



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Woman's world: the magazine of the country. [Vol. 46, No. 7] July, 1930

Chicago, IL : Manning Publishing Company, July, 1930

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/47PSB7P6MTTAA85>

This material may be protected by copyright law (e.g., Title 17, US Code).

For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

WOMAN'S WORLD



JULY · 1930

15 CENTS A COPY

Delicious Desserts That Climax Summer Meals
A COUNTRYSIDE EN FETE BY BLANCHE E. HYDE
and Twenty-one Other Brilliant and Interesting Woman's World Features



“Mama doesn’t wash Daddy’s hands – so I won’t let her wash mine!”

“Oh, I know *you!*” said Mrs. McRae* one sunny afternoon recently when I had knocked at her door. Then she laughed, “at least I *feel* that I know you—I’ve read so many of your stories.”

Now wasn’t that a nice sort of welcome? When I meet women like Mrs. McRae I’m always glad that I’m the P AND G Naphtha visitor!

And you can imagine how quickly the two of us began to chat together about soap. “I use P AND G—lots of it,” explained Mrs. McRae. “Goodness knows, I *have* to—with a youngster like George.”

(Then I asked to see George, but Mrs. McRae said that the pride of the family was taking his afternoon nap.)

“He’s a very small boy,” she said fondly, “but he thinks he’s grown up—so he doesn’t want to let me wash his hands—”

Mrs. McRae laughed. “I always supposed I’d have to *make* him wash his hands. But he dotes on it! The only trouble is that every hand-wash means a soaking down the front of him. Yesterday he used the garden hose while it was running at full pressure. He had been making mud pies, so you can imagine the mess he was in.”

*This is not her real name of course.

Mrs. McRae went on to say that washdays do not mean hard work even though George often needs three changes of suits in a day. “Our water is a little hard,” she said, “but a P AND G soaking *alone* gets out most of the dirt. Really I do very little rubbing. P AND G is a splendid soap.”

In practically every P AND G home women tell me that they have whiter, fresher clothes since they’ve changed to P AND G Naphtha Soap. They prefer this *fine, white soap*.

Perhaps you have wondered why P AND G—though so smooth and white and firm—actually costs less than ordinary soaps. Well, the reason is very simple. P AND G is made on an enormous scale (row after row of soap kettles three stories high, bubbling full all the time!)—so naturally it is produced very economically.

P AND G White Naphtha Soap costs you less because it is so popular. And it is so popular with millions of women because *it really is a better soap!*

ANN CUMMINGS

FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—“How to take out 15 common stains—how to lighten washday labor.” These and other problems are discussed in a free booklet. Send a post card to Ann Cummings, Dept. NW-70, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For white clothes — white soap preferred! Wherever I go I find that women today have more confidence in *white soaps*. And the favorite white soap is P AND G Naphtha. The last town I was in 3 out of 4 women told me they were using it. And when I asked them why, the gist of their answers was—“We want really white clothes so we use good white soap—and that, of course, means P AND G!”



The largest-selling soap in the world

Walter W. Manning
Editor and
Publisher

Cora Frances Sanders
Managing Editor

Lily Haxworth Wallace
Martha Hakes Piper
Associate Editors

WOMAN'S WORLD

"The Magazine of the Country"

July
1930
Issue

Over
1,250,000
Copies

Published by Manning Publishing Company
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Subscription Prices of
Woman's World

Published once a month.
By subscription to United
States and possessions:
One Year . . . 50 cents
Two Years . . . 90 cents
Three Years . . . \$1.25

Canada and Foreign
Countries: 75 cents a year

WOMAN'S WORLD, The Magazine of the Country, Registered United States Patent Office. Volume Forty-six, Number Seven. Copyright, 1930, in the United States and Great Britain, by Manning Publishing Company. Entered as second-class matter, July 20, 1901, at Post Office, Chicago, under act of March 3, 1879. Address all letters to Woman's World, 4223-4243 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill. London Office, 6 Henrietta St., Covent Garden. A change of address must reach us 30 days before date of issue with which it takes effect. Give old and new addresses as well as file number. Manuscripts must be typewritten and prepaid; enclose return postage.

Put a little time and space between yourself and your daily tasks this summer and see how it quickens the old-time zest of life. The money it requires is invested and not spent, for it will yield returns in the form of improved health and increased efficiency.

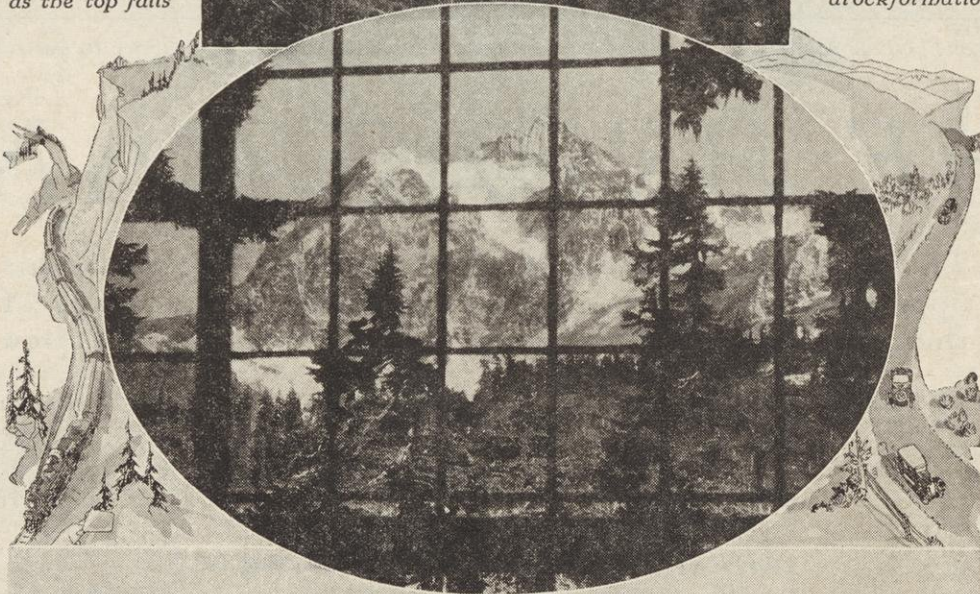
Western America, in particular, is filled with delightful vacation spots, and in the hope that you may become interested in visiting some of them, we present the following description of a few that are eminently worth your while.

—THE EDITORS.

IF THE last census had enlarged its scope and asked the citizens of the country where they planned to take their vacations, what a variety of answers there would have been! They would have ranged from "Spend it with my grandmother in the country," to "A trip to Alaska."

And so will everyone's answer vary. But one thing is sure: whether it is a vacation spent camping in the woods only a few miles away or whether it includes a long trip, it will be successful only if you leave your everyday cares behind. If you can turn off thoughts of home as efficiently as you turn off water in the pipes, your trip will be unmarred by worries. You will have the eager, questing curiosity that wants to see around the next bend in the road, the next ripple in the pool, the next home of the Pueblo Indians in the Southwest, or the next reindeer in Alaska. Curiosity and love of change are the coin we must pay for a satisfying trip.

Above: A high climber clinging to one of the big trees of Oregon as the top falls



But simply getting one's mind tuned to adventure is not enough for most people. There are some lucky folks with a gypsy foot who can start off never knowing and never caring where the evening will find them. But most of us are too conventional for that. A planned trip, no matter how much our plans may change later, is the type that appeals to most of us. Probably this year you are going west—for the western part of our country is among the most beautiful and the most varied in the world. For salamander-people who like heat, there are deserts. For those whose every moment is spoiled by heat, there are San Francisco, the Northwest and Alaska. For those who feel at their best only within smell of the sea, there is the purple Pacific Ocean. Mountains and plains; immense rivers and purling streams; waterfalls and still lakes; dude ranches and sophisticated city hotels—there is every variety of existence which one can imagine in our West.

Three Pleasure Zones

In an article as short as this one, it is possible only to "hit the high spots." Any one of the beauties of the West really merits an article to itself.

The scenic West is divided into three parts. The northern third includes the Minnesota and Wisconsin lake district and the states along the Canadian border. Then there is the southern group, composed of our southern border states and southern California. And the wide group of

middle states is a playground whose beauties are only too often ignored.

California suffers from no lack of laudation. Indeed, the state, especially in the southern part, is really like another country. Settled originally by Spaniards, it still maintains Latin gestures. The sub-tropical trees, the Spanish architecture and even the little Mexican children all give the illusion that we are in Europe. The old missions in the state are full of interest. The one at Santa Barbara, built in 1787, has been in use ever since it was built. This city is especially proud of its Spanish heritage and every year puts on a four-day fiesta in which the citizens dress in Spanish costume, have dances and parades and in general celebrate the romance of Spanish life. This year the fiesta will be held August 7th to 9th.

South and North in California

Los Angeles and San Diego are so well known as to need little mention; the beautiful scenery, beaches and sport of many kinds within a short distance of the cities make them ideal for those who like a combination of wilderness and the comforts of civilization.

In the oval: Mt. Shuksan, Washington. Below: Teakettle Butte, a rock formation

Farther north are the national parks in the high Sierras. These parks, not far from San Francisco, are, as a noted writer says, "The Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, the Apache Trail and Glacier National Park reduced to convenient size and packed neatly within the limits of a single valley." In this case, the Yosemite is especially in mind, but the other two parks with their wonderful trees are well worth seeing; General Grant Tree is 35 feet in diameter and 264 feet high.

San Francisco itself is one of the most alluring and cosmopolitan of our cities. Flavored with the spice of the Orient, it still retains a typically cordial attitude toward strangers. Its bay is one of the most beautiful in the world and the cities clustered around it are full of interest. There is Palo Alto, the home of President Hoover, and Berkeley with the university (don't miss the campanile). These are only a few of the outstanding points of interest in California. To name them all would take too long a time.

Ancient Civilizations

Doubling back on our southern trail, we come to the pueblos of the Southwest. These Indians, who anticipated by hundreds of years our modern stepped-back architecture, are among the most civilized and picturesque of our natives. Their gay woven blankets and their pottery have a fascination which makes one want to linger indefinitely. The buildings of adobe with their queer little entrances reached only by ladder are like no others and have the merit of being suited to the climate and the needs of the Indians. Many of them are still in use. Others, such as those at Puyé, are open to tourists who climb the cliff by ladders and

(Continued on page 23)



"Come on!" Jorje shouted to his dark-faced brigands. "Remember! We swore to get Marina!"

THE GREAT RANA

The gods help those who help themselves—so while his oppressed people are praying hopefully to the image of their great frog-god, Felipe the deliverer resorts to action

By AGEE HAYS

Illustrations by Paul Strayer

JORJE leaned forward stealthily and watched. In the blue, quiet moonlight a dark hump moved again, frog-like, up the rocky side of the steep hill across the ravine. Frog-like! Hairs on Jorje's body rose. He felt his gun. Once he aimed at the distant jerky phenomenon, but while the rifle still wavered at his shoulder, he dropped it suddenly, grimacing with the dread of his thought.

Below, Gibarana lay like a village of the dead, dark windows in her lime-washed cathedral staring above the pale thatched roofs of the wretched poor. Beyond, her flat fields stopped at the foot of gaunt vague mountains whose protruding bones defied disturbers of Jorje and his brigands.

For years, Jorje had taken to his hillside cubil what he would and destroyed what he would. He had thought little of the mystic actions of the people until, lately, his own men—impressed—had begun to hint of the Rana, the great frog-god who guarded Gibarana and its inhabitants.

The village had been named for him centuries ago when remote Aztec ancestors had found him—a giant rock which looked half human and half frog—on the top of the hill across the ravine, and had built there a temple to him. Now, their oppressed Mexican descendants declared staunchly, yearning belief written on their weathered faces, "The Rana will come to life, now that we need him, and free his people."

Jorje sneered. They had said it for years and the great dark rock was still immobile and dumb in its crumbling temple ruins.

But three days ago, Jorje had gone a little too far.

Then, he would not believe it; and now, his forehead moist, he still denied it.

Three days ago, bold with mescal, he had slipped through an unlocked door of the Señor Estebán's house into the room of Marina, the señor's granddaughter. A tall young peon—he could not remember his name—had followed him and put him out. Marina had been only frightened. Jorje, enraged, had vowed he would steal her as he had stolen the best cattle from Señor Estebán's corral.

Who would stop him? Not her old grandfather, whose every peon feared the terrible Jorje. Not the village men. Not—Jorje looked furtively at the huge dark hump as it jerked itself over the rim of the hill and disappeared into the shadowy jungle which held the ancient temple.

JORJE tried to sleep. Two nights he had tried since he first had seen the strange dark mass lumping along the hill beyond. Each night, its path had been a little closer to Jorje's den. It might be only a big jaguar leaping up the steep side toward the temple. And, yet—

Jorje rose while the morning was still pale. He kicked the men lying on the ground rolled in their serapes. "The corn in that hill field is right for tortillas," he said. "Today we take what we want. The peons are acting too smart."

The men rubbed the stubble on their faces and yawned.

"There's a story," one ventured, "that the Rana is back. Some have seen—"

"Dios!" Jorje snapped. "Are you turning into kittens? We'll show them—these frog-kissing cowards! Tomorrow during siesta we'll charge down and grab Señorita Marina and bring her up here to my cubil! We'll show them that Jorje, the Terrible, has what he wants!"

THE bandits looked around them uneasily. Ruy, the oldest and most scarred, stopped whetting his machete. "Chief," he spoke carefully, "so many poor women love you. Are you tired of the pobres that you want to steal the most beautiful girl of the richest man in Gibarana? What Señor Estebán says, the poor ones do. If they hate us more—" Ruy shrugged despairingly.

Jorje glared. "What would they do?" he challenged. "Those cowardly peons are weak. Señor Estebán is old. Bah!"

Grego, the Deadly, pulled clumsily at his pink shirt. "Chief, yesterday I heard that somebody in this village is descended from the priest of the great Rana. They won't tell who. We must be careful."

Jorje started. Even where he had lived—in the country over the mountains—he had heard since he could remember that to shed the blood of a descendant of the

Rana's priest was disastrous. The Rana avenged his own. "Women's lies! Today, get that corn! And tomorrow—Marina!"

He walked shakily to the corner of the bamboo and mesquite antro and drank first pulque and then mescal. Slowly he smiled. He would go, himself, to the old witch, Beltza, beyond the temple. For a sack of corn, she would explain everything to him.

In the moss-hung gloom of the mesquite and ebony woods, Jorje stopped. On his knees, he examined the ground where, the night before, the frog-like thing had entered. Sparse dry grass and dead leaves hid footprints. Jorje drew back suddenly. The mark of a toe showed through on a crevice of ground. It might be a part of a jaguar foot or—Jorje's skin prickled. His imagination may have helped him as he traced on the leaves the print of the great webbed foot of a giant frog! He hurried away, angry at himself.

Stealthily Jorje approached the thatched abode of old Beltza. Beltza was so ugly that even her own people would not have her in the village with them. Beltza was nearly blind. Beltza was like an old shriveled potato. Beltza was mean.

Jorje peered from behind a gnarled ebony into the doorless room. The anciana was squatted on the floor looking into a box. He could see her unkempt yellowed head bobbing. She was chuckling and muttering. Jorje stole nearer the hut. "Beltza!" he called.

Beltza seized the box quickly and thrust it under a blanket. She leaned forward, straining her eyes at Jorje until she recognized him. "Oh! He he he! Jorje, the Terrible, comes to Beltza!"

Jorje held forth the sack of fresh soft corn. "This I give you, if you will tell me what you see for me," he muttered.

"Oh! He he!" Her laughter was like the hissing of snakes. "He wants to know what I see!" She bent to the puddle of muddy water beside her door and shaded her eyes. Deep wrinkles, coming from her mouth like many legs from a spider, twitched with strange excitement.

Silence in the woods but for the cracking of a twig in the distance.

Beltza rocked forth and back in toothless glee. "It is this: that I see blood beginning to tingle in the limbs of the Rana. I see the Rana tugging at the roots of his rock feet! He he!" Beltza's laughter was sibilant, wild. "I see my people free of Jorje, the Terrible. For the ear of the Rana is toward the village, listening to the prayer of a man."

Her voice went on and on like the croaking of a frog until Jorje's anger became frenzy. "Mother of lies!" he shouted. "Calle la boca! Jorje will hear no more!"

"He he he! I see the terrible Jorje trying to escape the great Rana. But he cannot, he cannot!"

With all his strength, Jorje struck the grimy brown skin behind one withered ear. Old Beltza fell forward, her face in the foul puddle.

THEN Jorje laughed. He stepped past her into the hut. He lifted the blanket and drew out the box he had seen her hide there. Feverishly he opened it. It held—only an ancient parchment. Men had said the old woman could read. Jorje read very little. He turned the parchment over in disappointment and picked up the worn cover in which it had been wrapped. On it he spelled out:

"To Beltza, daughter of Bruto, of Lerdo, of Jaramillo, de Guerrero, de Cisneros, . . . de Guatemac, de Imbex, . . ."

Suddenly Jorje stiffened. At the end of the long list of names he saw the sign of the Rana. It was she! She was the direct descendant of the Rana priest! And he had killed her!

Overcome with horror, the bandit chief dropped the box and parchment. He slipped warily through the door into the jungle. Before he left, and even against his desire, he looked back at the crumpled heap of bones and rags at the edge of the puddle. There was movement in the water! Fascinated, Jorje watched. Two glistening eyes and then the body of a frog leaped from the mud toward him!

As Jorje fled, cold drops tingling at his forehead and from his fingers, he carefully kept away from the south path. It led to the silent ruins between whose magnificent leaning pillars loomed a gigantic stone which strangely resembled a crouched frog.

At camp, the men had returned with many sacks of new corn. They were singing and preparing to eat.

"Sick, Chief?" Benito, the cook, called.

"No."

"We had no trouble getting the corn," Ruy volunteered. "As always, you were right, Chief. There is no one here to stop us, and we're too far away to fear others' helping these tontos who pray to a frog."

Jorje brightened. "No," he agreed. (They must never know about Beltza.) Jorje looked across the valley of Gibarana, whose whiteness in the sunlight was gold. Gold, it was, to him and his men. He reached for a gourd of black coffee. "Before sundown tomorrow, we'll get Marina. And you—" he extended his palms generously, "take for yourselves—" He shrugged.

The brigands smiled uneasily. They gnawed their chunks of dried raw meat and tortillas in silence.

FOR days in Gibarana, the people had been earnestly trying a strange magic. The village atmosphere was heavy as with a vast broken heart calling for a deliverer. Years of bandit raids had subdued the spirit of Gibarana. Even its few landowners had known it was easier to support brigands peacefully than in bloodshed.

Now, suddenly, Señor Estebán had changed his mind. Half of the people worked for Señor Estebán. He called them into his courtyard around which rose the old walls of his gray-white stone and mud house, and told



From the casita stepped a girl with dark hair drawn back into a mantilla

them a queer and portentous thing. Señor Estebán had lived a long time. He knew many legends of the Rana. His white hair blew gently back from his forehead as he talked.

"I have been to see Beltza," he said, scarcely raising his majestic old voice above a whisper. "At last, she has told me her secret!" Señor Estebán looked carefully around him as if the cracks in the walls might, at any time, open and admit an evil listener. "There is one sure way of bringing back the spirit of the great Rana!"

The people, eager and ragged, leaned closer. A sure way of bringing the Rana!

Señor Estebán hesitated. The many worry wrinkles in his face deepened with a new anxiety. "I would do it myself, but that I am too old. And now," his hands shook a little as he extended them toward his fields, "I offer half of my lands to the one who will—if he lives."

If he lives? The people's eyes became spheres.

"Tell us, señor! We will!"

"Then, it is this: Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, when Gibarana was a mighty town because of the great king, Guatemac—and before him Xochi—the god, Rana, spoke to Ixtacalco. He said, when his children needed him, he would come. But a young man must bring him." Señor Estebán paused. He looked with almost hopeless dignity at the unhappy people before him. "A young man," he continued softly, "must of his own free will starve himself and whisper magic which Beltza knows. If the Rana is pleased with him who is fasting, he may come soon before the man starves. If not, he will surely come when the starving man has breathed his last. It was thus said Ixtacalco."

Awed silence, as if an unseen hand were pressed over the mouths of those who would speak. Finally someone whispered, "It is because of Marina he asks it."

The peons shuffled and began to murmur in quick excitement.

"Let Julio."

"Pablo, it should be you."

Suddenly a tall young peon stood up. His face was smooth and his eyes held flaming candles. "I'll do it, señor."

Everyone turned. "Felipe!"

"No! Felipe is too good! He is too strong," dissenters said.

Lucio, the best friend of the young man, hurried to pull him aside and gasp, "No, no! Amigo, you have saved me from jaguars and constrictors. Don't give yourself to die! Don't!"

The sudden light of what he had promised bleached Felipe's face as the sun fades the ragged clothes of his countrymen. "But, Marina," he whispered stiffly, "she is in danger. I threw Jorje, the Terrible, from her room the other night and heard him vow he would steal her—soon. Maybe today. Maybe any day he will do it. After that—if the Rana does come, what will it matter?"

Lucio saddened. "You still love her?"

Felipe nodded. Into his face moved an undefeated sorrow.

"You have never told her?"

"No. I would, Lucio, but she doesn't think of me as I am—a man—but as a worker only. Of course, she is kind, but—"

"Well! Can't you see you will starve to death? And—who knows? This Rana—old Beltza is sometimes a liar."

Felipe shook his head. "It is a chance. I'll try, and if I starve—well—" He shrugged.

The people were beginning to crowd them. Tears stood in Lucio's eyes. "Then let me—be with you until—it is over."

Felipe, his hands on Lucio's shoulders, smiled. "Yes, Lucio. Stay with me—except when you eat."

Above the grateful jabberings of the excited peons rose the powerful old voice of Señor Estebán, "Old Beltza said she must see the one who is sacrificing himself. She must read him the magic and tell him at what hours to whisper it."

That had been three days ago.

THE dingy whitewashed church which, since Cortez, had towered like a stern, lonely ghost in the center of Gibarana, had been—long ago—Christian. After the death of its first priest, when no one had come to remote Gibarana, it had gradually become the center of a peculiar religion—a pagan-Christian motley. There, the tired, oppressed Gibarans prayed fervently and hopefully to Santa Maria, to the Rana, to the Christo, to Xoco. Old Beltza had laughed. Sometimes she had read to them from her parchment. Ages ago a king named Nexahualcoyatl had built a temple to an unknown god, but that, she said, had been before the Rana.

For three days now, Felipe had shut himself without food in the gloom of the cathedral and had been chanting the mysterious Indian and Spanish words which Beltza had given him. For three days, Lucio had come and slept with his friend and gone away only to eat. But there seemed, as yet, no sign that the Rana had heard.

Once Lucio had pleaded, "It would be better for us to cross the mountain desert between here and other people and bring back help."

But Felipe had shaken his head. "This is our only hope, Lucio. To get help and come back would take days. Marina is in danger now."

Outside, the people knelt again in the bare, clean-swept yard of the church and prayed with greater hope and more words than ever before. A new path was being worn through the gloomy woods to the crumbling Aztec temple.

On the fourth day, in the late afternoon, Felipe and Lucio were in the church, Felipe repeating again the call to the great spirit of the Rana, when an excited peon opened the door. "Felipe!"

Felipe rose from his knees hopefully.

"Felipe! Jorje, the Terrible, and his men are galloping down the hill. It is his threat. They come for Marina!"

Felipe started in agony. "Is she 'ere in the village?"

"Yes!"

"Get her quickly into the house next unto the church! Call the people! Now is the time for the great spirit of the Rana to show itself!" (Continued on page 19)

The Mystery of the PAVILION

By GRACE SARTWELL MASON

Illustrated by Joseph Franké

I STARED at the word, while swiftly a confused sense of fatality, of something tragic and inevitable, descended upon me. "Doris! But maybe she was over here this afternoon—maybe she dropped it then," I whispered.

"She was not here this afternoon. I asked. Besides, there was a reason for her coming to Knowles Island tonight. Look inside."

I fumbled at the little case, opened it. Inside were a powder puff, a lip stick, a tiny handkerchief. And in an inner pocket two things: a slip of paper and a latchkey. The paper was thin and folded several times. I opened it and read:

"Dear Little Girl: Why were you so late? I can't wait longer for you—a business engagement. I am too disappointed for words. But I must see you tonight, adorable child, no matter what is on. The tea house, about eleven. I have something for you."

I got slowly to my feet again, feeling as if I were moving through the beginning of a slimy nightmare, for I had recognized the eccentric handwriting of Vincent Knowles. Doris Reeves and Vincent Knowles! Seventeen and forty-seven.

"The beast!" I muttered, for all at once I had thought of Eunice Reeves—Eunice, who loved her niece as I love my Michael; Eunice, who had poured into this child of her dead brother the intense devotion of a lonely childless woman. "Augusta!" I exclaimed, "this will kill Eunice Reeves."

"Doris' aunt? Um-m— Probably she doesn't suspect that her niece could— What did I tell you, Jane, about Doris' hating that blond girl? It probably came to her when she got on the train and saw Vincent's guests that they were his 'business engagement,' and she was furious. But she came to the tryst in the pavilion just the same. Was it she that screamed and—"

"Don't say it!" I implored her in a whisper. "Can't we keep this to ourselves, for awhile?"

"Indeed, I intend to," replied Augusta, calmly taking the vanity case from me.

"Of course, sooner or later we'll have to tell the police—"

"Darn the police. You and I, Jane, are conducting a little private investigation of our own. And findings are keepings for awhile. This key"—I could dimly see her fumbling in the little silken case—"is the most interesting thing I've run across yet. There's nothing in the world that sets my imagination off the way a key does. What door does it unlock, Jane? What door—"

"Some door to her aunt's house, most likely. If she did come over here to meet Vincent Knowles, she would have to get back into her own house again, wouldn't she?"

"Yes, but I don't believe she could do it with this key. I think this key unlocks some door immensely important to that misguided child—a door she was most certainly keeping secret. You noticed that in the note he spoke of 'waiting' for her. It looks to me as if they had some meeting place in town. Did he have a house in town, Jane?"

"I don't know," I said, feeling suddenly tired and extremely middle-aged and aware that my feet were in a damp onion bed. "I know that Ellen and Julie live

at the Ritz in the winter, when they're not in the South."

"Well, never mind. Tomorrow we'll find out about this key. You might take it, Jane, and see," she added casually, "if it fits an outside door to the Reeves house."

"I'll do nothing of the kind, Augusta! I'm no Jimmy Valentine. I should fall over the doormat. Besides, Eunice Reeves is my neighbor and friend. I can't go trying her key-holes. Augusta! Do you know about those pearls?"

I had just remembered that small gray box from the Fifth Avenue jeweler. Augusta and I were agreed that in all likelihood those pearls were what Vincent Knowles meant when he said in his note he had "something" for Doris.

"I don't care if he is dead!" I burst out. "He was a wolf, and I believe he got what he—"

Augusta suddenly shut me off by pressing my shoulder warningly. I saw a flashing finger stretch across the dark bulk of the opposite shore from the headlight of a car coming down the cliff road.

"That's Bill Jimpson, I'll bet," I explained, my heart sinking. "The investigation has begun."

"The official investigation," Augusta chided me. "Let's go up to the house."

"What line are we going to take?"

I could hear Augusta briskly brushing off her skirt. "We're just two dumb female friends of the family—for the present. And we're not very observing; not yet, at any rate. I may not even be present at the preliminary questioning, so don't drag me in unless I'm asked for."

"All right, but do be prudent, Augusta. You know, sometimes you're rash. What are you going to do?"

"Just going to wander around a bit," she said, and melted away around the corner of the house.

I REMEMBERED as soon as she had gone that I had not told her about the golden-haired girl's mysterious Bat, nor about Julie's fear of that open window; but, with the implications of that blue silk vanity bag seething through my mind, all other details sank to insignificance.

The fine old clock in the hall was striking three and I for one was bone-tired when Constable Bill Jimpson herded us all into the drawing-room for questioning.



Of course, the room was in an uproar at once. The maidservants

He had arrived accompanied by two deputies—one of them the polite and elegant drug clerk from Fischer's Cove—and a dashing young member of the state police swirled up the driveway almost immediately afterward. The medical examiner and Lem Pickering, the county prosecutor, were on their way, so I understood. The island had become all at once a sinister magnet.

I was not much afraid of Bill Jimpson, a bumbling sort of man, in awe of the old families who owned the big estates roundabout Knowles Harbor. But when I thought of Lem Pickering, my heart went down into my ground-grippers. Not that he was an astute or a brilliant man. Oh, no! But he was an ambitious politician who had only just recovered from the bad effects of a case in which he had leaned a bit too favorably on the side of a wealthy malefactor. He was not likely to make that mistake again—not immediately. I thought of Julie's shaky little story and trembled.

BILL JIMPSON squared himself off behind the beautiful old Georgian table and the drug clerk, whose name was Florian, drew an enamel fountain pen from his pocket and prepared to take down notes.

Behind them the French windows still stood open to the terrace; the moonlight broke through the fog and faintly silvered the peaceful lawns and the wide salt meadow. In all that outlook, there was nothing to remind one of the deed that had been committed there save a tiny light that burned on the rocky point thrust far out into the sea.

In the room itself, we had instinctively grouped ourselves. The servants huddled behind the uplifted wing of the grand piano, near the door to the library; Vincent's three guests sat together on the long Sheraton settee in the opposite corner; I had firm hold of Ellen's trembling hand on the love seat by the fireplace, and in the big chair at Ellen's right sat Julie, with Michael standing behind her.

I had hoped that Julie would remain in her own

Copyright, 1930, by Grace Sartwell Mason



shrieked, Lola screamed, and there was a rush for the terrace

room; in fact, Bill Jimpson had amiably said she need not come down, but at the last minute she had appeared, composed but very pale. Her shining hair was carefully brushed; she wore her pretty wrap of embroidered Chinese silk; but she walked as if this putting a best foot forward had been almost too much for her. Her eyes were enormous, and in each of them was a dark pool of fear.

"Now, then, I want the names of everyone that was on this here island tonight," said Bill Jimpson.

Down went the servants' names and home addresses, if any. And then Vincent's guests. He started in with the green-eyed girl, who said in her cool voice—which surprisingly sounded like the voice of a girl educated in a good finishing school—that her name was Sidney Shallot, that she was "on the stage," that her address was a number in the West Forties, New York.

"And what's yours?" Bill turned to the golden girl. To my astonishment, she admitted to the name of Erma Grosman.

"That your real name or your stage name?" questioned Bill, looking astute.

"My real name"—haughtily.

"Well, then, what's your stage name?"

The fat man beside her bounced uneasily. "See here, officer, what's the use of draggin' in a young lady's—"

"One at a time, Mister. I gotta know this young lady's stage name."

THE golden-haired girl dragged her expensive, fur-trimmed wrap higher about her lovely throat, stared mutinously at Bill Jimpson for a moment and then said in a hard voice, "Lola Guinness."

Her address, I noted, was a much more fashionable one than Sidney Shallot's. I also noticed that the eyes of Florian, the drug clerk, perceptibly sharpened with curiosity when her stage name came to his ears. Evidently, then, she had some small degree of fame. She had been on the stage, she explained, but was now in

ward Sidney Shallot, as if begging to be prompted, but the green-eyed girl looked coolly at their questioner with the air of a not much interested onlooker. Lola, left to herself, evidently followed her native instincts and lied. Like Mr. Marcin, she hardly knew Mr. Knowles at all, she declared. Yes, she had been acquainted with him, but only off and on, as you might say, for some time.

"For a year, two years?" prompted Bill.

"Well, about a year, maybe."

"Then you must have known something about him. Did he have any enemies, so to speak?"

LOLA registered protesting surprise by opening her eyes extremely wide, but in their shallow blue depths there was an emotion out of all proportion to the situation. She was afraid to the very bottom of her soul. And the green-eyed girl, slowly turning her head, watched her friend with unreadable eyes.

"Enemies?" exclaimed Lola shrilly. "How should I know? I never heard him speak of no enemies."

"No one that had it in for him, eh?"

"Nobody I ever heard about."

"Then mebbe you know who he bought this here little present for?" He brought out from his pocket the silver-gray box from a Fifth Avenue jeweler which Barney had shown me in the pavilion, snapped it open and dramatically exhibited the short string of exquisite little pearls.

Even the imperturbable Miss Shallot leaned forward a bit, and Lola looked frankly covetous. She gave a short, contemptuous laugh. "All I know is, they wasn't for me!" she said.

I suspected that was the first whole-hearted truth she had uttered recently. I was rather glad Augusta was not in the room, for I should not have been able to keep from glancing at her. We two probably were the only persons on the island who knew those pearls were meant for young Doris.

the motion pictures.

The fat man gave his name as Mark Marcin of Denver. No, he was not an old friend of Mr. Knowles; he met him about a month ago. In fact, he 'didn't hardly know him at all.'

He was backing Miss Guinness' new picture, he said, and then launched into a protest against the way Miss Guinness, the soul of innocence, was being treated. "This thing will be rotten bad for her personal appearance when the picture opens next Saturday night, and I don't know why she's being kept here—"

"Well, I know, an' that's enough," snapped Bill. "Now, Miss—uh—Guinness, you was invited down here to spend the week-end with Mr. Knowles. Are you an old friend of his?"

I saw Lola's eyes slue around to-

Another exciting chapter in a novel of thrills and suspense. The synopsis is on page 34

Bill Jimpson stowed away the pearls in his pocket, leaned forward and fixed Lola Guinness with his eye. "Now, you tell me, young lady, just what all happened here between the time you got here and the time Mr. Knowles's body was discovered."

There was an instant's silence, while Lola's eyes darted a glance at her friend Sidney Shallot, who sat looking coolly straight ahead of her. Then, with an intonation that gradually became more and more the accent of Erma Grosman, who had obviously been born in the shadow of the Second Avenue Elevated, Lola recited the events of the afternoon and evening.

