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## **Delineator. Vol. 119, No. 1 July, 1931**

New York: Butterick Publishing Company, July, 1931

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JULY 1931

NOW 10 CENTS



# DELINEATOR

LLOYD D. MEMBER  
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MIDSUMMER  
FICTION  
NUMBER

MARGARET SANGSTER

SARAH ADDINGTON

CONINGSBY DAWSON

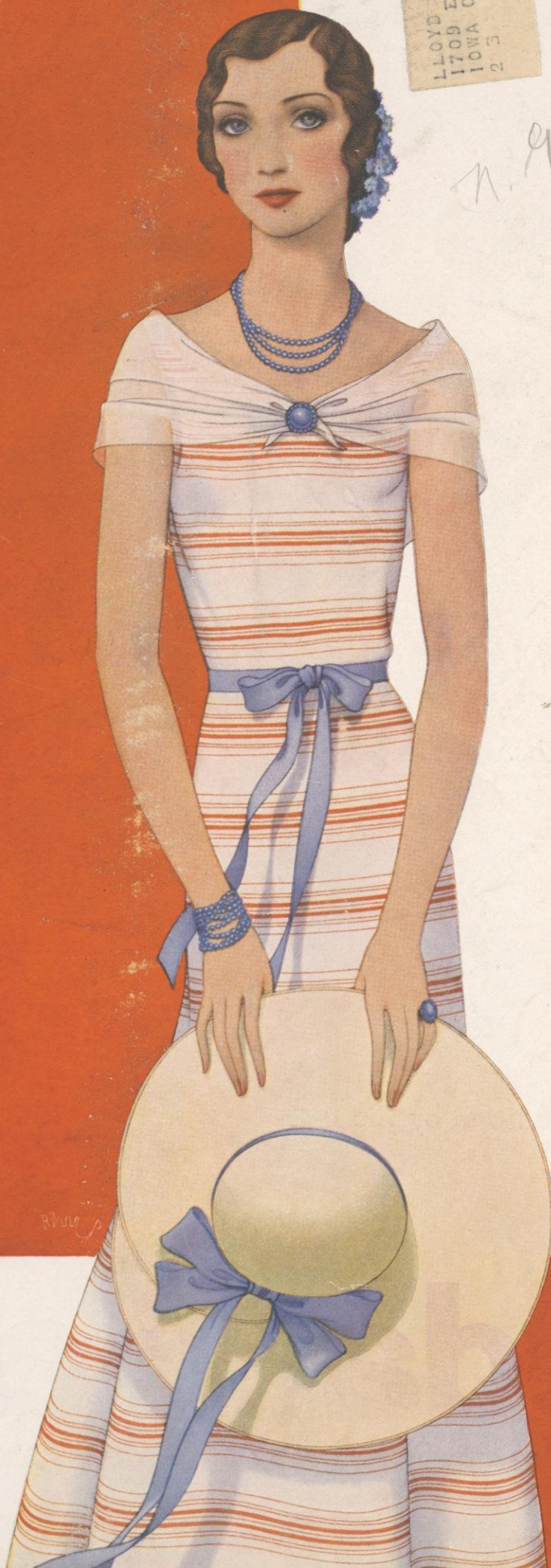
JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

G. B. STERN

GRACE HEGGER LEWIS

The Smartest  
Midsummer Fashions

SPECIAL FEATURES FROM  
DELINEATOR INSTITUTE





**UNEEDA BISCUIT**  
*World famous for over 32 years.*

**RAISIN  
FRUIT BISCUIT**  
*Wholesome and just chock full of raisins.*

**ARROWROOT BISCUIT**  
*Baked especially for the baby's first, sweet tooth.*

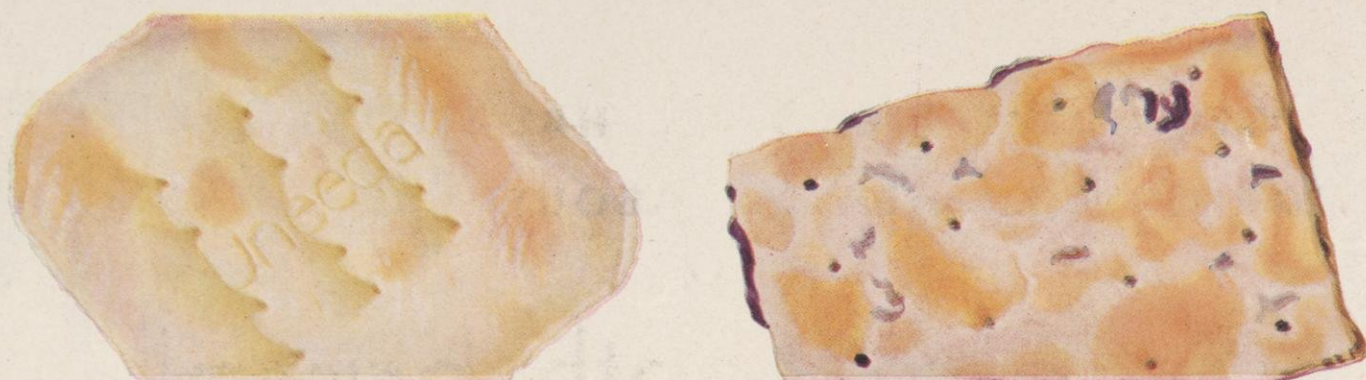
**COCOANUT  
TAFFY BARS**  
*Crisp cocoanut cookies—old favorites, as popular as ever.*

**UNEEDA BAKERS  
BUTTER WAFERS**  
*Thinner, crisper, flakier crackers—irresistibly good.*

**KETTLE COOKIES**  
*Sugar and spice and everything nice—including nuts!*

**CHOCOLATE NUT TOPS**  
*A pecan caps the climax of their chocolate, marshmallow goodness.*

**CHEESE TID BITS**  
*You'll eat them by the fistful.*



Just as all people *look* something like all other people, so all crackers and cookies



may look somewhat alike. But you know what a difference there is in people!



And, in the world of cookies and crackers, the ones you really care to meet and



know are made by the UNEEDA BAKERS—identified by the Red Uneeda Seal.

# Uneeda Bakers

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



# A YOUNG MOTHER . . . HAS WORDS WITH HERSELF ABOUT

## .. "pink tooth brush!"

"HER two tiny teeth are so white that they fairly sparkle! I suppose mine looked like that when I lay in a bassinet. Even two years ago they certainly were brighter than they are today. Why, at this rate, I'm afraid that by the time she's old enough to be *critical* of her mother's looks, she'll never know that once upon a time people did have rather nice things to say about my smile!

"I wonder . . . that 'pink' upon my tooth brush! What does it have to do with my teeth looking cloudy and dim? Why, they're as dull as a blue Monday. And my gums are so soft that they can't be of much help to my teeth! I'm going to try massage. I'm going to get Ipana and I'm going to write it now upon the telephone pad — we're going to see about this 'pink tooth brush' business."



"I wonder . . .  
that 'pink' on my tooth brush,  
morning after morning . . ."



A glance over the luncheon table, the dinner table, and you'll notice at once that most of our modern foods are *soft foods*. And soft foods certainly give our gums no work to do.

Lacking exercise and stimulation, the gums grow more lazy, more touchy with every day. In time they become so tender that "pink tooth brush" makes its appearance.

And, while that first tinge of "pink" on your brush isn't a national calamity, don't ignore its warning. For it often opens the way to many gum troubles — gingivitis, Vincent's disease and the dread, though happily much rarer, pyorrhea.

*Neglected* too long, "pink tooth brush" may threaten some of your soundest and whitest teeth through infection at their roots.

Don't tolerate "pink tooth brush". There's a simple, inexpensive way to defeat it. You have only to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it regularly — it is a marvelous cleanser — and then, each time you use it, put some *fresh* Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and *massage it into those touchy gums of yours*. Twice each day.

Within a few days your teeth will regain a sparkle they haven't had for years. And within a month, your gums will be less lazy and far firmer. For the *ziratol* in Ipana — plus massage — strengthens the gum walls and stimulates them back to healthy hardness. Keep on using Ipana with massage — and you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush".

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-71  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....

# IPANA tooth paste

DEFEATS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" • BRINGS BEAUTY TO THE TEETH



# DELINEATOR

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VOL. 119 • NO. 1



## NEWS OF NEXT MONTH PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

**DOROTHY CANFIELD** returns to *DELINEATOR* next month with another of her fascinating stories of the Basque country. This new one is called "Like All True Love." And in September we will publish still another Basque story: "Ancestral Home." How intensely human, how sturdy, simple and wise are these people whose native land lies between France and Spain and yet who are neither French nor Spanish. And with what sturdy simplicity and wisdom does Dorothy Canfield portray the quiet drama of their lives. Many critics say that Dorothy Canfield's Basque stories in *DELINEATOR* are proving to be her finest work.

**HOW TO DECORATE?** Every so often we feel the need to improve the rooms of our home. Our bedrooms somehow get especially neglected. Then, suddenly, the decision: "Let's do ours over!" And the doubt: "But how?" *Delineator* Institute of Interiors next month shows a bedroom, decorated in two ways: the graceful French manner, so popular now; and the sturdier, ever attractive Colonial. From them, you will get ideas a-plenty.

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Since 1873 we have guaranteed the reliability of manufacturers advertising in our publications • The Butterick Publishing Company • By S. R. Latshaw • President



# WHAT IS THE CRITICAL AGE OF A WOMAN'S SKIN?

*4 defects that age skin corrected by new beauty method  
—789 skin examinations by New York Doctor prove it.*

STUDY THE CUT-OUT photographs on this page. They show clearly the 4 imperfections that rob you of youth. When these imperfections appear your skin is at a critical age.

Read carefully the comments under each picture. They tell in doctor's own words how new beauty method corrects critical-age imperfections, renewing radiant freshness of youth. Proved by 789 skin examinations recently made at New York beauty clinic.

## Why old-style treatments fail

Old-style beauty treatments may be summarized as follows:

1. Apply greasy cleanser. Removes some dirt, but may push greasy dirt into skin.
2. Rub off with towel. Removes more, but may force some greasy dirt deeper.
3. Use astringent. Removes more, but may close pores over clogging deposit.

Case records show these tendencies: (a) pores may become larger (b) blackheads may form (c) sallowness may result (d) skin may grow flabby.

## How pore-deep method acts

Here is the new pore-deep method:

1. Apply Ambrosia ... pore-deep liquid cleanser. Washes away dirt. Acts as antiseptic tonic.
2. Use Ambrosia Cream as softener. Clean pores absorb this colloidal cream that is essentially the same as natural oil. With oil replenished, dry skin becomes smooth as baby's cheek.
3. For large pores, blemishes, oiliness, finish with Tightener. Case records show these results: (a) pores noticeably finer (b) blackheads checked and prevented (c) skin color and tone improved (d) skin healthier, firmer.

Begin today to see radiant renewed youth in your skin. Secure Ambrosia products from any drug or department store. Use as directed.



DOCTORS USE ONLY LIQUID SOLVENTS FOR SURGICAL CLEANLINESS



**BLEMISHES.** Ambrosia is an anti-septic and prevents formation of blemishes and surface infections. Is healing and tonic, helping to prevent blackheads. ★



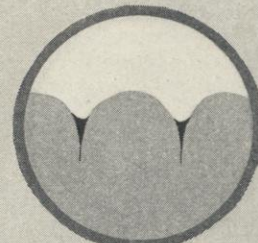
**LARGE PORES.** Ambrosia cleanses thoroughly and deeply. Ambrosia Tightener is astringent in action and constricts large pores and tones skin. ★



**DRY SKIN.** Ambrosia Cream is a valuable softening agent, agreeable and beneficial for all dry and sensitive skins. Helps overcome lack of natural oil. ★



**OILY SKIN.** Ambrosia Tightener is especially useful about nose and chin to lessen oiliness. Improves muddy complexions. Refreshes and stimulates. ★



**ORDINARY CLEANSING.** Note dirt untouched by greasy cleansing. Causes blackheads, blemishes, open pores, old skin.



**PORE-DEEP CLEANSING.** All dirt removed. Pores small, skin smooth. Result: clear, fine-textured youthful complexion.

## FACTS ABOUT AMBROSIA PRODUCTS

**AMBROSIA, the pore-deep liquid cleanser.** First made only to private order. Long recommended by doctors for cleansing delicate skins, Ambrosia is quicker and easier to use than either soap or cleansing cream. Contains no clogging wax, no drying alkali. Is a gentle antiseptic. Leaves skin zestfully clean and refreshed.

**AMBROSIA CREAM.** This smooth colloidal fluid combines for the first time a blend essentially the same as natural skin oil. Oil particles in Ambrosia Cream are 5 times finer than cream particles in milk (fine natural

colloid). Thus tissues absorb it. Skin oil is replenished and dry skin becomes fine as baby's cheek. Because of its oil replenishing quality, Ambrosia Cream soothes sunburned skin as nothing has done before ... instantly takes out soreness, ends redness 12 to 24 hours sooner. Apply at once after exposure.

**AMBROSIA TIGHTENER.** Perfected at doctor's directions, this aromatic purple astringent closes large pores, makes oily skins normal, clears muddy complexions, ends skin fatigue. See doctor's comments above.



★All statements quoted verbatim from report made by New York skin specialist after studying week-by-week use of Ambrosia products on all skin-types ... a total of 789 skin diagnoses.

SEND 10¢ FOR BOOK, "NEW FACES FOR OLD"

Now you can have for 10¢ a 100 page beauty book that sold thousands of copies in bookstores at \$1.00. Written by Dorothy Cocks, famed beauty editor. Read and approved by leading New York skin specialist. Tells doctor's directions for care of each skin type. Correct treatments for leading skin problems. Answers such questions as: What exposure disease do sailors and farmers have that women now must guard against? How do psychologists say beauty treatments increase personality? What per cent of women's skins need doctor's care? Address Hinze Ambrosia, Dept. D-7, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 69 York Street, Toronto, Canada.

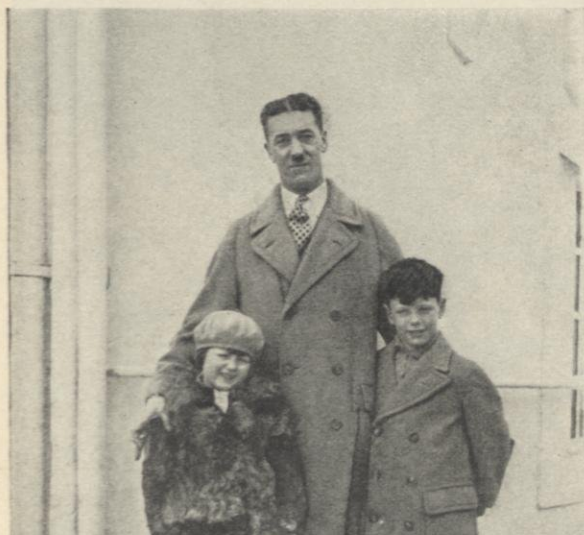
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AMBROSIA ... \$1.00 .. \$1.75 ... \$3.00  
AMBROSIA CREAM ... \$1.00 ... \$2.00  
AMBROSIA TIGHTENER ... \$1.00 ... \$1.50



# THE LIVING DELINEATOR

## AUTHORS ON HOLIDAY, AND OTHER TOPICS, GRAVE OR GAY



Shipboard: Coningsby Dawson, his son, Mac, and F. Scott Fitzgerald's daughter

not only a life-long companion in our family but is also the publication for which my wife has written."

Still further, and most appealing to the greedy heart of your editor, Mrs. Roosevelt sent me a large box of Porto Rican products—the products of a tropical paradise which should make Porto Rico opulent instead of as wretchedly poor as she is. There were cans of grapefruit, grapefruit juice and white peel orange marmalade, cheese, coffee, sugar, syrup, cigars, coconut candy and fruit pastes of various kinds, including, best of all, guava paste. Have you ever tried guava paste with cream cheese and crackers? If you haven't, by all means do so. It's a delectable experience.

### LEGEND OF AN OLD MILL

Here's another incident we found most interesting. In our ignorance we'd never heard of a tide-water mill. Have you? It was Gertrude Ryder Bennett, author of "Ballad of the Dutch Mill" which opens this issue, who enlightened us. She came in to see us and told us, among other things, that the mill around which she had woven the legend is an actual old mill that is still standing.

Gerritsen's Mill was built somewhere around 1665 in Flatlands Village, one of the first white settlements on Long Island. And it is a fine example of a tide-water mill. The escaping flood of the tide turns the wheel which grinds the grain. Isn't it pleasant to think of the stout old Dutchmen with their long pipes standing there beside that mill in those far-away days? How much the landscape with its flat marshes and spreading arms of the sea must have reminded them of their native Holland.

Around the old mill which has braved the storms of two hundred and fifty years a different sort of storm has burst recently. The Acting Mayor of Greater New York said it looked like a chicken coop and didn't deserve the repairs needed for its preservation. But all the historical societies of Brooklyn indignantly rushed to its defense; and it's still standing—weather-beaten but unafraid, and equipped and ready to this day to grind grain in its primitive, methodical, Dutch manner.

### SALADS, SANDWICHES AND PARTIES

Just across the hall from my office is the office of Dorothy Higgins, head of the Delineator Institute Booklet Service. Dorothy was once my secretary, then an editorial assistant, and finally was promoted to chief of her own department. Every little while she dashes into my office and says, "Why not say something about my booklets



Seaside: The historic inspiration of the ballad of the Dutch mill



Countryside: Margaret Sangster and her husband, George Illian, the artist

**N**UMBER me not among those industrious souls who would rather be at work than at play when summer with its golden wings sweeps down upon us. On languorous days such as these my idea of well-being is not sitting at a desk in an office but rather lying lazily beneath a tree with a book which I don't even have to read if I don't want to. And if action be required to stir a sluggish liver, let it be a plunge into the surf or some swift intensity upon a tennis court, rather than minor gymnastics with pencil, pen or typewriter. In fact, I may as well confess that the older I grow, the lazier I become. This despite the fact that, from my earliest youth, prophets and seers have dinned into these reluctant ears the blessings of work, the rewards of unceasing endeavor . . . Yet admitting all these weaknesses, these desires for soft ease and for escape, here I am working at my desk while almost all the authors and artists who have contributed to this Midsummer Number of ours have joyously fled to distant places.

Europe has claimed many of them. Grace Hegger Lewis, we understand, is motoring through France with her son, Wells, named after the great H. G. Wells, who was the literary idol of the youthful Sinclair Lewis . . . Coningsby Dawson and his family have gone again to St. Jean de Luz, that ancient seaport of the Basque country of which he writes often in his *DELINEATOR* short stories . . . Frances Parkinson Keyes, too, is in Europe with the youngest of her three sons . . . Sarah Addington is in her country home in Connecticut but I hope she's not loafing but at work on a new story for *DELINEATOR* . . . and William Lyon Phelps has left New Haven, Connecticut, to go back to his beloved home in the backwoods of Michigan where, they tell me, the people for miles around call him "Billy" and come to him with their troubles, seeking his friendly, fatherly advice.

### FRUITS OF A TROPIC ISLE

But to return to Frances Parkinson Keyes: At the invitation of Governor Theodore Roosevelt of Porto Rico, Mrs. Keyes went down to that beautiful, unhappy island to write for *DELINEATOR* a very necessary and important article about conditions there. (This will be published in our September issue.) Just before Mrs. Keyes' return, Governor Roosevelt sent me a letter that pleased me tremendously for, after saying how ably Mrs. Keyes had grasped the problems of Porto Rico, and how glad he was that *DELINEATOR* was going to publish the article about these problems, he continued with: "Incidentally, there is, insofar as we are concerned, a certain amount of sentiment in all this, for as you know, *DELINEATOR* represents

in your editorial page? You talk about everything else under the sun but never mention my little books."

"I did once," said I.

"Yes, but only once," she said.

"All right! I will," I agreed.

And so I am. Every month we sell thousands of these little books so useful to our readers. They really supplement our own editorial pages, for they go into more elaborate detail about cooking, entertainment, etiquette and other subjects than editorial space permits in any one number. And they preserve in permanent form a great deal of the material that has appeared in the editorial pages.

Dorothy Higgins tells me that her best sellers just now are "Salads for All Occasions," "How to Give a Bridge Party," "Party Sandwiches," "Five Ways to Tell Fortunes," and "Good Table Manners." Also she's very proud of two new booklets fresh from the press, "How to Entertain Six and Eight" and "Thirty-seven Ways to Serve Chicken."

You'll always find Dorothy Higgins' own announcement of her beloved booklets on the last page of *DELINEATOR*. Glance over her ever-increasing list.

### A LETTER THAT MADE A DAY

Letters! Lots of nice letters this month as well as a few caustic ones. Best of all I like A. H. of Nova Scotia who says, "I get all kinds of things from your magazine: hope and health and faith and laughter." That phrase sent a glow all over me. What more could one ask from life than to be able to help a fellow being to find those blessed qualities—hope and health, faith and laughter!

From J. W. Faust who contributes the article on recreation for children to this issue we received the following amusing comment which every husband (and his wife) will appreciate: "It has been suggested that you might want a biography of the writer: I am on the staff of the National Recreation Association; National Chairman, Committee on Recreation of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers; and, of equal importance, I am chairman of the Board of Directors of a family of eight—six children. Note that I do not say president and general manager. My wife holds that job."

Well, here I am at the end with not a whisper of next month—but you'll find notes to give you the news and also some prophecies on the Contents Page.

With best wishes for your health and your hope, your faith and your laughter, I'll sign off as usual with

**OSCAR GRAEVE, Editor**



# The Author of the "Million Dollar Cook Book" *tells how she* prepares *delightful dishes from* inexpensive cuts of lamb

**A** GENIUS for flavor . . . an abiding belief in cooking as a fine art—these have enabled her to create recipes that built up a million dollar business.

Mrs. William Vaughan Moody, wife of the poet-playwright, is famous today as one of America's outstanding blue ribbon cooks, founder of one of Chicago's most epicurean tea rooms.

Whatever the dish may be that Mrs. Moody prepares, it seems to reach undreamed-of heights of goodness. You taste something new . . . delicious . . . irresistible.

The inexpensive cuts of lamb, for instance—those less-known cuts that can make such a pleasant saving in the meat bills—just taste them cooked Mrs. Moody's way!

## Send for Swift's recipe cards

Clip and mail in the coupon below at right. Swift's new set of recipe cards, with Mrs. Moody's delightful recipes for the inexpensive cuts of lamb, will be sent you, FREE. With them comes a meat-buying chart to help you market.

As you try Mrs. Moody's recipes, you'll find that the inexpensive cuts of lamb offer an excellent solution for many of your menu problems. Variety . . . economy . . . seductive flavor—here you have them all.

More than a million women have sent for the recipe cards offered by

Mrs. William Vaughan Moody, founder of Chicago's famed "Home Delicacies" Association and fashionable "Petit Gourmet," has created six recipes for Swift's new set of lamb recipe cards.



*Dining al fresco in the heart of Chicago! The sunny courtyard of Le Petit Gourmet, the Michigan Avenue tea room founded by Mrs. Moody, is a gathering place for many of Chicago's notables.*



*Two of the less-used cuts of lamb, prepared by the author of Mrs. William Vaughan Moody's Cook Book—a collection of recipes which built up a million dollar business. At right above, Potatoes Stuffed with Lamb Hash. At left, Lamb Loaf. To get these and other unusual recipes, just clip the coupon.*

© S. & Co.

Swift & Company in the past. They have recognized the great possibilities of the less-known meat cuts, how savory they are, and how inexpensive.

And they have known that if they asked for SWIFT's meats, they were certain of fine flavor and tenderness. Wherever you may live, one of Swift & Company's many branch houses or car routes brings your dealer the finest of fresh meat. Insist on SWIFT's meats. And clip and mail the coupon below for Mrs. Moody's recipes.

Swift & Company  
Purveyors of Fine Foods



**FREE**—the new Swift lamb recipe cards, six unusual recipes by Mrs. William Vaughan Moody, with a chart showing the various cuts of lamb. Mail the coupon today!

## File your recipe cards!

Every recipe alphabetically arranged so you can find it in a jiffy. Here's your chance to get a sturdy, attractive recipe file box. It already contains 251 delightful meat recipes, 209 complete menus! Just mail 50c in stamps.

Home Economics Department  
Swift & Company, 4185 Packers Ave., Chicago  
Please send me as checked below:

☐ The new set of lamb recipe cards, together with the shopping chart for lamb.  
☐ The recipe file box, for which I enclose 50c. This includes a complete set of meat recipes and menus, with shopping chart.

Name.....

Street.....

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



# WHAT MEN LOOK FOR

*in the Girls  
they Marry*



A RISING YOUNG ARCHITECT selected this lovely painting as typifying most nearly his ideal girl. "The girl I'll want to marry," he told me, "will be more of a companion than anything else . . . She'll toss me a little unearned flattery now and then because she'll know I need it. She'll be trim and smart. She'll have really lovely skin—laughing eyes—nice hands . . . Men and women will like her because she's genuine and *natural* and good company."

## CAMAY

For the fresh natural skin men admire

IMAGINE what a fascinating time I've had! I've been interviewing fifty eligible bachelors—discovering at first hand what young men look for in the girls they marry.

All of them were charming. All of them—after a little preliminary laughter—were serious as could be about it.

They wanted—oh, such *possible* things, it seemed to me. Everyday traits. Good, honest qualities . . . And 48 out of the 50 agreed that they want a girl whose charm is *natural*!

Isn't that nice to know? Because so many of us already possess the first requisite of natural beauty—a healthy skin; and so many others *can* have it, with just a little more care.

### 73 dermatologists approve Camay

I consulted 73 dermatologists on this very matter of complexions. (Dermatologists, you know, are physicians who specialize in the care of the skin.) How, I asked, can we keep complexions fresh and natural under trying modern conditions?

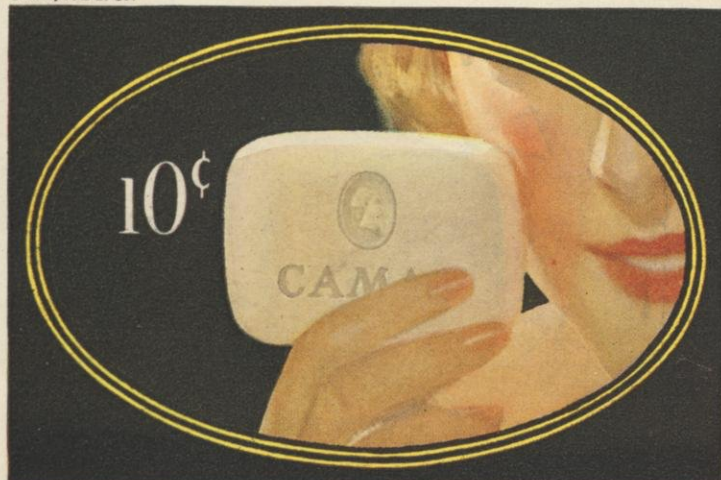
Every one of these famous specialists advised daily soap-and-water cleansing—with a *gentle* soap. Every one of them agreed that Camay is an *ideally* gentle soap, so mild that they themselves prescribe it.

*No soap but Camay has ever received such medical approval!*

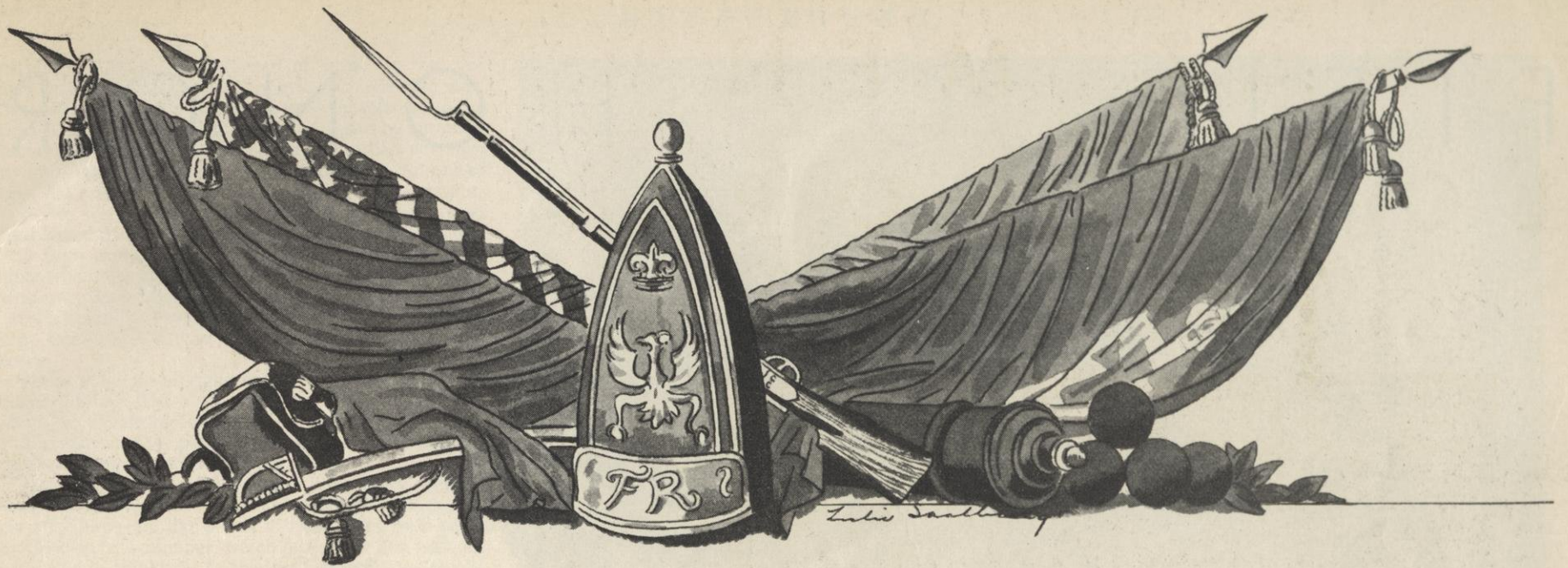
So, on the best professional authority in America (and on my own very feminine personal advice) *do* use Camay if you want to keep your complexion naturally lovely. It's a fascinating soap—cameo-white, deliciously fragrant, frothing instantly to creamy velvet lather. Try Camay cleansing twice daily for a week. Watch your skin glow with the fresh, clean, *natural* beauty that men demand!

*Helen Chase*

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# BALLAD OF THE DUTCH MILL

by **GERTRUDE RYDER BENNETT**

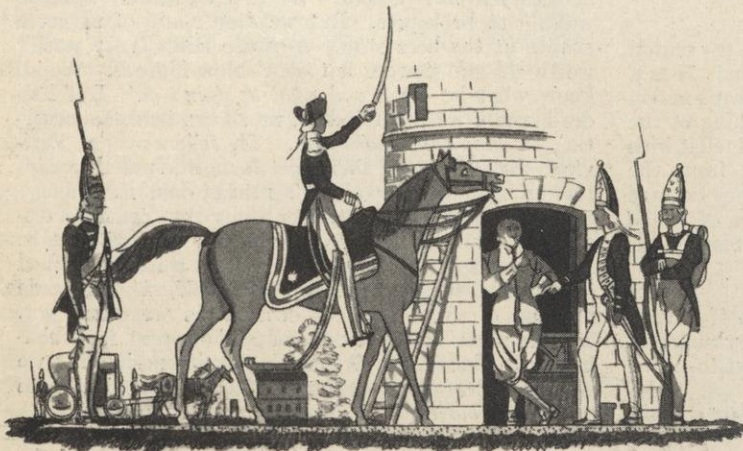
**T**HE miller rapped on the farmhouse door  
In the light of the harvest moon:  
"Wilhelmus, friend, there is work to do  
Or the day will break too soon.

"Tomorrow the Hessians will bring me bags  
Of grain at an early hour;  
But I'll hang before my mill will grind  
An ounce of Hessian flour."

At the edge of the pond on a willow bough  
An owl peered through the night,  
Disturbed by sounds from the water-mill,  
And the glow of a lantern's light,

By figures who staggered beneath a weight  
Out of the yawning door,  
By the sound of a spade as it crunched the sand  
In the silence of the shore.

In the morning the Hessian wagons came,  
The captain drew his rein:  
"In the name of the King," commanded he,  
"Your mill will grind our grain."



The lusty miller puffed his pipe,  
The water-wheel was still.  
"I cannot grind your grain." He lounged  
In the door of his idle mill.

The captain's face was pale with wrath.  
"Then you shall die," he said.  
The miller shrugged, "I cannot give  
The Dutch or the Hessians bread—

"For I must have an enemy  
Who hates me through to the bones.  
Hessian or Dutch, does it matter much  
When he stole my grinding-stones?"

All of that year the rockweed clung  
To the wheel, and the door was barred.  
The thieving mice grew sleek and bold  
Though the winter was long and hard.

The miller rapped on the farmhouse door:  
"Wilhelmus, the war is won!  
Both Hessian and British troops are gone.  
Today the mill will run!"

Rejoicing, the stones were carried back,  
The heavy lock set free—  
And the sound of the wheel as it ground the meal  
Was the song of liberty.



Illustrations by  
**LESLIE SAALBURG**



# FIELD OF HONOR



"You don't understand, ma,"  
Nellie said. "They're namin'  
the Legion Post after our Bill!"

by MARGARET SANGSTER

Up from nothing rose Nellie Clancy who in this story fights her own battles so valiantly. Yet she was inspired by a war hero who didn't happen to be a hero—but that, Nellie did not know

**S**TORIES and plays run in cycles. Plots and counter-plots go about in an unending circle. One year western yarns, one year sophisticated society stuff, one year high romance.

And this year war fiction, with its every sad and humorous and disagreeable feature, is in high favor. Twelve years ago—oh, then war was too close! People who had lived its horrors didn't want to read about them! But now that it is veiled in the mist of a decade, reading about it can no longer make us actually ill. Men can now talk with steady voices about the woods at Rouge Bouquet, and they can grow very tender over memories of the black-eyed barmaid who served *vin ordinaire* in a certain little shop on the Rue St. Honoré. Men who once learned to wear a row of wound stripes on their souls as well as on their sleeves, would rather, this day, see a battle picture than the latest Hollywood revue. Even the women who still cherish tarnished gold stars no longer strive to forget the poppies in the wheat fields of France.

The reawakening of war interest is, perhaps, my reason for telling you this story. One of the reasons! It is a war story that happened some time after the war's action had ceased, and when the Armistice was a thing of the past, but it is a war story, nevertheless. I will tell it with Bill Clancy's rat face watching furtively from the shadows, and with the untidiness of the Clancy cottage before me. And I will tell it with the eyes of Nellie Clancy—wide and wistful and just a shade blank—following my pen . . .

"BUT," the ex-sergeant's voice held a note of violent protest, "but he was such a measly little skunk! It don't seem right, somehow, to name an honest-to-Gawd post, like ours, after him."

From around the table rose grunts of assent. Only Buck Williams was firm.

"Well," he said aggressively, "well, what of it? He's dead, ain't he? An' he's the only one of us that is dead!

He gave his life, didn't he? Gave it for his country!"

A voice rose, gently, from a corner of the room.

"Apple-sauce!" said the voice, and subsided.

The ex-sergeant laughed, and there was not too much mirth in his laughter.

"Can it, Buck," he said. "He didn't set out to give his life. We'd a taken our chances, anyone of us, any time. Bill Clancy never took a chance. He was out where he'd no business to be when the sniper got him. If he wasn't drunk when he went beyond the lines—and I think, myself, that he was—he'd a had some explainin' to do if he'd come back!"

Buck Williams was talking again.

"Anybody with sense," he said slowly, and painstakingly, as one who has covered the same ground many times, "anybody with sense would see that it's plumb necessary to have a hero. We were all willin'—beaucoo willin'—to be heroes. But we didn't any of us get a chance at the hero stuff. A-course Bill Clancy wasn't worth th' gun powder it took t' blow him off. We all know what he done, and what he didn't do! But he's dead, and if we've a mind to, we all can do some forgettin', an' keep our mouths shut. Th' fellers over at Fairview, they've named their post for a lil' runt that captured a machine gun an' got his ticket doin' it. Boyerstown has called their outfit for a guy that carried a dispatch to the comp'ny commander, an' died of wounds, later. Boyerstown has got pretty fresh since they licked our baseball team. And the Fairview *Weekly* has made mention of th' number of decorations we didn't get. They're sayin' we'll hafta be namin' our post for Washin'ton or Lincoln—or Wilson. They're sayin' that we ain't got no dead ones belongin' direct to us; dead ones that's been buried."

He paused, significantly.

For a moment no one spoke. Every member of the post knew that Buck had been speaking sincerely and



truthfully. It was no matter of pride to any of them that the town's service flag held only one gold star. They refused to laugh when some outsider referred to the action that their company had seen. Loading supplies, unloading trains, and sleeping in the mud had not been any more humorous than it had been heroic. Not one of them had seen a battle, or Paris. They had stayed put, until they were ordered home. Only Bill Clancy, in an unexplained fit of recklessness, had ventured far enough away from camp to be shot by a stray sniper; a stray sniper who must have been lost himself, he was so many miles away from his own line . . .

It was a pleasant voice, with a pleasant touch of a brogue in it, that broke at last through the short period of silence.

"Shure, it sounds all right, to me," said the voice. "Th' William Clancy Post o' th' American Legion. After all, nobody but us knows that he didn't die *game*."

There was another pause; shorter, more expressive. It was the ex-sergeant who finally spoke.

"Aw," he said briefly, "let's make it a sportin' proposition. We'll flip a coin. If it comes heads we'll name the post after him—an' like it! If it comes tails, we'll go on bein' known by a number, which'll be fairer and squarer, to my way of thinkin'! Is the idea agreeable to the rest of you gents?"

From around the table the grunts of assent rose again. The ex-sergeant handed a coin to Buck Williams.

"It's my pocket-piece," he explained. "Th' first franc that I ever won shootin' crap wit' a Frog. You flip it!"

Buck Williams took the coin gingerly in his hand.

"It's agreeable to th' rest?" he echoed.

For the third time came the chorus of grunts, punctuated here and there with a "Go to it, ol' kid!" With a sheepish grin, Buck Williams flipped the coin.

The ex-sergeant bent eagerly over the table. The others crowded close. And then, all at once, the ex-sergeant laughed.

"I reckon," he said slowly, "that the joke's on me, on us. Heads it is, an' we're named for somebody that never did anything but *die*." He paused, and then, "But he *is* dead," he said almost fiercely, "he is dead! An' why he's dead an' how he kicked off is between us. *See?*"

So it was that the William Clancy Post of the American Legion got its name.

NELLIE CLANCY met the postman as she was starting off to the button factory where she worked. She opened the letter that he handed her, quite unhesitatingly, although it was addressed to her mother. And her wide gray eyes grew suddenly wider as she started to read it.

"Hey, ma," she called, "Hey, ma. Come quick!"

Ma Clancy came, as quickly as her huge, slovenly bulk would permit. She rubbed her soapy hands on her soiled apron, as she drew near.

"What's all th' fuss about, Nellie?" she asked wearily.

Nellie's voice held more of excitement, more of thrill and expression, than it usually did.

"It's from the American Legion, ma," she said. "It's a letter. *Guess what?*"

"How," questioned Mrs. Clancy, still more wearily, "could I be guessin'? I don't know nothin' about American Legions. I don't know nothin' about any of 'em! An' I don't care nothin', neither."

Nellie Clancy was not listening. The thrill grew in her voice as she read from the letter.

"Resolved," she read, "that this Post be hereafter named the William Clancy Post, in honor of our gallant comrade who died bravely on the field of honor. And resolved that, in a letter to our comrade's family . . ."

Nellie Clancy's voice had ceased. But her lips were still parted in sheer amazement.

"Bill!" she said slowly. "What d'ya know 'bout it? *Bill!*"

Mrs. Clancy was still rubbing her hands on her apron.

"What's it all mean?" she questioned, dully. "What's this resolved stuff stand fer? Do we owe sumpin' to somebody?"

Nellie met her mother's eyes with a look of veiled contempt.

"Gosh," she snorted, "gosh!" And then, "You don't never understand, ma! It's Bill—our *Bill*. Th' post, they're namin' it after him. Because he died *bravely, on the field of honor!*"

A quiver seemed to pass through the huge bulk of Mrs. Clancy. All at once her fat hands were clasped—clasped tight—together.

"I always knew," she half sobbed, "that he had good in him. I always knew that he wasn't so bad as people said. He was so pretty, when he was a baby, th' prettiest o' th' children on th' block! He used t' put his little arms around my neck an' smile at me. An' now—now he's dead!"

Nellie Clancy's face was expressionless. (Turn to page 38)



Illustrations by  
F. R. GRUGER

"I'm Nellie Clancy," she announced, "and I've come to find out the truth about my brother." Buck Williams, at a loss, saw the ex-sergeant's eyes fill with something that might have been called admiration-plus



"Why," he asked, "do you want this position so badly?" She blinked to keep back tears of eagerness. "It's m' chance," she said



# FOOD FOR THE TABLOIDS



by  
**SARAH  
ADDINGTON**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KAY MEINECKE



The snickers of those bad boys had something to do with papa. But what?

BONNIE was coming home from school. She was so happy she couldn't just walk, she had to skip every step or two.

She was thinking about the teacher. The teacher was so nice to her now. All year, ever since last September when Bonnie had first started to school, she had sat at her desk thinking how beautiful, how wonderful, Miss Adams was, and trying to make Miss Adams notice her. Then last week it had happened suddenly. It was the day after all the men had come to the house; policemen, and men with big cameras, the doctor—for mama suddenly got sick, and was shut up in her room. Aunt Nellie had come too, from New York; she took care of mama and did the cooking and put Bonnie to bed that night.

Well, it was the next day that Miss Adams had begun being so perfectly lovely to Bonnie. She kept coming back to Bonnie's desk and putting a hand on her shoulder and smiling at her, and when Bonnie read from the primer and made some awful mistakes, Miss Adams only said, "That's fine, Bonnie."

And that afternoon, and ever since, it had been the same. Bonnie couldn't understand it but she was warm with happiness every minute she was in school.

At home things had changed. Mama was still sick, Aunt Nellie was still there, strange men kept coming to the house, the telephone rang all the time, men and women and boys and girls hung around just looking at the windows of the house and nudging each other, until Mr. O'Connell, the policeman, came and shooed them away. And papa hadn't been home for days and days. But that wasn't strange, lots of times he was away. "My papa is a traveling man," Bonnie always said proudly when the children at school were boasting about parents. But this time he hadn't sent postal cards and mama wasn't talking about his coming home, as she always had before. Bonnie missed the postal cards.

"I like papa," thought Bonnie now. "I wish he'd hurry up, the old rascal."

Then she laughed, because papa always laughed when she called him that.

She came to the gray-painted house that was home, hesitated a moment, then went up the steps. She hoped mama wouldn't be shut up in her room still. She opened the door.

The house was deadly quiet. Aunt Nellie's big, round

face appeared at the head of the stairs. "That you, Bonnie?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, I'll be down in a minute. Hang your hat up, dear, and wash the little paddies. And there are some cookies in the kitchen."

"Yes'm."

Oo-oo, they were good cookies. She munched appreciatively, walking around the kitchen. She wondered if Tony, the next-door cat, were out and went to the window. There he was, prowling around the new little May tulips at Mrs. Anable's back door. "I wish I had a kitty, a little fuzzy one." If she had a kitten, she could hold it hard and love it and talk to it.

Suddenly she drew back from the window. There was that sharp face again, its eyes all squeezed up, looking hungry and mean and, yes, pleased too—Mrs. Anable at her kitchen window. Lately, Bonnie had become more and more conscious that people looked at her like that, as if there were something about her, Bonnie Kirk—Then she would forget it.

She forgot it now. A cookie in hand, she wandered into the living-room. It was so still and orderly. She felt dimly that life had gone out of this room. Before last week, before that day, mama had always been here sewing or reading or listening to the radio, and sometimes papa was here, too, and the room had been so *alive* then. She wasn't allowed to play the radio any more. Aunt Nellie said it disturbed mama.

"Oh, what," she thought now, "is the *matter* with mama?"

THE telephone rang. Aunt Nellie came bustling down. "Hello, dearie," she said and went to the telephone. Bonnie listened intently. Aunt Nellie sometimes said the strangest things over the telephone.

"Hello . . . Yes . . . No, I'm sorry . . . No, Mrs. Kirk can't see any reporters whatever . . . No . . . I say *no*!"

Very red and angry-looking, Aunt Nellie slammed up the receiver.

"Aunt Nellie, can I—may I go out and play?"

"I wouldn't, dearie." Aunt Nellie looked at her kindly, and Bonnie thought, sadly, too.

"Why? I always used to."

"I know. But mama doesn't want you to, Bonnie. She wants us all just to stay quietly in the house now. Later, sometime, we're going away. But you—you'll be





Bright sunlight, clicking cameras, and Bonnie's mother shielding her face

dear and good, won't you? You've been the best little girl in the whole world and mama and I are so glad because—well, because things are a little hard for mama now."

"Aunt Nellie!" Bonnie ran over, seized her aunt's hand. "Aunt Nellie, when is mama going to get well?"

"Soon, I hope, dearie," said Aunt Nellie soberly, and took her heavy body up the stairs. The living-room was silent again.

Bonnie rambled aimlessly around. Then she had a great inspiration: she would dust. Papa used to pretend she was going to dust him out of the house, which was a great joke. She loved to dust. She couldn't find the cloth at first, but she finally hunted it out and very painstakingly she set to dusting the living-room.

It was in the bookcase that she found the newspaper. It was stuffed behind the books, almost hidden. A small newspaper it was, not big like the one that used to come to the door every morning, and this one, she discovered, was just like a picture-book, it was *all* pictures.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SHE settled down on the floor . . . Why, there was a picture of papa! She looked more closely, spelled out the name underneath, H-a-r-l-a-n K-i-r-k. It delighted her to see papa's picture. Lovingly she studied every bit of the photograph, the curly hair, the horn-rimmed eyes, the dimple in the chin, all so familiar. But papa looked unhappy, she thought. Perhaps he was lonesome for her and mama. Poor papa.

And there was a picture of their house. It was, it was! Oh, she would have to take this paper to school tomorrow and show Miss Adams and the children—her father and her house here in this picture-paper.

She tried to read what the words said under the photographs: Harlan Kirk, L-o-v-e-C-r-a-z-e-d K-i-l-l-e-r W-h-o C-o-n-f-e-s-s-e-d Y-e-s-t-e-r-d-a-y—No, the words were too hard, they were not like the words in the primer at all.

She wondered who the woman was whose picture was next to papa's. She had such bee-yootiful light curly hair. K-a-t-e S-m-y-t-h-e, Kirk's F-l-a-m-e-W-o-m-a-n and V-i-c-t-i-m—Oh, well. She turned the page. Oh, there was a lovely dog . . . and a kitten beside him . . .

She jumped as Aunt Nellie suddenly appeared above her. "Bonnie!"

"Aunt Nellie, look!" She scrambled up. "Papa's picture!"

"Yes, Bonnie," said Aunt Nellie, not looking at the paper at all. "Give it to me and go up and see mama." But why did Aunt Nellie's face look so scared?

Mama was sitting in a big armchair by the window, wrapped in a blanket. Bonnie ran to her.

"Sit down, darling. There's your little stool."

Bonnie dragged over the stool and squatted down on it.

"Mama, I saw papa's picture in the paper! Isn't he an old rascal—" she turned up a laughing face—"not to come home?"

Mama's face screwed up suddenly. She sat very still trying to make her face smooth again and then finally she said, "Bonnie, I want to tell you something."

"Yes'm." But she didn't want to hear.

"Bonnie, papa isn't coming home for a long time. He's away and he won't come back to us for years, maybe never. I don't want you to talk about it, or about him, to anybody outside of this house. You hear me, Bonnie? Not to anybody."

"Yes'm," said Bonnie very low. She felt ashamed of something. "Where—where is he, mama?"

"He's in New York and he can't come back. He would if he could but he's in trouble. But if he doesn't come back, you must always remember how much he loved you—oh, he did, he did!" She cried out now. "He loved us both but that wom—" She pulled herself up and went on. "You must remember how good he was to you. You mustn't ever be bitter. You must feel sorry that he got in trouble." She stopped. "That's all. And don't think about this again. When you're grown up there's time enough. Just go ahead and be happy . . ."

Aunt Nellie came to the door.

"Mr. Jason is on the telephone, Rina. He wants to come out this evening. I told him all right."

Mama nodded. "All right."

"Who's Mr. Jason, mama?"

"He's a lawyer, dearie. He's helping me—and you."

"Is he the one with the funny whiskers?"

"Yes."

"I like him," said Bonnie. "He's like an old dog."

Mama smiled. "Now run downstairs and help Aunt

Nellie get supper. She says you're a fine little helper."

"Can I—may I bring up the tray, if it's the little one and I'm ver-ry careful?"

"Yes."

"Oh, goody!" Bonnie jumped up from the stool and went tumbling down the stairs. "Aunt Nellie! Mama says I can bring up the tray all by myself!"

MAMA got up the next morning and came down to breakfast. Bonnie jumped up and down when she saw her slowly making her way down the stairs.

"Oh, it's nice for everybody to come to breakfast!" she cried.

Mama smiled and hurried a little, very little, though. She walked as if she were very old, Bonnie thought.

Mrs. Diffendorfer came in at the back door with a covered plate. Mrs. Diffendorfer lived across the street.

"Ach!" cried she, beaming, when she saw mama.

"Dot's de vay. Dot's gude."

"I had to begin sometime," said mama.

"Ya," said Mrs. Diffendorfer, "and you got to go on. You got a leedle girl."

"Yes," said mama, looking at Bonnie.

"Mrs. Diffendorfer," spoke up Bonnie, "are they crullers?"

"Ach!" said Mrs. Diffendorfer, with a start. Laughing, she uncovered the plate. It was stacked with white sugary crullers, warm and fragrant.

"Mama, can't I have one?" begged Bonnie.

"Yes," said mama. "Eat it very slowly."

"Dot's right," said Mrs. Diffendorfer. "Eat and keep on eating, all of you, dot helps." She paused, her cheeks getting red. "Could I do anyt'ing, Meesis Kirk? Gus or me? We—" her eyes looked gently at mama—"we veel so sorry, Meesis Kirk."

Mama's eyes were full of tears, Bonnie noticed, but she replied to Mrs. Diffendorfer, "You've done so much already, Mrs. Diffendorfer. You've been such a good neighbor—" Then suddenly she ran from the room.

"Ach," clucked Mrs. Diffendorfer miserably. "I done the wrong t'ing. You go to her, Miss Nellie. Goo' bye," and she lumbered into the kitchen and away.

Bonnie got up from the table. She didn't know why, but she was sick, and she wondered what to do. Mama was sick and Aunt Nellie had to be with mama and there was nobody else to help her. Why had papa gone and gotten into trouble? She was angry with papa now. He should be here when she was sick.

But she wasn't sick, after all. In a few minutes she was off to school, all comfortable again.

At the school corner, the queerest thing happened. A group of older children seemed to be waiting for her and when she came up to them, they all looked at each other and laughed. The cold feeling came over her again, and she passed them with her eyes down. She knew that their laughter had something to do with papa, but her brow was scowling when she went into her classroom, because she was trying to think why. Then Miss Adams came in, called out, "Good morning, Bonnie dear," and Bonnie was happy again.

(Turn to page 78)

"Love Killer Gets Chair!" shrieked the headlines of the tabloid newspapers.

But this is the story behind the headlines—the story of the little daughter who could not understand what it was all about. Here is one of the most powerful stories we have ever published



# MEN WHO MADE AMERICA

by

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Challenging the lofty dome of the Capitol in Washington rise memorials to her great men: the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial and others. But, in these days of debunking reputations, does the fame of these men survive as solidly as the structures which honor them? Read Dr. Phelps's vigorous reply



Leet Brothers



© Thos. D. McAvoy

SUPPOSE in all human history there never was a nation so fortunate at its founding as the United States of America; fortunate in having at its cradle so many first-class statesmen. It is often said that a great crisis produces a great man; such a remark would not be true, even if a great man appeared. A crisis never produces a hero; sometimes it reveals a hero.

Among American leaders from 1776 to 1788, were George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, John Adams, James Madison, and other men who would today be conspicuous if they were members of the United States Senate.

Benjamin Franklin signed four important historical documents; the Declaration of Independence, the French Treaty of Alliance, the Treaty of Peace, and the United States Constitution. I believe he is the only American who signed all four of these state papers.

It is in no spirit of belittling the present and praising the past that I compare our times with those. The years 1911-1920 needed more than they needed anything else, statesmen of genius; it is probable that the three greatest men who emerged from the war-time were Nikolai Lenin, Benito Mussolini, and Woodrow Wilson. They changed the course of history. Lenin, single-handed, controlled an enormous heterogeneous country when it was in a condition of disorder and despair. Had he shared the views of Mussolini, Russia would not now be a Soviet republic. In other words, he shaped it to his will.

Had Mussolini been an anarchist or a communist, Italy today would be a Soviet republic, instead of being exactly the opposite. Mussolini shaped the ancient country of Italy at a time when it was at the mercy of any man strong enough to take it, to his own will; even as Napoleon put an end to the French Revolution and to the republic that followed it.

It is difficult to imagine any future time when the writers of history will not give a large place to Lenin and Mussolini, two men whose views were so contrary that they resembled each other only in energy and resolution.

As for Woodrow Wilson, his position in the future is not

so clear and not so sure as that of his Russian and Italian contemporaries. But if the world goes his way, that is, if the League of Nations is joined by the United States of America and becomes an efficient method of preventing war, if secret treaties should be abolished and the old idea of 'balance of power' relegated to the scrap-heap, then the name of Woodrow Wilson will be brighter than it is now.

But does any one believe that during the years 1911-1920 there was any American of the calibre of Benjamin Franklin or of the philosophical grasp of Thomas Jefferson, or of the pure unselfishness and patient ability of George Washington, or of the creative power in public finance of Alexander Hamilton?

