Breck had locked her in, he'd kick the door down."

I felt a little sick at the sight of my young husband sprawled there in his drunken sleep. What chance would a baby have in a place like this? With a father like Tony—

The baby! For the first time I thought of it as a living, rosy morsel cradled in my arms, and standing there with that crawling sensation at the pit of my stomach, I tried to picture a little child growing up in this house of discord and violence. Tony and Francie teaching it to be "smart" like they were—to be wayward and naughty and disobedient. How could I protect it against their reckless influence? A fierce surge of tenderness twisted my heart. Tony wouldn't ruin our baby as he was ruining himself. Breck—Breck would help me.

Maybe that's why I told him as we were driving into town that morning, because he seemed so sure and steady, everything that Tony was not. His hands gripped the wheel a little tighter but he only said, "That rather complicates things. What does Tony think about it?"

"Tony doesn't know," I stammered.

Breck said "So?" in a curious voice. Then gently, "You'd better tell him, Jo. Maybe it will sober him up a bit." Not a word of blame for me! Just that quiet acceptance which seemed to say, "I understand."

## Chapter Five



MEANT to tell Tony, yet during the crowded weeks which followed, I never seemed to find the chance. Night clubs, parties, crowds. I swallowed my sick distaste and went out with him everywhere, watched him flirt smoothly and outrageously with a different girl every evening and drink far more than he could handle. The thought that he and Francie were laughing at me behind my back kept me continually stirred up, for ridicule is a deadly weapon even against love, and little by little it rubbed off the shining edges of my passionate devotion, leaving a frayed, raw emotion in its place.

I lost my temper over trifles and Tony followed suit. We quarreled and made up and quarreled again, two hot-headed young people who had nothing in common save the tie of bodily possession, and it was always up to me to say, "I'm sorry," if I wanted Tony's arms around me again.

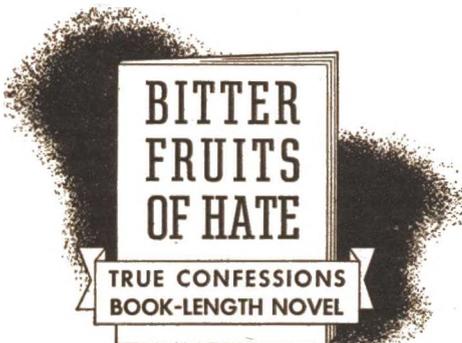
Once in a while I thought of Breck's suggestion, "Maybe you can make a man of him," but an answering thought said bitterly, "No use to try." Tony hated preaching and interference. I'd just get another big laugh if I started to hand out advice.

The only time my husband and I came close to an understanding was when we flew the plane, a small cabin plane with a pilot seat and a seat for two in the rear. Tony, handling the controls, seemed different then, for he shed his smooth, bored manner and became eager and enthusiastic, like a little boy in search of high adventure. He liked best to fly out over the ocean and once he said, "Some day I'm going to cross it. Wouldn't that be something, Jo? I've always wanted to and when the urge gets strong enough, I'm shoving off."

I stared down below me at the tumbling, restless waters.

"Dad was a sailor," I said. "He lost his life down there. The ocean's pretty big, Tony. If you go, take me with you."

"Sure, I'll take you, kid," he said easily. "You've got plenty of nerve and you never squawk in the tight places." It was one of those glowing moments we so seldom captured, when we were



happy and at peace with all the world. Tony found out about the baby one night just before dinner. He and Francie had brought their cocktails into the library because they thought it might annoy Breck, who was working there, and they were planning another one of their endless parties, the kind that lasted till the small hours of the morning.

"Count me out, Tony, please," I said wearily. "I'm so tired tonight."

He came back at me sharply.

"But it makes an odd one if you renege. You're always tired lately. What's the matter? Can't you take it any longer?"

Breck was jotting down some figures on a sheet of paper. His cool voice cut across my husband's anger.

"She needs to rest, Tony. It's perfectly natural in her condition."

Tony's drink spilled over on his shaking hand. His face turned livid.

"Her condition—" His lips twisted in that ugly way I remembered so well. "That's wonderful—that's simply marvelous! I'm going to be a father and *you* have to tell me about it." He swung on me furiously. "Since when have you been blabbing all your little girlish secrets to Breck?"

"Tony," I stammered, "it—it just happened." But I didn't look at him. I looked at Breck, drawing strength from the compassion in his eyes.

"I'm sorry, Jo," he said. "I wanted to help you but I guess I've put my foot in it as usual."

Francie mocked back at him, talking around the cigarette in her painted mouth.

"Just a great big-hearted brother, handing out sweetness and light!"

I couldn't stand it. Breck had been so good to me and here they were, trying to make his friendliness seem tricky and underhanded. My voice rose shrilly.

"Let him alone, can't you? You're always riding him. Everything he says, everything he does—you twist it the wrong way!"

Instinctively, Tony and Francie drew closer together, as though they were banding against us, Breck and me.

"Oh," Tony said softly, "she wants us to get down and lick his boots. Since when have you been carrying the torch for Breck? You're *my* wife. Or had you forgotten that, in the thrill of crying on Breck's shoulder?"

"Don't be a fool!" Breck interrupted sharply. "You're making a mountain out of a mole hill."

"Oh," Tony repeated in that velvety fashion, "I am, am I?" He looked down at his drink as though it didn't taste right, then he slammed his glass violently to the floor where it broke in a dozen pieces. "Damn you, Breck! Stay out of my family affairs or there'll be hell to pay!"

I stood there, trembling, shocked, and outraged by Tony's incredible childishness. "They've never grown up, either one of them," I thought dazedly. "They never will grow up until life hurts them enough to show them how wrong they are. I love Tony. I must love him, yet I feel closer to Breck in all the things that really matter, truth and sympathy and confidence—"

**S**HORTLY after that scene in the library, Tony started seeing Carol again, or maybe he'd been seeing her all along, I wouldn't know—but I heard him phone her one day to arrange a meeting and the sound of his eager, stammering voice cut through me like the lash of a whip. I was Tony's wife. I was going to bear him a child, yet he was taking up his affair with Carol right where he left off—and what could I do about it?