THEY had reached the house at a little after five, Mr. Knowles had met them on the terrace, they had had cocktails and then they had sat about talking. Mr. Knowles was just the same as usual, so far as she could see. At seven they all went to their rooms to dress for dinner. She herself came down a little ahead of the others. She heard voices in the library as she passed through the hall—Mr. Knowles's voice and a woman's voice. She thought she would go into the library, but as she drew near to the door she realized from the tone of the two voices—she heard no words distinctly—that the conversation was earnest and intense.

"You mean it was a quarrel?" Bill interrupted.

"I don't know as you'd call it a quarrel. It was sort of like two people talking that didn't like each other—I mean nasty—if you get what I mean. I heard Mr. Knowles give a laugh—I mean a mean laugh—and I didn't like the sound of it, so I went on out to the terrace. The servants were setting the table out there for dinner, so I came back into this room and played the piano. Pretty soon the others came in, and—"

"Hold on a minute," Bill was struggling with too many ideas at once, that was plain. "About this woman's voice you heard, talking to Mr. Knowles—whose voice was it?"

"How should I know? I didn't see no one."

"You didn't recognize the voice?"

"I've told you I didn't." Lola was recovering her haughty poise.

"It wasn't the voice of this young lady?" He pointed at the green-eyed girl.

"No, because I left her upstairs only half dressed."

"Could it have been Miss Ellen Knowles's voice?"

"It mighta been," said Lola indifferently.

Ellen sat up very straight and indignant, "I never quarreled with my cousin Vincent in my life! Besides, I was upstairs eating my own dinner in my own sitting-room."

"You didn't have your supper with the company?" exclaimed Bill. It was evidently a purely social and personal question. Bill had probably heard of the queer ways of this three-cornered family, how they went their own ways and seldom ate together, but up to now he had considered this fantastic.

"Not on this occasion, Mr. Jimpson," said Ellen, with all her ancestors behind her. "I dined with my cousin when our mutual friends were of the party."

I was sorry at once that Ellen had said this, for I saw a hardening of Lola's face that meant she might go out of her way to be unfriendly. It was to me interesting and dismaying, the tiny changes that had been in the last fifteen minutes taking place in Lola's face. When I had seen her at the station that afternoon, I had said to myself that here was perfect loveliness. Each line and plane of Lola's face was perfection—a sort of still harmony, unmarred by thought or emotion. Carefully guarded against any such marring. But now it was like a beautiful, brittle shell that had been shattered. It had grown mean and sharpened by fear.

Fear. That was it, I said to myself—fear. It was a different sort of fear from Mark Marcin's dread of publicity. I had the odd thought that Lola was like an animal that is afraid it is about to be cornered and is looking here and there for the best way out—any way out.

My attention came back with a start at Bill's next question: "Was it that young lady—Miss Julie Dyke's voice?"

Lola Guinness lifted her chin over the fur collar of

her wrap and stared at Julie. In that stare there was a stored-up resentment, a vaguely malicious triumph, that appalled me. "I don't know her voice," she said, smiling. "I haven't the pleasure of her acquaintance."

Bill Jimpson's eyes stuck out; I could imagine what he would have to tell Mrs. Jimpson about this queer menage where the ladies of the household did not know the guests. With an effort he curbed his lively enjoyment of this insight into high-toned life and looked at Julie, "Was you in the library with Mr. Knowles before dinner, Miss Julie?"

Everyone looked at Julie; even the servants stared—except Benson, the butler, who looked straight ahead of him stonily. Julie looked steadily back at Bill Jimpson, "I had a short talk with my uncle before dinner."

"In the library?"

Julie bent her head, "In the library."

There followed a curious embarrassed silence. No one looked at anyone else. I could see one of Michael's hands grow white about the knuckles as it closed on the back of Julie's chair. Bill Jimpson cleared his throat, looked up at a far corner of the ceiling. Perhaps he was remembering Julie as a gallant little girl of ten, passing his house on a piebald pony, waving her hand at him; Julie at twenty, smiling appeasingly at him: "Now, Mr. Bill, you know this car of mine couldn't go fifty-five if it tried—"

At any rate, he looked as if this whole affair had all at once become difficult for him, as if he, too, was oppressed by the cold fear that played up and down my own backbone. "Wal—" he looked at Julie almost pleadingly. "You—you was just having a friendly conversation with Mr. Knowles—was that it, Miss Julie?"

A tiny silence. Then Julie's low voice, "I was having a talk with him."

And that was all. No palliation, no attempt to deny that conversation which Lola Guinness had just said sounded as if the two who had been talking in the library did not like each other. Looking at Julie's white profile, I felt a despairing certainty that she would never explain. Something had happened to Julie Dyke that had changed her impetuous, proud and rather high-strung nature into something silent, white-lipped and stoical. She had emerged from that tragic and hysterical despair of an hour before with an exhausted but almost perfect control of herself. I did not like this icy reserve. It was against her nature, which had always seemed to me almost recklessly frank and clear.

BILL JIMPSON, clearly taken aback by Julie's attitude, questioned the servants. Had any stranger, any tramps or suspicious characters been seen on the island that day? They all said no, no one had come onto the island so far as they knew, except the guests present.

Then he got Ellen's version of the evening, which added nothing new. The green-eyed girl confirmed what Lola had said about their host being quite his usual self.

"How did he happen to go out to the Point? Did he go out there alone?" Bill asked her.

"I can't say," Miss Shallot returned carelessly. "I didn't notice when he left us. We had been dancing on the terrace after dinner. Then it got foggy and we came inside. We were sitting around, I was playing the piano, someone suggested bridge, and then we saw that Mr. Knowles was not there. Stepped out without our noticing, I suppose. Lola went out onto the terrace to look for him—didn't you, Lola?"

"Yes—yes, I went out to look for him," said Lola rather quickly. "And I didn't see him anywhere, so then I thought I'd take a stroll down the driveway. Mark and Sid had begun to sing 'Or What Have You?' and I was sick of that piece, so I walked out on them. I turned out of the driveway into that path across the meadow and I hadn't gone more than a few steps when I heard that screaming out on the Point."

"Describe the sound," commanded Bill, in a voice like Lem Pickering's.

"Describe it? How can I describe it? It was just a yell, the way a girl would yell if she was scared suddenly. It scared me, I can tell you, and I turned around and beat it back. And then the chauffeur jumped out at me from those shrubs along the driveway and I screamed, too."

Barney then corroborated that part of Lola's story, and added the interesting bit about Lola's calling him "Bat" and fighting to get away from him when he ran into her there in the driveway.

Bill Jimpson's ragged eyebrows went up and down happily. "So you called him 'Bat'? Did you expect someone by the name of Bat to be out there?" he demanded.

"I always call all chauffeurs Pat."

"Oh, you called him Pat, did you? Not Bat?"

"If I called him anything," rejoined Lola, curling her lip resentfully at Barney.

Bill Jimpson scratched his head and looked disappointed. But he left this point and established that Lola could not possibly have made her way across the meadow in the time between the first scream out on the Point and the moment when Barney ran into her in the driveway.

SOMEONE not Lola had screamed in the foggy darkness out in that lonely pavilion. Had this person screamed upon discovery of Vincent's body? Or had she first screamed and then plunged the knife? No, Vincent when found was sitting as calmly as if enjoying the view. Death had come to him as a complete surprise, it seemed to me. Someone had come up behind him soundlessly, shot him and then had stepped around into the pavilion and used the dinner knife.

But what a determination to make sure of his death that indicated! The deadly hatred of an insane person. Everyone was agreed on one point: the voice that screamed was a girl's voice. But surely no girl could shoot and stab like that! In spite of my best efforts, I found myself thinking of Doris Reeves. She was small, but like most modern girls she was strong from much swimming and tennis, she was agile and probably fearless. But so, too, was Julie!

With a start I heard Julie's voice, replying to the questions of Bill Jimpson. No, she had never seen the string of pearls before; she had no idea for whom they were intended. She had not seen her uncle from the time of their conversation in the library just before dinner to the moment when she discovered him dead in the pavilion.

"Tell me about that, Miss Julie—how you happened to be out on the Point and all," said Bill. Everyone in the room seemed to me to stiffen suddenly to a painful attention.

Julie then recounted almost word for word the same story she had told me. She had gone out for a drive, she had returned and put her car in the garage a few moments before eleven, she had gone down to the beach to watch the fog roll in. No, she had not passed the pa-

vilion, but had taken the lower path across the meadow and had come out on the beach near the little cave, which is about two hundred yards away from the jutting rocks on which the pavilion is built.

She found her favorite rocky seat and sat down. No, she could not say whether her uncle was in the pavilion or not at that time. From where she sat, she could not see the pavilion, nor the rocky steps that led down from it to the beach. No, she did not hear anything at once that alarmed her, but that was not strange, for the tide was coming in and there was a little reef off the island against which the sea broke with a low thunder. Then, too, the fog muffled sounds.

She did not know how long she was there on the beach, perhaps twenty or twenty-five minutes, before she heard the scream from the pavilion. It frightened her so terribly that for a moment or two she could not move. Then she ran up the steps to the pavilion doorway. There was still enough luminosity from the moon behind the fog so that she could see her uncle sitting on the bench.

"At first I thought he was just sitting there, looking out to sea, as he often did. But then I—I saw the knife and—the blood—" Her low voice died away entirely and she began to tremble violently.

"Did you see anyone else there?" demanded Bill.

She shook her head.

"But the person who screamed? You say it was a woman's voice. Where could she have got to, in the minute or two before you reached the pavilion? She couldn't just melt into air, could she?"

"I don't know where she went," faltered Julie. "She might have had time to run down the steps to the beach before I reached them, or she might have gone down the steps to the meadow and have hidden in the long grass. I didn't see her—that's all I know."

"Humph!" muttered Bill, staring at her worriedly. "Why didn't you give the alarm at once? I understand you were found in that little cave, with your dress torn and your arm bruised and scratched. Why did you go back there?"

"I was too shocked and terrified to know what I was doing. I remember turning around and starting to run, and then falling. I fell down the last three steps, I suppose, against the rocks."

She stopped speaking and leaned her head against the tall back of the chair. I saw in her white profile a certain resigned calm, as if she said, "There is my story—take it or leave it. I am through."

INDEED, though Bill Jimpson questioned and re-questioned her, she gave us nothing more than that bald statement, full of holes and incredible spots. There was no doubt that the murder had been done while she sat within two hundred yards of the pavilion, and yet she had heard nothing but a scream—and she had failed to discover the person who had screamed. She had heard no shot, she had not seen the woman or girl who screamed. Moreover—and this seemed as strange as the other statements—she had not heard the second scream—Lola's.

Bill Jimpson stared at her, his baffled face a study. "Then you have no idea," he said slowly, "no suspicion as to who murdered your uncle?"

Every face in the room seemed to sharpen a little, to hang forward, to become ignoble from curiosity. Julie looked back at her inquisitor, smiling ever so faintly. "That is a question I do not think I have to answer," she said in her low, clear voice.

Bill reddened, cleared his throat, leaned forward across the table and raised a horny forefinger in imitation of all the prosecuting attorneys he had ever seen in action. But how he was to deal with her on this point we were never to know, for at that instant something happened that shattered all our nerves.

From the direction of the kitchen garden two shots rang out. And simultaneously a faint, shrill cry. Then a man's voice shouting something.

Of course, the room was in an uproar at once. The maidservants shrieked, Lola Guinness screamed, and there was a rush for the terrace. Everyone rushed, that is, except Julie, who sat rigidly still, gripping the arms of her chair. And Lola Guinness, who, instead of running to the French windows opening onto the terrace as the others were doing, rushed blindly toward the other end of the room and the library door.

I saw all this (Continued on page 34)



The paper was thin and folded several times. I opened it and read—

At the Pension Felice

A draft of honeymoon magic, distilled from nightingales' songs and moonlight, proves potent after eight years of humdrum marriage

By AVERY ABBOTT

Illustrated by
J. Henry

WALLS, walls and ever more walls! Gray, massive, above her head. At a little distance she could see the bluish glitter of the broken glass set in mortar along the tops of these barriers. The jagged edges threw off sparks under the passionate Italian sun. Why hadn't she taken a taxi from the station?

It would have been so easy to say: "Pension Felice." But she had not even known she was going there. She had really meant not to. Yet she had found her way straight to the high wrought iron gates with the name in twisted letters over the arch: "Felice"—happiness! Oh!

The gates were locked, but in a blessed corner of shade she pulled the bell again and again, while she waited. How cool and sweet the garden looked within! That moldering stone bench, its base grown all about with myrtle, was just where it used to be. There was no response to her summons. Desperately, with her futile small hands, she shook the bars, awakening only an angry jangle.

There must be a rear entrance and someone there. She could go around the enclosure. But as she toiled on and on over the sharp cobbles that bruised her feet in their delicate shoes, she realized that in these narrow winding ways she had wandered in the wrong direction. Always obstructing walls, and she had so wanted freedom. It was for that she had fled.

Nothing to do but go on. At least there would be an outlet. Nervi was a little place. Anything to get away from the nauseating heat. Surely the middle of May had not been so torrid eight years ago, when she and John were here on the Riviera. But he had written ahead engaging rooms. John was dependable about details.

They had particularly wanted to come after the season, to be by themselves. Now, Nancy would have blessed even a beggar who could have served as a guide.

There—in that wall a door was set. Thick and tight and stripped with iron. Clenching her fists, she beat upon it. Only a small noise those fists made. Turning, she kicked the door with her spike heels. The reflected heat quivered about her suffocatingly.

At last! footsteps within. The grate of a heavy lock. In the crack of the door a woman's face, dark-eyed, noncommittal.

"I should like a room," the gentle tone of assurance. Then, "May I come in? Please! The heat—"

The woman shook her head. Looked at the applicant considerably. Said in a monotone, "Igosee," and the door shut.

When it opened, a thin dark man in soiled white, his shirt unbuttoned over a hairy chest, announced, "Pension is cloze. Signora Morinelli in Switzerland."

"But please! Only one night, one room."



*Nancy lifted her head.
From a near-by tree
the voice of the night-
ingale crooned and
throbbed*

Limp, relaxed, scarcely thinking, only feeling, Nancy lay back in her chair with closed eyes, which she barely opened when her bags arrived.

Tossing away her tight little hat, she slipped into a creamy film of negligee and sank upon one of the two narrow beds. Her thoughts ran on, to a semblance of dreaming, yet every nerve was quivering alive. The last place in the world she should have come.

BUT in one week Paris had grown insufferable. Perhaps, if Barry had not appeared only two days after her arrival, it might have seemed different. She had absolutely forbidden his sailing on the same boat, though it would have been quite modern, and she loathed stuffy conventions. Only John had been such a good scout when she told him. She had been honest. That was good to remember.

"Your happiness is what I have always wanted," John had said. "Evidently I have not known how. If your freedom and this—Barry Consadine—" He stopped, looked at her steadily, "You are sure?"

It had been hard to say, "Yes." But how could she say anything else with the fluent cadences of Barry's voice in her ears? John's voice was always level. It had been steadier than usual when he said, "I will make it as easy as possible for you. God knows divorces are easy enough these days."

"And you? What will you

do?" At least she had not been entirely selfish.

"Oh, I shall do all right. I've got my work."

Work, work, he was always working. Early at the office. A junior partner had to be on the job, he told her. Bringing home bundles of briefs; poring over them evenings. Frightfully dull it was. Dinner now and then, of course; in the winter a play occasionally. John liked a musical show. In the summer a drive, often quite late, after John had tucked his wretched old briefs in the case and it was too dark to see much of anything.

It was no way to get the most out of life. She had protested. Usually John smiled her aside. Once she had made quite a scene. Cried. Declared she was bored to death. Patiently and rather sadly, John reasoned with her. A man must work to get ahead. Money was needful, too.

"But why, when there is my money? It is quite a good deal."

"That is just the reason." (Continued on page 24)

His eyes regarded her shrewdly. "Si, si. I sinkso. Entrez." He called, "Rosaria!"

The merciful coolness of that dusky corridor! The woman appeared once more, smiled, beckoned toward the stairs, led the way up to a room softly blue, overcast with a greenish light from painted venetian blinds.

ON THE threshold, Nancy stopped, "Not this room. No! Show me another," she protested.

"Any ozzier not ready." Rosaria was firm. "Ver nize room, signorina. Cool." She threw open French doors upon a tiny balcony hung thick with wistaria, the pendulant lavender blooms pale in the deep shadow.

"Oh, never mind. It doesn't matter." Nancy sank into a chair. "Signora, if you please. Mrs. Winthrop."

"Pardon! Meezez Weentrop. Dinner? What hour?"

"Any time. A tray, here in my room." Nancy searched in her purse, held out her hand. "My bag, at the station."

"Tony will get." Smiling, Rosaria closed the door.



Six days later found Doctor Stephen Ormsby walking up the gangplank of a rickety old vessel

THE SURGEON

By ALMA BOICE HOLLAND

Illustrated by J. C. Chenoweth

THE senior surgeon looked down at the younger man with a sort of pity in his eyes. It was very seldom that the eyes of the senior surgeon held an emotion as soft as pity. "Brace up, Ormsby! It's over. Irreparably over! Get hold of yourself." The senior surgeon endeavored to cover up the internal pity by an external vigor and gruffness.

"But—you just don't understand, Doctor Staton. I—this has been an unusual blow to me. Bruce Ewing was my best friend. I have known his wife since we were both kids. This little girl was their only child. And that she should have died—under—under my ministrations. And—as unexpectedly—as she did!" The younger doctor broke off with a groan.

"You have had patients die unexpectedly before," Staton reminded him. "Death makes no favors with friendship, Ormsby."

"Oh, I know. I know," Ormsby waxed impatient. "But this is different, I tell you. Do you know what the operation was? A simple tonsillectomy and the removal of a small polypoid growth—done at my insistence—because the child showed a slight asthmatic tendency. An operation which is performed by the tens of thousands daily, with not an unfavorable result in all of the tens of thousands of cases." The doctor gulped nervously at the contents of the tall glass beside him.

"Yes," agreed the senior surgeon. "I know. I know all about the case. That is—all there is for us to know. I am just as puzzled about it as you are. But you have to remember, Ormsby, that the old saw about the exception and the rule is just as true in medicine as anywhere."

"But," argued Ormsby, refilling the tall glass, "exceptions usually carry along with them some circumstance—some mitigating factor a fellow can get his finger on. Some frailty—some hidden weakness—some slip-up."

"Well—usually."

"And I tell you there was nothing. The child was in excellent health previous to the operation. All the usual precautionary measures were carried out. And in her case, even a few extra ones, because I wanted to be doubly sure—on old Bruce's account. A good sunny season of the year; the best child's nurse in the

city; a few days of diet preceding the anesthetic—a mixture of ether and gas; blood tests; perfect surgical asepsis in one of the most modern clinics in the country."

"True."

"After a week she should have been home, scarcely remembering that there had been an operation. And instead—she is dead." Ormsby's hand shook until he could not again pick up the tall glass.

"Equally true." Staton took the glass and removed it from the younger surgeon's reach. "It is strange, I grant you. But you mustn't let it get under you like this, old man. It could have been no fault of yours. I've never said it to you directly, Ormsby, but you must know that you are the most valuable man we have in this clinic. Your record is practically perfect. Your mistakes in diagnosis are so slight as to be discounted. Your skill as a surgeon is well recognized among your contemporaries. You know, as well as I do, that folks coming in here for treatment, come with your name on their lips." Doctor Staton smiled significantly.

"But that hasn't anything to do with it," countered Ormsby, nervously savage. "The one operation which I have ever performed, in which both my head and heart were involved—is a failure. To my own dying day, Staton, the stricken look on Bruce Ewing's face when I broke the news to him will haunt me. He thought it was my fault. He thought I was to blame! I don't dare face the child's mother. I—I—give me my glass."

"YOU'VE had enough. I'm a much older man than you are, Ormsby. Let me talk to you frankly. As you may have suspected, I have always had a special interest in you. Not only because I like you personally, but because I feel that you have within yourself the makings of an outstanding surgeon. I believe that in time you can—and will—do marvelous things with your surgical instruments. You have qualities which your associates here do not possess. You have qualities which I do not possess—but which I can recognize. I regard it as a definite duty to posterity to encourage you to develop and use those qualities for the betterment of your fellow man."

The young surgeon dropped his despair-filled eyes

A heartsick doctor finds peace of mind in acknowledging a higher power

to the floor under the unexpectedness of this accolade. Doctor Staton was one of those older men whom young men find it easy to revere. He was beloved and respected of all about him. A word of commendation from him was enough to send a young surgeon about his grim business of life and death with happiness singing in his heart. Or a hint of criticism had been known to bring tears to the eyes of seasoned veterans of the clinic.

So, even through the penetrating folds of this present numbness which had gotten hold of him, Ormsby mechanically strained his senses to grasp Doctor Staton's words. They came to him dimly through the louder singing which his own brain was chanting at him.

Some error—some slip-up—some carelessness—something. Something! Responsibility burning into him. What had he done? What had he left undone? Responsibility for the death of a child—Bruce Ewing's child—bearing him down, crushing him, driving him a little frantic, giving him an insane emotion of futility. The young surgeon stared about him moodily at the white marble walls and floors of the operating room to which some instinct had again drawn him.

"You've been working too steady lately," Doctor Staton's voice continued. "You must recognize that your nerves are ragged—else you would not have become so unmanned. How long has it been, Ormsby, since you have had a vacation? A real one? Let me see, it must be all of six years. That is too long! I think you had better have a furlough. Three months. A sea voyage if possible."

"Oh, I'm not tired," the younger man insisted impatiently. Why couldn't they understand that this was not any matter of tiredness? It must be, it had to be, a matter of carelessness—somewhere. Of carelessness that Ormsby could not get his finger on, could not account for. That was it! In spite of the tragedy of it, if he could just understand how it had happened, it would not torment him so. He turned to Doctor Staton slowly.

"Sorry, sir. I didn't mean to be so abrupt. I'm all right. I'll get a grip on myself shortly." He got unsteadily to his feet, bringing himself into the reflected sunlight from the white walls. His features were haggard and ashen. He smiled a bit wanly.

THE elder surgeon watched him keenly. If Doctor Staton possessed the power of veiling sternness with kindness, he also possessed the power of veiling kindness with sternness. He waited for Ormsby to speak again.

"You know—I'm obliged to you, Doctor Staton. But I can't afford a vacation, and I don't need one. Three months—a fellow would lose a lot of his skill in three months. Guess I'll go down to the dispensary and have them mix me a sedative. Then, if you don't mind, I'll turn in and have some sleep. That will fix me up." The young surgeon took a faltering step toward the door, straightened and balanced himself. He smiled apologetically. "Sun on these walls a lot like snow—sort of dazzles a body."

"Just a minute, Ormsby!" Doctor Staton's voice was crisp, compelling. "I did not offer you a three months' furlough entirely out of the kindness of my heart. I ordered it for you, and I insist upon your taking it—whether you like it or not. You have been to the dispensary twice in the last few months for a sedative. You need rest, not medicine. Are you not physician enough to know that?"

Ormsby turned swiftly. "Then you do blame me?" he accused suddenly. "You do think it was some fault of mine. You think I was nervous? You think I did not take all of the proper precautions? Well, you're wrong. Wrong! Do you hear me? I swear it!"

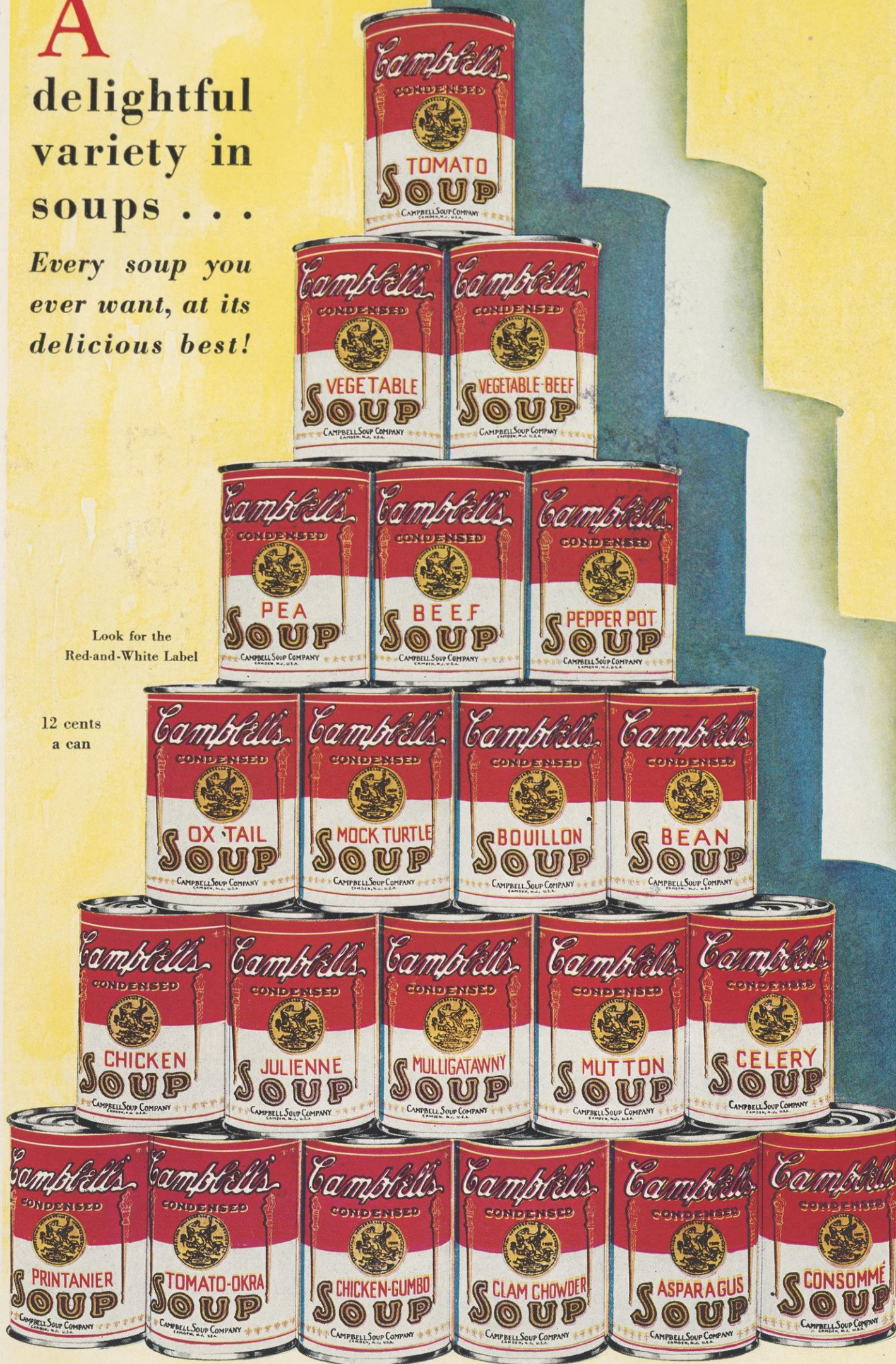
"Now, now!" The kindness came uppermost again. "The operation was a perfect success. There was no infection. There was simply a sudden sinking spell—and death. I tell you—" Ormsby broke off in a high tension of emotion. His lips (Continued on page 26)

A
delightful
variety in
soups . . .

Every soup you
ever want, at its
delicious best!

Look for the
Red-and-White Label

12 cents
a can



YOUR CHOICE

of any of these
Campbell's Soups

Asparagus

Delicious puree of young asparagus shoots. Richer still served as Cream of Asparagus.

Bean

The old home favorite made even more tempting by Campbell's.

Beef

Solid pieces of tender meat blended with vegetables in a hearty soup.

Bouillon

Clarified beef broth, flavored with vegetables; valuable for invalids also.

Celery

All the tonic goodness of snow-white celery; also makes wonderful Cream of Celery; see the label.

Chicken

A rich chicken broth with rice, celery and diced chicken.

Chicken-Gumbo

Louisiana Creole dish. Tempting chicken soup with okra.

Clam Chowder

All the zest and tang of the sea; a real treat for your appetite.

Consommé

The formal soup. Amber-clear beef broth, with delicate vegetable flavoring. A triumph in blending.

Julienne

Shredded vegetables and whole peas in a clear beef broth—famous as a Banquet Soup.

Mock Turtle

Difficult to make at home, yet a favorite wherever known. Its substantial wholesome vegetable puree is deliciously flavored with sherry.

Mulligatawny

Chicken soup, Oriental style, with curry and East India chutney.

Mutton

For children and invalids; broth of mutton with vegetables.

Ox Tail

Thick, rich broth of selected ox tails and beef blended with vegetables and garnished with ox tail joints; hearty.

Pea

Rich in wholesome vegetable nutriment. Sweet nutritious peas, fresh creamery butter, dainty seasoning. Easily prepared as Cream of Pea!

Pepper Pot

What a Soup for hungry men! Real Philadelphia Pepper Pot. Tempting macaroni dumplings, potatoes, high seasonings and meat, according to an old Colonial recipe.

Printanier

Clear chicken and beef broth with vegetables in fancy shapes; jells in can over night on ice—a rare delicacy.

Tomato

The most popular soup in the world. Pure, tonic juices of sun-sweetened tomatoes, blended with creamery butter, fresh herbs and skillful seasoning. Extra delicious prepared as a Cream of Tomato.

Vegetable

The favorite hearty soup. "A meal in itself." Its fifteen different vegetables, invigorating broth, alphabet macaroni, barley, fresh herbs make it a luncheon or supper.

Vegetable-Beef

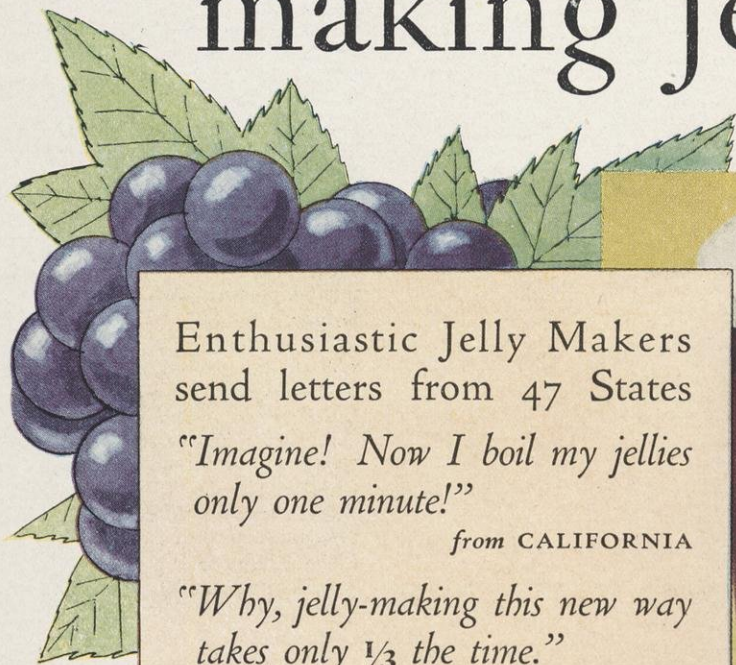
Also extremely popular; another thick, hearty vegetable soup, with tempting pieces of meat.

Vermicelli-Tomato

A sparkling tomato puree deliciously flavored with cheese and bacon. Vermicelli garnish completes the distinctive touch of Italian cookery.

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

Behold... Four Million Women making jelly in $\frac{1}{3}$ the time!



Enthusiastic Jelly Makers
send letters from 47 States

*"Imagine! Now I boil my jellies
only one minute!"*

from CALIFORNIA

*"Why, jelly-making this new way
takes only $\frac{1}{3}$ the time."*

from WISCONSIN

*"It's like magic—in 12 minutes
my jelly is done."*

from VERMONT

*All over the country, housewives by the
thousand are adopting this easy cer-
tain way to make their jellies and jams.*

TWELVE minutes to make jelly! Think of that
... you who now spend hot, tedious, uncertain
hours over the jelly kettles!

A few minutes to bring to a boil ... add
Certo ... boil one minute ... and there you are,
scarcely twelve minutes later, triumphantly putting
your jelly in the window to cool.

Certo makes this magic possible! It whisks away
the tedious uncertainties of old time jelly-making.
It gives you delicious tasting jellies and jams in less
than one-third the time.

Certo fills your jam cupboard economically, too.
Out of the kettle comes sudden abundance ... half
again more glasses than ever came before. Ten
glasses when you expected a meager six! The one
minute boil, you see, saves all the luscious, fragrant
fruit juice that used to boil away and quickly turns
it into jelly.

And such tantalizing, glorious tasting jelly it is!
Such piquancy! Such sparkling clearness. Actu-
ally its flavor rivals the sun drenched fruit itself
as you pick it fresh from the vine! Little wonder
that more than 4,000,000 women have been won to
this magical, modern way!

EXACTLY WHAT IS CERTO? ... Certo is the
natural jellifying substance of pure fruit, scientifically
extracted, concentrated and bottled.

This jellifying substance is so scarce in some fruits
that jelly cannot be made from them by the old-
fashioned way. With many others, jelly can be
made only with partly ripened fruit and after
long, wasteful, tedious boiling.

Now in Certo this jellifying substance is yours to use



For seven years Mrs. J. S. Schupp has been a consistent prize winner at the Missouri State Fair with her Certo-made jellies and jams. In 1929 she won a prize for flavor and texture with each of the jellies shown in this color photograph above.

whenever you wish. With it you can make jellies
from *any* fruit—even from strawberries and pine-
apple; yes, even from bottled grape juice! And, be-
cause with Certo you use the fruit at its ripest and best,
your jellies take on an exquisite new deliciousness.