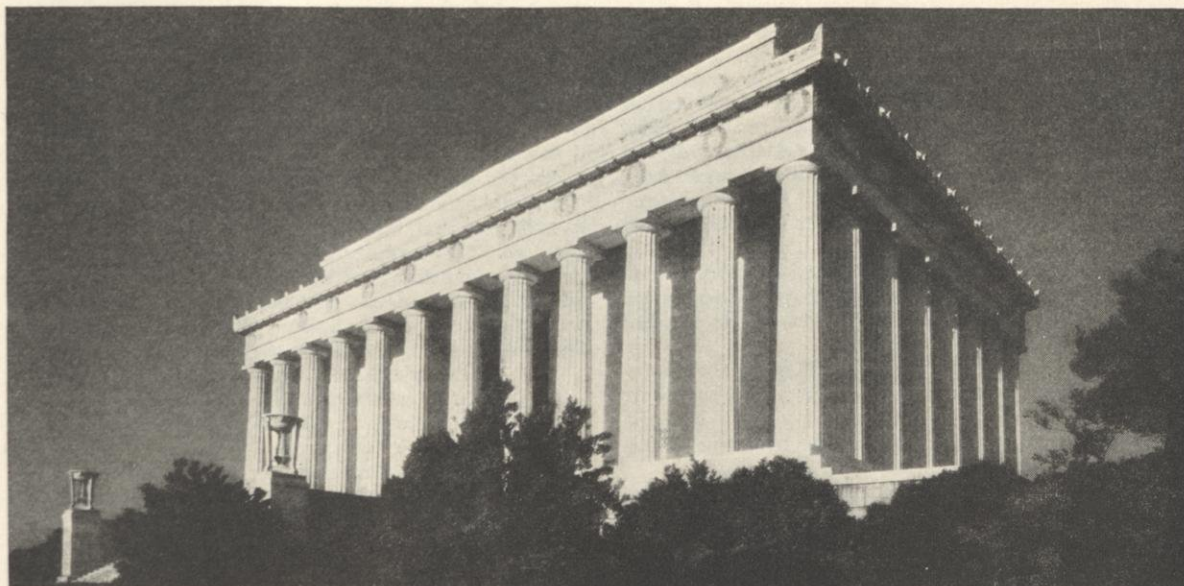
The late Professor William Graham Sumner, in considering the history of the United States, our growth from thirteen colonies along a strip of seacoast, through the acquisition of the Louisiana purchase, through Florida, through Texas, through the California coast, into a solidly secure position between two oceans, with a friendly power on the north and a weaker power on the south, said it seemed incredible that any nation should have had such good luck and such an opportunity; and he believed that with a national folly as great as our national good

fortune, we threw them away by taking Hawaii, the Philippines, and Porto Rico. But that is another story.

I agree with him that our history is almost incredibly lucky; but I would add to our good fortune in the acquisition of land an equal good fortune in having at our birth a half dozen men of genius, actuated by a common purpose.

How great in mind and character was Washington? Any famous man of the past who can survive the fourth decade of this twentieth century must have had the root of the matter in him. These present days are bad for heroes. The heroic figures of history are now being submitted to a scrutiny both searching and ironical. Many of our clever writers of novelized history believe that standards of morality have changed: sometimes the wish is father to the thought. Be that as it may, the attitude toward Washington is similar to that of the Athenian citizen who voted against Aristides because he was tired of hearing him called "the Just." Thus the process of "debunking" goes merrily on; for the surest way to attract attention to oneself is not to exalt Washington and other heroes, but to befool them.

The new chroniclers of times that are past come not to praise a hero, but to bury him. (Turn to page 59)



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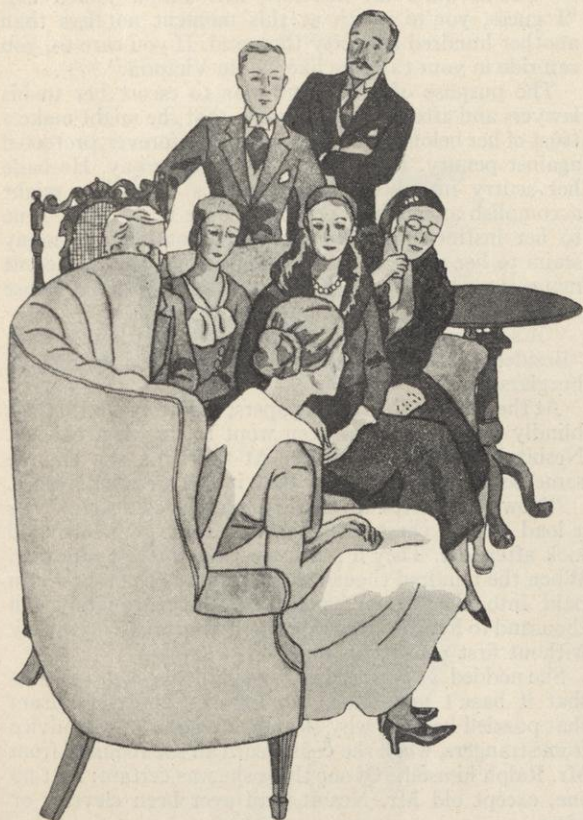
# CONINGSBY DAWSON

The author of that unforgettable story "The Unknown Soldier"—one of our greatest successes—as well as many popular novels and stories, here reveals his talent in a new light in an appealing tale of a good and faithful servant



This kitchen was her life.  
How could they turn her  
out into an alien world?

## LITTLE ANNIE



Everything seemed unreal.  
But even so the master had  
called her his dear friend!

"AND to my dear friend and faithful servant, little Annie, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars."

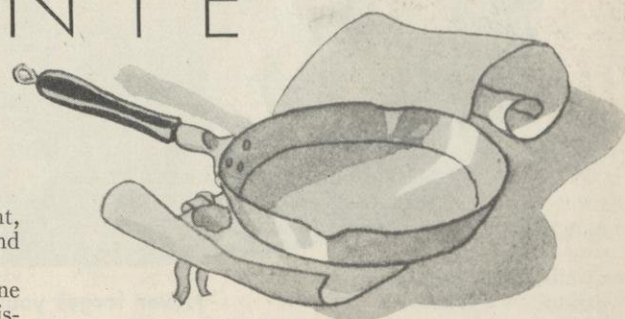
There was a turning of heads such as one witnesses at church when worshipers are disturbed by a late arrival. Only they didn't turn to rebuke her; on the contrary, they were nodding congratulation. Mr. Ralph, who was no respecter of occasions, leaned across his wife and daughter to whisper, "You can buy a new hat now, little Annie." The lawyer looked up, scandalized at the breach of decorum. Little Annie met his challenge by thrusting her toil-worn hands beneath her apron. When quiet had been restored, he resumed his rôle of lugubrious Father Christmas distributing unmerited presents.

To little Annie the money meant nothing; that her old master should have called her his dear friend was the gift that counted.

"And 'im in his coffin," she ruminated, "underground, where I can't thank 'im!"

Her thoughts were all confused; everything seemed unreal. It was a spring afternoon, perfumed by hyacinths and gilded with sunshine; yet she felt there ought to be snow on the ground. Her Christmas feeling must be due to the reading of the will and the family party it had assembled. Outside the house was a festal array of automobiles, representing all degrees of affluence, from Miss Jane's shabby flivver to Mr. Ralph's Rolls Royce with its liveried chauffeur. Miss Jane had married for love—a Presbyterian minister; whatever chariots awaited her in heaven, on earth a flivver was her portion.

Miss Dollie had had three husbands. From the first two she had been divorced; from the third, as her widow's weeds betokened, she had parted more amicably. If one were to judge by her mustard-colored Fiat, she had found matrimony a profitable venture. Miss Grace, who had never been anything but good and reliable, had arrived in a Buick. Of Miss Ruby perhaps the less said the better; she had cultivated a career and had driven up in a taxi.



There remained Mr. Ralph, the pride of the Nesbits, the possessor of the Rolls Royce. He was a promoter by profession, humorous and boyish. His gestures seemed to say, "Eat, drink and be merry"; but if there were two in a bed, one might be certain that his companion would be taken and he would be left. He had chosen his wife for love, but had been sufficiently far-sighted to have a canning-factory included.

When legal formalities had been completed the tension was relaxed and refreshments were served. Refreshments had been little Annie's idea. She had risen at dawn to cut sandwiches and mix salads, just as she had always done when her master and mistress had been expecting company.

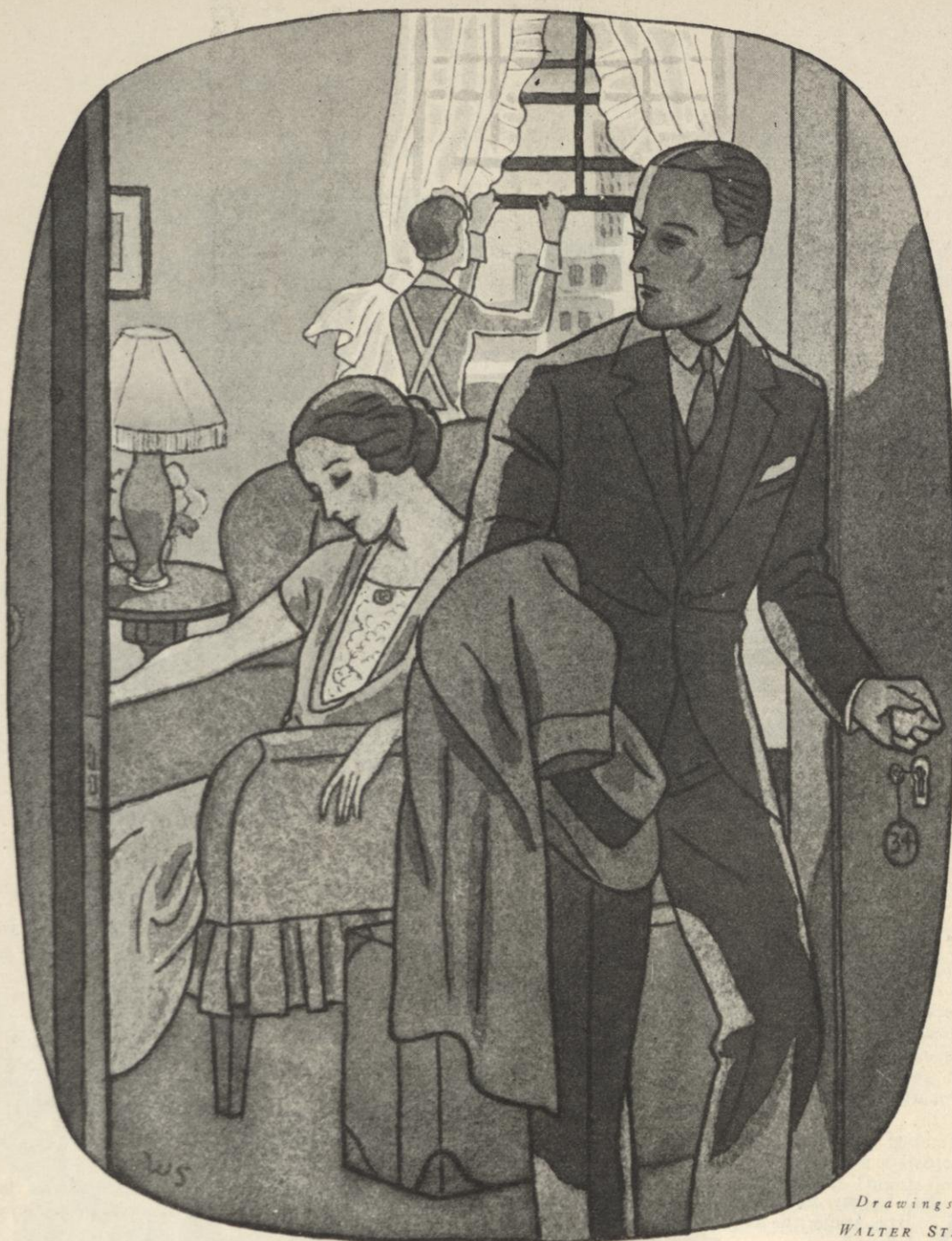
She was so much a creature of habit that, though she knew they had traveled beyond the delights of her cooking, she continually looked up in the hope that they would enter. In her white cap and apron she flitted hither and thither, ignoring the time-worn jokes to which she was subjected. She was Nesbit property to be borrowed in times of crisis, when babies threatened, or domestics departed without warning: "Oh, mother, can you lend me little Annie?" Even the grandchildren monopolized and disrespected her. Not that she minded. All she had ever asked was to be wanted.

Everyone had something pleasant to say to her.

"I'm so glad for your sake, little Annie. It was certainly very handsome of father. Not that any of us grudge you the money. I suppose you'll be going home to England now?" That was Miss Jane.

"Handsome, be damned. Where would we be, if she hadn't done everything for us?" That was Mr. Ralph. "She'll be marrying, no doubt." That was Miss Dollie.





Drawings by  
WALTER STEWART

"Never forget you're worth ten  
thousand a year, little Annie.  
You must learn to look like it"

Everybody making plans for her, when her only thought was that old Mr. Nesbit had recorded his true opinion of her. It was the first time she had known that she was anybody's friend. A faithful servant—yes. She supposed she had been faithful. But his dear friend! That was a surprise to her.

Yearnings for romance, which years ago she had stifled, were stirring. She wanted to be alone; wanted them all to go; these children whom only the other day she had tucked safely in their beds. While they were present, she was too conscious of the change that had befallen her.

Miss Dollie was the one who gave the signal for departure by retouching her complexion.

"Got a date with a John," Mr. Ralph chaffed her. "There's a new husband round every corner, isn't there, Dollie?"

From behind a curtained window little Annie watched them. The flivver was the last to start. Then the street pale with evening and empty, save for spring and a young girl walking.

A young girl! Little Annie would never be that. Locking doors and lowering blinds, she retired to her kitchen.

How long ago it seemed since she was young! Forty years since she had left England. If she went back, as Miss Jane had suggested, her relatives wouldn't recognize her. To them she wouldn't be little Annie; she would be only an under-sized, rather ridiculous old woman. To

associate with them she would have to live in a colliery district fouled with coal-dust. She had only nieces and nephews remaining; their interest in her would be limited to their avarice.

The only life that now was real to her had begun when Mrs. Nesbit, searching for a maid-of-all-work, had chosen her from a group of newly arrived immigrants in an employment agency at Judah, New Jersey. At the time when that had happened she had been fifteen; Mrs. Nesbit and her husband had been thirty. From that day till the day of their death, she had never had another situation and they, from force of habit, when economy had ceased to argue, had never engaged a second servant for the kitchen.

SHE had shared and more than shared, the shifts and shams of their early poverty, the grinding poverty of the respectable. She had postponed her wages for months, when it had been inconvenient to pay her. There had been no sacrifice which had been too exacting to demand from her. Her reward had been to watch the financial rise of her employers and finally their achievement of fabulous prosperity. She had been so busy over the family's advancement that she had never had leisure to fall in love herself.

The family, as it had grown, had almost forgotten her surname. From the start she had been known as little Annie. The title suited her. She had been little and faithful as a girl; she was little and faithful as an ageing

woman. Every triumph of the Nesbits had seemed to be her personal triumph.

Old Mr. Nesbit she had trusted much more than most wives trust their husbands. To serve him had been her religion. At his command she had handed over her wages and Christmas gifts for him to invest. She had never known how much she possessed and had never inquired.

After the Nesbits had become so rich that they had kept a garage full of cars and had made almost yearly trips to Europe, little Annie had still refused to come out of her kitchen. The kitchen was her environment. She knew the place for which she was best fitted. There was no position in the house which she could grace as well and she had been unambitious to be promoted.

From time to time old Mr. Nesbit had called her into his library and given her papers to sign. He had mentioned figures which had astonished her. It had all had something to do with monies he was manipulating; she hadn't been interested. What good was money if she had people who needed her and whom, in return, she respected?

THEN old Mr. Nesbit had died and old Mrs. Nesbit a week later. She had attended both their funerals, trying to believe that when those neat boxes had been lowered, she would return home to find their tenants still waiting for her to serve them.

She was still waiting, serving them in spirit, keeping their house dusted, their floors polished. Everything that she did was from habit.

The morning after the reading of the will young Mr. Nesbit called. He wasn't so young at that; but he would always be young to her.

"You're keeping the house beautifully," he complimented her.

"I try to give satisfaction, Mr. Ralph."

He slipped his arm through hers.

"I've come to discuss your future. Where can we talk best?"

There was a sinking at her heart as she led the way to her kitchen. She seated herself in her chair against the white deal table, as she had always done when Mrs. Nesbit had visited her to give her orders. Her entire life had been spent in receiving orders.

Mr. Ralph perched himself unconventionally on the edge of the table.

"It's my duty"—he attempted jocularity—"to explain to you your worldly standing."

She listened. At the start it was pleasant hearing. She was much more secure against calamity than she had fancied. Besides the hundred thousand bequeathed to her there were her savings, which old Mr. Nesbit had caused to breed and multiply.

"You're quite an heiress," Mr. Ralph jollied her. "I guess, you're worth at this moment not less than another hundred and fifty thousand. If you care to, you can ride in your carriage like Queen Victoria."

The purpose of his errand was to escort her to his lawyers and afterwards to a bank, that she might make a trust of her belongings and live at peace forever, protected against penury. His car was in the driveway. He bade her scurry into her outdoor clothes that they might accomplish as much as possible before lunch-time. True to her instinct for obedience, she mounted the many stairs to her attic and soon rejoined him clad in decent mourning. Her only hesitancy was at leaving the house unguarded.

"It's insured," Mr. Ralph eased her conscience. "Besides, if you stopped, what could you do against burglars?"

At the lawyers she signed papers, following instructions blindly just as she had been wont to do when old Mr. Nesbit had commanded her. At the bank she did the same, seated at a mahogany desk in the president's office.

"Now that's settled," Mr. Ralph heaved a sigh. "It's a load off my chest. From now on these gentlemen will look after you. They'll send you your interest monthly. When the hundred thousand my father left you has been paid into the estate, you'll have approximately ten thousand to live on. Never take any step involving money without first consulting them."

She nodded, as a child does when it is too shy to confess that it hasn't understood its lessons. The conundrum that puzzled her was why she should have to seek advice from strangers, when she could learn all she required from Mr. Ralph himself. Of one thing she was certain: that no one, except old Mr. Nesbit, had ever been cleverer or wiser.

"How about a bite of lunch?" Mr. Ralph suggested.

She wanted to tell him that the honor was too flattering. But before she could gather her wits to refuse him, he had hustled her back into the car and then in a moment was piloting her through the revolving doors of the President Grant, Judah's most impressive hotel. (Turn to page 70)



# NO DOGS ALLOWED



A wet tongue touched his arm



"Don't worry!" said the lady angel



Too late for Pat to warn him!



"Has Pat got here yet?" he asked



by

ELINORE COWAN STONE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGINEL WRIGHT BARNEY

**A story of the love between a boy and his dog. "He can follow me anywhere!" boasted Binks, but the day came—**

IT WAS hot, so hot that a bird protested irritably from the branches of the maple overhead. The smell of the blistered paint of Binks' red coaster made your nose burn, and Binks' bad leg tingled under its brace. Every once in a while a gust of burning wind rushed down the valley, slamming doors and flattening newspapers against neat hedges. There was something desperate about the wind, as if God had started a fire, fierce beyond anything he had intended, and was doing his best to blow it out; but Binks knew that Mrs. Bassett, his father's housekeeper, would say he shouldn't think in that familiar way of God.

After the gust had passed, everything was oppressively still and sultry. When you lay on your stomach on the bank and squinted off down the rolling highway, you could see layers of heat waves shimmering above the asphalt. Upon this phenomenon Binks commented to Lilian Anne Olmsted, who had come down the road to play with him. But Lilian Anne would not look.

"You can see it if you move just a little," urged Binks. "Well, I won't," yawned Lilian Anne. "I wouldn't move to see—" then she did move. She sat bolt upright.

"Binkshop Vaille Tennant," she commanded, "you make your stupid old dog stop chasing that poor cat." Binks, also, sat bolt upright, as abruptly as if Lilian Anne had slapped him.

"Pat O'Reilly is not a stupid dog," he said very distinctly, "and he doesn't have to stop unless he chooses."

But at that moment Pat O'Reilly did choose. He came caroling back, every wire hair jauntily erect. He threw himself down at Binks' feet, sighed prodigiously.

Binks flung himself upon him, crooning endearments, with a reproachful eye upon Lilian Anne. Pat O'Reilly gulped and lowered his eyes to hide an overwhelming emotion, as is the way of a small boy and his dog the world over.

"There, you see?" Binks continued to stare accusingly at Lilian Anne. "He understands every word I say. He's the smartest dog in town. He's the smartest dog in the country. He's—" Binks grew quite pale and swallowed—"he's the smartest dog in the whole world."

"If he's so smart—" Lilian Anne disdainfully angled a sandal upon a slim brown toe—"why doesn't he go to school with you?"

"He does," Binks' eyes were wide with triumph. "And he waits outside all morning for me. He'd foller me anywhere."

"Well, I know one place he can't follow you."

"Where?" Binks' challenge crackled, but his gray eyes were a bit anxious.

"To Heaven."

"Huh! I guess he can, too." But Binks looked startled, and his arm tightened around Pat O'Reilly.

"Well, I guess he can't. You don't suppose God wants Heaven all messed up with mangy Irish terriers, do you?"

Binks considered this hideous possibility for a moment. "Then he's not," he announced at length, "the kind of God I would choose."

He caught his breath as he spoke, but his eyes were very dark and steady in his white face.

"Oh, Binks, what you said!" Lilian Anne was rigid with horror. "You don't choose God; He chooses you, if you love Him, and keep your heart pure, and 'bey His laws." Lilian Anne was quite carried away by her evangelical fervor. "God is love. You ought to—"

"Not if he doesn't love Pat O'Reilly, He isn't," enunciated Binks with grim finality.

"You wicked boy! God will punish you just the way He punished that Jones boy for going swimming on Sunday."

"He did not! I don't believe God ever let Eddie Jones drown just because he went swimming on Sunday. I don't believe God's like that."

"Well, I know He *is*," Lilian Anne spoke with a little superior smile that Binks found vaguely reminiscent. Lilian Anne was always "dressing up" in the tones and manners of her elders. "If you want to be saved, you must repent your sins and be —"

WELL, Pat O'Reilly always repents. Why, just yesterday—you know how he hates to be bathed—well, just yesterday, after he ate up Mrs. Bassett's knitting, he went down and sat in his tub and barked and barked for someone to come and bathe him."

Lilian Anne waved this aside.

"Mark my words," she pursued didactically—ah, now Binks knew who it was Lilian Anne was "dressing up" in today. It was Mrs. Bassett. Mrs. Bassett said, "Mark my words" in just that tone, and she always spoke with that air of authority when she mentioned God.

There were sucking noises in the hot asphalt behind them, and a car drew up at the curb. A lady leaned out of the driver's seat. She was all in white and looked deliciously cool and, as always, deliciously lovely. She was Lilian Anne's mother. Binks had often thought that she was exactly what you would choose in a mother if you were lucky enough to have one.

"Lilian Anne," she said—and her voice, too, was deliciously cool and soft—"run right home. Mary shouldn't have let you come out here in this heat. I declare, she gets more irresponsible every day. And, Binks, Mrs. Bassett has been looking everywhere for you. It's time for your glass of milk and your nap."

She smiled her lovely smile at Binks, and he scrambled to his feet and beamed, in spite of the loathsome words "milk" and "nap." Then he stood on his good leg and wriggled his elbows as he always (Turn to page 52)



# HALF A LOAF

Seldom has a novel caused as much discussion as this. In it the former wife of a great novelist reveals her own fine ability as a writer

*Illustrated by*

W. EMERTON HEITLAND



They stood close. "Oh, Timmy, I shall be so lonely"

by **GRACE HEGGER LEWIS**

"**G**OD'S OWN COUNTRY" was the title of Timothy Hale's novel that plunged him to the front rank of American authors. Praise, speeches, adoring women's clubs . . . until he and Susan, his loyal and lovely wife, wearied of all the excitement, all the limelight.

"Let's go to Europe for a while," they said to each other.

So with their small son Roger they set forth. Behind them lay the happy years of their life together, gypsying up and down America, observing people and places closely, making few lasting friends, and Tim at least not minding. And now, before them, the glamour of the Old World!

Their stay in England was a joy to them. Tim's success as a writer made it possible for the Hales to meet and revel in such good company as Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells. Everything was new to them, exciting. But suddenly, one morning, they tired of their English sojourn.

"*Quo vadis?*" Susan said to Timothy. And Timothy answered, "Paris!"

*Here the story continues:*

**S**USAN was in one of her blind rages, standing in a Paris hotel bedroom in the middle of a slovenly pile of luggage, dating from that first wardrobe trunk with which they had started their wanderings, to Timothy's new London leather hat-box to hold his hated and rarely used top hat.

She and the luggage were in a room so low she could touch the ceiling with the palm of her hand. The furniture was heavy Empire at its gilded worst. Outside motor buses roared, taxi horns squawked, venders cried, French people talked French, so that the low room became a nightmare of gilt and noises.

Susan had been in an ecstasy of reminiscence all the way from the Gare du Nord to the hotel door. "It's changed and yet it's not changed. It smells the same except for the petrol fumes. Did I ever tell you I rode in my first automobile in Paris, in a yellow taxi? . . . Tim, sniff! I miss the cabmen with the patent leather hats,

and their wine-purple voices and faces . . . I hope my French will come back quickly. Tim, do you think my French sounds authentic or has it become twangy? . . . You're a darling, thanks for lying . . . Now *there's* a beard for you, and the Café de la Paix . . . Oh, talk about the vitality of New York, it's only the *machinery* which is alive there, here it's the *people!*" Susan bounced in her cab seat. "Tim, Tim, I'm so happy to be here—and with you!"

Tim smiled wanly at her. He was tired. France was all he had expected and more, perhaps too much more. In none of his imaginings of his entry into Paris, the gay, the naughty, had he ever included an English governess, a baby with very dirty hands, seventeen pieces of luggage, and even so nice a wife as Susan. If she would just stop exclaiming and explaining for a moment, and let him see for himself! Of course she was excited to be back, but she had been so darn proprietary about the country ever since she had leaned over the side of the boat and snatched two porters from the crowd with a shrill song of "Porteur, porteur!" She had answered the questions of the custom's house official, she had rather piggishly, he thought, made them group themselves at their compartment door so as to discourage others from entering (later he admitted he was glad of the privacy). She had ordered the train lunch, told him what to pay the steward with absurd black gloves, and finally had got their mountainous luggage on the tops of two frail cabs. Miss Ainley, the new English governess, was in one cab, he, Roger and Susan in the other, and she was still exclaiming: "See, Tim, the signs of the great dressmakers I used to write about in my wage-slave days! May I have just one dress from Jeanne Lanvin?"

**R**OGER was doing his best to hold on to the little let-down seat as they rocketed around corners. He was tired but he was not crying. "Most kids would be whining after this long journey," thought Timothy and he picked the child up and held him against him. Timothy could feel the weight of the small body as it confidently relaxed. His own little son, his little nipper. He ought to see more of Roger; if he only knew how to play

games in words that Roger would understand. But later surely, when the boy became more articulate, they'd own a dog, a boy's dog, and go for long walks and be friends.

"Wake up, Roger darling, we're at the hotel now, and in five seconds you'll be in a nice white bed with—what would you specially like for supper tonight?" Susan was kissing him and straightening his clothes.

"Ice cream!"

**O**NCE more Susan took charge of the caravan, though she was relieved to find that Miss Ainley was proving a most competent lieutenant.

"Two large rooms with twin beds, and bath in between, and on a court," Susan announced.

"For how much time will madame remain here?" asked the manager, polite though not effusive.

"I haven't an idea. But is that of importance? You can't be full at this season?" Susan was snippish.

The manager was more so. "We are always very full, madame, but I think these two rooms you will find agreeable." He led the way to the lift.

And thus it transpired that Susan was in one of her blind rages, standing in a Paris hotel bedroom, surrounded by a slovenly pile of luggage, a disapproving governess, an ashamed husband, and a whimpering child.

"Miss Ainley," said Timothy quietly, "will you take Roger into the bathroom and wash his hands and face, and sit down peacefully for a little while? We are all exhausted, but I am sure a change can be made. Susan, I'm going downstairs to see what I can do."

"What can you do? You don't speak French!" Susan's voice was harsh with angry sobs.

"Susan, behave yourself. It is you who are spoiling our arrival in Paris, not these rooms. I have four years of Harvard French, but I have also a quaint fancy that that cold-eyed manager, *not* clerk, speaks English as well as you do. Now snap out of this and let me find you smiling when I come back."

She continued to look out of the low-balconied window, and did not answer him. Her ego had been swelling





"Say, you don't think your husband has written a good book, do you?" . . . Tim was rising, his fists clenched



There arose in Susan the fury of a woman scorned

all day with each successive proof of her superiority over him.

Now it had burst, but she was not ready to apologize. Tim did not always leave her alone at this point as he should, but would argue with her. Today, however, the presence of Miss Ainley and Roger and his own fatigue counseled absence, and with the closing of the door, not too softly, Susan was at once remorseful. She yanked off hat and gloves, and went into the other room.

"Mr. Hale will fix everything, I know, Miss Ainley, but you can't imagine what a phobia I have about low ceilings . . . You didn't give Roger a drink from the faucet, did you?"

"I am afraid I did, Mrs. Hale. He was so thirsty."

"Oh, but you mustn't, ever! Public water in Europe may be better than it used to be, but we mustn't risk it. Always order bottled water."

"I'm still thirsty, mother."

"Have you seen a telephone, Miss Ainley? Let's all have tea."

"And ice cream, mother!"

THE Paris the Hales were to see in the next two weeks was the obvious tourist Paris, humanized by the presence of several English and Americans who knew what they called "the ropes" but who were as much strangers to the French as were the Hales.

Two chapters of "God's Own Country" had been translated in "*Le Revue des Deux Mondes*"—it bore the same relation to its original as a dark twin to its fair half—but literary Paris was not yet aware of the new author. So the Hales had the leisure, unbroken by telephone calls, to visit "historical spots" which were no less historical or thrilling because the glazed eyes of a billion tourists had passed wearily over them. With no housekeeping to do, with the efficient Miss Ainley taking Roger to the Bois or the Champs Elysées or the Tuileries Gardens, Susan made a business of sightseeing, for though she had seen it all before in her childhood she saw it now afresh with the eyes of Timothy's wife. Tim was willing enough if she let him off at the twilight hour to join his latest cronies at

the café, and as that was the hour she liked best to be with Roger, both were content.

It was part of the sightseeing that they should spend several evenings at the Dome and the Rotonde, those Greenwich Village tea rooms on the Left Bank. In the days of "Trilby" there was doubtless the same playing at being artists as there was in 1921, with the difference that they were not all Americans playing at being French artists.

On their first visit there the Hales had sat quietly on the sidewalk, cool though the night was, drinking their little drinks and feeling rather lonely at a party where every one called the other by his first name. At last they were noticed by a young man, equally spotty of face and lapels, who swayed over their table and accusingly asked, "You're Timothy Hale, aren't you? . . . You don't remember me, but you turned down a novel of mine once, said I didn't know what I was talking about. Neither did you. But you've put it over, haven't you, with a commercial best-seller? Why don't you come and live on the Rive Gauche and write a good book, now that you can afford to?"

The man was drunk; should they take offense?

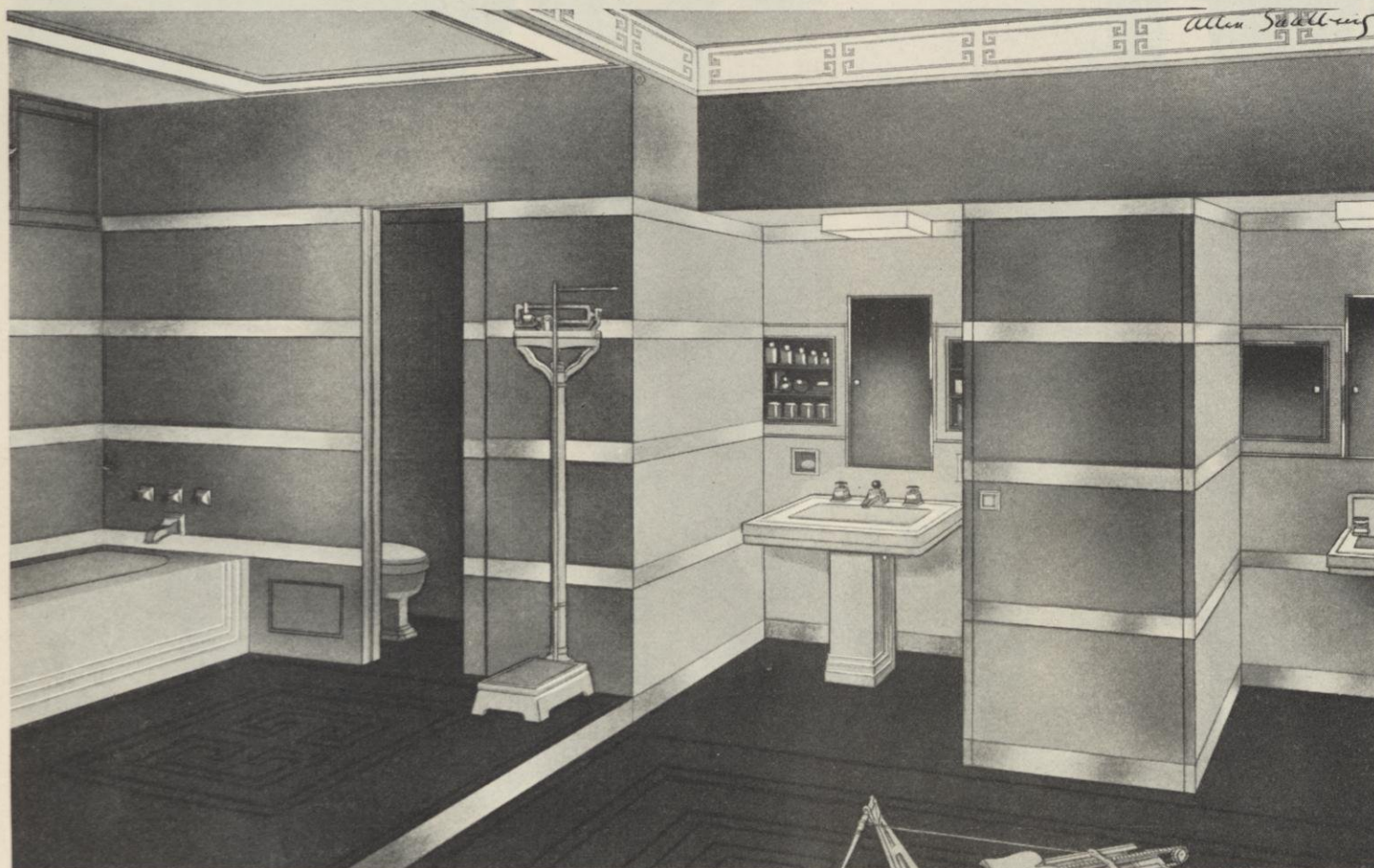
"SAY, would you like to meet some real writers?" and before Tim could reply the young man began to beckon in half a dozen directions. "Come on, boys and girls, 'God's Own Country' has condescended to call on us."

"Tim, this is preposterous, gratuitous insulting. Let's go at once."

"No, sit down! It's going to be interesting, though I hope to sock my pimply friend in (Turn to page 43)



# "HEALTH ROOMS" INSTEAD OF



This, the ultimate in health rooms, has biscuit colored fixtures of neo-classic design. The floor is green and black linoleum. The walls are green formica banded with chromium. A green ceiling has channels of light behind frosted glass, and each alcove has its convenient overhead light

Drawings by ALLEN SAALBURG

WE CALL them health rooms! They are the bathrooms of the future!

Imagine the luxury of having every single thing you need to keep you healthy, beautiful, and clean, all in one beautifully arranged room! Think of the joy of a morning bath in a room where sunlight sparkles and shines, where windows glazed with vita glass admit the sun's health-giving rays. Look! there's a chaise longue where you can stretch out and take your sun bath in the utmost comfort (and listen to a radio, too, while you bask). And there's a sun lamp, for winter days, dark days when the sun refuses to come out. One of our bathrooms even has a dental laboratory, with its own basin and a medicine chest completely stocked with pastes, powders, floss, and all the preparations necessary for the proper care of your mouth and teeth. Away with our barbarous custom of caring for our teeth at the wash basin!

Isn't it logical to predict that our present cubicles of metal and enamel will have to be made a great deal larger?

They'll have a larger function—they'll help us keep wholly healthy as well as clean!

All beauty specialists agree that good health is the basis of real beauty. All the creams and powders and rouges in the world are unavailing, if a woman does not radiate good health from within.

And medical science has convinced us that it is a wise and happy practice to devote our efforts toward keeping well, rather than spending money on a cure when we are really taken ill.

Science has brought forth marvelous inventions to help us maintain healthy, beautiful bodies in spite of the strains that ordinary business life imposes on them. Bathing facilities were the first step, but these have become so universal that we seldom realize that their luxury exceeds anything ever known in the world before. Now we have exercisers, vibrators, rowing machines, sun lamps, vita glass—all sorts of preparations for the skin, the hair, the teeth—to supply us, artificially, with the

things we would get naturally, if we were living natural, active, outdoor lives.

The bathroom is the logical place for these instruments of health and beauty. A sun lamp looks out of place in a Directoire bedroom, and certainly the living-room is no place for a vibrator. So our bathrooms will have to be made larger to contain them.

This is a brand new idea! Delineator Institute of Interiors is sure that it is inevitable. Some of you may be so convinced that we are right that you'll rush right out to find a man who will convert that extra spare room into a health room. Others of you will keep it in mind for the house you are going to remodel or for the one you plan to build. Skeptics are earnestly advised to clip out this article and paste it in their scrap-books; that will save us the trouble of saying, in a few years, "We told you so."

The bathrooms shown on these pages were carefully and thoughtfully planned. They not only provide space for these instruments of body culture, but they give the occupants the benefit of the greatest of all panaceas—fresh air and sunlight. And they satisfy the æsthetic sense as well. Don't you think that a day begun in one of these sparkling rooms would have a good chance of ending there at night in a happy mood?

NOT all of you will find it possible to reproduce these baths entirely. But each room is full of suggestions that you will do well to keep in mind when you are building or remodeling. Study the floor plans carefully and you will find many ideas that you can incorporate in the bathrooms that you have, or plan to have. Notice that the tubs are placed in alcoves, and that the space left over is, in each case, employed to good advantage. Notice that separate small rooms have been built for the toilets, and that, when possible, these rooms have two doors, one leading from the bath, and one directly from the hall. Notice the number of windows; in one room they take up two entire walls. All of these windows have panes of vita glass, which admits the sun's health-giving actinic rays, so that you can take a sun bath in the utmost com-

fort, even in the dead of winter when the mercury's low!

You've noticed, no doubt, that these bathrooms have been decorated in the modern taste. You may or may not like the modern style of decoration, but we are sure you will agree that it is appropriate in a bathroom. After all, your plumbing fixtures are undeniably modern. Indeed, there are many who consider the new models to be among the best expressions of contemporary design. In Europe, among people who know, they are held in high respect on account of their simplicity and functional rightness.

THE tubs, the wash basins, and the like that have been used in these bathrooms are particularly fine examples of the neo-classic. Their usefulness is apparent, their proportions are excellent, and their decoration nicely restrained. Naturally, a modern scheme makes a perfect background for them, but the essential purity of their design would make them harmonious in almost any setting you might choose. You've probably remarked already how naturally the Louis XVI chair in one of the rooms takes its place beside the modern hand basin.

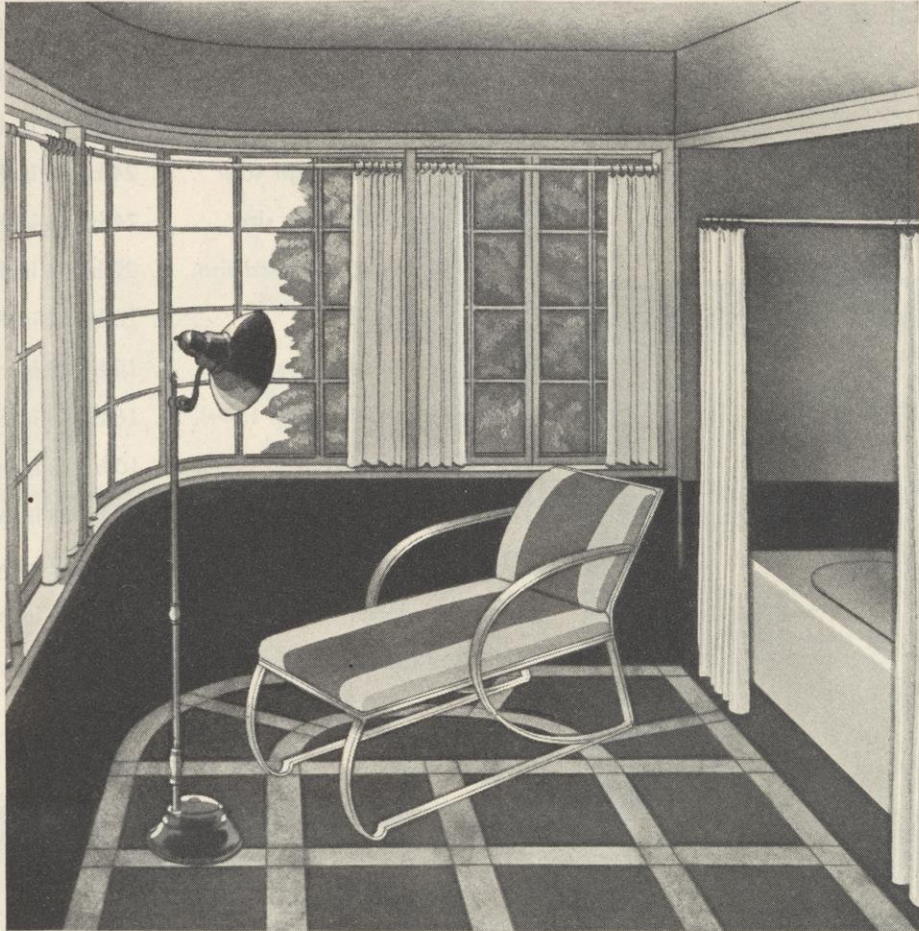
We can't help feeling grateful to the manufacturer who put these excellent fixtures on the market, and made them easily available to people in moderate circumstances—a group which, goodness knows, includes most of us.

The ultimate in health rooms is achieved in the room that heads this article. Look at the floor plan and you will see how the tub alcove is balanced by a sun-drenched bay window which contains a chaise longue, and a sun lamp for good measure. The rowing machine is just visible in the foreground, and back against the wall are scales equipped with a chromium measuring rod. A shower compartment and a toilet room are on either side of the tub alcove. The dental laboratory with its own wash basin balances the regular hand basin. And across from these is the most efficient dressing table! The doors of the linen closets at either side of it are great long sheets of mirror, hinged on the sides nearest the table; these swing out, enclosing you when you (Turn to page 43)

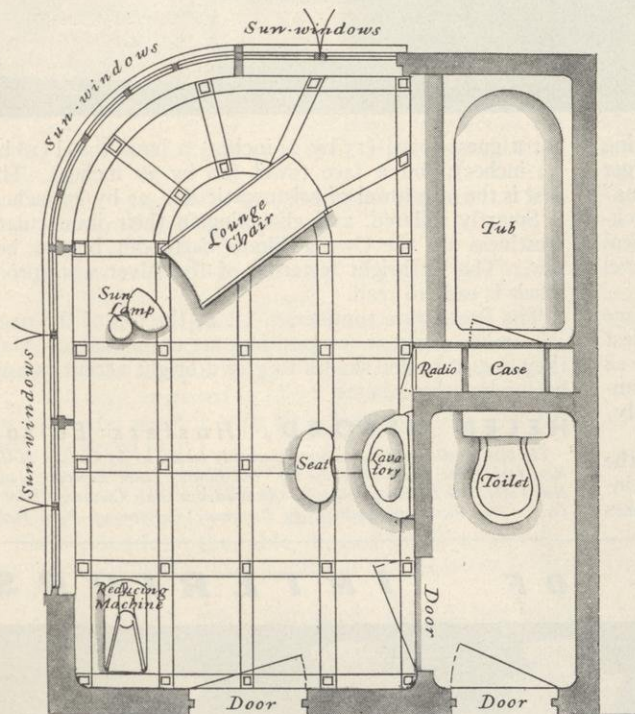


# BATHROOMS

DELINEATOR Institute of Interiors predicts that rooms devoted to health, beauty, and hygiene are the bathrooms of the future

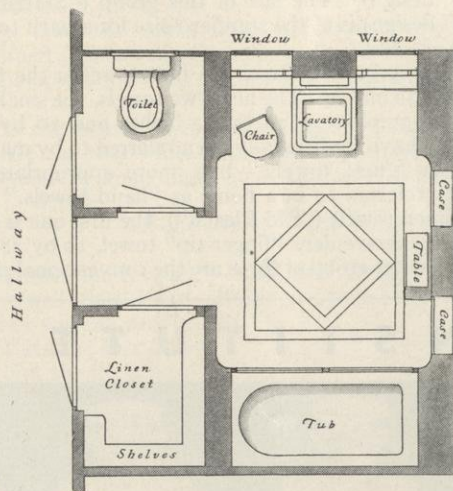


This sunny room has a bright blue linoleum floor striped with yellow, blue formica walls, yellow curtains, and yellow fixtures. The chaise longue is made of chromium, upholstered in blue and yellow fabrikoid. The sun lamp is one of the new designs



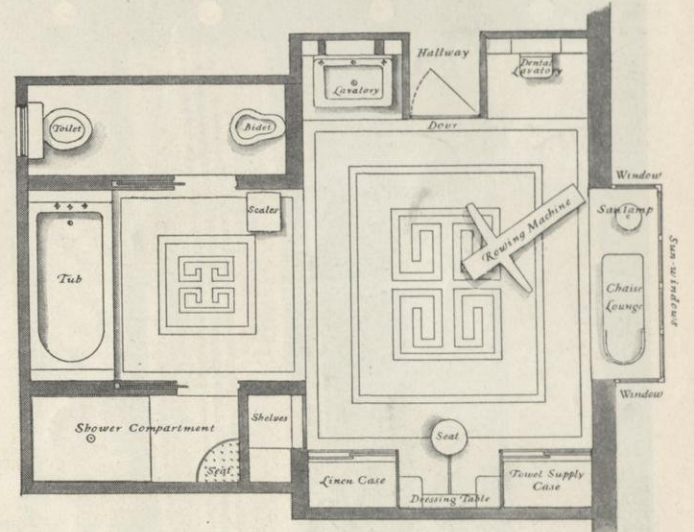
Floor plan of room above

OF PROVED MERIT  
DELINEATOR  
INSTITUTE

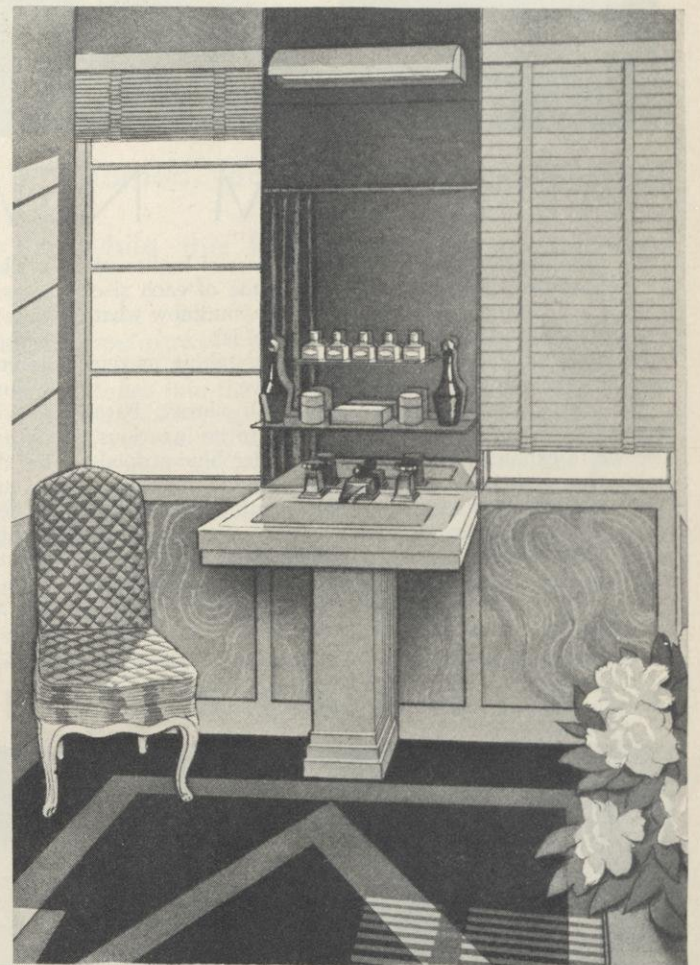


Floor plan of room on right

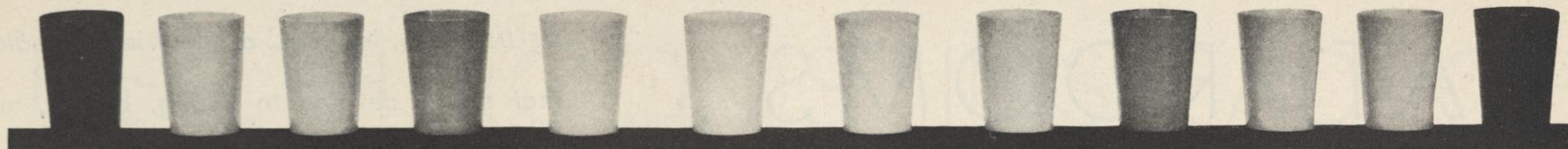
Floor plan of room on opposite page



The room below shows how happily the old may be blended with the new. Brown linoleum striped in green covers the floor; the walls are lime green, and the lavatory is shell pink





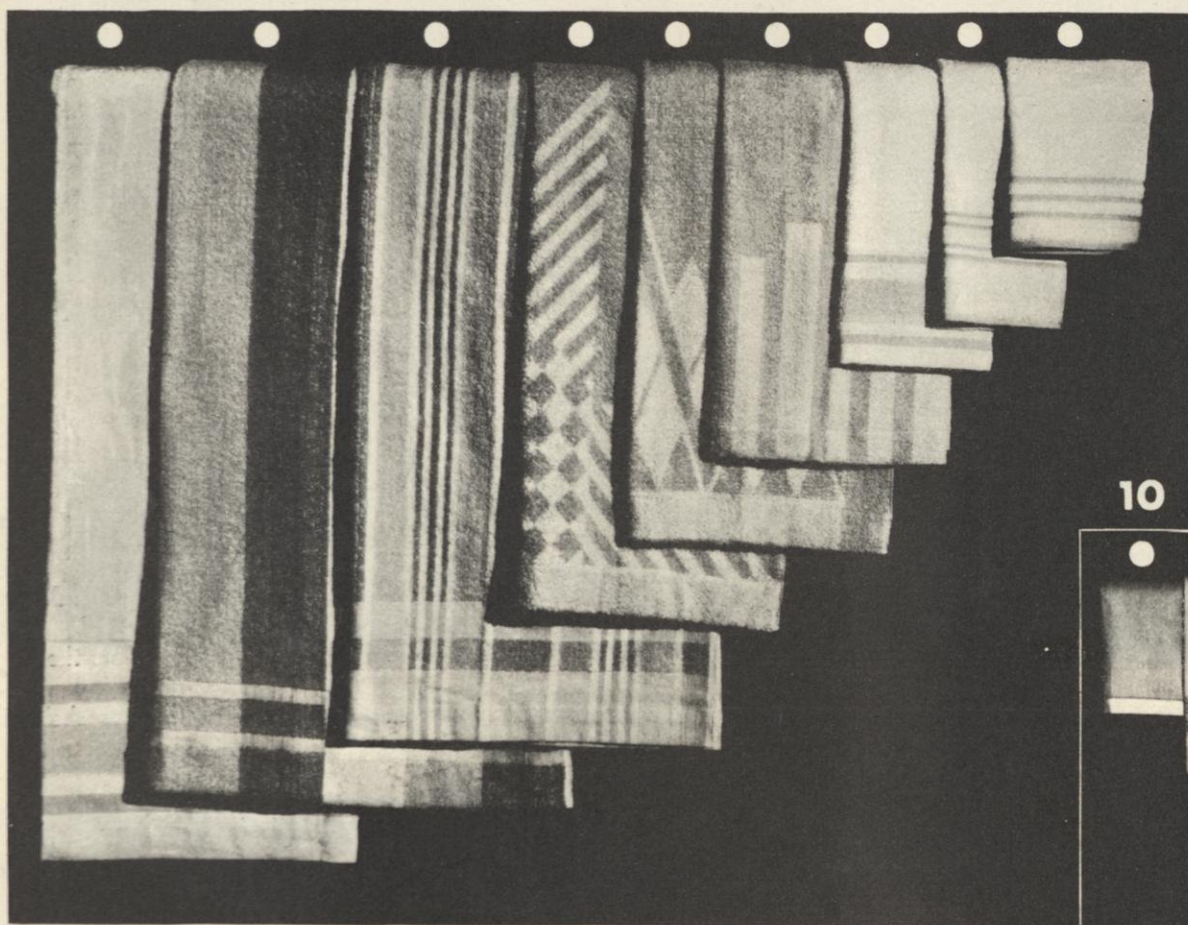


## BATHROOM TOWELS — WHAT SIZE?

## BATHROOM BOTTLES — WHAT KIND?

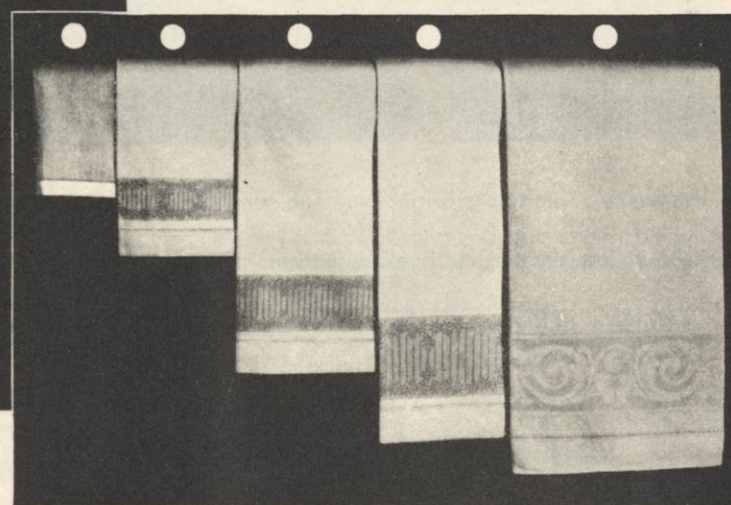
## BATHROOM TUMBLERS — WHAT COLOR?

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9



- 1 Bath sheet . . . 44 by 76 inches
- 2 Bath sheet, beach cape. . . 38 by 72 inches
- 3 Bath sheet . . . 35 by 60 inches
- 4 Bath towel, large size . . . 24 by 48 inches
- 5 Bath towel, large size . . . 24 by 46 inches
- 6 Bath towel, standard size. . . 22 by 44 inches
- 7 Face towel . . . 20 by 40 inches
- 8 Hand towel, guest towel. . . 18 by 32 inches
- 9 Hand towel, guest towel. . . 16 by 28 inches
- 10 Finger-tip towel . . . 10 by 18 inches
- 11 Guest towel . . . 15 by 24 inches
- 12 Hand towel . . . 18 by 32 inches
- 13 Face towel . . . 20 by 36 inches
- 14 Face towel, generous size. . . 27 by 43 inches

10 11 12 13 14



## BATHROOM NEWS



**H**OW definite are you about the sizes of bathroom towels? Do you know the name of each size . . . the use for each size? Do you know what the standard size of a bath towel is?

Let's chat about representative sizes, taking as our examples the Cannon towels shown above.

The first group of three are bath sheets, bath sheets that have gone to great lengths to be luxurious. The white expanse of the first, its border blue striped, makes a leviathan towel, 44 by 76 inches. The second one . . . 38 by 72 inches . . . has a double life, and, as you see by its flamboyant Basque stripes, a gay one: indoors, it's a bath sheet; and outdoors, clasped with two rings which fit into eyelets at the side, it disports itself as a beach cape. The third bath sheet, also gaily striped, is smaller, but still a capacious affair of 35 by 60 inches.