Nothing! Nothing but eat my heart out with jealousy and resentment. Tony had completely ignored me since that last quarrel and Francie, who copied her brother in everything, had snubbed me, too. I was lonesome, hungry for affection, desperately unhappy.

When Tony went out that night, I slipped down to the library where Breck read and studied of an evening.

"I won't bother you," I told him breathlessly. "Just let me stay here and watch you. You—you rest me, Breck. You always seem so safe and sure of yourself."

"Do I?" I thought that his voice shook a little but I couldn't be sure. He stacked some papers neatly on the desk before he said, "Since you're all by yourself tonight, I've tickets for a symphony concert. If you like music, it might rest you even more than being here with me."

Tony would hate my going out with Breck, and I wanted to hurt him. That was my first thought—to stab his pride as he'd crucified mine. But when I heard the sweeping, lovely tones of the orchestra, a comforting quiet stole over me and I sat there, my shoulder pressed to Breck's, more at peace than I'd been at any time since my marriage. I'd never heard music like that before, the sonorous, majestic harmony of Handel's *Messiah*, and unconsciously I found my fingers clinging to Breck's in rapt attention, awed and humbled before the genius of a great master.

Driving home, Breck said gently, "I hope you'll always come to me, Jo, when the going gets tough. Maybe it'll help me to hoe my own row when life presses down a bit. Everyone wants to be necessary to someone, and I'm just a stumbling block to Francie and Tony. They never come to me with their troubles, never for anything but money, and then they come with a chip on their shoulder, daring me to knock it off. I don't know how or when it started. I'm only twenty-six, and we've practically grown up together. I suppose it's the difference in our temperaments. Their mother was Spanish, and they both take after her." He sighed, looking down at me. "We all have our problems, Jo. Dad spoiled the children after their mother died. He gave them anything they wanted and then, just at the last, he saw the error of his ways so he made a new will, setting the bulk of his property aside until they were twenty-five and appointing me guardian."

"I wanted them to take up something after they finished high school—art, engineering, architecture—but they couldn't be bothered. They were having fun, so what was the use?" He gave the wheel a sharp little twist. "Maybe it isn't good taste to criticize Tony in front of you, but I wanted you to understand my side of it. I'd do anything in my power for those kids—after all, they are my younger brother and sister—if they'd let me, but when I see them going to hell in a hand basket, I try to stop it and the only way I know is to cut them off at the pocketbook."

He hesitated a moment, then he said, "I might as well tell you that I was worried sick when I heard of Tony's unexpected marriage until—until I saw you, Jo, so little and shy and frightened. Poor child! Were you afraid of me? I hope not."

When we reached the house, the red car was parked in front of the door. Tony was home ahead of me and that meant trouble. I said good night to Breck and went upstairs wearily, bracing myself for a scene. My husband was sitting on the edge of the bed in his pajamas, his hair ruffled and his eyes angry-bright.

"Where've you been?" he demanded violently.

I copied Breck's cool manner.

"Just out. Where have you been, Tony?"

He glared at me.

"Getting smart, aren't you? Spying and listening in on my phone calls! You know how I feel about Breck." He reached out and seized my arm in a cruel grip. "How dare you go out with him? Do you want people to start talking about you? To say that Breck's trying to take you away from me?"

I flushed hotly.

"You're crazy! No one would make insinuations against Breck. He's clean and decent. He wouldn't fall in love with another man's wife, his brother's wife at that."

"Meaning that I'm a louse! That I don't play fair."

I jerked my arm away. It felt stiff and sore and it ached from the grip of his fingers.

"You never *did* play fair, Tony. You never will. It isn't in you. You can't lay down the law to me until you learn to govern yourself, and you can't forbid me to go out so long as you keep dating up another girl. That's final!"

He went over to the stand and poured himself a drink, gulping it down in a single swallow.

"You didn't use to be like this," he said sullenly. "Breck's been putting notions in your head. He asked you out tonight just to get my goat."

My lip curled.

"That isn't true, and you know it. He asked me out because I was lonely and unhappy, because you and Francie treat me like the dirt under your feet."

The quarrel was in full swing now. Tony rocked back on his heels, his whole face blazing.

"Why don't you call me a liar and be done with it? You can't expect my sister and me to go into ecstasies about you when you're slopping all over Breck. Let him alone! you say. You're always riding him.' Bah! You make me sick! You're a stooge. that's what! Breck's made a stooge of you."



BY THE time I crawled into bed, I was shaking all over with anger. I'd loved Tony so terribly, so blindly, but his insults made everything that had been beautiful and precious in my love seem soiled and degraded. How could I find it in my heart to say, "Let's forget it and start all over again?"

I couldn't make abject apologies for something that wasn't my fault. Oh, it was dreadful to be lying there, so close to him, feeling nothing but a sick, surging fury that bordered on hatred. We were husband and wife. We'd taken that solemn vow "for better or for worse," yet here we were spitting back at each other like alley cats, digging in our claws and trying to find a sensitive spot so that we could hurt and wound.

From that time on, Tony made no pretense of covering up his affair with Carol. He flaunted it in my face, flowers and dates and sly phone calls when her husband was out of the house. Naturally, we grew further and further apart. I seldom saw him of an evening now, and I spent a good many hours in the library with Breck, reading, sewing on sheer little garments or writing long, rambling letters to Aunt Minnie, telling her how happy I was and hoping that my misery and heartbreak didn't show between the lines.

If I mentioned Breck more often than I did my husband, it was because he was always there, kind and dependable, drawing me out of my shell with laughter and conversation, occasionally insisting on a show or a concert, and taking me for long drives in the car. Sometimes when the weather was mild, we walked along the beach together, and I told him about that dreadful day when my father failed to come home. I turned my soul inside out for him and never realized what it meant because Tony was still an obsession in my mind, a dark, beautiful, tortured obsession which followed me everywhere.