TRY IT—TODAY... Why not start today to
fill your jam cupboard with a rainbow of gay, crystal-
clear jellies and tempting jams? Choose the fruit
that is cheapest and ripest—and begin!

Under the label on the Certo bottle you will find
93 jelly and jam recipes, personally prepared and
tested by Elizabeth Palmer, the world famous au-
thority on jelly-making.

Please remember that these recipes are made for
use with Certo. Follow them to the letter every time
and your jellies will be greeted with the honors due
a master cook.

Certo is a product of General Foods Corporation.
More than 4,000,000 jelly makers are using it. Go ask
your grocer for your supply today. ©1930 G.F. CORP.

HAVE YOU STOPPED PUTTING UP JELLIES?

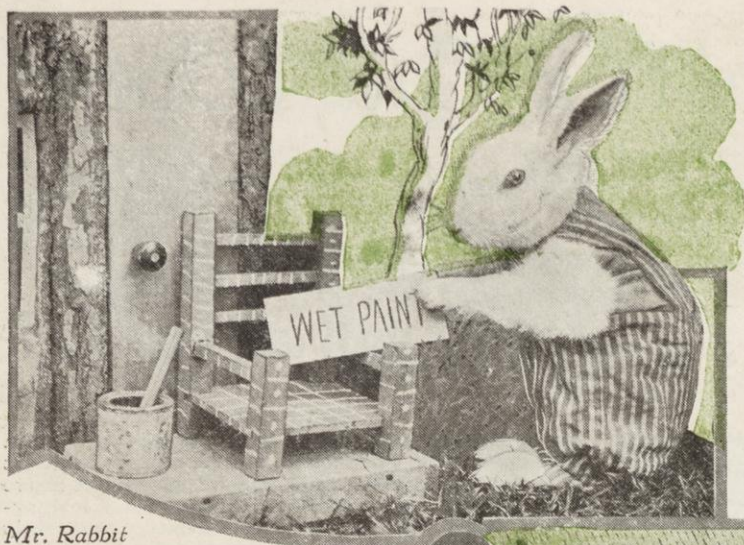
No matter how disastrous your past experience may
have been, with Certo you can make jelly quickly, easily,
surely, economically. Even your grandmother with all
her talent could never secure such a fresh fruit flavor.



FREE! Miss Palmer's new booklet "Secrets
of the Jam Cupboard" contains many
recipes for exquisite desserts and salads using jams and
jellies. It will bring new inspiration to your meal plan-
ning. Another of her booklets contains 93 jelly and jam
recipes for use with Certo. The coupon brings them
both to you free. Simply fill in and mail the coupon.

Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept., Certo Corporation, Fairport, New York.
(In Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.)
Please send me your new booklet, "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard." Print name
and address—Fill in completely. (W.W. 7-30)

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____



Mr. Rabbit

Tales of the Animal Isle

Old Man Rabbit Leads Pouncer and Prowler to His Magic Pool in the Woods and Works a Miracle on Them

By HARRY WHITTIER FREES

THE two little Puffs, Pouncer and Prowler, had gone camping out in the clover patch. They had pitched their tent beside the rollicking brook that ran close to the edge of the big woods. Among all the little animal folks of Petland, it would have been hard to find a more loyal pair of little playmates than these two kitty brothers, but how those two little kitty chaps did love to quarrel! They never seemed to get along together for a moment.

One day these two little Puffs left their camp in the meadow for a walk in the forest. Before they had gone very far, they spied a little house among the big trees ahead of them.

"Oh, look!" cried Pouncer eagerly, "there's where Old Man Rabbit lives!"

Sure enough, the old rabbit gentleman who lived all by himself in the woods was outside his little cottage painting a chair. "Well, I declare!" he exclaimed, so surprised that his pink nose went wobble-wobble faster than ever. "You're just in time to tell me how my old chair looks."

"It looks nice and white," nodded Pouncer.

"It looks pretty and gray," declared Prowler.

"My, but you're dumb!" cried the first little Puff.

"Smarty cat!" flung back the other little Puff.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Old Man Rabbit. "Did you ever hear the story of the pussycat princess who lived on the Animal Isle many, many years before you were born?" he asked suddenly.

"Was she a really truly princess?" asked Pouncer.

"Just as real as any little princess who ever lived," replied the bunny. "You see, it was this way," he began. "Once upon a time, when good King Thomas ruled over the pussycat people, there lived in the royal palace of Tabbylund a dear little princess by the name of Purra. The Princess Purra was a most charming little princess when she wanted to be, but like the little girl in the rhyme, when she was good, she was very, very good; and when she was bad, she was horrid.

The king and queen said she was as bright as a sunbeam and as sweet as a sugar lump, but Nurse Tray, the faithful old doggie who looked after the little princess, thought she was the worst little princess she ever saw.

"You see, Princess Purra would never do as she was told. She even refused to wear her hat when she went for a walk, and when the old doggie nurse read to her, the wee princess would start to

purr right out loud and refused to listen to a single word.

"Then one day when Nurse Tray took her out for a walk, this naughty little princess ran away. Poor Nurse Tray was terribly frightened and ran after her, begging her to come back, but Princess Purra ran on and on.

"At last the royal little lassie tumbled head over paws down a steep embankment and landed ker-flop in a big pool of water! It was a very wet and bedraggled little princess who was helped to the top of the bank by her kind old nurse.

"Please, please, Nurse Tray," she begged tearfully, 'if you'll only not tell my daddy, the king, I'll—I'll do anything you say.'

"So Nurse Tray promised, and from that time on, Princess Purra was no longer disobedient.

"And no one but good

had never happened before to the two little Puffs. Pouncer's whiskers began to quiver as he tried hard not to smile, while funny little wrinkles of glee were playing hide and seek all over Prowler's face.

Before Old Man Rabbit could say a word, both little kittens were having quite a jolly time of it laughing at the two cross faces in the water. And that quick, those two little faces laughed back at them!

But more surprising still neither one of the two little Puffs growled or grumbled once all the way back to their camp in the meadow. For the first time in many days Pouncer gathered the wood without saying a word while Prowler even hummed a gay little tune as he hurried to the brook for a pail of water.

A little later the two little Puffs scampered home to Mother Puff with a most surprising tale.

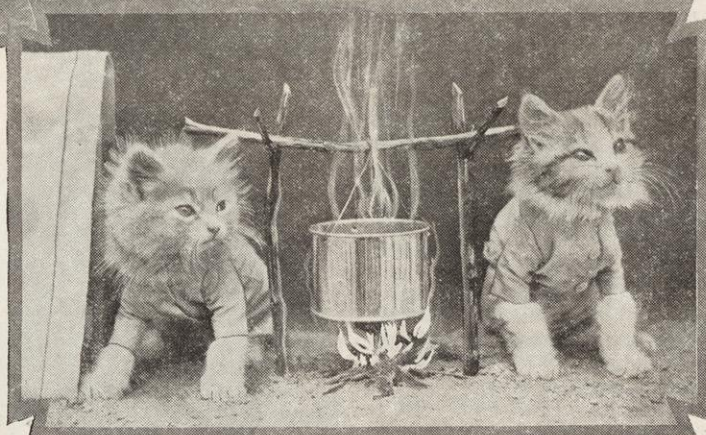
"We met Old Man Rabbit in the woods and he showed us his magic pool," Pouncer told her. "But it wasn't magic at all," declared the little kitty boy. "It was full of little white pebbles at the bottom just like any other pool."

And Prowler shook his fluffy little head just as earnestly. "Old Man Rabbit couldn't fool us," he said to Mother Puff.

Old Man Rabbit could have told her more about it. In his little bark bungalow, the wise old bunny was getting ready for bed. "And they lived happily ever afterward," he smiled softly to himself as he snuffed out the candle.



Princess Purra refused to wear her hat



Pouncer and Prowler camp out

Nurse Tray ever knew that the little princess had fallen into a magic pool," finished Old Man Rabbit. "And so she lived happily ever afterward."

"Huh! Just 'cause she fell in the water!" sniffed Pouncer.

"What a silly princess!" laughed Prowler.

"Let me tell you something!" declared the old bunny gentleman, "there's a magic pool right here in this forest!"

"Honest?" asked both little kittens breathlessly.

"As sure as you're two little Puffs," nodded Old Man Rabbit. "If you come with me, I'll show you where it is."

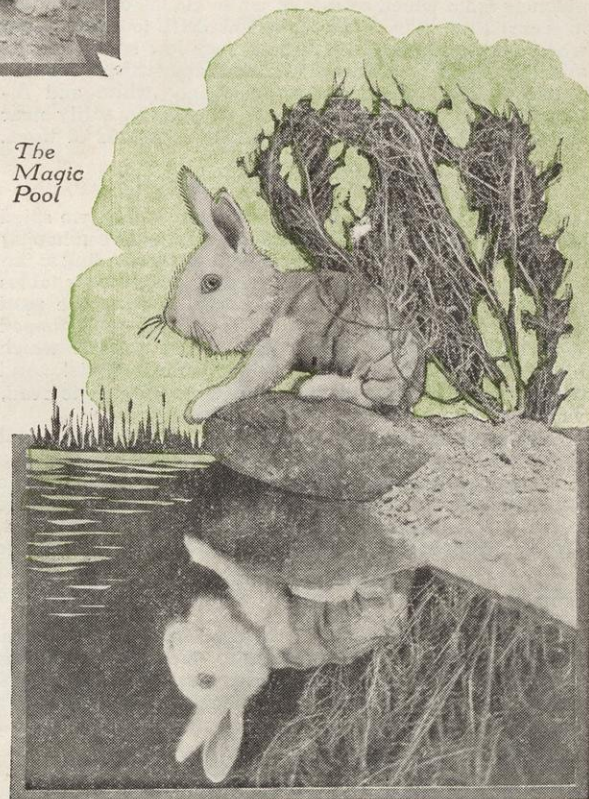
FOR quite a while they followed the little crooked trail through the big trees without saying a word. At last they came to a thick clump of bushes, and when Mr. Rabbit parted them with his paw, the two eager little kittens caught sight of a clear sparkling pool fed by a spring bubbling up beside a big rock.

"Let me look first," cried Pouncer impatiently, as he pushed Prowler aside.

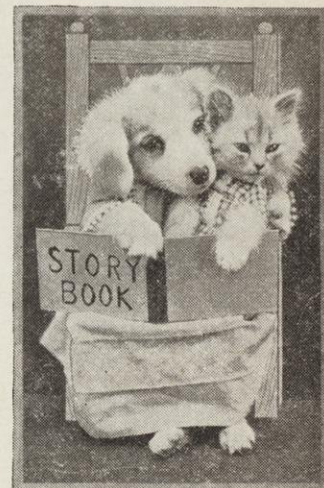
"No, I'm going to look first," insisted Prowler, as he pulled back his little kitty brother.

So they pulled and pushed while they scolded and argued as to which one was to get the first glimpse into the magic pool, until something happened that

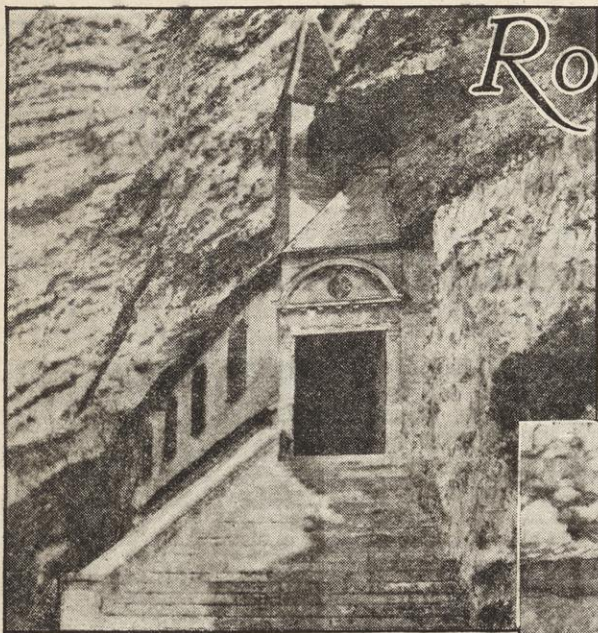
The Magic Pool



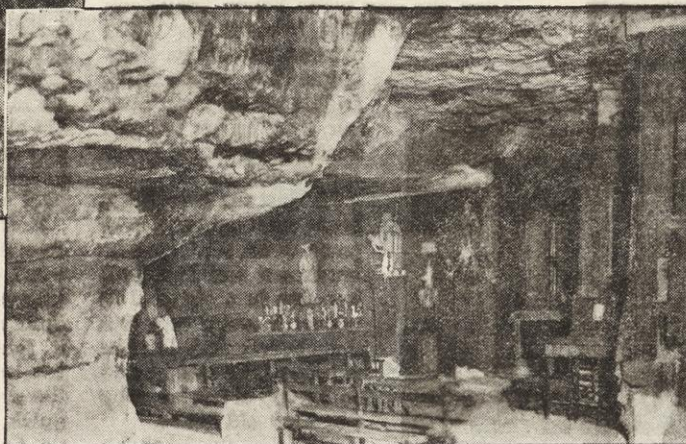
Princess Purra and her doll



She would not listen



The centuries-old "Church of the Rocks," carved out of the mountain at St. Adrien.
Right: The interior of the chapel



Romancing in the Old World

The enchanting Norman countryside and the historic shrines of old Rouen are described in the fifth letter by a traveler who ventures off the beaten path

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

DEAREST NANCY:

As I wrote you last, we decided while still in Paris to entrust our fortunes to a Ford sedan and roam through Normandy at our own sweet will. And, my dear, we're doing it! We only wish you and Dave were in the back seat and enjoying it all with us!

When we left the Hotel Vouillemont last week and discovered the shining new green caravan awaiting us, and realized that it was utterly ours for ten days, we felt as though we'd been given the keys to the city! Jack's elation especially knew no bounds. He is what I would term an inspirational driver at best, but the blithe and abandoned fashion in which he manipulated the wheel that morning has probably never been surpassed even by a Paris taxi driver! I give you my word that twice, as we bowled down the Champs Elysées, I discovered him with a flamboyant thumb in his left coat lapel!

We emerged from the city with the car and our several bones intact, and set forth with expectant eyes for Normandy! To me, there has always been a lilt to that name that inspired a romantic longing. Perhaps because of the old "Apple Blossom Time" song! But not even the spring, I'm convinced, could be as startlingly or as satisfyingly lovely as the rich golden harvest days that we are seeing now.

The roads for long stretches are bordered by magnificent old trees, noble avenues of them. And stretching from the edge of the roadway, as far as the eye can see, are rolling fields of grain. There is no impediment of fences, nothing to break the golden landscape, except here and there a distant red tiling of a farmhouse or a thatched roof of a cottage. This, and the figures of the reapers as they work away with their sickles, sometimes apparently in family groups, like a Millet painting.

Over all this mellow countryside is a sky of incredible blueness from which masses of white clouds droop so low it seems they may at any moment drift to rest on the wheat shocks themselves. These very low snowy clouds are characteristic of France and float above the fields like a benediction. They are so amazingly white and intangible, and yet somehow press so eagerly, softly near the earth, that one is always happily conscious of them.

A Perfect Wayside Inn

At almost the stroke of noon on our first day, we spied before us just the sort of wayside inn we had been hoping for: an old stucco house covered with vines standing at the back of a long gravel-covered yard in which were tables placed comfortably under large trees. Across the road was a garden surrounded by a low stone wall topped with a little wooden fence, from every post of which hung a red flowerpot filled with blooming plants! And the proprietor's name, as we came close enough to read, was: Le Père Lustucru!

"Oh, perfect!" I cried. "Even if we get nothing at all to eat, the name is worth the price."

As we entered the courtyard, there was no sign of le père Lustucru or any of his family. I stepped into the hallway and, hearing a faint rattle of pans to the right, grew emboldened to go farther and peep through a little square aperture. A round, beaming face at once peered back at me from the kitchen. It was evidently la mère Lustucru herself.

"Could we have lunch?" I inquired in my best French.

Ah, but certainly. Immediately! At once! Americans doubtless? But yes. If Monsieur and Madame would amuse themselves for a few moments in the garden, a déjeuner of supreme excellence would then be served to them!

So we strolled across the road, down some little stone steps and on along a wide walk that ran to the sedgy bank of the river. It was anything but a formal spot.

But it was something better. I always love a garden with a few restful weeds in it to indicate that the owner does not take his horticulture with back-breaking seriousness. This was that kind, with a heavenly fragrance of fruit and warm, late summer flowers rising from it. The poppies were especially gorgeous. And along all the gravel paths were young apple tree limbs, trained low and laden with rosy fruit.

Climbing to a Mountain Sanctuary

Père Lustucru, all agile with white teeth and black mustachios, at last summoned us to lunch and we ate under a big tree in the courtyard where we could glimpse the poplars along the river and still smell the rich scents of the garden. A dog and cat came to join us and politely ate the tag end of our chops. We all parted at last most amicably.

Our road wound on then through more rolling harvest fields (I say through, because the grain extends almost to the macadam edge and there are no fences between), until in mid-afternoon we found ourselves entering a little village lying picturesquely between a mountain and the river. In spite of its beauty, we were going to stop but a few minutes when we discovered high above it, against the rocky cliff side, an apparent phenomenon: a tiny spire surmounting a doorway and high stone steps. A church apparently, but where was the rest of it?

A little ribbon of path showed up the mountain side and we determined to follow it, on foot, of course. One may expect too much even of a Ford!

The cliff was steep, but we soon discovered that others were climbing in the same direction. At a little post card stand near the top, we secured the information we were seeking: the strange little edifice, one of the most unique in the world, is "The Church of the Rocks," hewed out of the stone mountain side centuries ago, either as a penance or a general act of piety, by hands long, long since forgotten!

We went inside. The heavy, roughly wrought wooden benches testify to the great

age of the little sanctuary. Masses of strange, time-worn statues adorn the altar and the niches. Overhead and at the sides are the bare, rough, stained surfaces of native rock. There is no service there now, we were told, except on Easter Sundays. But there seemed to be ghostly echoes of old Masses still lingering there.

We left, feeling we had chanced upon a strange and interesting spot, far away from the regular tourist paths.

It was late afternoon when we came at last upon the outskirts of the famous old city which we had selected for our first journey's end—Rouen. It stands on the bank of the Seine River, surrounded by hills, a city of dignity and charm if it had no other significance. Rouen, however, has taken its place in the mind of the world because of one overwhelming tragedy that occurred there. It was five hundred years ago, but I can't imagine anyone approaching the city without feeling the invisible presence of that pure, young, dauntless soul, perhaps the most amazing except one that has ever crossed the pages of history, who was tried, condemned and died in the shadows of these old walls. The Maid of Orleans. The shepherd girl of Domremy!

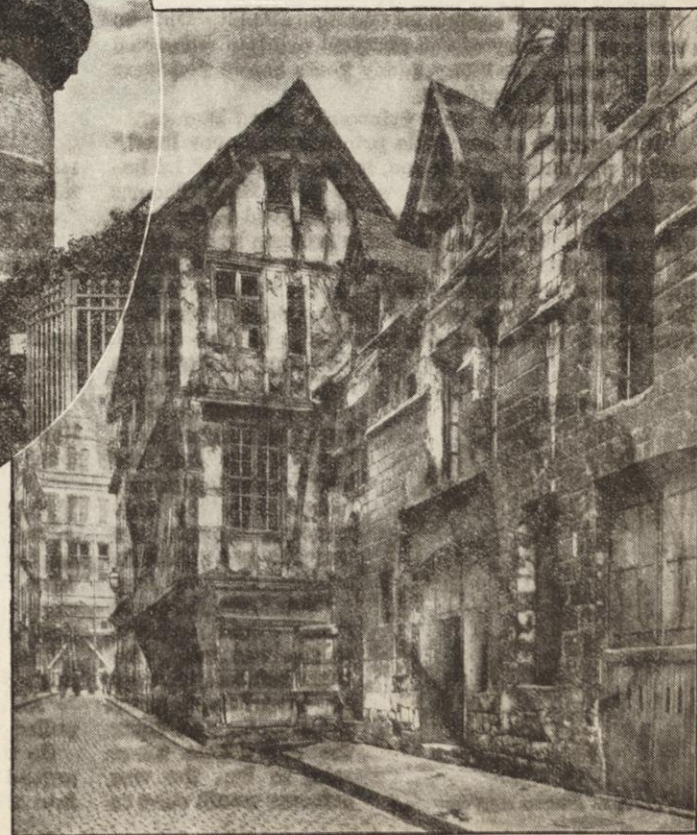
The City of Joan of Arc

Strangely enough, the Hotel de la Poste to which we had been directed stands on the street named for her—rue Jeanne d'Arc. From the moment of our entrance, we were conscious of the memories of her.

When we had dropped our bags in the room assigned us in this perfectly delightful hostelry, we started out again to explore a bit before dinner. So it was that, just at sunset, we chanced upon the most sacredly impressive spot in Rouen. We had wound our way along quaint hilly streets until we came to an open square. Without quite knowing why, we parked the car beside a long building and walked about. It was evidently a market place. The building was full of stalls and counters. Outside on the pavement were baskets and barrels of produce. And in the open square were more evidences of the daily traffic in foodstuffs.

But there was something more, and at sight of it, we both stopped in a hush. There against the outer wall of the old market house rises a form of such whiteness, such beauty, that there are no words to tell of it. She stands there, (Continued on page 15)

In the oval: The Tower of Joan of Arc, where the Maid of Orleans was imprisoned during her trial. Below: Homes of some of her judges



Romancing in the Old World

(Continued from page 14)

so young and fair, her hands bound pitifully behind her, her sweet eyes raised to heaven, the flames curling about her feet!

We suddenly remembered, without needing to look at the tablet set in the pavement, that we were standing on holy ground, that it was in this spot that Joan of Arc had suffered her martyrdom in 1421. For the market place of five hundred years ago is still the market place today.

The sunset lighted the strange old buildings fringing the square; the swallows circled in and out above the chimneys. I stood looking at the statue through a mist of tears. I have read much about Joan of Arc, but there was about this place a convincing reality which books had never given me. Here amongst the tumbled boxes and barrels of produce, next the stalls of the merchants and farmers—here was no place for a vision, a myth, a fanciful embroidery upon historical fact. Here was truth, incredible as it often is, but still truth. A white miracle of courage and beauty which the passing centuries cannot dim.

The next day we set out early for the great cathedral. I had the same feeling of utter awe when I looked up at the carving as I had at Notre Dame in Paris. This particular edifice took over three hundred years to build, but even so, I don't see how human hands wrought so delicately and so profusely in stone.

One tower of the cathedral interested me immensely. It is considered one of the finest examples in the world of what is called flamboyant Gothic architecture. It rises like a dream of lacy spires, and its name—can you stand to come down to earth suddenly?—is The Butter Tower! The earthiest part of it is the way it got the name. It seems that in the last part of the fifteenth century there was a fearful ban upon eating butter during Lent. However, if a wealthy burgher paid handsomely for the privilege, he could spread his bread in the usual fashion. This "butter money" was kept by itself and used to build this exquisite pinnacle! Jack's remarks were wickedly personal. He insisted that if I had lived in that period, I would probably have built half the tower. For, like the king in the rhyme, "I do like a little bit of butter on my bread!"

A Historical Shrine

Inside, the cathedral is dim and vast and beautiful, especially the Lady Chapel, upon which the builders seem to have lavished their most precious art. At another point in the Ambulatory we stopped and remained a long time. Against the wall is an effigy of a huge knight in armor. There is an impression of tremendous power somehow even in that cold, darkened stone, mutilated apparently by ancient sword thrusts. We bent to read the worn inscription. And what do you suppose it said? "Underneath the effigy lies buried the heart of Richard Coeur de Lion!"

It is overwhelming to me to come face to face like this with the remote facts of history. Over seven hundred years ago the gallant, reckless Richard the First fought his wars and organized his crusades. Now, we stood at the spot where the lion heart itself was once buried. It is all very, very impressive, especially, I believe, to an American whose own his-

torical shrines are so extremely young and modern.

When we emerged from the cathedral, we followed a walk around the side of the building to the narrow street just behind, where stand the famous old houses of the fifteenth century which were the homes of some of the judges during Joan of Arc's trial. I only hope better men have lived in them since!

The Prison Tower

Just then, when our thoughts were again with The Maid, we decided to visit the tower itself which bears her name. It stands now in incongruously beautiful surroundings, being in a neighborhood of pleasant homes, though in olden days it was a part of a large castle, but its hard stone circular walls still keep their forbidding aspect. Indeed, I have never seen so hopeless-looking a prison.

A world war veteran with a thin, sad face, one leg, and a blaze of medals across his coat is now the guardian of the tower and hobbled ahead of us to throw open the mighty door. The center of the ground floor is almost filled with a great white statue of Joan on her war horse. She is leaning forward, banners flying, urging her men to victory. It seems to dominate gloriously the chill, sad place.

In one of the tiny stone recesses just off this, Joan was imprisoned during part of her trial. A nice-looking young Englishman was examining the place as we were. As we peered into this, I heard his

voice at my side: "Ghastly little hole, you know!" The horror of it all had broken through even his English reserve. Poor little homesick country maid, fettered and tortured in this dark, dank place!

In spite of its tragic recollections, I found Rouen as a whole lovely, and hated to leave it. The windows of our hotel were hung with boxes of red geraniums, the head waiter in the dining-room wrote one of his best recipes for me (I shan't send it, for it is so complicated I can't translate it myself now that I have it!) and the bright little garcon at our table was full of solicitude over the fact that I stubbornly persisted in drinking water instead of wine!

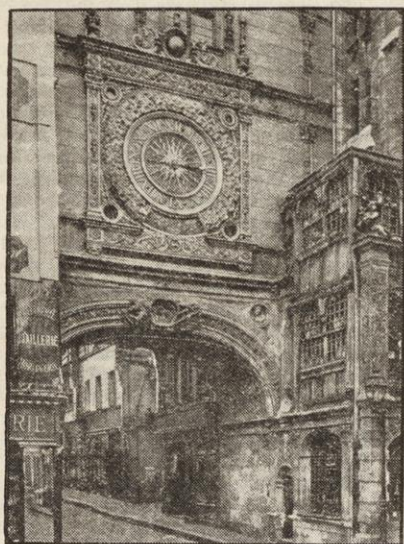
"But, madame, the water of Rouen is not safe. It is not used, you know! Water at meals is very dangerous. Some wine, no?"

He was really quite distressed. Nice Rouennais apparently don't drink water at all.

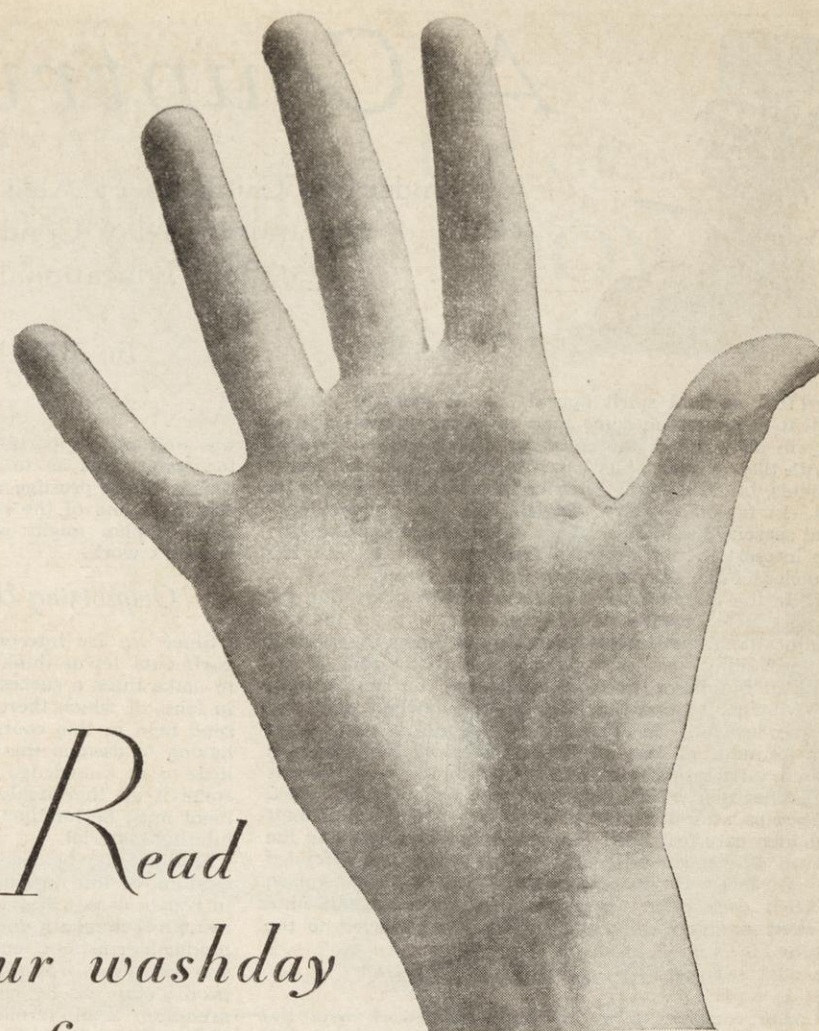
We saw another wonderful old city landmark as we were leaving: La Grosse Horloge, or great clock, which surmounts an archway over a street. The clock dial is of the Renaissance period, 1511; but the tall belfry tower at the side goes back to 1389. All about this strange old archway are the most elaborate figures and carvings. The clock is a very traditional and beloved part of the city's life. You'll notice by the picture that it has but one hand, the hour one, but with a little practice, I discover, time can be told that way quite easily.

And so, with a last look at the old time-piece and the cathedral spires, we have said goodbye to Rouen, and have set forth again, to continue our ramblings over the winding roads and through the picturesque towns of the Norman countryside.

Your affectionate
"BEGS."



The famous "Great Clock" over a street in Rouen



Read
your washday
fortune
in your hand



You don't have to be an expert palmist. Just study the hand shown here and see how it reveals its washday story.

The strong palm indicates a capable woman—the kind who directs her own housework. The shapely fingers show a love of the beautiful—pride in clothes a little cleaner than anyone else's. The unbroken life line predicts years of happiness because she gets things done with least exertion. And the well-defined head line tells that she's thrifty—she knows a bargain in value.

You would expect this woman to use Fels-Naptha. And if you could see her hand, you would know she does!

For her hands haven't that in-the-water look. That's because Fels-Naptha washes

clothes clean without hard rubbing, and does it so quickly that she doesn't have to keep her hands in hot water so long.

The reason Fels-Naptha works so quickly is that it is good soap and naptha. These two cleaners, working together, remove even stubborn dirt, swiftly and easily, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is one soap you don't have to pamper. Naturally it works best in hot water—all soaps do. But it also works beautifully in lukewarm or even cool water.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's. Let it give you extra help for household cleaning, too. Then your hands and home and clothes—and you—will all proclaim your good fortune!

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

© 1930, Fels & Co.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. W.W.7-30

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



A Countryside en Fête

Under the Guidance of Able Department Leaders and Judges, Any Community May Conduct a Successful Fair Embracing Both Educational Value and Carnival Spirit

By BLANCHE E. HYDE



THE carnival spirit appeals to all races of people. It is present in some form or other at some season in all parts of the country. Cities make a stab at it with their parades, block parties, night clubs and flower festivals, but it is rural America in which it is seen at its best. In far-off country districts, the two greatest carnival seasons possible are those of the circus and the fair. The interest in the circus is short and intense, but the influence of the fair is widespread and lasting.

While the carnival spirit in fairs is with many the upmost factor, back of it all is an effort to make the fair an educational institution, something to "show the world." The prevailing idea as to fairs appears to be that of exhibits in buildings, tents or enclosures, but an entirely new viewpoint regarding this custom dawned upon me one day last fall. In driving along a country road on my way to judge at one of the last fairs of the season, a sudden turn brought a strange sight into view. It was none other than a filling station "gone agricultural." Even the pumps were dressed up in tall stalks of corn. Strings of golden ears festooned the erstwhile signs extolling the virtues of gas and oil. Big yellow pumpkins defended the entrance. Melons, cucumbers and summer squash crowded each other for supremacy, as a woman in a checked gingham apron put the finishing touches to the display.

Each Farm Tells a Story

A short distance away, a rough framework over the gateway to a prosperous-looking farm was decorated with feathery asparagus and masses of wheat and oats. A huge yellow pumpkin hung over the center and boxes of crimson apples flanked the gateposts. At still another home were sheaves of grain at each side of the wide driveway, and these, with sacks of potatoes and mountains of melons, told the passers-by that it had been a good year for crops. The rural mail boxes by the roadside had not been forgotten. The posts supporting each were quite concealed by sheaves of oats with their graceful heads nodding over the boxes. Surely a mail box arrayed in such gala dress must contain far more interesting matter than bills!

For several miles, each homestead had its story to tell of a successful harvest, and the thought came to me that here was the true spirit of an agricultural fair, far better than any exhibit hall. The entire countryside had entered into the idea and grateful hands were showing what had been accomplished. At this same fair, the spirit noted early in the day was shown again in the little village. With no fair grounds, nor even a fair building, everyone had lent a hand. Space for women's work, school exhibits and flowers was provided in local stores and garages. The Grange hall held the department exhibits in agriculture, while in the basement of the same building, religious differences were forgotten as the ladies from the local churches served a chicken dinner with all the "fixin's." The always popular concessions did a thriving business in the village square and adjoining streets.

An unusual feature of this fair was the plan of allotting individual booths to farmers. These booths, equal in size, were arranged in a large tent. There

was unlimited opportunity for originality in display and for comparison as to variety and quality of products. Think of the prestige of being a winner in a contest of this kind, and of the resulting confabs between farmers! Such a plan might well be used in connection with women's work.