The next group of three are bath towels of varying sizes. Especially popular with men are the two larger sizes: one, 24 by 48 inches (shown here in "Chevrons" design); and the other, 24 by 46 inches (shown in "Backgammon" design). The last of this group ("Statistical Columns" design) is of the standard size for a bath towel — 22 by 44 inches.

In the last group of three, the first towel is the face towel, 20 by 40 inches. The next two towels, the smallest in our photograph . . . 18 by 32 inches and 16 by 28 inches . . . have traditionally been referred to by manufacturers as "guest towels," but, more appropriately, are usually referred to in a home as "hand towels."

In the linen towels ("Old Bleach"), the first one is the new and very convenient "finger-tip" towel, 10 by 18 inches. The center group of three are the conventional sizes

for a guest towel (15 by 24 inches); a hand towel (18 by 32 inches); and a face towel (20 by 36 inches). The last is the face towel of aristocratic size, 27 by 43 inches.

Smartly tailored, and glistening in their immaculate frostiness are the Owens-Illinois bathroom bottles below. The forthright lettering of the silver waterproof labels is easy to read.

The Beetleware tumblers . . . at the top of the page . . . made of a new composition, are unbreakable. Gay they are, in pastel shades to give a bright accent in any bathroom color scheme.

**HELEN UFFORD, Hostess Editor**

*The bath towels on this page were graciously loaned us by Cannon Mills, New York. The linen towels, by The "Old Bleach" Linen Company, Ltd., New York. The bathroom bottles, by Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio. The Beetleware tumblers, by Beetleware Corporation, New York.*

## DELINEATOR INSTITUTE OF INTERIORS

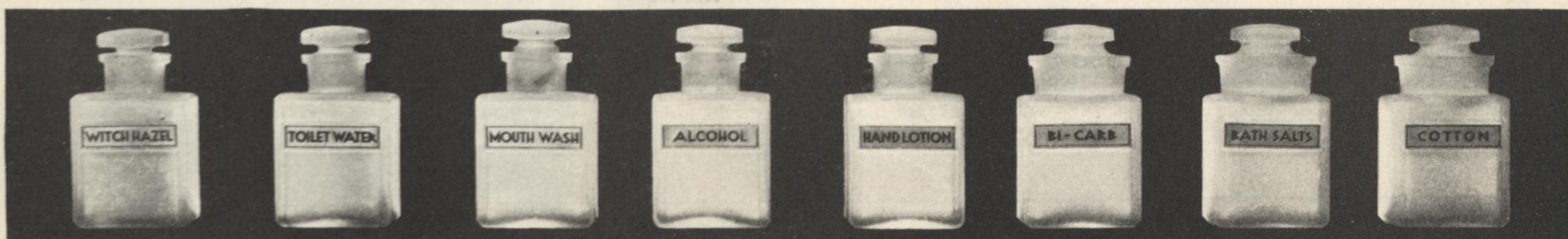




Illustration by  
LEON BENIGNI



Benigni  
July 1931

Fantastic shapes, nightmare heads, swept by to the tom-tom beat of the music. Nanette had a wild desire to escape

# FIREFLIES AND THE YELLOW MOON

by JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

It was the smallest bird Nanette had ever seen upon a dish. A *bonne bouche* pathetic to contemplate. It had been grilled to a beautiful cinnamon tint, pinned together with a little silver skewer, laid upon a square of toast, sprinkled with cognac and set on fire. With the spectral flames of the burning brandy darting over bird and toast, the fat waiter tramped pompously across the sitting room of the Trask suite and laid the morsel before Nanette.

The blue eyes of the girl examined the tidbit. The waiter hovered near her chair.

"What is it?" asked the girl.

"*Un petit oiseau, mademoiselle,*" answered the waiter. "A leetle bird called *grive*, miss."

Nanette Trask regarded her offering. A vague feeling of uneasiness had clutched her. Something about the serving of the diminutive bird upset her. What painful care had been exercised to pluck the trifle, grill it, bed it on toast and serve it with blue flames darting over the little skewered body!

"It is a dish for the gourmets," began the waiter.

"I—I don't think I like it," interrupted Nanette. "No, nothing more, thank you. I am finished."

She slipped from the table, crossed the room and disappeared through a door leading to the bedroom of her mother.

The fat waiter, much surprised, carried the small bird away.

Nanette's mother, Mrs. Mannington Trask, was in bed, propped up by many pillows. Straddling her couch, was a huge invalid's tray. A glance at it told Nanette that her mother had led her by a full course. The fragments of a bird, obviously a near relative to the little *grive* that Nanette had refused, had just been pushed aside by the elder woman.

"Why, my dear child!" cried Mrs. Trask. "You surely have not finished your lunch?"

"Yes, mother," answered the girl. "I have finished."

Nanette Trask walked to the window and looked out. Directly below was the Promenade des Anglais, a curving bow that ran from Pont Magnan to the Quai des États-Unis. Upon it moved droves of *hivernants*; time-killers who found their task a tiresome one.

She listened to her mother crunching a small bone. Mrs. Trask had evidently retrieved a morsel from the thrust-aside plate. Nanette wondered if the fat waiter would bring her *grive* to Mrs. Trask. She hoped he would not. She was a little sad about the bird. She felt that it had some strange connection with herself. That was ridiculous of course.

To take her mind from unpleasant thoughts she hummed a little verse that she had used many times as a poetic broom to sweep morbid imaginings from her mind:

"In the harbor, in the island, in the Spanish Seas,  
Are the tiny white houses and the oranges trees,  
And day-long, night-long, the cool and pleasant  
breeze

Of the steady Trade Winds blowing."

"Please don't, child!" cried Mrs. Trask. "You know very well that I am always depressed by Masfield. Didn't you eat your lunch?"

"I ate the *hors d'œuvres*."

"Not the little bird?"

"No, mother."

"Why, dearest?"

"It—it seemed— Oh, I don't know! It—it seemed too much like me."

"LIKE you?" The voice of Mrs. Trask leaped upon the assertion. "You silly girl! What do you mean?"

Nanette turned from the window. "I—I don't know," she said helplessly. "It seemed so small and pitiful. With all—all the fuss about serving it up. Sort of trousseau of chopped chives, silver skewer, flaming cognac, and that

The love story of an American girl  
abroad, facing an unhappy marriage  
while the Riviera held gay carnival

great ogre of a waiter. It—it was like me! There!"

The "ogre" tapped discreetly at the door and thrust himself into the room with a new dish for Mrs. Trask. He looked rather apprehensively at Nanette. Mrs. Trask was a little afraid that "dear François" had heard the name applied to him by her daughter. She thought that Nanette at times was a little unbalanced. She, Mrs. Trask, would be very pleased when the wedding ceremony was over.

Nanette had turned again to the window. While the fat François whispered about the *côtelettes de veau à la provençale* the girl chanted softly:

"And o' nights there's fireflies and the yellow moon,  
And in the ghostly palm trees the sleepy tune  
Of the quiet voice calling me, the long low croon  
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing."

Oh, fine was that little broom of poesy! It chased away black thoughts and brought little pictures. More than pictures. Much more than pictures. At times the things mentioned in the poem—the things for which Nanette longed—appeared before her. Now, as she stared across the purplish-blue plain of water that ran away to Africa, she saw them. On little legs they came towards the Promenade. The tiny white houses; the orange trees, the yellow moon, and the ghostly palms! They ran inshore and beckoned to her. (Turn to page 60)





# THE SHORTEST NIGHT

A group of charming young people in a house-party on the Riviera and then in the midst of their gaiety, a murder! Here is a very different sort of mystery story

by **G. B. STERN**

"Lal—oh, it's you," she said. "I was so frightened"

**H**OW would you like to go on a summer house-party where the blue Mediterranean sparkles along the rocky shores of the French Riviera? And in the midst of all the fun discover that one of your party has been murdered!

That was what happened to the young people in a villa called Aloës. They were a group of Englishmen and charming English girls resting from a too strenuous London season. Sophia Framlingham was their hostess. To be sure, they let her know too plainly that they wished she hadn't invited Fred Poole, a conceited and rather vulgar musical comedy actor. But to find him dead in his bed—and poisoned! That was a proof of his unpopularity that no one had dreamed could happen. Yet they awoke one day to face this hideous fact.

Who committed the crime? Well, here are the people whose lives were interwoven with the life of Fred Poole. Mrs. Framlingham, the hostess, older than the others, a woman with money, and a flair for writing on psychology. And Nancy Rhodes, her fair little secretary. Prunella and Joe Quentin, brother and sister—she an artist, he a playwright and in love with a girl back home. Paul Slade, quieter than the others, quietly in love with Prunella. And the irrepressible "Rumples"—Mrs. Ruth Jackson, who was at work on a murder mystery when murder itself walked into Aloës.

It was Rumples' quaint custom each night to serve herb tea to the house-party. And beside Fred Poole's dead body had been found a cup of herb tea. He had returned late that fatal night, from a mysterious visit to Marseilles (which was merely to see his sister-in-law, Rosalind Poole, before she sailed for Ceylon to join Nigel Poole, his brother). No one had heard him come in, or seen him.

Turmoil followed the hideous discovery. A French police commissioner took possession of Aloës. Two gen-

darmes were stationed on the grounds. Clues, suspicions, flew wildly about. Another house-party, near by, was drawn into the investigation. These were friends of Mrs. Framlingham's: Lady Humber, a pompous old noblewoman who had leased a villa called Balmoral where she was entertaining Prince Louis of Lemburg-Boissy; Heriot Bannister, a member of parliament; Juniper Gregg, a millionaire speed boat king; and her nephew, Lal Clifford.

Bit by bit it came to be realized that there was quarreling in the Balmoral ranks—and that its cause had to do with Fred Poole's death. Lady Humber sent Lal over to stay at Aloës (much to Nancy's secret delight, for she loved him—even if his heart was wrapped up in the thought of Rosalind Poole, the beautiful woman who was Fred Poole's sister-in-law). Juniper Gregg, after quarreling with Heriot, was turned out—and Sophia quickly invited him to stay at her house; for a motor-boat had come to her shore the night of the murder and, suspecting Juniper, she wished to observe him closely. Fred had last been seen alive at Balmoral.

And the pocketbook—that was a clue Joe Quentin had found. With the initial "P" and buried under a stone in the sea. Who had put it there? Whose was it? It was Joe who suspected, too, that Léonie, the cook (whose crying baby had enraged Fred Poole) might not be as innocent as she seemed.

But all these and other suspicions faded in importance before the following astounding fact, brought out at the coroner's inquest:

The cup of herb tea, found beside Fred Poole that morning, had contained no trace of poison whatsoever!

Here the story continues:

**THE INQUEST** was over; adjourned pending further inquiry.

Juniper Gregg rushed up to Heriot: "Come away!

Come down the garden! I've got to speak to you at once, alone!"

Heriot was about to say that he could not wait. He had to drive Aunt Lucinda (Lady Humber) home, and get back himself in time to escort Sophia to the funeral at three o'clock. Besides, he had no great desire for private conversation with Juniper. They were hardly on speaking terms since their quarrel on the motor-boat the day before, which had resulted in Juniper leaving Balmoral. But Juniper's face decided him to alter his mind.

Juniper was looking mentally disheveled, face wooden, eyes startled and distressed as a baby whose pet rocking-horse has suddenly loomed up, alive and enormous, with snapping, fiery jaws. The Russian in him was frightened—and the Scotsman was not there at all!

"What is it?" said Heriot, briefly. "Hurry up. Aunt Lucinda wants to go back. She's all in. Inquests don't agree with her."

"Nor with me! Look here, Heriot . . ."

"**N**ANCY, tell Léonie to hold back *déjeuner*, and not come rushing in with it while Lucinda's still here." Sophia spoke in an undertone of warning. They were standing at the salon window, looking impatiently out at Juniper and Heriot walking round and round the garden. "Why can't Heriot take her home? Anyhow, I thought he and Juniper were cutting each other . . . Oh, Nancy, I can't cope with any more trouble today!"

"Yes, I know. It's been horrid," Nancy agreed. "And I suppose it's going to go on being horrid. Aunt Lucinda's chafing, up at the gate. Paul's with her."

"Is he? That's better than nothing. But I couldn't ask her to lunch, with the staff in this state of nerves."

"Well, Léonie says the ice hasn't come."

"Of course it hasn't. Does the ice ever come between an inquest and a funeral on a boiling hot summer day?"

Rosalind Poole watched closely. So the servants were holding revelry! But she saw a gendarme lurking. The implication was sinister





"It's devil-craft, I tell you."

"Nonsense, Gregg. Don't be a damned fool."

"How can you account for it?"

"If they found nothing, it's because nothing was there."

"I tell you I put it in, myself. I wasn't mad then, though I may be now. It—it's preposterous. It's devil-craft, Bannister." Juniper mopped his forehead. "I wish I'd left it all alone," he muttered, "I meant to help . . . but I don't like it . . . I don't like it!"

"I wish you had. It was your business to have taken the original instructions, not embark on any grotesque fancy that came into your mind. But as for the stuff you put in—" He suddenly switched off on to another track, to Juniper's relief. "Of course! Don't you see what this implies?"

But his companion was more bewildered than ever. Heriot, impatient both of Juniper's ideas of helpfulness, and his present slow-witted stare, rushed on: "Oh, well, if you don't, leave it at that. I'll go straight to Cannes, after the funeral, and see the Minister myself, if I can, and tell him this new development. Or if he's not there, the Prefect at Nice will have to do instead."

Rumples had slipped on a record, trying to cheer up their depression and interrupt their bickering. A storm was brewing. Sophia, Heriot and Paul had gone to Fred's funeral. Juniper was sitting in a corner of the salon, moping. H rculé (Léonie's baby) was crying in the kitchen. And Rumples, with an irony that was too blatant to be deliberate, had chosen: "Happy Days Are Here Again."

"I suggest," said Joe, controlling himself, "that you remove that record." Rumples answered: "It was the only one I could find in the dark." For, with the vague idea that convention demanded lowered blinds that afternoon, Nancy had closed the somber green shutters all over the villa, so that the rooms were stuffier than ever.

The door opened sharply. And they all sprang up, dreading some fresh sensation. But it was only the bathing gendarme, who had missed them from the beach, and thought it his duty, speaking no English, to stand sentinel at the open door for a few moments in case they were plotting mischief. They stared wanly at the gendarme, and he glared back, concentrating on Lal, who had toppled him that morning into the seaweed. Lal was lying on the sofa farthest from the others, pretending to be

best not to sound as heavy in spirit as she really felt.

"Well?" said Joe and Nancy and Prunella, and—less drearily—Rumples.

It did not seem necessary to Sophia that she should give them an account of the funeral, so she just remarked: "It's so gray and stuffy, I believe there's going to be a storm. Nancy, come and help me to get out of these things. I feel too black for words."

Paul had already disappeared to change out of the somber clothes which enhanced his natural tendency to look like the Prince of Denmark. He flashed Prunella a quick smile before he went, which helped her to feel better.

Presently he and she might perhaps go down to the pool, alone together, for a quiet bathe, if Sophia did not think it outrageous of them, and if they could give the gendarme the slip.

"GOT your notebook, Nancy?"

Nancy wondered if all her life long she would inwardly wince at mention of her notebook. But she replied in her most dutiful manner: "Yes, Sophia," and made sure the door of Sophia's bedroom was closed.

### Illustrations by WALLACE MORGAN



Midnight and moonlight of the shortest night in the year. Little did these gay picnickers dream that more trouble, more mystery, were imminent

"I'll come with you," suggested Juniper, who seemed to find comfort in Heriot's decisive sanity, and to cling to it.

"No, you won't. You'll stay here and not say a word about this to anyone."

"Why not?"

"No need to make a fool of the prince, after all he's done for us. I imagine it can be avoided. Do you hear, Gregg? You've got to hold your tongue. It's the least you can do now. You've made enough trouble already, with your Russian sense of humor."

"I meant to help," repeated Juniper. His terror had subsided. Heriot's authority had done this for him, and Juniper was strangely amenable. "I still think it's devil-craft," but he hoped to be contradicted.

"Devil-craft my hat!" And with this reassuring response, Heriot left him.

"THERE'S going to be a storm," said Prunella.

"Has the ice-man come?" said Joe.

"Let's bathe," said Rumples.

"We can't, with a funeral going on," said Nancy.

"Léonie's crying," said Rumples.

"That's because of the ice-man," said Prunella.

"No, it isn't," said Joe.

"What do you mean: 'No, it isn't'?"

"Well, it isn't. I know."

"What do you know?"

"I don't know!"

"... Jupiter! What's that?"

"That" was the first screech from the gramophone.

asleep, so that they should not talk to him; yet not wishing to be alone in his room.

"I'm dripping!" burst out Juniper suddenly, and Prunella said: "There's going to be a storm, and the aloe tree will break. It's bending farther every day. It can't bend much more without crashing. It's sure to be today . . . Isn't it hateful being watched?"

Rumples, after her snub over the gramophone, had produced a pad and a stub of pencil, and was busily composing a "Shining Heartbeat." Now she looked up and asked for a rhyme to "nosegay." Nobody could think of a rhyme to "nosegay," except Prunella, who suggested "post-chaise." Rumples brightly thanked her for trying, but said that would be of no use. But could anyone think of a rhyme to "harmony"?

The gendarme, getting bored, opened the door and strode down the hall. He thought he heard a car arriving at the gate; and his *collègue*—bah! he was mad, that one, and of no use whatever, sitting all day in the kitchen with Léonie.

It was Heriot's car, which had brought home Sophia and Paul. "Won't you come in?" asked Sophia.

"No, my dear, I must get back to my own hostess. Don't forget that the prince and I are the last of the Balmors, and the inquest has upset the old lady quite badly."

But Sophia noticed, turning back from the porch, that Heriot had driven off in the direction of Cannes, instead of toward St. Raphael and Aunt Lucinda.

"Well?" said Sophia, entering the salon, and trying her

"If this thing hangs round much longer, we shall all be seriously ill. It's oppressive and horrible. We must bring it to a head as soon as we possibly can, and have done with it. Now, at the inquest today—" Sophia came to an abrupt halt. "Have I got some quiet-looking pajamas, I wonder? Not mourning, exactly, but—no, the black-and-white won't do. This is not the time to dress up like a seaside pierrot. The beige, yes, with the lilac spray down one trouser. Mauve, you know. Don't let's shock the Commissaire more than we can help . . . There, that's better. What with the heat, and that awful lunch, and Léonie erupting grievances all the time, and that gendarme padding about, watching us . . . Is there only one, by the way, Nancy? I thought there were originally two."

"The other one never leaves the kitchen. He's in love with Léonie."

"As though the villa weren't overloaded with atmosphere already!" Then she fired off a question in her best take-her-off-her-guard style, full into Nancy's face: "What struck you as the most important point which came out at the inquest?"

But Nancy was not going to be hurried.

"It struck me that a man who is found in bed with poison in his body, and beside him a cup of herb tea which he doesn't like, and without any poison in it—"

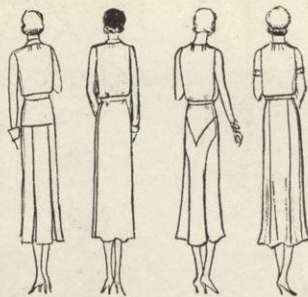
Sophia interrupted: "Yes. Well, that was obvious. What we're looking for is the unobvious. Didn't it strike you as odd that the police were unable to find the taxi at St. Raphael which brought (Turn to page 80)



# FIRST COMES WHITE



3949



## WHITE WITH A COLOR

3949 This is the kind of half-and-half scheme that gives you the chance to play your pet colors against each other. Linen is suitable and, incidentally, much favored this summer. Yoked and pleated skirt. For 36 (size 18), 1 3/4 yards 39-inch linen and 2 1/4 yards 39-inch contrast. Frock designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

## WHITE WITH DOTTED SCARF

3979 We're enslaved by dots again and this is the newest way to use them—as accents to a plain fabric. The scarf gives the final dash to this sports frock, recommended for first place—spectator class. Pleats in front, one piece back. For 36 (size 18), 2 7/8 yards 39-inch linen. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

## BE SPORTING IN WHITE

3993 This frock of white shantung derives part of its chic from the skirt seaming and part from the twisted yoke which gives it a very different and very new look. It is the perfect frock either for playing or spectating. For 36 (size 18), 4 3/4 yards 32-inch shantung. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

## MORE WHITE

3999 White is the outstanding fashion of the summer. And there is this about it which is not true of colors—a lot of it won't bore you. This frock is sleeveless. It's slender-looking. And its utility is enormous. Six-gore skirt. For 36 (size 18), 3 yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Frock designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.



3993

3999



**WHITE SPORTS COAT**

3964 The polo coat—coachman style. It's double breasted, has raglan sleeves and buttons right up to the neck. For resort life, traveling, or just knocking about town, a gem of practicality. Chic also in natural color, very pale beige, or pastels. For 36 (size 18),  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54-inch camel's hair twill. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

**SPORTS ET AL**

3956 This is a grand dress for any sporting event—for action or the sidelines. Its all-whiteness fairly cries for the addition of the boldly bright accessories that will ring changes in the simplest little outfit this year. Flared yoked skirt—but not too flared, just right. For 36,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yards 39-inch heavy crêpe de chine. It is designed for 32 to 44.

**GREATER SLENDERNESS**

3995 For anyone aspiring to slimness, this frock has merits. The diagonal closing—merit number one. V-shaped vestee, a second. And the absence of a belt at the front, with a hint of blousing behind—a third. One-piece front and back, flared at the sides. For 36 (size 18),  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

**THEN****WHITE WITH COLOR****CROSS BARS**

3954 Fine cross-bars are a hangover from our recent passion for plaids. They are less conspicuous and equally smart. This faint design serves well for a frock like this—with a graceful neck treatment consistent with the delicate charm of the print. For 36 (size 18),  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 35-inch novelty silk. It is designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

**DOT AND DASH**

3973 Make an effective print that makes an effective sports dress. The collar and little tie are the only trimming relief, quite enough for the utility frock that keeps itself plain for easy sewing and depends on a diverting fabric for its chic. For 36 (size 18),  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 32-inch printed shantung. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 48.

**BRILLIANT STRIPES**

3981 In the way of gaily striped scarfs and belts you can satisfy that longing for smashing color effect with perfect discretion. This smart set gives real distinction to this simple sleeveless frock of linen. Four deep pleats in the skirt which is cut in two pieces. For 36 (size 18),  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 39-inch linen. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.





3962



3969



3951



3958



3960



3989

### "SET OFF BY WHITE"

3962 If your town frock is a "white print" and it's made like this one, it's sure to be smart. Note that the flare is emphasized at the point of the seaming both in front and back. The fine white linen collar and the cuffs are flared to give a ripple effect. For 36 (size 18), 3 3/4 yards 39-inch print. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and for 32 to 44.

### PLAIN PLUS PRINT

3958 A new formula for chic. This very smart frock has a bodice and trick sleeves of a vivid print and a scarf neckline and lower part of monotone crêpe. The angle in the bodice, reversed in the skirt yoke, is a nice detail. For 36 (size 18), 1 1/4 yards 39-inch print, 3 3/4 yards 39-inch plain. Frock designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

### WE SAY "PRINTS"

3969 For they are one of the things that makes a summer wardrobe summery. This one has a blurred leaf motif that is extremely smart. Notice the interesting new draped waistline fastening by a buckle in front. Color accent in the lining of the bows. For 36 (size 18), 4 1/4 yards 39-inch print. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

### BALANCING CHIC

3960 You have to balance it in a season like this, when one side of a frock does one thing and the other side another. The right side of this one has a flare in the skirt. The left side has a draped neckline and another touch of draping where the waistline ties. Very short sleeves. For 36, 3 3/4 yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Designed for 32 to 44.

### FAGOTING'S IN FASHION

3951 Very much the fashion this summer, and being taken up by smart women everywhere because it gives their frocks that "expensive" air that only handwork can. Used here in a zigzag course, on bodice and yoke, it gives that much desired light touch. White bow and scarf. For 36, 4 1/4 yards 39-inch crêpe de chine. Designed for 32 to 44.

### CLOSED BY A SURPLICE

3989 Softened by draping. Made full by a low flare. Conceived in a sheer printed crêpe. And worn with imagination if you choose, for instance, a shade like the new mint leaf green, with the figure of white and if you put the white accessories with it that you see assembled here. For 36, 3 3/4 yards 39-inch silk. Frock designed for 32 to 44.

## ALL THIS DRAPING AND TYING IS VERY CHIC



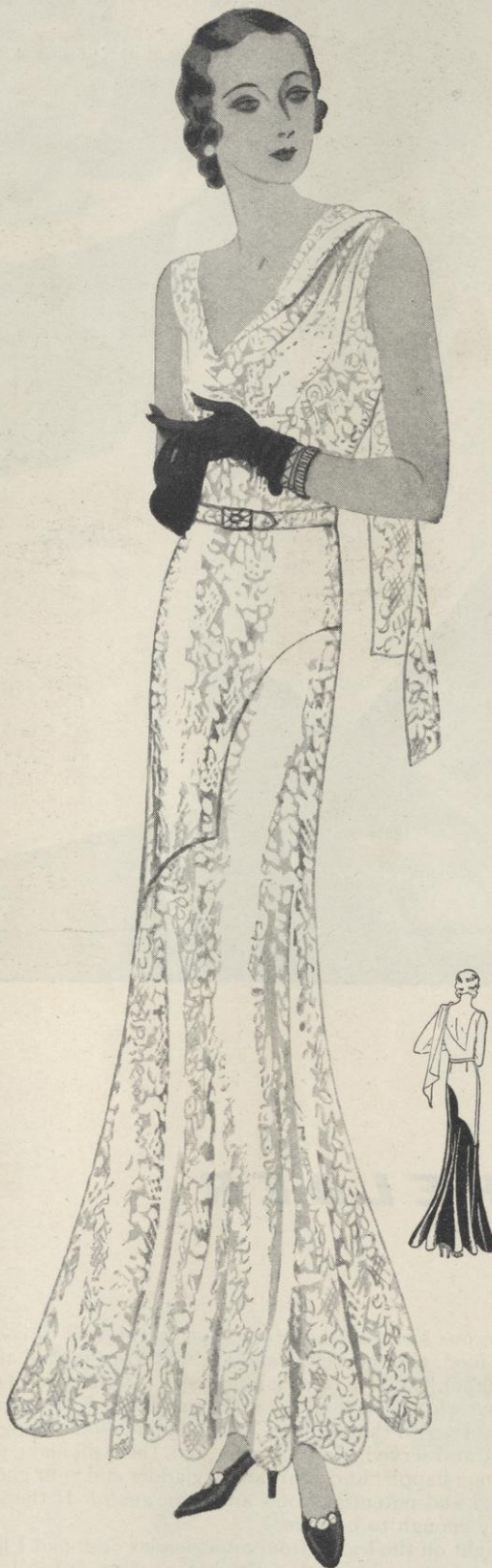
## THE FORMAL EVENING SILHOUETTE FOLLOWS NATURAL LINES



4001

**BRIGHT EMERALD CRÊPE**

4001 Easy to wear—trite as it is to say so, it's so true of this frock that it must be said. A draped neckline, the suggestion of blousing, and a gracefully full ankle-length skirt are universally becoming. And the color, bright emerald, is high evening fashion. For 36, 4½ yards 39-inch crêpe. Designed for 32 to 44.



3990

**SMART WHITE LACE**

3990 Fashion is not a bit arbitrary about this matter of skirt lengths for evening. Yours can just escape the floor or swish the ankles as this one does. Either is correct. Both are smart. This frock has an off-center décolleté with the scarf, a chic note, floating behind. For 36, 4¾ yards 35-inch lace. Designed for 32 to 44.



3985

**GLEAMING BLACK SATIN**

3985 Having seen the twin to this uplift frock in black satin, we can't see it in anything else now. Its long, slim, beltless, figure-fitting lines are marvelous in satin. With brilliant bracelets and a crystal clasp where the bust is defined, the effect is superb. For 36, 5¾ yards 35 to 39-inch satin. Designed for 32 to 40.

**FASHIONS CONTINUED ON PAGES 72-75**



# A CALENDAR OF GOOD THINGS



by

**ANN BATCHELDER**

See what we have done to give aid and comfort, so you can carry on through the hot days that are here

THERE is music and moonlight to be had in the Côte d'Azur. Most of us would like to be dropping in at some tiny inn among the villages of Provence, or motoring in the twilight and listening to music along the Corniche Road. But some of us are stay-at-homes this summer. The best we can do is cook and eat our own iced trout and crusty roll amid the familiar setting of home or country house. It's nice to know that the said trout and the roll are just as good as any to be had at Nice or Antibes, isn't it? And I know of few musical notes more entrancing than those made by simple ice cubes in a crystal goblet. For the matter of that, I, and I don't doubt you, have often counted as sweet music the rumbling of the ice cart up the street on a July day in the country village.

Of course—now we're talking about ice for a moment—if you possess the one-time luxury that has grown into a necessity, an automatic refrigerator, you won't be tied to an ice cart. And you will have the coldest of cold food and the iciest of iced drinks to comfort you through this riotous hot season. Quite an advance since the days

when our forebears hung the food in the well to cool it (the food, not the well!), and the milk cans ranged along the brook! We've come a long way. And a good one.

But why do I think of wells and brooks? You guess the answer to that, while I tell you about some things to make and serve in July, August, too, that will make your summer happier and your family gladder and your guests, actual and potential, come and come again! If they are lucky enough to be asked!

Right on the leaves from my calendar desk-pad I have jotted down a handful of the hot weather dishes I had in mind. I propose to tell you how to do each and every one, too. And when you see how simple and delicious each one is, you'll stop wishing for cold weather. That's the worst of summer. Everyone is wishing for snow. "Always wanting what is not."

There's green salad with pepper eggs. I should have called this garden salad. For it's just that. A few leaves of romaine, well washed and crisp, a bunch of young scallions, with part of their jade, spear-like tops left on, lettuce—and don't you like the old-fashioned way of calling it lettuces? That gives each ivory and tourmaline leaf its separate significance. I put these all in a big brown Mexican bowl, well rubbed with crushed garlic, and dress them with French dressing. Then I stuff hard-boiled eggs with egg yolk iced and mixed with a relish-spread and chopped peppers. And garnish my salad with these, topped with a dab of mayonnaise. Eat your crusty roll with this. But have your salad as cold as an icy blast. And have your roll as hot as hot.

I told you I'd make a strawberry shortcake someday. If I can remember them, I'm good at keeping promises. So take, then, in a round deep bowl, two cups of flour and three teaspoons of baking powder. Add a bit of salt. Cut in one-fourth cup of shortening and add milk, a little at a time, to make a dough you can roll out. Roll it about one half inch thick and cut out. Brush with melted fat. Put another layer of dough on top and bake in an oven at 375° F. for ten to twelve minutes. Separate and butter liberally.

Have the berries cut and set aside, well sugared, in the refrigerator. Add a little Kirsch flavoring to the berries. Put between and on top of your cakes and serve with plain or whipped cream. Have the shortcake hot and the berries icy cold. What a dish! No wonder its fame has traveled all over the world. And we are the only nation in the world who can or does know how to make a strawberry shortcake. Let the histories record that!

Maybe you have looked at the sporty, not to say chic, array of glasses in the picture, and wondered. They are new, smart, different and just the thing for the tea or bridge table. The tall one is a mixer with its long spoon. The small ones are for such beverages as tomato juice cocktails, or, as I am going to show you, for iced orange punch.

Squeeze six oranges and to the juice add one cup orange syrup. This is made by boiling two cups of sugar with one cup orange juice and the rind of two oranges to a good heavy syrup. Add to the juices the grated rind of a lemon and a can of pineapple juice. Mix well and sweeten



## TO SERVE IN HOT WEATHER

to taste with honey. Add four bottles of charged water. Ice. Serve in small glasses with crisp crackers.

Shrimps in lemon jelly make a delicious appetizer, or, served in lettuce cups, they give a colorful and dainty salad. In fact, this combination is a beautiful color scheme. The pale yellow of the jelly, the pink delicacy of the shrimp, the deeper yellow tone of the mayonnaise, and the lettuce, colored like seaweed seen through water—what can you find that suggests coolness and refreshment more ideally than that?

Make the lemon jelly quite tart. Arrange the shrimp in a shallow dish and cover with the jelly. Congeal and cut in squares. It is very delicious when served with squares of tomato jelly alternating in the glass or on the lettuce leaves. And by itself is quite too good to forget.

Cold cuts *au gourmet* for a party luncheon or for the main Sunday meal is worth a second look. I used thinly sliced ham and chicken in this one, making first a well seasoned chicken aspic from canned chicken broth. When it was cool but not set, I lined an oblong mold with it, and let it partly congeal. Then I laid in slices of ham, very thin, cold cooked chicken (and the cooked ham and chicken which are so beautifully put up in tins do the trick to perfection). Then I put between the slices of meat layers of aspic, slices of artichoke bottoms (out of a glass jar), sliced tomato, and more meat. I decorated the bottom layer of aspic with little patterns cut from truffles and when the whole thing was unmolded, the platter was dressed with artichoke hearts in oil, slices of green pepper and sliced tomato. A plume of cress was added and the dish served with mayonnaise. It's easy to do, and the only thing I must admit is that it takes a little more time than boiling an egg. But who *wants* to boil an egg?

If you are interested in having little bites to go with salad or serve at tea, here's a plate that will help. Just baking powder biscuit dough and an inventive mind are all you need, aided and abetted by grated cheese, tomato

jam or any other jam, caviar and paté de foie gras or some snappy sandwich filling—and make 'em small. The rolled ones are made from an oblong strip of dough spread with cheese, sprinkled with paprika and rolled up. Then they are chilled and slices cut off and baked. Tiny biscuit are filled and small strips are decorated with fretwork patterns cut out with a vegetable cutter. Bake them quickly in a hot oven. The cheese bites have the cheese added before baking. The filled ones are filled *after* baking.

Apricots *royale* make life more worth living, especially to those who feel, as I do, that apricots are one of the gods' greatest gifts to man. What a fruit it is. Compounded of sunshine and melting moonlight, flavored with Syrian honey and colored by the sun on a brown wall in California. There you have it.

I take the canned apricots and add a touch of brandy flavor to the juice, and put in a little fine sugar. Then I break up the fruit and cook all together in a very new saucepan until thick. Then in goes the grated rind of a lemon. The whole is put through a colander and becomes a purée. I whip a cup of cream or evaporated milk stiff, add two tablespoons of sugar, the beaten white of an egg and flavor with grenadine. Then, when the apricot purée is cool, the purée and cream are whisked together, put into a glass bowl and well chilled. Serve in glasses lined with lady fingers.

And that leads me to speak of cherry rice. Which is done in this way. To a cup of cold boiled rice add a cup of whipped cream or evaporated milk. Flavor the cream with vanilla and sweeten it a little. Chill. Mix with this one cup of chopped red cherries drained from their juice, and serve in glasses, adding some of the cherry syrup at the last moment and garnishing with a bit of green. Crystallized mint or a tiny green grape in syrup is good. Serve very cold.

I don't know what you think of pears, but I, for one, admire them. To be sure pears *are* retiring by nature;

they refrain from self-aggrandizement very commendably. But you might open a can, just for fun, and who knows what magic might be at work to make that modest fruit into a most rare and delicate dessert or salad? I like them stuffed. Sometimes with cheese and nuts, adroitly combined. Sometimes filled with tart jam or jelly. Sometimes stuffed with poached raisins and ginger and served with a currant jelly sauce. And pears, hollowed out a little and filled with raspberries, served in a nest of rice and covered with Melba sauce are worthy of interested attention. Or, with raspberry ice or ice cream. Sprinkled over with ground pistachio nuts, too. Oh, I almost forgot. Flavor the rice with a few drops of almond.

Lamb chops may sound prosaic but most people like them. Do them stuffed sometimes. Split them and spread with a paste made of chicken livers, well seasoned, and with a few drops of lemon juice added. Broil and serve with green peas. If you must be extremely dressy, you can use the canned purée de foie gras for the filling. In either case the chops so done are very good eating and a fine change. I like to garnish them with marrons and broiled pineapple slices. A real nice combination.

You always want something different for bridge luncheons or for suppers or to serve on the porch, where the morning glories weave fairy patterns in the moonlight. And after the burden and heat of the day, nothing is more refreshing than frozen fruit soup. Not soup at all, really. Just frozen fruit in purée or juice. And, oh, so good!

Freeze to a good mush—don't over-freeze. And serve ice cold in glasses. I might add that if you are going on a picnic, Fourth of July, this fruit soup will carry well in a thermos jug or even a crock. Set the crock in the brook. Hope you have the brook. And may the speeches be short, this Fourth. Shorter than they used to be. I hear the bands are rehearsing the Star Spangled Banner. Do you all know the second verse?

Photographs by  
STEINER • DELINEATOR

OF PROVED MERIT  
DELINEATOR  
INSTITUTE

DELINEATOR INSTITUTE

MILDRED MADDOCKS BENTLEY  
Director



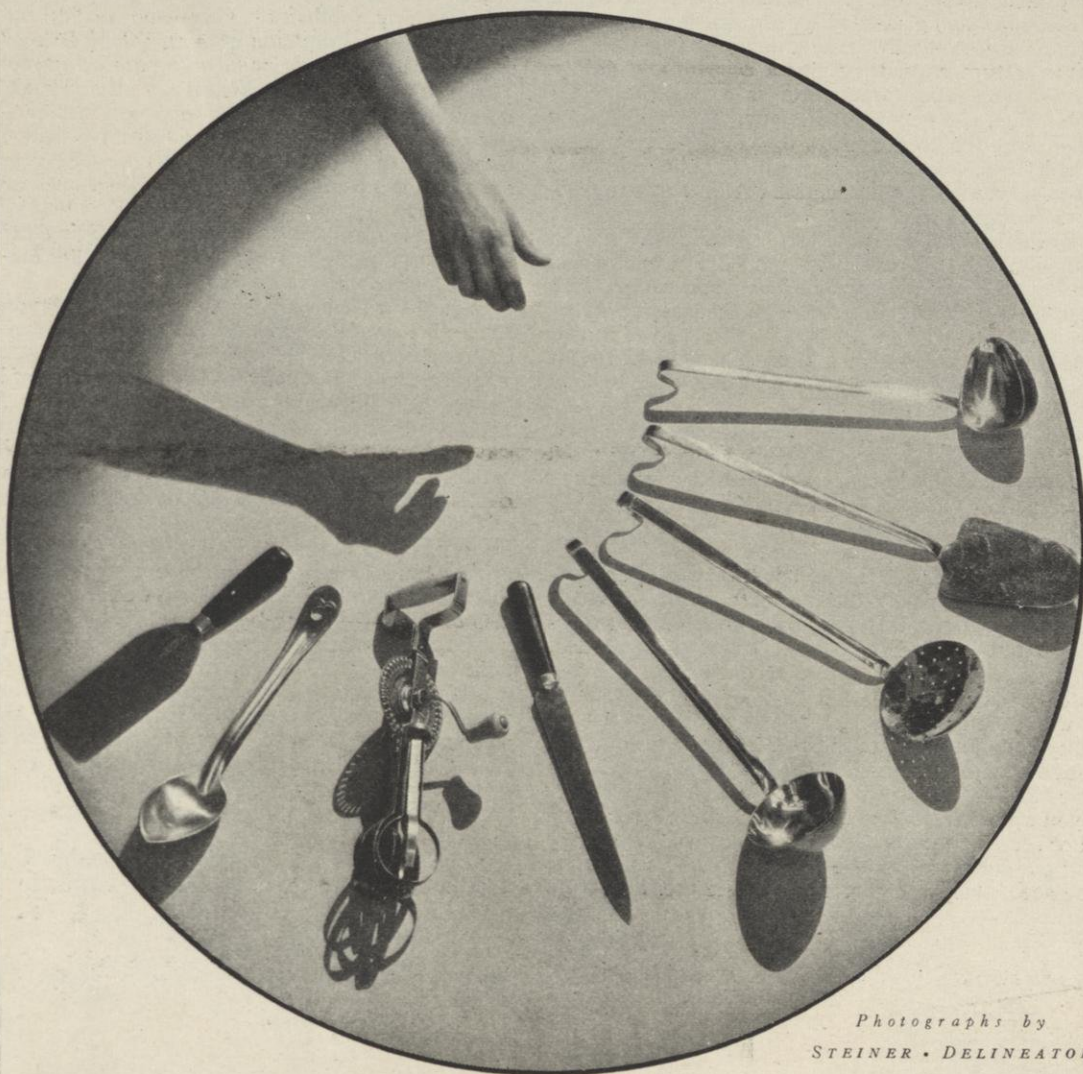
# A TRIBUTE *to the Tools of Her Trade*

by

ANN

BATCHELDER

Good cooking is an art and a craft. There's more to it than putting together good ingredients to get a good result. There are the tools, the palette and brushes, to be considered. To us who love to cook, these are the bowls and skillets, the spoons and spatulas and stew pans that should be, each to its purpose, skilfully used. And here we share some of our secrets. All by way of using the tools of our trade



Photographs by  
STEINER • DELINEATOR

WHO remembers the old tin peddlers' wagons? Do they still go rambling on dusty roads and up the village streets, in country places far away? I remember how bright and red and brave they looked, when spring came round. And how gallantly they swung along on creaking wheels, their newly painted sides adorned with pails and pots and pans, all shining like a coat of delightful armor in the bright sunshine.

And inside! While the patient old horse ate the shrubbery by the gate, we would rally around the let-down door in the end of the wagon and feast our eyes on glittering patty pans and muffin tins and cookie cutters and

such! Why was the horse that drew these wagons always white? And will someone tell me why the wagons were always painted red? A pretty problem in psychology for you here.

Well, that was a long time ago, wasn't it? And these are newer days. But in our modern shops and spotless kitchens the tools of our trade have lost none of their fascination. Just as I can't help thinking back to the red wagon days, so I choose now to pay a tribute to the inef-fable charm that lurks in what some people think are the homely virtues of kitchen things. These are the tools of the trade of those who brew and bake and fry and fashion beauty and satisfaction out of food.

Very necessary to have these tools right, too. And it's well to have the best utensil for each operation. Not so much need for improvising, then. Frying pans, for instance, that rest firmly and forth-rightly on the stove, and don't wobble around as to handle. Kettles whose covers sit uncompromisingly in their ap-pointed place. With what joy one reaches for a lipped ladle of shining metal that dips and pours without spilling. And what a satisfying thing it is to whirl an egg-beater that really beats something besides a tattoo on an egg white.

Paring knives that cut infinitesimal fragments and carving knives that cut wafer-like slices, and bread knives that cut but cannot crumble the loaf—there is real pleasure in these. And have you thought of the spoon in its several ways? I like a good heavy one for mixing, one with a generous bowl. And for beating, a longer handled, lighter spoon. And then for working sauces and stirring, say, in a double boiler, the generous kitchen tablespoon is the one that suits me best.

Take the subject of deep fat frying. I want a heavy, straight-sided, heat-holding and firm-seated kettle for that. Maybe you've heard me say it's one of my favorite cooking processes—this deep fat frying. And the kettle should never, by any chance, be used for anything else.

Bowls, of course, all sizes. One cannot have too many. I suppose bowls are the great emergency utensil. They can be pressed into service in a pinch to carry on processes they never dreamed of. But I believe every kitchen should be equipped with a tool for every operation. After all, cooking is pretty important. An art and a craft and a talent, that's what it is. Worthy of the best and completest lay-out of kitchen things.

Have you a set of the little vegetable cutters? And a few fancy molds? How about a decorating set, which can be used in a hundred ways besides dotting roses over a cake? Mine has to pipe and play for salads and pastries and all sorts of dressings. And the little tin or glass molds not only make pastries and puffs, but jellied salads and small patties and timbales and individual desserts.

ALWAYS make sauces in the double boiler. And of course I shouldn't dream of doing custards and creams and delicate "watchful" things in any other utensil. So I have several double boilers. The French call them Bain Marie. A much nicer name, I think. Anyway, have a little one and a half grown up one and a lordly deep important one, and you'll find uses for them all.

When I make pan cakes—and I want to pause here to inquire why 'most everyone calls them "pan cakes." They are baked on a griddle and always used to be referred to as "griddle cakes". But I imagine some of you will be writing to tell me about pan versus griddle, so I'll let that pass. But for—griddle cakes—I will say it—I use a broad spatula. A thin bladed spatula. Then there's the narrow flexible spatula that insinuates itself under and around a fractious cup-cake and persuades it to "come clean" as nothing else can. Others there are that fulfill their expected functions. (Turn to page 76)



DELINEATOR

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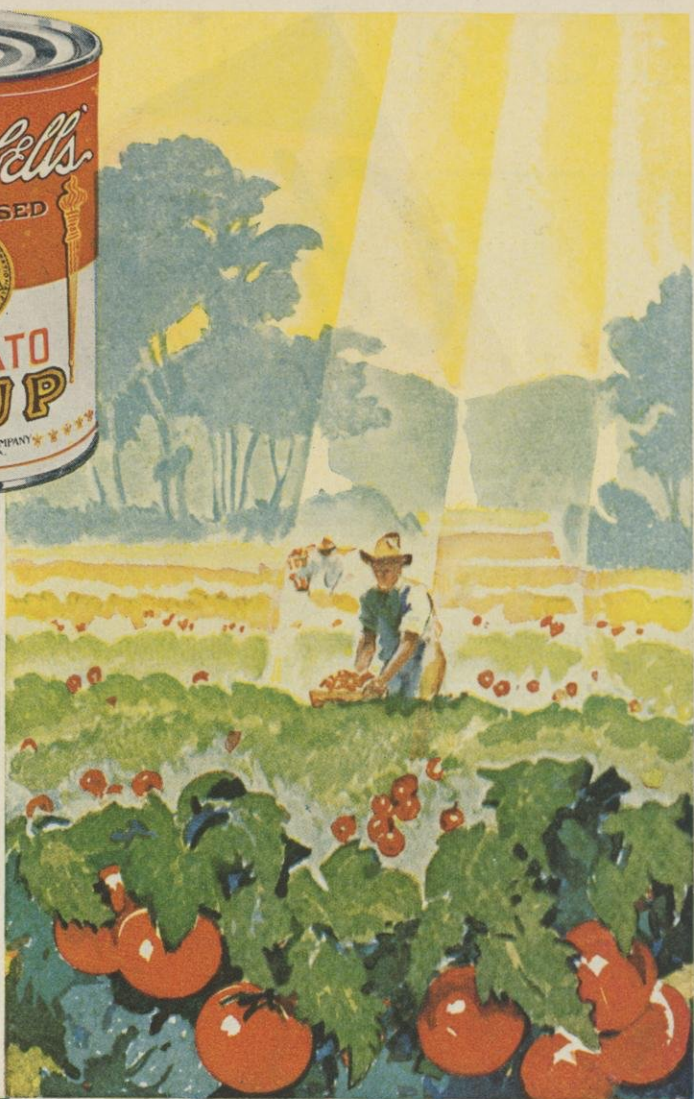
INSTITUTE



All  
summer long  
you need this  
invigorating soup!



Look for the  
Red-and-White  
Label



Right through the summer continues the amazing popularity of Campbell's Tomato Soup. The tempting cold cuts, the cool, inviting salads, the iced beverages and creams—all these are delightful and irresistible. But remember, now more than ever, your digestion requires a hot, tonic, invigorating food to offset the cold foods. And Campbell's Tomato Soup is ideal for it. The appetite never tires of its racy, sparkling, sunny flavor. It revives a mood that has been "let down" by trying summer days. It gives that flash of fresh life and vigor to the meal and thus awakens even a drooping appetite. You find yourself craving it and serving it on many and many a summer day. Start now.

11c a can (reduced from 12c)

Your choice . . .

- |                   |                |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Asparagus         | Mock Turtle    |
| Bean              | Mulligatawny   |
| Beef              | Mutton         |
| Bouillon          | Ox Tail        |
| Celery            | Pea            |
| Chicken           | Pepper Pot     |
| Chicken-Gumbo     | Printanier     |
| Clam Chowder      | Tomato         |
| Consomme'         | Vegetable      |
| Julienne          | Vegetable-Beef |
| Vermicelli-Tomato |                |

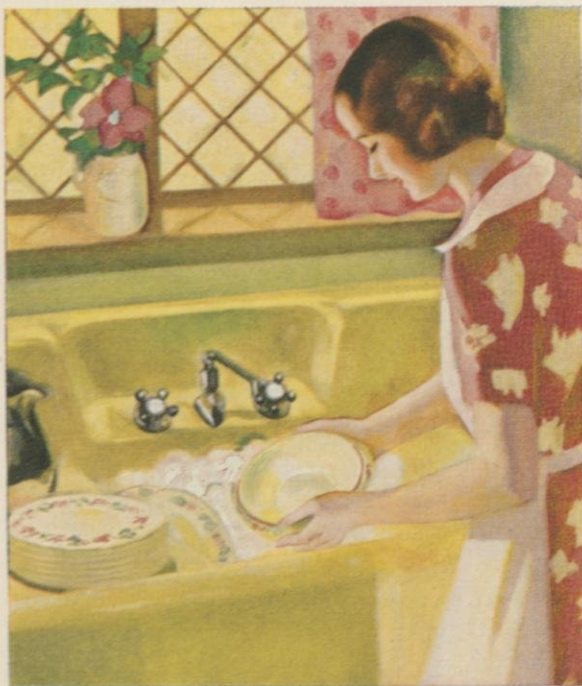
With thundering gallop  
And appetite keen,  
I dash for my Campbell's  
Wherever it's seen!







# This contest turned out a *surprise!*



"Such suds! Not a chance for a speck of grease in that luxuriant foam."—Mrs. George Snell, Haverhill, Mass.

By the time this magazine is in your hands, the Chipso contest will be closed. All the letters from Chipso users will have been mailed by June 30th and then the 250 prize-winning letters will be chosen just as soon as they can all be read. (There are so many good letters for the judges to read!)

But as I write this the letters are still coming in! I read them eagerly to find out which form of Chipso women prefer—Chipso Flakes or Chipso Granules. And here is my surprise! Thousands of women prefer the flakes and just about as many women prefer the granules and another group says, "We use both."

But the really important thing to all these women is suds! It's the Chipso suds that are really winning the Chipso contest!

## *Richer sudsier suds with Chipso*

Practically all my letters say in effect—"The form isn't so very important—it's the suds that make the difference between Chipso and other soaps." And they're right! Trust women to know real soap value.

"Such suds!" writes Mrs. George B. Snell of Haverhill, Mass. "Not only on the surface

but through to the bottom of the dishpan. Not a chance for a speck of grease in that luxuriant foam! And clothes! Dainty handkerchiefs and delicate cottons need no scrubbing wear-and-tear if soaked in 'sudsy' Chipso." (Mrs. Snell uses Chipso Flakes.)

## *Deep, lasting suds save time and hands*

And from across the continent in Okanogan, Washington, Mrs. Winifred B. Williams writes: "I've always known it took honest-to-goodness suds, deep and lasting, to get snow-white clothes. But my greatest trouble until I began using Chipso Granules was to get such a suds in our hard water. Now I get rich and instant suds even in lukewarm water and save not only precious time but my hands too."

Yes—those rich, lasting suds do the real work for you, surely and swiftly. And, like the perfect servant, they disappear instantly when the work is done. Chipso suds work hard, cleanse gently, and rinse instantly.

Millions of women all over the country have discovered the Chipso secret—rich, lasting Chipso suds! RUTH TURNER

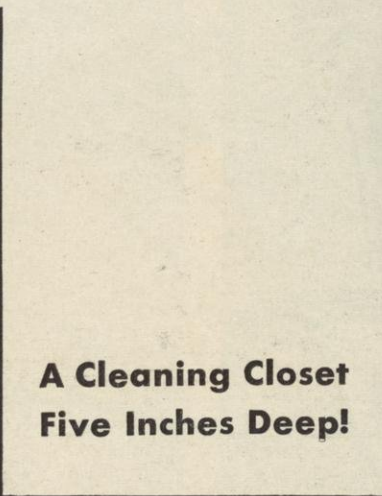
*The same rich soap in 2 forms—Flakes and Granules*



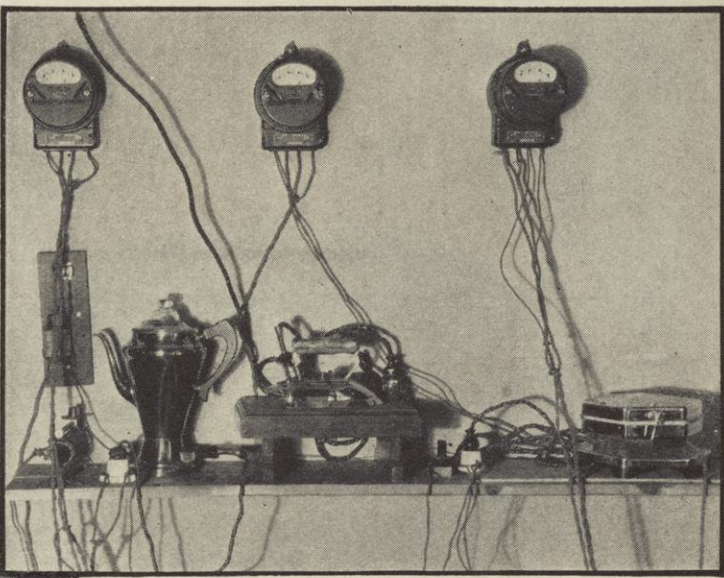
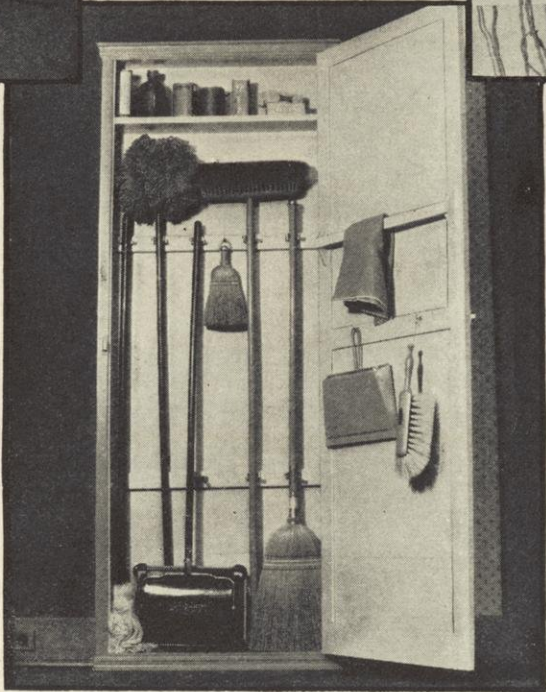
# THINK ON THESE THINGS



**Is the Coffee Pot  
Ever to Blame?**



**A Cleaning Closet  
Five Inches Deep!**



**How Many Hours Wear  
from Your Toaster?**

by  
**GRACE L. PENNOCK**

THIS Institute is a busy place. Things are doing in every corner all day long. Today it seems especially active and interesting. Automatic counters, recording the operation of some piece of electrical equipment buzz every so often in one corner of the engineering laboratory; the steady rumble of a washing machine on an endurance test greets the ear from another, and the engineer himself, working on a new device for measuring the pressure of ironing machines, is almost surrounded by his instruments, by wires, and the ironer he is working with. From the laundry comes the swish of another washing machine doing the regular family wash, and every now and then the sound of the exhaust from a new device for pressing water from clothes.