I'd never heard the saying, "*There are two kinds of men—the kind you love and the kind who make you happy.*" But I knew that I couldn't have stood those long hours of waiting if it hadn't been for Breck. I was so young, so ignorant, so utterly alone, so fearful of that dim, mysterious happening called birth. After the baby came, perhaps Tony would be different. Oh, he would, he *must* love his own child. That tiny soul formed in his own image would be a sacred bond bringing us together again.

That Sunday afternoon when Tony suggested a ride in the plane, I was feeling blue and discouraged and my body was so sluggish that it was an effort to move at all. Yet it was the first friendly gesture my husband had made in weeks, and I couldn't refuse him. I went upstairs, clinging to the balustrade, and got into my leather jacket. Breck was passing the door and he stopped dead still, watching me in grave concern.

"Jo, you're not going up? My dear child, it isn't safe for you."

I looked back at him dully.

"Tony wants to go."

He went downstairs with a long swinging stride, and I followed him into the dining room, where my husband was pouring himself a drink.

"What's this about taking Jo up?" Breck demanded. "Have you gone completely haywire? Don't you know that it's dangerous, both for her and the child?"

Tony narrowed his eyes and kept on slopping whiskey into his glass.

"When I want your advice on how to take care of my wife, I'll ask for it, see?"

I felt a sudden surge of alarm. The baby! Would a trip really hurt it? Only three weeks of waiting now. I mustn't do the wrong thing just to satisfy a whim of Tony's. I touched his arm appealingly. "Maybe I'd better stay home. I really don't feel well—"

His face darkened in that stormy fashion I knew so well.

"If you side with Breck against me, I'll never speak to you again. You thought it was okay a minute ago until Breck butted in. Take your choice, Jo. I'm your husband and it's my baby, but what does that matter?"

"All right, I'll go." A queer little pain was stabbing my side, dull and intermittent, making my breath catch sharply. I was thankful when Breck said, "Very well, then. I'll go, too. I've never been up in your plane, Tony. It'll be an experience."

Tony set his glass down hard on the table.

"I didn't hear anyone invite you, mister."

Breck laughed, suddenly and harshly.

"If I waited for invitations in this house, I'd never get anywhere. You know me, Tony. I'm going along. You can take it or leave it."

"Wise guy!" Tony sneered. "You think I'll stay home if you insist on being a passenger, but I'll show you. If you want a ride, I'll give you one—a honey."

We walked over to the landing field, the three of us, and climbed into the plane. That nagging pain persisted, carrying its own warning, yet if I mentioned it, Tony would think I was stalling so I settled back doggedly, determined to go through with it. Breck was there, close beside me, and I reached out timidly, touching his clenched fist where it lay on his knee. Why did he look so strained and white? Did he worry that much about me? Dear Breck! A rush of warm, sweet comfort stole over me. He wouldn't let anything happen.

Tony flew the plane that day as though the devil were after him. He took sudden, sickening plunges, sometimes flying so low that he almost scraped the treetops, then swooping up, up, higher and higher, until I was sick and dizzy and blind with a growing panic. He was stunting, showing off, trying to make Breck say something, but Breck just sat there, his lips compressed and a fierce contempt in his eyes.

We were a long, long way from home when the engine started to miss, over a region that was new and strange to me, scattered farms and open fields bordered by woodlands, a small town far off to the left of us, barely visible through the distant blue haze. The pain in my side was sharper now, until I sat crouched over, holding my arms across my body. Breck cried out hoarsely, "For God's sake, Tony, get this kid back home! She's in labor, you fool! You criminal, senseless fool!"

Tony turned his head a little wildly, a note of desperation in his voice.

"There's something wrong with it. I've got to land. If I don't, we're going to crack."

"You can't land here," Breck shouted. "There isn't a house for miles. Keep going, do you hear me? Keep going, damn you!"

"I—I can't!" The plane started downward. My face felt damp and cold, and the palms of my hands were slippery with perspiration. Nothing mattered any more but that searing agony which was tearing me in two.

"Breck," I gasped, "Breck, help me!" Afterward, when it was all over, I remembered his passionate voice, "I wish to God I could bear it for you, Jo. Hold fast, darling! We're almost there."

"There" was a stretch of meadow, bleak and bare and still cold from the winter snows. Breck commanded harshly, "Off with your coat, Tony, and then start walking. Find someone—anyone! I'll make her as comfortable as possible until help comes. And leave your flask! It's the first time I ever blessed the fact that you're a drunken waster."

My husband stripped off his coat without a word and handed it to Breck. He was taking orders now, not giving them, and there was something almost like humility in his manner as he hung his head and started running across the field.

Between the paroxysms of pain, I saw Breck make a bed of their heavy coats on the icy ground. Then he unscrewed the top of the whiskey flask, making me swallow some of the fiery liquid, and all the while he was cursing Tony under his breath, steadily, monotonously, as though he never meant to stop.

## BITTER FRUITS OF HATE

TRUE CONFESSIONS  
BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

I kept moaning, "Stay with me, Breck, stay with me." He took my twisted body in his arms, holding me until the dreadful convulsions passed.

"I'll never leave you, darling. Jo, hang on! Tony will be back pretty soon with a car and we'll get you to the hospital."

It seemed as though hours passed while that nightmare of suffering went on and on. It isn't something you can tell about because afterward it doesn't seem quite real, the grinding, spasmodic torture, an instant of blessed relief, then the pain again, and Breck's voice saying, "Try to help yourself, Jo. Hang onto my hands—hold tight—that's my girl, my darling." I couldn't see him any longer but his voice was always there, somewhere in that whirling world that knew no ending. And from time to time, I felt the sting of liquor in my throat, raw and choking, stopping my gasping cries.

Just at the last I went down into a merciful darkness. Shock and pain had been too much for me, and I never knew when the baby came, a tiny boy that Breck wrapped in one of the leather coats and laid carefully in the cabin of the plane. I never knew when Tony came back with an old jallopy he'd borrowed from a farmer, not until the jolting rush of the engine made me stir feebly in Breck's arms.