Organizing Women's Departments

Since we are interested in the work of women's departments, let us think of some of the points which help to make these a success, for, with the increasing interest in fairs, of which there are between two and three thousand held in this country every year, many women are having to assume the management of departments with little or no knowledge of the duties involved. To understand it all thoroughly, the superintendent of a department must be familiar with the different methods of exhibiting material.

Exhibits may be departmental; in which case, individual exhibits of like products are judged against each other in "open class." The term "display" in women's departments is commonly understood to mean a group of similar products or articles, entered by one person and for which one premium or prize has been offered. Any number of people may enter "displays" and compete for the same premium. Exhibits may also be those of communities or clubs where the individual exhibits of members of the group are pooled and exhibited in one booth, enclosure or section of shelving. The group exhibit is then judged in comparison with other group exhibits. Articles in community exhibits are quite generally entered in open class also, and in such cases the ribbons or premiums won by individuals aid very materially in bringing up the group score. In the more progressive fairs and expositions, provision is made for rating group or community exhibits on their educational value, or, in other words, on the actual worth of the story which the exhibits have tried to tell.

The women's departments in fairs are properly two, Foods and Pantry Stores, and Clothing and Needlework. In some of the smaller fairs, the Art Department and the Flowers or Horticulture come under the women's division also. In fact, a judge of women's work often has to cover all of the above, plus the school exhibits and 4-H club work. The larger fairs employ a separate judge for each department. A Child Welfare Department or Baby Clinic, often a large and important feature of a fair, should be under the supervision of a specialist.

As a rule, there is better cooperation if all the women's work is under one head with strong committees for each separate division. Since many fair associations pay a salary to the superintendents of departments, this offers an excellent opportunity for qualified women to earn money. Clubs and sororities, too, find department management at a fair a splendid way to make money for their

group. When this is done, the salary goes to no one individual but is paid to the president or treasurer of the organization. The amount varies with the size of the community, and the financial condition and generosity of the fair association.

It is a poor plan to change department superintendents every year, for it is only by continued service that a superintendent will grow into the knowledge that will result in building up her department. It is a great help to a judge, too, if she can work with the same head each season.

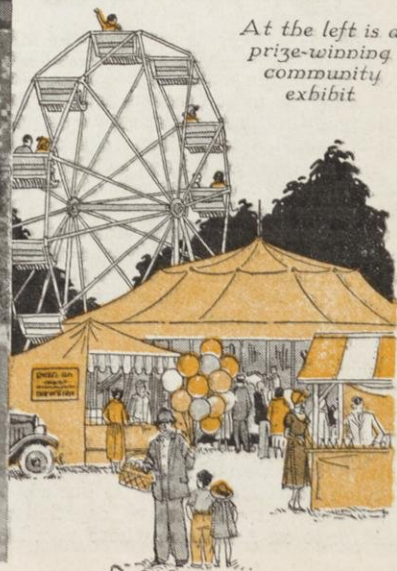
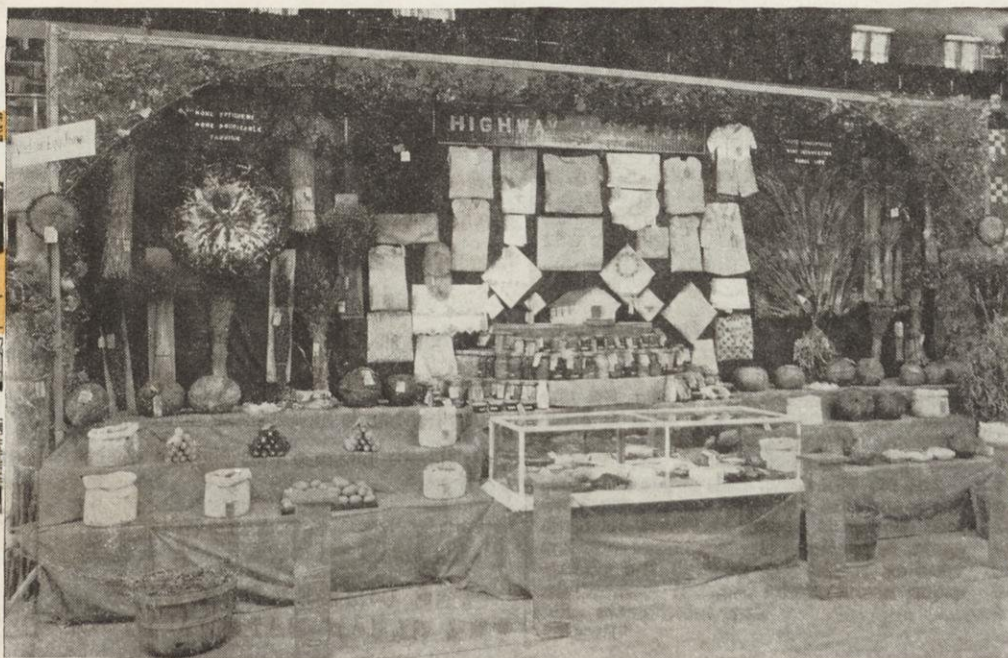
Duties of a Superintendent

To the superintendent of the department generally falls the task of preparing the premium list for her department. A premium list is nothing more nor less than a list of the prizes offered. The prizes may be in the form of ribbons, money, or various articles or commodities. The preparation of the premium list is a most important phase of the superintendent's work, for in a way it sets the standards of the department and helps to mold those of the fair itself. There is something far more to the making of a premium list than the clipping of the old one and returning to the secretary with the notation, "Reprint as before." If, while working at the previous fair, the judge has indicated that certain articles should be crossed from the list and new ones inserted, the superintendent may have made notes and be ready to substitute. In no case should a superintendent make out the list alone. A special committee should be appointed for this work, the committee made up of women from scattered parts of the district covered by the fair. These women should be recognized leaders in their communities. A notice in the local paper asking for suggestions for the premium list will often be productive of new ideas. Many exhibits of women's work fall down in appearance and exhibitors lose interest because premium lists remain the same year after year. In clothing and needlework departments, we have to think of the rapidly changing styles. We must also consider the fads and novelties and distinguish between those which are best to foster and those which should be forgotten. Knowledge and ideas in foods and pantry stores make progress also, and industrial conditions bring about new practices.

In making out premium lists, it should be remembered that there are, in many small communities, people who depend for part of their income on the money premiums won by exhibiting their handwork in fairs. Some send their work on a regular circuit, and if the exhibits are of good quality, quite a tidy amount may be realized. Such exhibitors often need advice and help in order that their work may meet the standards of the different departments.

Closely allied with the making of the premium list is its classification. While there are many different ways of classifying exhibit material, some are more simple and easily understood than others. A good classification is a great help to both superintendent and judge. In departments of foods and pantry stores, the following divisions or classes work out well: canned goods, including fruits, vegetables and

(Continued on page 36)



At the left is a prize-winning community exhibit



Animal and Insect Friends in the Garden

How to Make Use of Nature's Weapons in Waging War on Common Garden Pests

By MAUD R. JACOBS

THE gardener is absolute monarch, with power of life and death, over thousands of wee creatures. In order to administer this power wisely, it is necessary to know which creatures are helpful and which harmful. It is a mistake to try to kill every bug and worm in the garden, for certain insects are invaluable.

Gardeners, like many monarchs of history, all too often show favoritism toward handsome or entertaining scoundrels. The handsome blue jay, for example, is an arrant villain, yet he is welcome in almost every garden. The entertaining squirrel can get away with almost any rascality, unless he selects the wrong psychological moment to dig up the crocuses or to sample the seeds of ripening Seckel pears.

Beauty sways justice in many a garden where the owner beams upon butterflies and frowns upon toads. The butterfly eggs will hatch into ravenous caterpillars, wretched foes of the garden kingdom. Without butterflies and moths there would be no caterpillars, no cutworms, and fewer borers. The ugly hop-toad is the most useful creature in the garden, with the possible exception of some of the most valuable birds.

The toad will eat anything that moves that is of a size he can swallow, from June bugs to gnats. His appetite for cutworms, snails and slugs is insatiable. In Europe, toads are sold as garden supplies, but the best way to secure them in this country is to stock the lily pool with toad polliwogs, or have small boys in the neighborhood bring in young toads recently emerged from pools and streams—they usually emerge in July or August. All a young toad needs to make him feel at home in the garden is protection against cats, and a flat stone or old board in a dampish place under which to spend the day—toads feed chiefly at night.

Tree toads eat plant lice, flies and caterpillars, and the gardener who can keep them in her trees is fortunate indeed. The spotted green frog that is so fond of hiding in long grass eats grasshoppers and crickets.

Snakes Feed on Pests

The two poisonous snakes of the Middle West, the copperhead and the rattlesnake, should be killed at sight. They are useful as to their diet, but too dangerous to be allowed near a garden. Two other snakes found in the Middle West should never be killed under any circumstances—the gardener who cannot stand snakes should exile them to the kingdom of a more tolerant gardener. They are the little green snake whose back and sides are uniform green without any lines or marking of other color, and the little brown ground snakes that school boys are always finding in the springtime. Both snakes are absolutely harmless, and both snakes feed almost exclusively on garden pests. The green snake specializes in

caterpillars; the little brown snake specializes in earthworms and grubs. The best opinion seems to be that most other snakes of this locality eat enough mice, moles, shrews, gophers, chipmunks and such pests to counterbalance the birds, frogs and toads that they eat. When the garden kingdom is threatened by mice, moles, shrews, gophers, etc., it is wise to encourage garter, black and similar snakes; when the kingdom is menaced by such pests as are eaten by toads, frogs and birds, it is wise to destroy the snakes.

Turtles, Bats and Insects

Box turtles are of little value in the garden, as their diet is chiefly berries and leaves, although individual specimens do seem to develop enough of an appetite for insects to make them worth tolerating. Mud turtles have nothing to recommend them in the garden or any other place, as far as I know.

Our local bats feed entirely on insects, chiefly mosquitoes.

Of the still smaller creatures, the most useful in most gardens are the ladybirds or ladybugs, wee beetles shaped like half pills. They live on a diet of plant lice and scale insects. Enough ladybugs will rid a garden of both pests. Young ladybugs look as unlike adult ones as young potato bugs look unlike their parents. Young ladybugs look much like spotted shreds

of black velvet. Adult ladybugs do not bite, but young ones have a bite as vicious as the mosquito's. They prey on plant lice with a ferocity that has earned them the name "tigers of the insect world." Both adult and young ladybugs are invaluable in any well-ordered garden, and well worth winter care.

Perhaps the next most useful so-called bug in most gardens is the ichneumon fly, whose cocoons are so often found fastened to or sticking into tomato worms and other caterpillars. The tiny silken cocoons are shaped much like grains of rice. Caterpillars bearing these cocoons should be kept in a screened box until the flies emerge to lay eggs in other caterpillars—these flies are deadly foes of caterpillars.

Garden spiders eat quantities of gnats and other insects. Bees aid flowers in setting seed. Wasps, yellow jackets and hornets are carnivorous insects that eat many garden foes—it is claimed that wasps will rid a patch of cabbage worms in a remarkably short time.

The lace-winged insects, including the ant-lions, aphid-lions and the delicately exquisite golden-eyed lace-winged flies, all eat garden enemies. So, too, do the brilliantly colored dragon flies, or "snake feeders"—most valuable insects that would rid the garden of mosquitoes if present in sufficient numbers.

When in doubt about an insect's value, the gardener might well take time to watch to see what the insect eats. A little study may prove to be enlightening.



UP OR DOWN IN SUMMER?



ARE you up or down in summer? Do the sultry days bring life or lethargy? It is largely a question of food selection.

For those who eat heavy, indigestible foods the summer days are "pepless" days—days of low vitality, when the mind refuses to work and the body is easily exhausted. To those who eat light, nourishing, easily-digested foods the summer brings mental alertness, bounding energy and enthusiasm for work or play. Shredded Wheat is the ideal summer food. It is so rich in energy-elements and is so easily digested. It is the whole wheat in an easily digestible form.

A breakfast or lunch of Shredded Wheat and milk is cooling and refreshing. Being ready-cooked, ready-to-eat, it is so easy to prepare. Serve it with milk or cream. Delicious with berries or other fresh fruits.

SHREDDED WHEAT



SUMMER STYLE OFFERINGS

Cottons and Linens Are Fashionably Cool

IN THE new more feminine styles, lingerie touches at the neckline, yokes and sleeves are very smart. Hand work is used lavishly on many frocks in fagoting, drawnwork, embroidery and in fine pin tucks. Pleating used for collars and ruffling is very popular.

Flat silk crepe, shantung and handkerchief linen are used extensively in all-day models, in monotone pastel shades and in gay prints in dots or floral patterns. Printed dimity, printed sheer lawn, dotted swiss and printed batiste have captured the spirit of youth and are noted in interesting daytime frocks.

NOTE: Size 16 years is the same as size 34, size 18 years is the same as size 36, and size 20 years the same as size 38.



For All-Day Wear

Number 2515. Designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yds. 39-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yd. 27-inch lace, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27-inch contrasting.

A Becoming Capelet

Number 2507. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 needs $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch material, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 35-inch contrasting.

Youthful Basque Model

Number 682. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material.

Slenderizing Lines

Number 3498. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

Smart for Sports

Number 2502. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material with $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of binding.

Patterns, 15c each, postpaid, may be secured from Woman's World, 4223 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Great Rana

(Continued from page 5)

We must believe! Go tell the people the Rana is coming. They need only wait!"

As the peon ran out to deliver the message, Felipe knelt again and whispered. He pulled his red serape over his shoulders and leaned weakly in the great ebony door of the old building.

OVER the top of the hill, the sun was dropping slowly like a divine golden gesture, into the spot where the dark stone of the gigantic Rana was sheltered. Below, on the hillside, a crowd of horsemen rode, gesticulating, menacing. It was Jorje, the Terrible—he who would kill anyone daring to oppose him.

As Jorje neared, his men leaning forward on their horses, the threadbare faith of the Gibaranans threatened to give way. They crept tremulously closer to the church, fear and hopeful anticipation struggling in their faces.

Felipe stepped forward. He was pale. He raised his arms. "Oh, great Rana!" he prayed.

His hope radiated to the people. They nestled closer, warming their hearts by it. The leering faces and heavy guns of the brigands were steadily nearing. Felipe turned. "Kneel and pray," he said. "Show the Rana that you believe! Pray!"

The people fell to ragged knees and stretched thin, yearning hands toward the red glow which shone over the hill of the Rana like a halo. "Oh, great Rana!" Their voice was an aching call from the generations of the poor and oppressed.

Jorje, the Terrible, heard it. Jorje saw the hands stretched toward the Rana and toward the hidden one whose blood he had shed. Jorje's men heard the cry and saw the halo widen around the hill of the Rana. "It is bad, Chief," they said. "Let us go back!"

Jorje looked at the little house by the church where he had seen Marina fleeing as he came. He looked at the weakness of the Gibaranans and made himself brave. "Come on!" he shouted to his dark-faced brigands. "Alfeneques! Weak ones! Remember! We swore to get Marina!"

In the heavy laugh of the men's reply was nervousness. They spurred forward until their gaudy, unclean shirts and yellow pants moved among the Gibaranans, whose hands still reached toward the glorified hill.

"Shed no blood, Chief," one whispered, "lest it be that of the Rana's child."

Jorje flinched as a hideous fear again smote him. He shrugged. "Break into that casita, Grego, and grab her!"

Felipe, weak from excitement and from his fast, sprang forward into the way of the horses of Grego and Jorje.

"Halt!" he commanded. "Jorje, the Terrible, you have gone too far! Another step and the great Rana will arise and crush you! Listen, Jorje! The Rana is coming to life to save his people!"

Jorje made a frenzied lunge from his horse and pushed Felipe aside. "Go on, Grego! See? I hold the man who has been praying to a silly frog! See!" Jorje laughed almost hysterically. "Go on!"

Grego, his scars twitching under the black bristles on his face, spurred his horse forward toward the door of the casita. His smile showed clenched teeth.

The people of Gibarana leaned fearfully from the leering horsemen who threatened to stampede them, and again stretched their hands toward the hidden old temple. "Oh, great Rana!"

Suddenly Grego stopped, his black cigaret falling from his mouth. Under the dark brim of his sombrero, his eyes widened. Suddenly the people of Gibarana hushed their prayers and listened. As from the center of the earth came a

mighty muffled sound, of scraping and wrenching. It was far, yet near, ominous, awful.

When it hushed, Felipe's face seemed to have gathered some of the golden light from the hill. He fell to his knees. Jorje, the Terrible, was no longer holding him. Jorje was listening.

Again a strange, far-away grating and breaking paralyzed the Gibaranans and the brigands.

"It is the Rana!" cried Felipe. "The Rana, pulling his feet loose from the earth—to come!"

"The Rana!" the peons sibilated in awed whispers.

Jorje trembled. He seemed to hear the frog voice of the old woman he had killed saying again, "I see the Rana tugging at the roots of his rock feet!"

"It is well!" he choked. "We shall leave Marina. Come!"

The bandits, whose coarse faces had lost their sneers, whirled willingly. But this time Felipe held Jorje, the Terrible.

"No, Jorje," he said sternly. "The great spirit of the Rana is coming. It will not stop until you and your devils have left Gibarana. It has said, 'Woe unto you if you wait! Woe if you but look back! And death if you ever come within the borders of Gibarana again! Listen!'"

Felipe, his hand on Jorje's wrist, bent to the ground. Jorje, too, listened at the ground. His hairy hand pulled convulsively at his mustache. His mouth opened.

Slowly a thundering swell and an awful crash! And then, there was a distant mighty thud—thud—thud—thud, as of a giant frog starting to hop!

With stifled frenzy, Jorje leaped to his horse. Some of his men already rode like fleeing jaguars toward the distant narrow gateway into the desert. Jorje's wavering vision showed him, on every other thin kneeling figure in the courtyard, the mocking grin of old Beltza.

"The Rana! The blood!" Jorje gasped. All of the fears he had felt since a child overcame him. He stood forward in his saddle and sped as if death in the winding sheet of an old woman pursued him. Jorje did not look back.

As the bandit tyrants disappeared, realization slowly flooded the faces of the kneeling Gibaranans with joy. They were free! "Rana! Rana!" they murmured in adoring gratitude.

Then, as no giant frog thrust itself forward above the hill, they turned to Felipe in bewilderment. "Is he not coming?"

Felipe smiled. "He has come and gone—long enough only to save us! Do you not see, my people, we are saved!"

RELIEVED sighs fluttered across the courtyard and peace crept, for the first time, over the faces of Felipe's countrymen. From the casita, the little house by the church, stepped a girl with dark hair drawn back into a mantilla. There were tears in her eyes and on her faintly colored cheeks. Respectfully she approached Felipe. Reverently she raised his red serape above his shoulders as, one raises a banner before an army.

"People of Gibarana!" she cried. "At last the Rana has come back! He has given us a leader!"

With sudden feeling the freed people shouted and embraced one another. "At last, a leader!" "Felipe! The Rana has given us Felipe, our deliverer!"

"Let us have a feast," the girl, Marina, continued, "for our great new leader!"

"Yes, a feast!"

"Hurry, someone, and tell my grandfather, for Felipe now owns half his lands!"

Childishly, men raced toward the out-

(Continued on page 33)



Why 85% of America's leading hospitals use Kotex absorbent

Because of its comfort and hygienic value, Kotex absorbent is used today by 85% of our great hospitals



If you are one of the millions of women who prefer Kotex because of its marvelous comfort and convenience, you'll be delighted to know hospitals approve it from the health standpoint, too. More than that—85% of all the leading hospitals of the United States actually use Kotex absorbent in their hospital work!

Please note the list of hospitals at the right. You see here the type of hospitals where Kotex is used today. Famous hospitals, where patients receive the finest care that medical science can offer. These hospitals select Kotex . . . just as you do . . . for the comfort it assures. But they have another reason, too . . . they know its hygienic value.

Why Kotex is more hygienic

Kotex is made of a remarkable absorbent, known as Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. Cellucotton is five times more absorbent than the finest surgical cotton. It absorbs away from the surface, leaving the surface soft and delicate. Moisture is distributed throughout the pad. Thus chafing and irritation are avoided.

Kotex is made of layer on filmy layer of this wonderful Cellucotton. These layers permit circulation of air. Kotex stays light and cool . . . and simply cannot pack.

Kotex has many other advantages which dainty women know and like. It is specially shaped to fit. Corners are rounded and tapered so the pad is always inconspicuous under any type of dress. Kotex deodorizes, thus removing another old source of embarrassment. And Kotex is disposable . . . quickly, easily, completely. There's no laundry, fuss or embarrassment.

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

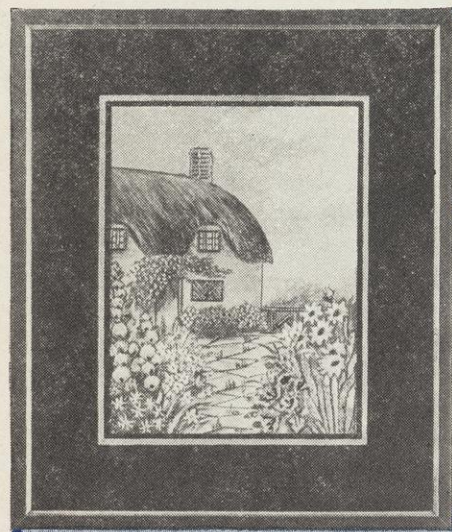
These Famous Hospitals are only a few of the hundreds that use Kotex Pads:

CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL of Chicago
PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL of Philadelphia
LENOX HILL HOSPITAL of New York City
UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL of Baltimore
MT. SINAI HOSPITAL of Milwaukee
CENTRAL DISPENSARY AND EMERGENCY HOSPITAL of Washington, D. C.
BAPTIST HOSPITAL of Houston, Texas

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

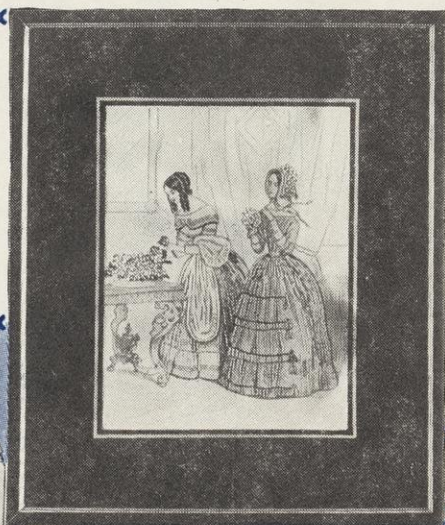
- 1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
- 2 Safe, secure . . . Keeps your mind at ease.
- 3 Rounded and tapered corners—for inconspicuous protection.
- 4 Deodorizes, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
- 5 Disposable, completely, instantly.
Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.



Left—An English Garden,
printed on linen

Below—Godey's Fashions
of 1860, printed on linen



Tapestry Pictures Revive a Fine Old Art and Afford a Fascinating Pastime

New Interpretations of Other Day Wall Hangings Impart the Same Mellow Charm as Those Wrought by Our Great-Grandmothers and Are Much More Easily Made



Below—
Detail
of
Happy
Haven
design



Left—
Happy
Haven,
a
tapestry
picture



Above—The Old Mill
Stream, with a detail
photograph at the left,
a tapestry picture



Below—The Squire's House,
printed on linen



Printed Linen Pictures

A new process makes it possible to print pictures on linen in life-like colors, giving them the appearance of having been painted onto the linen by a highly skilled artist. The printed picture is complete in itself, but assumes added beauty when portions of the design are accentuated by touches of embroidery.

Each linen print is 6 by 8 inches. Its narrow black frame, banded with gold at the inner edge, measures 10½ by 12½ inches. Frame is equipped with a border of black glass 1¼ inches wide which is used between picture and frame. A gold band is painted on the black glass close to the picture.

An English Garden: Against a blue sky flushed with rosy clouds stands a weathered cottage with straw-thatched roof. The flagged path is bordered with hardy flowers. The embroidery consists of red outlines on the chimney, blue ones on the windows, brown on the path; the flowers are worked in simple stitches.

Godey's Fashions of 1860: Printed in full color on the linen are two maids of long ago, one wearing a rose dress, the other a blue

one. The embroidered portions are the French knot flowers, and matching outlines on the ruffles of the dresses.

The Squire's House: Blue skies with white clouds, and heather-covered hills surround the spacious manor portrayed in the printed design of this picture. The side of the house is outlined in brown, the windows in blue; the flowers are worked in natural colors.

Anne Hathaway's Cottage: The printed design is an accurate reproduction of this historic cottage in life-like colors. The edges of the house and windows are worked in outline-stitch; the flowers are of variegated colors.

Yarn Tapestry Pictures

Designs printed in full color on durable open mesh canvas are filled in solid with yarn, using a long over-and-over stitch and darning-stitch which go very quickly.

The 9½ by 13-inch pictures are framed in Circassian walnut finished frames measuring 15½ by 19½ inches; 2¼ inches of brown mat shows on all sides. Each frame is equipped with glass, mat and cardboard back.

Old Mill Stream: A graceful gray stone bridge spans a deep blue stream flecked with green, the same gray stone forming the mill house which has a shaded rose roof. In the foreground are yellow, white and orange daisies.

Happy Haven: A speckled brown path leads to the door of this friendly-looking house of shaded rose and tan. Sky is blue, trees green and flowers varicolored.

Anne Hathaway's Cottage,
printed on linen



Small Fingers Are
Adept at Pleasant
Needlework Tasks

Cross-stitch Samplers Convey a Friendly Message in Every Room of the Home

This Simple Type of Embroidery Which Dates Back to Our Early Colonial Days Skillfully Combines the Easiest of Stitches with Colorful Designs of Unusual Appeal



Left—
Dining-room
Sampler



Below—Bathroom Sampler



Right—Sampler for a
Child's Bedroom



Above—Sampler for the Hall



Below—Living-room Sampler

SAMPLERS have a homey air reminiscent of the crisp pinafores and stiffly braided hair worn by the small girls of many years ago who learned alphabets and countless proverbs by the needlework route, and they impart this same pleasant atmosphere to any room in which they may be hung.

But it is a vastly simpler thing to make a sampler nowadays, when the designs are already made and the crosses already marked on the linen showing where each stitch is to go. The only things to be added are one's own initials and the date, which may be selected from an alphabet and a group of numbers printed on paper; these may be cut out and applied to the sampler, then worked, giving a personal touch.

Among the samplers shown on this page there is one planned especially for each room of the house, but they may be changed about, of course, and used for other rooms than the ones indicated.

Large Samplers

The large samplers measure 10¼ by 14¼ inches unframed and 11¼ by 15¼ inches framed. The frames are black with a band of gold around the inner edge and each one is equipped with a glass and a cardboard back.

Dining-room Picture: The border is red and blue. The verse in red, green, brown, yellow and blue is Burns's Scotch Blessing. The figures and chairs are black, the tablecloth white and rose. Dishes across bottom are blue.

Sampler for the Hall: Two black cross-stitch people stand before a stately gray and white Colonial door flanked by gray windows with green shutters. Rose flowers with green leaves form the border. The lettering is in brown with initials in pastel shades.

Living-room Sampler: In chintz-covered wing chairs sit two black cross-stitch figures before a glowing hearth. The border is formed with the letters of the alphabet worked in all the colors of the rainbow. The lettering below the hearth scene is rose and blue and is separated from the bottom lettering by a floral border.

Small Size Samplers

These measure 7 by 8⅞ inches unframed and 8 by 9⅞ inches framed. The frames, which are black with a narrow band of gold around the inner edge, are equipped with glasses and cardboard backs.

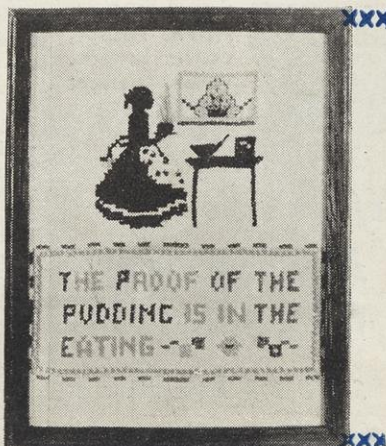
Sampler for a Child's Bedroom: This prim little girl wears an orchid dress and a yellow bonnet. A panel of flowers is worked above the rose-colored alphabet.

Bathroom Sampler: Tub and child are worked in black. Lettering is rose and blue, border rose, blue and orange.

Kitchen Sampler: Black cross-stitches make the woman and the table. The lettering is in red, green, blue and brown, enclosed in a border of gold and green.

Slumber Verse Sampler: The lettering is blue enclosed in a border of pink and rose flowers.

Right—Kitchen Sampler



Samplers Designed
by
Sadie P. Le Sueur

Right—
Slumber
Verse
Sampler



"RAYON UNDIES are so practical with this care"

Texas and Ohio girls tell a secret both have discovered



"Georgetown, Texas

"I ENJOY pretty lingerie as I presume most girls do. And I love the beautiful new rayon underthings they now have in the stores. The colors and styles are lovely.

"However, I used to feel that I should wear the plainer, more practical kind of undies every day, because frequent washing would fade colors and wear out the rayon.

"It was a saleswoman who advised my using Lux, saying it never faded colors and was wonderful for both rayons and silks. I followed her advice and was delighted with the results. By using Lux my pretty rayon underthings look fresh and dainty through months of washings and it is no extravagance to wear them for every day."



Bucyrus, Ohio, girl writes:

"LAST YEAR I bought a rayon pajama suit and washed it many times in Lux. Recently I bought a similar suit for sister. I washed both the other day and rolled them up together. I thought, 'I'll press her new suit first,' and began on one, when I discovered from the initial it was my old one! I said to my sister—'Look how lovely these pajamas have washed with Lux, mine look as new as yours!'"



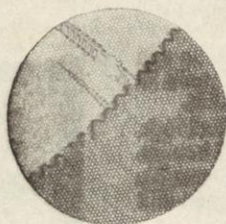
Famous Department Store Experts Agree!

So many girls write letters like these from Texas and Ohio!

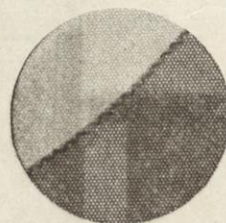
Often they say that it was a department store expert who first suggested using Lux.

Recently women buyers of fashions—dresses, lingerie, hosiery, gloves—in 132 big department stores, were asked about this very problem. 92 out of every 100 interviewed use Lux!

Lux is especially made to cleanse colors and fine rayon, silk, chiffon, wool fibres gently and safely. There's no harmful alkali in Lux, as there is in so many soaps, whether flakes, chips or cakes. And with the instant Lux suds, there's no rubbing!



Rayon lingerie washed 12 times with ordinary soap—fibres pulled so that runs have started, color faded.



Similar lingerie washed 12 times with Lux—every thread in place, fibres intact, color intact. Fabric perfect as new!

if it's safe in plain water, it's just as safe in LUX



My Garden and Me

A competition subject with as many interesting possibilities as there are women to consider it

WHETHER your garden consists merely of a row of red geraniums blooming in a window box or of an entire half acre planted to beans, peas, tomatoes and Golden Bantam corn, you will, if you are like the rest of us mortals, want to tell about it. And Woman's World is going to pay you liberally for the telling.

\$750.00 in cash prizes will be distributed in amounts ranging from \$100.00 to \$1.00 to the two hundred and eighty-five women writing the best letters on the subject "My Garden and Me"—and by best we don't mean the most polished letters from a literary standpoint, but the most interesting in their recital of facts and experiences.

Perhaps your crop is even now being harvested in the form of roses that throw a shower of golden yellow over a garden wall. Or, possibly, it is the rainbow hues of a row of graceful iris, or a patch of gorgeous asters whose blossoms speak their message to your beauty-loving soul and mark the climax to you of the glories of your summer garden. Or again, there is sometimes as much beauty—and a lot more nourishment—in an apronful of freshly picked peas as there is in a whole garden full of flowers.

So, whether your garden is one of flowers or vegetables or both, tell us about it. How much space does your garden occupy? If flowers, what kind do you have? Do you grow flowers to improve the external appearance of your house or do you like to cut them for their interior decorative effects?

Suggested Topics

If yours is a vegetable garden, what varieties do you grow most satisfactorily? Can you raise enough to take care of the vegetable needs of your family throughout the summer? Do you attend to the garden yourself or does the man of the house lend you his strong right arm on occasion?

You need not, of course, in your letters answer all these questions, or any of them for that matter. They are merely set down as points of interest around which a letter could be built.

There is nothing quite so worth while

and so soul-satisfying as work in the peace and quiet of your own garden. Worry can't enter that charmed plot and troubles are forgotten as with trowel in hand you kneel and heap the warm, fragrant earth about the roots of some grateful flower.

An Exacting Hobby

But there isn't always peace and tranquillity in a garden. Sometimes it is the scene of a pitched battle in which you pit all of your skill and experience against the swarms of insects and parasites that would prey upon your vegetables and flowers. Then it is you summon the most potent insecticides and you spray and sprinkle as valiantly as if life itself were at stake. Thousands of the invaders fall at your onslaught only to be supplanted by hundreds of thousands more. Back and forth the battle wages, but when at last the enemy has surrendered and your beloved plants are free from harm, isn't it a grand and glorious feeling?

Then, too, the quality of the seeds and bulbs you plant has fully as much to do with the success of your garden as has the care you so freely lavish upon it. How do you buy your seeds, through catalogs or from your local store? Do you take

pains to buy the products of well-known seedsmen and growers or do you accept whatever is available at the time?

Perhaps your interest in gardening has led you to join a garden club, where you have extended your activities from home beautification to community development and improvement.

In short, what has your garden done for you? Whether you raise flowers for their beauty or vegetables for their economy and healthful freshness, tell us about it in your own friendly way. Write on any phase of the subject that appeals to you and if possible, though it is not necessary to the winning of a prize, enclose a photograph of the garden about which you write. You have been "saying it with flowers" and fresh vegetables this summer, now try saying it with words and see if you don't capture one of the 285 cash prizes that are offered in this issue.