There is activity in the foods kitchen. The big white bowl covered with a crisp cloth is standing on the table near the stove. This means hot rolls for lunch, and such rolls! There are none better anywhere. And presently odors from this kitchen cause envious comments from the staff, and questions as to who is having lunch today. For lunch at the Institute, while it happens frequently, isn't an everyday affair in any sense of the word. It is always a special occasion with special guests—and the most delicious foods imagination can devise, served in our peaceful dining-room where, and where only in this busy place, there is the calm, unhurried dignity that makes a meal such a satisfaction.

But we must be off and back to the engineering laboratory and the equipment kitchen again, for I want to tell you more about what is going on there. The whole story would be a long one, for activities here are many and varied. You may find the humble potato and its baking temperature a center of interest, or the temperature chart from a refrigerator test a subject of study. Perhaps the internal workings of a washing machine and an electric mixer are the cause of comment and examination, or a

special range test may be in progress, and you'll soon get the odor of angel food cake, fresh biscuits, or of chops or steak. Ironing tests are sometimes in progress here with a real ironing going on while a record is made of sole plate temperatures of the iron. These and various other activities are likely to be discovered in a visit to this part of the Institute. For the whole range of housekeeping activities comes in for study at one time or another, and the appliances used in these tests are varied. Questions of all sorts come up in their use as to why one appliance does this and another something different. We try to solve some of these problems and then give you the benefit of our experiences in the pages of *DELINEATOR*. It is a live and interesting place here—there's no doubt about that.

At the present time the click of the recording instruments attracts attention. Over in one corner of the engineering laboratory a row of appliances, this time a percolator, an iron and an automatic waffle baker, are doing time—literally “doing time.” For we are studying the durability of their heating units and automatic temperature controls. These automatic temperature controls are appearing on more and more new appliances, and as the story of just what they will do is important to you, we are getting the facts. Already some of these appliances have operated at regular intervals day and night for a month with hardly a sign of wear. Think what this means in terms of your own use. How many years would you use a waffle iron before it had operated seven hundred hours? It means a good deal to have one that is going to work well that long, and a whole lot longer besides.

Some months you will see a story in these pages about

*Photographs by*  
**STEINER • DELINEATOR**

what we have learned in working with some of these small appliances.

A step from the engineering laboratory brings us to the equipment kitchen. This is a complete kitchen in every way—just like a home kitchen—but its chief purpose in life is to furnish a place for actual use, under home conditions, of the appliances on test. This means that here food is cooked, meals are served, cans are opened, knives are sharpened, dishes are washed—in fact all the thousand and one household duties that go on in the kitchen of any home go on here, and much else besides. Today the aroma of coffee comes from this room, and we find several people gathered around a table with several cups in front of them. Coffee percolators are at hand, and the critical attitude of the folks at the table indicates that judgment is to be passed on something. It isn't the coffee that is of interest, but the coffee pot—a percolator in this case. Exactly the same coffee and the same proportion have been used in making coffee in several percolators. If there is any difference in the taste of the product it is due to a difference in the percolators themselves. Percolators differ in capacity, in construction, in heat retention, and in general convenience, and we want to know what these differences mean in the flavor of the coffee and in the use of the percolator. Not only coffee percolators but drip coffee makers and others have come in for this sort of test. Very soon we shall have the whole story about them ready to tell you in the magazine.

JUST yesterday another new electric mixing machine arrived. These kitchen mixing machines have been appearing in varied forms recently. At first only the fully equipped, large and rather expensive machines were available. Now mixing machines of varied capacities, capabilities and prices are to be had—to suit the needs of the varied types and sizes of homes (Turn to page 70)



# SUN, SEA AND CITY STREETS

by

**CELIA  
CAROLINE COLE**



*Drawings by GLADYS ROCKMORE DAVIS*

**Here is an article that solves all your summer beauty problems. And it's immensely important—this business of caring for your skin in town or country. Learn the value and the danger of sunlight, and the newest summer make-up**



IT IS easy enough, said Emerson, to be yourself when you are all alone; the difficult thing is to keep your poise and clarity, your gay, understanding outlook when you are in the midst of a crowd. All the external noises clanging against the silence which lies always deep within you—that blessed, high silence that keeps you sane; all the impressions that fly against you until you feel like an over-exposed plate—all these things confuse you and trip you until you are not yourself at all but an uncontrollable person that they have created. And that's no fun. You need yourself if you're going to wangle life properly.

And in the same way, it is quite a simple matter on a summer's day when the sun is not too hot and there's a flirtatious, cool little breeze, and you are rolling along in your car, or sitting by a rill and a rhododendron on the top of a mountain, or lying with your toes teasing the edge of the sea, or, in a frill of a frock and a wide, devastatingly becoming hat, trailing through your garden like an enchanted peacock—it's easy enough to be as lovely as a lady whom a poet has made with words.

But it's something else again when you're sitting in a

stifling office all on a July day, or trudging along the hot street, or playing tennis under a blistering sun, or sunning on the beach with no knowledge of how to keep your nose pure and undefiled in spite of violet rays on their home ground.

There is a definite technique in the keeping of a mid-summer lady. If she is at the seashore, she will need preparations that she won't need at all in town; if she is at the mountains and her skin is inclined to be dry, she will need more nourishing cream than at the seashore or in town; and if she is in town, the care of her skin and hair are still another matter. So here we go.

At the sea, one has soft air, mists and fogs, very little dirt and smoke—you get back to Nature and she pats you on the back and cuddles you and is as pleased as Punch with you. This is the kind of air she meant you to function in when she built you. At once your skin and hair begin to behave better—unless you expose them to a brutal sun. Skin will adapt itself to almost anything—just as you will—but you have to give it time. Think how long Nature took to bring us up out of being huge, unthinking forms that swam the sea into these dapper, mental creatures we are now!

So, when you first come from town to the sea, don't spread yourself out in the sun and feel all the world is your friend. The sun isn't. Nor the wind. Spread your soul out without a thing over it—that's enough at the start. On arrival, use lots of soap and water or a good, strong liquid cleanser to get out all the dirt that city streets and trains and open motor-roads have been sifting in on you. And then use oils and nourishing creams lavishly until your skin has grown more used to sun and wind. Until the adjustment period is over and you see your skin taking on that lovely alive look of well-being, use a protective cream whenever you are out—especially on the beach, or the golf course, or sailing and long motor trips. Every night a nourishing cream or oil should be patted lightly in before you go to bed, if you want to look fresh and soft and flexible during the day. Let it stay on for a half hour or fifteen minutes until most of it is absorbed, then wipe off lightly with a cleansing tissue, so that when you drift off into the deep, beautiful sleep that sea air ought to give you, your skin is exposed

to this beneficial air and can breathe it in, all night long.

Think of the leathery skins of sailors and ponder on what sea and wind and sun can do to the skin if nobody comes to its rescue—old and wrinkled and leathery and forever tough! Don't make any mistake—all this fun of tanning and no fussing with skin in summer ages your skin and coarsens it and thickens it like everything!

FOR daytime protection, use a protective cream or lotion. Cleanse first—and for ladies at the seashore who have naturally dry skins, use the least drying liquid cleanser. Liquid cleansers are so exactly right for summer—sea, mountains, and city streets—so light and gay, easy to use, and stimulating both to the skin and to one's feelings. Or, if you prefer cream, use your cream, then your tonic—by all means the tonic so that no soiled cream is left in the pores—and then your protective cream; or if the skin is really quite dry, a ten-minute oil application before putting on the protective cream. Normal and oily skins have their beloved soap and water—lukewarm water and a mild soap, then lots and lots of cold water for its tonic effect.

There is a cream that will keep (Turn to page 50)

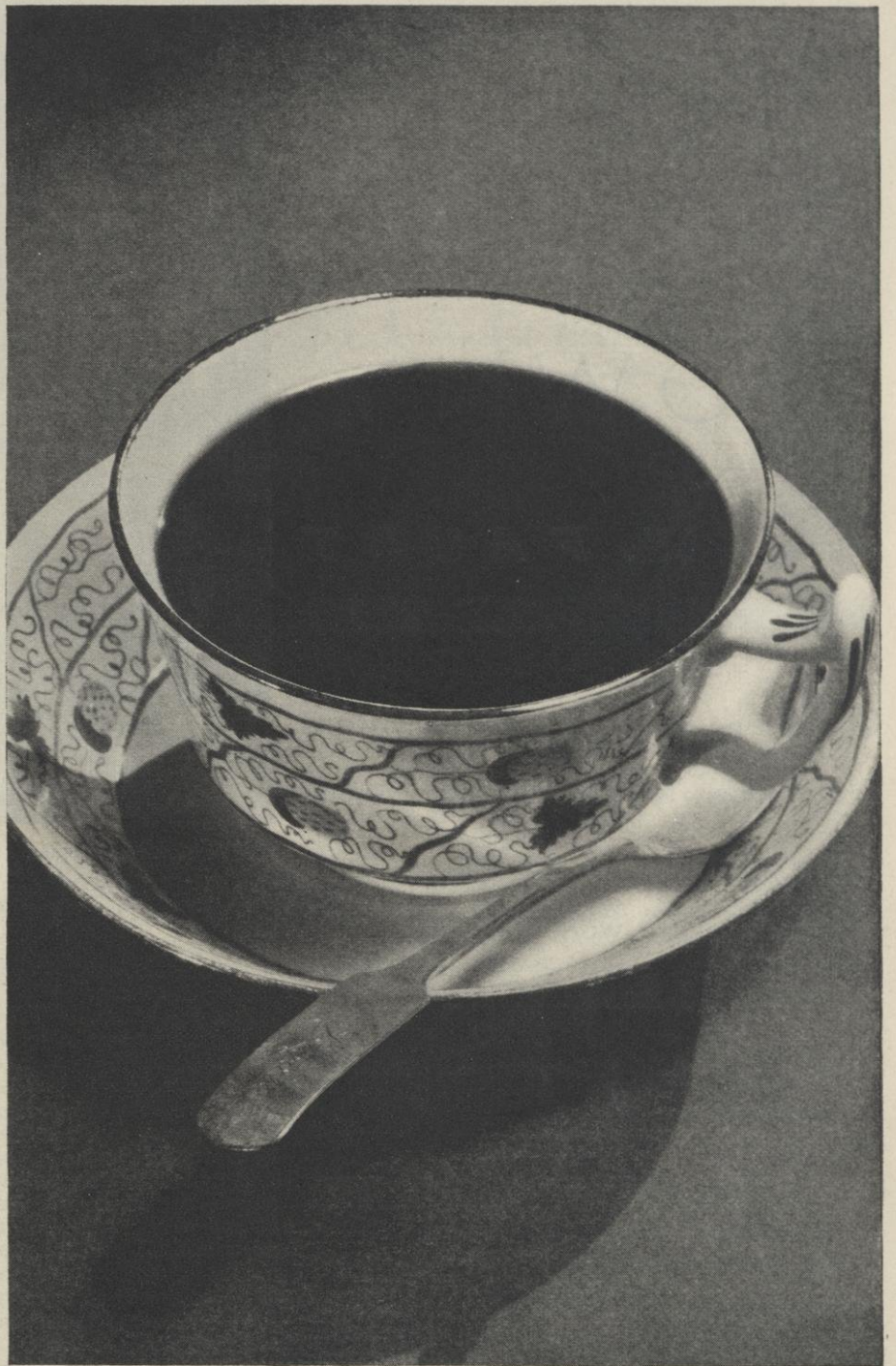






IN EVERY POUND OF COFFEE—

THERE'S  $\frac{1}{2}$  CUP OF OIL



*In this delicate oil, when fresh, are the matchless flavor, the marvelous aroma, that make coffee the delightful, reviving drink we love.*

## \* *Fresh*—it Aids digestion

THIS STARTLING FACT has now been established: *Fresh* coffee acts as a beneficial tonic to the digestive organs and nerves of all normal persons. Fresh, it *aids* digestion!

The reputation of coffee has suffered because it is so often stale when purchased. Stale coffee is bad, for this reason:

In each pound of coffee there is approximately half a cup of oil. This oil, like cream or butter, is perishable. Fresh, it is a health-promoting food. Fresh, it carries the marvelous flavor and aroma which you crave in coffee. Stale, it is rancid and toxic. Stale, it frequently causes indigestion, nervousness, headache, sleeplessness.

After it is roasted, the development of rancidity in coffee is a matter not of months, but days. And this rancidity

develops regardless of the type of container used. For this reason Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is *dated*. From the roasters it is rushed to grocers by the nation-wide Fleischmann delivery system that brings you fresh yeast. You can't get a can of dated Chase & San-

born's that has been in your grocer's store more than ten days. Buy Chase & Sanborn's today and enjoy its matchless flavor—famous among lovers of good coffee for 65 years!

\* *Fresh* coffee is coffee in which the oil is sweet and wholesome. In *stale* coffee the oil has turned rancid.



## Chase & Sanborn's Coffee

**DATED**

*Guaranteed fresh...* Every can of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is plainly marked with the date your grocer receives it. No can is ever allowed to stay in his store more than ten days. Its matchless flavor is never marred by staleness.



# SUMMER IN THE HOME TOWN

by J. W. FAUST

Children need not be a problem when school ends. This article tells how some parents and towns fill the long vacation with constructive work and play. For any further advice write Mrs. Marion M. Miller. And enclose a stamped envelop

**W**HEN school closes, will you be as glad as the children for the long weeks of vacation? You will have more opportunity for good times with them. But many hours of their summer play you cannot share. Will the strain of wondering where they are then and what they are doing out-balance the fun and freedom of vacation comradeship?

The responsibility of parents and of the community increases when the school's ceases. For summer days are as vital in the child's development as the school term. In this complex modern age there is a growing problem of keeping boys and girls safely and happily occupied during their free time. With smaller children this is



Part of a community volleyball team. A smiling tribute to the fun of contest in organized play



A handicraft class. In the modern playground boys and girls gain hobbies that will last a lifetime

*Photographs from Wheeling, West Virginia, and Dallas, Texas*

comparatively easy. They are satisfied with simple activities at home.

But the question—"How shall they play?"—really arrives for parents when sons and daughters reach the ages of about eleven to sixteen. This is a time of transition from the play of childhood to the recreation that will last through the college age and into adulthood. It is a critical period in the formation of habits for the use of leisure. Also it is the age of adventuring, of "know it all." Parents realize that to give the impression of bossing these young adolescents—especially to tell them what to do and what not to do with their precious free time—might be fatal. What we can do is to provide opportunities for the right sort of activity, first at home, then in the neighborhood or community.

Your boy or girl most truly learns to live in vacation and free time. It is more than a period for rebuilding physical forces and acquiring a healthy tan and stronger muscles. It is a time for musing, for discovery, for testing one's powers against the world of nature and against one's fellows, for acquiring skills and finding one's place in the social scheme. Free of many of the usual restrictions, boys and girls build personality and character. But in order to build them, they must keep busy with work and play that test their ingenuity and offer an outlet for their restless energies. It is just as true of Johnny at fourteen as at four that "the busy child is the happy child"—and even truer that he requires absorbing play interests which arise from within himself.

More and more, parents have been sending children to camp during vacation. This is a splendid experience, one every boy and girl should have. But the term at camp, or the vacation away from home with the family, generally does not fill all of the time that school is closed. Many boys and girls will spend their entire summer, as they express it, "just hanging 'round town."

**L**AST summer just before school closed, a California city took a survey among five hundred and thirty-one high school boys and girls to determine their probable use of vacation time. The picture this revealed proved a challenge to community groups to outline an immediate program for more opportunities for wholesome recreation. The time the students expected to give to theater-going and dancing at commercial halls proved out of proportion to the time they expected to spend at swimming and tennis. Enlightening also was the confession by one-third of the group that they expected to have an average of four and a half hours of idle time every day, six days a week. More swimming pools, more tennis courts, and lights for courts the city already had, were planned at once.

Recreation begins at home. Though we often hear that the modern home is just an "American plan hotel"—useful for eating and sleeping—the present widespread interest in home games and backyard playgrounds gives striking evidence to the contrary. Eighty-two cities are carrying on home play promotion programs. In Los Angeles alone during a recent three-month period, six thousand families sought information on recreation for all members of the home.

**I**T TAKES time and effort and the right spirit to work out a successful home recreation program. But when this spirit of play has been captured, what buoyancy it gives to family life!

Are you using the home grounds to full advantage for recreation? Our family, with six youngsters, spent one of our happiest summers the year we couldn't go to the seashore, but turned our yard into a summer resort. Even a small backyard has surprising possibilities. Enlist the help of the older boys and girls in building apparatus for their little brothers and sisters, and in planning and beautifying the grounds. The sandbox, slide, and swing are for the younger members of the family, but you will find that the trapeze, the flying rings and the horizontal bars are patronized by boys and girls up to sixteen years of age.

These are facilities that will interest both the older children and the grown-ups: A croquet ground, tennis court, tether-ball pole, horseshoe pitching court, and a miniature golf course with tin cans sunk into the ground as holes. An outdoor fireplace, built of stones set in concrete, will prove the rallying place for many a family picnic. Make the garage do its bit by hanging a basketball goal or golf driving net from its side, or using the wall as a backstop for a handball court.

Some families have torn down the fences between their backyards to make one large playground, each family sharing in the cost of equipping the ground. A gay rivalry between the various clans makes the games more fun. Home playgrounds can enrich neighborhood life as well as strengthen family ties.

The frequent presence of the parents is vital in creating the spirit of comradeship in home play activities. Though dad and mother only watch the fun from the yard bench or the porch, a unity of interest is felt.

Summer is the time to foster a mutual interest in nature study. Observing trees, flowers, birds, and rock formations may be the objective of family hikes or motor trips. Set up a home museum for collecting a few choice specimens. Start a wild flower garden in a corner of the yard. Build a bird house or a bird bath. A small (Turn to page 68)

DEPARTMENT of



CHILD TRAINING



*"Smooth white arms and shoulders are more precious than pearls and diamonds"*

says

MRS NORMAN OGDEN WHITEHOUSE



At Bailey's Beach, at the Casino, on the famous Cliff Drive at Newport, MRS. WHITEHOUSE is a charming figure. She dislikes sun-tan and always uses Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect her lovely clear ivory skin.

NEWPORT for the brilliant summer season... a whirl of early autumn festivities in New York, then on to Melton Mowbray, England, for the fox-hunting... winter in Italy or Egypt... spring in Paris... such is the gay round of this charming cosmopolitan, Mrs. Norman Ogden Whitehouse.

To the education of a princess Mrs. Whitehouse owes subtle secrets of charm and chic, for before her marriage she was the Princess Tamara Bragation Moukrahnsky, of an ancient and illustrious family of Georgia, in Russia. Petite and piquante, she is dark and very lovely, always smartly dressed and exquisitely groomed.

Her clear pale ivory complexion bespeaks unflinching care. "After all, what is so important as a beautiful skin?" she asks. "A fresh, fair complexion gives chic to one's simplest frock. Smooth white arms and shoulders are more precious than pearls and diamonds when one is in evening dress."

Like many other society beauties, Mrs. Whitehouse is devoted to Pond's. "No wonder fastidious women prize the four delightful preparations, and follow Pond's Method every day," she says.

"The four steps make it so easy to keep one's skin lovely! First, the pure light Cold Cream for immaculate cleansing... then the exceptionally absorbent Tissues to remove the cream... then the fragrant Skin Freshener to tone and firm and keep a lovely color glowing in one's cheeks and the delicious Vanishing Cream to give a smooth, opalescent finish."

YOU, too, know Pond's delightful beauty aids, no doubt. The Pond's Method is the sure, simple way to use them to keep your skin always fresh and glowing with youth:

1—For immaculate cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously several times daily, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine, light oils sink deep into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.

2—With Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away all the cream, dirt, make-up and powder. These softer Tissues are 52% more absorbent than ordinary tissues, by laboratory test. White or Parisian peach color.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener, briskly pat your skin until it glows—to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm, and promote lovely, natural color.

4—Now a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it on neck, shoulders and arms—wherever you powder. Marvelous, too, to keep hands smooth and white.

At bedtime: always cleanse face and neck with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.

Tune in on Pond's Program Friday evening at 9:30 P. M. D. S. T. Reisman's Orchestra, of Central Park Casino. WEA and N. B. C. Network

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POND'S four delightful beauty aids to keep your skin smooth and fine, fresh and fair



## FIELD OF HONOR

Continued from page 9

"Cut it out, ma," she advised almost heartlessly. "Bill's been dead for three years, an' ya never took on so before! You got yer insurance, ain't yer? An' it's more'n yer ever had when Bill was alive. He was yeller, all through. Took th' money yer made, wash-in'. Took my bar-pin an' hocked it. Bill cheated at cards, an' drunk everythin' he could lay hand to. Even if he was my only brother, we're better off—"

For the first time in many years, there was a belligerent expression on Mrs. Clancy's face. It surprised Nellie. And the tone of her mother's voice when she spoke was quite as surprising as her expression.

"If he's all that yer say he is," her mother rasped, "why are they namin' anythin' after him? Why—I ask yer?"

Almost hopelessly Nellie Clancy shrugged. The set of her mouth showed bewilderment.

"I don't know," she answered, "why they're doin' it. I don't know!"

ALL day long, as she worked at her table in the button factory, Nellie Clancy asked herself the same question that her mother had asked.

"Why'd they do it?" she wondered. "He was such a—a nut."

But at the noon hour, when she had her coffee and sandwich at a nearby lunch-room, there was no question in her triumphant voice.

"Did yer hear th' news," she asked each newcomer, "about Bill, my brother? How they've named th' Legion Post fer him? Some feller, he was. Died fer his country!"

There were, of course, some dissenting voices. Some of the girls at the button factory had known Bill Clancy. Known him all too well! But, as proof, Nellie had the letter. And she did not hesitate to show it.

"O' course," she told the scoffers, grandiloquently, "o' course Bill made his mistakes. But—well, pa died when Bill was a lil' tyke. An' with no father ter help in th' raisin' of him, it isn't so queer that he didn't turn out to be perfect!"

"Who," it was a gruff voice at her elbow, "who is this guy that's perfect?"

Nellie Clancy flushed at the sound of the voice.

"Oh, it's you, Barry," she faltered. And then, "I was talkin' about Bill, my brother that's dead in France. He's—they've named th' American Legion Post fer him. Ain't it grand that they have?"

The group in the lunch-room was silent, even the ones who had questioned were silent. For Barry Carson was the foreman of a certain department in the button factory, and he held many a job in his hand. And folk had said, among themselves, that he was interested in Nellie Clancy who worked at one of the long tables over which he presided. Folk said that he might even have considered marrying her if she hadn't been one of the no 'count Clancys!

For a moment Barry stood frowning. And then suddenly he laughed.

"Th' Post," he said, "must have been hard up for a name."

Nellie Clancy was afraid of Barry Carson, for more than one reason. Not afraid physically, not exactly. Rather mentally. But something like a spark awoke suddenly in her rather dull eyes. To the amazement of the luncheon eaters, she rose leisurely to her feet and brushed the sandwich crumbs from the shiny serge of her skirt.

"Well," she said slowly, as she moved toward the door, "well, maybe he changed after he got away from here. You wasn't in France, yerself, Barry, so you can't be sure what he was, or what he done. Th' letter says he died—bravely!" The door swung shut upon her rigid back.

Behind her, in the lunch-room, there was silence for a moment. No one had ever before heard Nellie Clancy talk back to Barry Carson, or to anyone. Valor was not a Clancy characteristic.

And then, suddenly, low voices began to whisper, in corners.

Nellie Clancy went home that night with warm cheeks, and assurance in the tilt of her head. She had not done so much work as usual, that day, but she had spoken up, for once in her life, to a boss! To a man who was, almost, more than a boss! She had not done much work, but she had been able to brag, and truthfully, about her family. Almost, she forgot how Bill had been wont to slump, snarling for food, into his chair at the untidy kitchen table. Almost she forgot that she was one of the Clancys...

One of the Clancys... It had never much troubled her, before, to be one of them!

Every town has its hopeless family—it's

family of failures. That Nellie was working steadily in the button factory did not blot out the fact that her mother was a washwoman, that her father had died in a saloon fight, and that her brother had been the town's most reprehensible character. When Bill was drafted into the army, both Nellie and her mother had shared, with the town, a certain relief, but the relief had been dulled by the thought of his return. For his return meant renewed apprehension, stolen wages, harder work and curses for payment. The news of Bill's death had come as something of a release. There would, perhaps, be a sense of security. A Clancy could not hope for more.

Hopelessness! That was the keynote of Nellie Clancy's whole life. The town's scorn had not hardened her; had not made her, as scorn sometimes does, into an aggressive personality. Rather, circumstances had beaten her; had dulled both her sensibility and her pride. Long before Bill's going she had ceased to care that the home was dirty and ill-kept; she was used, from childhood, to slovenliness. She didn't care—much—that nicer girls did not include her in their friendships, their parties, their joyous plans. Why should they, after all? She was a Clancy.

Nothing mattered very much, really, to Nellie Clancy. Her first really definite emotion had come into being on that evening when she found Barry Carson, the foreman, waiting at the gate when she left the factory. He had walked home with her, and his bold eyes had appraised her as they walked. She had left him abruptly at the doorway of the Clancy cottage. Vaguely she had hated the thought of having him see the interior of that cottage, of meeting her mother.

She had wondered even more vaguely—when the walks home grew to be a daily occurrence—how it would all end.

Guessing was scarcely worth while. There isn't much hope for real romance when a girl can't invite a man into her home. Real, lasting romance. And Nellie Clancy knew—for your factory worker is sophisticated—how long synthetic romance will endure.

"If he don't make me," she told herself drearily, "I'll lose m y j o b . A n d where'll there be another? If he does, maybe I'll lose my job, anyway. And yet, he's—" Nellie's eyes softened here—"he's a swell looker. An' I've never had another feller so much as look at me."

Oh, it was a losing battle!

But, somehow, with a certain primitive, virginal instinct, she had fought against the town's opinion, and Barry's insistence, and her own impulse. With a strange finesse she had managed to hold off the inevitable.

And then had come the letter.

Nellie Clancy went home with the letter in her pocket, that first night. With a mouth oddly more firm; with a prouder, freer step. She walked alone. Barry Carson had not been waiting for her at the factory gate as usual. She really hadn't expected him to be there. It was strange that, though she walked alone, there was something springy in her usually dragging step, something alert in her thrown back shoulders. She swung down the disordered path to the cottage, threw open the door with a cheery little call, and stepped inside. And, once inside, stopped short with amazement.

For the Clancy home had been swept and dusted! Almost incredibly neat, it was, for the Clancy home. Nellie ran an experimental forefinger along the top of a chair; looked at that finger with something like alarm in her eyes.

"Ma," she called sharply, "ma! Is everything all right?"

The kitchen door swung open and Mrs. Clancy swayed, bulkily, into the room. Nellie fell back, a step, before her. For the woman's hair had been neatly combed, and she wore a starched white apron over her

clean print dress.

"Didja call me, Nellie?" she quavered, and her daughter noticed that the bleary old eyes were red.

"You been cryin', ma?" she questioned, incredulously.

For a moment Mrs. Clancy's fat face seemed to waver, like gelatin. And then it dissolved into a mist of tears.

"Shure, I've been cryin'," she sobbed, "fer my boy. Dead—and away from home. Aw, God rest his soul!"

The incongruity of it all did not strike Nellie so forcibly as it had in the morning. She did not again mention the fact that Bill had been equally dead for three years. She herself had begun to know the glory of a perfect tribute; the blinding wonder of fearlessness. And now, in the transformed Clancy home, she felt a sudden sense of sorrow.

"There, ma," she said, kindly, "don't you take on so. It's hard, sure it's hard. But Bill died doing his duty, and that's more'n a lot ever did!"

Mrs. Clancy looked at her daughter, and her gaze was blurred.

"Yes, yer right," she sniffled, at last.

To change the subject, perhaps, Nellie spoke.

"You've got th' house real pretty, ma," she said. "Real pretty. How'd you happen to redd it up so swell?"

Mrs. Clancy's fat body seemed to stand more erect. All at once her eyes were proud, even through the tears.

"A hero's fambly," she told her daughter simply, "can't live in a dump!"

A HERO'S family can't live in a dump! And there are other things that a hero's family cannot do. Certain things so intangible that they cannot be explained or even understood. In the days that followed, Nellie Clancy, touched and softened and made brave by a new sense of importance, discovered this to be the case. She realized that there were certain things that she couldn't do. And, oddly enough, certain other things that she could!

She discovered that she couldn't accept a mean substitute for love.

And she also discovered that she couldn't give up a job for the sake of her convictions, and her decency.

She discovered the two things, simul-

taneously, when Barry Carson caught her roughly in his arms, behind a pile of packing cases, in the stock-room. Caught her roughly and kissed her with an equal roughness. Before the coming of a certain letter, Nellie Clancy would have accepted that kiss and its roughness with a sense of resignation. But the letter had changed matters. And so Nellie's hand, palm ominously flattened, came crashing against Barry's face. It was no coquettish little slap, that. Five red welts showed against the brown of Barry's skin, and blood ran from his surprised upper lip.

"You—!" said Barry, and he used a curt, old Anglo-Saxon word. So curt that Nellie's hand shot out again. Only the blow did not arrive, this time, for Barry caught her wrist. They stood there, staring at each other, through a red mist. Behind the pile of packing cases in the stock-room of a button factory. Field of honor? Well, there are all sorts of fields! It was Nellie who spoke first.

"I suppose," she said, "that I'm fired, huh? Well, try and believe I care!"

"Try and get another job," Barry Carson told her. "There ain't so many jobs in town outside o' the fact'ry. For the likes of you!"

It was then, reversing the precedent of the lean years, that Nellie made answer.

"There'll always," she said, and turned abruptly on her heel, "be a job for a fighter. For a Clancy!"

THIS is a war story. Written of a time when the Armistice was well in the background. It is the story of a girl's battle through the

no man's land of prejudice, across a barren plain of doubt. And of the enemy trench that she, at last, captured.

For when Nellie Clancy went home to the regenerated cottage—the night when her factory job, and its security, was a thing of the past—she went home with resolution burning high. And told her mother the whole story. She couldn't have told her mother the story, before. There had been a mask of reticence between them. But now, with utter vehemence and frankness, she told it all. And her mother listened. And, when the recital was over, spoke.

"If your brother was alive," said her mother, "he'd show that Carson feller!"

Nellie was, at last, seeing quite clearly. She knew just how her brother would have showed Barry Carson. There would have been a mutual drink from a flask. Perhaps a bill, from Barry's pocket, would have found its way into Bill's grimy palm. And then Bill, furtively, would have sneaked home. To tell his sister that she'd better be nice to her boss! Nellie Clancy knew. But it didn't lower her proud head, that knowledge.

"My brother ain't alive," she said, "but we'll show Barry Carson ourselves."

It was that night that the girl took out the little store of dollars, which she had been saving for an outfit of spring clothes, and enrolled in business school.

It wasn't intelligence—for Nellie was not in any way clever—it was an intentness of purpose that made her learn so quickly!

The first job, as a stenographer in a dingy office, might have been hard to get. For Nellie was still in business school, and her dress was shabby and her shoes were scuffed. The other applicants possessed more knowledge, and each one of them carried references. And yet Nellie got the job.

"You kin pay me less than any of th' others," she told the dim old lawyer who had advertised. "And, gosh, but I'll work. I won't care if th' hours aren't regular. I'll sweep out th' office, too. You'll see!"

The lawyer surveyed her over his spectacles.

"Why," he questioned, "do you want this position so badly?"

Nellie Clancy did not have the right words. Her vocabulary was limited to the most common usage. She couldn't tell the man that an office job was to her a symbol, a step up, an almost sacred trust. Instead, she blinked to keep back tears of eagerness (and through fear and privation and hatred and condescension, Nellie had never cried). Instead, she spoke a short sentence, only.

"It's m' chance!" said Nellie Clancy.

The lawyer stood suddenly on his feet.

"This office isn't a training school," he said gruffly.

And then he rang for his office boy. "Tell the others that I've hired Miss Clancy!"

THE office job—it paid little. The lawyer's secretary had, indeed, to sweep the shabby rooms and dust the ponderous law books, as well as take the dull dictation of an elderly man.

But the office job transformed Nellie Clancy into Miss Clancy. And, after she had held it for six months, it brought her, through the medium of a small law suit, into touch with the town's charity board.

It was a very small suit, which the lawyer had taken, without fee, in the name of community spirit. But Nellie was the messenger who carried the papers between her employer and the chairwoman of the board. And the chairwoman of the board was a lady of position in the town. Nellie, more than once, in a not too dim past, had delivered a basket of laundry at the lady's back door. It was strange to be delivering legal papers, instead, at a front one.

It was a queer case, this one that the lawyer was handling free. Queer to the lawyer and to the head of the charity board. It had to do with the business of dispossessing a certain family whose child was dying. It was squalid and unreal to the ones who fought it. But to Nellie Clancy it was a cross section of life; life as she herself had lived it. As she sat on the extreme edge of a petit point sofa, waiting for the chairwoman to read through the briefs, answering questions that the lady asked, she met the situation in a casual way. A way so casual, and so clear headed, that the lady looked at her sharply.

"How does it happen," asked the lady, "that you know so much about the ins and outs of this business? It's all Greek to me."

Nellie Clancy was walking straight ahead, in her advance across no man's land. She did not give an inch.

"I know, Mrs. Bowman," (Turn to page 40)





YOUTH, glamour, the charm that attracts! How much they depend upon true cleanliness with a mild but effective soap. No wonder experts insist that there's nothing like Palmolive.



## World-Famous beauty experts

# tell why they recommend Palmolive Soap

GOOD looks may be yours to begin with. You may have had to acquire beauty. In either case, you know that one can't just take natural loveliness for granted. Beauty must be cared for, regularly and thoroughly, if one wants to hold it through the years.

Thousands of the world's professional beauty culturists realize that fact. They have adopted a definite practice which helps clients to keep that schoolgirl complexion. More than 20,000 of them advise, together with their own products and their own salon treatments, the regular use of Palmolive Soap.

### What Palmolive is

There are excellent reasons why beauty specialists recommend Palmolive Soap. Into its blending, into its making, have gone the efforts of great scientists,

Olive and palm oil beauty cleansing is advised by more than 20,000 specialists as the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

students of chemistry, students of beauty. It is a pure soap . . . a vegetable oil soap. Into Palmolive go the oils of olive and palm—no other fats whatever. No artificial coloring matter. Here is an undeniably wholesome soap to use on your face!

### Your particular problem

Six of the world's more prominent specialists are quoted on this page. Thousands of others have told us why they advise Palmolive. Their reasons will interest you, whatever your special problem.

Read the advice of Carsten, Seiler, Jacobson and their colleagues. Take it seriously, for this is a serious matter. The soap which touches your face can do so much to make or mar your loveliness. It should be pure. It should be made of vegetable oils. In other words, it should be Palmolive!

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern Standard time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central Standard time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast Standard time—over WEA and 39 Stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

**CARSTEN, of Berlin**  
(the famous "Figaro")  
"Is your skin uninviting? The fault is probably in the soap you use. Modern beauty specialists advise a soap made of vegetable oils . . . oils of olive and palm. Palmolive Soap is safe for the most sensitive complexion."



**NIRAUS, of Madrid**  
"Don't use 'just any soap' . . . particularly if your skin happens to be rough. Use Palmolive. It is made of cosmetic oils of olive and palm. Substitutes may be harmful. Don't experiment with them."



**SEILER, of Geneva**  
"Oily, unattractive complexions—the fault may be in the soap you use. Begin to use Palmolive Soap regularly, night and morning. You will notice the difference at once."



**SCHAANNING of Copenhagen**  
"Pimples and other similar outbreaks on the surface of the skin too often are encouraged because care is not taken to use the right kind of soap. That is why I lay so much stress on the use of Palmolive."

**PESSL, of Vienna and Budapest**  
"I warn my clients against the irritation produced by ordinary soaps. Palmolive is made of pure vegetable oils. That is why I recommend only this one soap."



**JACOBSON, of London**  
"Some soaps may cause coarse pores and an unpleasant feeling of roughness. Palmolive, on the other hand, leaves the skin delightfully smooth. It is refreshing, pure, safe. Your skin needs its gentle lather, for true cleanliness, twice daily."



Retail Price 10c

# Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



# Caution or Accident?



The grim warning "Drive Slowly, Death is so Permanent!" has been heeded by thousands of drivers over dangerous roads.

In this country accidents are now the largest single cause of the Crippling, Dependency and Destitution which call for relief.

Here are listed the twelve most frequent means of accidental injuries in the order of their fatality:

- |                |                    |                       |
|----------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Automobiles | 5. Railroads       | 9. Mines and Quarries |
| 2. Falls       | 6. Poisonous Gases | 10. Fires             |
| 3. Drownings   | 7. Firearms        | 11. Poisons           |
| 4. Burns       | 8. Machines        | 12. Suffocations      |

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**A**CCIDENTS took 100,000 lives, caused approximately 10,000,000 more or less serious injuries and cost more than \$1,000,000,000 last year in the United States.

Among those killed by accident were 18,000 children under fifteen years of age.

No one knows how many accidental injuries and deaths are due to uncontrollable circumstances. Nevertheless, how many of the accidents which happened to members of your family or your friends—accidents which you know all about—could have been avoided?

Last year there were about 46,000 fatal accidents in homes and in industry. Elsewhere there were about 54,000 accidental deaths. Among the latter group 32,500—motorists and pedestrians—were killed by automobiles.

But while the tide of accidents is steadily rising, there are some

bright spots in the dark record.

Better traffic regulations in a large number of cities are reducing the percentage of street accidents and the toll of killed and maimed children.

Police officers and school teachers are training children to be careful.

Safety appliances and methods installed by the foremost industries are saving many lives.

But systematic accident prevention in homes has hardly begun.

Falls in homes caused 8,000 deaths last year; burns, scalds and explosions 5,400; asphyxiations 3,600; and fatal poisonings 2,000. Much remains to be done to check home accidents caused by recklessness and thoughtlessness.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company urges you to send for its free booklets on accident prevention. Ask for Booklets 731-D.



**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

## FIELD OF HONOR

Continued from page 38

she replied, "because my family's been dispossessed. More than once. That's how."

The chairwoman of the charity board raised her eyes from the legal papers. She surveyed the girl through white-gold rimmed glasses.

"What is your name, my dear?" she questioned, at last.

Nellie Clancy told her. She did more. "My mother used to do your washing," she said. "You let her go because she wasn't satisfactory."

Mrs. Bowman considered. "I remember," she said. "The laundry work was all right. Until we began to notice that my husband's shirts and socks were being worn by someone."

Nellie Clancy met the white-gold rimmed stare of the charity board's chairwoman.

"That was my brother Bill," she said, "who wore 'em. Ma lost a lot o' work, through him. He was killed in France. They named the Legion Post, in this town, for him. Less'n a year ago."

The chairwoman of the charity board laid down the papers. The girl was all at once more important than the case at hand. She leaned forward.

"Suppose," she said, and her voice was very kind, "That you tell me all about it."

**W**HEN Nellie Clancy became Mrs. Bowman's private secretary, her mother bought a black taffeta dress and gave up the last of her laundry work.

Two months later, a To Let sign appeared on the front of the Clancy cottage, and the neighborhood began to talk. To talk about the two-room flat, with a gas range and a bathroom, into which the Clancys had moved.

"What's come over them," wondered the neighborhood and the town.

But Nellie Clancy sitting at a mahogany desk, with a trilled white collar and manicured fingers, understood what had become of them. Understood that the last trench was in sight.

"You know," she said to her mother, their first night in the new home, "you know, it's funny. What's happened to us."

Ma Clancy had come up in the world. Her hands and arms were no longer red and chapped from a constant immersion in hot water and soap suds. But she was still uncertain.

"What's happened to us?" she questioned.

Nellie Clancy explained.

"I mean Bill," she said. "His dyin'. Overseas. What it's done for us."

Mrs. Clancy recognized her cue.

"My boy," she sniffled. "Dead—in a furrin country!"

Nellie once, would have cut into grief sharply. She now ignored it.

"It wasn't th' dying," she said. "Not that. He'd been dead three years, before I got th' backbone to be—" there was nothing incongruous in her use of the word—"a lady."

Her mother repeated the word. With uncton.

"A lady!" she said.

"It wasn't th' dying," Nellie repeated.

Seldom had she ever been introspective, before. "It was what they, th' Legion, did. It was puttin' him up, sort of. Bill, I mean. Makin' him regular. It made us regular. I wonder—" she hesitated. Hesitated so long that Mrs. Clancy asked one of her infrequent questions.

"What d'yer wonder?" asked Mrs. Clancy.

"I wonder," her daughter answered, "why they named th' Post for him. We know, ma—you and me—that there couldn't have been any good reason. We knew Bill—you and me—no, ma, don't start cryin'! And why they ever did it . . ."

**T**HE ex-sergeant and Buck Williams were in the club-room together, when a knock came at the door. It was a slightly hesitant knock, and yet it had, behind its hesitation, a certain vigor of purpose. The two men stared at each other. The knock, you see, had been so completely feminine.

"Come in!" called Buck Williams.

Nellie Clancy pushed open the door. She stood, a slim, quietly dressed figure, on the threshold. Her shoes were not scuffed. Her hat of dark felt fitted closely over her darker hair. Her eyes were eager. It was the expression in those eyes that brought the two men to their feet. But Nellie was the first to speak.

"This is th' American Legion Club-Room, isn't it?" she said. (Not long ago she would have said, "ain't it.") "Well, I want to see whoever's in—in charge, here. I want to ask a question."

Buck Williams spoke. There was a certain deference in his voice.

"We two," he said, "can answer questions as good as anybody in th' outfit. Perhaps better."

Nellie Clancy advanced a step into the room. Her face was ever so slightly flushed now.

"My name," she said, "is Clancy. I'm—I'm Bill Clancy's sister. And I want to ask why you all named yourselves after him? I want to know what he did to make you do what you did. It's—" the words came with a rush—"it's more than just plain curiosity."

Rather helplessly Buck Williams looked at the ex-sergeant. At a time like this executive ability was needed, and Buck Williams had never been more than a private. But the ex-sergeant was seldom at a loss.

"Legion posts are named," he said, "for heroes. Mostly ones that died in action. Your brother, he died. In action." (He didn't go into details about the particular brand of action.)

Nellie Clancy pursued her point.

"Sure," she said, "my brother died. We knew, ma and I, about that. He died in France. But we never knew, not till your letter came, about him being a hero. What was it that he did? Really."

Again Buck Williams shot an appealing look at the ex-sergeant. But he needn't have worried. For the ex-sergeant's eyes were filled with something that might have been called admiration-plus. Buck Williams sighed. No use worrying, either, about the ex-sergeant saying the right thing. He was saying it, at that very moment.

"There are some matters," he said, grandiloquently, "that girls can't understand about. War's not for women. But don't you worry, Miss Clancy, your brother was a hero, all right!"

Nellie Clancy was staring at him. "I—" she began, "I don't want to—I don't quite—" she hesitated, and then, "Oh," she cried, "I'm glad—" the tears stood, now, upon her cheeks—"glad!"

Her voice died away. She was remembering, you see, her brother's furtive, rat face. His snarling tone. His curses. The ugly scene when he had read his own name in the draft. She was remembering the stolen bar-pin. And she was forgetting, also . . .

But the two men! They were not forgetting. They were remembering when they had tossed a franc to decide a certain matter. "Perhaps," he said, "perhaps it wasn't only on account o' Bill that we done it. Perhaps it was because we knew that, sometime, his sister'd come here. To ask us why."

His admiring eyes were fixed upon Nellie Clancy's face. Under his gaze the color in her cheeks crept up, in a glorious wave, until her whole face was like the dawn . . .

## SHOUTS OF DELIGHT

*Just a year ago next month we published an unusual short story that was greeted with shouts of delight from a great many of our readers. It was an Irish fairy story called "The Wee Men of Ballywooden," its author, Arthur Mason. To celebrate the anniversary we'll have another story by him in August—"From the Horn of the Moon"*



# Crisper now by far than ever before!

TASTE... just *taste*... the fresh crispness... the melt-in-your-mouth goodness of the new Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Then allow the family to taste. Let them pass their cereal bowls again and again. They will. For, according to a recent survey in 42 states, children everywhere like Puffed Grains above all other cereals.

### *New way brings double crispness*

That fresh crispness... that right-from-the-oven flavor of the new Puffed Grains... is due to a wonderful new heat-sealing process. No other cereal has it. It captures and seals in that fresh flavor—that first delectable crispness. And brings Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice to your breakfast table as fresh as the instant they were made.

And here's important news for mothers. There's substantial cereal nourishment in every dish of Puffed Grains. That's because, when the wheat and rice grains are shot from guns, their rich grain nourishment is made as completely, as quickly digestible as though they had been cooked for hours and hours. Thus you have energy food, nourishment, in a tempting, wholesome form that children love to eat.

### *A perfect hot-weather cereal*

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are an ideal, hot-weather food. They're so cool. So crisp. So tempting to summer appetites. Serve them for breakfast, lunch and supper. Combine them with your favorite fresh fruit or berries. Your grocer has the new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice.

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

The new "twice crisped" Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice... made by a special process that brings them to your breakfast table extra crisp... extra flavory.



# Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat

Listen in to the Quaker Oats Radio programs of fun... mornings at 8 a. m.; evenings at 6:30 p. m. Central Time. Consult the radio program in your newspaper.



# To those who say it can't be done

MANY THINGS we thought couldn't be done yesterday are easily done today. A little while ago you wouldn't have believed that you could have something *better* than whipped cream—more tasteful and more wholesome—for a fourth the cost. But here it is. You can now whip Pet Milk, readily and easily—whip it so it will stay whipped as cream does.

## Better Texture and Flavor

This whipped Pet Milk can be used in all the ways and places where you'd use whipped cream. In frozen desserts—frozen without stirring in your mechanical refrigerator, or packed in ice—the fine texture and the rich flavor will delight you. Used in gelatin desserts, it's most delicious. And used as a topping—just as you'd use whipped cream—flavored to suit your taste, even tinted any color you desire—well, you just haven't known how distinguished and how delicious a topping or garnish can be till you've used Pet Milk, whipped.

## And Better Food

Thirty to forty per cent of whipped cream is pure fat. It *is* fat. It *makes* fat. But whipped Pet Milk is rich in all the health-building substances of whole milk. It makes vigor and fitness rather than fatness. You can give your children all they want of whipped Pet Milk. It's wonderfully good for them—good for every member of the family, all of whom need to have more milk in their diet.

## At a Fourth the Cost

Whipped Pet Milk costs only about a fourth as much as whipped cream. There's no guess about that. Five cents will buy a cup of Pet Milk anywhere. A cup of whipping cream costs from four to five times as much. And Pet Milk whips to bigger volume than the same amount of cream. This *better*—more tasteful and more wholesome—food at only a fourth the cost—think of that in these times when economy counts.

## PEACH PARFAIT (Illustrated)

Here's the way to make it: Pour 1 CUP PET MILK into top part of a double boiler or saucepan. Heat with the lid off over boiling water until hot. Add to the hot milk 1/2 TEASPOON KNOX GRANULATED GELATIN, which has been soaked in 2 TEASPOONS

COLD WATER 5 minutes. Stir until dissolved. Pour into a bowl and chill until icy cold. Do not remove the film that forms on top of the milk for it will whip up just like the rest.

While the milk is chilling, boil 1 CUP SUGAR and 1/3 CUP WATER together to the thread stage, then pour slowly into 1 STIFFLY-BEATEN EGG WHITE, stirring constantly. Add 1 CUP ORANGE JUICE to 1 CUP MASHED PEACHES (either canned or fresh) and combine with egg-white mixture, stirring occasionally until cool. Whip the cold milk that you've prepared with the gelatin with a rotary beater. Be sure to have the bowl and beater ice cold, too. (A bowl found most satisfactory in numerous whipping tests measures from 3 1/2 to 4 inches across the bottom.) Then fold the whipped milk into the peach and egg mixture. Freeze in a mold packed in a mixture of one part salt to six parts finely chopped ice. (Of course you can freeze it in the tray of your mechanical refrigerator.) When the Parfait is frozen, unmold and garnish with slices of fresh or canned peaches. Serve with

## WHIPPED SAUCE

(Illustrated)—Whip 1 CUP PET MILK according to directions given for Peach Parfait—then fold in

2 TABLESPOONS CONFECTIONER'S SUGAR and 2 TEASPOONS VANILLA EXTRACT.

Tint with yellow liquid or paste vegetable coloring. Fold liquid coloring, a few drops at a time, into the whipped milk until the desired shade is reached. Or if paste coloring is used, mix a tiny bit of it with a few drops of Pet Milk and add gradually to the whipped milk.

## Just Let Us Prove It

We'll send you, free of charge, a variety of tested and proved recipes using WHIPPED PET MILK. If you don't get from the recipes results that delight you, please write us about it. Something will have gone wrong. We'll help you make it right. We *know* it can be done. PET MILK COMPANY  
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# "HEALTH ROOMS" INSTEAD OF BATHROOMS

Continued from page 18

are sitting at the table, so that you are surrounded on five sides by mirrors.

The floor is green linoleum, inlaid with adaptations of the Greek key in black linoleum. The walls are green formica, a composition that looks like colored glass but which is unbreakable. The sections are defined by horizontal strips of chromium plated metal. This idea might be carried out with green fabrikoid which can be applied to the walls like paper. And if you don't want metal bands, you might use bands of plain wood enameled biscuit color to match the tub and wash stands.

THE room is lighted indirectly by bulbs placed in the ceiling behind panels of frosted glass, etched in a Greek key design. The tub has a channel of light in the ceiling. And the dressing table, the hand basin and the dental laboratory have concentrated light from shallow boxes of frosted glass placed directly above them.

When you looked at the health room shown at the top of page 19, didn't you want to fall right into that inviting chaise longue and bask in the sunshine streaming through all those windows? You can see on the plan that the windows take up nearly two whole walls!

We think that the rest of the space is disposed of with the greatest possible efficiency. The tub alcove is balanced by the toilet room which has one door opening directly into the hall, and another into the health room. Between these compartments there was just room enough for a built-in radio, and a closet for towels.

The colors in this room are symbolic of sun

and sky. The tub is a lovely glowing yellow. A bright blue linoleum floor has cross stripes of bright yellow joined by little squares of light blue. Below the windows, the walls are made of bright blue formica. Above, they are plaster, painted a rather light blue to match the ceiling and woodwork. The window curtains are sheerest yellow gauze hung on bright chromium rings from chromium rods. The shower curtains, also hung from a chromium rod, are made of gay rubberized taffeta. Of course the chaise longue is chromium, and its covering of fabrikoid is yellow and blue.

The lower bathroom shows how happily the old and the new can be combined, if the elements employed share the distinction of good design. The floor of this room is brown linoleum inlaid with broad strips of green that form a diamond inside a square. The walls are painted lime green. Above a dado they are plain, and below they are patterned to suggest marble. A coat of varnish gives them a high luster and protects them from moisture. Venetian blinds are green, and they are varnished, too. The wash basin and tub in this room are made of shining pink porcelain, so we upholstered the little side chair with a rose colored fabric that is moisture proof.

The floor plan shows you how the toilet room and linen closet are arranged. These are painted light green and have brown linoleum floors.

Delineator Institute of Interiors very much hopes you will be intrigued by this article. Though novel, we feel it is sound and practical. It is full of ideas that can be adapted and developed in your home and that will add to the health and joy of living.

## HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 17

the jaw before we get out of this place."

Like chickens—answering the farmyard call of "Heeere, cutcutcutcutcut!"—men and women to the number of a dozen came running and began shoving tables together and grouping themselves around the Hales. Ragged introductions were made, and some one insisted that they drink to Hale's success. That was as good an excuse as another.

One consumptive male in a broad black hat, and throat swathed in black satin, asked Timothy if he would contribute to the first number of a magazine conceived but not born. "We can't decide on the name. I wanted 'Illusion' for that's what life is after all."

"My choice is 'Strabism'—I've never heard it used before, and it's so suggestive—the eyes turned inward!" This from a grey-haired female in a blue beret.

"Why not 'Cock-Eyed'?" suggested Timothy. "The meaning is the same but the words are colloquial."

No one smiled, except Susan. She turned and looked squarely at the man who had sat himself at her right. He wore the starched linen collar and conservative tie of the successful American business man, but he had dandruff on his expensively tailored coat, and a transfixing yellow-and-green handkerchief drooped from his pocket.

"Mrs. Hale, how about another lil round of drinks?"

Susan did not know she had become hostess to this uninvited gathering.

"How about it yourself, Mr. Uh?"

"Say, you look like an intelligent wench, tell me honestly, you don't think your husband has written a good book, do you?"

"Oddly enough, I do." Her voice was cold and final.

Susan's chair was joggled. Timothy was rising, his fists clenched. The spotty young man had also risen, but his fists were not clenched. Said Tim: "You and your friends are self-invited guests. Most of you are drunk. I permitted you to remain because I thought you might be amusing. You are not amusing. Go, or I shall knock you down."

"Citoyens, citoyennes, we are not wanted by the bourgeoisie. Let us go and seek a more amiable best-seller," and with a grandiloquent wave of the arm he started across the

boulevard to the café on the opposite corner. The others followed.

The Hales sat facing the empty chairs and piles of empty saucers. Timothy's voice trembled as he said:

"This makes me want to go back to Bannerman on the next boat. God, what lice! . . . And yet, and yet, they're pathetic, whistling down the wind because they are poor, poor in talent, poor in pocket, poor in generosity. They actually seem to hate me, little Timmy Hale." He sighed. "*Garçon, l'addition.*"

TIM'S failure to work on the new novel in a Paris hotel elicited:

"Sue, I can't work in this town. Too noisy. Also I'm drinking too much. Between the normal wine consumption of the dear French and the normal gin consumption of the dear Americans I am in a hazy condition most of the time. Let's beat it!"

"Where?"

"Most anywhere. Isn't Europe marvelous, all the exciting places within a few hours distance? What about Rome for the winter?"

"Tim, I'd adore it, but—"

"Don't tell me you have grown attached to this hotel?"

"No, silly, but I have ordered some clothes—a knock-your-eye-out hooped frock from Lanvin and a rose-and-purple effect from Poiret, and I have fittings on both next week. So—why don't you go to Rome ahead of us. Find us a flat for the winter, ask about fresh milk, and wire me when you are ready. Yes?"

"Charming suite at Hotel Russie meet you fifteen ten train Thursday eager to see you love Tim" . . .

"Tim darling! Is Rome fun? Couldn't you find an apartment? Won't living in a hotel all winter be awfully expensive? What about fresh milk for Roger?"