I saw his face, first of all, gray and twitching, his lip bitten through and a trickle of blood on his chin. He looked like a man who'd been through hell.

"Breck," I whispered, and he tried to smile at me, a curious twisted effort which brought the tears to my eyes.

"Don't—do that," I said faintly. "Breck, where's my baby? Is everything—all right?"

"The baby's here, Jo, right on the seat beside us. We're rushing it to the hospital." I didn't sense the strain in his voice. I closed my eyes and relaxed against him, falling back into a stupor and it wasn't until I lay in a clean white hospital bed that I became conscious of Tony, down on his knees beside me. He was crying, Tony, the proud, the arrogant, his face buried on my arm.

"I didn't realize—" he mumbled. Then even in the midst of his self-abasement, Tony-like, he lifted his head and looked at Breck.

"Go on," he cried wildly, "rub it in, why don't you? It gives you a chance to say, 'I told you so!'"

Breck turned quietly on his heel and left the room, leaving us alone together.

"It's all right, Tony," I said wearily. "It's all over now and I'm so tired." I pitied him but he'd failed me when I needed him most and the fleeting thought came, "*He'll always fail me. He's weak and unstable—selfish—all for Tony.*"

He put his lips against the back of my hand.

"I—I'll buy you a new fur coat, Jo, out of my allowance—"

I almost smiled at his childishness. That hell, that agony, the cold, damp ground—my baby coming into the world through the crude methods of a man who knew nothing of surgery but who'd risen to the occasion because he was brave and fearless and because two lives were at stake. It all came back on a rush of poignant gratitude; Breck's shaken voice, "*I wish to God I could bear it for you. Hold tight—that's my girl, my darling.*"

Tony was offering me a bribe to forget it, yet I couldn't say to him, "*I've outgrown you. Life and bitter experience have made me a woman while you were just standing still.*" He wouldn't understand.

My little boy died the following day. Breck had done his best to protect him, but it was a premature birth, and cold and exposure had done their deadly work. I couldn't believe it when they told me. I couldn't accept it. For a week I ran a dangerous temperature and after that I lay listlessly in bed, not caring, feeling that life wasn't worth the effort and that everything worth while had slipped away from me.

Tony stayed in the little town where they'd hurriedly brought me and he came to the hospital three times a day, bringing flowers, books, and finally the coat, a soft gray squirrel with a turquoise lining. He was trying to make amends for the death of a little child. Poor Tony! Didn't he know how futile it was? How pitifully tragic? I roused myself painfully to thank him. I thanked Francie when she barged in with fruit, silken lingerie, and once a small, gold wrist watch. Breck seldom came any longer and when I asked about him, Francie said, "But, darling, he's a working man. He can't just dash here and there whenever it suits him."

I went home at the end of the month. Spring had come, and all the trees were green again, crocuses bloomed by the side of

the house and the lawn was like a velvet carpet. My baby was buried in a cemetery near by, a tiny mound of earth marked with a marble headstone, and Tony drove me there so that I might lay a sheaf of white rosebuds on its grave. Nights when the rain poured down, I thought of it, so little and so alone, out there in the raging storm. It wasn't a healthy state of mind, but I couldn't snap out of it and finally Tony said in desperation, "What you need is a change."

A surge of homesickness caught me by the throat.

"Let's go back to Maine, please, Tony, just for a little while."

He hesitated.

"Look, darling, it—it's so beastly dull there!" I remembered how Tony felt about Aunt Minnie and the solitude of the woods.

"You needn't go if you'd rather not," I said rashly. "I'll go alone." After all, why not? Nothing would ever be the same again. I couldn't recapture that eager, breathless happiness I once had known. I was older, wiser, and Tony had been killing my love by inches until only the shell of it remained; a stubborn loyalty to a dream that had once been beautiful, so beautiful that my hungry heart refused to say, "It was only a dream."

It was Breck who drove me to the airport. At the last minute Tony phoned from somewhere that he was detained, phoned while I was waiting with my bags packed and my hat and coat on, ready to go. Breck had come home early that day, perhaps to say goodbye, and I said ruefully, "I'm always bothering you. Would you mind driving me over? Tony can't make it."

"My dear, it will be a pleasure." His eyes met mine and the look in them kindled a tiny spark down in my beaten heart. For the first time since my baby died, I felt another emotion besides dull, morbid grieving. Breck's nearness was suddenly disturbing, electric, bringing the blood to my white cheeks. I'd never quite believed that he was in love with me. He was fond of me and he'd been frightfully upset that day, yet after it was all over, he'd been just Breck again, friendly, kind, but far removed from that frantic, desperate man who'd gone down with me into the Valley of the Shadow.

Now, as our eyes clung together, I wasn't so sure. I wasn't even sure of myself any longer. A queer little thought went through my mind. "If Breck were my husband, he'd be going along with me. He'd love the woods. He'd fit in—"

I said impulsively, "Breck, get away some week-end and run up to Cedar Junction. I'll take you out in the canoe. We'll go swimming—"

A muscle tightened in his cheek.

"If you want me, Jo. If it'll help you to take an interest in life again. I'd like to see you as you were when you first came here, brown and fit, with all the cobwebs chased away."

His promise stirred me, filled me with a vague excitement. Aunt Minnie would approve of Breck. She'd look him over with her shrewd old eyes and see how fine he was. All during the trip I thought of him, when I got off the plane and took the straggling little train, and when I boarded the local bus that would take me directly to the boarding house. Aunt Minnie wasn't expecting me and she was out in the kitchen when I walked in. I thought for one awful moment that she was going to cry. Her face worked piteously, then she held out her arms and I went straight into them.

"Jo, my baby! I declare, I hardly knew you—so citified—such fancy duds." . . . She held me off and inspected me critically, shaking her head. "You're too thin, child. I don't like the look of you. You need good country air and some home-cooked vittles. Get on upstairs to your old room. It's waitin' for you jest as you left it. And after you put on some sensible togs, come lend me a hand in the kitchen. There's a crowd comin' in today and I hain't half ready."