285 REWARDS
Totaling
\$750.00

Will be given to the successful contestants in this

COMPETITION ON

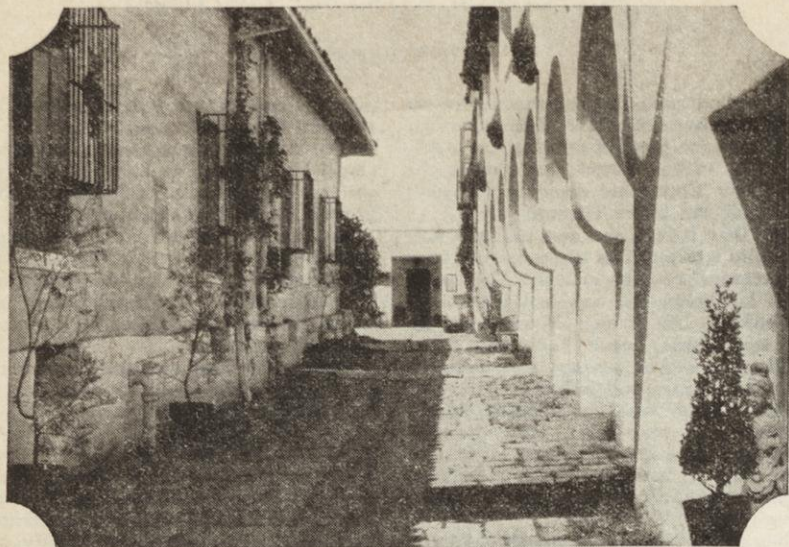
"MY GARDEN and ME"

1 Reward of	\$100.00
1 Reward of	75.00
1 Reward of	50.00
1 Reward of	30.00
1 Reward of	20.00
5 Rewards of	\$10.00 50.00
25 Rewards of	5.00 125.00
50 Rewards of	2.00 100.00
200 Rewards of	1.00 200.00
	\$750.00

In case of a tie between any of the contestants, rewards will be given to all.

No employee of Woman's World is eligible to enter this competition.

Address all letters to Maud R. Jacobs, Woman's World, 4223 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.



A bit of Old Spain in Santa Barbara, California

When West Spells Vacation

(Continued from page 3)

then wander through the vast communal dwellings, partly excavated, which contained more than a thousand rooms.

It is well if the traveler can arrange his trip in such a way that he will arrive at the inhabited pueblos on a day when the religious ceremonies which have come down from time untold are being carried on. The strange Indian dances can be found in no other place in the world.

In the middle section of our West, the outstanding feature is undoubtedly the Grand Canyon, this unique gorge. Trails which seem to go straight down the face of an impassable cliff lure one to the side trips to the bottom of the canyon. The ardent mountaineer can make the trip with his own two feet as the means of locomotion, but to most people the well-trained mules are the best means of traveling; they are used to the trail and, like a famous automobile, they get you there and get you back. By all means, stay as long as you can at the Grand Canyon. Its beauties are not to be seen in a day.

In the Grand Canyon region are the Hopi and Navajo Indians, existing by the same pastoral pursuits they followed hundreds of years ago. Clinging to their old handicrafts, their old religion, they are interesting beyond words.

In Colorado is Denver, with its group of natural wonders and its mines, some working, some deserted. Pikes Peak is a fitting climax to any trip.

SALT LAKE CITY is another inland town which should not be missed. With its salty lake, in which the swimmer can hardly sink, its Mormon buildings and the beautiful country around it, it is not to be overlooked in a western trip.

Still farther to the north are the two great parks, Yellowstone and Glacier. They are not far apart, according to western estimates of distance, but they are quite far enough that one is probably all the tourist can visit in a season; and one is enough, for only by leisurely traveling, stopping when you want to and making casual excursions from your base can the peace and majesty of either park enter your soul. By all means, take your time.

This excerpt from the works of Jonathan Carver, who nearly two hundred years ago described the Rocky Mountains, epitomizes

their lure, their mystery: he said, "Among these mountains, those that lie to the west of the river St. Pierre are called the Shining Mountains, from an infinite number of crystal stones, of an amazing size, with which they are covered, and which, when the sun shines full upon them, sparkle so as to be seen at a very great distance." Carver's crystal rocks happen to be living glaciers a mile to two miles above sea level. Farther down on the mountains are great forests in which live the shy goat, the bighorn sheep, the clumsy black bear. And all through this unspoiled wilderness wind roads and trails which lead to modern hotels, or to camping spots where one can be away from the world.

YELLOWSTONE PARK is less of a camping spot for most people, for its curious geysers, pools and rock formations are its greatest attractions, but many people do linger there, in camps or hotels.

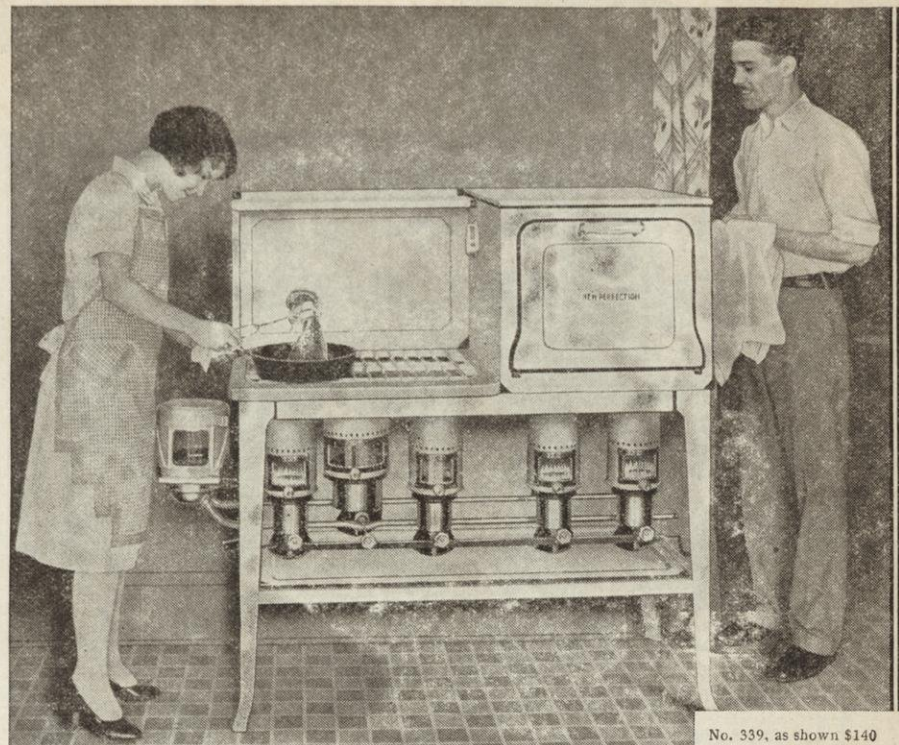
On the coast there are several great cities—Portland, famed for its roses and its yearly rose festival; Seattle, to which comes curious cargo from the Orient, and from which go Alaska-bound ships. At the mouth of Puget Sound is Victoria, the most British city in Canada. And scattered all through Washington and Oregon are high peaks whose steep sides lure Alpine climbers, whose streams teem with fish. There are quiet lakes and rushing waterfalls. And at the same time there are miles and miles of orchards, for Washington is one of the greatest apple countries in the world.

Also, it must not be forgotten that up to the north is Alaska, with its great mines, the immense herds of reindeer, its mountains and, not least, its equable summer climate. Alaska may be cold in the winter, but in the summer no one could find fault with its climate.

So far we seem to have ignored the wonderful lake country—Minnesota and Wisconsin—and that is not fair. Perhaps awe-inspiring scenery isn't so prevalent here, but the wonderful fishing, the hundreds of lakes which are scattered over the country, make it impossible to single out any one. The whole country is an ideal one for the family outing.

As to methods of transportation, that (Continued on page 35)

A typical "Old Spanish Days Fiesta" scene



No. 339, as shown \$140

Tsizz! the pan is hot ...the kitchen cool

Here's the range for 1930 kitchen speed

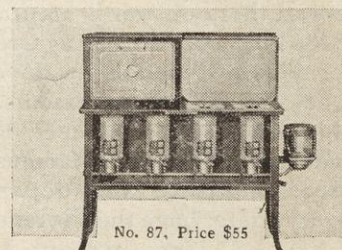
AT THE TOUCH of a match the clean, swift heat of the powerful Superfex burner is ready. The pan is hot in "just no time". Tsizz! . . . and a quick searing keeps the meat juices in . . . while evenly distributed heat browns every piece uniformly. All cooking is easier with this new range.

The new Perfection model shown is finished in shining white porcelain. It has a built-in oven with smooth porcelain lining and an accurate heat indicator. There are five Giant Superfex burners, one a Big Giant.

You can have the same range with Giant Puritan short-drum burners with close-up flame, if you wish. There's a choice of color, too: white, as shown, or white with trim of golden sand, cherry red, sea blue or apple green.

BEAUTIFUL RANGES

\$55 to \$140* New models include beautiful ranges in great variety, from \$55 to \$140. Perfection's handsome new stoves for separate ovens, at \$7.00 to \$83, complete the choice of sizes and styles.



No. 87, Price \$55

\$15.00 DOWN These new ranges may be bought on the new Perfection Purchase Plan, with a small down payment and easy terms. For instance, the white range shown in the illustration, priced at \$140, will be placed in your kitchen for \$15 down . . . with payment of the balance divided over a period of thirteen months.

No. 87—New four-burner range, finished in silver-gray porcelain and Perfectolac with satin black. Built-in oven. Heat indicator. Long-chimney burners . . . \$55



Dealers displaying this sign offer you free trial and easy terms on any Perfection, and accept your old stove in trade.

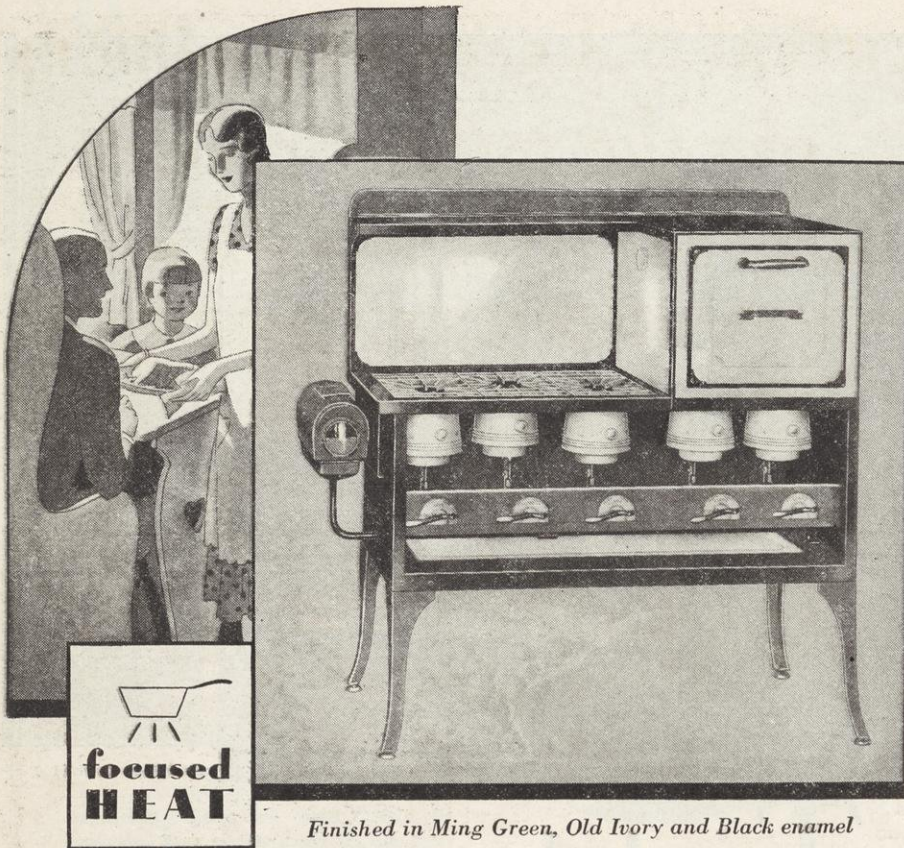
* Prices slightly higher in the South, the West and in Canada. Small financing charge on deferred payments.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

PERFECTION

Oil Burning Ranges

(Continued from page 9)



Finished in Ming Green, Old Ivory and Black enamel

A COOL KITCHEN Reveals its SECRET

HOW can you have intense heat to cook your food quickly, yet keep the kitchen cool even in blistering weather? The Florence oil range provides the answer with "focused heat".

The Florence has short burners and no wicks, so the flame strikes right on the center of the cooking vessel. The heat goes into the cooking instead of out into the room.

This Florence principle of "focused heat" is not only a blessing in hot weather but proves a great economy in the use of kerosene (coal oil). Also, when you are not actually cooking, you don't burn the Florence at all. The Florence is odorless, smokeless and safe.

The advance Florence model (FR-51) shown above has five burners, but they are ingeniously "staggered" so the range takes only modest floor space. The oven is built in as an integral part of the range. Two burners will bring the oven temperature over 650 degrees and the side-wall thermometer is accurate.

The FR-51 is finished in Ming Green, Old Ivory and Black. There are other Florence models—a stove of the size, finish and price to meet every woman's requirements. In many models, the oven is removable and is sold separately. Florence ovens, because of many special advantages, are world-famous and are often used on gas stoves. Hardware, furniture and department stores everywhere, have the Florence line.

Constant Hot Water

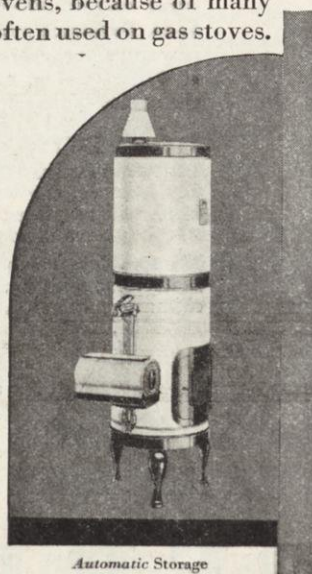
You should also own a Florence Automatic Water Heater. It works under thermostatic control, with a pilot light, requires no attention and gives you constant hot water for a few cents worth of kerosene a day. Four Florence models to choose from through your plumber.

"Shorter Kitchen Hours"—The title of this unusual booklet is accurate. It is full of expert household information, including delightful recipes. We would like to mail you your copy without charge.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY

Dept. C-4, Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.

If you have gas, ask your dealer about the new Florence Gas Range.



Automatic Storage Water Heater

FLORENCE

His tone had such finality she ceased to contend. After all, she had her days to do with as she pleased and her car. Besides, she rather forgot her grievances after Barry Consadine came as the new director of the Little Theater.

Some time before she met him she had heard him spoken of in the caressing tone that women keep for artists. Then at a tea in his honor he was bending above her, holding her hand. Black Irish he was, white skin, black hair, and those arresting blue eyes, always surprising in their sooty brows and lashes.

"Where have you been all this time?" he asked her, very low. "Why haven't I met you before? You must be in one of our plays. I have just the part for you. Don't answer now, because you are going to say, 'Yes!'"

When she quoted his remark, happily, later to Harriet Lance, Harriet threw her a queer smile with the comment, "Is that line still going good?" Harriet was clever and amusing, but a trifle catty, and she hadn't been chosen for any of the plays. One must make allowances.

The very air of the playhouse was the air of a new world. A world of magic. Laughter, enthusiasm, work for the sake of beauty, for the love of art. When she made her first appearance—the heart-lifting intoxication of the splash of applause rushing up like a wave to break upon the stage! And Barry's whispered words in the wings when she came off after the final curtain! She had never repeated what he said that time to anyone, nor to anyone all that he said as the weeks went on.

One could only appear in a play twice in a season. It was a rule. But Barry needed her there to help. He thought no one felt color as she did. About lighting effects he valued her opinion. Delighted to be deferred to by one so gifted. He could do anything. Every now and then he dashed off a portrait. He did several of her. The one he liked best made her of a weird pallor peering out from a drapery that Barry declared was the color of a purple onion. She had never realized how common things can be beautiful.

It hung in the tiny foyer one night when she succeeded in persuading John to go with her to one of the less high-brow plays. She had simply drawn his attention to the canvas. "Who is the person?" he asked.

"Surely you know your own wife!" It was frightfully disappointing. She had hoped he might buy it.

He stood stock-still and stared. "Well, you look a darn sight better than that to me. Was your face dirty?"

"Oh, John! It's in the modern manner, you know. Barry says the drapery is the color of a purple onion."

"Might be. I s'pose he knows his onions. I know my wife." With a manner jovially possessive, he tucked her hand in his arm and whisked her away to their car.

THAT was just the trouble. John did not know her. Had never known her. Not the woman Barry knew. She had not pursued Barry as some of the women most ridiculously did. Opportunities for being together created themselves.

Golf was the only exercise John took, and he said he could not afford time for that except on Sundays. But a man must keep fit, so he always played when it was seasonable. In the winter, he read or sometimes took a nap. Nancy did not care for naps.

After Barry opened to her the world of art, Sunday afternoons were times to be anticipated. Talks at the Art Guild, informal concerts, lectures by poets. On week day afternoons of winter, Drama League plays or tea in the flickering light of her own fireplace. So few men were available at tea time.

Barry could never have survived his year in their midwestern city if it had not been for her sympathetic companionship. He told her so himself. Of course, she had been reared with an eastern background. It made a difference.

Just why, as a girl, had she been so confidently happy when John, a born westerner, told her she was going to belong to him? He had been a dominating wooer. Swept her off her feet. Sounded like a movie caption.

Barry said love was the most delicate of the arts. The supreme art. Certainly he knew how to make it so.

FOR the first time, Nancy really saw the frescoed ceiling at which she had been staring. How too disgusting those gambling fat cupids clutching garlands of magenta roses against their puffy stomachs! Eight years ago she had laughed at them, but John had called them "jolly little beggars."

A tap at the door, her tray, the old familiar viands. Flat little fish swimming in oil as if that were their natural element. Canary-colored rice, strong of saffron. She nibbled at a whitish roll made palatable by delicate honey, sugared the sour red wine and drank it all.

There was a movement in the hall. The maid coming for the tray? No, it was a man's tread; a door closed heavily. She

could not have explained why she cautiously opened her own door and looked out. No one there, only the odor of a cigar, a good cigar.

When Rosaria appeared, Nancy questioned, "Have you other lodgers?"

"One only. A nize gentleman. Come yesterday. Not stay long."

Well, that didn't matter. Doubtless the servants were making a trifle for themselves, their mistress gone. But when Nancy was dressed once more, she slipped warily down the hall and out the back way; though, of course, the man could not be Barry. She had left a note for him, but only to say she would be back in Paris in a few days.

Fresh on the cooling air came the tang of the sea. Fragrance floated from heavy-headed roses flushing above white walls as though beauty had bubbled over. There was the happy, harp-like sound of a guitar. Native dwellers in the town were emerging. Laughing girls who stared at her; a stodgy-waisted woman lugging a loaded basket; a grinning beggar whined for alms. She had not brought her purse, and though she tried to tell him so, he growled a malediction as he slouched away.

Ah, the unutterable blue of the Mediterranean, creaming against the umber-brown rocks! An afterglow of gold and violet! Just to sit here on this bench would quiet the unrest which had possessed her of late. Over there was that tower and the same pacing sentinel. She had not an idea why he was on guard, but it felt good to have him not far. She and Barry would have many summers in lovely colorful places like this. The little French avocat had assured her that legal matters would be perfectly simple and of a discreetness. All that would soon be in the past. Fortunate, too, that Barry was going to have charge of the theater in St. Martin next season. In a new town, unknown, they could really live. For Barry knew how to live, making of life an art, feeling beauty together. She could hear him saying how only two people who were perfectly in tune could capture the exquisite essence, the ineffable aroma of beauty. She had been able to reach his heights now and then, standing before a picture of his, or sometimes in the blended light of sunset and firelight at tea time.

He was very delicately organized. The
(Continued on page 25)

At the Pension Felice

(Continued from page 24)

work of directing rather stupid people, who thought they could act, often drove him to inevitable fits of irritation. But her sympathetic understanding helped to steady him. When he had her all the time to depend upon—

How swiftly the dusk was settling down, dimming the flush from the sky! The lap and wash of the sea sounded sinister. Blue water was changing to green where it came coiling in between the rocks, hissing like tangled serpents, then slithering out again.

SUDDENLY her pension, instead of a prison, became a refuge. Hurrying to return, she saw ahead the arched opening of the viaduct under which she had passed earlier, scarce noticing. Now it loomed black, menacing. Halfway through, the loaferish figures of two men appeared against the grayish light at the opposite end, advancing toward her. Nothing to do but go ahead. Choking, she held her step steady, her face straight before her, watching them under lowered lids as they passed. To have no one to turn to, no protector! Never had she known loneliness like this. Out, she dared to look back. The men were silhouettes disappearing at the farther end. Then she ran, and when Rosaria admitted her, she felt humiliated by the curious look the maid cast at this young woman who stayed out without an escort in the evening.

She would go to bed at once, early as it was, and get rested. Surely, never before had she been so tired. A night's sleep would set her straight with the world. Then in the morning the first train for Paris. When she had seen Barry, heard his voice again, this wretched sensation of floating in the dark, unable to alight, would vanish as though it had never been.

As she pulled the cool sheet up over her, the heavy lids of her eyes drooped shut. For a long time she kept them so, only to admit at last that she had never been so awake in her life. The night was as still as if it were listening. Waiting—waiting—for what? Finally a soft note from without, a little musical ripple, muted, half weary—a nightingale. Past the season for the full rapture of the nightingale's mating song. It had been so eight years ago, and she had wished that sometime she might hear that song in its full beauty. Next year, perhaps, she and Barry could hear the perfect song together.

Her eyes opened toward the other bed. Why should its stark white smoothness hurt her? It was like a reproach; an accusation. Springing up, she seized the coverlet and twisted it into disorder, poked the pillow viciously; then, throwing herself on her own couch, she turned resolutely away. Sleep did not come. At long intervals the nightingale sobbed faintly.

With lifted head she looked once more at the shadowed bed. She could see, actually see, John's tumbled brown hair on the pillow, one arm under his head as he always slept.

Well, she was not going to get hysterical. Throwing a dark cape around her, she stepped upon her balcony. The garden below was laved in moonlight. Safe and quiet and real the flowers shone veiled in silver. It would feel good to be out there in the coolness and the dew.

Swiftly, silently she opened her door, slipped down the stairs, and her bare feet were on the damp stones, threading through the wet grass. A bed of forget-me-nots, as she passed, seemed to waver like a mist. She lingered, dreaming over them.

The stone bench was quite in the dark of an ilex tree. In its duskiest corner she hid herself, looking around at the high old walls, feeling them as shelter, safety.

Her breath came evenly; the fever by this time was leaving her hands and her cheeks. The nightingale murmured, rememberingly.

Could one ever be free of memories? Living in the future with Barry, would she still be recalling John? Would his tricks of manner, the way he raised his eyebrows when he was interested, his fashion of stirring his coffee the wrong way round, all the small nothings that are printed on consciousness by daily intimacy, would these keep popping up at odd moments, disconcertingly, as when one confronts one's self unexpectedly in a mirror?

Barry had charming manners, but they dropped from him like a cast-off cloak if irritation broke through. But, of course, an artist—Still, there was no evading the fact that he could be very disagreeable. To others, of course, never to her. But as the years went on, years and years, would he forget occasionally, and be as horrid as that to her?

Busy as John was, absorbed and tired, he was almost never irritated with her. Yet she must have been irritating at times, especially since she had thought so much about Barry that she had really given scant thought to John. Barry was so absorbing, so absorbent. She could see now how she had fed and fed him with her love and her admiration, especially her admiration. He had such beautiful ideals. He talked a great deal about them, as though they were uniquely his. "The higher selfishness." How could you be sure how high it was, whether it wasn't just the common kind?

John never said much about ideals. His care of her must have been a part of his creed, but it was so unobtrusive she had never thought before how constant that care was. He was not expressive in the usual fashion. But he had a way of kissing her goodbye—never hastily, halfway out the door with his hat on, as so many men do—but gently and tenderly, raising his hat in a gesture that was reverent.

Suddenly she was suffused with shame at how little she had ever deserved that reverence. Was it true, as she had read somewhere, that the quality of love depends far more upon the lover than upon the beloved? It must be so. She had never been anything to inspire that kind of love. And if Barry were half as fine as she had believed him, was she even worthy of him?

FOR the first time in her pampered life, she was genuinely humble. With the clearness that humility brings, she saw before her John's face when she told him. Saw the stricken look that, for all his quiet tone, he had not been able to control.

Tears that had been brimming slid down her cheeks, and it was not for herself that she cried. She would never go back to John, even if he would take her. He must find a woman who could appreciate him, who would value his staunchness.

As for Barry—the thought of him made her actually sick.

The stealthy creak of an opening door and another sound, a step, struck her rigid. A man was coming from the house, a tall man, walking slowly but straight down the garden.

Terror, utter terror clutched Nancy's throat, stopped her breath, froze her against the stone where she crouched. The corner was so dark, surely he would not see her. Oh, why had she ever come to this place where everything was wrong!

Light and shadow flickered over the approaching figure. He was quite near now, emerging into the full radiance of the moon.

(Continued on page 35)



Listen!... Learn why millions of cake makers praise Calumet's Double-Action



AsK them! Just ask the women who use Calumet. They know! They'll tell you the secret of Calumet's popularity.... "Makes baking success so sure and easy"... "Fluffy, tender biscuits every time—though my oven is undependable"... "My cakes were always pretty good—now they're simply delicious."

Calumet does such marvels for baking because it acts *twice*—not *once*. Calumet's *first* action, in the mixing bowl, starts the leavening. Then, in the oven, the *second* action begins. It continues the leavening. Up!... up!... it keeps raising the batter and holds it high and light. Cakes, muffins, quick breads—turn out so fine and delicate, beautifully baked.

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome ingredients. But not all are alike in their action. Not all will give equally fine results in baking. Calumet is scientifically made of exactly the right ingredients, in exactly the right proportions to produce perfect leavening action—*Double-Action*.

Make a Calumet cake today! See for yourself why Calumet is the largest-selling baking powder in the world. Remember to use only *one* level teaspoon of Calumet to each cup of sifted flour. This is the usual Calumet proportion and should be followed for best results—a real economy!... Mail coupon for wonderful new Calumet Baking Book.



MAKE THIS TEST

Naturally, when baking, you can't see how Calumet's Double-Action works inside the dough or batter to make it rise. But, by making this simple demonstration with Calumet Baking Powder and water in a glass, you can see clearly how Calumet acts twice to make your baking better. Put two level teaspoons of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The tiny, fine bubbles will rise slowly, half filling the glass. This is Calumet's first action—the action that Calumet specially provides to take place in the mixing bowl when you add liquid to your dry ingredients.

After the mixture has entirely stopped rising, stand the glass in a pan of hot water on the stove. In a moment, a second rising will start and continue until the mixture reaches the top of the glass. This is Calumet's second action—the action that Calumet holds in reserve to take place in the heat of your oven. Make this test today. See Calumet's Double-Action which protects your baking from failure.

CALUMET The Double-Acting Baking Powder...

A Product of General Foods Corporation

© 1930 G. F. Corp.



MARION JANE PARKER
c/o Calumet Baking Powder Company, (Inc.)
4100 Fillmore Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, free, a copy of the new Calumet Baking Book.

Name.....

Street.....

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

Fill in completely—print name and address.

FREE





TREAT that corn comfortably

Lovely, tiny slippers . . . the final exquisite note in a heart-snaring ensemble. But torture to corns . . . if you forget to summon Blue-jay to the rescue!

Wear Blue-jay while you dance. No one will know that it is there, relieving the pressure that brings the sting of pain. Even you will scarcely realize that the mild medication within the velvety guard is already at work, softening the corn for easy, early removal.

Banish your corns by this safe 3-day treatment that ends the risk of infection from paring. Blue-jay, made by one of the foremost producers of surgical dressings, has for thirty years been the approved treatment for agonizing corns. . . . Your druggist knows. . . . 25 cents (in Canada, 35 cents).

Blue-jay

CORN PLASTER

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . . New York . . . Toronto



The Surgeon

(Continued from page 10)

moved for a moment convulsively. And then all at once he was crying like a child.

Doctor Staton did not soften. A new line was traced for a moment in the furrow between his brows. His lips were stern and straight. He had seen many men weep in his time. He had inflicted much pain that ease might result from it. He had cut steadily and cruelly into human flesh many times that healing might come. And he had doctored men's spirits as well as their bodies.

"All that I have said stands, Ormsby. You are the most skillful surgeon in this clinic. If I should suddenly need an operation to be performed upon myself, I would most certainly request that you perform it. I can pay you no better compliment. But along with this, I inform you openly that you have a weakness. A grave one—in my opinion. You are too close to yourself to see it. You need to get away for a little while."

"But I tell you—"

DOCTOR STATON motioned his young colleague to silence while he continued, "To come into the full inheritance of your powers, Ormsby, you need somehow to be shaken loose of a little of your damnable self-reliance. That is what is hurting you now. If it were not, you would have reflected that the real brunt of responsibility lies always upon the shoulders of the senior surgeon—and not upon the assistant."

"True enough," conceded Ormsby, "but, frankly, Doctor Staton, I do not expect to always have a senior surgeon over me."

"Well—you always will have." The older man bowed gravely and his attitude indicated that the interview was at an end.

Six days later found Doctor Stephen Ormsby walking up the gangplank of a rickety old vessel which was making ready to sail out of New York harbor to British and Continental ports. He was smiling a little grimly at the joke he had played upon Doctor Staton.

He did not know then that he had also played a joke upon himself. Staton had recommended a sea voyage! Well, he was going to have it. But while he was obeying the letter of the edict, he was not obeying the law.

For Stephen Ormsby was the name of the ship's doctor for this second-rate steamship line whose fleet consisted of four antiquated vessels, the discards of more prosperous companies. Low rates kept the cabins filled, but food and accommodations were in keeping with the cheapness of the fare. The ships, big, slow cargo-carriers, brought fair return to the owners but slight profit from the passengers. It was a makeshift service that had a new doctor each sailing.

Doctor Ormsby stood lonesomely at the railing as the ship put out into the bay. He was neither passenger nor crew, and yet his isolation did not depress him especially. Instead, he found himself experiencing a strange new feeling of stimulation as the harbor lights grew dim, then blurred and gradually faded from sight. A cooling odor emanated from the gently swishing water through which the big boat plowed. Out on this great world of waves, a human being sank into the significance of an atom, immeasurably small.

The doctor still reflected with considerable heat upon that last interview which he had had with the senior surgeon of the clinic. He had left the hospital with boiling blood, furiously angry at Doctor

Staton's gently scathing indictment. Bewildered by the puzzle which engulfed the death of Bruce Ewing's child and jealously infuriated by his imposed furlough from the clinic, he had walked the streets all of a long night.

Dawn had found him at the river front haggling for this job on shipboard. It had not occurred to him then that the haggling was merely a snare. He would shortly find it out. He had been told that he would find all of his equipment on board and that he "needn't bring along any of his own tools."

When the ship had dropped her pilot off Sandy Hook, Doctor Ormsby hailed a passing steward. He had a curiosity to inspect his new quarters. "Will you direct me to the surgery, please?"

"Surgery? Don't know nothin' about

ings of the office provided for the ship's doctor.

Ormsby stared about him aghast, his mind still steeped in the space and the whiteness and the cleanness of the clinic from which he had just come. He became aware of an incessant and monotonous pounding. This cubby-hole evidently was smack up against the engines. The doctor made a disheartened inventory of the medicine chest. Then he went out and hunted up the purser who had directed him here. There must be—surely there must be some mistake.

The purser listened in surly silence to Ormsby's expostulations. When the doctor was through, he said, "Let this salt fish give ye a bit of advice, Doctor. Nobody's concerned about yer medicine chest or yer sterilizer. Tell yer troubles

t' th' marine superintendent—but don't bring 'em to me. I've got enough of me own. An' anyhow, I'm jolly well fed up with this packet an' th' crew th't runs her."

"But what is the use of carrying a doctor aboard at all, if you give him nothing to work with?" thundered Ormsby. "Three hundred cabin, six hundred steerage passengers and twelve days on the water. What if something should happen?"

"Ain't nothin' goin' t' happen. Nothin' ever does. What if somebody does be wantin' an operation? Ye c'n fix 'em up temporary till we make port. Nobody ever dies till their time comes. An' if it does come—all th' operatin' ye can do won't save 'em. Jes' hang on t' yer breath, young feller. Yer likely t' get sea-sick yerself—an' then, by golly, ye'll jolly well need it."

THE first call for the attention of the ship's surgeon came four days later when the chief officer sustained a badly burned hand. He watched the young doctor oil the burn and deftly put on a dressing.

"Say, you're all right, Doctor Ormsby."

"Think so?"

"We've sure had all kinds lately."

"Well, I'm glad to do the best I can under the circumstances. I find myself considerably handicapped because of a lack of equipment."

"Yeah, I know. This company don't give much consideration

to its doctors. Can't afford to, I guess. We have a new one on nearly every outward voyage. Say—that burn feels an even hundred percent better. Thanks a lot. If you get into any sort of a jam, let me know and I'll stand by. I'm aced-up with the skipper."

"Thanks, old chap, I'll remember that." Ormsby was childishly grateful for this offer of kindness. Accustomed as he was to the obsequious services of internes and the competent aid of consultants and the flattering presence of efficiently dexterous nurses, even this minor call upon him demonstrated to the doctor how really dependent upon others he had been. He was astonished to find that his legs were trembling under him when the slight task was finished.