All the way from Paris, delayed five chilly hours by a band of rising young men called Fascisti who, armed to the teeth, suspiciously examined her tickets at every station, Susan had been glorifying her arrival at the "charming suite" of Tim's telegram. At the station he was nervous and evasive, and his usual enthusiasm at seeing (Turn to page 44)

# So surprising!



## A new IVORY!

Dissolves like magic  
in lukewarm water!

A glance tells you that these tiny Ivory Snow pearls were specially made to wash fine silks. They're so white. And between your fingers, they have the "chiffon-feel" of fine face powder.

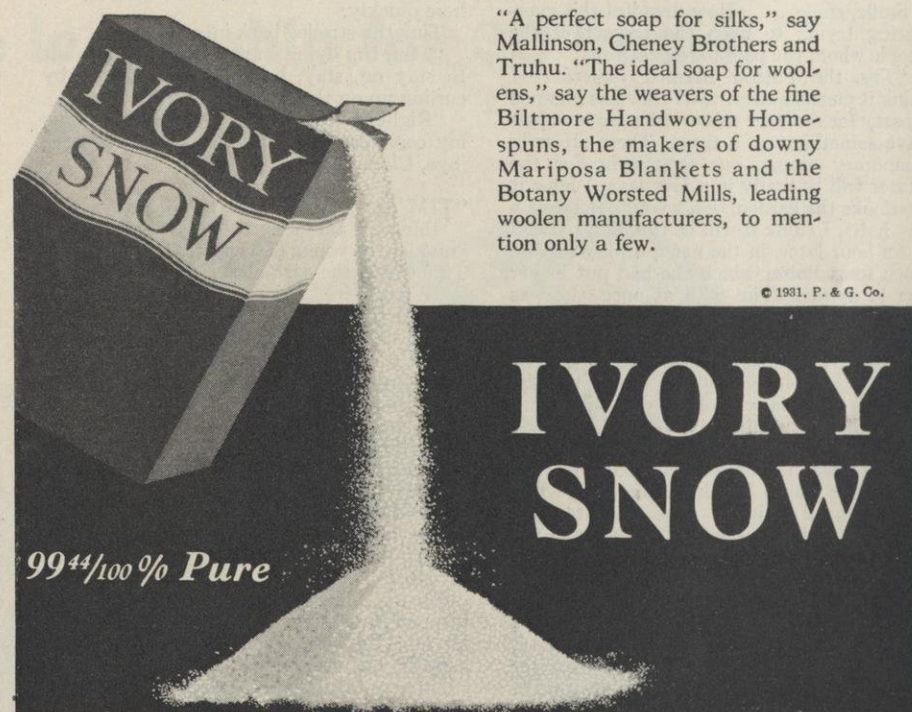
Lukewarm water transforms them into a fluff of velvety suds. Instantly! No waiting for hot water. No reddened hands from "beating up" hot suds. No undissolved soap particles left to spot your fabrics.

Ivory Snow is just one more reason why salespeople in fine stores say—"Use Ivory for fine silks—it's safer!" Don't hesitate to use enough Ivory Snow to make rich suds. The extra-big box costs only 15¢. One of them will protect hundreds of dollars worth of lovely clothes through many washings.

### Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Home-spuns, the makers of downy Mariposa Blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.

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99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % Pure

# IVORY SNOW



## HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 43

her was forced, she thought. Alas, journeys may end in lovers' meetings, but not when one of the lovers was hung about with a governess, a baby and three porters.

"I've got a party for you tonight, Sue, at the studio of an American family I've met here, two of the secretaries from the embassy, the embassy's pet newspaperman, clever fellow, an Italian archeologist, they said, and some others."

"But, Tim, won't it be too late after we've had dinner?"

"That's all right, I telephoned them and they said we could wander in any time. By the way, we won't be able to get that suite I telegraphed about for two days, but we have rooms for the night."

SO THAT was why he was nervous and evasive! Was he afraid of her, her stormy anger when disappointed? Yes, there was actually fear in his eyes as he waited for her answer. Steady now, Susan.

"I'm sorry. Have you been doing much work?" Her voice was too polite. His eyes closed in pain. Kiss him or something, and say, never mind, dear. But she didn't want to. She was tired and shivery and slightly sick from hunger, and it had been exhausting, entertaining Roger on that long journey, and she had that same feeling—after a separation—of seeing him again for the first time, of reweighing him, and over-emphasizing an awkward gesture, a soiled pocket handkerchief. Who was she to be passing everlasting judgment? But she was made like that.

It was dark as they drove in unfriendly silence through the streets, but the hotel was gay with music and a dazzle of brocaded throne chairs and low black marble tables dotted with coffee cups and liqueur glasses. Up two steps, down two steps, twisty corridors, glimpses of gardens, more steps, what a jolly place—not a bit like a hotel. Susan revived. "I shall adore living here." She smiled ingratiatingly at Tim.

And then, three narrow slices of rooms facing a stone wall, like cells. She sank on the bed, a Christian martyr.

"Say it!" snarled Timothy.

"Our hotel arrivals are not what I would call a *succès fureux*. Not room even for the door-mat marked 'Welcome.' And the scent of flowers overwhelms me." (There were of course no flowers.) "I had hoped we might dine quietly up here, but you couldn't squeeze a tray in here, much less a table. What have you been doing all these weeks? I don't suppose you've had time to find out about the fresh milk either."

"I can't, and won't, put up with your badgering!" and Timothy was gone. Susan continued to sit on the edge of the bed engulfed by a despair more bitter because it was partly of her own making. Oh, I'm so tired! A quiet knock. Had he come back so soon? Smile sweetly now. Miss Ainley was asking: "What do you wish us to do?"

Smile, smile . . . How dreadful this everlasting trying to keep the respect of the people whom you paid to respect you!

"Try the button marked *cameriere*—I think it means waiter. Mr. Hale has planned a party for me later this evening, so let's just have something on a tray. These are only temporary rooms, our apartment for the winter will be ready in a few days, I hope it overlooks the garden, don't you? It seems a gay hotel, I think it will be fun, don't you?"

An hour later, in the new purple and rose frock from Poiret which she had put in her bag to surprise Tim with at once, she was waiting in torturing suspense for his problematical return. Suppose he should punish her by not coming back all night? What would Miss Ainley think? What had she thought of his absence from dinner? What would the party think, except that he would not hesitate to go and enjoy himself and explain she was too exhausted to come? And then there was a knock at the door. Her body was all waiting. The maid to turn down the beds. Susan laid on the fresh triangle of sheet the silk pajamas she had bought Tim at Charvet's, a clear apple green that would mellow with washing . . . A striding down the hall, a blowing of the nose, a rat-tat-tat-tat— "Ready for the party, Susie? I think I've blasted that manager with the two gold bracelets into some kind of activity, and it is quite possible that we

may get into the apartment by tomorrow."

Susan slipped her arms beneath Tim's coat and rubbed her hands up and down his waist-coat and lifted her face up to him. "Old Satin-back, I'm so humble."

He did not kiss her but placed a hand over her mouth. "Not one word from you. The studio's just around the corner. Jolly people, you'll like 'em. At least I *think* so."

"Please, Tim, not one word from you either."

Not a *via* but an alley was the passage where the studio hid. It was almost lightless and the entrance, like stable doors, was emphatically closed and unwelcoming. But the Hales patiently waited for the *concierge* to finish his newspaper or rise from bed and let them in.

A studio only in so far as the room was enormous. A grand piano in one corner with a static blonde playing soft syncopation, and three dark Italians wriggling their bodies in what they thought was jazz. A vivacious blonde showing sketches to a well-bathed American in an English dinner jacket. A woman hauntingly suggestive of the two blondes approaching Tim and Sue.

"So this is Susie! I've heard so much about you in the past two weeks from Tim. Did you have trouble with the Fascisti coming down? Are you quite comfortable at the Russie? Nicest hotel in Rome, I think. Most personality. Be sure to get rooms on the garden."

"Mrs. Oliver, may I snatch you off in a corner for five minutes and get your sage advice about my interview tomorrow morning with the manager with two bracelets? Tim says you have lived in Italy for years and that you will be a mother, or rather, a charming young aunt, to me."

Mrs. Oliver approved of Susan's voice, her frock, and her tact. Not what she had expected somehow. Humph, not bad people to cultivate. Authors' wives were either too mouse-like and dull, or too loquacious and well-dressed and eager to prove they were quite as important as their husbands.

With the exception of the embassy secretaries, all the gentlemen bowed from the waist and kissed her hand. The only man who focussed on Susan's retina was the archeologist, who was older than the others and slightly resentful of his frivolous surroundings. He snapped at the back of her right hand and turned away sharply.

In a little foyer off the studio Timothy was standing beside the vivacious blonde sister of the family. Over the black head of the juvenile talking to her, Susan watched. Timothy was about to, yes, he had kissed the blonde. How casually she took it. Used to kisses, Tim's kisses? Susan looked about the room and met the calm gaze of the archeologist. He also had seen and he gave her a soft protective smile, with no teeth showing. What a nice man, he seemed to know that she was suffering. She must get away from here quickly.

Timothy strolled back into the room.

"Tim, I'm dying on my feet. If you want to stay on, stay, but I'll disgrace you by curling up on the floor and snoring."

"Right you are. Mrs. Oliver, I'm taking my comatose wife to bed. Jolly evening—'bye, Clare."

"TIM dear, I am about to do a very silly thing. I am going to tell you that I saw you kiss the young Oliver girl." Susan faced Timothy in the dark alley.

"What of it?" Tim was on the defensive.

"Exactly. There is a what of it. To kiss her in front of a wife you have brought around to her apartment for the first time is fairly insulting, don't you think? You have doubtless seen a lot of her while I was in Paris, and now in spite of my arrival you want to go on seeing a lot more of her?"

Tim nodded. There was no shame in his face.

"And yet in your telegram to me you said 'Eager to see you. Love.' Didn't you mean that?"

"No."

No . . . The syllable fell on her heart and stopped its beating. He had lied to her about his love for her. From now on she would suspect his every "no" and "yes." She could never again trust to that love which she had been sure had been there, unshaken by

quarrels or intervening miles. This was a crisis. She recognized it. She felt struck to the earth, then a realization of pain. Like a cripple she gathered her broken limbs, and asked slowly, "What shall we do now?"

"Nothing, of course."

Then suddenly there arose in Susan a great wave, a tidal wave, a bigger thing than either of them and this trivial blonde called Clare, a wave of fury, the oldest fury in the world, that of the woman scorned. She lifted her breast, stiffened her broad shoulders, and with the flat of her right hand struck a man for the first time in her life. Timothy recoiled sharply, his hand to his reddened cheek.

"With your cold complacent 'no' you have just committed murder. You have killed in me the trust in you which I have been building up since I first met you. At the present moment I never want to see you again. I could tear your face with my nails. This may be jealousy or it may be only wounded vanity. I must give myself time to find out. I must be alone."

Timothy was maddeningly calm. "Clare kissed me only because she happens to be in love with me."

"With you? How too funny!" Susan's laughter was shrill, slightly insane. "Admire you, yes, as an author, but love you as a man—what woman could possibly—"

"Stop it! You are working yourself into a state of hysteria and you will say a lot of things you will regret. Go upstairs and go to bed, and I'll be up in an hour. We'll have no more scenes tonight."

NOT until five o'clock next day did Timothy allow Susan a chance to speak to him about that which filled both their minds. After breakfast Madame Dombre, the manager, appeared and suggested an arrangement of four communicating rooms, each with its balcony on the garden which

climbs the Pincian Hill. The corner room for Susan, the next, the drawing-room, then a room for Miss Ainley and the fourth for Roger. Timothy had decided to have a room by himself in the opposite wing, so that he might work in more seclusion, he said.

Madame Dombre, in a modest black frock, bustled around the drawing-room, evicting certain pieces of furniture and ordering others to be brought.

Ordinarily Susan's domesticity would have vibrated to this opportunity of making a winter home in a Roman hotel, of choosing such stately furniture as yellow brocaded sofa, rose embossed velvet chairs, marble-topped tea-tables and consoles, gold mirrors, and a maple desk.

But all the time she was thinking, "What profit to make a home when the hearth fire is dead?"

At five Timothy turned up and remarked, "You've worked enough for today. Let's go over to the Caffè Greco."

"I'll meet you downstairs, in that room facing the entrance." She wanted to dress herself in seclusion, and approach him as a stranger, a pretty one, she hoped. Unconsciously she was beginning to compete with Clare Oliver and all the other women with whom from now on it was possible for Timothy to fall in love.

The Caffè Greco on the via Condotti has seen a century and a half of artists come and go. It was natural that Timothy should feel at home in that low quiet room full of smoke and the considering faces of chess players.

They had just received their order when the archeologist entered and asked permission to join them.

"I live near here. Are you settling yourself at the Russie?" He turned to Susan with the same soft protective smile of the night before. "Some day soon it would give me great pleasure to take you (Turn to page 46)

## FOR ALL GOOD CHILDREN

(And Their Naughty Little Cousins)

by

DIXIE WILLSON



The baby robins do not scold about the summer rain.

They snuggle down inside their nests, and never do complain!

The puppy eats his plate of food without the question, "Why?"

The kittens have their faces washed, and do not fuss or cry.

The little chicks come running, when their mother starts to cluck;

The goslings splash into their bath! So does each little duck!

The four-o'clocks, at four o'clock, fold up and go to sleep,

And piggies scamper for their straw, when stars begin to peep!

The owlets wear their feathers, and the bunnies wear their fur,

Just as their mother wants them to, because it pleases her.

The little bears do as they're told, and little el'phants too.

I hope that little children all behave as well, don't you?



Drawings

by

PEGGY BACON



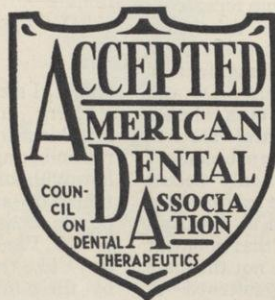
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*Carl Thues*

Creator of Symphonie and Armand

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## HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 44

to the ruins of Ostia Mare. I have been doing some work there and it might be more interesting if I gave you of my little knowledge."

"Let us do it very soon," answered Susan. "Mare means sea, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Rome was once a sea port and Ostia full of ships . . . Mr. Hale, I think we have met before, at the English Speaking Union dinner in London, when you gave a fine brave speech, I thought, about the differences between England and America. I have never been to your country, but I have read this great book of yours, and I have also lived in England, and I grow weary of the polite lies the two countries tell each other at public dinners. Your speech was most refreshing."

TIMOTHY was pleased. "Mr. Uh—I'm afraid I did not get your name last night?" "Andrea Palladio Venzo, named, you see, after the great Renaissance architect by my hopeful mother. But unfortunately I have always been more interested in fallen old stones than in erecting new ones."

He spoke so gently, looking from one to the other with such kindness, that Susan forgot that she and Timothy were enemies, and they all three exchanged easy phrases until Professor Venzo arose to go.

"How about next Sunday for our excursion to Ostia? The ruins will be closed to the public, but I can use my permit, and we shall be undisturbed. Then we can lunch at a little trattoria overlooking the sea. I am unfortunately a poor man, and I have no motor car, but to go in the omnibus is not bad and perhaps its foreignness will amuse you. It is not at all like the Russies," and he smiled slyly at both of them and was gone.

"What a sweet, sweet man," said Susan. "And yet not at all effeminate," agreed Timothy. "Did you notice the ribbon in his buttonhole? Probably a war hero—I thought he limped a little. I hope we meet some more Italians like him. We might take Clare Oliver along with us on Sunday."

Crash! They were back in the dark alley of the night before.

"Timothy, all day long we have carefully ignored last night's affair. I think the time has come to discuss it, don't you?" She made an effort to keep her voice casual.

"I suppose so, though I was hoping you'd have the sense to continue to ignore it."

"Ignore your flat-footed statement that you were not glad to see me, and you ignore my blow?"

"The main issue seems to be that you *saw* me kiss the girl. I have been kissing girls off and on ever since we have been married—as presumably you have been kissing men."

"But, Timmy, Timmy, I haven't been! I haven't kissed a man since that rainy afternoon when I publicly promised to love you for better or worse."

"More fool you."

"But Timmy, we have always told each other everything, seemed to tell each other everything, you have been father and mother and God to me, and now—oh, it is impossible you have been lying to me all these years!" Susan shaded her eyes with her hand so that the chess players might not see her tears.

"No, I have not been lying to you all these years. I have loved you to the limit of my capacity but you have shown me repeatedly that that capacity was not enough. Not always in words, but with that polite smile of yours which disapproved of my friends, my ties, and my table manners. Do you remember that first picnic of ours when I met you in the Grand Central Station, dressed in an old suit and a cap because I didn't dare risk spoiling my only decent other one, and you looked at me as if I were a filthy beggar clawing for alms at royalty's cloak?—Remember?—At that moment something warned me you were not the mate for me and then your cold eyes softened—in pity, I suppose—and I was glad to forget . . . Sometimes I think the only thing of mine which has found favor in your patrician eyes has been my books—oh, and of course Roger! Are you, by the way, teaching him to dislike me?"

"Tim! you are talking to me like a stranger. I don't know how to answer you." She clasped and unclasped her hands.

"Unique occasion! You're pretty good at

making answers, rapier ones that wound every time."

Susan stared past him at the evening crowd passing the café window. "I am in Rome in a café. Tim is saying things to me he must have been thinking for some time. He thinks he is in love with the Oliver girl, perhaps he really is. . . . At this moment he hates me, partly because he loves her. I must not cry. Quiet, quiet."

Aloud she said:

"Timothy, you yourself have admitted that you have a small-town complex which has colored everything you have done all your life, except perhaps your writing.—Yes, that too.—Your lack of physical coordination which you have never tried by exercise to improve has plunged you into all manner of social complications out of which I have had to haul you from time to time. Quite humanly you resent this. Perhaps I have not done the hauling with sufficient tact and tenderness, but you are wrong, dead wrong, if you believe I think less of you for them. I never feel superior to you, in fact I'm quite a humble lil feller—"

Tim snorted.

"Yes, I am. It's just that I am incurably immature. I am still the little girl pinning up her curls and wearing mother's long dress, and playing lady. Unfortunately I like to play *great* lady, instead of Mrs. Jones calling on Mrs. Smith, or Red Riding Hood, or the cindery part of Cinderella . . . I've seen you often enough regarding with a sardonic eye my posturings, my silly boastings, and I have felt despairing of my inability to grow up, but I have always been on to myself, and I have never hated you for seeing through me—as you are hating me now."

"N-no, I don't hate you, just bored."

She flinched, and then smiled bravely. "Touché!"

Impulsively Timothy put his hand over hers. "I didn't mean that. I said it to hurt. I've never been bored by you, often as I've wanted to slay you . . . But what I mean is that you are not proud of me, only of my successes. And I've been so proud of you, talking about you to people before you arrive so that they always say, 'So this is Susie!' Mrs. Oliver said it only last night."

"But," she cried eagerly, "I talk about you all the time, because I think you are so exciting to talk about—you're the most exciting person in the world! Oh dear, I'm going to cry. We'd better get out in the street."

"No, let's have something more. This is a nice cozy place to talk, no family around."

"Tim, I've just thought of something. I know you always talk about me to others, especially when we have been separated for a while, but when I meet these people I have a sense of their resisting me, being wary of me, and I have to overcome that before they really like me—that is, if I have the chance to meet them several times. But if it is only one encounter they carry away with them the bad impression you have created of me. Yes, bad. For what you say is this: 'Susie is a regular feller but she has a high-hat English way of saying howdyhuh which may put you off, but don't let it because I want you both to be friends.'"

Timothy listened to her exposition gravely. "You are quite right. I am sure I prejudice my friends against you with my explanations—"

"Don't you see you insult me by explaining me?"

"YES, I see now that I do." He sounded forlorn. Susan's hand instinctively tucked into his arm, then she withdrew it quickly, remembering. "But just the same, Sue, that howdyhuh of yours does conceal a better-than-you-are-until-you-prove-it air, and people sense that."

"Oh, I know it though I hate it, but people don't like the way you bust in and call them by their first names after fifteen minutes. Neither of us is perfect, but I thought we loved each other enough to accept each other as we are."

"But you don't accept me as I am!"

"You think I don't accept you as you are! . . . Oh, this is getting us nowhere." Susan was in despair. "There are just two things to discuss—one, that you have apparently been licking your wounds for some time, and the other (Turn to page 49)



*marvellous! new!! effective!!!*

# INSTANT ODO·RO·NO

*solves every problem  
of perspiration control*

## 1 INSTANT PROTECTION

This amazing new Instant Odorono may be applied to the underarms *any time*—just after the bath—or as you start dressing. It stops perspiration *instantly!* Then your gowns are safe from perspiration damage. And no underarm odor—so repellent to others—can sully your charming freshness!

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Attached to the cap of the new Instant Odorono bottle is a convenient sanitary sponge applicator. Just a few swift strokes will suffice! No trouble, nothing messy or greasy. No need to use cotton! Nothing to leave a tell-tale odor of its own. A great advance in the technique of your toilette!

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He took her to dinner and the theatre . . . she was flattered to death to go. She wore the best stitch she had . . . and looked lovely. But the theatre was stuffy, and she perspired under the arms. So her best gown was ruined . . . stained and faded by the acids of perspiration—to say nothing of the offense this perspiration odor gave to her escort. Oh well, and a-lack-a-day! There are plenty of good men in the world . . . but good dresses are hard to find. A really smart girl would have used Instant Odorono . . . and saved such troubles.

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snack . . . at home and away*

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## HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 46

that you are in love with some one else."

"I'm not in love with some one else. As I sit alone with you in this dusky place with our lil ginks in front of us, I know you are the only woman in the world for me. Yes, I kissed Clare, several times, and I should like to kiss her again. But she seems very far away now, and you very near, my Susie, my small pussy," and he held her hand against his cheek and they saw each other through tear-veiled eyes.

FOR two weeks the life of the Hales swung between parties with an American Colony flavor and extemporaneous excursions to the Campagna, the Lago di Nemi, Palestrina, and the many magic names within easy motoring distance of Rome. These excursions often included Clare Oliver and Andrea Venzo, and the four would quite naturally dine together afterward. Venzo remained aloof to their American tomfoolery but it was the aloofness of a father watching his children. Susan wondered about this, for he was still young, his eyes and forehead beautiful, his hair thick and blue black, his teeth superb when he very occasionally laughed, and his figure supple.

It was at the end of these two weeks that the trip to the ruins of Ostia was accomplished. Clare, Susan, Andrea and Timothy. The day was illumined by the glitter of the Mediterranean, Andrea's re-creation of an old civilization, and the excellent lunch. After lunch, Tim suggested that they all paddle. "The water is very cold at this time of the year," cautioned the temperate Andrea.

"I don't care," sang Clare and dashed down to the water's edge.

Her shoes and stockings were off in an instant and she was testing a little wave with a pointed toe. Timothy the next moment was after her.

"Please, Suzie"—the "s" in her name became a sweetly blurred "z" on Andrea's lips, "please do not go in. After that heavy lunch the cold will give you a stomach pain. Let us sit on this log and observe that beautiful line where the sky and sea meet."

Susan's eyes were not on the horizon but on the two people splashing hand in hand, down the beach away from them.

Her fingers touched Andrea's lightly. "Do not withdraw too far. I think I am going to need you."

The omnibus back to town was crowded with peasants bearing children, bird cages, vegetables, on their aproned laps. Susan and Andrea found seats at the other end of the bus from Clare and Timothy. The lumbering vehicle was dimly lit by oil lamps. In the welcome warmth Susan felt drowsy. She swayed with the motion, leaning on Andrea's shoulder from time to time. Half awake she felt a hand close over hers, tightly. It was Andrea's hand. Fluttering her eyelids she looked straight into his eyes. They were not the paternal eyes to which she had grown accustomed, but eyes with fire behind them and a will which kept her from turning away. His face came closer to hers, he was kissing her, and yes, she was kissing him! Why had he done this? Because he was sorry for her? It had not seemed like a kiss of pity. There was nothing to say. She must wait. He was taking off her glove and kissing the palm of her hand, but all so quietly, so simply, that no one in the bus was staring, least of all Clare and Timothy. Indeed Tim was nodding—Susan knew how easily he slept—and Clare was hunched by the window, probably resenting his nap. Susan smiled. But no word passed between her and Andrea until they reached the terminus.

"PRETTY crowded for four in one vettura. I'll take Clare home, and, Andrea, you take Sue."

Andrea chose a carriage with the top up. "It is cold," he remarked. Then he spoke rapidly in Italian to the coachman.

"He is going to kiss me again," thought Susan. "And I should forbid him, this is

disloyal to Tim. Yet I want him to kiss me again."

He crushed her in his arms, murmuring liquid Italian endearments. "That this should happen to me again! I swore I would never love another woman. I was so hurt the last time. And now I love you, I can not help myself. But you will not hurt me? Though loving is always hurting. Do you love me a little? Say it!"

"I do not know. A half hour ago I would have said no. Now I am breathless, and a little crazy!"

"A little crazy you say? How wonderful! That is as love should be. It seems perhaps you are loving, really loving, for the first time." And he was helping her out of the carriage at the hotel door and kissing her hand in goodbye.

As Susan bathed and dressed hurriedly for dinner, she was glad Timothy was in the other wing. She wanted to be alone.

TIMOTHY was sitting at Susan's bedside while she ate rolls and butter and apricot preserve, and he was complaining:

"Damn these flappers! They're thrilled when they meet a famooser, and then when they discover that you are merely human and as vulnerable as any silly college kid, they despise you. Sue, if you catch me playing the capering goat again, stop me."

"Would it do the slightest good? Wouldn't you turn on me, call me a jealous wife, and rush out and telephone her to take lunch with you?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Aren't people hell! . . . And incidentally I haven't done a lick of work worth counting since I've been here.

What with sight-seeing and parties and Clare and this infernal blue sky which beckons me every minute as I sit at my window, I don't seem to be able to concentrate. You know that road on the Pincian Hill that overlooks my balcony? Yesterday as I was trying to remember the indicative of the verb 'to be' in English, a shower of pebbles fell on me and my typewriter. And there above me were Clare and that puppy, Bernardini, and

Clare's sister, all shouting to me to come to the Excelsior for a tea dance . . . Yes, of course I went. And had a rotten time. Bernardini dances like one inspired, and as I am—well, less inspired—I could see the girls just tolerated me as a useless fourth—"

"And as a chancellor of the exchequer?"

"Yip, my pearl of Asia. Ignominious, rather, isn't it?"

"And you writing the most important fiction in America today! Why do you suffer fools so gladly?"

"Because you do not praise me enough."

"But, darling, I can't be singing hosannahs every hour of the waking day! . . . Close your eyes and open your mouth," and she pushed in the crisp end of a croissant crowned with apricot jam.

With half full mouth, he mumbled, "What about going back to London for the winter? Hellish climate, but I can work there."

"Oh, Tim, must I leave this blue sky and my golden salon and the possibility of Roger and me learning Italian?" Susan said this, but she was thinking "Never to be kissed by Andrea again!"

Timothy walked over to the window. "I could go alone—take a service flat—finish the book—and we all go back to America for the summer. You could join me in England in the spring, perhaps a short walking trip in Devonshire. How about it?" There was no joy in his voice—he might have been a Cook's agent laying out an itinerary.

"It's a grand plan. London's a man's town, and they like you there. We may be taking a risk to separate now, but I think we are in a rut about each other, distrusting every word. But if we come to each other in May, with a fresh accumulation of experiences on both sides, we'll be renewed and more excited than ever about being together. How we'll talk!"

There was a knock at the door. Timothy handed her a small package. (Turn to page 50)



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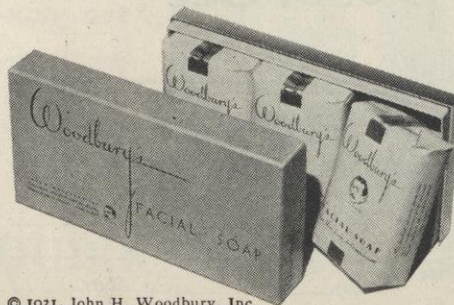
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BY ALL means give some part of each day to a ritual of beauty with your lotions and your creams. They do give smoothness to your cheek, softness to your skin. But don't cheat them of their power by neglecting the most important beauty secret in the world!

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## HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 49

She turned it over, poked a hole in the paper, peered in, sniffed at it. He smiled at her indulgently.

"Oh how charming! From Andrea. 'An old guide book to Rome from an old Roman guide.' Specially bound, feel the leather."

"Thoughtful of him . . . I suppose you'll see a lot of him if I go to London." There was suspicion in Timothy's voice.

"I hope so. He's the nicest person I have met so far in Rome. Gentle, intelligent, don't you think? You like him, don't you?" For the first time in her life with Timothy she was deceiving him about something that mattered, and she did not like the sensation.

"Ye-e-es, but he might fall in love with you. Had that occurred to you? Or you with him? There's something about this city— Oh, damn, damn, damn, damn human relations! Up to now I have felt that you and I controlled our lives pretty completely, but suddenly I sense the control of others, or One Other? . . . I'm still in love with you, but is it the real you or my ideal of you? I wonder if love doesn't make for misunderstanding rather than understanding—if I loved you less I'd be more tolerant . . . Don't you think you'd better come to London with me?" He moved restlessly about the bedroom and swished off the bureau a protruding hand-mirror which smashed to the floor.

"Oh Tim, the one thing I am superstitious about! Look out, you'll cut yourself!"

He threw the fragments of glass into the wastepaper-basket, and the door closed with a bang. How abrupt he was. Ah well, she sighed, he'd gone off to think it out.

Before she had finished dressing he was

back with a doll's mirror in his hand which he presented with hanging head.

"My Tiny Tim," and she threw herself into his arms and they sat close together on the golden yellow sofa.

"I have seen the *concierge* and I am leaving tomorrow for London—alone. You and Roger get all you can out of Rome, use Andrea shamelessly as a guide, and I'll work like fury in the fog. Then spring and Devonshire lanes—and cream! But, oh, my dolly," and he took her head in his hands and kissed her eyes and temples very softly, "I shall miss my playmate."

THEY were standing outside his compartment, his bags piled in a corner window seat.

"Wire me several times en route, Timmy dearest. Don't hang out of the window while the train is moving, don't pinch defenseless children, don't play rummy with mysterious black-gloved strangers, and be sure to pick up your little dresses when you cross the streets. Oh, Timmy, I shall be so lonely, with an ocean and all these customs houses between us. It is much farther away than from New York to San Francisco."

Then they both began to cry, and stood close, holding each other's hands, and saying nothing, just looking.

"Tim, the train is moving! Quick!" and they snatched at each other's faces, and the door was closed. As the train moved out she turned away, wiping her eyes.

But he continued to hang out the window and was able to discern, coming down the platform toward Susan, the slightly limping figure of Andrea Venzo.

In the next instalment: Susan's winter in Italy—and Andrea's; her return to Timothy; America again—and a further amazing analysis of married life, its conflicts and its inescapable loyalties

## SUN, SEA AND CITY STREETS

Continued from page 34

you from either tanning or burning; a cream that will let you tan but protect you from burning; and an oil that will protect you from burning but will let you tan as deep as a copper Indian or a golden African maid.

The first is best for oily skins—it's a bit drying; the second is for any skin—a thin cream that rubs in and is not oily. It can be used under a finishing lotion which gives further protection and added effect. These finishing lotions come in lovely tones, and each may be used with powder that blends in tone and gives a velvety, finished look.

Between twelve and three the sun's rays are hottest. Please don't expose your skin without any care and think that you are young enough, or strong enough, to have it not matter very much. It does matter. At least put on oil and save your texture a little. And if you are one of those who dip and sun and dip again and then more sun and so on, keep your bottle of oil with you and apply it each time after the dip. The protective creams will stay on pretty well but they come off a bit—so if you don't want to tan, you'd better take one of them with you, too, or else sun and dip and go straight up.

The cream that protects against both burn and tan is difficult to get off; after using it, be sure to cleanse with plenty of soap and water or slathers of cleansing cream and tonic—don't take any of it to bed with you!

And never—whether to mountains or the sea—go away without one of those magical tubes of ointment that take the burn out of burning. They should be in every house, winter or summer, because their integrity is as the integrity of honor itself. I know a woman who avoided a very bad scar on her throat because she applied this healing ointment instantly after a frightful scald. There is also a cool cucumber preparation that greatly lightens the pain of a burn.

So for the sea, protective creams and lotions, nourishing creams and oils, cleansing liquids or creams, and the ointment for burns.

All in your little kit. I'll tell you about make-up later.

For the mountains, pretty much the same kit—only possibly less need of strong protection, more need to guard against dryness.

And for campers out, there is something about bathing in a pool with mountains standing up all around it like patient, mysterious gods—something that takes you back to the beginning of things. You feel like Lilith or Eve—slipping into the clear depths to lave yourself clean, bending over its edge to stare at your pretty self, combing your hair with a reed and staining your lips with a berry. Only you have the edge on Lilith and Eve a bit—you don't have to scrub clean with sand, but can take a floating bar of soap to bathe you softly clean and play tag with you in the rosy dawn.

And now for the girl who stays in town and instead of a soft wind laving her brow feels that any moment the buildings will tumble down on her and the pavements rise and smite her with their hot wrath. She's the girl who tugs at one's heart. And yet there are compensations; while the rest of us are off playing, she's earning her way through life—and that's a fine thing to do; besides, she'll have more in the exchequer in October than we—and that's not so bad either! And, too, a city in summer has a romance all its own—gay, chifony clothes fluttering through the grim, hard-headed streets; tinkle of ice and laughter on the roofs of restaurants; charming little gardens in courts and backyards and beach umbrellas and deck chairs and wicker tea-tables on the roofs and in the gardens; a sort of camaraderie that isn't there—in cities—in winter. Romance walks her way in the midst of the heat and the steaming pavements and the tall office buildings—romance hasn't left for the summer—she's still in town!

And so the girl who stays in town prepares to live up to her. Use rivers of lotions and not so many creams. And (Turn to page 52)

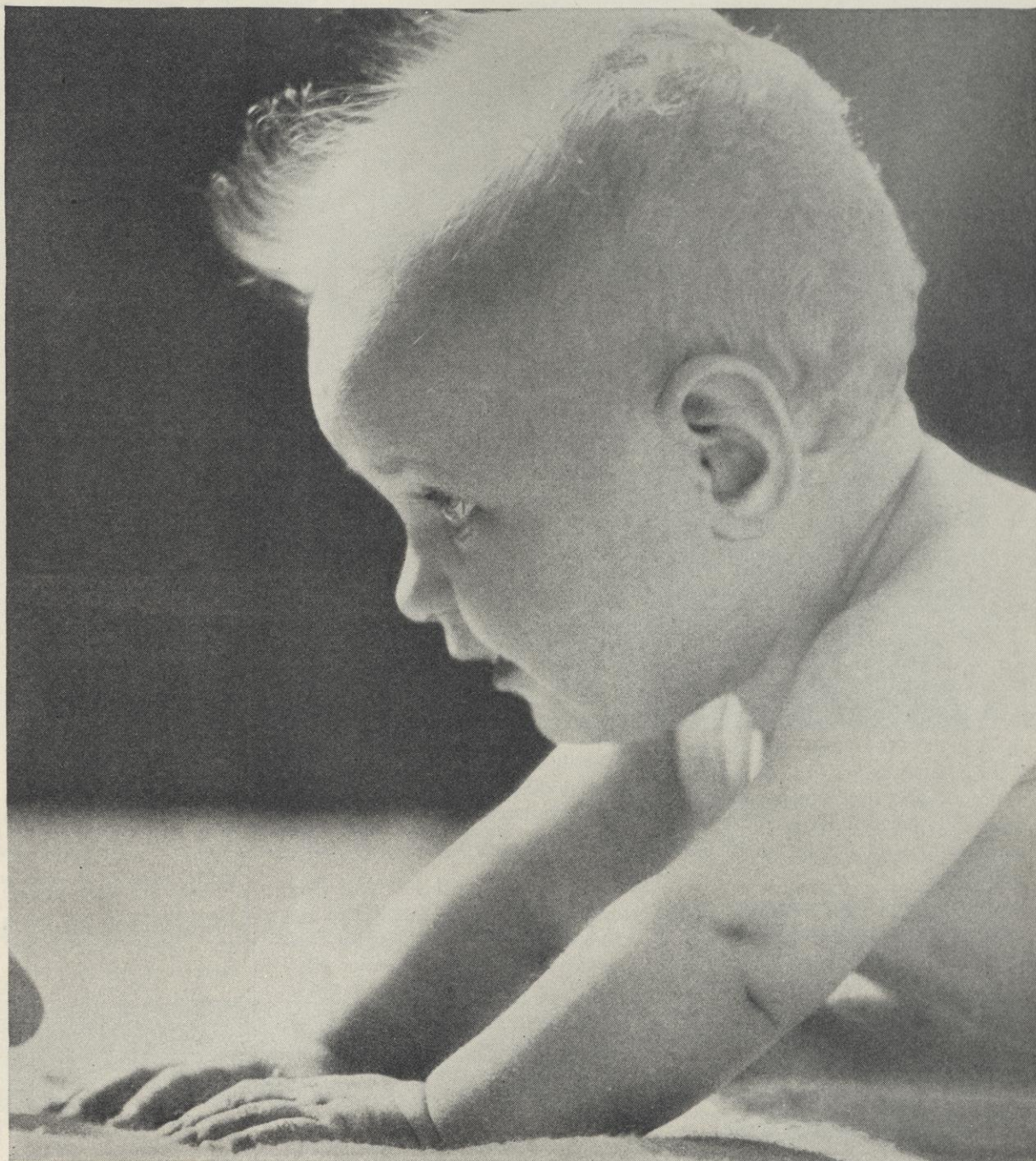


# Growing children need the morning energy Quaker Oats breakfasts provide

*And busy mothers find this breakfast is prepared so quickly. Just whisk Quick Quaker into boiling water—cook 2½ minutes—and it's ready!*



*Storing up energy for a busy morning with a good hot Quaker Oats breakfast. "Lorraine is a little human dynamo," writes her mother. "She just has to have a good energy breakfast every morning."*



EVERY new discovery in child feeding points to the importance of better breakfasts. Gains in weight—better health—higher marks in school—follow when children are given the right kind of breakfast.

To mothers who ask, "What is the right breakfast for children?" nutritionists answer, "One that gives energy that lasts the morning through."

## *Such a breakfast is Quaker Oats*

Oatmeal is one of the greatest of energy cereals. Its 16% protein for repair, its wholegrain vitamins and minerals for body building, its "slow-

burning" sustaining energy—make it the supreme vigor breakfast for children and grown-ups, too.

Added to this—Quaker has a rich, nut-like savoriness no other oatmeal has ever been able to imitate. A flavor that comes from the special Quaker process of roasting the choice whole oats through 14 different ovens... till they're fairly bursting with rich flavor!

## *The supreme fast-cooking oat*

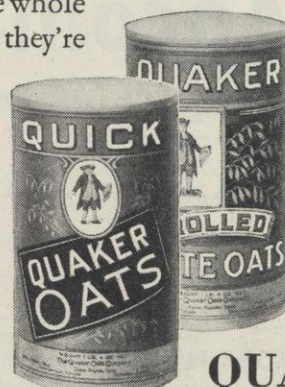
You need only cook these tender flakes 2½ minutes. And they're deliciously done. And so one of

the most wholesome breakfasts you could give your family, is also the quickest to prepare!

## *A breakfast for five for 3 cents*

Tomorrow morning, every morning, start the whole family off with that lasting glow of energy that Quaker Oats breakfasts give. Remember a Quaker Oats breakfast for a family of five actually costs but 3 cents! The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, Illinois.

*Listen in to the Quaker Oats radio programs of fun... over N. B. C. and affiliated stations. Consult the radio program in your newspaper.*



*Try Quaker Milk Macaroni. Delicious flavor. Cooks in 5 to 8 minutes.*

**QUAKER OATS . . . and . . . QUICK**

**QUAKER OATS**





## Helen disliked the very sight of milk

Now I give it to her a new way  
... and she loves it!

"MY LITTLE GIRL was underweight and I had the hardest time getting her to take proper nourishment. She hated milk, and I had to threaten to send her to bed before she'd touch it.

"My husband's sister suggested that I mix Cocomalt with her milk. I took her advice—and how glad I am! Helen loves it—drinks all she can get. The extra nourishment has put eight pounds on her already. She's filling out like a little kewpie!"

### What every child needs for sturdy development

Thousands of mothers have the same thrilling story to tell of Cocomalt—for there never was a food drink like it.

Cocomalt provides extra proteins, carbohydrates and minerals so essential to the active, growing young body. Every glass a child drinks is equal to almost two glasses of plain milk. For Cocomalt adds 70% more nourishment to milk. And it transforms milk into such

a delicious chocolate flavor food drink, that all youngsters love it!

Give them as much as they want—it's easily digested. In fact, Cocomalt contains malt enzymes which help to digest the starches in other foods.

### Contains Vitamin D

Any physician will tell you that strong, sound bodies in children are impossible without Vitamin D. This vitamin, produced by summer sunshine, is present in Cocomalt. It helps substantially to prevent rickets and to build strong bones and teeth.

### Special trial offer— send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk. ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. family size. High in food value, low in cost. At grocers and drug stores.

Or mail this coupon and 10¢ for generous trial can—enough for the whole family to judge what a wonderful food drink Cocomalt is!

# Cocomalt

COOL & REFRESHING!

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I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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State \_\_\_\_\_

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK



## SUN, SEA AND CITY STREETS

Continued from page 50

keep them all in the ice-box—cool as ginger ale.

For really oily skins that just will not look fresh and clean as dawn with not one trace of perspiration—here's a treatment. Cleanse with liquid cleanser or soap and water. Apply a pore lotion and let it dry; then an astringent lotion—a powder base with astringent quality—let that dry. Rub off whatever powdery residue is left on the skin. Then your rouge, then your powder. This is a severe treatment and is not to be used all the year round—just summer and now and then in winter when you go kind of low and your oil glands won't behave. It's drying but it leaves the skin without harshness.

THE summer make-up differs from the rest of the year because it must be lighter in texture or you will look smeary and all those other disagreeable words that mean messiness, pastiness (heavens!) This goes for all women—town or country.

When the skin has become tanned, a light rouge is more becoming than a dark shade. There are some that look orange in the box, but change on the skin; delightful with a sun-tan make-up. For this type of make-up—sun, wind and sea make-up—a powder should be used that is dark as the skin and blends with the skin tones, and a lipstick that is clear red or has an orange cast. Where the cheek rouge is orange and the powder tawny never use a lipstick with a bluish cast—there will be dissonance—a clash like the blare of horns a little out of tune.

In this season of elbows, use a depilatory wax to take off the grubby, hard look. Bend the arm and apply it warm. As soon as the edge is firm enough to take hold of, roll it off—it doesn't hurt. Be sure the skin is dry before you apply the wax—dust powder over it and then wipe it off—the wax won't hold if the skin is damp.

Freckles, bless their old hearts, can be

made less freckly by using a sun tan lotion and powder over them. I know they are generally unpopular. Too bad! Titian and coppery-haired ladies can seldom avoid them entirely, but protective foundations will keep them from becoming too conspicuous. Never try to hide them with a light make-up—the freckles will be sure to pop right through. I think they're sweet!

Depilatories and deodorants are as necessary to the midsummer lady as glamour is to love (romantic love—the other kind wags right along—when it's the real thing—glamour or no glamour; though it's more grateful than one could believe if a little glamour is thrown in!). Well, anyway, depilatories—wax, cream, powder, paste; deodorants—liquid, powder. All necessary and perfectly harmless if you buy the reputable ones. I told you last month all about those and how to use them. Since then, however, a new liquid deodorant and non-perspirant has arrived on the scene. It has a sanitary sponge applicator which makes it very easy to use and it is also quick-drying, so that you can use it at a moment's notice.

And in summer, light perfumes—nothing heavy and upsetting to one's sense of light, gay, cool well-being. And the lovely toilet waters that are so chic these days.

On and on I could wander in and out of the ways to keep cool and sparkling, light and fresh, serene and dreamy, in these our July days, only it seems that there are other people who think it important that they should write something in this magazine.

Anyway, keep thy mind secure with faith that there is Purpose behind all the ways of life—even in dog days; thy heart open as the pores of thy skin and light as a non-resisting petal blowing in the wind; thy spirit still as a waiting god.

And then thou wilt be secure and happy wherever thou art—sun, sea, or city streets.

## NO DOGS ALLOWED

Continued from page 15

did in moments of great emotional stress. "Yes, what is it, Binks?" asked the cool blonde lady.

"Do you—you don't believe that Eddie Jones got drowned because he went swimming on Sunday, do you?"

"Who told you that, Binks?"

"Lilian Anne did."

"Oh, did she, indeed?" said Mrs. Olmsted, eyeing her daughter with a smile and a little frown of perplexity.

"Well, I heard Mrs. Bassett tell our Mary so," asserted Lilian Anne with dignity, "and Mrs. Bassett's a pillow in her church, isn't she? I guess she ought to know, oughtn't she?"

"And Lilian Anne said," Binks hastened on, "that mark-her-words God is like that. She said—"

"Binks," said Mrs. Olmsted, speaking very slowly as if feeling for words, "whatever anyone tells you, when you are wondering what God is like, think of the kindest, bravest, finest, wisest gentleman you know, and—try to remember that he is made in His image."

She stepped on the accelerator and drove away, still with that little frown of perplexity between her brows.

"Well, anyhow," Lilian Anne returned to the original issue, "there aren't any dogs in Heaven. God doesn't—"

But at this point Pat O'Reilly, who had been lying with his nose on his paws, and his bright, wise little eyes turning anxiously from one of the disputants to the other, gave a protesting yelp. It was as if he said, "Oh, for Pete's sake, snap out of it! These theological wrangles never get you anywhere."

Binks cackled in delighted pride at this new evidence of his buddy's intelligence. Lilian Anne turned an offended shoulder upon the ribald pair and feigned sleep, whereupon Pat O'Reilly, sensing that what he had meant as a mild pleasantry had proved offensive, stood up before her, head on one side, whining and flapping his forepaws in an apology so abject

and so altogether ridiculous that even that stern doctrinarian, Lilian Anne, relented and laughed. Binks fell upon Pat O'Reilly with passionate caresses. . . . No, the idea of Heaven without him wasn't to be borne.

Yet after all, though Mrs. Olmsted's words had been immensely cheering, had anything definite been established about Pat O'Reilly's status in eternity? Of course, Binks felt that he really knew much more about Heaven than Lilian Anne. He'd had much better opportunities. Lilian Anne went only to Saint Philip's in Bedford, while he also went sometimes with Mrs. Bassett to the chapel she attended, and sometimes to the cathedral with Jenny, the downstairs maid, who was a Catholic. He had even studied with great interest an old book of prints he had found in his father's library, full of pictures of Heaven and—and—the other place, besides numerous portraits of saints. On second thought, however, he couldn't recall any pictures of dog saints. Well, if Pat O'Reilly couldn't go to Heaven, neither would Binkshop Vaile Tennant, Third. But of course there were dogs in Heaven. Why, there was the dog star!

BINKS was just about to put this conclusive bit of evidence before Lilian Anne, who was assembling her various possessions in leisurely preparation for starting home, when Pat O'Reilly, excited by these symptoms of action, began racing around, barking furiously and pulling at his master's coveralls. "Aw, c'mon," Binks knew he meant. "There's time for one more coast. C'mon, old top! Be a sport!"

A little guilty Binks decided to be a sport to the extent of one more coast.

The promontory of grassy bank on which the children had been sitting cut off all view of the highway from the side road until, after the mad dash down the hill, you came abruptly upon the intersection itself. It was Pat O'Reilly's responsibility (Turn to page 54)





## At such times take care Your safety requires the strict purity of Kotex



Because sanitary protection is so closely related to health,  
don't risk substitutes of doubtful hygienic value

**S**ANITARY protection is too closely related to your health . . . your personal ideals of cleanliness . . . to risk methods of whose hygienic safety you are uncertain.

Consider for a moment the infinite care with which Kotex is made. Hospital standards of cleanliness prevail, in every step of manufacture. Wonderful, modern machinery makes Kotex from start to finish.

### *Hospitals use Kotex*

And so Kotex comes to you immaculate, pure, almost surgically clean. It is the kind of sanitary protection you use with confidence and ease of mind. The widespread use of Kotex by hospitals is your assurance of its safety. Last year, more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals alone. Kotex fully meets their requirements.

No sanitary protection of lower standards should ever be used. True, substitutes sometimes cost a few cents less. You might be willing to sacrifice a little in comfort,

for this saving. But remember that the matter of health, too, is involved. And your own standards of personal immaculacy.

Before accepting a substitute for Kotex, consider these questions: "What do I know of this sanitary protection? What assurance have I that it's fit for such intimate, personal use? Who guarantees its cleanliness, through and through?"

### *Every refinement*

In addition to health protection, Kotex offers every refinement of comfort. Skilful shaping. Softness that lasts, because layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding distribute moisture scientifically. Kotex is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable.

Buy Kotex at any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, Chicago.

### IN HOSPITALS . . .

- 1 The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 2 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
- 3 *Kotex is soft* . . . Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 4 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 5 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12  
Kotex-Super-Size—65c for 12

### *The new Kotex Belt, 50¢*

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting. (U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

# KOTEX

SANITARY NAPKINS





## SERENITY

No doubt you have met her at tea or dinner... marveled at her charm, her true serenity. You may have wondered wherein lay the secret to such tranquil poise... and never thought to connect it in any way with financial security. • Not every woman is born to financial security—the great majority are not. But the modern woman seeks to build it for herself or to help her husband attain it for the family. She knows that the future cannot be cloudless without it. • One of the surest ways to attain financial security is to recognize that the fundamental aim of investment is well-secured income and that sound bonds are ideal for that purpose. Women, being naturally conservative, are quick to recognize this truth. • One-fifth of the customers of Halsey, Stuart & Co. are women—some of them making their own way in the business or professional world... others capable managers of the family finances... still others competently investing their estates. Each receives a service adapted to her particular needs... the problems of each are studied in accordance with the policy of "bonds to fit the investor." • We shall be pleased to send you a copy of our booklet, *Problems of the Woman Investor*. It discusses in clear, straightforward language the investment problems of women variously situated. Ask for booklet DL-71.

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BONDS TO FIT THE INVESTOR

to police the top of the mound, on the outlook for approaching vehicles, dashing importantly back and forth between the converging roads to warn his master if danger threatened.

NOW, as Binks trundled his coaster up the short, steep hill of the side road, Pat O'Reilly proudly took his post.

Binks poised, waiting for the word. Pat O'Reilly dashed across the bank, barking raucously, "Coast's clear. Come ahead." Then he trotted back to await future developments. A car had just come into view well up the main highway. Pat O'Reilly cocked a judicious head, and seemed to measure the distance. The car was a long way off. "Step on it, old timer," he signaled. "You'll make it all right." He quivered with the thrill of the race. But that car was gathering speed. Pat O'Reilly stared, hesitated, then galloped across the mound. Sharply he barked, "Wait! Car! He's too fast for you! Put on the brakes! Run into the bank! Do anything—only stop!"

Perhaps Binks could not hear for the rush of wind in his ears; perhaps his mind was still busy with conjectures about a Heaven where there were no Pat O'Reillys.

"Stop!" shrieked Pat O'Reilly. "Can't you hear? Stop!"

Down the hill, head erect, hair streaming, came a flying little figure. Down the main highway came a blue coupé, gaining speed with every turn of the wheel. Pat O'Reilly's voice grew strained and hoarse with terror. When Binks was some forty yards from the fork, Pat O'Reilly went suddenly into reverse. He dashed along the bank paralleling the course of the oncoming car, frantically hurling entreaties, threats, invective.

Perhaps if the driver of the coupé had not been filled with wonder at the vindictiveness of the small brown dog who hurled himself savagely against the mud-guards of his car just an instant before it reached the intersection, he might have seen the little red coaster that whirled in from the side road, directly across his path.

Lilian Anne shrieked once, then flung herself sobbing, face downward on the bank. Other cars appeared, apparently from nowhere. People got out and bent over something in the road; then straightened and talked in hushed tones. Some one picked up a limp little body, placed it in a sedan, and drove off down the highway. Someone else set the little red coaster gently to one side of the road. No one saw a small brown dog, lying in the ditch behind some shrubbery.

THE monster that had been tormenting Binks seemed to have gone away. Everything was very still and peaceful now. Without opening his eyes, Binks knew that he was lying on a soft couch. Sometime in the vague past, he dimly remembered, something had happened to him, abrupt and horrible.

But now, instead of a twisted mass of pain, heavy and sore and sickeningly weak, his body felt light and buoyant, like—why, a bird must feel this way! Tentatively Binks extended his arms, raised them, and lowered them. He was not at all surprised to feel that his body lifted ever so slightly, and floated above the couch, free as air, light as a feather, but much more alive and buoyant. Funny! He was floating on the air just as his father had taught him to float on the water at the beach last summer!

He couldn't remember just when he had opened his eyes; but now he realized that he was in the big, cool library on the first floor of his father's house. At the desk over by the French doors that opened upon the sloping lawn, a woman was sitting. She wore a stiff little white cap, and her back showed broad and white. A delightful plan occurred to Binks. He would float up to the very top of the tall mahogany book shelves, and call out to her from there.

"She will be s'prised," Binks thought as he glided upward, "cause she properly thinks I'm still in bed."

He glanced with tolerant superiority toward the couch he had so cleverly escaped; then he was surprised—so much so that he turned a somersault in the air and sat down abruptly on the wide marble mantelpiece.

"Why, who's that in my bed?" he shouted. The white-capped nurse must be deaf, for she did not even glance in his direction. Instead, she rose hastily, and crossing to the

## NO DOGS ALLOWED

Continued from page 52

couch, bent over the figure that lay there. Binks, too, bent over to peer at the figure. Then he almost fell off the mantelpiece. It couldn't be! How could he be lying down there, so straight and still and white, when quite obviously, he was sitting up here? But he was.

The nurse uttered an exclamation, and crossing quickly to the bell button by the hall door, touched it several times. It was Jenny who opened the door. Jenny's eyes were red and swollen.

"Get the doctor quickly," directed the nurse.

Almost immediately Dr. Ernschaw came in, Mrs. Bassett hurrying behind. Mrs. Bassett's eyes, too, were red.

The doctor bent over the figure on the bed; then he shook his head at the nurse.

"This is what I was afraid of," he said. He turned to Mrs. Bassett. "You've wired his father?"

"Doctor," Mrs. Bassett sounded choked and queer, "he's not—he's not—gone?" The figure on the bed was so very, very still. "It's all my fault," she burst out. "I knew he wasn't allowed to coast in the highway, but he was so—so little, the poor motherless lamb. I—I—"

All of a sudden it came back to Binks: Pat O'Reilly, barking furiously on the bank above him, a huge blue shape rushing down upon him, pain, hideous, twisting pain...

"I should have watched him more carefully. It's all my fault!" Mrs. Bassett was crying with funny, whooping little noises.

Binks forgot all those detested afternoon naps, forgot all those loathsome quarts of certified milk that he had gulped down under the compulsion of Mrs. Bassett's stern eye; he remembered only the times Mrs. Bassett had gathered him up in her comfortable arms and held him there very gently, when his bad leg hurt him or he was lonesome during one of his father's absences.