I smiled in spite of myself. Aunt Minnie didn't believe in idleness. I wasn't to sit with my hands folded even if I was Mrs. Anthony Carvell. But the bedroom under the eaves brought a lump to my throat. Every shabby, discarded article just as I'd laid it down, some of my clothes still hanging in the closet, my books, neatly dusted, on the shelf against the wall. Wrapped up in my own troubles, I'd forgotten Aunt Minnie's side of it, poor, lonely old woman, living on my scattered letters and keeping my little room in order with loving, patient hands.

I took a faded gingham out of the closet and slipped it on, remembering suddenly how Tony had insisted on my wearing a cheap, old-fashioned dress for that first meeting with Breck.

He'd wanted me to appear at my worst. It was pretty shabby of him, but the thought didn't hurt any longer. Breck hadn't noticed my clothes. He'd looked straight down into my soul and then he'd risen to offer his hand, a friendly hand which had welcomed and encouraged me.

## Chapter Seven



**I** THREW myself into my work that summer with an eagerness that surprised me. Just being useful gave me a sense of peace and satisfaction. Maybe that's what I'd been missing. Nobody in that costly household I'd left behind had really needed me—unless it was Breck.

Breck! It was strange how continually I thought of him. When was he coming? How soon? Every time a passenger alighted from the bus, I ran to the window, until Aunt Minnie asked dryly, "Expectin' someone, Jo?"

"No," I said, "er—yes." She'd think I was looking for Tony. The blood rushed hotly to my face. Queer that I should feel like that, all warm and glowing and alive again.

Yet even then, I never guessed the truth—not until the day Breck found me down by the edge of the lake, and looking up, my heart turned completely over. I'd been in swimming and had just pulled off my cap, so that my red hair tumbled across my forehead. Breck was smiling. His hands were reaching out to me. I stumbled a little going to meet him because my knees felt weak as water and the blood was roaring in my ears.

"Breck," I whispered. "Breck! It's good—good to see you again." And then, without knowing how it happened, I was in his arms and my lips were meeting his in a long rapturous kiss. It might have been a kiss of greeting but we both knew differently, and being Breck, he put me immediately away from him, pale, trembling a little, but master of himself again.

"I'd scarcely know you, Jo." His glance went over me, my body which had lost its childish outlines and become firm and rounded, the curve of my full young breast. "You aren't a little girl any longer. You've grown up."

"Yes, I've grown up, Breck." My eyes clung to his. God knows what he saw in them, what longing and passionate entreaty, for he turned away with a smothered sound like a sob of pain.

"Don't, dear, don't look like that! You've changed, but life and its obligations are still the same. Honesty, Jo, and loyalty—even to those who aren't loyal to us."

I knew what he meant. Tony was running around with Carol again. Probably he'd never stopped except for those few brief weeks after the baby died. But jealousy was gone forever. I couldn't even feel resentment any longer. Carol hadn't robbed me of my husband's love, because I'd never had it. He'd always cared for her. No doubt he always would.

That week-end with Breck went all too soon and afterward Aunt Minnie took me to task about him.

"He's a fine young gentleman," she said, "but things are either right or wrong and he h'ain't your husband, remember that! You made a mistake once because you were young and your feelin's ran away with you. Don't make another! Go back home and do your duty as the good Lord shows it to you."

I went home toward the end of the summer and Tony met me at the airport, a haggard, restless Tony with twitching hands and burned-out eyes. He looked as though he was going to pieces both mentally and physically. I was appalled at the change in him but Aunt Minnie's warning was still clear in my mind and I thought, "I must try and set things right between us. I must try to help him."

When we reached the house, he carried my bags upstairs and set them down in our bedroom. It looked bare, strange for a moment, until he licked his lips and said nervously, "I've moved into another room. I—I don't sleep very well at night and I didn't want to bother you."

My first sensation was one of relief. I'd dreaded Tony's passionate demands on me, those tempestuous intervals when he was at odds with Carol and turned to me for comfort. Yet habit is an insidious thing. You don't just cast it off as you do a garment. Something in his handsome, wasted face still tugged at my heartstrings. We were both in love with someone else, yet there was still a tie between us, a thousand little memories, some bitter, some sweet, like ghosts come back to haunt us.

Tony felt it, too, even though he'd put me away from him. There was a sort of defiant shame in his manner, and his eyes refused to meet my own. When I turned quietly to unpack my bags, he said in a low voice, "Maybe you'd like to go somewhere tonight? A dance or a movie—"

I pitied his confusion.

"Thanks, Tony, but I'd rather stay home, if you don't mind too much."

He drew a shaken breath. He'd done the decent thing and asked me. Now, if Carol called, there were no strings on him, no wife to tag along and spoil their plans.

Francie came in a little later in a silken house coat and a pair of sandals that displayed her crimson toenails. She kissed me with a warmth that surprised me.

"I'm so glad you're back, really glad, Jo. I've been wanting to talk to you about Tony. I'm worried sick about him. His affair with Carol isn't any secret to you but you don't know the half of it. Martin Perry, Carol's husband, has found out about them and he's warned Tony to stay away from her." She huddled down in a chair, and I saw that she was shivering. "I'm afraid, Jo, afraid, I tell you! Tony acts sometimes as though he were going crazy. He talks so wild. He makes such ugly threats—"

And then she said something which, being Francie, it must have been hard to say. "Breck was right about her—Carol, I mean. She plays around with Tony just for the hell of it but she wouldn't give up the old man's money for anything Tony has to offer." She looked at me appealingly. "Jo, if you have any influence with him, for God's sake, use it! Oh, I know, we've been lousy to you, both of us, but Tony is my brother and I love him better than anyone else in the world."

"But I haven't any influence, Francie," I said slowly. "He wouldn't listen to me." I swept a hand around the room, stripped of my husband's belongings. "Doesn't this prove it? He's moved out on me. I—I couldn't beg him to come back."

She sagged a little in her chair.