Two days later the ship's doctor had occasion to make use of the chief officer's offer of help. It was the sixth night out, and the crew celebrated the reaching of mid-ocean by a rousing, hilarious party—accompanied by quantities of meat and drink.

It was after midnight when the call came for the doctor. One of the men was sick, squalling and bellowing like a baby, (Continued on page 31)

THE FOURTH OF JULY

By Anne Sutherland

THE Little Missus and I have been fastening flags and bunting to the veranda posts. It is a glorious Fourth of July morning, sweet and still and golden in our suburban district, except for the occasional distant zoom of rockets and spitting of smaller fusillades in neighboring back yards. Young John is scarcely at the celebrating age yet, so we spend a quiet, thankful day usually, proud to be one of a million proud American families on the national birthday.

The Little Missus speaks in her gentle way of long-ago birthdays. "I think we have the ghosts of a long line of good Presidents watching over us, John," she says soberly, "who sat in at the Naval Conference in London and were happy in the spading of the Peace Garden. Good men and true—still caring—"

I do not answer. I am thinking of the troubled moments that come for every young nation, be she ever so brave and lusty. I think of one such troubled time not a score of years ago—of our young son—and our responsibility—until the Little Missus slips her hand through my arm. "Nothing very dreadful befalls a people whose fundamental ideal is—to climb, John!"

Young John appears in the doorway. He is at the pleasant age when he appropriates to himself all things that please his fancy. He points with a chubby finger. "My flag!" he announces proudly. Our eyes meet, his mother's and mine. The child—the prop of a nation. His flag, indeed! Can we fit him for it?



any such place on board, sir."

"But there must be one aboard," insisted Ormsby. "I'm the ship's doctor, you know."

They were interrupted by a purser who had overheard the question. He grinned sourly, "Ye'll find yer kennel aft. On th' shelter deck, next t' forty-one."

Ormsby thanked him briefly and made his way above. The "kennel" proved to be a stuffy little inside room. Over its door was a faded and stained blue enamel sign reading "Doctor." There was a quantity of bottles in the room—empty bottles. Liquor bottles. The bed was four feet above the floor and rested on a set of drawers that served as a wardrobe.

IN ONE corner of the room was a dusty built-in cabinet scantily filled with stale drugs. On the lower shelf were a few of the simpler instruments and these were covered with a film of greasy dirt. There was nothing that bore a semblance to a sterilizer. A washbowl, a cracked pitcher, a damaged mirror completed the furnish-

Clothes that touch Baby's Skin need Borax



YOU can save baby's delicate skin from needless irritation and chafing—by using Borax.

For soap alone often does not remove the disagreeable ammonia residue that causes "diaper rash." But Borax added to the washing water will neutralize it effectively. And a final Borax-and-water rinse will completely do away with all unpleasant odors and every lingering, irritating trace of the soap itself. Will leave all baby's little clothes and diapers thoroughly clean and sweet-smelling—daintily soft and smooth to touch.

And, of course, you'll find 20 Mule Team Borax' water-softening and deodorizing power very helpful with *all* your family wash! Ask your grocer or your druggist for it!



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW
Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 723
51 Madison Avenue, New York City
Please send me a free copy of your booklet,
"Better Ways to Wash and Clean."
Name _____
Address _____

Modern methods
which never fail



New flavors are
now available

Jelly-making Simplified

A SAVING OF TIME AND MATERIALS

By Lily Haxworth Wallace



TO THOSE who still claim that preserving is a long, tedious, uncertain business, our reply is, "Not if you do it the modern way." True, mother and grandmother did spend long hours over the preserving kettle, stirring, boiling and testing, and wondering whether after all their labor the jelly would really "jell." With them, it was largely a question of "luck," for preserving was the one place in cookery where experience didn't seem to count.

Today, thanks to modern research and science, the elements of uncertainty and luck have been entirely eliminated, and not only are we assured of perfect jellies with those old stand-bys—apples, plums and currants—but we are also able to produce perfect, tender, luscious, quivering jellies and rich, firm, flavorful jams from such fruits as strawberries, pineapple and a dozen others hitherto unavailable.

The miracle is worked by the addition of a definite quantity of that very essential ingredient of all good jams and jellies, pectin, an ingredient inherent to fruits yet, partly because of climatic conditions, present in uncertain, varying quantities.

Within the past few years, research workers have determined much concerning the chemical and physical changes which take place in jelly-making. From their standardizations, a simple household method has been evolved. It has been proved that in order to make a perfect fruit jelly, we must combine very definite proportions of fruit juice, sugar and pectin, and any appreciable variations from these fixed proportions will result in failure. However, by adding commercially prepared liquid pectin to the cooking fruit juice and sugar, success is assured.

Success Is Assured

Liquid pectin is the jelling principle of fruit extracted from those fruits in which it is richest, concentrated and bottled in convenient form for home use. There are no chemical changes nor foreign substances used in the manufacture of commercial liquid pectin; it is a pure fruit product. Liquid pectin has practically no color, no flavor, no taste, but what a difference it does make when added in the right proportion to jams and jellies!

In making jams and jellies by the old-fashioned methods, the juice had to be boiled down and much of its bulk evaporated in fragrant steam in order to concentrate it so that the remainder would jell. By the new method, that is, with the addition of liquid pectin—the entire cooking process is reduced to a minimum, usually occupying but one or two minutes; that's why it is called the "short boil process." That in turn means that both the fresh fruit color and flavor are preserved and there is also a larger yield of jelly from the original measure of juice, as there is no waste of either juice or sugar any more than there is of fuel or time or energy. Also, thanks to this new method, we need not hope that our jellies and jams will be good, we know they will be.

Directions must be closely followed both as regards quantities and time

of boiling, and if they are exactly followed, there is no question of success. These rules, by the way, come to you with every bottle of pectin you purchase.

A Safe Sealing Method

Just a word about sealing, which is very important to insure proper keeping. Use hot melted paraffin and pour a thin film of it over the hot jam or jelly as soon as possible after turning into the glasses. Then, when cold, cover with a heavier layer of hot paraffin, being careful to roll the glass around so that the wax adheres firmly to the sides. The first thin layer protects the contents of the glass from dust, containing the spores of mold and yeast which might in time cause spoilage. The object of the second layer is to fill in the slight space caused by shrinkage of the paraffin from the edges of the glasses. Don't imagine that one thick layer will take the place of two thin ones—there is a definite reason for the use of the two.

Crushed Strawberry Jam

4 cups crushed straw- 7 cups sugar
berries ½ cup liquid pectin
Use only fully ripened berries. Crush until every berry is reduced to a pulp. (Complete crushing helps to prevent floating fruit or spoilage.) Measure the crushed berries and sugar into a large kettle and bring to a rapid boil over a very hot fire, stirring constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard for one minute, remove from the fire and stir in the pectin, then continue stirring and skimming by turns for five minutes to cool slightly and thus prevent floating fruit. Turn immediately into sterilized glasses and seal as directed.

This makes ten 8-ounce glasses.

Rhubarb Jam

4 packed cups finely 1 bottle liquid pectin
chopped rhubarb 1 teaspoon ground
7 cups sugar ginger, optional
Short, red-stalked rhubarb gives the best results. Do not peel. Pack finely chopped rhubarb into cups, flooding cups level with juice or water. Add sugar and ginger if used, mix, and bring to a rapid boil over a very hot fire, stirring constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard for three minutes, remove from the fire and stir in the pectin. Skim, turn quickly into sterilized jars and seal as directed.

This makes ten 8-ounce glasses.

Raspberry Jelly

4 cups juice 1 bottle liquid pectin
7½ cups sugar
Use only fully ripened berries. Crush thoroughly and drip through jelly bag. Do not drip overnight, as uncooked juice ferments quickly. Measure juice and sugar into large saucepan, stir and bring to a boil. Immediately add pectin, stirring constantly, bring again to rapid boil and boil one-half minute. Turn into sterilized glasses and seal as directed. Makes about eleven 8-ounce glasses.

This same recipe may be followed for making Strawberry, Blackberry or Loganberry Jelly.



FREE

Enough Hires Extract
to make
8 BOTTLES
of delicious Hires Root
Beer. Just mail the coupon.



ACCEPT THIS LIBERAL TRIAL of Hires Root Beer

WITH our compliments—serve 8 bottles of Hires Root Beer to your family and friends. See how they enjoy it. Hear their praise of its wonderful flavor. No beverage is more refreshing, more invigorating.

Yet Hires Root Beer can be served generously and without worry of cost, because it is surprisingly economical.

May we send you a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer?

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, including Vitamin B and Mineral Salts. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At fountains ask for Hires
or buy it in bottles.

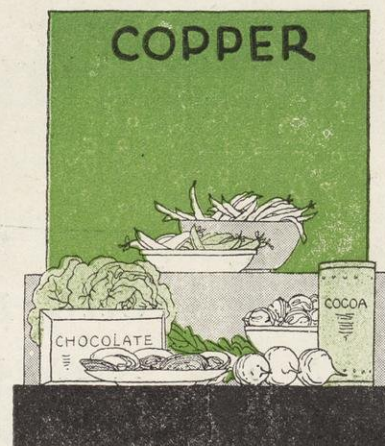
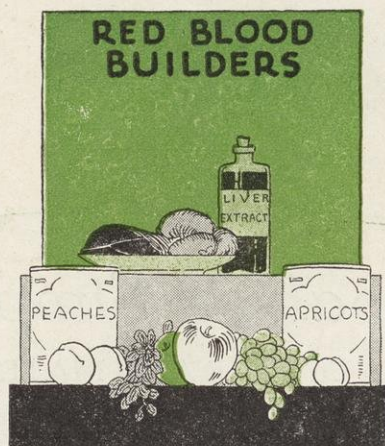
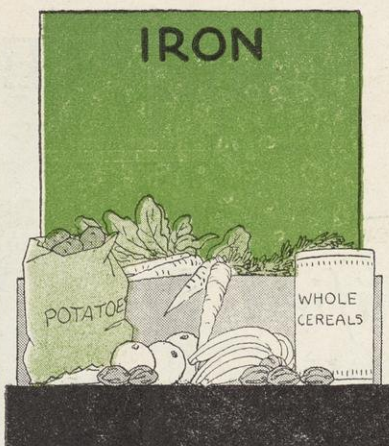


THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, Dept. M
Philadelphia, Pa. [14-7-3]

Please send me free sample
of Hires Root Beer Extract

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Please print name and address plainly

Canadians may mail coupon to
The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto



The Vital Effect of Diet on Health

A DISCUSSION OF THE SYMPTOMS OF ANEMIA AND THE MERITS OF WISELY CHOSEN FOODS IN ITS TREATMENT

By Nina Simmonds Estill, Sc.D.

"WOULD you like some liver for your cat?" A few years ago, this was a familiar question when we were buying meat at the butcher shop because, with the exception of calves' liver, butchers could afford to be generous with liver since there was not much sale for it. But now, a cat is lucky if it is given even a sniff of any kind of liver, because it has been found that liver contains something which is very beneficial to pernicious anemia patients, with the result that the demand for liver has increased enormously.

Pernicious anemia—what is it and how are we to know if we have it? If for several months one has been feeling very weak and so tired that every move is an effort, and one cannot get rested no matter how much rest is taken, one should see a doctor, because excessive fatigue is one of the symptoms of pernicious anemia. Although a physician would make many tests before making a diagnosis, one which he would certainly make would be to take a very small drop of blood from the end of a finger or from the ear and examine it under the microscope.

Effects of Anemia

This examination soon tells him whether or not the tiny red blood corpuscles are normal in shape and number; if one has pernicious anemia, the physician finds some normal red blood corpuscles, but he also finds many peculiarly shaped cells as well as many very young blood cells. In men, a very tiny drop of normal blood contains about 5,000,000 red blood cells, and in women about 4,500,000. In the same amount of blood, the number of red blood cells may be as low as 1,500,000 in a person with pernicious anemia. Since these cells carry the hemoglobin which is both the oxygen-carrying constituent of the blood and the red coloring matter of the cells, it is clear why people tire so easily when they have pernicious anemia—they do not have enough red blood cells to carry the oxygen to the various parts of the body; we need oxygen for every move we make. Even when we feel perfectly well, we find that often a night's sleep fails to make us feel entirely rested, especially after an unusually busy day; but after a few extra hours of rest, we feel fine again. However, when one is tired all the time for several weeks, something is wrong, for we should not feel this way if we are in good health. Incidentally, a chronic fatigue is often one of the early symptoms of tuberculosis.

The bone marrow would probably not be named by many people as one of the important tissues of the body, because the heart, lungs, liver and the kidneys are usually thought of as being the ones which are most vital; but we should not live long if anything happened to our bone marrow. It is a very important part of our body, because it is in the marrow of our bones that these tiny red blood cells are made, and they are put into our blood as it passes through the marrow. When one has pernicious anemia, the bone marrow does not retain these blood cells until they are completely finished and ready to be sent into the blood stream, because something which is necessary to complete them is lacking—hence they enter the blood in an unfinished condition.

These unfinished or immature blood cells may be compared to children: although children are wonderful little creatures, they are not adults and cannot do an adult's work; similarly, the unfinished red blood corpuscles cannot carry oxygen to the tissues like the mature ones do.

Pernicious anemia must still be spoken of as a disease of mystery, because no one has the slightest idea of its cause. It occurs most frequently in adults between 40 and 55 years of age, but sometimes older persons have it. It seldom develops in persons who are under 30 years of age, and is rarely seen in children under 10 years.

A most remarkable observation was made by Drs. Minot and Murphy of Boston in 1926; they found that when patients suffering from pernicious anemia ate at least a half pound of liver every day, they were very much better within a short time. In other words, there is something in liver (and they later found the same to be true of kidney) which aids the bone marrow in making red blood cells. Although this same substance is probably present in many foods,

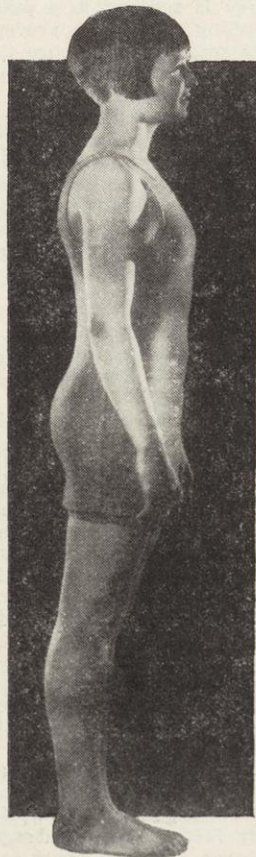
with the result that the lowly and inexpensive liver soon joined the ranks in price with steaks and chops. A liver extract can now be purchased which can be taken instead of eating so much liver and kidney. This extract brought great joy to many pernicious anemia patients, because many had become so tired of these two foods that even the hope of feeling better was not a sufficient inducement to make them eat their portions. During the past year, an extract has been prepared from the dried stomachs of hogs which also benefits these patients; it is believed to contain the same material as the liver extract.

Sometimes during adolescence, girls suffer from an anemia which is called chlorosis or the green sickness of young girls. They have a peculiar yellow-green complexion and are in a general run-down condition. It is not so common in this country now as it was a few years ago. No one knows what causes it, but constipation, lack of exercise and fresh air and good food, together with the changes which take place in the body during adolescence, are believed to play a part. When given plenty of nourishing food, rest, sunshine and fresh air, together with iron-containing pills, most girls recover within a short time.

A Secondary Anemia

If we are in an accident and are badly cut so that we lose considerable blood, or if we have an infectious disease such as typhoid fever and are ill for many weeks, a secondary anemia develops which is very different from pernicious anemia. The bone marrow remains normal in this type of anemia. Persons who are infested with hookworms often have a severe anemia. One has often heard the expression that certain persons are too lazy to move; those who are badly infested with hookworms or who have a bad case of malaria haven't energy enough to move—indeed, they are almost famous for their desire to sit; they are not lazy, but are actually ill. One child with hookworms was so anemic that he was nicknamed "Chalky" because his complexion was as white as chalk. Children with hookworms or malaria are often far below others of the same age in school and are thought by many people to be stupid; but as soon as they are given proper medical treatment, they blossom out into bright, happy and healthy children.

Although spinach has been brought into the limelight during recent years because it contains iron and vitamin A and also adds bulk to the diet, it does not make a good showing when it is fed as the sole food to dogs with anemia. Many boys and girls have had their dinners ruined because of being forced to eat spinach. Since other foods contain all the dietary factors which spinach contains, there is no real reason why a person should eat spinach if he thoroughly dislikes it. For example, whole milk and butter contain vitamin A, egg yolk contains iron and vitamin A, while cabbage, lettuce, celery, fruits and whole grain breakfast foods, besides adding bulk to the diet, add minerals and vitamins. For a number of years, Dr. Whipple and his co-workers at the University of Rochester have been making tests on foods to see which ones were of special value for curing (Continued on page 37)



A healthy girl of fourteen years of age



Good posture and a wealth of vitality

it is probably not in a form which is so easily available as in liver and kidney; this must be true, because many persons who have not eaten liver and kidney, except very occasionally, do not have pernicious anemia. Soon after the results of Drs. Minot and Murphy became generally known, almost everyone thought it would be a good plan to eat liver whether they had pernicious anemia or not,



Not one out of ten escapes this social fault

Can you be sure that you never have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? Are you certain at this very moment, that you are free of it?

The insidious thing about this unforgivable social fault is that you, yourself, never know when you have it; the victim simply cannot detect it.

Remember, also, that anyone is likely to be troubled, since conditions capable of causing halitosis arise frequently in even normal mouths.

Fermenting food particles, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and slight infections in the mouth, nose, and throat—all produce

odors. You can get rid of these odors instantly by gargling and rinsing the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation because it is an anti-septic. It checks infection because it is a remarkable germicide.* And it quickly over-

comes odors because it is a rapid and powerful deodorant.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and use it always before meeting others. Then you will *know* that your breath cannot offend. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE ends halitosis

Germicidal Power with Safety

*Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest time accurately recorded by science).



Chocolate
Nut Cake



Desserts That Climax Summer Meals

MAKING THE SWEET COURSE AN ESSENTIAL INSTEAD OF AN AFTERTHOUGHT

By Lily Haxworth Wallace

THE choice of a dessert is frequently one of the difficult parts of the menu builder's task. Its object is, first, to make the meal itself more attractive; and second, to complete or round it out so as to provide proper balance. Most of us have acquired the habit of ending the meal with something sweet. Unfortunately, all too often a heavy dessert is tacked onto the end of a meal already abundant in food value, for which reason it is of vital importance for the woman to select her desserts with discrimination.

In the present-day desire for slenderness, we are apt to overlook the real value of the sweet course and to forget that, though we wish to retain our girth control, we still owe a certain duty to our bodies in providing them with some food of the kind which makes for heat and energy, such as desserts afford. Cakes are rich in energizing elements, and by the way, specially prepared cake flour, which is made from soft winter wheat and very finely sifted, is an asset to successful cake baking, because it responds so readily to such leavening agents as baking powder and eggs, producing very light cakes of fine, even texture.

Chocolate Nut Cake

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1/2 cup shortening | 1 teaspoon baking soda |
| 2 cups brown sugar | 1 tablespoon boiling water |
| 2 eggs | 2 cups cake flour |
| 1 cup sour milk | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 2 squares (ounces) cooking chocolate | 1 teaspoon baking powder |
| | 1 cup chopped nut meats |

Cream the shortening with half the sugar, gradually adding the remaining sugar. Next add the beaten egg yolks, then the sour milk, the chocolate melted over hot water, the soda dissolved in the boiling water, the nuts and the flour, salt and baking powder sifted together.

using a dover beater. Remove from heat, add flavoring and beat with an open spoon until right to spread.

Frozen Fruit Salad

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon melted butter | 3/4 cup milk |
| Yolks 2 eggs | 1/4 cup lemon juice |
| 2 tablespoons cornstarch | 4 cups mixed fresh fruits |
| 1/4 cup sugar | 1 cup whipped cream |
| 1/8 teaspoon salt | |

Prepare a dressing by blending the butter, egg yolks, cornstarch, sugar, salt and milk, and cooking these in a double boiler until thick. Add the lemon juice slowly, beat all thoroughly together and chill. Fold in the fruit, which should be cut quite small—peaches, apricots, pears, pineapple, strawberries, cherries are all suitable, or some canned fruits may be used. Fold in the whipped cream, pack in a tightly sealed mold and bury in ice and salt for four hours. Garnish with strawberries when taken from mold. This makes a delicious hot weather dessert.

Swedish Coffee Ring

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| 3 tablespoons shortening | 1 yeast cake |
| 2 tablespoons sugar, optional | 1/4 cup lukewarm water |
| 1 1/2 teaspoons salt | About 6 cups flour |
| 2 cups scalded cooled milk | |

Add the shortening, sugar and salt to the milk when scalding it; then, after it has cooled to lukewarm, stir in the yeast cake dissolved in the lukewarm water. Sift and add half the flour, beat thoroughly, cover and set aside to rise until light. Now add the remaining flour, knead well and again allow the mixture to rise until it has doubled its bulk. Turn onto a slightly floured board, knead for a moment, then roll it out about half an inch thick, sprinkle generously with chopped nut meats, brown sugar and quartered raisins. Moisten edges of dough with

water, roll up tightly and place on a large pie plate, pressing ends together to form a circle. Then with scissors cut the dough halfway through to the center, making the cuts about an inch apart. Separate the sections from each other, drawing them out onto the pan and turning half over so as to expose the filling. Brush over with melted shortening and sprinkle with additional nuts, sugar and raisins, adding halves of candied cherries if desired. Cover with a cloth, set aside to rise for three-quarters of an hour, then bake about twenty-five minutes in a moderately hot oven. This is delicious served with after-dinner coffee.

Canary Pudding with Maple Caramel Sauce

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| 1/4 cup butter | Grated rind 1/2 lemon |
| 1/4 cup sugar | 1 cup cake flour |
| 2 eggs | 1 teaspoon baking powder |
| 2 tablespoons milk | |

Cream the butter and sugar together; add the eggs, well beaten, the milk and lemon rind. Sift and add the flour and baking powder. Turn into a well greased mold, cover and steam one and one-half hours. Unmold and serve with Maple Caramel Sauce poured over it.

Maple Caramel Sauce

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 1/2 cups brown sugar | 3 tablespoons butter |
| 1/2 cup corn sirup | Few drops maple extract |
| 1 cup boiling water | Walnuts and pistachios |

Combine all ingredients except flavoring and nuts and cook over moderate heat, stirring until the sugar is dissolved, then continue cooking until a little dropped into cold water forms a soft ball—238 degrees F. Add the flavoring, pour over the pudding and sprinkle with mixed chopped English walnuts and blanched pistachios.

If desired, after pouring sauce over pudding, place it in



Left—
Swedish
Coffee Ring

Right—
Frozen
Fruit Salad

Below—
Canary
Pudding
with Maple
Sauce



Last of all, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and bake in a greased loaf cake pan in a moderate oven about three-quarters of an hour. Frost when cold with "Seven Minute" Frosting and decorate with halves of nut meats.

"Seven Minute" Frosting

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 cup sugar | 1 egg white |
| 3 tablespoons cold water | 1/2 teaspoon flavoring |

Put the sugar, water and egg white into the upper part of a double boiler or bowl that will fit into the top of a kettle. While the water boils briskly in the lower kettle, beat the mixture steadily for seven minutes,



broiler oven for a moment until caramel "bubbles," then sprinkle with nuts.

Baked Ice Cream Cake

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| Thin slices stale sponge cake about three inches square | Slices of firm ice cream |
| | Stiffly beaten egg whites |
| | Sugar |

Place sponge cake slices on a baking sheet, lay slices of ice cream in the centers, then cover generously and completely with a meringue made by beating egg whites with sugar (one tablespoon of sugar to each egg white). Place in a moderately hot oven and allow meringue to set and brown slightly. Serve immediately.

The Surgeon

(Continued from page 26)

with the stomach ache. It proved to be no other than the surly purser. He lifted his eyes in agonized entreaty as Ormsby entered the room. "Save me, Doctor! Save me," gasped the suffering man, grabbing himself about the middle in a frantic effort to ease the pain.

"What's the matter, old man?" Ormsby could not repress a faint smile. "Nobody ever dies before their time comes, you know."

"Hell's bells—don't I know it?" exploded the purser violently. "Don't stand there an' argy with me. What I want is something fer this damn belly ache. I've swallowed every poison-hot thing I could get hold of. An' th' more I swallow, th' worse it gets. Oh—my—Lord!"

Ormsby made a perfunctory examination. "Is the pain right here in the pit of your stomach? How about here?" He pressed deeply into the man's right side.

The purser almost jumped from his bed in acute misery. "See here, you—you! I'll get up out of here an' knock yer head clean off yer shoulders. Oh—my—Lord! I'm—I'm not too far gone—t' lay a man on his back—th't'd try t' make sport of me. What—what—oh! Oh!"

"There—there now," soothed the doctor. "Nobody is trying to make sport of you. Just trying to locate the real source of your trouble. Grown men don't have colic, you know. What you do have is a tight little old appendix standing up there like a pugnacious pup—just ready to snap. We'll see what we can do."

The purser began to whimper. "My—Gawd, Doctor! Ye'll have to fix it up. I can't be operated on—here. You know that! Ye said yerself th't a man wouldn't have a chance on this filthy boat. What—what can ye do? Why don't ye do—something? Oh—my—Lord! Say, Doc, fer th' love Pete—"

Ormsby was already busy. For two hours he worked over the sick man without result. Ice packs melted quickly in the hot, fetid berth. A stiff northwesterly gale kicked up a confused sea. The liner plunged until it was difficult to stand erect. The sick man cursed, vomited, hurled anathema at both the doctor and his efforts. And the surgeon sweated and soothed and labored in vain.

Then all at once, almost like a flash, came an unexpected relief and the purser sank back upon his pillow with a great, long sigh of satisfaction. "Now yer gettin' at it, Doc! Gettin' results all to once. Seems like th' pain is disappearin' a'most like magic. Boy, oh, boy, that's better." He exhaled in an exquisite relief.

"Better?" The doctor looked up, startled. "I'll say. What ye lack in speed, Doc, ye seem t' make up in result. I thought I was a goner. Whe-e-e-e! Let me get another full breath. 'Bout suffocated with th' misery."

DOCTOR ORMSBY did not answer. Instead he went after the chief officer. Briefly he outlined the case and its ensuing contingency, "Appendix ruptured! Think he's better. Point of death in fact! Not one chance in ten thousand to save his life—here. Only hope an immediate operation. Impossible in that little cubby-hole above. I'll leave it to you. If you insist, I'll operate, but only on condition that the captain will permit me to commandeer a suitable room for the purpose."

The chief officer carried this message to the captain. He returned with the instructions that Doctor Ormsby was to go ahead and operate when and where he pleased. They could not let the man die without his one chance at recovery.

Ormsby set grimly about the business at hand with all of the odds against him. Everything that could possibly complicate

the procedure or hinder his efforts appeared. For the first time in his life, the young surgeon found that he lacked confidence in himself. There was nothing to bolster him up, no circumstance of favorable import to sustain him or give him hope of success. All was adverse.

A report from the chief officer on the bridge said that a storm was brewing, that worse weather was probable and that the gale would not blow itself out for at least twenty-four hours. There would be no need for an operation in twenty-four hours!

OVER the protest of the chief steward, the doctor ordered the smoking-room cleared of passengers. Sheets were hung on the walls and over two gaming tables in the corner, making a draped booth. Two formalin lamps were lighted to disinfect this crude operating room.

As a formality, Ormsby sent word to the bridge that he was going to operate. In courtesy to the ship's surgeon, the boat was immediately cut down to steerage way and allowed to wallow in the walls of water. The doctor was soon conscious that this rolling motion was much more unfavorable than the plunging of the liner had been, but there was no time now to argue the matter.

With the aid of the friendly chief officer, the doctor brought his patient into the improvised operating room and prepared him. The pursuer protested violently, "I'm better, I tell ye. I ain't got no pain at all now. Ye—yer tryin' t' get even with me, ye young whippersnapper! Yer operatin' on me out of pure cussedness. I won't have it! I want th' skipper. D'ye hear me? I want th' skipper! I won't let ye cut into me. Ye—ye—" the words died off in a hysterical shriek.

Doctor Ormsby felt the same detached sort of pity for his patient that any layman instinctively feels for a fellow being who has been condemned to death. He must quiet him, if possible, render him more tractable. The surgeon brought into play all the powerful personal magnetism which had stood him in such good stead on shore. He wasted his breath. The more he talked, the louder the pursuer swore and fought at him. It would be necessary to handle the man forcibly and the doctor found himself possessed of a sudden, sickening weakness. Mal de mer, due to the rolling of the ship.

Ormsby forced himself to face the situation, his own stomach in his throat. Here he was, out on the Atlantic, almost a thousand miles from the British coast, with a ruptured appendix. And he was alone. Nerves? Seasickness? Oh, for a friendly hand, a crisp, authoritative voice. Alone!

The ship's surgeon started the sterilization of his instruments in a steam kettle in the galley. Boards, blankets and sheets were laid across the poker tables, and on this was strapped the unfortunate pursuer, purple of face, explosive in his anger.

Someone had located an old dirty apothecary in the steerage. Ormsby thankfully accepted his offer to administer the ether. It was while the patient, fighting and struggling, was yet getting under, that the doctor discovered that he had not an inch of thread for suturing. What a piece of hindsight! The surgeon wiped the nervous perspiration from his brow with one hand as he turned discouragely to the chief officer.

"Did somebody tell me that the skipper played a fiddle? It is the only possible chance. Get it. I can sterilize the E-string and make it serve." Then, without any hope whatever that his task would be successful, the surgeon went to work. The heart within him revolted at taking up

(Continued on page 33)

This recipe is so good a woman from Memphis telegraphed for it!

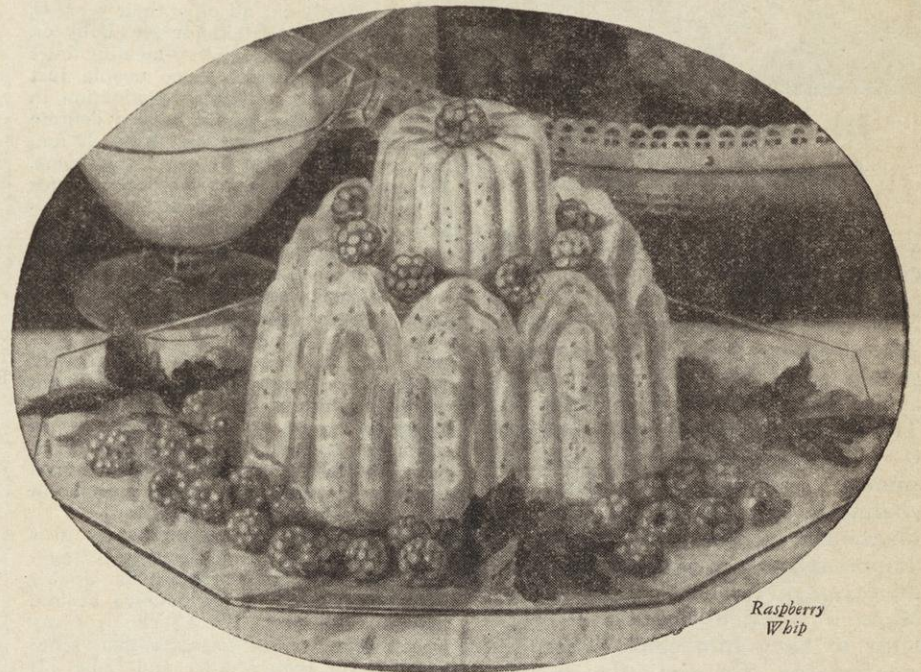
We frequently serve this dessert at home on special occasions and never fail to get requests for the recipe. It has all that a dessert should have—good to look at—exquisite to the taste—nourishing, digestible. And, best of all, it is easy to make. We urge you to try this recipe which we are giving below for we know you'll think just as highly of it as did our friend who telegraphed for it.

RASPBERRY WHIP {6 Servings}

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	1/4 cup sugar	1 cup raspberry juice and pulp (fresh or canned)
1/4 cup cold water	2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice	Whites 3 eggs
1/2 cup boiling water		Few grains salt

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, salt and lemon juice, and raspberries which have been forced through a fine sieve and all seeds removed. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat until frothy and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold, even a plain

bowl will do, or pile in glasses and serve with a garnish of whipped cream and a few whole berries. For a brighter color, use a little red vegetable coloring. Strawberries, blackberries or loganberries may be used. A little more sugar will be needed if fresh berries are used instead of canned.



Raspberry Whip

20,000 women wrote for our Recipe Books last month and if you do not have them we want to send them to you, for they give answers to every dessert and salad problem. And you'll find many other delightful suggestions for meat and fish dishes and candies, too. And if you're interested in knowing how to make "whipped cream" with evaporated milk, we'll tell you.

KNOX is the real GELATINE FOR DESSERTS AND SALADS

With Knox Gelatine, you do not have to remember whether strawberry flavor blends with fish—or raspberry flavor with eggs or lemon with milk or cream. Knox Sparkling Gelatine is not a ready-made mixture. You merely soak and dissolve the gelatine, add your own pure ingredients, cool and serve it—ready for banquet or plain home meal. And you needn't use the entire package at one time. It is good for four different desserts, salads or other combinations, and they can be made into these appetizing dishes on four separate days. Try the recipe given above and you will still have enough gelatine left in the package for three other delightful dishes of six servings each. Is it any wonder, that millions of women say—"Knox is the real gelatine!"