"It's all right, Mrs. Bassett," he called. "I'm not gone at all, I'm right here."

But they all continued to present unresponsive backs to him, the nurse and Dr. Ernschaw busy, murmuring together, over the still figure on the bed, Mrs. Bassett weeping noisily on the shoulder of Jenny, who had stolen in again. A great wave of loneliness swept over Binks. It was as if there were a solid wall between him and them. He might as well not be here at all.

"You must control yourself, Mrs. Bassett," the doctor said sternly over his shoulder. "We have not entirely given up hope, and we are doing everything we can. I suggest you go upstairs and rest until we call you."

"Come on, dearie," said Jenny.

Mrs. Bassett allowed Jenny to lead her from the room, but she continued to sob bitterly, "It's all my fault."

Binks' heart ached for her. Of course it wasn't really her fault. And Pat O'Reilly would properly be thinking it was his fault, too. Why—why, where was Pat O'Reilly?

Binks had never so much as had a toothache before that Pat O'Reilly had not managed to poke his whiskered nose into the room, either taking the door by storm between the very feet of an outraged nurse, or managing an entrance by cunning.

WHY, something terrible must have happened to Pat O'Reilly, too, or he would surely be here. *Pat O'Reilly must be—* Binks forgot all about Mrs. Bassett. *He must find Pat O'Reilly.* He shot down from the mantel and hurtled, headlong, through the open French doors.

Just outside the door a blast of fierce hot wind caught him up, snatching the breath

from his lips, and making him feel sick and giddy and helpless. He couldn't hear anything but the rushing of the wind. He only knew that he was being carried irresistibly out and up and up through measureless sweeps of dim, formless space. Then, quite as suddenly as it had come, the wind went away, and everything cleared up about him. He found himself standing alone on the top of a rosy cloud, outside lofty, pearly-white gates, through which he could see vast expanses of gold and azure.

Of course Binks knew at once where he was, and he began to look about for Pat O'Reilly.

The gates had been opened by a white-robed old gentleman with a long snowy beard and a very kind, if rather harassed expression. He had a great open book balanced on one arm, and a pen with beautiful long white feathers for a handle in the other hand. He looked so much like his pictures in the book at home that Binks beamed.

"I s'pose you're Saint Peter, aren't you?" he said politely. "I'm Binkshop Vaile Tennant, Third. And has—has Pat O'Reilly got here yet?"

SAINT Peter looked startled, and Binks' heart fell.

"Pat O'Reilly is my dog," he explained eagerly. "It's funny. I—I thought he'd be waiting for me at the gate."

Saint Peter looked still more startled.

"I'm very sorry," he said, "but there aren't any dogs around here."

For a moment Binks stared speechlessly. Could Lilian Anne be right about God—and dogs? He had to swallow twice before he managed to smile and say, with a carelessness assumed to bolster up his own confidence, "Oh, well, I guess properly he'll be along pretty soon. He—he follers me everywhere."

"Hm!" said Saint Peter; and again Binks' heart dropped.

Saint Peter was looking about him a little impatiently.

"Now what," he murmured, "can have become of that guardian angel of yours? I declare she's getting more irresponsible every day! Well, what would you like to do to amuse yourself until she gets back?"

Binks brightened. "Oh, I'd like to stay and talk to you till Pat O'Reilly gets here."

"Well," hesitated Saint Peter, "I'm really very busy just now." He tapped his nose with the plummy pen, frowning thoughtfully. "Now, I'll tell you—" he indicated a park across the street where a group of rosy-limbed boy and girl angels about Binks' age were flying in and out of a fleecy cloud bank and shouting with laughter—"how would you like to go and play with those children over there? They seem to be having a gorgeous time. I'll call one of them."

"Oh, please," said Binks quickly. Somehow he didn't feel like flying any more just now, not till Pat O'Reilly came, anyhow. "I b'lieve, if you don't mind, I'd like just to walk around alone for a little."

"Oh, all right," said Saint Peter absently—already he was busy with his book and pen—"but stay in the shade like a good boy, won't you?"

So Binks wandered a little disconsolately up and down wide golden streets. As he walked, he looked everywhere for Pat O'Reilly. It had occurred to him that of course Heaven must have back entrances and open windows. Smart old Pat O'Reilly had probably decided that it would be safer to try one of these.

There were a great many people about, all in white, with little gold crowns and fluffy white wings. They were all (Turn to page 56)

## 37 ways to serve Chicken

The whole  
family likes chicken —  
wouldn't you like to know  
new ways to serve it?  
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Coupon on page 88





Be Careful of Your Breath!

## **New discovery! Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash** **3 to 11\* times more powerful in killing germs than other** **leading mouth antiseptics!! Checks bad breath longer!!!**

**A** GAIN science discovers something new. This time a recent and sensational advance is made in the field of deadly bacteria. A revolutionary mouth wash has been developed that is 3 to 11\* times more powerful in killing germs than many other leading mouth antiseptics.

This is the unqualified and official opinion of great bacteriological laboratories, and of individual scientists who have made extensive tests with its new discovery.

### **From Pepsodent laboratories**

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats, immediately, the social evil of bad breath.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label

of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

### **Cleanses—purifies the mouth**

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than pure carbolic acid, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, safe and soothing.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time—that is far longer acting than many other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (*M. Aureus*) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record—we believe

faster than has previously been the standard for other mouth washes."

### **Checks bad breath**

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

### **At your druggist's—today**

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.



### **Consult Your Dentist, Physician**

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth; tooth decay; slight infections of nose and throat; excessive smoking. If after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.

\*Pepsodent Mouth Wash is highly antiseptic diluted with several parts of water. Hence it goes many times as far as many mouth washes which must be used **FULL STRENGTH** to be effective.

**COSTS MUCH LESS**

# **Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash**

*A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories*



# Let me tell you of this better way to remove hair

by

Mildred Hadley



Removing ugly superfluous hair—swiftly—easily—from the under-arms\*, fore-arms and legs is a problem many women find hard to solve . . . I, myself, had just about given up hope when I discovered DEL-A-TONE Cream.

You can imagine my delight in finding, at last, a cream that removes hair more quickly and more thoroughly than anything I had ever used.

Creamy white—DEL-A-TONE removes hair in 3 minutes or less. Faintly fragrant—it is just as easy to use as cold cream and leaves your skin clean, smooth and white.

## DEL-A-TONE

The White Cream Hair-remover

—now comes in two sizes

50c New . . . . . Larger \$1

Soon as you try DEL-A-TONE you'll understand why, after using, women say,

"Now. . . I can stand the public gaze"

Del-a-tone has attained wide popularity on real merit alone. No extravagant, exaggerated advertising claims have ever been made. Superior quality is the reason for asking you to try it and to guarantee that your money will be cheerfully refunded if you are not satisfied.

\*Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor

### Here's the triple-proof of Del-a-tone's superiority:



- 1 Your eyes will tell you—because you can see how creamy-white it is.
- 2 Your nose will tell you, for Del-a-tone hasn't any of that over-powering, offensive odor of ordinary depilatories.
- 3 Your skin will tell you (after you have rinsed off the Del-a-tone and along with it, the ugly fuzz) for it will have an alluring petal-smoothness.

Del-a-tone Cream, 50c and \$1 (also Del-a-tone Powder, \$1 size only) at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper. Money back if desired. (Trial tube, 10c—use coupon below.) Write Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co., (Est. 1908) The Delatone Bldg., Dept. 67, 233 East Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company  
Dept. 67, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous tube of Del-a-tone Cream for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....  
Street.....  
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Clip and Mail TODAY

## NO DOGS ALLOWED

Continued from page 54

very nice to Binks when he stopped them to inquire, but no one had seen Pat O'Reilly, and they were all very busy about their own affairs, except one bustling, stout lady angel, who put down a huge harp to straighten his tie and smooth back his hair.

"It's funny," he hazarded a little breathlessly, "but I don't see any dogs around here."

"Well, I wouldn't worry my head about that if I were you, dearie," said the stout lady angel. She felt his forehead and changed the subject with suspicious abruptness. "Dear me, you must have been playing too hard. Mark my words, you'll have a temperature if you aren't careful. Now wouldn't you like to come with me and have a nice glass of milk and a nap?"

"Oh, no, thank you," he said, and went along very quickly, looking for Pat O'Reilly and asking more questions.

SUDDENLY he stood still. If he could only find God, of course He would know all about Pat O'Reilly.

Binks hurried back to the pearly gates. "Oh, it's you, is it?" murmured Saint Peter. "I began to think you were lost."

"I believe," observed Binks, "if you'll tell me where God's house is, I'll go talk to Him. I bet He knows where Pat O'Reilly is."

Saint Peter looked up again in a dazed way, as if he had already forgotten Binks' existence. Then he put his pen behind his ear and looked at Binks over his glasses.

"God," he said very gravely, "is everywhere."

"Oh," said Binks, and looked hopefully about him.

"But," went on Saint Peter, "no one of us has ever seen Him. His radiance would be too much even for our eyes. We know that He is here, and that is enough."

Never had God seemed quite so mysterious and inaccessible and Binks, himself, so very small and unimportant. He glanced at Saint Peter's bowed head and cleared his throat.

"I don't properly s'pose," he began, "that you have any idea why Pat O'Reilly hasn't come yet?"

"Well, no. I haven't," said Saint Peter.

"I've been wondering," Binks began again after a long silence, during which he was busy with many thoughts, "how you get your robes off over your wings." A little general conversation might help to engage Saint Peter's attention.

But Saint Peter seemed not to hear this at all, and again Binks was thrown back upon his own thoughts.

"I was just wondering," said Binks in a small, small voice, "it isn't—it isn't true, is it—that God doesn't want dogs in Heaven?"

"Upon my word," said Saint Peter, "you ask more questions than any little boy I ever knew. As you ought to see, I am very busy, and there are more souls coming now. You—"

"Oh, all right," said Binks hastily, "but can I stay here and see if Pat O'Reilly comes?"

"You may stay," answered Saint Peter very, very patiently, "if you won't ask any more questions for ten minutes."

"Oh, all right," said Binks again. There was a bank of flowers just inside the gates; he sat down on it and clasped his hands about his knees. Presently he coughed deprecatingly. "There's—there's just one more thing," he almost whispered. "How am I going to know when it's ten minutes?"

Saint Peter sighed and passed a hand wearily over his brow.

"I will tell you," he said.

It was a very long ten minutes. Binks must have drowsed. Awakening to a murmur of voices, he lay listening sleepily with his eyes shut.

"THERE'S that noise outside again," breathed one voice. It was a very soft voice. You knew at once that it belonged to a golden-haired lady angel with a lovely smile. "What can it be?"

"It sounds—why, it really sounds like a dog, doesn't it?" said another voice, a brisk, business-like voice.

"I believe in my soul it is!" That sounded like the stout lady angel who had talked about milk and naps. "Why, it can't be—oh, poor creature! He must have crawled all the way up here on those broken hind legs."

"Oh, I hadn't heard. Was the dog struck, too?" asked the soft voice pitifully.

"They found him in a ditch, hours after the—the accident." The stout lady angel choked and blew her nose. "We did what we could for him; then we put him in the shelter down by the side entrance. It doesn't seem possible—"

"Well, he'll have to go right back there, if I'm to be responsible for this child." That crisp voice, Binks decided, must belong to his truant guardian angel.

"But that would be a little cruel, wouldn't it?" objected the soft-voiced angel. "After he's dragged himself all the way here?"

"And this poor lamb crying out for him every few minutes for the past three hours," protested the stout lady angel.

Binks could hear the sounds now, outside somewhere; a feeble scratching and a series of faint whines, mounting to a shrill crescendo of yelps. It was Pat O'Reilly. It was Pat O'Reilly! It was Pat O'Reilly!

"Well, it does seem hard," agreed the guardian angel. "But you see my position? I shouldn't dare let him stay. There! You see—" Binks was struggling to speak and open his eyes, but all his members were held in nightmare bonds—"you see? He's stirring now, and he should have perfect rest for hours."

The yelps outside grew more insistent. "Will you call someone to take that dog away, or must I do it myself?" demanded the guardian angel.

"What is all this noise? We can't have this, you know." That was Saint Peter coming up in a great hurry. "Bless my soul! It must be that dog he's been talking about all afternoon."

"I've been trying to tell them that he must be sent away or we can't be responsible for the consequences," said Binks' guardian angel hastily.

"Well, mark my words, you send that dog away now, and the poor creature'll die of a broken heart. And I—" the stout lady angel seemed to be breathing hard—"I wouldn't like to be responsible for the consequences of that when this poor lamb misses him."

The frantic scratching and barking continued.

"Well, I must confess," said Saint Peter, "in all my experience this is one emergency I've never been called upon to deal with. I must insist—" But another voice broke in. It was not a loud voice, yet it seemed to Binks to fill all Heaven with its authority, with its ring of understanding and compassion.

"Of course Pat O'Reilly must come in," said the voice.

Binks got his eyes half open, only to have to shut them against the blinding radiance all about him. He stopped struggling to open his eyes and listened. Now Saint Peter was talking again.

"I didn't tell you before," he said, "but this child is with us only by a miracle. There was a time this afternoon when I was sure we had lost him. Now the least excitement . . ."

"WE'LL lose him if anything happens to Pat O'Reilly. You don't understand. Nothing in Heaven or earth matters quite so much to the boy as this dog. Bring Pat O'Reilly in at once."

Something warm was by Binks' side, something whimpering and quivering with eagerness. A cool nose and a wet tongue touched his arm. Then again everything was still.

"You see," said the compassionate voice, "he knows he must be quiet, don't you, Pat, old man?"

When Binks finally was able to open his eyes, the blinding radiance had subsided. Why—God must have gone! Saint Peter was gone, too. Heaven was gone. But beside him lay Pat O'Reilly, his wise, bright little eyes never leaving his master's face. Binks was back on the couch in his father's library as if he had never been away. Over by the window his father was talking to a uniformed nurse, and by his side Mrs. Olmsted's golden head gleamed above a white gown.

"That's funny," said Binks drowsily. He considered, frowning. "Well, anyhow, you can tell Lilian Anne she's all wrong—about God I mean. He's not—like that."

"Of course He's not," said Lilian Anne's mother.



This summer,  
keep the family  
together by  
telephone!

"Now lift Betsy up to the telephone, dear. . . Hello, honey. Dad's sort of lonely for you. . . Well, just keep on splashing and you'll learn to swim!"

SUMMER often scatters the family far and wide. Junior's away at a boy's camp. Mother and the twins are at seashore or lakeside. Dad holds the fort at home and slips away week-ends.

But all of the family are likely to miss each other sometimes. Then there's nothing so satisfying as a telephone call. Today, you can talk as easily and clearly across the country as across the street. It's inexpensive too.

To most places 25 miles away, the station-to-station day rate is about 25 cents; 40 miles away, 35 cents; 75 miles, 50 cents; 150 miles, 80 cents. Many rates are even lower during evening and night periods.







# "I've shipped on a South Sea Tramp"

—says *Chesterfield*



*yet* you'll find me just around the corner"

It's a small matter where you meet up with Chesterfield. The point is —get acquainted! You'll find the change to Chesterfield a real change...one which your palate will thank you for! Chesterfield uses choicer and milder tobaccos—nothing else; and so blends and "cross-blends" them that you get just what you want in a smoke . . . *greater mildness and better taste.*

*Chesterfield*



*They satisfy  
—that's why!*



★

# THE Beautiful Finish of the Ford

## IS Made to Last

**Many coats are used to give a mirror-like sheen to Ford bodies. Rustless Steel is another reason for enduring beauty**

WHEN you buy the Ford you buy enduring beauty.

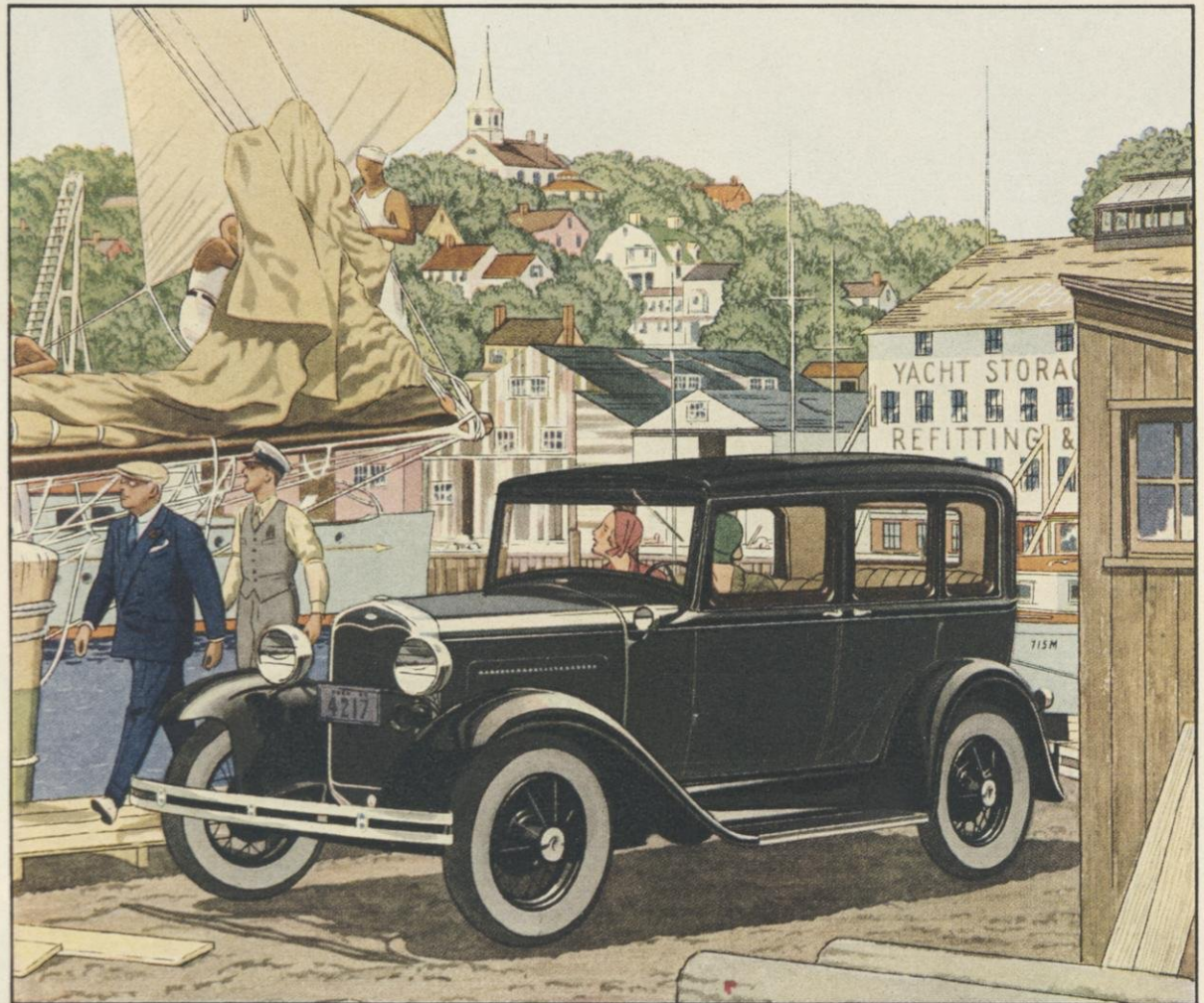
As you drive it from the showrooms for the first time you will have a feeling of pride in the glistening sheen of its body finish and the bright silvery luster of its exposed metal parts. With reasonable care you can maintain that good appearance for a long period.

Months of constant service will put many thousands of miles on the speedometer, yet you will not think of it as an old car, nor will your friends. And when the time comes to trade it in, you will find that the lasting beauty of its finish is a factor in re-sale value.

There are definite reasons why time and weather are kind to the Ford car. First is the body finish, with its primer coat, two surfacer coats, two double coats of pyroxylin lacquer, finish solvent coat, polishing and buffing. Through long experience, the Ford Motor Company has found the way to make a body finish that will stand up under varying weather conditions in every part of the world—through the heat of summer and the cold of winter.

Another important reason for the enduring beauty of the Ford is the use of Rustless Steel for the radiator shell, head lamps, hub caps, cowl finish strip, gasoline tank cap, radiator cap, door handles and rear lamp.

This remarkable metal will not rust, corrode or tarnish under the severest weather conditions. It never needs polishing. All it requires is wiping with a damp cloth as you wipe the windshield. Its gleaming luster is never lost. There is no plate to scale or chip off because it is the same bright metal all the way through. And it is exceptionally difficult to dent because it has twice the strength of ordinary steel.



### A Beautiful New Ford Body

From all over the country come enthusiastic comments about the new Ford Town Sedan introduced but a few weeks ago. Motorists everywhere have been quick to note and appreciate the richness of its appointments and new features of comfort and convenience.

The body of the new Ford Town Sedan is longer and wider. Seats are newly designed, more luxurious and restful. Front or rear—wherever you ride—you travel in real comfort in this beautiful, roomy car.

See it—sit in it—ride in it—and you will know that it is an outstanding example of high quality at low cost. A choice of upholstery and body colors is offered.

Before Rustless Steel was adopted by the Ford Motor Company it was put through many severe tests. In one test, samples were subjected to a salt spray for four hundred hours, or the equivalent of forty years' service. There was not the slightest suggestion of tarnish, rust or corrosion. Seventy-six acids, alkalis, etc., likewise failed to dim its brilliance.

In a further effort to prevent rust, the Ford Motor Company is now treating the wheels, fenders, running boards, running board shields and front splash pans with Bonderite before they are enameled. If the enamel is scratched sufficiently to expose the raw steel, this new treatment will help to stop rust from spreading and causing the enamel to peel.

The careful finish of the Ford, the Rustless Steel, and the Bonderizing process add a considerable amount to the cost of manufacturing, yet the cost of the car itself remains low. These outstanding features, like so many others, are made possible by the Ford low-profit policy. Every purchaser shares the benefits of large production and the efficiency and economy of Ford methods. The first cost of the Ford is low and you can purchase on convenient, economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.



## MEN WHO MADE AMERICA

Continued from page 12

Washington's name, despite many attacks, has not been dimmed. One of our greatest American historians, a man whose critical judgment was based on historical research, Richard Hildreth, flourishing eighty years ago, was himself weary of seeing our national heroes plastered with indiscriminate adulation. He therefore set out in his "History of the United States" to tell the unvarnished truth. He had in his temperament the right combination for a historian; the love of truth with the ability to tell it. He said that Washington, at times enraged beyond endurance by misrepresentation and abuse, would rise from his chair and pour out a torrent of profanity that seemed to give him temporary relief. He admits plainly that the mind of Washington was neither profound nor subtle; he was not a scholar like Jefferson, an authority on public finance like Hamilton, or a philosopher and man of science like Franklin. The flame of some other men's reputation burns in history with a larger flare, but none burns so steady and serene.

Despite his intellectual limitations, Washington was the right man to be in control of the Colonial armies, and the right man to be the first President of what was then an experimental republic. Why? Because he possessed his mind in patience; because he had unlimited courage; because his natural sagacity was strengthened by experience; above all, *because he was unselfish.*

It was more difficult for Washington to be patient and unselfish than it was for Lincoln; for Washington was by nature, training, and environment, an aristocrat. Inwardly he must have felt superior to many of his associates; but he had a genius for cooperation, one of the most important qualities of statesmanship. During the Revolutionary War, he had not only to face and outwit and conquer the British; he had as brother generals, Gates, a man of inordinate conceit and puffy importance, Charles Lee, who was a near-traitor, and Benedict Arnold, who was a complete traitor.

He had, as many a good general has had, a difficult Congress on his hands; he was tested by Valley Forge, tested by American hostility, tested later by a popular uprising in support of Citizen Genet. He met every test; if he had been more subtle or more of a philosopher, he might have failed, in which case we should have failed with him.

The fact is, he was not sufficiently clever to look out for his own interests. He was a plain man who did his duty.

America has been fortunate in having many excellent Presidents. I believe our Chief Executives will compare favorably with the average of any other nation. But among these stars, two and two alone are of the first magnitude—Washington and Lincoln. It is a disservice to any other President to name him third.

**WHAT** is it, that with so many limitations, makes Washington and Lincoln supreme? It is because their devotion to their country had no taint of egotism. Of course they were ambitious; but they overcame the most dangerous of all intoxications, the intoxication of power.

Power ruined Napoleon, who was a greater general than Washington, and a greater statesman than Lincoln. If you compare the portrait of Napoleon, when as a young man he conducted the Italian campaign,

with his portrait as Emperor, we see what supreme power did to him. His youthful face is that of an idealist; his face in full maturity is almost degenerate.

The differences between Washington and Lincoln were striking. Washington had little humor, Lincoln was a humorist. Washington was a Virginia aristocrat, Lincoln a man of the soil. But they were alike in being trustworthy; the United States of America was safer in their keeping than in any other hands.

**ONE** American whose greatness was fully recognized even in his own day and who has never suffered from depreciation, is Benjamin Franklin. Matthew Arnold said he was the greatest of Americans; I suspect he had more natural genius than any other person in our history. He was a truly civilized man; far ahead of most men of today. He was the incarnation of the wisdom of this world; and he had the tolerance, charity, and broad outlook of the true humorist. No man ever combined to so high a degree the severity of logic with the charm of persuasiveness. He did not pretend to be an orator; but as a diplomat and a committee-man, his supremacy was so obvious that no one who met him had any doubt about it; and he met the best minds in England, France, and America. What a man! If he had been living

in 1911-1920, the history of the world would have been different.

In the twentieth century, we have had two Presidents who may accurately be called both great men and heroes, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson.

They hated each other as only such men can hate; this was no family quarrel, like that between Taft and Roosevelt, which was fully made up before Roosevelt's death; even during their hostility, they really loved each other, though perhaps they did not know it.

Roosevelt and Wilson had an unyielding quality that made friendship and mutual admiration impossible. They were tremendous personalities. Wilson had a one-track mind, with all the defects of its qualities. Roosevelt's mind took a vast number of tracks, but each one seemed to him at the time absolutely straight. They were alike in being highly educated; and perhaps it is not too fanciful to suggest that they differed as Harvard and Princeton differed.

As literary critics, they would have been ideally bad. A literary critic, no matter how strong his convictions, must be filled with intellectual sympathy to understand views that may seem to him abhorrent. As Pope said,

*"A perfect judge will read each work of wit  
In the same spirit that its author writ."*

No one can imagine either Roosevelt or Wilson reading any book—and they were both great readers—except in the light of their own principles and prejudices. For they had this in common; they really believed that persons who differed sharply from them on any important matter must be both intellectually inferior and morally oblique.

Roosevelt was a consummate politician; Wilson was not. Roosevelt was immensely genial; many loved him for his faults. Wilson was not genial, and had a capacity for enraging his associates.

Many believe today that Roosevelt's fame is fading; I do not agree. I advise anyone who thinks so to read the latest volume in Mark Sullivan's admirable history of our times, called "Pre-War" (Turn to page 60)

CAREFREE AND COMFORTABLE



## SAFE FROM PAINFUL SUNBURN

**A** WOMAN used to have three choices: she could spend the summer days indoors, she could venture forth beneath parasols, veils and a mask of face cream, or she could go right out and have some fun—at the price of a painful sunburn and a badly coarsened skin. But *that's* all a thing of the past! For now there is a pleasant, comfortable way to enjoy summer sunlight without burning.

Dorothy Gray has perfected a creamy, delicately scented liquid called Sunburn Cream, which prevents sunburn by absorbing the burning part of the ultra-violet ray. You simply apply Sunburn Cream to all exposed parts of your skin, and then go out and enjoy yourself. The sun won't burn you, and you won't feel conscious of the Sunburn Cream on your skin—it is not sticky, nor greasy, nor will it spoil the clothes it touches.

Unlike a garment or a thick cream, Sunburn Cream does not shut off all the sun; rather it "filters out the burn" while letting the beneficial sunlight reach your skin. It is ideal for children—while our spies inform us that the smart blue and white Dorothy Gray bottle (bow removed) is frequently seen in scornfully masculine locker rooms. All good shops carry Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream. \$2.00.

## DOROTHY GRAY

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## Dogs

We can't seem to hide them between the covers of a magazine, although sometimes we'd like to try! However, we can tell you how to feed and train dogs, help you select one, guide you in caring for all their doggy ailments. Send today for the new Delineator Institute booklet No. 56 about  
**DOGS** .....25c

Coupon on page 88





BILLIE BURKE. As this recent photograph shows, the years have only increased her irresistible appeal! This year she has added to her long list of stage triumphs, "The Truth Game."

# "I am 39!" says BILLIE BURKE

*Famous stage Beauty  
declares no woman needs  
look her age*

"I REALLY am 39 years old!" says Billie Burke. "And I don't see why any woman should look her age."

"We on the stage, of course, *must* keep our youthful freshness. Youth always has irresistible attraction—it wins and holds the public as nothing else can."

"So one must be wise enough to keep this charm right through the years. To do this it is important above everything else to guard complexion beauty—keep one's skin temptingly fresh and smooth."

"For years I have used Lux Toilet

Soap regularly. Its lather is beautifully smooth and so delicately fragrant. And it leaves my skin amazingly clear and soft."

At 39 Billie Burke has just signed up for a series of motion pictures in Hollywood! What a tribute to her youthful freshness!

## 9 out of 10 Stars use it

She will find the Hollywood actresses, like the stage stars, are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. Actually 605 of the 613 important ones use this fragrant white soap to guard complexion beauty—*regularly!* It has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

Surely *your* skin should have the protection of this gentle care!

# LUX Toilet Soap 10¢

## MEN WHO MADE AMERICA

Continued from page 59

America." He will see what a big part Roosevelt played in American history, and how great was his capacity for playing it.

Had Roosevelt not run for President in 1912, he would have been the greatest private citizen in the world, and perhaps nothing could have prevented his nomination in 1916. I will not say he was actuated by selfish motives; but I am sure neither Washington nor Lincoln would have made that fatal error. Yet neither Washington nor Lincoln had a mind that compared in richness with that of Roosevelt. I remember at that time Roosevelt's saying "I believe in Democracy; but Democracy must have a leader." The remark is significant.

BUT I also believe that out of Roosevelt's administration as President came a wave of reform in politics and in business affairs that lifted the whole country on to a higher plane. Things were done by respectable men in business in 1900 that could not be done today.

Tact is not the same thing as genius; but if Wilson had possessed a tithe of the tact of King Edward VII, the world would now be better off. He was so sure he was right there was no room for the adjustment that comes through tact. Had he not gone to Europe, or had he taken with him some leading Republicans as well as Democrats, had he not

made that tour of speeches after his return, had he not advised every one to vote only for Democratic congressmen—he would himself in all probability have been living at this moment, and the United States might be in the League of Nations.

When he went to Europe he was greeted as the saviour of the world. No American ever had such a spontaneous adoring welcome. "Here comes the man who will save us all!" He came, saw, and was conquered.

Mr. Spender, the distinguished British journalist, says that Wilson should have been more conciliatory in America with the Senate, and less conciliatory at the Peace Conference in Paris. Perhaps that sums it up as well as any phrase. For, rightly or wrongly, Wilson suffered a fearful collapse. From an apotheosis he descended to the level of well-meaning futility.

The world is old and selfish and worldly wise, and only one person in history has ever overcome it; Wilson was not the man. Yet he had a great mind and a noble character—he was like a magnificent machine with no lubricating oil.

No one can say what his position in the future will be; but those, who, like me, believe more in his ideals than in his methods of attaining them, believe that his stature is going to increase rather than diminish.

## FIREFLIES AND THE YELLOW MOON

Continued from page 21

"Nanette!" There was irritation in the voice of Mrs. Trask. "I called you three times!"

"I'm sorry, mother. I didn't hear."

"François tells me that when he served the little bird—a truly delicious dish—that you got up hastily and left the table. The poor fellow is upset at what, if his account is true, I might call your rudeness."

"I have told you why I left the table, mother. The bird was so like—so like—"

"Don't say silly things!" interrupted Mrs. Trask. "You are talking like a baby! You must pull yourself together! Last evening you puzzled Mr. Semper. You know well that he is Richard's confidential secretary, and, although he came over to see to the chartering of the yacht, he is also watchful regarding other matters. He cables Richard daily at great length. When he spoke to you last evening about the arrangements he had made for the cruise you didn't listen."

"I know, mother. I couldn't get interested."

Mrs. Mannington Trask viciously wiped a morsel of endive from her lips. "You—you must change your manner!" she cried. "Think of what Richard is doing to please you! He is willing to tear himself away from Wall Street, at what Mr. Semper assures me is a most critical moment, to come over here for the marriage and take you on a yachting cruise around the Mediterranean! It is inconceivable that you should—*Entrez!* Oh, François! How kind you are! *Tartelettes amandines!* This little cold of mine makes me so hungry."

Nanette shut out the fatuous talk between her mother and the waiter by watching the sea with half-closed eyes. They were there again. Quite plainly she saw them. It was extraordinary. The little white houses with their short legs! And the orange trees and the ghostly palms!

The waiter retired. Mrs. Trask, busy on the *tartelettes*, was thinking up a hot attack on her daughter when there came another knock at the door. Mr. Semper, confidential secretary to Nanette's fiancé, begged permission to enter.

A strange man was this Semper. A fine acolyte of Mammon. Never did he aspire to the priestly garments of those who stand before the altar of the god of gold. Never. Content was he to make responses, to pass up the price lists, market gossip, tape tattle, and cipher messages to those whose clever brains performed the marvelous mystery of turning these worthless things into gold.

He shuffled across the room to Nanette.

His pale claw-like hands held a cablegram.

"I am pleased to inform you," he murmured, bowing before the girl, "that Mr. Krempel has embarked. He changed his plans at the last moment and took passage on the *Leviathan*. He will be at your side within nine days."

The words "be at your side" startled Nanette. There came from her a little "Oh!" that suggested fear.

Mrs. Mannington Trask made an effort to make up for the lack of emotion shown by Nanette. "How delightful!" she cried. "So romantic of him to change his boat!"

The wretched Semper agreed with her. He started to talk excitedly to Mrs. Trask. Nanette, listening vaguely, heard the words "enormous deals", "large affairs", "break in the market", "close touch with his brokers." Mrs. Trask lapped it up. She loved all the blather of the secretary as he told of the importance of her son-in-law to be. What a person she had found in this Richard Krempel! What a man! And Nanette didn't appreciate the great hunting feat performed by her mother! Out of the darkest depths of the club jungles, where the very cunning bachelors took shelter from hunting mothers, she had dragged a great capitalist!

NANETTE excused herself. She said she wished to take a walk. Mrs. Trask made objections. The Carnival spirit was on the town, young men were inclined to be a little too gallant to a pretty girl. It might be better if Nanette had a companion. Mr. Semper would be willing.

"No, no, no!" cried the girl. "I—I wish to be alone!"

The Carnival spirit was in the air. It throbbed about Nanette as she walked down the Promenade to the Jardin Albert I. Flags, strung lights, wooden shields with the gilded and intertwined "R. F." of the French Republic. In nine days they would burn the great wood-and-plaster figure of the King of Pleasure. This little season of mad gaiety was the last before Lent. And in nine days Richard Krempel would be at Nice!

It threaded the air, that tune. *Tum-tum, tum-tee-tum, tum-tum!* It beat against her ears. It brought fear. Her mind slipped phrases into the continuous throb of the thing. Interlarding it. *Tum-tum*, (Nanette is glum), *tum-tee-tum* (Richard will come! joy will be numb), *Tum-tum!*

She wished to escape the tune. Near the Casino de la Jetée she took a closed car. "Par la Grande Corniche jusqu'à Eze," she commanded.

(Turn to page 62)



# MODESS VACATION SPECIAL

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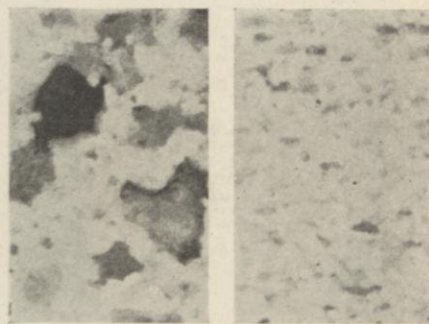
It depends upon your baking powder. You can follow all the rules for perfect cake making . . . and beat the batter till your arm aches. But, if you've used cheap, ordinary baking powder, you'll still have air holes in your cake.

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In one cake they used Royal . . . in the other, a cheap, ordinary baking powder. Compare the results yourself—in the photographs above.

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■ (Left) Actual photograph (magnified) of a cake made with cheap, ordinary baking powder. Notice the large "air holes" that allow the moisture to escape so that the cake quickly grows stale.

■ (Right) Actual photograph (magnified) of a cake made with Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. Notice the fine even texture that retains the moisture and keeps the cake fresh for days.

der. In a few hours the moisture escaped through these holes . . . the cake quickly grew stak and flavorless.

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## FIREFLIES AND THE YELLOW MOON

Continued from page 60

The song followed her along the Quai des États-Unis where fisher boys and fisher girls were mending their nets. It fatigued her. There was something a little barbaric about the rhythm. It sapped energy; it killed the power to fight back.

Her mother had the tom-tom quality of argument. She would say the same thing over and over again. "François is a nice waiter." Nanette knew that François was a horrid waiter, but she had difficulty in thinking him horrid after Mrs. Trask had repeated her phrase half a dozen times. Again with Richard Krempel. What a tom-tom barrage her mother had put up about Richard! Killing off all Nanette's criticisms as she thrust them forward. "How sweet Richard is! What a fine man!" *How sweet Richard is! What a fine man!* Endlessly!

Beyond the little Port of Nice, Nanette managed to free her mind from the Carnival chant. The car climbed. Up and up. She lay back and looked toward Africa. Half closed eyes brought visions. Tiny white houses and the orange trees. Fireflies and the yellow moon . . .

There was enchantment in a tiny white house. She pictured one. Small, so small. Blazing white. Little green lizards with jeweled heads stalking flies. One couldn't have green lizards in an apartment house on Park Avenue. And the beaten earth in the yard. Padded and polished by the bare feet of black servants. Lazy black servants who loved to sit in the sun and laugh. And the orange trees with lumps of shining gold tied to their branches.

The vision became awfully clear. She saw herself sitting in front of the white house. Around the corner from the cluster of orange trees a man was coming. A tall man with a tanned face. He was saying something. She struggled to catch the words. "If you had not answered the letter I sent you from Marseilles I would not have known that you were on the Riviera all set to marry Richard the Great, the Bear Killer of Wall Street."

**S**HE came out of her dream with a little start of terror. She hadn't answered the letter! Her mother would not permit her to answer it.

"Eze, mademoiselle," announced the chauffeur.

"I think I was asleep," she murmured.

Nanette asked the youth to wait for her. She walked to a point where the sea lay like a blue plain half a mile beneath her. Here the wandering Phœnicians had built their altar to the goddess Isis. The name of the goddess, corrupted a little in the two thousand years that intervened, persisted in the word Eze.

A fine place to sit and dream. It was curious how that man in the vision had believed she had answered his letter. Four weeks ago he had written from the Port of Marseilles. He had said that he was crawling around the Mediterranean in a little sloop. She had showed the letter to her mother.

"He is rather impertinent," Mrs. Trask had remarked. "He always was. I recall how he painted your name on his boat at 'Sconset.'"

"But I gave him permission."

"You were too young to understand," snapped Mrs. Trask.

On the glorious headland where brown-skinned Phœnicians had once offered up their prayers to the goddess of the earth and its fruits, of the Nile, and the sea, and of love, healing and magic, Nanette Trask thought about the afternoon when she had watched Jack Clinton paint her name on the bow of his boat at far-away 'Sconset. He had done it with such care. He had a pot of blue paint, and he stroked and stroked the letters with a soft brush as if he thought them alive . . .

The young chauffeur climbed up the rocks. He was afraid something had happened to her. He had waited two hours. Nanette rose and followed him back to the car.

"I was dreaming," she said. "Do you dream?"

"Sometimes," he answered, blushing a little at the question. "Not while I am driving. But after. I am to be married in three days. Just before Lent, you know."

Nanette questioned him. He was marrying a girl of eighteen, a *vendeuse* in the Galeries Lafayette of Nice. She would continue to work. They would live in the Old Town.

He had rented a little apartment of three rooms above a carpenter's shop. He said that the odor of pine shavings coming up from the shop perfumed the little flat.

**S**EMPER had received another message from Richard Krempel when Nanette reached the hotel. Sent out from the ship, it simply recorded the fact that he was a few hundred miles nearer Europe. The girl pictured her fiancé shouldering his way into the cabin of the wireless operator. Dictating messages that cracked the walls of financial institutions. That was the best of tiny white houses. Couldn't upset them with cablegrams. That was why green lizards lived in the chinks. The lizards knew.

At dinner there came another cable. It just stated that all was well. Evidently the *Leviathan* was standing up under the honor thrust upon it. Not losing its head and rushing down to Rio, but plugging straight for Europe.

Thoughts of the chauffeur and his little girl came to Nanette during the evening. It was fine for them to have a flat scented with the pine shavings from the carpenter's shop. Jack Clinton once told her that he had lived in a room in Tangier that was situated above a café in which native girls danced. He said that the odor of musk came up to him in the hot nights and troubled his sleep. Musk was troubling to the mind, but pine shavings were sweet and clean.

In her dreams that night Nanette saw flocks of little birds flying across a purple sky. Each bird carried a bed of toast tied to its leg, and a little green coverlet made out of chopped chives. And she thought she saw Richard Krempel shooting at them . . .

A rustling noise at the door aroused her. It was broad daylight. Someone was pushing an envelop beneath the door. The voice of the wretched Semper came to her. "Cable for you, Miss Trask."

She let it lie there. She drew the clothes up over her head and peered at it with one eye. There was something a little upsetting about this much-heralded approach of Richard. It created a feeling of uneasiness.

An hour later she read it. Mr. Richard Krempel was quite well. The *Leviathan* was still heading for Cherbourg. Good old *Leviathan*. Wouldn't lose her figure-head. Nanette laughed.

After breakfast Semper made a report regarding the yacht. It was the *Deerhound*, a very smart vessel belonging to a Scottish earl who had jumped at the opportunity of turning it over to an American millionaire for a two months' cruise. It was in the port at Cannes and would be brought over to Nice the day before the marriage ceremony.

"It is a magnificent vessel," murmured Semper. "I have examined every inch." Nanette walked away from him while he was still chattering of the appointments.

The girl strolled through the Rue Paradis in whose little shops were many small treasures. She found a curious silver necklace of antique design. It was priced at a hundred francs. Nanette bought it.

With the little box in her hand she hurried down to the cab rank near the Casino de la Jetée. The young chauffeur was there, his eyes full of dreams.

"I thought," said Nanette, as she thrust the necklace into his hands, "that you would like to give this to your young lady."

The youth choked. He could not express his thanks. Nanette hurried away from him.

**T**HE vision of the little three-room apartment over the shop of the carpenter led her steps to the Old Town. There was an atmosphere of great peace there. The buildings were old, the streets narrow, there was no possibility of meeting Semper, or her mother.

Nanette thought she would not return to the hotel for *déjeuner*. She detested the fat François who served her with such pomp. In the Rue de la Prefecture, the little street in which Paganini died, she found a small restaurant that had a bill of fare essentially *Niçois*. She sent a messenger with a note to her mother and entered the little eating-house. The price of lunch, *vin compris*, was ten francs, and the pint bottle of *vin ordinaire* placed before Nanette made her thoughts again turn to that poetic broom of Masefield's.

(Turn to page 65)



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# CAMELS



FIREFLIES AND THE YELLOW MOON

Continued from page 62

She was a little sorry that she hadn't answered Jack Clinton's letter. He and his old sailor were somewhere on the Mediterranean, the wind souging in the sail. She thought it would be a nice crimson sail with little patches in it.

Perhaps Jack Clinton was going back to Tangier where he once lived in the room above a café from which the odor of musk rose continuously. That was really living. She, Nanette, would never have a chance to live in a room over a café from which strange intoxicating odors came up. Not if her mother and Richard Krempel could prevent it.

The Carnival tune beat at the ears of Nanette as she came up into the modern town. It was surely connected with the coming of Richard. That tum-tum was a little frightening. It told of the approach of something ponderous, something that would sit on one's shoulders and crush them with its weight. She was a little depressed when she reached the hotel.

Mrs. Mannington Trask was much annoyed when she heard of the lunch in the Old Town. Germs, dirty forks, cooking utensils! Odors from the street.

"Paganini lived in that street," said Nanette.

"Paganini?" cried Mrs. Trask. "What has that got to do with it?"

"Well, he must have eaten somewhere round about," said the girl. After a pause during which Mrs. Trask stared in amazement at her daughter, the latter added: "Jack Clinton told me that he lived for months above a café in Tangier and ate all his meals at open stalls along the street. And he looked awfully healthy, didn't he?"

Mrs. Mannington Trask was speechless. She was afraid of what might happen in the few days that intervened between that moment and the arrival of Richard Krempel.

THE *Leviathan* kept her head. Richard wired from Cherbourg. He had descended upon the soil of France. He was moving on Paris.

At Nice workers in a shed were putting the finishing touches on the huge figure of lath and plaster, the sprawling monarch who would be dragged through the street and finally burned to signify the end of pleasure. Tum-tum, tum-tee-tum, tum-tum.

Nanette found it difficult to see the tiny white houses on the blue plain that stretched away to Africa. The landing of Richard had frightened the little goblin things that the girl had glimpsed at odd moments. They knew well that the great Mr. Krempel wouldn't like houses in the chinks of which lived little green lizards with jeweled heads. Jack Clinton would like them.

Semper, looking very proud, brought a copy of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald-Tribune* to Nanette on the day following the arrival of Richard. Semper had marked a paragraph. It ran:

"From the *Leviathan* landed Mr. Richard Krempel, the well-known capitalist. Mr. Krempel informed the waiting reporters at the Gare St. Lazare that he had come to Paris for a banker's parley. After he had addressed the assembled financiers he would leave for the Riviera. It was his intention to cruise for a short time in Mediterranean waters."

Not a word about his forthcoming marriage! Nanette handed the paper to her mother without comment.

Mrs. Trask read the paragraph and looked inquiringly at Semper. Unlike her daughter she was unable to control her astonishment.

Semper stammered out excuses for his master. Mr. Krempel detested reporters. And, furthermore, Mr. Krempel thought that careful investors believed that Dan Cupid had no place in the mysterious sanctums where gold was made. He, Semper, didn't

hold this belief, but he knew that the thrifty bond buyer held it.

Nanette listened to the fellow spluttering out excuses to appease the cold questioning stare of Mrs. Trask. The girl thought it comical. At last she could stand it no longer. Laughing loudly she rushed from the room.

In her own bedroom she flung herself on the couch. It was so ridiculous. Semper trying to explain to Mrs. Trask why Richard Krempel had not spoken of his marriage to the reporters.

She wondered if other men would have told the reporters. The young chauffeur had a desire to tell. And Jack Clinton. He would have told. Of course he would never be in a position to charter the *Deerhound*. He would probably have an old boat with a crimson sail; little patches where the wind had poked fingers through the canvas. But he would have told reporters that he was to be married. No doubt about that.

The Carnival music rose louder. The Blue Train was rushing Richard Krempel down through the Midi. Tum-tum, tum-tee-tum, tum-tum.

Semper started for the *gare*. A special automobile to convey Richard. A special porter to look after his luggage. Semper drooling. His god was near.

RICHARD KREMPEL didn't hurry when he saw Nanette. He came toward her quietly as if possessed of a belief that everything he wished for would wait till his strong hands touched it.

"Hello, Nanette," he said. "How are you? Looking awfully well."

Nanette inquired about his trip. Mrs. Trask gushed.

Nanette was speaking when Semper appeared with a handful of cablegrams. Richard Krempel interrupted the girl in the middle of a sentence.

"Excuse me for a moment," he said. "Sorry."

He frowned as he read one cable after the other. Nanette was forgotten. He started dictating to Semper. The god of gold had called him. The girl moved to the window and looked out toward Africa. It was a great day for the small green lizards that lived in the chinks of the tiny white houses. How they would glitter in the sunshine!

Richard was back at her side. He apologized. "Those things had to be attended to, dear. What was it you were saying when Semper interrupted?"

Nanette didn't remember. She didn't try to remember. Richard was not upset. From his pocket he took several sheets of typed paper. It was the itinerary of the cruise. He informed her that he had it drawn up by the head of a tourist agency in New York. Ten copies had been made of it. Two for his Wall Street office, three for the brokers who executed his commissions, one each for Nanette, Semper, the captain of the *Deerhound*, the chief steward, and himself.

"There is yours, dear," he said, handing her a sheet. "We cannot deviate from it by as much as a hairbreadth."

Nanette was alarmed. She had not been consulted regarding a single stopping place. She glanced fearfully at the sheet-heading: "Cruise of the Yacht *Deerhound*, chartered by Mr. Richard Krempel of New York from the Earl of Baltinger."

Little entries leapt at her. Entries that hurt her. The itinerary was a machine gun that fired bullets into her heart. Hot, hard bullets. She read: "Tuesday, 11th, reach Genoa 8 A.M. Lunch Hotel Miramare, MAIL, leave 4 P.M." Tick, tack, tick. Suggested an army on the march. Clicking heels. Keeping up with the advance... Her eye pounced on another line. "Venice, 26th. Arrive 3 P.M. Dine, sleep, Hotel Royal Danieli, MAIL, leave 27th noon." ... Bullet after bullet struck her. No delay. No shifting from schedule. The word mail in capital letters!



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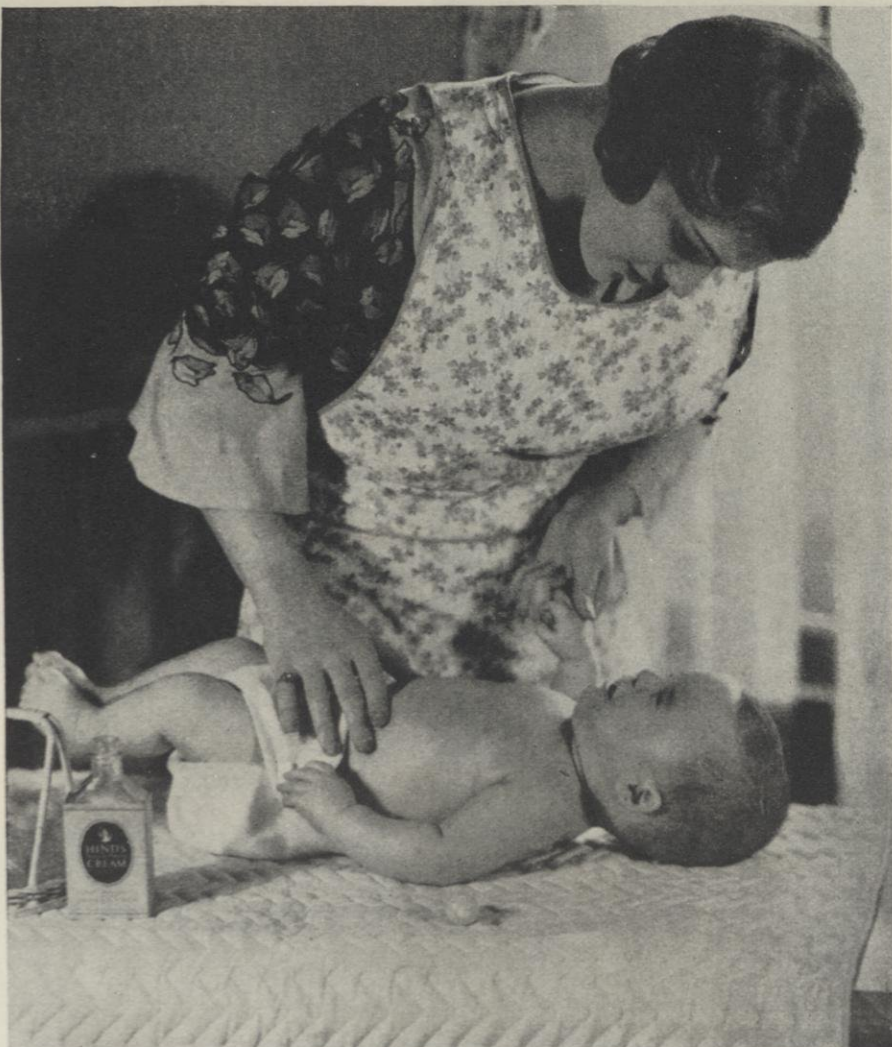
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## FIREFLIES AND THE YELLOW MOON

Continued from page 65

Richard roused her from her stupor. "I have told Semper to get us seats in the tribune for this evening," he was saying. "He tells me that they are going to pull this wooden figure of the King of Pleasure through the streets."

"Yes," she murmured. "Oh, yes!" Within her head the stopping places of the itinerary fought with each other. They had cables and mail for Mr. Richard Krempel. Lots and lots of mail.

*Ba, ba, pretty port, have you any mail?  
Yes, sir! Yes, sir! You knew we wouldn't fail!  
Ninety-seven letters, and cables half a score,  
I bet Trieste or Venice cannot give you any more!*

AFTER dinner they walked up the Promenade to the Place Masséna. Richard Krempel, erect, pompous, walking slowly as if he carried on his shoulders the pieces of gold placed there by confiding investors.

Moving toward the Jardin Albert I, Nanette stopped with a little cry of surprise and peered up a side street. A shadowy street that had no strings of electric lights.

"What is it?" asked Richard.

"I—I thought I saw some one that I knew," whispered the girl.

"A man?" he demanded.

"I—I think so," stammered Nanette.

"Yes, certainly."

She was puzzled. Through a patch of light thrown from the open door of a café a figure had passed, a figure that seemed familiar. Perhaps her brain had conjured it up in the same strange manner that it had brought to her view the tiny white houses and the ghostly palms.

Richard, apparently annoyed, urged her forward.

Semper had bought the best seats. High above the common folk who, arms linked, danced and sang as they waited the arrival of the king. Clamor rode the night wind. The pushing, shouting, pleasure-seeking crowd swayed before the grand stand.

Nanette's head reeled as she watched them. Richard was amused. He was more excited than she had ever seen him.

The approach of the king was heralded. Far up the great avenue the procession was now under way. The floats were moving. The noise increased. A strange madness clutched the heaving crowds. The individual was lost, he was part of a mass, an insane mass of white faces and open mouths and hot perspiring bodies that choked the street.

"Splendid!" Richard roared the word in her ear, nearly deafening her. She was thinking of the phantom figure that had slipped away in the darkness. It was strange.

Slowly the head of the procession came toward the grand stand. Companies of marching men with huge papier-mâché heads that represented monster vegetables, queer beasts, ogres, sea-monsters, demons. Rolling, wabbling, joggling, producing in Nanette a feeling of dreadful nausea. Nightmare heads. Sweeping by to the tom-tom beat of the music and the shouts of the crowds.

The floats, illuminated, filled with dancing youths and girls. Bedlam. Aphrodite rising from the Mediterranean! A fine fat Aphrodite! A float depicting the arrival of the American tourist. Huge lath and plaster figure of a French-conceived Yankee.

The Onions of the Old Town! Sixty monster onion heads. Twisting, turning, making Nanette dizzy with their rotations.