"No, I suppose you couldn't. No girl could. Tony's a fool, Jo. You're twice the looker Carol is. You're beautiful, really. You've got poise and assurance now and you—" she laughed a little, her lips twitching, "you look so damned healthy. Maybe that's what's wrong with the rest of us, burning the candle at both ends and pretending it's fun to have our nerves all shot and our tongues covered with fur. Sometimes"—she moved restlessly—"I wish Tony and I had been born poor. We'd have something to fight for then, something to live for . . ."

It seemed odd and inconsistent to hear Francie taking that line when all her days had been spent denying Breck for money, more money—but she'd never had a real worry until now. She'd never stopped to think, and perhaps she dimly sensed that tragedy lies in wait for the spoiled and wayward. I'd thought once that Francie would never grow up unless fate dealt her some blow which would jolt her out of her selfishness. Was the test actually at hand?

A queer uneasiness took possession of me. Francie's black eyes were wide and frightened, as though she was staring straight ahead into the future, glimpsing some veiled, mysterious warning which was meant for her alone.

I saw Breck for just a moment that evening, dear, steady Breck who kept his own emotions so well under control. That one

# BITTER FRUITS OF HATE

TRUE CONFESSIONS  
BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

revealing kiss might never have happened. He shook hands briefly, almost coldly, then he shut himself in the library with his books and papers. I didn't dare go in as I used to do. My heart was too full, my treacherous heart so ready to betray me, and the days that followed were lonely ones, for Francie went the same old round; Tony was never home, so I was left to shift for myself.

Tony! What shall I say about him? He was breaking every law of decency and common sense in his blazing affair with old Mart Perry's wife, and the scandal of it rocked the town. He used no secrecy, no finesse; he shouted his passion from the housetops, and the showdown came one night when we were eating dinner. Breck and Francie and I. Breck was called to the phone and when he came back his face was tight with concern.

"Tony's in trouble," he said slowly.

Francie pushed her chair away from the table with a grating sound. That look was back in her eyes again, clearer and stronger, a look of prophecy and coming disaster.

"What happened?" she whispered. "Where is he?"

Breck laid a gentle hand on her shoulder. Once she would have shaken it off impatiently but now she just stared at him, wetting her dry lips.

"Your brother's in jail. He assaulted Martin Perry, and the police are holding him. I'll drive into town and see what I can do about it. He was there—in Perry's house. That makes it bad for him."

Francie got to her feet by clinging to the edge of the table.

"Let me go with you, please, Breck. He'll be in such a state. I—I've got to go."

I watched them drive away together. Under the circumstances it would have seemed farcical for me to go along. Tony had manhandled Carol's husband. What would they do to him? Oh, he must have been mad—*mad!* I went into the library and sat down in Breck's special chair, pressing my hands hard across my eyes. The thought of Tony in a prison cell was too horrible, too ghastly. I wanted to shut it out as long as I could.

## Chapter Eight



I TOOK Breck three days to bail Tony out. Martin Perry had a head injury and he intended to prosecute. Yet if I expected Tony to come home chastened and contrite, I was doomed to disappointment, for he marched into my bedroom with his chin up and his eyes smoldering, flinging himself down into the nearest chair and demanding a drink.

It would have been funny if it hadn't been so tragic. Tony coming to me for consolation. I picked up the decanter without a word and filled the whiskey glass. The cords in his throat were jerking as he poured it down.

"Breck'll buy the old man off," he said. "I'm not sorry. He had it coming to him. He insulted Carol." Then, at the look in my eyes, he broke out defiantly. "Go on, say what you're thinking! Tell me I'm a heel and a rotter. I can take it. I can take anything they dish out to me—"

I lighted a cigarette and put it between his twitching lips.

"I'm not going to preach, Tony. Only where is all this going to end? Suppose Breck *does* get you out of this jam. What then?"

He shrugged despairingly.

"How should I know? I can't help flying off the handle over things. I—I'm made that way and it's too late to do anything about it now."

"It's never too late," I said. "Get a grip on yourself and start all over again. You've got your whole life before you, and Breck will stake you to a course in some profession—something useful and interesting."

His lip curled.

"Still rooting for the fair-haired boy, eh? Breck's willing to spend *my* money and give me a career! How generous! If he'd stayed out of my affairs in the first place, this wouldn't have happened. I'll bet it's been just pie to him, seeing me in jail—"

I bit my lips to keep from flaring out at him. Tony had always blamed somebody else for his own shortcomings. Probably he always would.

I don't know what strings Breck pulled or how much money he spent, but Martin Perry finally decided to drop the case, and a settlement was made out of court. Perhaps he thought that Tony

had learned his lesson, but it was only a few days later that, picking up the phone extension in my room to make a call, I heard my husband's voice, hoarse and entreating, talking to Carol, and I sat there, frozen, not meaning to listen, yet unable to help myself.

"I told you not to call me," Carol was saying sharply. "Haven't you caused trouble enough? Mart is wild, simply wild. He watches every move I make. Listen, Tony, we're finished. All washed up—can't you understand? Mart'll divorce me without a cent of alimony if I don't walk a chalk line, and no silly love affair is worth being poor again. It was nice while it lasted, but I'm not getting into any more messes because of you."

I couldn't breathe. I couldn't move. Tony's wild, ranting voice held me glued to the receiver.

"You can't do this to me! I'll make you sorry—" A breathless pause and then, "I'll go back to Jo. I swear I will! She's always been nuts about me and she'll give me everything that you refuse me. I'll move back into her room again. I'll make love to her as I never made love to you—"

A scorching rage swept over me. How dare he! How *dare* he talk like that? As though after grinding me down into the dust, he had only to reach out his arms and take me back again! The thought that he and Carol had talked it over, moving his things from my bedroom so that there would be no intimacy, melted my very bones with shame. I stood there, shaking, a red glare in front of my eyes.

Anger? I'd never known it before—not like this! This savage animal passion which made me deaf and blind and started my brain whirling round and round in crimson circles.

I heard the click of the receiver as Carol slammed it up, then Tony jiggling the hook and swearing into the empty silence. I just had sense enough to hang up quietly and move away from the phone before Tony came running upstairs, and I thought, "If he touches me, if he lays a finger on me—"

But he went on to his own room, shutting the door behind him, and he was still there when the gong rang for dinner, drinking, I suppose, and feeling sorry for himself.