ORANGE CREAM SHERBET {8 Servings}

1 teaspoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	1/2 cup cold water	Grated rind of two oranges
1 1/2 cups sugar	1/2 cup sugar · 2 eggs	1 cup lemon juice
1 1/2 cups orange juice	1 1/2 cups boiling water	1 pint heavy cream or evaporated milk
	Few grains salt	

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Dissolve gelatine and sugar in boiling water; add orange rind, lemon juice and orange juice. Turn into ice cream freezer or trays of automatic refrigerator and freeze to a mush. Beat cream until stiff, and add

sugar and salt. Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Beat yolks until thick and lemon colored and whites until stiff, and add to cream. Turn into frozen mixture and continue the freezing. In automatic refrigerator, stir twice during freezing.

Mail this coupon for the Knox Recipe Books

KNOX GELATINE, 112 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

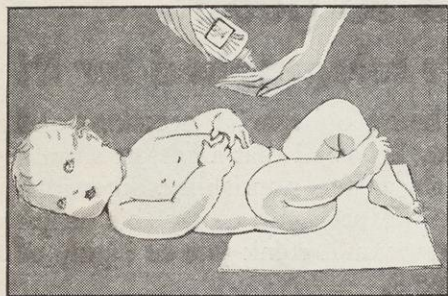
Please send me FREE copy of your Recipe Book.

My name is _____

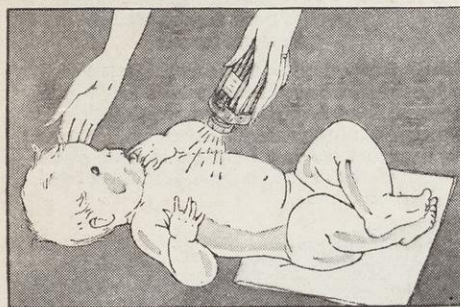
My address is _____

My grocer's name is _____

DO THIS...



and THIS...



**to keep his body
free from pain**

SAVE him from the galling irritation and the painful red rashes that attack his skin, by following these simple directions: After bathing baby in the morning, gently wipe him dry, and rub his entire body with Mennen Baby Oil. The oil is medicated and sterilized. It will keep baby's body soft and smooth, and prevent rubbing and chafing in the folds of the skin. It is pleasantly scented and will not soil diapers, clothing, or bedding. After the excess oil has been wiped off, dust Mennen Borated Talcum over his body to keep him cool, sweet, and comfortable. Be particular to massage the buttocks after every diaper change with Mennen Baby Oil, and then dust with Borated Talcum to protect the skin and prevent "ammonia diaper" condition.

\$3,300 Prize Contest for mothers. Ask your druggist for contest details, entry blank, and FREE sample of Mennen Baby Oil.

BABY GIFT BOX

A delightfully modern Gift Box for mother and baby, containing the very things baby needs. Price \$1.50 at druggists, department stores and gift shops.

THE MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

MENNEN

BABY OIL

BORATED TALCUM



Your Healthy Baby

PREPARING FOR CAREFREE TRAVEL

By

Elizabeth Thankful Bailey



PULLMAN coaches on transcontinental trains, motor busses on national highways, steamships, airplanes and the family car all offer their services and free transportation for Mr. Baby on his sight-seeing and relative-meeting tours during the summer. Some people just travel, with no particular destination in view, but a baby should have a definite objective for his occasional trips. If not, far better it be that he remain at home. He may desire to make the acquaintance of grandparents in a distant city, or perhaps reach the cooling breezes of the sea; or it may be moving day for the family.

While there is no denying the fact that it is a difficult thing to travel with a baby, many people accomplish long journeys successfully with not only one, but several small children. Much of the strain can be done away with if all details are carefully planned, and it is an excellent thing to "pack on paper" first, or, in other words, make lists of things to be done, articles which will be needed on the journey, and those which must be at hand immediately when it ends.

Since the most important things in a baby's life are his food, sleeping arrangements and clothing, any plans for moving Baby comfortably must revolve around these three factors. For a journey of any length, train travel is easier than other methods for both Mother and Baby. If Baby is still in the bassinet stage, his sleeping hours are well taken care of, the only difficulty being the transportation of the basket from home to train. The advantages of this basket for carrying small articles and extra clothing are many. If the basket is to be used in this way for a container, make a cover, finished with elastic around the edge, to pull over the top.

Follow Regular Routine

Keep Baby and his routine as undisturbed as possible during all the preparations. When there is a choice as to the hour for departure, many mothers prefer to leave at night and thus put Baby to bed at once. When starting out in the morning, plan to have plenty of time for Baby's toilet and the morning movement of the bowels, else he will likely be upset for the day. In a train journey lasting several days, toilet arrangements are sometimes difficult. For diapers, some mothers use old cloth or gauze which can be thrown away. Soft paper diapers to be used in combination with cloth ones are useful on a trip. If one has a drawing-room or compartment, it may be possible to do a small amount of laundry. For a short trip, rubber-lined diaper bags are handy. Be sure to include an extra supply of nursery or safety pins. A small chamber fitting into a neat traveling case with a handle is a great help on a journey. Folding nursery chairs are available but are much more cumbersome to carry.

In packing for the trip, remember that, although trains are usually kept very warm, extra wraps must be carried for emergencies. A separate suitcase containing nothing but Baby's belongings is desirable.

As to food, it seems superfluous to say that feedings should be the same as at

home and on the exact hour. The breast-fed baby has a decided advantage when traveling. For the bottle-fed baby, food must not only be planned for the journey but arrangements must be made for a supply to be on hand immediately on arrival.

In carrying milk for more than one day, it is well to have it modified, with a separate bottle for each feeding, and all sterilized. The problem of ice on a train or ship is not a serious one, and if the milk is carried in a small refrigerator, it will keep well, since ice can generally be obtained directly on the train or at certain stations along the way. If cows' milk is desired, this will be supplied from the diner or from station restaurants.

Carrying Supplies

Hot water for heating milk can be carried in a thermos bottle, or the small stoves with canned heat will work well on the portable table. These stoves are especially good if cereal is to be heated or gruel made. The cereal should, of course, be prepared at home and carried in a small jar. If the train has a diner, the steward will provide well-cooked cereal and will attend to warming the bottles of milk. Orange juice may be carried in a bottle or prepared on the train.

The family car has many advantages as to travel, the principal one being that Baby is accustomed to this method of transportation. If he is still using a sleeping basket, this is placed in the car easily, or one of the patent carriers shown in the illustration is good. A private automobile also offers more leeway in hours of departure and possible stops for toilet, but with small children immediate facilities are often necessary. There is on the market a folding nursery seat equipped with waterproof containers of heavy paper. These containers can be quickly removed and disposed of and are a very great convenience in making a long trip by car. This method of travel has its advantages in that stops are made at night and baths and laundry are possible. Moreover, Baby's very own bed may be carried along on the running board at no expense if he is the fortunate possessor of a folding one like the one in the illustration.

Except for the breast-fed baby, the food problem is more serious in auto travel. Stops must be made for heating milk, and on a hot summer day it is not always possible to find a bit of shade in which to park the car. Neither are inns always in sight at the right times.

In addition to the physical comforts of Mr. Baby, there is his mental comfort to be thought of in the onslaught of doting relatives at his journey's end. Much handling and dandling is quite likely to bore and upset the most sophisticated baby and cause many sleepless hours, so let me suggest that Baby's mother, even at the risk of being thought hard-hearted and inconsiderate, insist that Baby be left to his own devices the greater part of the time, and that as far as possible the regular routine followed at home be observed.

This is the sixth in a series of articles on the modern baby by Mrs. Bailey.



**"I have
my proof!
I want to shout to
everyone about it!"**

SUCH a happy letter came to us recently from a mother in Germantown, Philadelphia!

"I just thought I'd drop you a few lines to tell you how wonderfully pleased we are with our twins' progress," she wrote. "I am sending you their pictures. You can understand why we are so proud of them because they were prematurely born (7½ months), and one especially we all were very doubtful of."

"But on Eagle Brand they have gained rapidly. Our doctor has only seen them twice since they were born. He says I have surely had luck with them."

"I have also raised three other children on Eagle Brand—my oldest boy, now in his 21st year, my girl 18 years old, and Norman, my 9 year old son. I hold them up as examples of good health!"

"I have my proof of Eagle Brand from babyhood to manhood, and just feel I want to shout to every one about it!"

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. D. E. NICHOLAS,

2140 Grange St., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Every letter and picture published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent to us by a grateful parent or other relative.

Mothers of bottle babies: In the last 70 years millions of babies have owed their good start in life to the remarkable digestibility and nourishing qualities of Eagle Brand. If your baby is not thriving on his present food we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for two free booklets. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare," containing practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods advised by doctors—orange juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc. "The Best Baby," a beautiful little book, illustrated in color, for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Mail the coupon today!

THE BORDEN COMPANY

Dept. L-9, Borden Building
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of the new "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby." My baby is _____ months old.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Print name and address plainly)

There IS no Substitute For—

KIRK'S ORIGINAL COCOA HARDWATER CASTILE
FROM SELECTED COCOA BUTTER OIL



INSTANT MAGIC LATHER IN HARDEST WATER

Just imagine—a magic soap that flashes into great handfuls of creamy lather the instant it touches any water—hard or soft, hot or cold! This fine modern soap—KIRK'S COCOA HARDWATER CASTILE—is made by a secret process from 100% costly, mild cocoa butter oil—nature's own beautifier that leaves skin satin smooth and snowy white. Marvelous for shampoos. Try this magic soap made for busy men and women—and active boys and girls. Only 10c for the big, white, oversize cake.

Insist on KIRK'S ORIGINAL COCOA HARDWATER CASTILE with the red arrows on the wrapper

© James S. Kirk & Company, Chicago

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet. **THE MENHENITT COMPANY Limited** 875 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

INFORMATION about feminine hygiene...

WOMEN are still being told by well-meaning advisers that caustic and poisonous antiseptics are necessary for feminine hygiene. Until recently, it was true that bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid were the only germicides powerful enough for the purpose. But it is not true now.

Send coupon below for the booklet called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." It tells about Zonite, the modern antiseptic. Zonite will never cause areas of scar-tissue nor interfere with normal secretions. Zonite is non-caustic and non-poisonous. Safe to use as pure water and far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the human body. Sold everywhere in bottles: 30c, 60c and \$1.00.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name..... (Please print name)

Address.....

City.....State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

The Surgeon

(Continued from page 31)

the instrument. Even at this last minute, his despair almost halted his hand.

The chief officer looked at the surgeon curiously, as he stood hesitating over his patient. The doctor lifted his head for a moment slightly, raised his eyes and stared thoughtfully ahead of him. It was almost as if he were listening to somebody: "To come into the full inheritance of your powers, Ormsby, you need somehow to be shaken loose of a little of your damnable self-reliance. That is what is hurting you. You place too much dependence in yourself. If you did not, you would reflect that the real brunt of responsibility lies upon the shoulders of the senior surgeon—and not upon the assistant."

With a recollection of the words, a sudden searing light broke in upon the surgeon. All at once the major burden of responsibility rolled off of him. He would do his best—but the result of what he did, did not rest with him. Never had rested with him—never would. His own puny judgment, his own mortal skill was nothing. He, himself, was only an instrument in the hands of another Surgeon who bore the burden of result. That was what Staton had meant when he said that Ormsby would "always have a senior surgeon over him." And Ormsby had thought that he was trying to belittle his efforts!

The chief officer looked on amazed at the fine frenzy with which the ship's doctor worked. Such delicate skill! Such keen, searching sight! Such fragile manipulation! Such dexterity as to be almost superhuman! In ninety minutes the job was done, and in another hour the purser was groaning in the throes of returning consciousness.

It was the next day, after the storm had subsided and the sea was a shining expanse of glass, that the ship's surgeon approached the keeper of the log. He scanned the preceding day's record casually. It was brief: "Purser ill. Critical operation performed mid-ocean. Believed patient will recover. Doctor Stephen Ormsby, surgeon."

"Let me have your pen a minute," requested the doctor. Without hesitation, he neatly inserted the word "assistant" just before the word "surgeon." "And say, buddy, make me out a duplicate copy of that corrected log sheet today, will you? I want to frame it and hang it in my office ashore."

The Great Rana

(Continued from page 19)

skirts of the village, toward the hacienda of Señor Estebán. Childishly, men still embraced each other, shouting, "A feast for Felipe, our savior! A feast for the Rana! Come!"

With his right hand, Felipe held back those who would have carried him away. "Wait!" he commanded quietly. "Kneel and thank the Rana while I go into the church."

Again the Gibaranans, with Marina, stretched their hands toward the mountain behind which still showed a faint glow. "O Great Rana, we thank thee!"

Inside the church, Felipe closed the door. A wide smile relaxed his face. "Lucio!"

"Yes, Felipe! It worked, it worked!"

"Did you cover the tunnel and hide our drums and gunpowder and things after you were through?"

"Yes, amigo, they're all hidden."

Felipe grinned. "That's good, Lucio. Remember, it is not our secret but the great Rana's, for," his eyes twinkled as he helped his friend remove the last bit of fresh soil from his sandals, "you remember old Beltza read to us from Nexahualcoyatl, 'He who is willing to help—the gods will work their good through him.'"

And because Felipe was very hungry and greatly in love, he smiled only distantly to the applause of his newly liberated people as, beside Marina, he hurried to the feast.



Bringing the Baby Safely Through the Summer Months

THE baby's digestion is easily upset, especially during the hot summer. Consequently, its food must not only be pure, nutritious and digestible, but must not irritate the stomach and bowels.

Pure milk, either fresh or evaporated, suitably modified, is a safe food. Use the method of modification found successful in leading hospitals and in the practice of physicians throughout the country.

This safe, simple and economical method consists of the addition of Karo Syrup to milk. Karo, as every mother knows, is a pure, energy-producing carbohydrate food derived from corn. It is completely digestible, even by the frailest infant. Karo is the safe hot weather addition to milk formulas—excellent for growing children, too.

Free to Mothers!

"The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child" is a practical, helpful booklet written by one of America's leading baby specialists. Mail the coupon below for your copy.



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. W.W.-7, 17 Battery Place, N. Y. City

Please send me my copy of "The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child."

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

Presto Jars, Caps and Rings



Safety in canning

The New Approved Glass Top Closure

Again Presto leads. This time a round or square Mason jar with complete glass top closure, tested and approved by Good Housekeeping, Modern Priscilla, and other leading institutes. The New Presto Glass Top Screw Band Jar is furnished in regular Mason or in wide mouth types. Presto Jars are clear, flint glass, made exclusively by Owens-Illinois Glass Co. Presto Screw Bands are of Alcoa aluminum, made by the Aluminum Company of America. Easily sealed—easily opened. No metal touches the contents. Price only a fraction of a cent more than Mason jars with old style caps.

Send for 1 Dozen Jars Today

If your grocer cannot yet supply you with this newest Presto improvement in home canning, send his name and \$1.00 for prepaid shipment of 1 dozen Presto Screw Band Glass Top Mason Jars today.

CUPPLES COMPANY -- Distributor -- St. Louis, Mo.

Cupples Company, Dept. H, Saint Louis, Mo.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for prepaid shipment of 1 dozen quart Presto Screw Band Glass Top Mason Jars. (Please check) Round.... Square....

Grocer's Name _____

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

BIG HUSKY CHICKS 6c Up
GUARANTEED TO LIVE
Shipped C.O.D. Superior Certified. Arrival on time guaranteed. Get our Big FREE CATALOGUE.
SUPERIOR HATCHERY BOX 5-39 WINDSOR, MO.

Free Chick Catalog in natural colors. Pure-bred stock. We are pioneers in the hatchery business. 100 per cent live delivery. Write today for our new money-saving price list. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Golden Rule Hatchery Box 64 Bucyrus, O.

SAFE TO REMOVE CORNS



One drop deadens pain, dries up callus

SCIENCE has perfected new methods in ending corns. No more paring that is dangerous.

You touch the most painful corn with an amazing liquid which acts like a local anesthetic. Deadens pain in 3 seconds. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort... instantly!

Soon the corn shrivels up and loosens. You peel it off with your fingers. Works on any kind of corn or callus, hard or soft; new or old. Results are guaranteed.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way

The Mystery of the Pavilion

(Continued from page 8)

because I was occupied in trying to disentangle myself from Ellen's arms and legs. Hysterically she had wrapped herself about me like an octopus and was squeaking, "Ooh, they're going to kill us all! Ooh, ooh, what shall we do?"

"Sit down," I barked at her, "and stop gibbering!"

I had just sat her down hard in her chair when I heard Bill Jimpson roaring from the terrace, "Everybody go back and set down."

The servants and the others began surging back into the room again; then my old heart, that had done more leaping about that night than was good for it, gave a sickening plunge. For coming in at the French window from the terrace was the smart young state trooper. He led by the arm a small, white-faced figure—Doris Reeves.

At my elbow I heard a low gasp: "Doris!" It was an agonized whisper from Julie. Was it a cry of warning?

I HAD no time to decide, for the trooper was explaining that he had seen something moving in the dark at the foot of the kitchen garden and had called out a command to halt. He had shot in the air when the dark shape began to run toward the gate. He looked rather shamefaced. "If I had known it was a girl—" he muttered apologetically.

Bill Jimpson looked severely at young Doris. He knew her well, as he knew Julie and the other young folks of Knowles Harbor. He had kept a benevolent eye upon them all for many summers there. "You mighta been shot!" he exclaimed. "Never go runnin' when a trooper tells you to stop. What was you doin' down there in the dark anyway, Miss Doris?"

Doris made a wordless sound. She stared at us all and then back at Bill with a curiously empty face, the colorless, blank face of a person suffering from a severe psychic shock. Normally she had a gardenia-white skin, but now there was a tinge of green in it and her lips were ashen. There was something about her rather terrifying. She was like a sleep-walker who is seeing horrors. And we were like onlookers who were afraid to wake her.

Even Bill Jimpson evidently felt this curious quality in her silence, for he repeated his question in a lower tone, "How do you happen to be on the island at this time o' night?"

One of Doris' hands fluttered up toward her throat. She wore no wrap nor hat, merely a little slip of an evening dress of a dark, flowered silk. I cared less for Doris Reeves than for any of the other young persons of the neighborhood—it had often seemed to me that she was crudely arrogant, and too smoldering and secretive. But in this moment, seeing her standing there, blanched and hypnotized, like a little white rabbit cornered at last, I wanted to get between her and all those staring eyes. I thought of those pearls in Bill's pocket, and of the little vanity case in Augusta's, and I said to myself, "She'll give herself away with her first word."

But that word was not spoken. At that instant, quick footsteps sounded across the stone terrace and in at the French window stepped Eunice Reeves. In her long dove-gray dress, she looked more than ever like a lay sister. On her

breast was the cross of old pearls and onyx which she always wore. Her face under the severely smooth iron-gray hair was calmly compassionate.

She brushed past the trooper and put her arm about her niece, firmly and tenderly, and I thought, "It's all right now—Eunice will take care of her."

Calmly, Eunice Reeves looked from her niece to Bill Jimpson. "I told the child she could not come with me," she said, "but she insisted. I was making fast the canoe and she went up into the garden ahead of me. You might have shot her—" she looked reproachfully at the young trooper.

I wondered why she had come over to the island at three in the morning, and evidently Bill wondered, too, for he opened his mouth and said, "What was you—"

"Ellen Knowles telephoned me about the tragedy," interrupted Eunice Reeves. "I thought I might be of some help."

"That's just like Ellen," I thought. "She goes telephoning the news all around the neighborhood when I told her not to tell anyone—"

But my thought got no further, for I heard Michael give a low exclamation. Ellen jumped up with a cry, and there was Julie, crumpling down in the big chair, as white as muslin. She had fainted dead away.

(Continued in August issue)

Synopsis of the Story

Jane Prescott and Augusta Winship hurry to Knowles Island when Ellen Knowles telephones that her cousin Vincent, with whom she has been living since he adopted his niece Julie, has been found dead in the pavilion of his near-by island estate.

They learn that Vincent, a bachelor of questionable reputation, had entertained three guests at dinner: Lola Guinness, an actress, Sidney Shallot, her friend, and Mark Marcin; Ellen and Julie had dined in another wing of the house. While Ellen was preparing for bed she was startled by a scream from the pavilion, and in a few moments by another cry, nearer the house. Barney, the chauffeur, and the other servants had run to the pavilion and there found Vincent's body, shot in the back and stabbed in the heart with one of his silver dinner knives. In his pocket was a string of pearls. On searching the grounds they had discovered Julie, hysterical, hiding in a cave on the beach. Vincent's guests accuse her of having killed her uncle.

Jane, who is unable to get a satisfactory explanation from Julie of her presence in the cave, notes that she is afraid to leave open a window which commands a view of Eunice Reeves's estate on the mainland, and goes in search of Augusta, leaving Julie in the care of Michael, Jane's doctor nephew, who is in love with the girl.

In the meantime Augusta has been investigating of her own accord. She remembers that she and Doris Reeves, ward of Eunice, had come from the city on the train with Vincent's guests, and that Doris had stared at Lola as if she hated her.

At the boat landing near the kitchen garden Augusta finds a vanity bag with Doris' name embroidered on it.



JOAN BENNETT
POPULAR STAR

Hidden Gold

in your hair too!

{Rediscover it tonight
in one shampooing}

A treasure hunt—in your hair! Hidden there is something precious! Loveliness undreamed of; a sparkling radiance that is YOUTH—key to popularity, romance, happiness!

You can revive this charm tonight. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way.

No other shampoo like Golden Glint Shampoo. Does more than merely cleanse. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 613 Rainier Ave., Dept. G
Seattle, Wash. **** Please send a free sample.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Color of my hair: _____



for Your Summer
READING

ONE BOOK FREE

with Woman's World, 1 year, 50c
Handsomely Bound, Library Editions
(Only while the limited supply lasts)

Strathmore, by Ouida
Lobstick Trail, by Douglas Durkin
A Lady of Quality, by Frances Hodgson Burnett
The Jungle Girl, by Gordon Casserly
The Eternal City, by Hall Caine
Drums of Jeopardy, by Harold McGrath
The Deerslayer, by J. Fenimore Cooper
The Cross-Cut, by Courtney Ryley Cooper
Claim Number One, by George W. Ogden
The Christian, by Hall Caine
Love Insurance, by Earl Derr Biggers
Ben Hur, by Lew Wallace
Arrowsmith, by Sinclair Lewis
The Soul of Abe Lincoln, by Bernie Babcock
The Black Knight, by Ethel M. Dell
Sea Fog, by J. S. Fletcher
Postscripts, by O. Henry
Old Ironsides, by A. M. R. Wright
Chessmen of Mars, by Edgar Rice Burroughs
Cousin Jane, by Harry Leon Wilson

Please give first, second and third choice. Subscriptions may be new or renewal. Void after July 1, 1930.

WOMAN'S WORLD

4223 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois

Learn to Play BRIDGE

It's a Social
Accomplishment



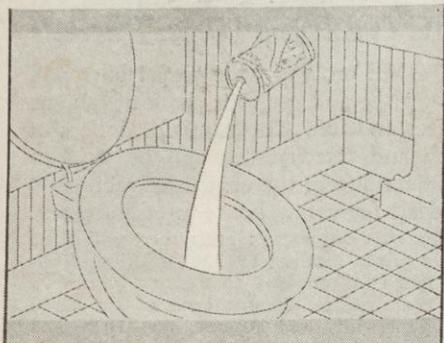
Book Tells How
over station WMAQ of Chicago. Handsomely bound.
Bridge Score Pad included free.

OUR LIMITED OFFER
Brings you this splendid book with the
Score Pad in return for 3 yearly subs. (new
or renewal) at 50c each.

WOMAN'S WORLD

4223 West Lake Street Chicago, Illinois

A household hardship gone forever . . .

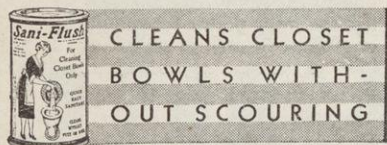


No MORE SCRUBBING of toilet bowls! That most unpleasant of all tasks is old-fashioned now. The modern way is quick, easy and far more sanitary.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the toilet bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and the job is done—better than it was ever done before. The bowl is spotless and snow-white. All germs are killed, all odors eliminated. Even the hidden trap, which no brush can reach, is purified and cleansed.

Try Sani-Flush tomorrow and relieve one of your heaviest household burdens. Sold by grocery, drug and hardware stores everywhere in convenient punch-top cans, 25c; in Canada, 35c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (Also makers of MELO—a fine water softener.)

Sani-Flush



CLEANS CLOSET
BOWLS WITH-
OUT SCOURING



Get Your Free
Copy of the
Book of
REWARDS

It Shows More
Than 100 Different
Quality Items
You May Have
Without Cost

VAST quantity purchases of high-grade stocks at wholesale prices enable us to pass this splendid merchandise on to you in return for introducing Woman's World to your friends and neighbors in spare time.

A Few of the Many Rewards

Dresses	Toasters	Blankets
Aprons	Books	Tablecloths
Stationery	Sherbet Sets	Porch Shades
Watches	Juice	Cameras
Clocks	Extractors	Dishes
Seales	Food	Pictures
Dutch Ovens	Choppers	Vacuum
Percolators	Salad Sets	Bottles

Post Card Brings It FREE!

Just see what splendid quality merchandise this is and how easily you may obtain it in return for a few moments' pleasant work. Write for it today. Address Caroline Reid,

WOMAN'S WORLD
NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB

4223 West Lake Street Chicago, Illinois

6 BEAUTIFUL PRINTS 20 CENTS
Includes developing 1 roll film and making 6 fine glossy prints. Two 6x7 Enlargements for 50c. 12 glossy prints from negatives 40c. Send for Special Bargain List. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 45 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

IRIS 15 beautiful varieties—also 1 50c Red! 4 "My Favorites" and 1 exquisite Lavender free for prompt orders. 21 in all—\$5.25 worth, post-paid only \$1.50. All labeled, full instructions, descriptive list free. June 1st and after is ideal time to plant. A million plants are ready now. OTWELL IRIS FIELDS, Carlinville, Illinois

At the Pension Felice

(Continued from page 25)

Then Nancy threw out her arms and ran; ran right into the arms of the man, where she clung like a limpet, if limpets ever weep wildly.

"There, there, there," said the man, patting her on the back as he might have patted a terrified baby who had had a bad dream.

"Oh, John! John, don't let anything hurt me!"

"Nothing is going to hurt you."

She set her hands against his chest and pushed him from her. "You mustn't. I was silly and scared."

"Oh, if that was all—" He turned away.

She caught him by the sleeve of his coat. "No, no, wait; I have to tell you. I've just found out the kind of woman I am. I'm foolish and selfish. I haven't a mite of sense, John. I have been thinking it out. I don't believe I ever took time to think before. I've never been worth what you gave me. I wouldn't let you take me back even if you were willing, because I am just no good. I wouldn't let you!"

"Wouldn't you?" He put a resolute arm about her. "I think we can make a pretty good start over again. Now we won't talk any more about that."

"But, John, we could never put this out of our minds."

"That might not do any harm, either." He drew her close to him as he questioned, "How did you ever happen to come to this place?"

"I don't know. I think it was to see if I could forget. But why did you come, John?"

"I came to remember. When there is nothing to look forward to, it can be a comfort to look back."

Nancy lifted her head. From a near-by tree the voice of the nightingale crooned and throbbed, rising goldenly, gloriously above them.

"John, that must be the nightingale's perfect song!"

Firmly, her husband pressed her head upon his shoulder. "Perhaps he has found his mate again."

She drew away to look at him, "I didn't know you could say things like that."

"I might—with practice."

When West Spells Vacation

(Continued from page 23)

will depend on the individual's preference. For those who want no responsibilities, the train is the ideal method. Summer rates are remarkably low, the comfort of western trains is unsurpassed and many of the railways run bus lines, or have agreements with them, by which side trips can be made to almost any desired spot. Stop-overs are liberal. If an automobile, and the freedom from schedule which it implies, suits you better, you will find fine roads, excellent hotels and well kept camping sites all over the West.

If you intend to make a western trip, the best thing to do is to decide which part interests you most, and then write to railways, chambers of commerce and state departments for literature regarding the attractions. Find out what the motor and game laws are, write for accommodations well ahead of time if you expect to stay in hotels or rent a cottage. The most attractive and interesting trip can be utterly spoiled if such essential details are ignored.

And just a word of warning—don't forget that western nights are always cold, so take along a fairly heavy coat; if you plan to camp, don't forget that blankets are necessary. This holds good even if you don't plan to visit the mountains. The setting of the sun brings with it a coolness that makes a camp fire a pleasant necessity.

Each person's trip will vary with his individual likes and dislikes, but somewhere in the West everyone can find a place which will exactly suit his needs, something different from home and yet eminently enjoyable.



Film is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth disorders.

Germs of decay are glued to teeth

THE great destroyers of teeth are highly active germs. Germs cause decay.

A sticky, stubborn film envelops them. It glues germs against the enamel and in tiny cracks and crevices. There they multiply by millions. You can brush until the gums are sore without removing film effectively. To remove these germs you must remove germ-laden film.

A different way to remove film

Under expert supervision, Pepsodent was developed to remove film gently and safely. Pepsodent does not contain pum-

Pepsodent

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

ice, harmful grit or crude abrasive. You can tell by its feel how different it is from all other methods you have tried.

No other way, we believe, will bring the same results. Simply give Pepsodent 10 days' time. Tear out the coupon and send it to the nearest address . . . today.

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 507,
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. Toronto 2 Ont. Can.
8 India Street London, E. C. 3, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Av., Sydney, N.S.W.
Only one tube to a family 3471

SIX FOR TEN CENTS
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads Steel Points
To Hang up Things
New window-front Packets show our two sizes. All dealers
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia

LEARN PRACTICAL NURSING AT HOME IN 12 WEEKS
Marvelous calling. Earn \$20 to \$30 weekly caring for invalid in your vicinity WHILE LEARNING. We help secure positions. Write me today.
MISS E. TULL, 6208 Winthrop, Chicago, Ill.

STOP WORKING FOR OTHERS
Have a business of your own. Big profits daily. Sayman's 110 daily used necessities are sure sellers and repeaters. Known everywhere. Guaranteed. Write for FREE samples and full particulars.
SAYMAN PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 108, St. Louis, Mo.

IRIS Friendship Collection \$1
4 Reds, 4 Pink, 4 Blue. All tall, large fragrant, beautiful. Prepaid, only . . .
All labeled, full instructions. This delightful collection shipped at night time. Descriptive list free. A million plants now ready. One beautiful Lavender extra for prompt orders.
OTWELL IRIS FIELDS, Carlinville, Ill.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

AGENTS WANTED

SELL 21-CARD \$1. CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENTS and personal greetings. Supremely beautiful designs and lined envelopes. Wonderful sentiments. Cards sell themselves. Big earnings. Request samples. Doehla Co., Dept. 9-D, Fitchburg, Mass.

AGENTS EARN BIG MONEY TAKING ORDERS for our beautiful dress goods, silks, wash fabrics, hosiery, fancy goods. 1000 samples furnished. The National Importing Co., Dept. F-47, 573 Broadway, N. Y. City.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Men-dets, a patented patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 402, Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS—IF YOU'RE LOOKING for a real, honest-to-goodness money-making proposition, send me your name immediately. I have what you want. Albert Mills, 5253 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

BRING HOME THE BACON selling Christy's Iron Rust and Stain Remover. Sells like blazes. Write for Free sample. Christy, Inc., 6592 Bdway., Newark, New York.

WOMEN! EARN SPLENDID INCOME spare or full time distributor our products your community. Write. Indianapolis Soap Co., Dept. 143, Indianapolis, Indiana.

GUARANTEED HONEYMOON DRESSES 75c. BIG profit. Undersell stores. Fast prints. Beautiful styles. Crosby, 431 Superior, Dept. D-506, Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS

SALESPERSON—Woman's World offers an exceptional opportunity to men and women who have their own cars and are free to travel rural routes in the Middle West. Our new Subscribers' Service is the best ever conceived and sells on sight. Hustlers easily earn \$5 to \$20 per day. Write at once for particulars. Address Rural Sales Dept., Woman's World, 4223 W. Lake St., Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS—Continued

WHITE LEGHORN HENS, and males now half price. Thousands of eight-week-old pullets. Also baby chicks and eggs. Trapnested, pedigreed foundation stock, egg bred 30 years. Winners at 20 egg contests. Records to 320 eggs. Catalog and special price bulletin free. I ship c.o.d. George B. Ferris, 941 Union, Grand Rapids, Mich.

PATENTS—WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOK, "How to Obtain a Patent" and Record of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch for Inspection and Advice Free. Victor J. Evans Co., 742-9th, Washington, D. C.

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING ATTACHMENT. Guaranteed. Fits any sewing machine. Prepaid 60c or sent C.O.D. Circulars free. LaFlesh Hemstitching Co., Dept. 49, Sedalia, Mo.

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS. \$1200—\$3000 year. Men—women, 18-50. Steady. Particulars free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. L28, Rochester, N. Y.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS. Expert Personal Service. Lester Sargent, Registered Patent Atty., 1115 K Street, Washington, D. C.

Wanted Immediately. Men-Women, 18-55, quality for Govt. Jobs, \$125-\$250 mo. Steady. Common Education. Vacations. Write, Instruction Bureau, 105, St. Louis, Mo.

COMPOSERS—VERSE OR MUSIC. Brilliant opportunity. Write at once. VanBuren, 2053 McClurg Bldg., Chicago.

Trial Offer. First film developed, 6 prints 25c silver. Enlargement free. Superior Photo Service, Dept. R, Waterloo, Ia.

TRIAL OFFER—Kodak Films—Developed 5c—Prints 2c. Moser & Son, 1900 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

STRETCH—"U.S."
Pe-Ko Edge Jar Rubbers stretch just enough to slip easily over the mouth of the hottest fruit jar and snap back briskly into place without wrinkles.