Tumult, turbulence, see-saw, wobble-wabble. *Tum-tum, tum-tee-tum.* Clamor, fanfare, devil's tattoo. And the never-ending procession . . .

Nanette had a wild desire to escape. The thing had got into her brain. It was driving her mad. Her head was bursting. She was sick. She prayed for some happening that

would immediately arrest the marching squadrons and give her a chance to escape into a side street.

She tried to whisper her condition to Richard. He couldn't hear her. She shouted to him. He made signs to her to show how impossible it was to escape from the grand stand at that moment. She thought him a little rude. He brushed her complaints aside and pushed out his head to catch a glimpse of an approaching float.

The float came opposite the stand. High in the air a woman dressed in Arab costume was performing the *danse du ventre*. She smiled at Richard Krempel; Richard waved at her. Then, as if in answer to the prayers of Nanette, the axle of the float snapped, the lady toppled down on her attendants, and the procession halted.

Richard Krempel got to his feet in an effort to see if the dancer was hurt in the fall. The whole stand was upset by the happening. Nanette felt that she could worm her way through the occupants. She seized the opportunity. She whispered a word to Semper. She was ill; she would return to the hotel. No, no, she didn't wish an escort.

Down the wooden stairs to the street. Indifferent to the protests of the packed spectators. She had to get away from the devilish clamor, from the infamous *tum-tum* that was battering her brain to pieces.

The crowd rolled against her like a wave. She fought it. Hoodlums clutched at her, endeavored to embrace her, screamed insulting words at her. Her dress was torn; a wretched thief snatched her pocketbook. She felt that her strength would give out before she reached the side street leading off the avenue.

Then, when all hope seemed lost, the mounted police drove the crowd from the center of the street. Nanette was caught by the human torrent, carried over the sidewalk and deposited in the friendly darkness of a little street. With a soft prayer on her lips she gathered herself up and ran.

Across the covered torrent of the Paillon. Into the Old Town. Deserted now. Its dwellers upon the lighted avenues. Prowling cats and dogs the only living things. Out by the markets to the sea front. A big moon was rising like a monster bubble from Corsica. From far off came the sound of the thousands bidding goodbye to pleasure. She walked in the direction of the Port.

ON THE Quai Rouba-Capéou a young fisherman, climbing down the cliff to his boat, stood and stared at her. He thought she might have come up out of the sobbing sea. Such things had happened along the Mediterranean on moonlit nights . . . He listened for a footfall. If one could hear no footfall she was surely a sea maiden. The click of a little American shoe came back to him. He sighed softly and went down the cliff.

She came to the baby port. A boat from Ajaccio; the *General Bonaparte*. Nanette wondered about Napoleon's honeymoon. Did someone lay out a schedule?

Beyond the *Bonaparte* lay a row of little boats, sterns to the stone pier, gangplanks leading to the shore. Small yachts, fishing luggers, and motor-boats. The moon was climbing. Nanette could read the names.

Some distance ahead of her a sail went jerkily up into the night. The moonbeams licked it. Nanette thought that it might be crimson in the sunlight. It was a valiant sail. Up, up it went, snatched at a capful of wind that came down from the Alpes-Maritimes and billowed out like the bosom of a young girl.

Nanette hurried. The boat was going out. She had a desire to see it thread its way out to the moon-kissed Mediterranean.

The gangplank was still out. Two men were busy with the sail. (Turn to page 68)

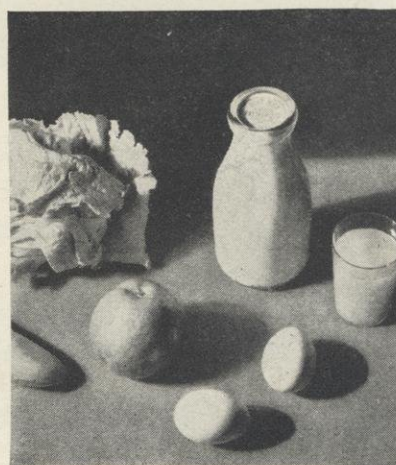


# "Use Pepsodent twice a day" —the great American habit

*It is helping millions to possess strong, healthy teeth by removing dingy film . . . Eat right. See your dentist.*



Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth



**1. Include these in your daily diet:**

One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.



**2. Use Pepsodent twice a day.**

YOU know as well as we do there are several good tooth pastes on the market. You know they will clean teeth satisfactorily and safely.

Then why should anyone insist on having Pepsodent? Why should dentists by the thousands *urge* and *recommend* it to their patients?

BECAUSE medical people and hundreds of thousands of others believe the best is not too dear when healthy teeth are in the balance.

*Pepsodent—a supreme achievement*

"I never feel I'm extravagant when I buy the most nourishing food," you hear women say. For the same common-sense reason it is economy to use the finest tooth paste modern chemistry has been able to develop.

The scientific purpose of Pepsodent is to remove film from teeth. Removing film requires special properties in a tooth paste. Film is a glue-like coating. It clings stubbornly, absorbs stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unat-

**Film** is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

tractive. Ordinary ways fail to remove this film as effectively as Pepsodent. Scientific tests have been made that prove this beyond all question.

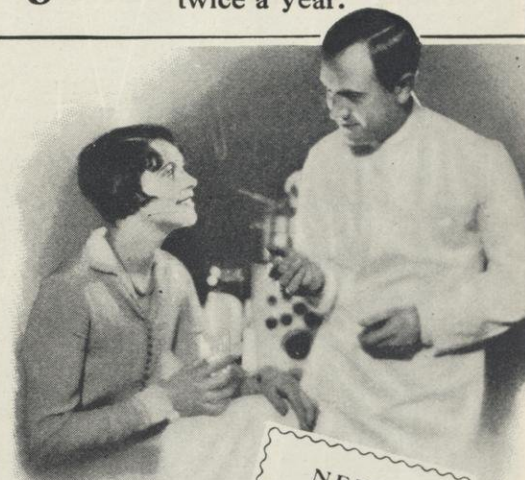
Film contains germs. It holds them against the tooth surface—teeth decay. Removing film is *imperative*. Eating the right foods and seeing your dentist every six months completes the only sound rule known for safeguarding teeth.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely **SAFE** for children's as well as adults' teeth.

Get Pepsodent tooth paste today. All through life it will aid your dentist in preventing trouble and retaining lovely, glistening teeth.

AMOS 'N' ANDY brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

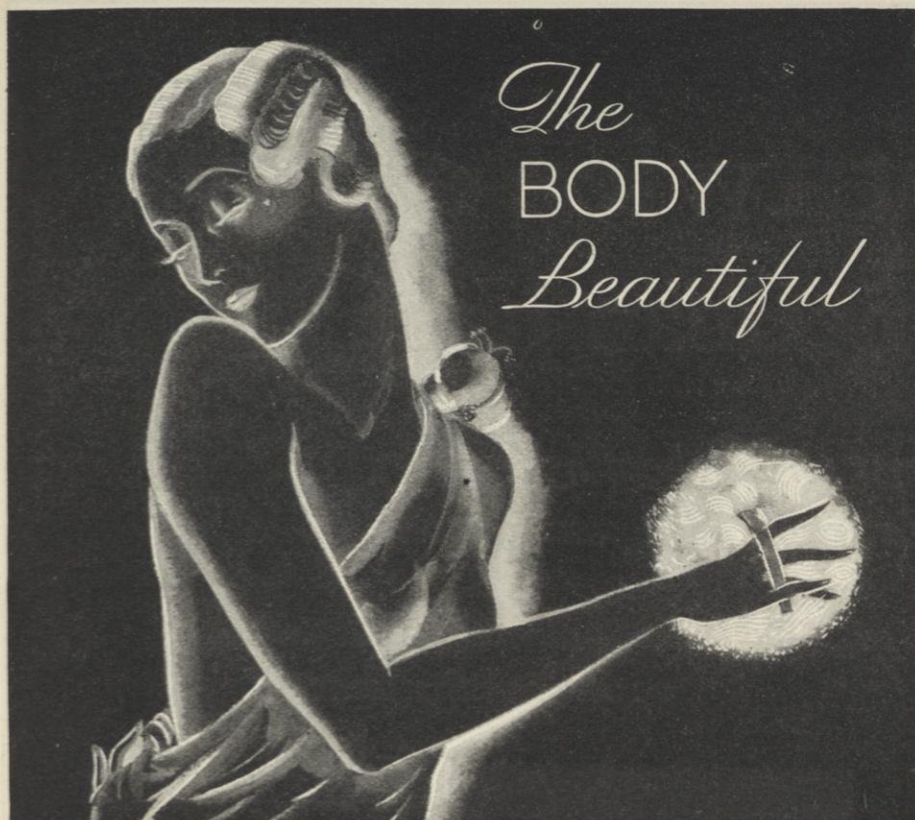
**3. See your dentist at least twice a year.**



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NOW at your  
nearest druggist's

## Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste

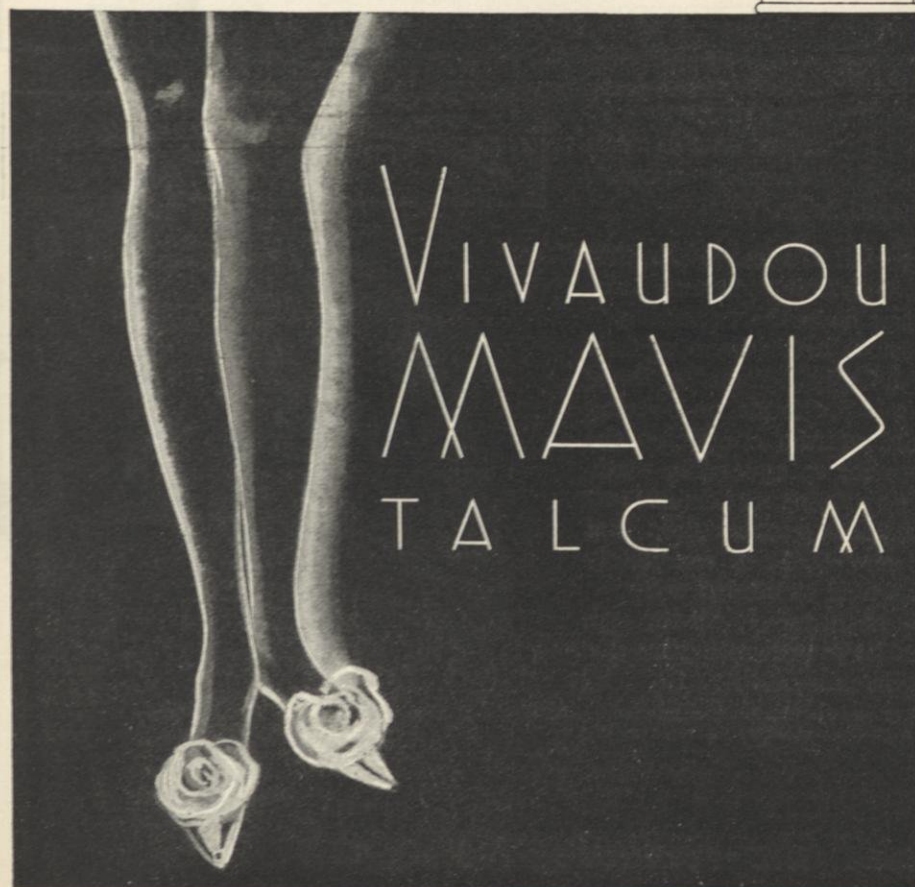




No matter how smartly dressed the modern fashionable, she must suggest, be it ever so subtly, that underneath it all is a well-cared-for, immaculate, exquisite body. Nothing suggests a beautiful body so insistently as Vivaudou Mavis Talcum. Its impalpably fine texture achieves a skin of silken smoothness. It accents the delicate color nuances of flesh tones. Its dainty fragrance intrigues. In short it not only soothes and caresses but it expresses you as a personality of chic and fastidious elegance.

V. VIVAUDOU, Inc.

Los Angeles . . . Paris . . . New York . . . Chicago . . . Toronto



## FIREFLIES AND THE YELLOW MOON

Continued from page 66

An old man with a beard, and a tall young man in flannel pants and an undershirt. Barefooted.

The young man turned, walked slowly along the deck, lifted his head and stared up at Nanette as she leaned over the coping.

"Hello," he said, after a long interval of silence.

"Hello," she answered. Her voice was husky. She had a fear that the word would stick in her throat.

"I saw you tonight," said the young man. "You were walking with Richard the Great."

So it was he whom she had seen in the dark side street when walking to the Place Masséna.

They remained silent for a full minute, then the girl moistened her lips and asked a question. "Where are you going, Jack?"

"Africa," he answered. "Tunis. Going to dig around a bit at Carthage. Do you still love Dido, Nanette? 'Member how you would never believe she played that trick

with the cow's hide on old what's-his-name?"

Nanette nodded. The sail caught another puff of wind, rose, then died away like a canvas sob.

The young man came up the gangplank. Noiselessly. He was close to her.

"Nanette!" he whispered. "Nanette!"

He put out his hand. It clasped hers. The sail rose again and sighed softly. Little white houses flitted across the face of the moon. Orange trees and the ghostly palms. The port lights were fireflies.

Nanette was in his arms. He was murmuring to her. Words about tiny houses in the chinks of which lived little green lizards with jeweled heads. He said they would pull in to Mentone. He knew a minister there. After that they would lay a course for Cape Blanco across the Sea of Romance . . .

Nanette, his arm around her waist, came softly to the deck. The bearded sailor pulled in the gangplank. The sail then took a great mouthful of air and lifted itself haughtily.

## SUMMER IN THE HOME TOWN

Continued from page 36

tub or pool with lilies and fish is another project that older boys and girls will enjoy working on. Every family should have a pet of some kind—a dog, if possible. The keeping of pets ranked very high in answer to the question—"What relationships in your childhood did the most to create stability of home ties?"—recently answered by several hundred young men and women.

At least one night a week this summer, let the family "have a date" to play together. If father and mother keep it religiously, they will find that the children never wish to break it. Invite the children's friends. For the early 'teen age, try a few informal summer parties for both boys and girls—beach parties, outdoor suppers, dances featuring games and stunts as well as dancing. Boys and girls at this age tend to stay in their own sex groups and to be critical, even hostile toward each other. But comradeship in early adolescence will prepare them to share their recreation later without self-consciousness.

Play at home satisfies the recreation needs of the child under seven. But it is not enough for the older boy and girl, who need more space for their games than the average home backyard can supply, and need, too, competition and team play with groups of their own age.

The parents' best ally in helping boys and girls to get the space and the leadership they need for summer play is the public recreation system. If you live in one of nine hundred and fifty progressive towns and cities in the United States and Canada, you will find playgrounds, athletic fields, and other recreation areas provided by the community under supervision. The last survey of the National Recreation Association showed 13,397 such areas, of which 6,092 were outdoor summer playgrounds.

A new society of youth is forming in these safety zones for play. The modern playground is a busy junior republic where boys and girls learn good sportsmanship and the joy of accomplishment, gaining hobbies and skills that will stay with them through life. Playground elections give them training in city government. Now that home chores are few, playground duties provide that needed sense of responsibility. In one city an older girl conducts a class of pre-school children in elementary art work. In another a thirteen-year-old girl is an instructor in bead work. Some playgrounds publish newspapers, with boys and girls as editors and reporters.

If there is a public playground in your neighborhood, see that your boy or girl attends it regularly, provided the ground is under trained and experienced leadership. The trained leader builds up an attractive daily program that has a definite educational plan. He draws the shy child into the games, shows the spoiled child the value of cooperation, and diverts the energies of the "trouble maker" into helpful channels. Higher standards for recreation leaders are being set every

year. Children, especially in their early teens, are hero worshippers and should have leaders they can follow and respect.

And if your town has no playgrounds, why not set to work to get them? Often a parents' group, women's club, men's luncheon club, or neighborhood association has started the ball which rolled toward a later community-wide system of recreation. They have equipped a vacant lot playground, built the first swimming pool, or perhaps secured a recreation leader for the summer. One simple project, such as a baseball league, a series of hikes, or damming and cleaning up the local "swimmin' hole" for safe sport, will be a good start. Let the boys and girls help to clear the vacant lot or beach, or build the tennis court. It will give them a sense of pride and ownership in their recreation center.

I do not doubt that last summer's epidemic of juvenile tree sitting, bicycle riding, and other endurance stunts was due to the youthful love of competition and risk which had no better outlet. Boys and girls need chances for real adventure, contest, and hardihood. This can be given them through the scouting programs, camping trips, water sports, and vigorous team games.

THIS summer many communities will check their recreational rating with renewed concern. For it is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the movement for organized play. In April, 1906, a little group of socially minded men and women met with President Roosevelt to form the Playground and Recreation Association of America. Then only forty-one cities had made a start in directed playgrounds, most of which were privately supported for children in poor neighborhoods. But even in that day of vacant city lots and few automobiles, these pioneers pointed out: "The maintenance of playgrounds is not a matter of ornamental philanthropy, but is a part of the system of education of the state and necessary to the development of the whole nature and not of the mind only."

The group is now called the National Recreation Association because of the great expansion of its service to include people of all ages. The truth of its prophecy is reflected in an annual municipal expenditure of more than thirty-three millions for municipal play. Recreation has taken its place as a public duty, and cities realize that funds spent for wholesome play are an investment in health, child safety, and crime prevention.

Children are growing up in a changing world. As new machinery and startling inventions shorten work hours, everyone will have more spare time.

Whether this increasing leisure will be used constructively depends on the opportunities we give youth today. So modern parents, in this important business of play, are looking beyond the immediate welfare of their own children to preparing all the children in their community for joyous and expressive living.



# EVERY WEEK *this Summer*

## You Can Add a Pound to Your Child's Weight ...and Correct Nervousness Remarkably

*A discovery from Switzerland... World-Leader in Child Development...  
That May Make Your Child Over This Vacation Time*

**Accept 3-Day Supply  
Use Coupon Below**

### *The Most Delightful Food-Drink Known*

SUMMER should be used to *build up* your child's weight. Don't believe loss of weight during the summer months is "natural" to your child.

You can build your child's weight a pound or more a week all during vacation if you will; curb any nervous conditions and actually improve his appetite. You can do this in a way the average child delights in and without a drop of medicine.

You give a food-drink that comes from Switzerland, the nation which has achieved so many great things for children. New to America, but used for years in Europe, over 20,000 doctors are advising it.

The coupon below offers you a 3-day supply. For your child's sake, please accept it.

#### *What It Is—How It Acts*

Thirty-eight years ago a food-chemist in Switzerland developed an unusual method of *processing* certain natural foods. A process that gave these foods certain values which none of them have when taken alone or in an ordinary mixture. It created world comment then, for it solved the problem of feeding invalids. It is called Ovaltine and today its use has spread all over the world and it is solving the problem of child feeding for modern mothers.

Ovaltine is made under a unique process—first it is cooked under vacuum, thus preserving all vitamins and enzymes. It is processed in such a way that it digests almost at once, without effort. It will

#### **Famous Ovaltine**

##### **Oatmeal Test**

Put 3 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine into a full glass or cereal dish of cooked, warm oatmeal. Stir it a few times to mix. Then watch and you will see the oatmeal liquefy before your eyes. You will see how a small amount of Ovaltine digests the entire starch content of the oatmeal in the same way that your own digestive organs should. It is a perfect demonstration of how Ovaltine, if taken with a meal, digests the starch content of other foods in your stomach. And why it speeds up digestion and creates the sensation of hunger.



#### *Free Shaker To Ovaltine Users*

If you are giving your child Ovaltine now, send for this 50c professional shaker free. Use it to make a new and delightful cold shake-up drink with Ovaltine. Notespecial offer in coupon below.



#### *She Was Underweight and Very Nervous*

*My little girl was underweight and very, very nervous—she would wake up many times during the night saying she was afraid. Since using Ovaltine, she sleeps all night long without waking up, and plays like a different child during the day. Her weight is increasing and she seems less nervous every day.*

Mrs. A. L. HURT, P. O. Box 191, Arlington, Texas.

digest when nothing else seems to "agree." And constitutes in itself a complete food.

You mix it with milk and drink it as a beverage. And when mixed with milk it will break down the curds and make the milk digest twice as easily. (For milk alone, as you know, turns to solid curds in the stomach.)

Children drink twice as much milk, when it's mixed with Ovaltine, because they like the taste.

It also contains a natural but vital property called "lecithin" which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. A few days' use of Ovaltine usually curbs nervousness noticeably.

#### *Increased Appetite*

Ovaltine has a high content of the appetite-producing Vitamin B. But of greatest importance is its high proportion of the remarkable food element known as "diastase."

(A substance that gives one food the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach.) Ovaltine is so processed that it contains enough diastase to digest from 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods! It is this digestive power which chiefly distinguishes Ovaltine from any other health food in the world, and is the main reason why Ovaltine actually stimulates appetite.

#### *Quick Digestion*

By breaking down the curds in the milk, by digesting the starches in the stomach, it speeds up digestion and empties the stomach sooner. This makes a child hungry. For the sensation of hunger is caused by the walls of an empty stomach pressing together, and hunger is the basis of appetite. Child specialists will tell you that usually when a child refuses to eat, it is because he hasn't fully digested his previous meal—"poor eaters" usually have slow digestion.

#### *World-Wide Use*

Ovaltine today is used in thousands of hospitals and sanitariums. It is prescribed by over 20,000 doctors. It was used as a standard ration by the Red Cross during the World War, for nerve-shattered, shell-shocked soldiers. In short, it is time-tested.

For the sake of your child we urge you to try it. Results will surprise you. Note the almost immediate difference in your child's weight and nerve poise, and in greater strength, energy and appetite.

Give it at breakfast always. At meals and between meals. You can get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or, send the coupon for a 3-day test.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also widely prescribed for sleeplessness, nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

#### **MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY OR FREE SHAKER**

THE WANDER CO.,  
Dept. F-28  
180 N. Michigan Ave.  
Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.  
(These offers not good in Canada.)

#### *Special Free Offer*

If you are an Ovaltine user now, we will send you a genuine 50c shaker, free. Send no money—just mail this coupon with the white pamphlet you find inside every can of Ovaltine.



Name.....  
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City..... State.....  
(One package to a person)

**OVALTINE**  
*The Swiss Food-Drink*

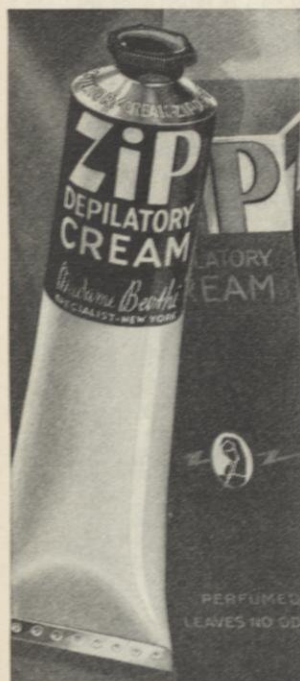
Manufactured under license in U. S. A.  
according to original Swiss formula



# Madame Berthé discovers a NEW, safe, cream depilatory

As delightful as your  
choicest cold cream  
White..Smooth..Fragrant

Disfiguring hair  
growths completely  
and permanently  
destroyed with ZIP..



GIANT TUBE—a half foot long  
ONLY 50c

**ZIP** • JUST spread the new ZIP Depilatory Cream over the hair to be removed, rinse off with water, and admire your beautiful, hair-free skin. If you have been using less improved methods, you will marvel at this white, fragrant, smooth cream; safe and mild, but extremely rapid and efficacious; in a giant tube, twice the size at half the price. ZIP Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, no irritation. It is the most modern, instantly removes every vestige of hair, and relieves you of every fear of later stubble or stimulated hair growths.

**ZIP** • TODAY, ZIP is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths, by removing the cause. Tested over a period of twenty years, ZIP has met every requirement and has been used by hundreds of thousands of women for permanently destroying hair on the face, arms, legs and underarms.

So simple. So quick. ZIP leaves no trace of hair above the skin;...no prickly stubble later on;...no dark shadow under the skin... That is why so many screen stars and Beauty Specialists recommend ZIP.

ZIP is pleasant to use, safe, and delightfully fragrant. It is this product which I use at my Fifth Avenue Salon. It acts immediately and brings lasting results. Now, in its new package, it may be had at \$1.00.

And if you insist on using the harsh razor at times, . . . take this advice from one who knows: Protect the skin before applying the razor. Simply spread ZIP-SHAVE over the surface . . . and shave. The application of ZIP-SHAVE not only speeds up the razor, but overcomes chaf as well. Tube, 50c.

To permanently destroy hair ask for  
ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT  
New Package \$1.00—de luxe size \$5.00

For removing hair and discouraging  
the growth, ask for  
ZIP Depilatory Cream. Giant tube 50c

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SPECIALIST

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NEW YORK

If dealer cannot supply you . . . use coupon  
I enclose \$..... Please send me  
☐ A Package of ZIP Epilator (\$1.00)  
☐ A Tube of ZIP Depilatory Cream (50c)  
☐ A Tube of ZIP-SHAVE (50c)  
Name.....  
Address.....  
City & State.....

## THINK ON THESE THINGS

Continued from page 33

in this wide and varied country of ours. We are planning some special work with these different mixing machines, and sometime you will hear all about that, too.

This new arrival is a particularly sturdy-looking machine, and very attractive too. We wanted to try it right away so we mixed a cake for an oven test that was to be run, and the mixing machine worked beautifully. This machine will be used daily in the kitchen, then later it will have sundry tests made on it in the engineering laboratory, and finally will be put on an endurance test. Then we shall feel sure of its durability as well as its convenience and its general construction.

Just across the hall a long, shallow cupboard-like affair is being fastened to the door between the laundry and the kitchen. Designed and built by us around the equipment it is to hold, it is only five and a half inches deep, and twenty-eight inches wide, but it contains all the cleaning equipment except the vacuum cleaner and the floor polisher. These two items need a deeper space, and since they are used almost entirely in the front part of the house it is most convenient

to have a small closet for them there. But here in the kitchen closet is everything needed in caring for the service rooms of the house. Oh, yes, except the mop-pail. That does have to find another corner. We found it so annoying to get things out of a deep, crowded closet that we worked out this plan for a shallow one to fasten either to the back of a door or on a wall. Quite often there is space in the hall or back entry for such a closet as this. It can be made right in the wall or in a door when the house is being built, and this saves in space the thickness of the wall or door. If a space in the wall is used little else is needed.

And this is only the beginning. The rest of the story will have to come along a little at a time. Each month there will be a chapter telling you some of the interesting facts we learn in working with the new appliances. There always seems to be something new to tell about, new ways of using old things, if nothing more, and the woman of today is just the one for whom to write these pages. She is interested to know what is going on. She is of such stuff as progress is made.

## LITTLE ANNIE

Continued from page 14

Across a table in a richly furnished dining-room, he faced her waggishly.

"You're worth ten thousand a year, little Annie. Never forget that. You must learn to look like it."

She was afraid to remove her gloves lest the waiters should see her roughened hands. "Ten thousand dollars! That's a lot, Mr. Ralph. Your pa and ma paid me ten a month when first they hired me."

"Ah, but we've gone a long way since then."

"I remember, Mr. Ralph, when I uster make your pants out of your ma's old skirts."

Young Mr. Nesbit wasn't a bit annoyed by the reference. He leaned towards her, encouraging her to be reminiscent.

From the start she'd had the suspicion that this display of equality was leading up to something.

"What do you intend to do now you're a rich woman?" he asked casually.

"Stay on in the old 'ouse," she was preparing to answer, when he cut in ahead of her with suggestions for her future. She would be able to take things easy. She could return to England, for instance. She could rent an apartment in Judah and hire a little maid. If she longed for adventure, she could make a trip to Europe with a conducted party.

"Might pick up a husband in Paris," he winked at her.

She read his game at last. He was pushing her out of his life—disowning responsibility for her. His pa hadn't put her in a trust or whatever they called it. He'd managed her affairs. But then that had been different; she and his pa had been dear friends. She felt loneliness creeping through her marrow like the first chill of influenza. Beyond members of the Nesbit family, there wasn't a soul to whom she meant anything or who meant anything to her. They were doing this because she was old. She longed to protest that she wasn't; she had twenty years of work left in her. She glanced at her smiling host, so amused by her, so dapper. Pride sprang to her defense. He shouldn't guess what she suffered. She tore off her gloves.

"A 'usband! Me pick up a 'usband! Not if 'e saw my 'ands."

Mr. Ralph instantly recognized that for imparting the rest of his news he must select a place less public.

"I have an engagement." He consulted his watch. "You must excuse me. Order anything you fancy. I'll give the head-waiter instructions to charge it to my account."

She had eaten nothing. She had no appetite for sampling luxuries. Without a sponsor, she felt an interloper. Shuffling to her feet, she returned home by trolley and sought refuge in her kitchen.

Her dear friend's children were trying to get her out of the house. Out of the house

didn't matter so badly; out of her kitchen was the desolation that appalled her. A kitchen was the only home she'd ever had. In this one she'd sat and rocked away her leisure for years unnumbered. By every law of justice it belonged to her. She was worth how much? A quarter of a million. Very well, she would offer to buy it from them.

Two days passed in suspense. On the third Mr. Ralph, in the rôle of good Samaritan, put in an appearance. Before he could say a word, she overwhelmed him.

"I'll pay you for it."

"For what?"

"The 'ouse. Not that I care about the 'ouse. You can 'ave it, if I can keep my kitchen."

"But to buy the house would take half of what you possess and leave you nothing for up-keep. Besides, those gentlemen at the bank wouldn't let you."

"I'm not asking them," she retorted grimly. "It was you as put me in a trust."

"But I'm not treating you badly. I'm doing the best I can for you."

He entered into explanations, finishing with the information that the house was going to be pulled down. The ground was already sold. Apartments were to be run up.

"When must I go?" she asked, stunned into resignation.

"In the next few days," he faltered.

"No. Now." She gulped. "Get it over."

"Perhaps it would be wise," he agreed with alacrity. "But I'm sorry, little Annie, that you feel so cut up."

"Ow I feel don't seem to matter."

She turned her back that he might not see her tears, and trundled away to pack.

AS SHE stuffed her few belongings into suitcases and the little nail-studded immigrant's trunk, she wondered what on earth was to become of her. Mr. Ralph solved the problem; he had taken rooms. He would drive her to them and help her to settle. He was sincerely concerned for her distress. She hardly recognized whether he was conducting her, till she found herself again entering The President Grant Hotel. She drew back in panic, but he caught her arm.

"It's all right. You can afford it; and I've paid in advance."

Having procured her key, he accompanied her into the elevator. On the way up, feeling how she clung to him, he assured her, "I won't leave you till you're comfortable. No one will do you any harm."

It wasn't the harm she was afraid of; it was the solitariness.

He tipped the chambermaid on her floor, the bell-boy, everybody.

"See you take good care of her," he commanded.

On the point of forsaking (Turn to page 76)



FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT  
INVENTION *BUT* KEEP YOUR  
OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN



False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people  
out of five past the age of 40



## What is "*pyorrhea*" that millions dread it so?

**I**T'S a pretty grim statement, but the truth is half the people who wear false teeth must do so because they failed to guard against pyorrhea, which is responsible for one-half of all adult teeth lost.

They cannot, however, be entirely blamed for their line-drawn lips and sunken cheeks—those telltale marks of artificial teeth.

For pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of forty, is a sly, insidious disease. It may infect your gums early in life, and lurk there for years before you become aware of its dangerous presence.

### *Do not wait for gums to bleed*

The first warnings of pyorrhea are tenderness and bleeding of the gums. If neglected, pyorrhea softens the gums, loosens the teeth in their very sockets, until extraction is essential to preserve the health.

But do not wait for these warnings. Take care of good teeth while you have them. See your dentist regularly—before trouble develops. Visit him at least twice a year.

And in your home, brush your teeth, massage your gums with Forhan's. This dentifrice is unique in that it contains the benefits of an ethical preparation developed by Dr. R. J. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea.

### *Protect the teeth you have*

Your own teeth are far better than anything you can get to replace them. Perhaps you do not realize what a blessing they are, so long as they are firm and your gums are in good health. But do not risk the unhappy experience of losing them. There is no finer dentifrice than Forhan's—no better protection for gleaming teeth and the mouth of youth. By all means, make Forhan's *your* dentifrice—you can make no better investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

WEALTH! ROMANCE! HEALTH! How well do you know your own strength and weakness as revealed by the stars? Tune in Miss EVANGELINE ADAMS, world-famous astrologer, on your radio, or send for your horoscope. Just sign your name, address and date of birth on the box in which you buy your Forhan's toothpaste, and mail to Evangeline Adams, c/o Forhan Company, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Monday and Wednesday at 7:30 p.m., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Columbia network.

# Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS





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3997



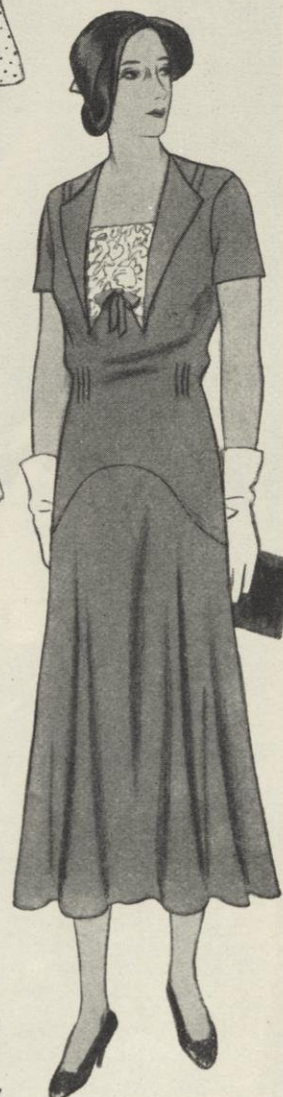
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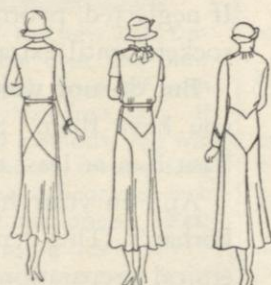
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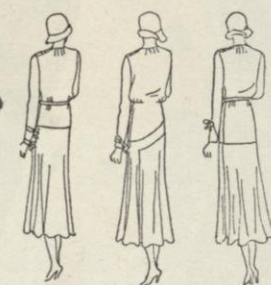
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## FASHIONS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

### BLACK AND WHITE PRINT

3991 If you don't happen to be slim, here's this. A neckline with the lengthening detail that subtracts from your width . . . no belt to break the long line . . . a criss-cross skirt yoke to diminish the hips! And a dark print enlivened with smart chalk white. For 40, 4 yards 35-inch printed rayon and 1½ yards 35-inch plain. Frock designed for 34 to 44.

### WHITE AND BLACK PRINT

3983 This frock, gracious in neckline and silhouette, is immensely smart in a black print on white ground . . . with accessories entirely black. For those not slender the dress will be smarter in dark colors. U-shaped draped neckline. For 40, 4½ yards 39-inch printed crêpe de chine and 1¼ yards 39-inch plain. The frock is designed for 34 to 44.

### SLIM TAILORED CHIC

3997 A stunning tailored frock. Dark, with the all-important white relief. Trimly pleated in the manner of the new straighter line silhouette. And with the cool collarless revers neckline and bracelet length sleeves that are making such a hit this year. For 40, 4¼ yards 35-inch Celanese crêpe, ¾ yard 39-inch contrast. Designed for 34 to 48.

### A YOUNGER TYPE

3967 A simple frock with the young look that many larger-figure frocks are conspicuously without. This comparatively small print, generously spaced, is perfectly all right for you, too, though a plain fabric is slimmer. Flared skirt with center pleat. For 40, 3¾ yards 39-inch printed rayon; ¾ yard 35-inch plain. Designed for 34 to 44.

### DIAGONAL LINES

4000 An excellent model for anyone who wants to conceal certain defects. The flared sleeves are kind to large arms, the bloused line straightens out curves, the diagonal seams in the skirt are a painless way to reduce the width of the hipline, as far as looks go at least. For 40, 4½ yards 39-inch printed silk crêpe. Designed for 34 to 48.

### TRY A COLOR

3987 Nothing will do more to brush the years aside than wearing a new color. This frock would be smart in the lapis blue Paris is playing up now, and that is a "slim color", too. Note the split neckline, filled in with lace, and the beltless line—both excellent for larger figures. For 40, 4¼ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Designed for 34 to 48.

## LINES THAT DEFY ONE'S YEARS—AND WEIGHT





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### A CASUAL AFTERNOON FROCK

3971 The tied sash that ends in a bow at the front is the favorite belt for the summery dress, this year. The scarf at the neckline of this frock ties, too, but in back, and it is softly crushed or draped a bit where it slips through a slash in front. For 34 (size 16),  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch printed silk. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 38.

### PETER PAN RETURNS

3974 The Peter Pan collar is in favor again and here it adds a vest and sleeve puffs of the same material. One doesn't have to be young to carry off a neckline like this—the more sophisticated wear this sort of thing with dash. For 34 (size 16), 3 yards 39-inch crêpe,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 35-inch contrast. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 38.

### THE TIE MOTIF

3978 An ingenuous neckline—appealing and smart. Though high, the neckline lies away from the throat with that wide effect that always looks cooler than any other line. This right and left tying is all the trimming this simple frock needs. For 34 (size 16),  $3\frac{5}{8}$  yards 39-inch silk crêpe. The frock is designed for sizes 14 to 20 and for 32 to 38.

## A NEW LOW IN FLARES A NEW HIGH IN NECKLINES

### WE DOTE ON DOTS

3977 Dots of any size are good—but none better than the nickel dot. And nothing is smarter at the moment than the classic black and white used as sketched, with black accessories. The dress is one-piece, fitted in at the waistline by tucks. For 34 (size 16),  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch printed crêpe de chine. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 38.

### HIGH AND WIDE

3980 This close-to-the-throat neckline is a newly smart fashion, and it's wide enough to look, and be, cool. The white is an enlivening touch—as you can see. The frock is of blue linen with white hem border, white yoke and belt, and white accessories. For 34 (size 16),  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch linen. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 and for 32 to 38.

### OUR CHOICE—WHITE SATIN

3988 It comes into its own on warm nights when there's nothing so cool, so lovely against bronzed skin. The twisted-girdle fashion is at its best in this dress—in front the girdle ties in a knot—and this dress also shows what is happening to peplums. For 34 (size 16),  $5\frac{1}{8}$  yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 38.





## COLLARS SMALL OR NONE AT ALL

### WITH COLOR TRIMMING

**3976** If she is going to camp she will want nightgowns like this—simple enough to meet the most rigid camp requirements, sturdy enough to go through encounters with the camp laundry without damage, smart enough to meet with her enthusiastic approval. For 30 (size 12), you need 3 yards 39-inch long-cloth. Designed for 20 to 32 (sizes 1 to 14).

### PETER PAN COLLAR

**3966** That fashion that won't grow up is always a favorite with little girls. Straight little frocks like this with inverted pleats at the sides help to keep them graceful at the "awkward" age. Patch pockets are a great favorite—they'll hold so many treasures. For 30 (size 12), 2½ yards 32-inch gingham. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

### AN IMPORTANT POINT

**3982** Of course you see it—it's just that little point up over the yoke, we think, that gives this frock its dash. Some may contend it is the cap sleeves, others the smart contrasting binding. (Separate one-piece French panties to match.) For 23 (size 4), 2 yards 35-inch printed cotton (incl. panties). Designed for 21 to 24 (sizes 2 to 6).

### GREAT BIG REVERS

**3986** They are getting smarter and smarter every minute—for coats, for dresses, blouses. On this dress their line is carried out cleverly by the yoke of the skirt. The revers diminish to that narrow-about-the-neck line at the back that is so comfortable and cool. A four-piece flared skirt. For 36, 4 yards 39-inch printed celanese crêpe. Designed for 32 to 44.

### BLOUSE-AND-SKIRT

**3950 3589** A blouse like those polo shirts smart young things are wearing—only a bit more dressed up looking. Waistline tucks make it fit snugly under the yoke of the box pleated skirt. For 36 with 39 hip, 1¾ yards 35-inch silk shirting for blouse and 1¾ yards 54-inch wool for skirt. Blouse designed for 32 to 44; skirt, 35 to 47½ hip.

### NO ORDINARY FROCK

**3984** But of course you can see that, with its yoke that runs into a panel right before your eyes and a collar fastened up close about the neck with tiny buttons and loops. French fashion. It has an easy fitting body and a decided flare to its skirt. For 25 (size 7), 2¼ yards 35-inch printed sateen. Frock is designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).

### NOTHING FANCY

**3961** No indeed! Just the round neckline that little girls wear so well, pleats from the yoke, and two buttons to pretend it opens in front. Sleeves are eliminated—for comfort—and underneath one wears only the separate one-piece French panties. For 23 (size 4), 2¾ yards 35-inch printed linen (incl. panties). Designed for 21 to 24 (sizes 2 to 6).

### A SUSPENDER FROCK

**3963** Braces, the small Londoners call them, and they wear them over just such pleated skirts and just such business-like cotton blouses. The skirt buttons on to the blouse, just to make sure everything stays put. For 30 (size 12), 1¾ yards 35-inch sheer cotton and 2¾ yards 35-inch linen. It is designed for 23 to 33 (sizes 4 to 15).





FLOWER PRINTS AND FLOWER TINTS

**POCKET WITH THIS!**  
3972 And a few frills—not many, of course. Not enough to make laundering difficult, but enough to give an extra nice touch to a frock, pleated straight from the shoulders, short sleeves, and a fabric belt to keep the pleats flat. For 30 (size 12), 3 yards 35-inch cotton and 1½ yards for bloomers. Designed for 23 to 34 (sizes 4 to 16).

**ENDURANCE EMPHASIZED**  
3970 Indestructible things like this are recommended for extra lively young daughters—a pair of bloomers and a sturdy frock, both of linen. Box pleats front and back give her plenty of room, and no sleeves and a wide neckline keep her cool. For 25 (size 7), 3¼ yards 35-inch linen (incl. bloomers). Designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).

**BRIEF AND SCALLOPED**  
3994 Six gores from the shoulder to the scalloped hemline give a piquant swing to this young little frock in printed cotton. That touch of white which one really must have this season is found in the round collar and neat little cuffs. For 23 (size 4), you need 1½ yards 35-inch printed cotton. The frock is designed for 20 to 24 (sizes 1 to 6).

**SKIRT-AND-SHORT-BLOUSE**  
3968—3955 Little gathers make this over-blouse even shorter in front. It lies smoothly around the hips at sides and back and has all that center-front trimming that is so becoming under a coat. Flared and yoked skirt. For 36 with 39 hip, 4¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Blouse designed for 32 to 44; skirt for sizes 14 to 18 and 35 to 50 hip.

**FOR ALL DAY**  
3965 For this we chose a white print on a pastel ground. That is one smart type. White print on black is another. This neckline and the rim of white cuff on the sleeve are further pretty touches to a very pretty frock. For 36 (size 18), you will need 3¾ yards 35-inch printed rayon. This frock is designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

**SIMPLICITY PLUS**  
3996 A white tennis frock as smart as can be! It's made of cotton broadcloth and that which looks like a bolero is a buttoned down trimming band. Side flares give an easy swing to the dress which, by the way, is all one piece at front and back. For 30 (size 12), 2¾ yards 35-inch broadcloth. Frock designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

**WHITE AND PRINT**  
3992 A row of buttons to button up the bib-yoke, a row of frill all around to give it extra daintiness, and simplicity with it all to keep this little frock within the bounds of practicality. Buttoned belt, too, and fullness at the yoke. For 25 (size 7), 2¾ yards 35-inch print (incl. shorts). The frock is designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).

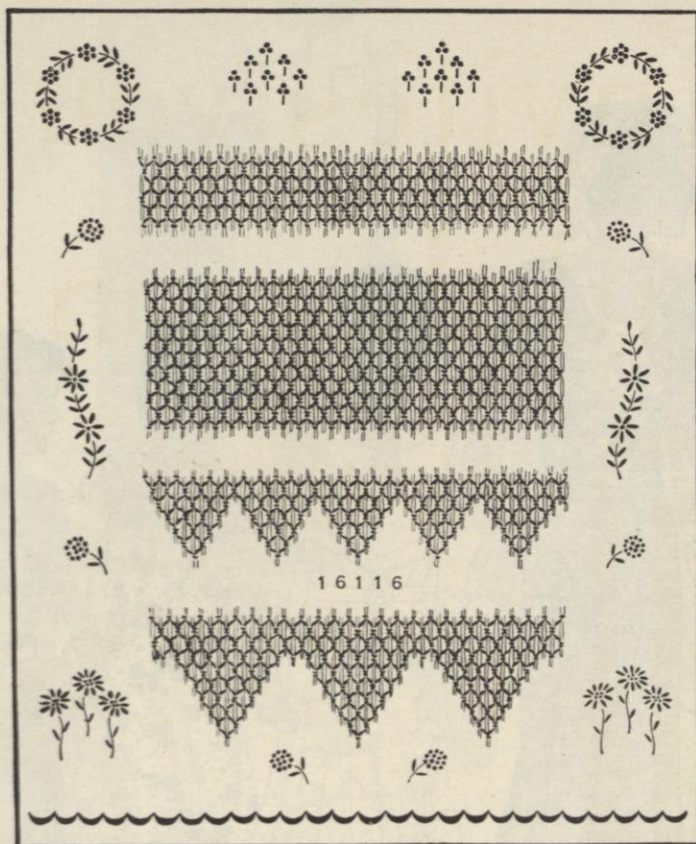
**THIS IS FAGOTED**  
3959 Fagoting is easy to do, as people are discovering. And it gives a great air to a simple frock. In this one it joins the flared skirt to the top and another line of it accents the smart bolero-like yoke. Note the white belt—it's a smart note of contrast. For 30 (size 12), 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de chine. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).



## SMOCKING BECOMES SIMPLE

## LITTLE ANNIE

Continued from page 70



16116 A dainty trimming for the brief frocks of new members of a family is the well known, age-old smocking. Worked in dots that are closely spaced it is well adapted to frocks and rompers in the very smallest sizes, and correspondingly tiny floral sprays may be added.



Miss Marie Ashley will be glad to answer any questions about needlework if you will write to her, care of the Butterick Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.

16135 What could be more charming for small girls (of all ages) than the simple frock with a smocked yoke? Small sprays of pink rambler rose and green lazy daisy stitches are sprinkled over the blue smocking on a white frock of cotton or silk, and the effect is enchanting.

16127 A new method for making these straight frocks with smocked yokes (planned by Helena Buehler) is so simple that one need not be a clever needlewoman to turn them out very successfully. The smocking on this one is an arrangement consisting entirely of one of the simplest smocking stitches.

her, he questioned, "Is there anything more I can do for you?"

"If you could give me a reference, sir."

"A reference! Why on earth? You'll never use it."

"There ain't no telling."

"A sort of honorable discharge?" he twitted her.

Seating himself, he scribbled facetiously on hotel stationery:

*I, Ralph Nesbit, director of the following banks, corporations, etc., do hereby certify that little Annie has been in my family's service for forty years. To the best of my knowledge it has been her only situation. Our reason for parting with her—*

He twisted to face her.

"I guess that doesn't matter, since you only mean to frame it."

"Say that I can cook, Mr. Ralph," she pled with him, "and 'ousekeep and sew, and tend babies. And if you wouldn't mind—"

"I'll write anything."

"Then what your poor pa said."

So he added:

*Our reason for parting with her is my father's death, who, speaking of her in his will, called her his dear friend. No higher recommendation could be needed.*

"There you are." He folded it in an envelop. "And here's my telephone number, for fear you forget it. Any advice you may need, just call me."

He had reached the door and was flinging across his shoulder a final farewell, when suddenly he halted and came striding back.

"Cheer up. This isn't a hospital."

AT SIGHT of her grief something broke in him. The picture of a little boy, cuddled against her breast. In those days, when he had relied on her tenderness, little Annie had seemed so strong and wonderful. Because she had been good, he used to tell her she was beautiful. "Oh, no. Not beautiful, Master Ralph." The more she had denied, the more he had insisted. "But you are beautiful. I shall always think of you as beautiful."

He wanted to tell her that now. Instead he laid his arm about her shoulder.

"You're not lost. You'll be all right. I'll come and see you in a day or two, to learn your plans."

Her plans! She hadn't any. She steeled her will to descend to the gilt and plush dining-room that night. She felt out of things—a servant waited on by servants. Worse than that, she believed that other guests were whispering, "Who is that funny old woman? They oughtn't to allow her."

Her dread was increased when a young girl mistook her for one of the hotel help. After that she never left her room, or rather her sitting-room and bedroom, which Mr. Ralph had engaged for her. She had all her meals served there. For occupation she sat at her windows brooding and gazing into the busy

street, eight flights below. She watched trolleys stream by and noted those which would pass the Nesbit house. She saw the daylight fade and motion picture signs blaze forth in their nocturnal attempt to lure her.

"It's no good, my dears," she shook her head, "I was never one for pleasure."

THERE was one chambermaid out of the throng of haughty help, to whom she took a fancy. She took a fancy to her for the reason that she was young and sturdy, reminding her of herself as she had been. Because she had to unburden herself to some one, she lured Alice into gossip and persuaded her to return when her tour of duty was ended. To sit in a fine apartment with the old servant was no hardship to Alice. She had no beaux to claim her leisure; as in the case of her hostess, God had denied her beauty. Their lack of beauty formed an unconscious bond. They were discussing wages, or rather Alice was, when little Annie inquired how a girl set to work to find a situation nowadays. Alice informed her that the usual method was to apply to an employment agency, and mentioned the address of the best in Judah.

First thing next morning little Annie presented herself at the agency, armed with the reference Mr. Ralph had given her, and took her seat on the penitent's bench to await interviews. Her reference was so excellent that it caused a sensation. She discovered that however negligible she might be at a hotel, at an employment agency she was considered a jewel. Despite her years, every lady in search of a cook tried to grab her. She refused to be grabbed, giving as her eccentric reason that she preferred little houses and large families. In their efforts to make their positions more attractive, they offered as inducements more money, shorter hours, a kitchen-maid, half-days off.

At last, in the early afternoon, a young lady of about thirty entered. Her means were evidently limited, for she was shabby. She had come to engage the impossible and seemed to know it. She was in process of raising a family, and was in search of a maid-of-all-work, who could cook, clean and lend a hand with the washing. Little Annie's heart-beat quickened. She reminded her of Mrs. Nesbit as she had first encountered her, forty years ago, under similar circumstances.

The manageress of the office had begun to speak discouragingly, saying that she didn't deal in green girls—all her help were experts—when little Annie rose from the bench:

"Would I do, mam? I'm fond of children. Wages is no object."

The distracted young lady asked to see her reference. One glance was sufficient.

Little Annie felt like a young girl. She was starting afresh; she was acutely wanted. She was so much wanted that her new mistress, fearful lest she should lose such a treasure, accompanied her to the Hotel President Grant and assisted her to relinquish her irksome affluence.

That evening she was, for one so stolid, deliriously happy. She cooked the dinner in what henceforth was going to be her kitchen.

## THE TOOLS OF HER TRADE

Continued from page 30

Small things, but important, if not imposing.

Then there's the importance of can-openers. We're all using them. And may I give a word of advice? Get one that cuts a clean, unravelled edge and takes the cover right off and out. Such there be and such you should have. The old punch and hack kind improved the bandage market, but did little for the peace of mind or beauty of hands.

I don't need to say a word about automatic refrigerators. Even if they are one of the most wonderful tools of my trade. Only if you haven't one, get one. They are literally things of beauty and joys forever. You'll want a nest or two of covered dishes to keep food in when your automatic refrigerator is on the job. And what fun you are going to have then. I hope you are having it now. I

hope that when you open the closets and drawers in your kitchens, the lovely glitter of tin and the soft sheen of aluminum and the smooth suavity of enamel meet your eye and beguile you into joy in the job. And that you've got a stove as nice as mine!

For in my kitchen is one that just has everything. Including a vertical broiler that reminds one of the old spits or the charcoal broilers adored by a high-hatted chef as well as a knowing housewife. Almost any of the new stoves are as efficient as they are dressy. And as a stove performs, so does the resulting meal become a hit or a flop, oftentimes.

Well, aren't they all great, these lovely things that I call the tools of my trade? And what a grand trade it is, to be sure. None better. Indeed there are few half so good!





# Nature invites you to Cool off...with Lemonade



ON warm summer days, cool off—*stay* cool—with nature's healthful refreshment. Sit down with tall, frosty glasses of California Sunkist Lemonade. Relax... and enjoy its goodness.

You'll feel a new sense of invigoration. Other iced drinks cannot duplicate it. For lemonade cools and refreshes not so much through being *cold* as by its tangy flavor. It "sets you up" as nothing else does—so quickly, *safely* and so simply—

Just add water to fresh lemon juice. Sweeten to taste with sugar and stir in finely chopped ice for greatest coolness. Give extra, welcome news to eye and taste by slipping a lemon slice over the edge of the glass and tossing in a sprig of mint.

Drink all you want. Science says that lemonade is not only delicious but healthful.

## Importance of Lemons in Health

Briefly, lemons (and oranges) aid health in two important ways. They are the richest sources of vitamin C which promotes general well-being and helps to build sound bones and teeth. Your doctor or your dentist will tell you that vitamin C cannot be stored in the body and that for healthy teeth and gums you must have it as regularly as you use your toothbrush.

Also, because of their *alkaline* reaction in the body, lemons and oranges are prescribed as the most potent preventives and correctives of Acidosis—another cause of many common ills.

So serve lemons as often as you like. To be sure of brightest, wax-like skins and fullest juiciness, ask for California Sunkist Lemons. They are fresh in your market every day in the year—wrapped in tissue bearing trademark "Sunkist." Sunkist means dependable quality.

## FREE—New Recipe Booklet

As a useful gift to you, experts have prepared the new free booklet, "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day." It tells of more than a hundred tried and tested ways to enjoy the healthfulness and flavor of California Sunkist Lemons and Oranges. Just mail the coupon.

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## Make Lemonade Quickly and Easily

Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor \$14.95 (Canada \$19.95) Neat, strong. Guaranteed for home use. Only 2 instantly removable parts to clean under faucet. On sale at your dealer's.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE,  
Sec. 707, Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, California.

Send me FREE, the new booklet *Sunkist Recipes for Every Day*.

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# Sunkist California Lemons

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3793...	45	3837...	50	3881...	45	3925...	45	3969...	45		
3794...	35	3838...	50	3882...	45	3926...	45	3970...	35		
3795...	50	3839...	35	3883...	45	3927...	25	3971...	45		
3796...	30	3840...	45	3884...	50	3928...	45	3972...	35		
3797...	50	3841...	35	3885...	45	3929...	30	3973...	45		
3798...	25	3842...	45	3886...	35	3930...	50	3974...	45		
3799...	30	3843...	50	3887...	40	3931...	45	3975...	35		

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## FOOD FOR THE TABLOIDS

Continued from page 11

THERE was something going to happen that they called the Trial. It had to do with papa, and Mr. Jason kept coming, and so many people telephoned that Aunt Nellie had the telephone taken out. If Mr. Jason wanted to send a message to mama, he called up Mrs. Diffendorfer. Mrs. Diffendorfer was their best friend, mama said. But she wouldn't let Mrs. Anable in the door.

