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## **Delineator. Vol. 120, No. 1 January, 1932**

New York: Butterick Publishing Company, January, 1932

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JANUARY 1932

10 CENTS



# DELINEATOR

*Mid-Winter*

*Fiction Number*

HENRY VAN DYKE

KATHLEEN NORRIS

MARGARET SANGSTER

H. C. BAILEY

OLGA MOORE

and others

*The Smartest New Fashions*

*for the South and the North*



LLOYD D. MEMBER  
1709 E. COLLEGE  
IOWA CITY IOWA



● DO YOU KNOW THAT MOST BEANS YOU CALL "BAKED BEANS" AREN'T BAKED? ● THEY'RE STEAMED OR BOILED!

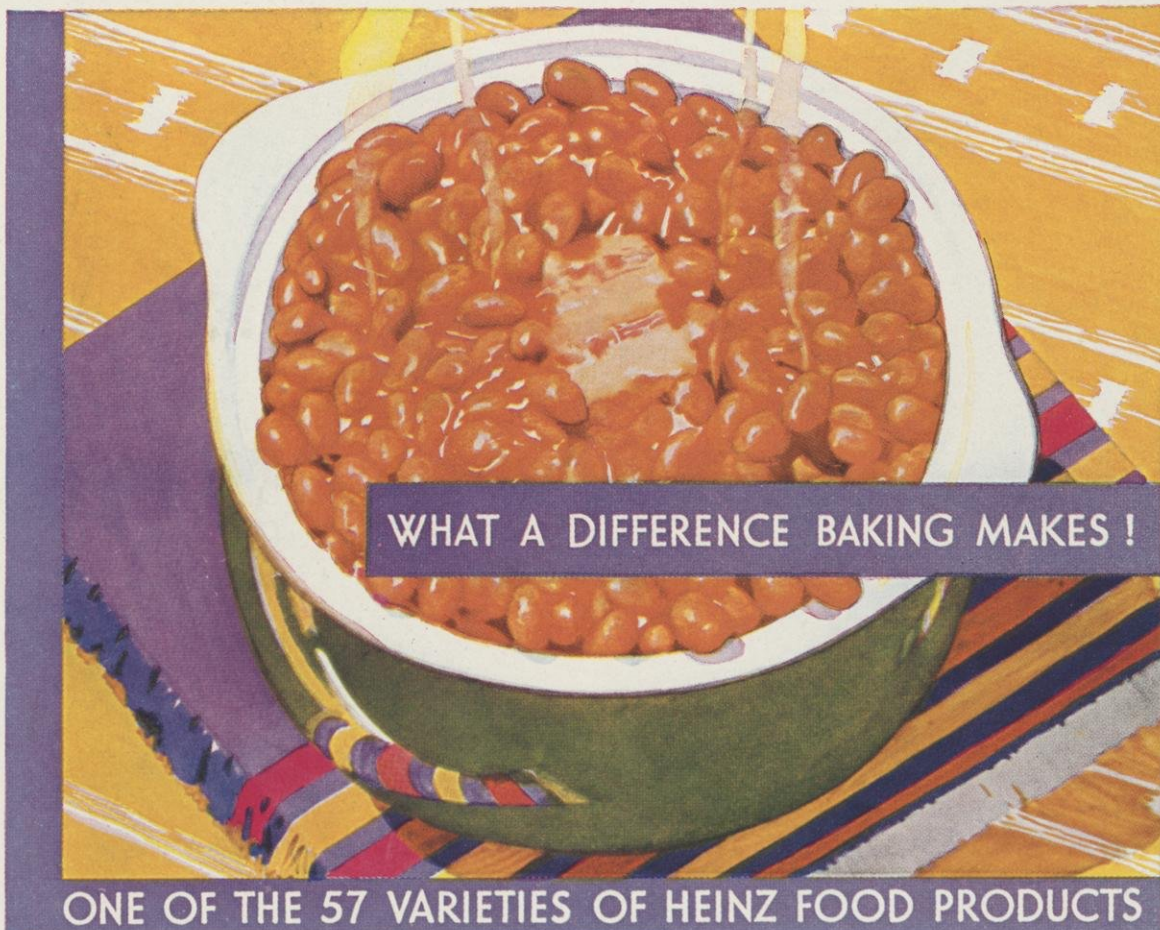
# HEINZ BEANS ARE BAKED

"What!" you may exclaim, "Do you mean to say that most beans aren't really baked? I guess I know baked beans when I see them!"

But — do you? Just read the labels on the different brands of beans. Try to find the word "BAKED." Any beans not labeled "BAKED" *aren't* baked. Instead, they are steamed or boiled. And between such beans and Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans there is the same difference as between a boiled potato and a crisp-skinned, flaky, baked potato.

Perhaps you've been eating beans that are steamed or boiled. Perhaps you've been pretty well satisfied with them. But just compare them with the beans Heinz offers you — beans that are actually *baked in ovens*, by the special Heinz method. This oven-baking makes beans lighter and more digestible — brings out the full flavor — lets the sauce penetrate through and through, just as butter permeates a baked potato. And once you've tasted Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans — once you've smacked your lips over their luscious goodness — no other beans will ever do.