Breck and I were at the table when Francie came in, swinging her flying helmet.

"Something's always the matter with the darned things," she grumbled. A little trouble with the plane, probably. Francie borrowed the plane whenever the fancy suited her and she was as fearless as Tony, though not quite so reckless. "Now," she said, "mind if I don't dress? I'm hungry as a wolf. Where's that brother of mine?"

"Up in his room," I answered levelly. "I don't think he'll be down tonight." The sickness of my anger made my throat feel full and tight. I couldn't eat. I couldn't even swallow, and my nerves were keyed up tight as a fiddle string ready to snap.

When I went to my room that night, I locked the door. Breck had driven over to Jersey for a business conference, Francie was out with her crowd of jitterbugs and Rosine had the evening off. I remembered with a queer little stab what Rosine had once said about Francie. "*You can't keep Miss Francie in with a lock.*" Well, perhaps I couldn't keep Tony out, but I could try.

I undressed slowly and went to bed. The house was quiet as a tomb, so quiet that a half hour later the creak of Tony's door and the slap, slap of his slippers coming down the hall were magnified all out of proportion. A moment—and then he stood there, rattling the knob of my door. "Jo, what the devil?" His voice was thick, drunken. "Hey, Jo, open up! I wanna talk to you. What's the big idea?"

I lay there, shaking from head to foot, not with fright, but with black, bitter rage.

"Go away," I said harshly. "Go away."

He began to hammer on the panels.

"Let me in!" There was going to be a scene, then—a quarrel to end all quarrels. Better get it over with before Breck came back. I couldn't stand to have him witness my shame and my humiliation.

Switching on the light, I got out of bed and pulled a silk robe over my pajamas. Tony was still pounding on the door, using both fists, and when I turned the key, he stumbled into the room, his eyes bloodshot and his hair on end.

"Whadda you mean, locking me out?" he asked in an injured tone. "You're my wife and I—I feel so damned rotten, tonight, Jo. I wanted to see you."

If I'd only stopped to think a moment! If I'd looked deep down

below the surface of things and read the misery and wretchedness of his boyish soul! But with that telephone conversation still ringing in my ears, the sight of him there, drunk and amorous, only fanned the flame of my anger. When he reached out his arms and pulled me into them, I struck at him—struck him savagely across the face. Tony, the boy I once had worshipped.

"How dare you come in here? How dare you touch me? You never loved me. You never loved anyone but yourself, not even Carol. You married me just to get back at Breck, who was trying to make a man of you. A man!" I laughed hysterically. "You can't make bricks out of straw, can you, Tony? You can't take vanity and greed and selfishness and mold it into a decent human being."

His arms dropped away from me.

"Jo," he pleaded. "Jo, don't!"

I went on wildly, all the sting and heartbreak of my marriage crowding to my lips and spilling over like vitriol.

"You can't stand the truth, can you? You can't take it. You're a coward, Tony. You're yellow all the way through. You brought me here, just a kid, crazy with love for you, and what did you do? You made fun of me; you held me up to ridicule, you and Francie both. 'A little hick from Cedar Junction.' No, Breck didn't tell me. I heard you! I heard you talking to Carol this afternoon on the phone."

I laughed again at the sight of his face with the mark of my blow across it. "Nothing ever mattered to you," I said, "except having your own way. Even when you knew about the baby, you didn't consider me. You insisted on going up in the plane that day just because Breck told you it wasn't safe—just to show him. You went through all your crazy, dangerous paces and didn't care what happened so long as you could be daredevil Tony Carvell."

And then I said those bitter words which were to haunt me the rest of my life. "You killed my baby—" I threw them at him like hard little stones and saw him wither there under my eyes; I saw all the youth go out of his face; I saw his spirit die and I let him go like that—shuffling slowly from the room down into the hell I'd made for him.

## Chapter Nine



TOSSED and turned on my pillows that night, while little by little my anger died. Oh, why—why had I said all those dreadful things? Why had I hurt him so? I thought of him down on his knees, crying, after the baby came. I thought of him coming to the hospital with flowers and gifts and the fur coat he'd bought out of his allowance, and all of a sudden I felt like a child again, a naughty child who couldn't sleep with wicked thoughts in her mind. I could almost hear Aunt Minnie saying, "*It don't matter who started it. It don't matter who's right or wrong. Go in there and tell him that you're sorry—*"

But pride held me back. I'd forgotten Francie's warning. I didn't realize that a boy of Tony's temperament couldn't stand the sight of his own soul stripped naked. A hard little voice inside me said, "*Why should you humble yourself? It's true, every word of it. Don't be a softie and spoil it all!*"

Yet when I went down to breakfast next morning in my robe and slippers, I hadn't slept a wink. Tony had left the house a short time before and my conscience was bothering me. I sat down to pour Breck's coffee, wondering uneasily why he'd barged out without a bite to eat. I listened for the car going down the drive, and finally I rose and walked over to the window, but the garage doors were closed and locked. I stood there, hesitating.

"Come back and finish your breakfast," Breck complained. "You spoil my appetite wandering around like a little ghost." He glanced at me keenly. "If you're looking for Tony, he's out at the flying field."

The flying field! I went back to the table and tried to eat. There was nothing remarkable about Tony's taking a flight. It was a beautiful day. Yet when the drone of the plane came faintly to my ears, my whole body went suddenly rigid. Usually, the sound of the motor was clear and distinct, but the wind was blowing the wrong way so that I only heard it in snatches, a deep, steady humming, then—nothing at all—and for some reason the silence filled me with a sharp anxiety, a dread which bordered on panic, so that when a door slammed upstairs it went all through me,

made me clench my hands and grit my teeth to keep from crying out.

I sat there, quivering—waiting—waiting for Francie who came tearing down in her pajamas, her face chalk white and the red of last night's lipstick like a smear of blood across her mouth.