SET—"U.S." Pe-Ko Edge Jar Rubbers hug the jar. They will not "blow out" and allow air to enter.

PERFECT SEAL—They make the jar airtight, not only when first applied, but until the jar is opened—thus affording "long-term canning insurance."



Don't risk a whole summer's canning!

The life of a jar of canned food depends upon the life of the jar rubber it is sealed with. Jar rubbers that age quickly, shrivel and crack, allow air to enter the can—and the food's days are quickly numbered. Fermentation starts, mold forms—and a summer's work is wasted.

"U.S." Pe-Ko Edge Jar Rubbers, are made in red or white rubber, single or double lip by the United States Rubber Company, and are triple tested before leaving the factory.

"U.S." PE-KO Edge JAR RUBBERS

We will send you a dozen "U.S." Pe-Ko Edge Jar Rubbers on receipt of 10¢ (stamps or coin) and your dealer's name and address. Send to United States Rubber Company, Room 922, 1790 Broadway, New York City.



Be a real BLONDE

NOT a dull, faded; "has been" blonde. But a glorious golden beauty no one can resist. Blondex, the new safe shampoo for blondes only, brightens dull, faded or darkened blonde hair. Brings out sunny lights—restores original blonde attractiveness. No dyes. No harsh chemicals. Excellent for scalp. A million enthusiastic users recommend Blondex. At all the better drug and department stores. Get Blondex today for real blonde hair beauty!



A Countryside en Fête

(Continued from page 16)

meats; jellies, in two groups, those made from pure fruit juices, and those with home or commercial pectin; preserves; butters and jams; marmalades and conserves; pickled and spiced products; bread, generally in two classes, yeast breads and quick breads; cake, both butter cakes and sponge cakes; candy; and possibly a group of dairy products or a miscellaneous group. Pies do not make good exhibit material. If a pastry class is desired, use tart or patty shells.

Clothing and needlework departments may have the following classes: hand-sewed articles; homemade clothing; remodeled garments; household articles; quilts; counterpanes; crocheting; knitting, including articles knitted entirely by hand, and those done on hand machines; embroidery, with two separate divisions, one for all white and the other for colored, the latter covering embroidery done with colored thread, on both white and colored grounds; rugs, woven, hooked, braided, crocheted and knitted; and a miscellaneous class to include novelties and fads. Bead work may come under crocheting or knitting according to the work on the article, or beaded articles may be placed in the miscellaneous group.

In printing a premium list, the department is listed by name and generally by letter also. Thus Department K may be Foods and Pantry Stores, and Department L, Clothing and Needlework. The classes in the different departments are most often indicated by name only, although sometimes a letter or number is used in addition. Each separate article listed must be in its proper class, and have its own number. These numbers should run consecutively through the department, regardless of classes. Canned fruits may be the first class in the department, and may contain 27 premium numbers, listed 1-27. The next class, canned vegetables, would then begin with number 28.

THE correct and accurate entering of exhibits in women's work should be under the direction of the department superintendent. A book for the entry clerk should contain spaces for the following information, part of which is later transferred to the judge's book: exhibitor's number; exhibitor's name; post office address; name of article; department; class; and premium number. In this book, the numbers for exhibitors run consecutively, the earliest entrants receiving the lowest numbers. If an exhibitor is entering exhibits in a number of different classes in the same department, she may use the same number throughout, or another number may be assigned.

The entry clerk should be familiar with the different classes, or there should be at her elbow someone able to classify articles quickly. Every article should have a printed entry tag containing the following information: name of department; exhibitor's number; class; premium number; and name of article. The tag should be perforated with a slip to be detached, this portion to contain the exhibitor's number, the name of the department and the premium number. This is a claim check to be presented when calling for the article after the fair. Entry tags should always be made out by someone in authority, and in no case given to the exhibitor to fill out and send in with the exhibit.

In preparing the book from which the judge is to work, the premium numbers are listed consecutively with the name of the article. This book is really a copy of the premium list with space allowed for recording the number of entries, or exhibitors' numbers. The chart on page 37 shows a method for preparing a judge's book. From such a book, it is a comparatively easy matter to locate articles for judging. Count the number of entries and look for articles containing the exhibitors' numbers. The judge should check each article submitted with the records.

Wherever possible, a judge from outside the community or county should be chosen. Opinions differ as to the advisability of having one judge, or a group of judges, but if a judge is thoroughly competent, she will be able to get through

(Continued on page 37)

boys! girls! \$875 free



LINCOLN CLUB Summer Competition Brings CASH, BICYCLES and Other Rewards

COME on, you wide-awake boys and girls, and get your share of money, prizes and fun. Thousands of dollars in cash and merchandise will be paid to hustlers during the next three months—and all for a few hours' pleasant work.

But over and above all this, there will be 85 extra prizes, totaling \$875.00, distributed absolutely free to those who do the best work—75 monthly state prizes, 25 for each of the three months, June, July and August, and 10 Grand Prizes which will be awarded September 10, 1930.

Cash and Rewards—If You Win or Not

In this splendid competition, no one is disappointed, for everyone receives a generous cash commission or a liberal merchandise reward, as shown in THE REWARD BOOK (copy of which will be sent you free) for his or her services. And the more you do, the more you get.

Come on then! If you want cash or a bicycle, a ukulele or a tent or any one of a hundred different things, you can have them. We'll tell you what to do and how to do it—and the rest is merely fun. Read the rules carefully and mail the coupon now.

85 PRIZES—\$875.00 IN CASH

In Addition to Regular Premium and Cash Rewards

To each of the ten boys or girls receiving the largest number of points between June 1 and August 31, 1930, will be sent FREE a Ranger "Motorbike" or a check for \$50.00.

75 Monthly Prizes in Gold

Twenty-five \$5.00 gold pieces, one to each boy or girl securing the most points for month of June in each of states below* \$125.00

Twenty-five \$5.00 gold pieces, one to each boy or girl securing the most points for month of July in each of states below* \$125.00

Twenty-five \$5.00 gold pieces, one to each boy or girl securing the most points for month of August in each of states below* \$125.00

Prizes awarded July 10, August 10 and September 10.

*Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Kentucky, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, West Virginia, Massachusetts, Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina, New Jersey, California and Connecticut.

10 RANGER "MOTORBIKES" GIVEN FREE

These ten Ranger "Motorbikes" are the finest and fastest bicycles made and they come to you fully equipped, electric

headlight, rear wheel stand, tools and everything. The color is golden brown with trimmings in chromium plate.

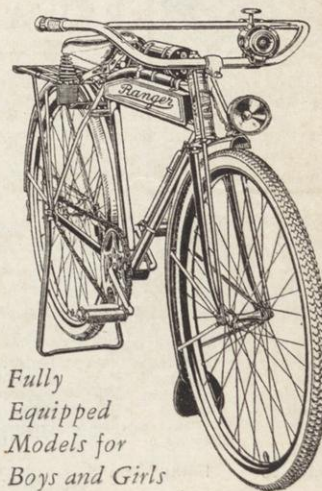
COMPETITION RULES

1. Competition open to all boys and girls 15 years of age or under, living in states shown above.

2. A choice of either cash commission or merchandise reward is given for every order sent in. Everybody is paid for what he does. All prizes are extra.

3. A one-year subscription counts 100 points toward the Grand Prizes and toward the 75 monthly prizes. A two-year order counts 250 points. A three-year order counts 400 points. A five-year order counts 700 points.

4. The sons and daughters of men and women in the employ of Woman's World are not eligible for entrance in this competition. Residents of Chicago are not eligible for entrance in the competition.



Fully
Equipped
Models for
Boys and Girls



LINCOLN CLUB EMBLEM and

100 POINTS FREE—ACT NOW!

ENTRANCE COUPON

WOMAN'S WORLD LINCOLN CLUB,
4223 West Lake St., Chicago.

Date of Birth _____

Please enroll me in the Lincoln Club and send me Free, the Membership Button, the Book of Rewards, full details of the competition, helps on securing orders and a 100-Point Certificate toward the prizes.

Name _____

Address _____

Do you need a copy of Woman's World? _____

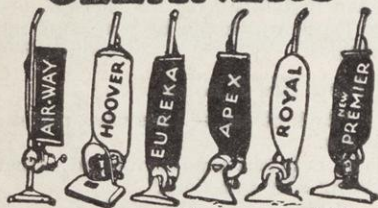
SOOTHES EYES AFTER OUTDOOR SPORTS



Why suffer with heavy, burning, bloodshot eyes after tennis, golf, motoring and other outdoor activities? It's needless when a few drops of harmless *Murine* will instantly end the irritation and soon make your eyes clear and fresh again. 60c at drug and department stores.

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

VACUUM CLEANERS



Reduced To Only **\$19.75**

Rebuilt—guaranteed—10 days' free trial
Express or parcel post paid anywhere
Easy Payments, No References Required

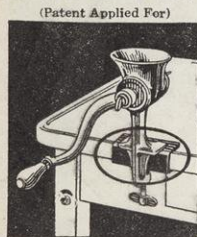
We have many very good used bargains at only **\$14.75**
Also sale Brand New Cleaners at \$30 less than advertised price. Terms \$3 a month.
Vacuum Cleaner Specialty Co.
111 W. 42nd St., N. Y. City. Dept. 8M
Just say: "Send me information and terms on guaranteed Vacuum Cleaners."

WE PAY CASH! for Your Spare Time

LET us show you how other women are converting odd moments into cash. Easy, dignified, interesting work. We tell you what to do and help you do it. New Proposition. Liberal pay. Post card brings full information. Address Miss Reid,

WOMAN'S WORLD
4223 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

PROTEXIT SAVES THE TABLE



★ A simple, useful, unique article that enables fastening your food grinder, ricer, fruit juice extractor, or similar metal clamp device to enameled table, (or other table) easily, quickly, and firmly, avoiding mags, cracks, slipping and sliding, and other annoyances. Now makes using your food chopper a pleasure.

At your dealer, or upon receipt of 50c. Protexit will be sent postpaid from the manufacturer.
J. Hilgers & Co., Dept. 68, Binghamton, N. Y.

The Vital Effect of Diet on Health

(Continued from page 28)

anemia in dogs. When spinach, beet greens or lettuce were fed, the dogs did not recover very quickly, whereas when liver or kidney were fed, they recovered very promptly; apricots and peaches (fresh, canned or dried) also cured them very quickly, but celery, Brussels sprouts and carrots helped them hardly at all. Apples, raisins and fresh grapes were found to cure them more quickly than the green vegetables, but liver, kidney, apricots and peaches cured them most quickly of all.

In an earlier article, it was pointed out that milk is very low in iron; therefore, if it is the only food of an animal during the period of rapid growth, anemia will result. The same is true of a rapidly growing child; sometimes children are extremely fond of milk and are permitted to take it as almost their entire food until they are 2 to 3 years of age. These children are often very anemic, and it may take months to bring their blood back to normal. Although milk is good for children, they should not be permitted to take it to the exclusion of other foods. A baby is born with a supply of iron in its spleen which is sufficient for its first few months of life, but the early addition of fruit juices, vegetables, finely chopped or ground liver and egg yolk supplies, among other things, the necessary iron.

After Hart and his co-workers at the University of Wisconsin had produced a severe anemia in little rats and young rabbits by feeding them only whole milk for a few weeks, they found that a small amount of copper as well as iron must be included in the diet before the red pigment (hemoglobin) in the blood can be made. Although the amount necessary is very small, copper must now be regarded as essential in our diet. Copper is widely distributed in foods, so when a mixed diet is taken, there is no danger that our diet will not contain it. Liver, oysters, chocolate and cocoa contain liberal amounts of it; it is also present in nuts, peas, beans, dried fruits, beets, turnips and leafy vegetables, such as spinach, lettuce, etc., but the leafy vegetables are not so rich in copper as in iron. This may explain why spinach and beet greens did not rapidly cure the anemia in the dogs discussed above—enough iron was present but not enough copper.

We should not become overanxious for fear that our diet will not contain enough vitamins, iron, copper or any other dietary essential, because this would make eating a very bothersome affair instead of a delightful occasion; if we use moderate amounts of the various kinds of meat, together with eggs, milk and other dairy products and plenty of fruits and vegetables, and the various cereal products, our diet will contain everything which is necessary to keep us in a good state of health so far as nutrition is concerned.

A Countryside en Fête

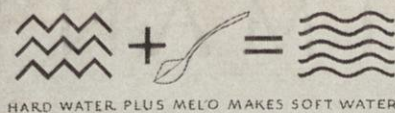
(Continued from page 36)

the work much more speedily alone, and long delays in placing ribbons and awards are irritating to exhibitors and superintendents. To the judge belongs the responsibility of raising and holding the standards of a fair. When possible, public judging is desirable, as the judge may then explain the reasons for her decisions.

Judges' Book. Department K

Premium No.	Article	Entry Numbers
	Class—Canned Fruits	
1	Cherries	3 9 41 22
2	Raspberries	4 39 11 19
3	Peaches	5 19 3 29
4	Blackberries	17 37 26

EDITOR'S NOTE: Last July we published an article dealing with the problem of exhibit material and display methods from the point of view of the exhibitor. A reprint of this article will gladly be furnished on receipt of a stamped envelope.



HARD WATER PLUS MELO MAKES SOFT WATER

No more gray clothes on the line!

NEVER again need you scrub and scrub only to find that your white clothes dry pale gray. *Hard water*—water filled with harsh alkalis—is responsible for gray clothes. The alkalis combine with soap and dirt to form a scum almost impossible to scrub or rinse away. It's the same scum that you see as a dirty ring around the tub.

But you can wash in *soft water*! Add two or three tablespoonfuls of Melo to a washtub full of the hardest water. Instantly it is softened. Suds are quick, rich and lasting; rinsing swift and thorough. Less soap is needed, yet clothes are *clean*—your white wash dries *snow-white*. And there will be no dirty ring around the tub.

Try a can of Melo tomorrow. It simplifies every washing and cleaning operation. Tender hands are saved from hard-water irritation. Comfort is added to the bath. Melo is sold by your grocer in convenient cans—10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (Also makers of Sani-Flush.)



MELO

WATER SOFTENED
WITH MELO IS A
REMARKABLE CLEANER
10 CENTS

Guarantee of Satisfaction

We stand back of every advertisement in WOMAN'S WORLD.

We guarantee these advertisements to you because we believe advertised goods offer you the fullest protection, quality and service.

We will refund your money if you are not satisfied with the value received or treatment given by any advertiser in WOMAN'S WORLD.

James A. Manning
President

CORNS GONE FOR GOOD



INSTANT SAFE RELIEF!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for corns and tender toes end pain instantly, and remove the cause—friction and pressure of shoes. Once you are rid of corns, they need *never come back* if you apply Zino-pads at the first sign of soreness from new or tight shoes.

Cutting your corns invites blood-poisoning. Using harsh liquids or plasters exposes the toes to acid burn. With Zino-pads you are positively safe. They are soothing, healing. Thin, dainty, cushioning—easy to apply.

Sizes for CORNS,
SOFT CORNS, CALLOUSES and BUNIONS



At all Drug, Shoe & Dept. stores—35c box.

**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

MEN!

Who use Talcum after shaving
will find

Cuticura Talcum
Fragrant and Refreshing

Price 25c. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 23B, Malden, Mass.

\$50 EXTRA MONEY!
Add To Your
Weekly Income!
Sell Hertz Christmas Cards Weekly Pay, Monthly Bonus. Write today. The John Hertz Co.
318 W. Washington, Dept. 7304, Chicago

DOLLFUS-MIEG & C^{ie}, SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME

Founded in 1746 A. D.

MULHOUSE-BELFORT-PARIS

BRODER
STRANDED
SEWING
KNITTING
DARNING
TATTING
PEARL AND
CROCHET
COTTONS

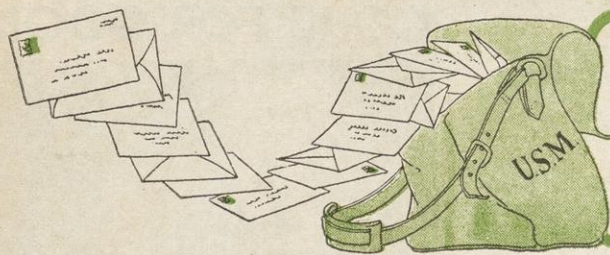


SILK AND
LINEN....
THREADS
COTTON
BRAIDS
BOOKS..
ON ART
NEEDLE-
WORK...

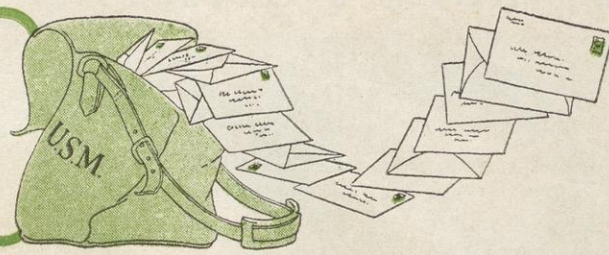
COTTON, FLAX & SILK THREADS
FOR ART NEEDLEWORK

Can be procured from all Art Needlework Stores

THE POSTMAN'S WHISTLE PAGE



THE Postman's Whistle page reflects the lights and shadows of our readers' lives. We ask you to send us the jokes that amuse you—the recipes you find dependable and practical—the homemaking ideas and short cuts that save money, time and labor. For original suggestions of not over 100 words that we accept, we shall send you 50 cents promptly.



Announcement of Winners in "My Healthy Baby" Competition

IN ONE of the most popular subscriber competitions ever conducted by Woman's World, thousands of photographs of dimple-cheeked, smiling citizens of tomorrow were examined, graded and checked. Health, intelligence, good disposition, as well as the letters that accompanied the photographs, were all considered by the judges, but to an extent they were obliged to base their decisions on the skill or good fortune of the photographer in capturing the expression and artless pose of a healthy baby.

Checks have been mailed to the 385 winners of prizes. Following are the names of those selected for the ten highest prizes:

- FIRST PRIZE, \$100.00**
Virginia D. Robinson, Tampa, Fla.
- SECOND PRIZE, \$75.00**
Ann Browning, Rantoul, Ill.
- THIRD PRIZE, \$50.00**
David Roland Temple, Wellsville, N. Y.
- FOURTH PRIZE, \$30.00**
Baby Risky, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- FIFTH PRIZE, \$20.00**
Caroline Cooke, Freeport, Kans.
- PRIZES OF \$10.00**
Nancy Jean Obendorfer, Youngstown, Ohio.
Norbert Schlei, Dayton, Ohio.
M. Elliott House, Corning, Calif.
Baby Granstaff, Weatherford, Tex.
James Henry, Walnut Ridge, Ark.

Saving Clippings

I like to read a new magazine with a pencil handy. When I find an article which I wish to cut out, I just mark it, and write the number of the page inside the cover. When the whole family have read the magazine, then I can easily find the desired article and cut it out.
—Miss K. M. W., Conn.

Quick Cake Dessert

Cream one-half cup shortening with one and one-half cups sugar. Sift four teaspoons baking powder with three cups flour three times, and be sure to sift flour before measuring. Beat two eggs with a cup of milk, add to sugar and butter alternating with the flour, and flavor with a teaspoon vanilla. Bake for twenty-five to thirty minutes in oblong pan. Cut in squares when cold and serve with Caramel Sauce.

Caramel Sauce

Mix two tablespoons flour and one and one-half cups sugar. Stir over fire until melted to a golden brown, being very careful not to scorch. Keep stirring without cessation. Add one and one-half cups boiling water and two tablespoons butter and stir until the mixture thickens, then take from fire, flavor with teaspoon vanilla extract and use hot on cold cake.
—Mrs. K. L. D., Colo.

Rural Conveniences

City Boy (seeing his first windmill): "Say, Uncle Charley, that's some electric fan you have out there cooling the cows."
—H. J., Ohio.

A Sewing Help

A sewing machine needle can be adjusted quickly with the aid of a small mirror. Place it under the shaft and you can see where to put the needle.
—Mrs. C. K., Iowa.

An Unflattering Audiepee

The man was playing golf alone, and two boys kept following him around the course. At the ninth hole, he turned to the boys and said, "You'll never learn to play from watching me."

"We're not watching you play," replied one of the youngsters. "We're going to go fishing as soon as you've dug up a few more worms for bait."

—Mrs. J. C., Iowa.

An Executive Position

Joe: "What do you do for a living?"
Mose: "I'se de manager of a laundry."
Joe: "What's the name of this laundry?"
Mose: "Liza Ann."
—Mrs. H. W. B., Minn.



Uncle Jeff

AND HIS HOMELY PHILOSOPHY ON INDEPENDENCE

*T' be free—a man must slave,
Fer freedom comes only by toil.
An' independence is most that man's
Who stands upon his own soil.*

Well, here 'tis midsummer and th' Fourth of July. I wonder how many folks ever stop t' think of that holiday as a birthday? Hangin' out th' American flag calls fer more th'n burnin' up gunpowder. It'd be jest as fittin' t' fix up a cake with candles on it.

I wonder if men don't cherish their independence more th'n any other thing on earth? Yes—even more th'n religion or love. Fer jest let either one of them two great forces display shackles th't hinder freedom and a man begins t' try t' throw 'em off. And yet, few persons ever enjoy real liberty—fer we are all more or less th' slaves of our own set notions an' habits.

Yest'day I met Mart Winthrop down along th' crick road. His prize Jersey had gone blind in one eye and he was takin' her in t' th' vet'inary. An' th' pore dumb critter was resistin' th' rope, shyin' this way an' that; tryin' t' get out from under, backin' up and holdin' back. Whereas if she had jest trusted herself t' th' halter, th' trip would've been much easier. Jest so—wise laws ain't chains t' bind us and t' halt our progress—but t' lead us and make th' way easier.

Liberty ain't my right nor your rights—but th' rights of everybody. It is jest as much a moral as a political growth; and t' be enjoyed, it has got t' be limited. Self-gov'nment of politics can only be brought about by self-gov'nment of person. You know, friends, there are two freedoms, the false, where a man is free t' do th' way he wants t' do; th' true, where a man is free t' do th' way he ought t' do.

Freedom is t' all peoples what health is t' you and t' me. Unless we are well in body, we taste no pleasure. Unless they are free in spirit, no happiness may be enjoyed by th' creatures of th' earth. Preachin' John says, "Th' Lord has ordained th't man be qualified fer liberty in exact measure t' his willingness to put moral chains upon his own desires."

What say, folks, let's have a real old-fashioned Fourth? An' let's make it a birthday party.

Jeff 3 Lincoln U. S. A.

A Hint for the Spice Shelf

An empty celery salt or similar container with a sifter top may be filled with flour and kept close at hand for dredging steaks and chops, or for any other cooking where a small quantity of flour is needed. It proves a great convenience.
—Mrs. J. S., Calif.

Graham Rolls

Sift together three times: one pint Graham flour, one cup white flour, one-half teaspoon salt and two teaspoons baking powder. Chop in first, then rub in until like meal, two tablespoons shortening, and mix to a dough with one and one-half cups milk. It may require a little more or a little less liquid, as flours differ in density. Flour the bread board, turn out dough, work lightly, then make a long roll, which cut into pieces the size of an egg and form into rolls, about two inches wide, three or four inches long. Brush with melted shortening and bake in greased pan.
—E. J. D., Wyo.

To Take Out Grass Stains

If the stains are discovered before they are many hours old, they can be easily removed if they are rubbed with lard, let stand an hour, then washed in warm soapy water. If they are old, soak in boiling water to which cream of tartar is added in the proportions of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar to a quart of water.
—Mrs. R. K., Ind.

Feeding the Chickens

Just a plain little fire stove shovel is the handiest implement imaginable to have in your chicken feed room. It will slide into the mash, grain or grit bag much more easily and satisfactorily than a pail or pan. Then it is useful in filling the mash hoppers and scattering grain over the floor.
—J. B. S., Pa.

When Spreading Sandwiches

A very effective and time-saving way to butter a large number of sandwiches, as for a party or picnic, is to melt the butter and spread it lightly over the slices of bread with a soft-bristled brush which can be purchased inexpensively for this purpose.
—M. B., Wis.

Now She Knows

Inquisitive Lady: "And, officer, tell me what that strap under your chin is for."
Officer: "That, lady, is to rest my poor old jaw when it gets tired of answering silly questions."
—Mrs. B. J. K., Mont.

To Keep Out the Salt Water

When packing ice cream to take on a picnic or to carry to a church supper, seal the edges of the mold cover with melted mutton tallow. It will stay hard as long as the freezer is cold and can be easily picked off with a knife.
—Mrs. B. F., Iowa.

A Suggestion for Travelers

Small bottles of medicine, toothpowder, shoe cleansers and the like may be safely carried if they are packed closely in a tin coffee can with a tight-fitting cover, tissue paper being wedged between the containers.—J. S., Md.

Too Good to Be True

Mose Jackson was dead, and was having a large funeral. The minister was telling all of the good things he could think of about the deceased: Mose had been a loving husband, a wonderfully kind father, a genial neighbor, a very solicitous provider for his family and a constant and benevolent church member.

About that time, Mandy, the widow, began to get uneasy. Leaning down to her young son, she said, "Rastus, you go look in dat coffin and see effen dat's yo' paw."
—Mrs. R. G., Iowa.

Removing Plaster Stains

In a new house, careless plasterers frequently leave splashes of their material on the floors and ordinary scrubbing will not budge them. Strong vinegar sopped on the spots will soften them so that they can be scraped up, then the white mark on the wood may be removed by applying more vinegar. Superfluous plaster around the plumbing may be removed in the same way.
—C. S. B., Ga.

A Messenger of Sunshine and Good Cheer by and for our Subscribers

My mother used "elbow grease"

My way's much easier

No more hard-rubbing wash-days with this new soap of mine, even in hard water

MY mother always said that it took lots of "elbow grease" to get really clean clothes. And what washings she had on that Indiana farm . . . with hard water turning her home-made soap into gray, lifeless scum!

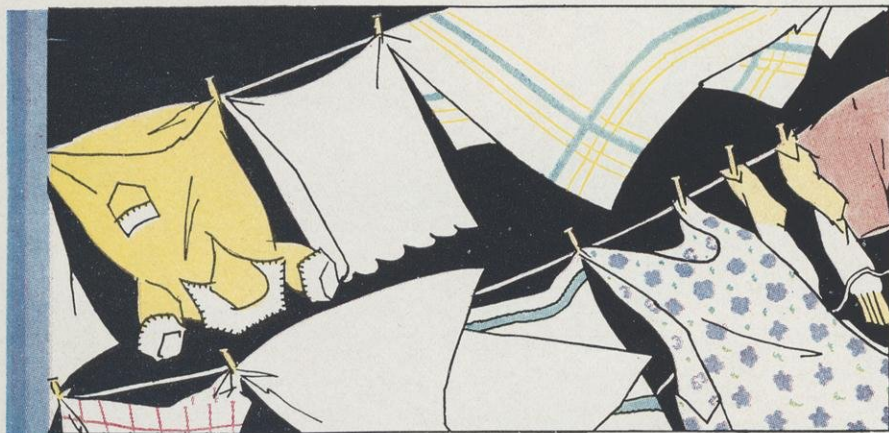
For eight years I thought mother was right—for then I was using common soap. But this last year I've been using Oxydol—a wonderful soap that takes the fight out of hard water and dirt!

No matter what kind of water you have I hope you'll try Oxydol. For Oxydol is a mighty rich, *safe* soap that's combined with an extra ingredient

softens it instantly—changes it into soft water! And if your water's soft, you are lucky because you will get an *extra* profit of wonderful Oxydol suds!

I'm sure you'll like Oxydol. For it's such rich soap that a little Oxydol makes a lot of billowy suds. And Oxydol is easy on the hands.

An Oxydol soaking's going to open your eyes. Dirt just seems scared when the clothes get into those rich Oxydol suds. An Oxydol soaking saves me an hour of hard rubbing on the washboard. And such clean clothes! My, when the washing's out to dry you'd be proud to have the President see it!



She says my colored clothes look like a party!

Just the other day, Mrs. C. happened to come by when I was taking in my clothes. "My goodness," she said, "they look bright and gay. I wish mine didn't fade so."

"Well," I said, "I put lots of time into

making Mary's dresses, and I certainly don't want them to look faded before they're half worn out. That's one of the things I most like in Oxydol—it takes out dirt but it doesn't take out colors—it's mighty *safe* soap!"—S. B.



You can put *quick* into dishwashing!

Perhaps you're like me—you don't so much mind big bakings and Sunday dinners, but you wish the dishes would wash themselves! Well, they can't—but if you use Oxydol you can get through dishes—much quicker!

Every grain of Oxydol is mighty rich soap. So don't waste it! Sprinkle about a teaspoonful of it into

your clear hot water. Then you'll see suds that really are suds! They'll clear away the grease with a swish of the dish mop.

Oxydol suds rinse away easily. Now that I have a wire dish rack, I never wipe my dishes, for they dry beautifully by themselves! And in an hour, they're ready to stack away!

A 15-minute Oxydol soaking gets clothes out 1 hour quicker!

Whether you wash with a machine or with tubs, you can whip your washing through quicker with Oxydol.

Mrs. M., who lives down the road, loosens the dirt by *soaking* her clothes first in rich Oxydol suds in her hand-power machine. Then, using the *same* lively Oxydol suds she runs her clothes clean in *half* the usual time. With an automatic machine this scheme helps, too—because a shorter running cuts down power costs!

A 15-minute Oxydol soaking in my tubs saves me an hour's rubbing. I can squeeze most of the dirt out . . . only spots and edges need a light rubbing.

Sarah Benton

Free! I have written a booklet called, "Short-cuts to the clothesline" which would give you lots of washday help. Just send me a post card. Address: Sarah Benton, Box OW-70, St. Bernard, Ohio.



A wealth of soap in this chunky box!

Don't waste Oxydol. Sprinkle it out carefully for a little makes a lot of suds—half a cupful is enough for a medium-sized washing—a teaspoonful makes a dishpan of rich suds. Try the 10¢ box first—but the 25¢ box is the real bargain.



EVEN IN HARDEST WATER

OXYDOL

MAKES RICH INSTANT SUDS

OXYDOL IS A COMPLETE SOAP

Let JELL-O chase the menu blues away!



Over a hundred
wonderful recipes
in the new JELL-O
booklet—it's FREE!



PEACH BAVARIAN

- 1 package Lemon or Orange Jell-O
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup peach juice
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped
- 1 cup crushed peaches, sweetened and drained
- 2 or 3 drops bitter almond extract

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add peach juice. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice-water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in whipped cream, peaches, and flavoring. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with peach slices. Serves 6.

VARY THIS Bavarian by using desired flavor of Jell-O and substituting for peaches and peach juice: 1 cup berries, crushed and drained (strawberries, blackberries or raspberries may be used); 1 cup berry juice and 4 tablespoons sugar.

OR 1/3 cup orange marmalade; 1/4 cup water and 1/4 teaspoon salt.

CARROT AND CABBAGE SALAD

- 1 package Lemon Jell-O
- 1 pint boiling water
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup raw carrots, grated or finely chopped
- 1 cup raw cabbage, finely shredded

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in carrots and cabbage. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 6 to 8.

VARY THIS salad by substituting for the carrots and cabbage: 1/2 cup cabbage, finely shredded; 1 cup celery, finely chopped; 1/2 cup cucumber pickles, finely chopped; 2 or 3 pimientos.

OR 3/4 cup carrots; 1 cup cabbage, finely shredded; 4 tablespoons green peppers, finely chopped; dash of Cayenne.



JELL-O

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Product of
General Foods Corporation
FIVE PURE FRUIT FLAVORS

MARSHMALLOW WHIP

- 1 package Strawberry Jell-O
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup cold water or fruit juice
- 6 marshmallows, finely cut

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add cold water or fruit juice. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice-water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Add marshmallows. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses or pour into mold. Chill until firm. Serves 6. Use this simple recipe, with variations, often!

VARY THIS whip by substituting for marshmallows: 1 cup strawberries, crushed and drained; 1/3 cup sugar. OR 1 cup pear pulp. OR 1 cup fig jam.



JELLIED TUNA WITH MAYONNAISE

- 1 package Lemon Jell-O
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup cold water
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup tuna fish, flaked
- 1 cup peas, fresh-cooked or canned
- 2 tablespoons pimiento, finely chopped
- 1/2 cup Hellmann's Mayonnaise

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add cold water, vinegar, and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in remaining ingredients. Blend. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with additional mayonnaise. Serves 6 to 8.

VARY THIS entrée by substituting for tuna fish and peas: 1 cup salmon, flaked; 1 cup celery, diced.

OR 1 1/2 cups shrimp, halved; 1/4 cup green peppers, chopped.

(All measurements on this page are level.)



These are just a taste of the good things that the new booklet tells about! Get it!

80 "prize" desserts, 45 wonderful salads, all sorts of tempting entrées, appetizers, relishes—oh, there is no end to the delicious dishes that you can prepare with Jell-O and this new Jell-O booklet to aid you. Send today!

For them all, use genuine Jell-O—none other. Jell-O comes in five pure-fruit fla-

vors, each package sealed to keep the fruity aroma intact. Why not buy Jell-O in assorted flavors, six packages, at a time? Jell-O dishes are so economical, so easy to make, so sure to turn out right. And best of all, so easily digested, they never give you the "wish I hadn't" feeling, afterwards. Send for booklet today.

© 1930, G. F. CORP.

FREE ... 48 PAGE JELL-O BOOKLET ... BRAND-NEW!

THE JELL-O COMPANY, INC.,
Le Roy,
New York

J—W.W. 7-30

Please send me... free... "The Complete Jell-O Recipe Book."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.

BARGAIN! Enclose 25c if you'd like to receive 6 individual Jell-O molds