Uncle Jesse had come from South America. Uncle Jesse was papa's brother, and if Bonnie half-shut her eyes she could pretend it was papa, which she did quite often.

Uncle Jesse took her to school every morning and every noon now. She didn't really need him because she was a big girl now, almost seven, but it was nice having him. And he came for her and brought her home twice a day.

Bonnie didn't miss papa any more now that Uncle Jesse was here.

The Trial was getting nearer. People now came to stand and look at their house until two policemen had to stay there all day and scare them off. Mama kept her blinds pulled and then one morning Uncle Jesse told Bonnie he guessed they wouldn't go to school that day.

"Oh, why."

"It's better to stay home."

"But it isn't better to stay home. It's worse, much worse." She was crying now.

"Poor kid," he said. "Don't fret, will you? We'll play tiddly-winks, and I'll read to you. We'll have a good time."

She shook her head. "No, we won't. And I won't play tiddly-winks, and I won't let you read to me!"

She was being wicked but she didn't care. It was wicked of them to keep her home from school, home in this old dark house where nobody ever smiled any more.

Screaming, she ran out of the room and upstairs into mama's shadowed room.

"Bonnie!" cried her mother.

"I don't care!" she shrieked. "I hate you all. I hate papa because it's all his fault and I hate you and Aunt Nell!"

"Bonnie Kirk," said her mother very slowly, and sorrowfully. Bonnie looked up through her tears.

But her mother said nothing more, just looked at her with eyes that made Bonnie's heart suddenly hurt.

"Oh, mama!" she sobbed, and fell on to mama's lap.

Her mother soothed her. "You were just having a tantrum. You didn't know what you were saying . . . Bonnie, guess who's coming to see you this afternoon?"

Bonnie looked up hopefully. "Papa?"

"Oh, darling, no . . . I'll give you three guesses."

"Greta?" Greta was Mrs. Diffendorfer's little girl.

"No."

Bonnie shook her head. Nobody ever came to see her any more.

"Miss Adams!" cried mama.

"Oh, mama, is she?"

"Yes. Right after school. And she's going to bring you something."

"What?"

"Wait and see. She's coming at three. You must be all clean and brushed."

"Yes'm."

"And now suppose you run down to Uncle Jesse. You'd like him to read to you, wouldn't you?"

"Yes'm. Mama, when does the Trial start?"

Mama looked surprised, but she said quietly, "Tomorrow, darling."

"Then will you be well?"

"Don't ask for explanations, Bonnie darling. You wouldn't understand . . . I'm going to get well as quickly as I can."

Miss Adams came at three carrying a basket. Bonnie thought it was going to be cookies, but it was a darling little kitty,

scrambling and scampering all over the room! Miss Adams smiled. "It's for you, Bonnie."

It was a gray-and-white kitten with a small pansy face and round light gray eyes. Bonnie took it in her arms and rushed upstairs to show mama.

"Oh, mama, can I keep it?"

"Of course, dear."

"Oh, mama, isn't she sweet?"

Tenderly she carried the kitten back down to the living-room.

"I'm going to name her Twinkie," she announced.

"Because when she runs her little feet twinkle like little white stars." She put her face down in the furry gray-and-white body.

"Oh," she breathed, "she's so little."

THE next day Uncle Jesse began going in to New York every morning, and when he came home he went up to mama's room and they talked. At nights Mr. Jason came, or another man named Mr. Toohey, a young man with red hair, and then everybody talked. Bonnie could hear the buzz-buzz as she went to sleep. They were, she supposed, talking about the Trial. But she wasn't interested in those things now. She had Twinkie.

Bonnie didn't even mind not going to school. Besides, school would be over in a few days. It was June and very warm.

Mama was not leaving her room at all these days. The doctor came every day, he gave her something to make her sleep. And she tried hard to eat.

There was something called the Verdick that was coming. First there had been the Trial, now it was the Verdick. But Twinkie was growing. Bonnie thought she could almost see Twinkie grow, and they had learned a new game—"Playing Toes" Bonnie called it. She would get under the bed cover and wriggle her toes and Twinkie would crouch and stare, then pounce and try to bite the

toes with her sharp little teeth.

Once in a while Greta Diffendorfer came over and they played in the living-room.

Miss Adams came every day too and told Bonnie all about things at school.

BONNIE knew when the day of the Verdick came. Nobody told her, but everything in the house was strange and very quiet.

Uncle Jesse did not go into town; he sat in mama's room all day. Aunt Nellie dropped things and chattered and didn't hear what you said and kept running to the window.

Mr. Jason came late in the afternoon. Bonnie heard him say to Aunt Nellie, "I think he's got a chance but I don't want to raise Mrs. Kirk's hopes too much." Then he went upstairs and she didn't see him again until supper.

Mr. Toohey was over at Mrs. Diffendorfer's sitting by the telephone waiting to get the Verdick. Men kept ringing the doorbell; and Mrs. Diffendorfer came over and washed the dishes and answered the doorbell and said to the men every time, "No, no, go away."

But they stayed around the house. Some of the men had cameras and snapped Mrs. Diffendorfer's picture when she opened the door.

"Come, Bonnie," said Mrs. Diffendorfer, "time for girls to go to bed."

The Verdick hadn't come, but Bonnie didn't care. She didn't even want to know what a Verdick was.

She curled up in bed with Twinkie in the curve of her arm. Twinkie put her tiny cool nose to Bonnie's face, purring.

"I like you, happy Twinkie," whispered Bonnie. "I like you better'n anything in the whole world. Aren't we very happy together, you and me?" (Turn to page 80)

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"Kill it, and play safe," instinct told him. "Let it bite; you may learn something," his scientist's mind replied.

*He knew he*

# FACED DEATH

... yet he let the mosquito bite!

IT was hot and steamy, that afternoon of September 13, 1900. In the yellow fever ward at Las Animas, Cuba, a young doctor moved slowly down the dreary row of cots.

He was a member of the Yellow Fever Commission, whose job it was to find the cause of the dread "yellow jack." Mosquitoes were suspected.

He paused to watch a mosquito that hovered above his hand. "Kill it, and play safe," instinct told him. "Let it bite; you may learn something," his scientist's mind replied.

Twelve days later, Dr. Jesse Lazear died of yellow fever. Today, this scourge is practically extinct.

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## FOOD FOR THE TABLOIDS

Continued from page 78

She awakened briefly once. A door slammed downstairs, somebody came up the steps, another door opened, there were voices and noises, all blurred sleepily.

"Nellie's fainted!" She heard Uncle Jesse say. Then somebody rushed into the bathroom.

"The Verdick," she thought hazily.

Twinkie moved slightly. Bonnie felt the small warm body relax and settle back to sleep. She smiled. Darling Twinkie.

The next day Mr. Jason came and stayed a long time and Uncle Jesse did something called Seeing the Newspapers. The Newspapers were men who came and talked with Uncle Jesse in the living-room.

Bonnie was kept upstairs all that day. She and Twinkie played with a spool and had a lovely time. She didn't see mama at all. But some great boxes appeared with new clothes in them for mama.

And the next morning, mama called to her. Bonnie went into the bedroom. There stood a woman in long, black clothes—why, it was mama!

"I'm going to see papa, Bonnie."

"I want to go."

"No, darling"... Shall I give papa your love?

"Yes! And oh, mama, tell him—tell him I've got a kitty!"

"All right, Bonnie." She put on her hat then, but she did look so queer and bunched in her new black clothes; even her stockings were black. She used always to wear light silk stockings and pretty buckled slippers.

Then she pulled a big thick veil over her face and went downstairs. Bonnie, looking out of the window, saw her whisking to the taxicab with Mr. Jason and Uncle Jesse. Her arm was over her face as if, Bonnie thought, somebody were going to hit her. Some men with cameras were taking pictures of her.

"Come, Bonnie," called Aunt Nellie. "Lunch time."

A GREAT thing was going to happen to Bonnie.

Miss Adams came, talked with mama a long time, and then later said to Bonnie, "I've got a secret!"

"Oh!" cried Bonnie. "Tell me."

"Well," said Miss Adams, "how would you like to go to the country with me? You and Twinkie."

"Oh!" gasped Bonnie.

"Would you like it?"

Bonnie couldn't speak.

"We'll take a train and then an automobile and then we'll come to a little house in an apple orchard—"

"Whose house?"

"Mine. Where my mother and father live. 'Way up in the country in Canada.'"

"Trees?"

"Plenty of them."

"Can I climb them? And make a little house up high, like Peter Pan?"

"Yes."

"Oh!"

"And there's a brook, and you can wade."

"And would you be there all the time?"

"Every minute."

"And Twinkie?"

"Yes. We'll take her in her basket. Do you want to go, Bonnie? Would you be happy up there in the country with me?"

"Oh, I would," said Bonnie.

"Then we'll go tomorrow. And, oh, Bonnie, we'll sleep on the train. Did you ever sleep in a little bed on the train?"

"No... Does the train move?"

"Yes. You go to sleep listening to it. It's like flying."

"Aunt Nellie," shrieked Bonnie. "I'm going to the country on a train in a little bed!" She ran out to the kitchen, then upstairs, shouting to them all: "I'm going to the country and we're going to wade in a brook and Twinkie's going too."

That night when she went in to kiss her mother goodnight, it struck her for the first time; she was leaving mama. She was appalled. She didn't want to leave mama.

"But I'll come later, dearie," said mama.

"In just a—"

Her face seemed to go empty suddenly. "Just a few weeks. And next fall we'll find a little flat some place and you'll start to school again."

"Why don't you come now?"

"Because—listen, Bonnie, and understand if you can. Papa needs me here near him just—a little longer. So, of course, I have to stay, don't I? And you'll be happy with Miss Adams, and then—I'll come."

A sudden fear clutched Bonnie, something she had never thought of before.

"Mama, are you going to die?"

"No, child. I'm going to get better! You'll see. And we'll be happy, you and I, won't we?"

"Yes'm," said Bonnie dutifully.

"Come on, now, I'll put you to bed."

"Oh, goody!" Mama hadn't put her to bed for ages.

THERE was a tremendous stir the next morning. Bonnie bustled around importantly and Aunt Nellie bustled and even mama bustled a little, tying Bonnie's hair-ribbon and sewing a button on her blue serge skirt.

Mrs. Diffendorfer waddled over with a box of lunch.

"Dere's apfelstrudel in it," she told Bonnie. "Und aigs und peekles."

Miss Adams came at eleven. Bonnie was all ready, in her blue serge skirt, white middie blouse and brown polished shoes that shone like looking-glasses. Twinkie was crying in her basket. The suitcase was all strapped and waiting, and the box of lunch sitting on top of it.

Everybody was there, mama and Uncle Jesse and Aunt Nellie and Mrs. Diffendorfer.

Miss Adams said, "All right, Bonnie?"

Bonnie put on her tam hastily.

"Will the train wait, Miss Adams?"

"Oh, yes. But we must go along."

"Well—" Bonnie started off.

"Aren't you going to kiss them goodbye?"

"Oh, yes." She darted over to Uncle Jesse and put up her lips, then to Aunt Nellie.

Mama was standing very still by the radio. Bonnie went to her, mama bent over.

"Goodbye, mama."

"Goodbye, darling. Be good."

"Yes'm." Suddenly she flung her arms up, caught mama around the neck. "Bear hug!" she cried laughing.

"Bear hug!" cried mama.

Then she seized Twinkie's basket and was off, running out of the door, Miss Adams and Uncle Jesse behind with the suitcase.

She turned at the bottom of the steps to wave at mama. Mrs. Diffendorfer was standing on the porch watching her.

"Pore leedle girl," she heard Mrs. Diffendorfer say as if to herself.

She waved gaily at mama and ran to the taxicab. She was laughing. What a silly old woman Mrs. Diffendorfer was. Poor little girl! When she was going to the country with Miss Adams? When she had a kitty?

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## THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 23

Fred over to Aloës that night? St. Raphael isn't a big place. They must have found it easy to question the taxis that were available."

"They're still hunting for the taxi."

"Let 'em hunt! You're being stupid, Nancy."

"I'm sorry." Nancy's soul was in mutiny at Sophia's tone, but she tried to control

herself. "Fred may have had a lift in a private car."

"Child!" impatiently, "I never knew you so unintelligent before! Don't we know more than other people, about this affair? Haven't we got it clear already that Fred couldn't have come by car, because at the time we've proved likely for his arrival, Paul was at the gate cranking (Turn to page 82)





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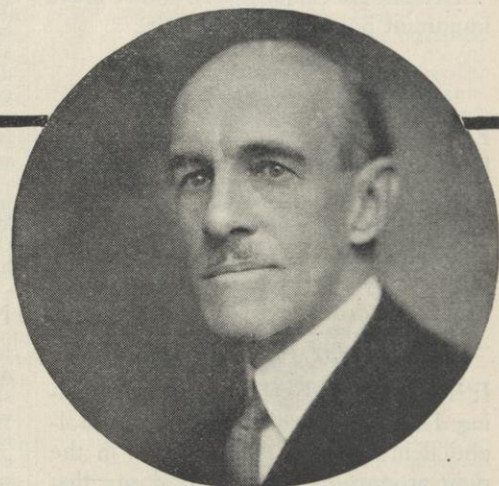
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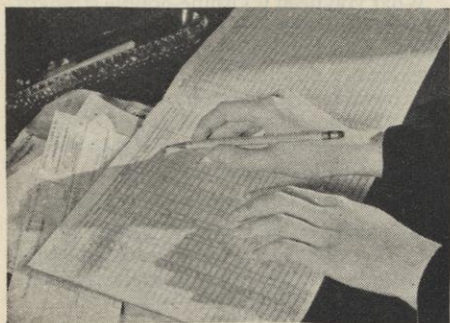
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## THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 80

up the Austin for Rodney Sant; and that was the car you heard? If there'd been another, you'd have heard it, too. Did you? No. Well then, Fred didn't arrive by road at all. He arrived by motor-boat. I established that yesterday. Now it's corroborated. Juniper—Juniper—Juniper!" cried Sophia, crashing her fist down on the table as though Juniper were contained in her clutch.

"Did you notice, when he arrived yesterday with Lal, how he instinctively swooped his boat in toward the next door cove—where he landed last time? That was a give-away. Behavior—behavior's the only safe line of clues. Only a momentary lapse, of course. The second he remembered, he swooped out again, and came round to our bay where he usually lands. He chose the one next door, that night, because it was better screened while he undressed the body—"

Nancy jumped. "Undressed the body—what body?—Fred's?" In their last discussion, Sophia's theory had been that the two men had walked up to the villa together and that Fred had not been poisoned by Juniper until his own feet had carried him into his own bedroom. But now she had once more taken a flying leap on to a fresh theory.

"Juniper carried Fred up to the villa. Not easy with a dead weight, literally a dead weight, over his shoulder, and a suitcase with Fred's clothes, but he's a powerful animal, and Fred was a light little chap. That all fits in. Don't you get a thrill from seeing things fit in?"

But Nancy, far from thrilling, was merely feeling sick and disgusted.

"If Fred had been alive when Juniper landed, Juniper would naturally have landed him in our bay instead of next door, but he wanted cover. Why did he want cover?"

Nancy remained silent.

"Well? Well, child? Don't sit there dreaming."

"I wasn't dreaming. I was reasoning. You see, you're using the fact that they landed next door as a proof that Fred was already—already unconscious, or perhaps dead, when they landed . . . but you can't use something as a proof which is only a guess, and you only guessed where they landed, from that one swerve of Juniper's when he brought Lal over."

Sophia could have killed her. "You're being merely obstructive, instead of helpful. Why should you shield Juniper like this? Good heavens, child, you're not in love with him, I suppose?"

NANCY also wondered why she was shielding Juniper, when she so ardently desired to have the crime settled on any alien shoulders, so that Lal's might be free. But then, she argued with herself, it was just because she wanted a conclusive case, that she couldn't let these flaws pass. This was not good enough—to clear Lal. It had to be better supported. Though it seemed as if she were fighting against Lal, she was really fighting for him.

Sophia paced up and down her room. Then she stopped by the writing table, and leaned over it, holding out her hand. "Pax!" she said. "I was hot and miserable and exasperated. After all, you've been sitting in a cool room all the afternoon. You're quite right, of course. Only don't forget the tie—the tie left in the suitcase. It's unlikely, if Juniper undressed Fred only up in his bedroom, or if Fred had undressed himself and died afterwards, that the tie would have been put back in the suitcase, but it would easily have been left in the suitcase if all the clothes were brought up that way and the rest turned out and scattered about the room. Does that strike you as sound? Good! Now, what about the other Balmorals?"

Nancy's sentinel instinct sprang on guard again, but it was no good pretending to Sophia that the behavior of Heriot, of Aunt Lucinda, of Prince Louis, and of—well, of Lal, had not shown a certain freakishness.

"But, Sophia," she pleaded, "we can't possibly imagine that they all—or that any of them . . . I mean . . . what does Fred matter to them? Why should they have?"

Sophia agreed that it was absurd to suppose that all the members of Lady Humber's distinguished house-party were combined to murder Fred Poole without a motive, and

silently to put the responsibility of the murder on Aloës. Her explanation of their mysterious reactions was perhaps a little silly, but not so silly as that. She clung to the notion that Juniper's was a solitary crime, but that various events had made the others of his party suspicious; and instead of communicating their suspicions to the police—"as every one should do", put in Nancy, demurely—or, better still, handing them over to Sophia, they were each one separately bent on the glory of following up the crime and discovering the murderer.

"And there's another point. The doctor said that Fred, when he saw him, had been dead for twelve hours, or possibly more. That means that he died about half-past ten the night before. According to Paul and Prunella—what luck that those children were tearing about all over the place that night!—Fred wasn't in his room, alive or dead, up till half-past eleven, anyway. Therefore he must have been dead when Juniper carried him in. The police are fools. Those are all lines that they ought to be covering all the time."

"Tea!" called Joe at the door, "and the milk's high, Nancy!"

IN SILENCE they joined the others, and drank their tea without milk. Joe was just going to say that it looked like herb tea, and then decided not to. Nobody was at all happy, except perhaps Paul and Prunella, who were not there, but drifting quietly together down the bathing pool, too absorbed in what they were saying to each other to pay any heed to the lightning, beating its wings on the horizon.

"It's begun," remarked Joe, as the first faint rumble of thunder promised relief from the tension. And Nancy and Lal sighed, as though they had had a little too much to bear, and were glad some of the burden was about to be lifted from them.

The storm suddenly rushed over the sea towards the coast, as though it were driven by whips. Marie-Félice screamed from the kitchen. Léonie was heard rating her. Silvere was heard rating Léonie. Hercule cried.

Juniper stood at the window and sang in a rumbling undertone that matched the thunder. Because they did not know what he was singing, it had an ominous Russian quality. Actually, it was English, but out of tune, and in a minor key. Nancy watched him and wondered . . . and wondered if this were what he crooned while undressing Fred.

Then there was a lull. "I wish it would hurry up," murmured Lal. He was very pale, and there were dark circles under his dark eyes. Juniper stopped singing. The kitchen sounds had ceased also. Even Hercule . . .

A blazing sheet of lightning ripped across the windows; there was a crash of rain and thunder directly afterwards, straight above the garden. In the turmoil let loose, it seemed as though lightning and thunder, rain and garden and sea, were all mixed up together in a wild fury. Two figures in bathing-costume streaked up the path, laughing faces turned up to the rain—Paul and Prunella. Just as they passed the aloe—Prunella's special and symbolic aloe—it broke under the weight of wind and rain . . . and that too, was a relief; it had slanted so long at that strange angle.

The lightning was licking everywhere, now. Paul and Prunella tore up on to the balcony and into the salon.

Then the telephone bell rang, startling them, at such a moment, with its reminder of a mechanical insistence which could beat even the storm. It rang and rang. "Don't answer it!" commanded Joe, speaking above the thunder, like Jove. "It's dangerous with all this electricity about."

Sophia waited a moment to see if it would stop. "I can't just let it ring. We should all go mad." And she lifted the receiver, undaunted by the frightful cracklings.

Lady Humber, amidst a hurricane of cracklings, squibs and thunderclaps, announced exactly what she thought of a friend who invited as a guest to her house a man who had been a guest in a friend's house, but who had been asked to leave, for reasons unknown to the friend who had invited him away from the other friend, without realizing that her friend must have had reasons which she could not tell even to a friend.

Sophia heard about a third of this; but she blessed the thunderstorm as an excuse for



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pretending that she had heard even less; for it would have been difficult to have explained to the wrathful Aunt Lucinda, who had just heard of Juniper's presence at Aloës, her own exact reasons for inviting him to leave his hotel and come to stay at the villa.

Especially with Juniper in the room. "I don't know what you're talking about, Lucinda, but all I can say is you must have felt very badly about it to have managed to bite a way through all this thunder and lightning . . . unforgivable insult? Very well then. I'm sorry; I do as I like, but I hope my manners are as good as anybody's and if you can't forgive me, you can't. Perhaps you'd better tell me the rest when the weather's quieter. What? . . . What? . . ."

Dead silence, except for a quieter crackling, then even that subsided.

"I've been cut off," said Sophia, replacing the receiver with a bang.

"Good thing, too," said Paul, who had changed into dry clothes and returned to the salon. "What's the trouble?"

Sophia hesitated. There was a big bellow of laughter from Juniper, who knew quite well what was the trouble.

Sophia looked at him, and laughed too. "I believe the air's lighter," she remarked irrelevantly.

AS IF in ironic comment on her words, came a shrill burst of altercation from the kitchen and hall. The door was flung open and Léonie rushed in.

Silvère followed her. It was not at all clear at first whether Léonie was addressing Sophia, the company in general, the stormy heavens, or whether she and Silvère had merely thought it would be a pleasant variation to continue their quarrel in the salon instead of in the kitchen.

"There can be no dinner!" That, at all events, was meant for Sophia. "No, no, no! I will not stay. I will depart, but immediately, with my poor, poor little one, if I have to beg for him the whole way from here to Paris. I will depart. For I am an honest woman and an honest wife, *et voyez-vous*, madame, it is not right that I, who can make *confiserie*, and *paté*, and *vol-au-vent*, and *soufflés*, should day after day have to serve up the same dinner to madame and to her friends, who will say to each other that Léonie is no cook; she has no variety. But what can one do with *ce fourneau maudit*? And madame will come to see for herself the kitchen full of smoke and yet no fire, and I who tear my heart out! But these men they are all the same. They make promises and they break them . . . Up the road and down the road I have looked. I have asked every auto that passed, and their answer is always the same: 'Yes, we have seen him, *le glacier*, but he has gone home.' He has brought ice here and there, to every villa, only not to Aloës. Ah, *le saligaud*! And as if that were not enough—"

she turned furiously upon Silvère—"that one, who only a year ago swore he would die if I did not take pity on him, but now—bah! All day long he must pester me with his jealousies, as though, *nom de Dieu*, it were my fault that there are gendarmes in the villa and that his name is Pierre which is the same as Pauquet!"

Silvère was also in a passion, but it rose more slowly, and from a deeper base; more dangerously, too: "It is not that I ask for presents. I would willingly give them away to those who are in need. But—madame, *je vous demande pardon*—but madame shall judge that when the wife of your heart, the wife for whom you would cheerfully work day and night, for her and the little one to have food and shelter, gives you a pocket-book, with false embraces because it is your Saint's Day, Saint Silvère . . . I was profoundly touched, for it was a beautiful pocket-book and I took pride in it . . . and then to steal it away again to give it to *ce vilain*, her paramour, who calls himself a gendarme, and sits all day long in the kitchen, staring, staring at an honest man's wife, the mother of his child—"

Sophia was not sure by then whose was the child to whom they referred, nor whose was the pocketbook, nor whose the blame; nor, indeed, who was called Pierre and who Pauquet? So she continued to sit passively

amidst this whirl of Southern jealousy and Provençal unreason, hoping for further enlightenment. Could it be really that Silvère's honest wife had given her fickle heart—and her husband's pocketbook—to the infatuated gendarme? But meanwhile, Léonie had returned to the subject of the truant ice-man, who, it appeared, was in at least as much disfavor as Silvère. For the third time she flung down her notice at Sophia's feet, and announced her intention of quitting the villa at once. Within the next hour they would seek and not find her. She would be gone, she would leave them all behind her, Silvère, the gendarme, the ice-man. As for madame, she regretted, for madame had always been an angel of kindness and consideration, but not even madame could persuade her to stay. And she was on her way to the door, when, to Sophia's astonishment, Joe took an impulsive step forward and caught Léonie, not unkindly, by the arm. "Wait a minute! *Attendez!*" he said. "Look here, Sophia, I don't know if she's really going, but if she is, you mustn't let her. I mean, we oughtn't to, until she's told us where it all links up. With poor old Fred, I mean."

"Where what links up?"

"This," said Joe, intensely worried. And with his free hand he produced from his pocket a stained and faded oblong which had once been a purple suede pocketbook with flexible gold edges and the initial "P" sprawling showily across one corner.

Léonie, at sight of it, let loose a shriek.

"Ah, *c'est le mien—it is mine!*" exclaimed Silvère.

But Joe still held it out of their reach, and still, almost apologetically, addressed Sophia: "You see, I'm not at all sure about anything; that's why I shut up till now, waiting for what would turn up. But if they're using this—this hulloaloo as an excuse to do a bunk, ice-man and gendarme and all that—and heaven only knows what we shall do without a postman!"—poor Joe was nearly sobbing himself, at the devastating thought—"Well, but all the same, it all looks damned queer to me!"

And then, as best he could amid the frequent interruptions from Léonie, he described first of all how he had noticed the shining new pocketbook when Silvère had used it two mornings ago, an hour or two before their discovery of Fred's body; next, how Léonie had confided to him her private hatred for Fred, because she had learned through Marie-Félice how he had attempted to get her and *le petit Hercule* banished from Aloës; and, finally, how today he had found the same pocketbook, soaked and stained with sea-water, in a crevice of rock on the side of the bay used mostly by the servants, and, examining it, had found the name of a Marseilles firm stamped inside.

"Marseilles!" echoed Prunella; and Paul, turning towards Silvère, asked him how the pocketbook had originally become his.

"But, monsieur—" said the man, bewildered, "I have told you. It is no secret, only that I cannot understand why it should have been found on the rocks. Léonie, my wife, she gave it to me for a present."

"And Fred's notes and money were found lying loose on the dressing-table," remarked Sophia, trying to piece together this jig-saw.

LÉONIE dramatically flung herself on the ground at her mistress's feet.

"Ah, madame—madame who has so much *bonté*, she will believe me! She will not send him to the guillotine, my husband, *mon brave homme*, who has always been so good to me, from whom I have had never a cross word, nor for the little one either. There is no such husband on all the coast. And if they kill him, it will be my fault, and I will suffer—ah, *mon Dieu*, it is not right that we should suffer so, we others, when it is just that we wish to give a little present to make pleasure. But he, Silvère, he is not a thief, whatever Monsieur Joe may say," her glance stabbed Joe, so that he shrank back and took up his stand a little nearer Paul, for protection. Sophia, more accustomed to Léonie's temperament, merely asked her gently but clearly to explain to them all exactly where she had procured the pocketbook.

"I do not know how I could have forgotten his Saint's Day, except (Turn to page 84)



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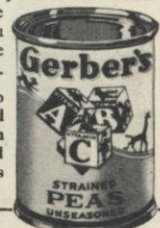
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## THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 83

that there were so many visitors in the villa, and so I did not remember until I woke up on the twentieth and already Silvère had departed for the early post—*Nom de Dieu de Dieu, aujourd'hui c'est la fête de Saint Silvère*, and I, his wife who adore him, I have no gift! Impossible to buy a present before he returns at breakfast. We are so far from the shops—we are lost, here at Aloès. *Voyez, madame* I went out into the garden. All the poor flowers were blown here, blown there. If it goes on, there will be no flowers left, I say; and I pick what I can find, and arrange them as I often do in the vases, to take into the bedrooms, and some of the little, little roses, I put in a vase for Monsieur Poole's room—

A quick exclamation from Nancy. She and Sophia exchanged glances. Here was the solution at last of the mystery of that little extra vase of flowers which Sophia had suspected was due to Juniper's Russian sense of courtesy to a dead victim . . .

"I did not suppose that Monsieur Poole had returned, and Monsieur Paul Slade's room was empty when I went through. He had risen early. But Monsieur Poole was there, after all, and still, as I supposed, asleep in his bed. So I marched quietly—quietly—Léonie's hand padding through the air gave a vivid impression of her stealthy progress—"and I put down the vase, so, on the dressing-table, and immediately—ah, *que c'était beau!*—I saw lying there this beautiful new pocketbook, which I had not ever seen before, so he must have bought it while he was away. Ah, if I had only had the idea to ask him to buy one exactly like it for *mon pauvre Silvère!* And then—then, madame, you might have done the same yourself—"

LÉONIE was on her feet again, enacting so dramatically, yet so naturally the whole proceedings of her temptation in Fred's bedroom, that her audience felt themselves transported in time and place, and were watching her, watching her breathlessly while she picked up the pocketbook, held it in her hand, held it to the light, admired it, turned it over from the wrong side to the right side, and with a start became aware of the initial "P" for Poole. Yes, perhaps. "P" also for Pauquet. Then—was it not meant that Silvère should have this pocketbook as a heaven-sent gift from his wife on his Saint's Day? Léonie slid a glance towards the bed. He was slumbering so quietly, Monsieur Poole. Perhaps he had come home very late, and would be furious if the cook awakened him. He would be bad-tempered. After all, was she not the mother of *le petit Hercule*, who cried so much? He would refuse, even if she offered to pay for it—for, of course, she would pay for it. She was an honest woman. She did not steal, she bought. But just today—*n'est-ce pas*, one must adjust, one must arrange? Presently, Silvère would come home, and how disappointed if she had nothing to give him! It would be easy later on, nothing easier in the world than to tell Monsieur Poole. And because she was being furiously honest, she emptied out all the money from the pocketbook, quickly, quickly in case he should wake, all the notes, many hundreds of francs, and left them on the dressing table. Was there any harm in that?

"No!" cried Silvère loudly, and flinging his arms about her, kissed her smackingly, first on one plump brown cheek and then on the other. "*Mon trésor!*"

"*Mon roi!*"

"*Ma Madonna!*"

"*Mon brave petit chou!*"

Sophia lifted her voice, so that she could be heard above these endearments. "I beg your pardon, Léonie, for interrupting, but do you think you could just control yourself for a few moments longer, and tell us how this beautiful new purple pocketbook, belonging to Monsieur Poole, came to be found in the sea, instead of in Silvère's pockets?"

"*Mais, madame, qu'est-ce que vous voulez? C'est naturel, n'est-ce pas?* It was natural that I should be frightened when it was discovered that Monsieur Poole was dead, and all over the house *les gendarmes*, and the Commissaire asking us many questions and not believing a single word of what we answered him. Oh, but I was frightened that they would suspect *mon pauvre Silvère*, with



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the dead man's pocketbook in his possession, and he as innocent as the Saint himself. But I dared not tell Silvère. He had been so pleased that I had bought him such a beautiful present. So today I stole away the pocketbook, and threw it into the sea, hoping he would only believe that he had lost it. But he is an imbecile," cried Léonie, suddenly changing her mood, "for he believes that I have given it to the gendarme, Pierre Les-toeq, who is no more to me—I swear it—than the handle on my smallest casserole, for all that he follows me all day long round my kitchen, saying foolish things, that I hear with only half my ears. . . . Eh bien, alors, what is it?" For Marie-Félice was calling shrilly: "Léonie! Léonie!"

"C'est lui!" cried Marie-Félice, an announcement incomprehensible to any of the company except Léonie, who understood that her enemy, the treacherous ice-man, was approaching the gates.

With a cry of: "Ah, le perfide! A hundred francs he has cost me of food which has been spoilt in this heat!" and dashing aside her husband, into whose enveloping arms she had sunk blissfully not a moment ago, and with a smile already brilliant with victory at Sophia, she rushed up the path, pausing on the way to swing up Hercule, tucking him under her arm, leaving one hand free for gesticulation, imprecation and apostrophe. . . .

"Everything seems to be clearing up at once," Nancy remarked; and added mournfully: "except us. The ice has come, and Léonie and Silvère are friends again, and look at the sky."

There was a clear, heavenly freshness in the air, that quality of freshness after storm, which presently melts into long days and nights of hot weather.

Nancy wished she could ease herself in the same fashion as Léonie, and impulsively pour out all that was still burdening her about Lal and Rosalind; about Lal on the rocks that morning; Lal on the phone to Heriot the morning before. And—yes—she would have liked to tell Prunella how much she loved Lal, even though it was hopeless, and how terrified she was of the danger which seemed to be surrounding him, pressing nearer and nearer; for that he was somehow concerned with Fred's death, she had no longer the faintest doubt.

THE garden gate swung open wide. The Commissaire came down the steps and up the path towards the porch, with a great deal more than his usual pomp and ceremony. The sun shone upon his rosy face, and touched up the gilt of his uniform. Seeing Nancy and Prunella in the porch, he halted and bowed low, requesting the honor of a formal interview with Madame Framlingham. So significant was his tone, that Nancy, fearing that it conveyed definite arrest for one of the household, felt her legs swimming and melting beneath her, and sat down very suddenly on the steps, while Prunella went to inform Sophia. The Commissaire was summoned to the salon, and Nancy remained where she was. She could not save Lal now. . . .

"Madame," said the Commissaire, his cap in his hand, and again bowing low and respectfully, "I have great pleasure in informing you that the Villa Aloës is to be no longer under surveillance. The police are satisfied. I need say no more. Immediately, I will withdraw myself and my gendarmes from the premises. You and your guests are as free as—as the nightingales," and he rippled his fingers expressively in the air. "You will permit me to say, that if we have caused you any inconvenience, it has only been in the course of our duties."

"Monsieur," said, Sophia standing very tall and dignified, "please believe that I and my house-party will cherish no other feelings but of the most benevolent good-will towards you and your officers, remembering always the courtesy with which you have treated us in the unavoidable discharge of your regrettable duty." She longed to go on in a more colloquial vein: "But, I say, what has happened?" but something in Auguste Polidore's mien forbade such a drop to sheer bathos of curiosity; only she could not forbear from asking: "Has anything been discovered?"

The Commissaire looked pained. "Madame, I have said: the police are satisfied. That surely should be enough. I can say no more. There are, however, a few words that I should like to say to you in private, if you will allow an old man—"

He drew Sophia aside. The others strained their ears, but could hear nothing but the murmurous cadences of his voice as it rose and fell in what sounded like adjuration.

Auguste Polidore then bowed separately to Rumples, to Prunella, to Juniper, Lal, Paul

and Joe. In fact, to Joe he bowed twice, and said that he had been enchanted. Joe replied solemnly that he also had been enchanted. Polidore then retired to collect his two gendarmes, and a few moments later the three of them, first the Commissaire, striding ahead, then the vigilant bathing gendarme, finally, drooping and reluctant, the gendarme who was in love with Léonie, marched up the garden path. The group whom he left behind in the salon sat at first as though stunned, hardly speaking above a whisper. It seemed impossible that the prison gates had really rolled back on them, that the storm had burst at last, that the skies were blue, that the ice-man had arrived, that the gendarmes had gone for good.

"WHAT did he say to you, Sophia?" asked Joe, hoarse with curiosity.

"Do you really want to know? You do. Well, I'll tell you. He was reproving me, in the nicest possible manner, for the extreme laxness and want of principle with which this *ménage* is conducted. He recommended a reformation of costume and morals and—"

"We won't buy any more, thank you!" laughed Prunella. Suddenly she seized her brother and whirled him into an impromptu dance. "Hallelujah jubilation!" she chanted. "No more gendarmes—no more mess! We're free! We can do as we like! Hooray! The Commissaire says we've got to be good, so let's all be good. I'm good, you're good, all God's chilluns are good—"

By this time, Lal was at the piano, thumping an accompaniment to her harlequin capers; half turned round to watch her, a faintly mocking smile tilting his lips.

Nancy, drawn by the sound, but still not understanding what had happened, had come in from the porch. Paul, for once in a mood as wild as Prunella's, swept her up from the doorway into his arms.

"Dance, dance, dance, little lady!" he sang, and Lal caught up the refrain, quick, jerky, savage. . . . faster and faster. . . .

They were all dancing, now: Sophia and Juniper, an incongruous couple; Rumples, being a fairy-child, all by herself, daintily tiptoeing, tossing a pointed toe, clapping her hands, curls a-bob and a-glitter. . . .

The glad news had also infected the kitchen, whence Léonie, and Marie-Félice lifted their voices in Provençal folk-song.

Only Lal remained still a little detached from the general hilarity. He dashed out the tune for them, one scoffing tune after another; his eyes still brooded. He smiled, but did not sing. . . .

Prunella, exhausted, threw herself down on the couch. Lal stopped in the middle of a bar. The rest flopped just where they stood, into chairs, on the floor. . . .

"Tomorrow's my birthday!" exclaimed Prunella. "You've all forgotten, about it, but I haven't. This has happened just in time. I knew it was going to be lovely this year. I knew directly the aloe came down. I've always hated that aloe. . . . beast! Who's going to do what for my birthday? And which of you is going to give me how much?"

It was Sophia who proposed the feast on the island that they had originally desired and abandoned. Why not? It might seem callous, perhaps, to outsiders, so soon after the funeral; but after all, it was no good sentimentalizing. What had Fred meant to them? Nothing.

Prunella, who loved all parties, was ecstatic at the idea. She hugged Sophia, she hugged Léonie, who was called in for consultations over the food question.

JUST then—prompted by intuition—Heriot rang up; and acting as emissary of peace from Aunt Lucinda, desired to speak to Sophia who, hearing that Balmoral was on the telephone, refused to come, but sent Nancy as her emissary of war. Heriot conveyed that Lady Humber wished to apologize for words uttered in a hurry. It was understood that she had been upset by the storm, but was now herself again, though feeling too weak to telephone in person. Sophia also melted into forgiveness and surrender when these speeches had been transmitted by Nancy; not quite so contrite as Lady Humber, because she had not been the attacking party. Sophia told Nancy to tell Heriot their good news of the police withdrawal, and to invite the Balmorals for Prunella's birthday feast. Aunt Lucinda, via Heriot, offered to bring, not only the champagne, but also the prince; but begged that the festival need not begin till late in the evening, as her legs were shaking like a jelly.

"We won't begin until (Turn to page 86)



## My husband was a farmer's boy . . . and I was a City Girl

"I went to the country for a vacation, and there I met Bob. He had just finished college and was ready to take a position in the city that Fall. We spent the Summer swimming, riding and dancing, and when he came to town, I guess we were the happiest couple that ever went to the altar.

"Everything was heavenly the first few months and then things went wrong. Bob seemed to lose his appetite and often lost his temper! One night he said, 'I'd give anything to get a meal that tasted like home.'

"I knew something had to be done, so I went next door and wept all over Mrs. Imbrie's shoulder. 'It's all because you're a city girl and he's a country boy' she laughed. 'He's used to wholesome dishes full of fresh tastes. Why don't you begin feeding that man of yours Knox Gelatine dishes? Knox Gelatine combines so easily with all kinds of fruits and vegetables, and makes them taste like the freshest foods from the country.'

"And—' she added, 'I know how hard it is to live on a young couple's salary—remember that one package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine will make four different dishes for four different meals, six servings each. If I were you I would send for that Knox Book on Food Economy—it will show you dozens of ways to save dinner dollars.'

"Well, Bob and I certainly are happy again. And here is the first Knox dish I ever made. Perhaps you would like to try it."

### CHARLOTTE RUSSE (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	½ pint cream
1¼ cups milk	2 eggs
2 tablespoonfuls sugar	Sponge cake
Few grains salt	3 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar
¾ teaspoonful vanilla	¾ cup cold water

Scald milk and add gradually to yolks of eggs, slightly beaten, and mixed with sugar and salt. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Then add gelatine, soaked in cold water. Add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, then add cream, beaten until stiff, and mixed with sugar and vanilla. Line round paper cases with strips of sponge cake, using muffin ring to keep cases in shape. Fill with mixture and chill. Remove from cases and garnish tops with four narrow strips of cake, radiating from center, and garnish center with a cube of jelly or a cherry.

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## THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 85

late, anyhow, because of the moon. It's full moon on the shortest night. We ought to see the dawn in."

Heriot then reported that the Balmoral party could be expected about half-past ten.

[T was after midnight when the picnickers on the island discovered that they had left the gramophone in the villa, and that they could not possibly do without it. They had bathed and eaten their fill. They were elated with champagne and freedom. The full moon, bracken gold, had swung itself up over the horizon, and washed the sea with all the colors of romance. It was a perfect night, the night which they had expected would follow on their perfect bath, three days ago, before mistral suddenly blew up from nowhere, and whirled death into the villa, and mystery and horror.

Like children at a party, the group on the island had forgotten all moods except gaiety. Prunella, especially, the heroine of the Feast of the Shortest Night, was in quicksilver mood; and Paul, usually the most austere among them, amazed his companions by his brilliant buffoonery. It was Prunella who now demanded the gramophone, and Lal who volunteered to go over and fetch it.

"Take the rowing-boat, Lal, not the canoe. It's too heavy for the canoe."

Lal nodded, swung himself down the path and into the green rowing-boat, leaving Juniper's Dandy and the small lobster-red canoe, which had brought them all over, moored and a-swing on the polished water.

ROSALIND POOLE'S was not an impatient nature. Or, if it was, she never showed it. It would seem as though she influenced the world about her to move at her own gracious pace; the voices which answered her when she spoke to them were strangely impelled to reproduce her mellow, full-throated quietude of tone. She was deep-colored as a nectarine entranced against an old wall in the late afternoon sunshine; a woman perfectly finished, perfectly sophisticated, perfectly poised in her own period, and yet eternal in history, as a type that will always draw out of men all the service, all the romance, that they have not guessed is latent within them; she would be sorry if they suffered, and yet mock at them a little—or was it at herself that she was mocking, with that twist of red-brown eyebrow and ironic curve of the lips?

But the susceptible young vice-consul whom she visited at Nice, directly after her flight from Naples, though he may have felt all this in his soul, summed her up without eloquence as "a damned good-looking woman who knew how to dress."

He told her that her brother-in-law's funeral had already taken place that afternoon.

"I came as soon as I could, but Naples was our first stop after I received your wireless, and I flew from there."

"Yes, quite right. Those Italian trains... but still, I expect you're not sorry, on the whole, Mrs. Poole, to have missed... I mean, funerals are dreary affairs, and it isn't as though... all the same, allow me to express my sympathy. Your husband, I expect, will be very much upset at the news. Have you—?"

"Yes, I've cabled Nigel. It's no use pretending, Mr. Lucas, that he and Fred were very devoted brothers."

"Still, bound to be a shock," Reggie Lucas persisted. "And now, what are you going to do, Mrs. Poole? Nearly eight o'clock... you'll want some dinner. I wonder if you will let me...?"

Rosalind let him; and begged that they might not have an elaborate meal, as she was anxious, after a formal call on Mrs. Framlingham at Aloës, and a night, perhaps two, at the hotel at La Théor, to take the very next boat from Marseilles and continue her interrupted journey to Ceylon.

Over Rosalind's favorite "Langouste à l'Américaine," Reggie Lucas explained to her that the inquest as well as the funeral had taken place that day, and that her brother-in-law's unfortunately sudden death had now been satisfactorily explained as an accident, so that police investigations were at an end.

Rosalind looked up faintly startled.

"Then was there any idea that he had been murdered?"

"How she says things straight out!" reflected Lucas.

Aloud, he explained that there had been details connected with Mr. Poole's demise that looked a bit—what should he call it?—fishy. So that the local police had had to hang about a bit, but had now received orders from Headquarters to withdraw from the villa and let the matter drop.

It was nearly half-past nine before he would let her depart; and Rosalind realized that by the time the car which she had hired at Nice would reach La Théor along the winding road and sharp blind corners of the dangerous Corniche, it would be decidedly too late to pay her call on Mrs. Framlingham, who was a stranger to her. She told the chauffeur to drive straight to the hotel at La Théor. The next day she would see her late brother-in-law's hostess at Aloës; and then go along the coast to Marseilles. One had to be decent, of course; one had had to try and get back in time for poor Fred's funeral, but she hated the delay—any delay which kept her so many days longer from Nigel. To have to go back along two days and nights of the journey already covered, to have to count them off and begin it again, was maddening. Still, it was Fred who was dead, not Nigel—not Nigel. Her blood sang in thankfulness. As the consul had realized, hers was a nature that looked straight at facts, and it was a fact that nobody had cared very much for the elder of the Poole brothers. It was a glorious night, and in spite of her wish to be back on the boat with its bows turned southward towards India, she could not help enjoying this strange solitary midnight drive along a shore.

Suddenly the chauffeur spoke to her over his shoulder, pointing: "Voyez, madame, that is the villa which was watched by the police, the Villa Aloës where recently the Englishman died—or was murdered, one does not know."

"Wait," Rosalind commanded. And he pulled up sharply by the side of the road.

Aloës was blazing with light, lights in every room and none of the jalousies closed. A medley of lanterns and animation, music and voices, were clustered at one side of the house, round a table under a pergola; a broad-hipped woman with an olive laughing face was jiggling about, holding a baby high in her arms, the group round her applauding loudly. The servants, obviously, as well as their mistress, were holding revelry tonight.

And while Rosalind watched from the car, a man in the uniform of a gendarme came up the road from the opposite direction, swung open the gates and walked down the path towards the party under the pergola.

The implication was sinister enough, and Rosalind was puzzled. Had the vice-consul been wrong, after all, when he said the police had been withdrawn from the villa? She decided that though it was an erratic hour for a stranger to appear, she would yet see Sophia Framlingham that night instead of waiting till next morning. After all, the occasion was eccentric enough to warrant it; and anyhow, if they were so gay and wide-awake so soon after a funeral, they could not be very conventional people, and she need not mind presenting herself.

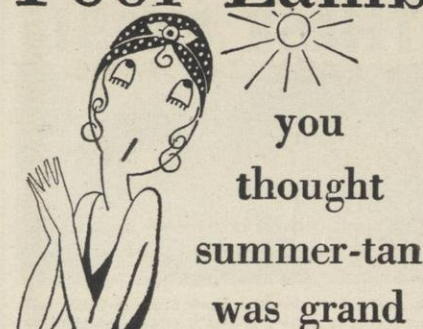
BUT the silence which met her at the front door was stranger even than the illumination. It was as though someone were saying: "You may walk in... see, you are neither welcome nor unwelcome. The doors are open."

Rosalind rang; waited for a response; rang again. Then she walked into the hall, hearing her own tread disconcertingly echoed on the paved floor. She wondered what she should do next? The villa was apparently empty, and the servants outside, preoccupied with their own social amusements... Midnight, in a strange house, beside the Mediterranean, a house belonging to a woman she did not know... the house where Fred had died... what was she doing here, when she ought to be on her way to join Nigel in Ceylon? Should she go away again? Rosalind stood irresolute in the garish salon, listening; her little black hat like wings folded about her tawny head; her soft wrap, matt black with a silvery fur collar, held round her as if in protection.

Suddenly she heard light footsteps coming across the garden gravel and up the balcony

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steps. She was very much frightened. She did not know the reason, for she was usually brave enough, but she was frightened, too frightened to move . . . What was she doing here in an empty villa, with footsteps coming towards her? Her limbs remained petrified, her gaze turned in the direction where the unknown would presently appear. For this was the house that was being watched. The gendarme was outside. A man had perhaps been murdered in this house . . . Why had she come?

"Lal!"

He stood in the doorway, looking at her. They had not met for so long . . . And although he knew she was coming, he could not believe at first that she was actually standing there. Rosalind!—and not cold to him any more, for directly she realized who it was, her hands flew out to him—a gesture of confidence that thrilled in his blood like a trumpet peal.

"Lal—oh, I'm so glad it's you! Oh, Lal, I was so frightened!"

HE BELIEVED in his luck now, at the touch of her; and his boyish excitement was irresistible. They had quarrelled last time they had met—well, not exactly a quarrel; never mind that now. Only he had given way too wildly to a burst of jealousy at her complete preference for her husband, back from Ceylon on leave. Nothing but Nigel—Nigel . . . and before that they had been such friends, he and Rosalind. Well, not exactly friends. He worshipped her too much for that, but she would not allow herself to be worshipped all the time. She had her mischievous moods, that never blundered into crude romping. Oh, there was no one like her, his lovely Rosalind . . . and damn Nigel Poole! But Rosalind would not have this. She had told him proudly, firmly, that if he had to speak from this turmoil and could not control it, she would see no more of him. Well, when was that? All over now—seven—eight months ago . . . And here they were, he and she, by a blessed boon alone in the salon, beside the dusky garden and the dark blue sea. But Lal hated the salon; too much had happened there. He drew her out into the garden; down there on the rocks by the bathing pool, they would hardly be seen from the island. He was a wayward glitter of plans for the future. Now that he had found her again, they were to be together, together nearly all the time—nearly—quite all the time.

"But I'm going straight back to Ceylon."

"Not at once, Rosalind. You can't! Not now that you've come back, and I want you so much. Presently—later on. Surely your husband can wait? He's only your husband," pleaded this very young, this very passionate Lal, for whom she could not help feeling a quality of amused tenderness, which she gave no one else, not even Nigel. Nigel did not need her tenderness; he met her on level ground.

"Lal—"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say. Don't say it! You always say it." She was going to torture him all over again, and he felt he could not bear to hear her reply how she loved Nigel Poole, wanted to be with him.

SUDDENLY there was a commotion from the kitchen quarters. Léonie came rushing down the garden towards the beach. Seeing Lal, with a strange lady, she halted.

"Oh, Monsieur Lull! Monsieur Lull! There is terrible news! It is not true that we can all be free again and happy again. That gendarme, that *crétin*, that Pierre Lestocq, he has come back. He stays—he insists that he will be all day long again in my kitchen. It was not true, but done on purpose to deceive us, what the Commissaire said. They trick—and presently they all arrive again to arrest that poor Madame Root Jackson. *Mon homme* and I, we are going to call from the beach to madame on the island."

For a moment Lal put the back of his hand across his eyes, as though the bad tidings had stunned him. Then he said very quietly: "I came over in the rowing-boat. You'd better use it to cross to the island, instead of calling." And he and Rosalind walked on, without speaking, to the other beach, on the west side, across the rocks . . .

"Lal, what is it?"

"You must know it now," Lal said quietly. "It was I who killed Fred."

Is this a confession? Be cautious about believing it. For there are surprises in the final instalment next month

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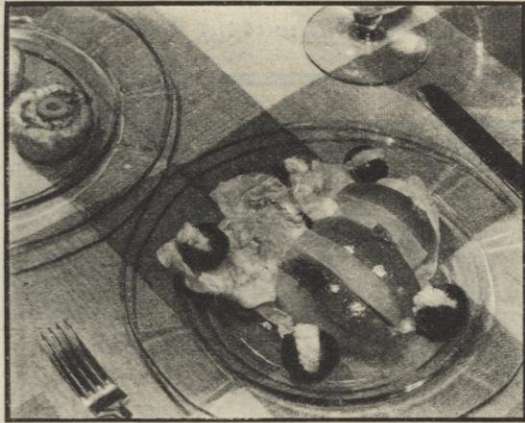


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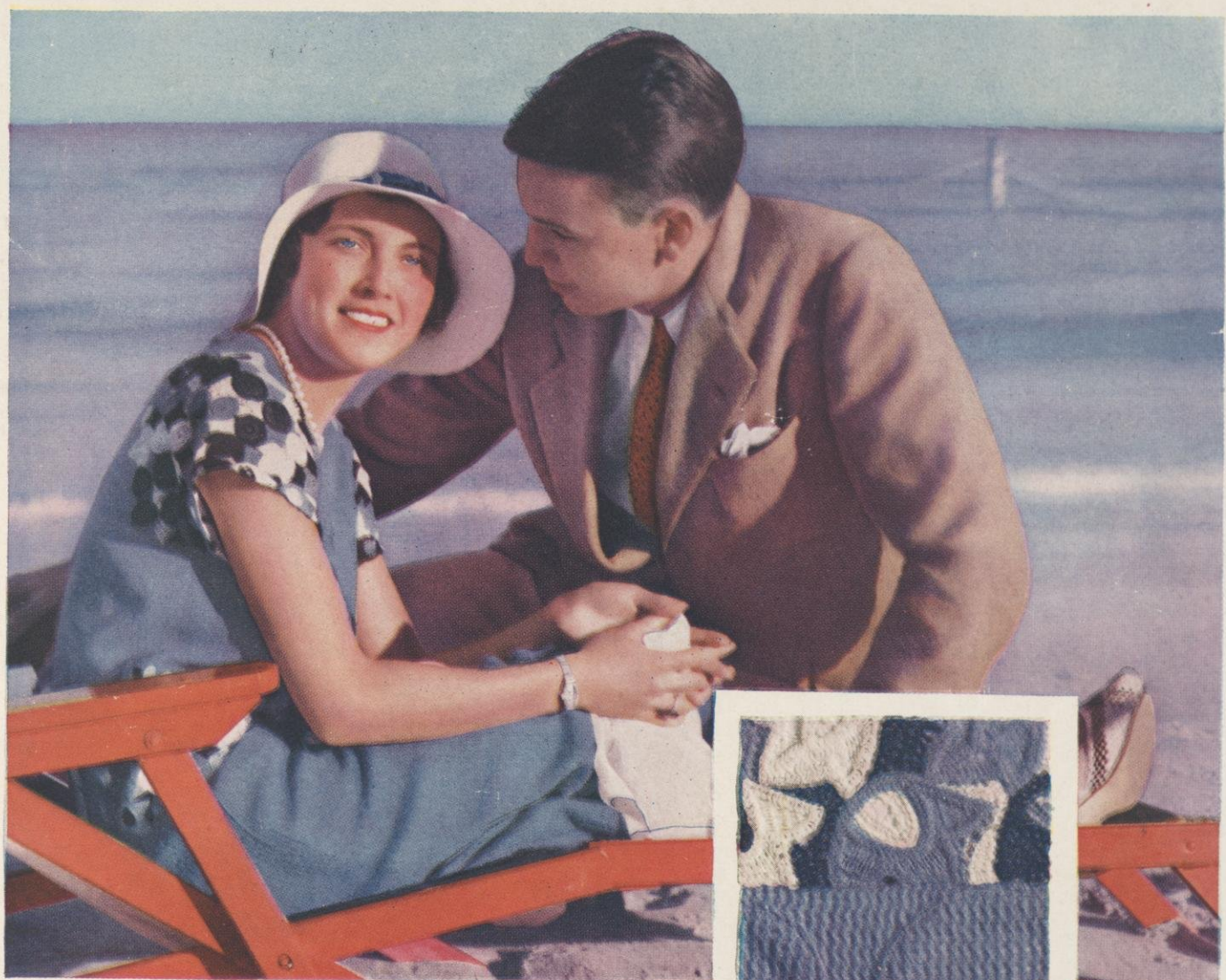
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the magic COLOR can achieve for you

"That color  
makes your eyes  
blue as the  
summer sky"



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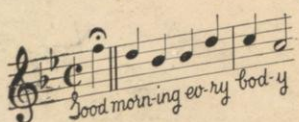
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