"Tony—" she gasped. "Stop him! Stop him! He's flying out over the ocean—"

I got to my feet on legs that had turned to rubber.

"But—but he always flies out there—"

She stumbled toward the front door, screaming for Breck to follow her. What was she saying? "The gasoline gauge! It doesn't work any longer. I was going to tell him! Oh God, the tank's almost empty—"

WITHOUT being conscious that I'd moved at all, I found myself running across the lawn toward the beach, the glare of the morning sun in my eyes and a pounding, choking something inside me that must have been my heart. The plane was flying high above the tumbled waters of the sound, out—out—into that vast immensity of sea and sky toward that greater space men call eternity. A glint of silver flashed back from her wings. Joyous and free, she soared along, never dreaming that the gallant soul of her would soon be crippled and helpless. Tony! Tony! Can't you feel the frantic message winging after you? Come back! Come back! Give me another chance! Let me say, "I'm sorry!"

I kept on running down to the very edge of the water. The wind cut through my flimsy clothing, and the surf broke cold and pitiless over my feet. Behind me, Francie was screaming and Breck was trying to quiet her, but for me they didn't exist at all. I was alone—alone with my grief and crushing remorse—alone with my memories which seemed inexplicably tangled with that tragic scene of my childhood, white sand and shining water and a woman down on her knees praying to God, praying for one who would never come back.

Once again the sea that I loved had become a deadly monster with a siren's face and a thousand sucking arms. My mother's sobs rang in my ears. "*Water is cruel, Jo, cruel—and I hate it. It puts on a sort of beauty, shining and sleek—like a lovely woman—and then—it takes your man away from you.*"

Oh, it didn't matter now that Tony and I had never made a go of marriage. It didn't matter that I'd outgrown him, that I cared for someone else. I'd given him a wild, passionate worship which would never come again, the first love of my ardent young heart. Yellow moon and magic world and romance waiting at the end of the trail. Just that one moment in all the years when my stumbling feet had touched the mountain top.

I scarcely realized when Breck lifted me gently from my knees, shivering, soaked through and through by the surf.

"Don't, dear! Perhaps some boat will pick him up—" His other arm held Francie, sobbing wildly on his shoulder. Poor Francie! My shocked mind groped back to the thought of her, lovely, frivolous Francie who had seen the writing on the wall because her devotion to her brother had been strong and deep, the one true emotion in her shallow life.

I put out a shaking hand and touched her dark, bent head, glossy and shining like Tony's own.

"Maybe—someone will find him, Francie," I faltered brokenly.

But she knew better. Fate—and her own heart had told her so.

Weeks later, a bit of the wreckage from Tony's plane was washed up near Montauk Point and the last faint hope in my heart went out like a flickering candle. He'd gone to his death with my cruel words ringing in his ears, and all my tears and bitter regrets can never blot out the thought of it.

Francie goes about like a shell of her former self. She said to Breck one day, "I—I'd like to fit myself for something useful, if you don't mind. I can't just play around again, not now—" Her lips quivered uncontrollably.

There's a new quality to Francie's beauty, a gentle sweetness that makes her look like a brooding Madonna instead of the mad-cap girl of yesterday. Sometimes I wonder. Does life have to stab us to the heart before we learn our lesson?

"I'm sorry." Such an easy thing to say, yet I hadn't said it, and though some day in the distant future I may find happiness with Breck, it will be a happiness marred by a terrible and tragic remembrance.

God has given us many commandments, but to you who read it, my story brings one message, one simple law. "*Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.*"

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## TO MY HUSBAND

*Ask what you will of me,  
Gladly I'll give,  
Body and soul of me  
Are yours while I live.*

*If tears be the price I pay,  
Here are my eyes,  
Kiss them to sleep, I pray  
Before the night dies.*

*Your lips on my fingers  
Shall warm them to flame  
While memory lingers  
To whisper your name.*

*Kiss me and hold me  
While stars are still  
Let tenderness fold me  
And ask what you will.*

—CARMEN JUDSON

## ETERNAL BONDAGE

*We meet in bondage and in bondage part  
Who might have shared eternity in small.  
Our chains clank menacingly: With a start  
We take up slack a little—that is all.  
You will go on your blueprint way as ever,  
And I, sadly enough, go mine—and never,  
Though we may bow and nod as puppets do,  
Can you be mine, nor I belong to you.*

*The bonds of destiny will countenance  
No turning to the right or left, but they  
Enforce the careless whim of circumstance,  
That changes fairest gods to sorry clay.*

*The chains will hold. In spring or stormy weather  
Our paths may cross, but never run together.*

—JAMES ALEXANDER BLACK

## INTOXICATION

*We hardly know each other; can it be  
I hold you in my arms and feel you cling  
And press you close? My pulses leap and sing.  
The wonder of it all! You seemed to me  
To hold yourself so distant and to see  
With cold and hardened eyes the silly thing  
Desire could make of man. What hidden string  
Was pulled? What magic set your fancy free?*

*Perhaps we're mad. This wanton moon tonight  
Has much of madness in its silver light.  
The air is like a wild and heady wine.  
A mad intoxication makes you mine.*

*Intoxication—yes, I really think  
That love's too strong a cup for us to drink!*

—HARRY KARREY



## WHEN SUMMER COMES

*A white August moon  
And a low white star.  
And thoughts of you  
Wherever you are.*

*The old love leaps  
Anew in my breast,  
Through remembering pain  
And deep unrest.*

*Remembering too,  
Young love's delight  
And a moon and a star  
On another night!*

—NEVAH SUMMERSGILL

## THE DEATH OF LOVE

*If you had understood, I might have waited,  
You said you loved me—did you prove it so?  
The tenderness I craved you could not give me;  
The language that I spoke, you did not know.*

*Yet, there were moments—when you held me closely  
And spoke no word aloud for me to hear,  
But told me, silently, that you adored me—  
Then I could rise above my haunting fear.*

*I loved you more than I could ever tell you,  
Though now you think I cheated you, and lied.  
Ah, lover, could you understand my anguish;  
I killed your love—but my soul also died!*

—CELIA CHEESMAN

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