You can get Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans in four tempting styles. Two styles with tomato sauce —



ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES OF HEINZ FOOD PRODUCTS

with pork and without. And what sauce! Made from ripe, red, *fresh* tomatoes — a delightful blend with the luscious flavor of the beans themselves. Then there is the Boston Style — with pork and a rich molasses sauce. Lastly, Baked Red Kidney Beans in a savory sauce — ready to serve — a delicious vegetable for luncheon or dinner.

Get a can of Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans — today — in the style that you like best. Serve them to-night — and watch the plates come back for more. No dish more appetizing — or more nourishing. The equivalent of meat and potatoes. Baked the Heinz way, they're easy to digest, too! But be sure that you get beans that are really *baked* — ask for Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans!

## ● FOUR KINDS OF HEINZ BEANS • • • ALL BAKED!



BOSTON STYLE—  
WITH PORK

WITH TOMATO SAUCE—  
AND PORK

IN TOMATO SAUCE—  
WITHOUT MEAT—"VEGETARIAN"

RED KIDNEY BEANS—  
WITH PORK

UNLESS THE  
LABEL SAYS  
"BAKED"  
THEY AREN'T  
BAKED BEANS

*Under the Pure Foods Law, only beans that really are baked can be labeled "BAKED."*



# The Family conference— about the “pink” on Mother’s tooth brush

PEOPLE used to be able to enjoy “pink tooth brush” in peace and quiet! But not *today*! Dental science has found out too much about it! And if the new generation doesn’t warn you about it, your dentist is *certain* to.

Why is “pink tooth brush” so common an ailment in this day and age? “Because,” says modern science, “to remain firm and sound, the gums need the stimulation which only coarse foods can give them. But modern foods are *soft* foods—and lacking daily exercise, the gums tend to become inert and touchy. Eventually, they become so tender that they bleed.”

“Pink tooth brush,” dental science has found out, may cause the teeth to lose their sparkle. It all too often leads to serious gum troubles such as gingivitis or Vincent’s disease or even dread, though happily much rarer, pyorrhea. And it *sometimes* endangers apparently sound teeth.

The answer? *Daily massage of the gums.* But even more effective, daily massage of the gums with Ipana Tooth Paste.

## Protect your Gums with Ipana and Massage

Clean your teeth with Ipana in the regular way. But each time, put a little bit more Ipana on your brush or fingertip and rub it into your inactive gums. Leave the Ipana there. It contains ziratol, and the ziratol will get results better if left on the gums. It stimulates flagging circulation—tones the gums—firms the flabby walls.

You’ll like Ipana first of all because it *is* a splendid tooth paste. It cleans the teeth *thoroughly* without any possibility of the enamel’s becoming marred.

Your teeth begin to look whiter and cleaner almost



## Don't Take Chances!

*Tooth paste is not costly! Skimping on your tooth paste is decidedly poor economy. For a good dentist and a good dentifrice are the most economical things on earth!*



at once. Your mouth will feel cleaner, fresher. And it won't be a month before you'll be able to see a decided improvement in your gums. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and they'll be so firm and sound that you won't be troubled with “pink tooth brush”!

If you wish, mail in the coupon and let us send you a trial tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. But better still—get a full-size tube from your druggist, *today*, and

see what a full thirty days of Ipana and massage will do for your teeth and gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-12  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

Name.....

Street.....

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

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# ..IPANA Tooth Paste



## THE DELINEATOR COVER



A picture of Dynevor Rhys, the young American artist, at work on a new Delineator cover in his studio in the heart of old Paris

WHILE the artistic merit of Dynevor Rhys's cover designs has been greeted with enthusiasm by our readers, there is another element in them of which we haven't spoken before. This element makes them unique among magazine covers. All the charming frocks and hats shown are specially selected by Mr. Rhys as the latest and most important notes of the mode. He has entrée to all the great Paris houses.

Take the January cover for instance. Agnès, one of the most famous of Paris milliners, is a great friend of Dynevor Rhys and so she created, especially for DELINEATOR, the toque of black felt shown on the cover. With a pair of scissors and a handful of pins Madame Agnès herself shaped the crown tightly over the smooth brown hair of Mr. Rhys's model and then, to modify its severity, arranged long strips of the felt in little rolls, running from front to back, pulling the hat down in a point over the right eye and fastening a diamond and ruby clip at the edge, as a color note.

This hat is extremely simple, without trimming, its chic depending on its lines and on the way it is put on. The arrangement of the hair is a copy of Madame Agnès's own coiffure which Antoine designed especially for her. As you see, the hair on the left side of the head, which is the side exposed in all the winter hats, is brushed straight forward like an old-fashioned bang placed sidewise.

The scarf, a long piece of plain crêpe de chine, in a lovely soft green, knotted around the throat, is also Madame Agnès's idea.

Jewels still play a very conspicuous part in the costume of the smart woman of today, and although imitation and synthetic stones are still worn, there has been a decided revival of real jewels by the woman who can afford them. The famous Parisian jewelry house, Mauboussin, is in a great measure responsible for this revival. Mauboussin uses jewels as a painter uses his box of colors, combining them in marvelous designs and combinations of color with settings as delicate as old lace. We are greatly indebted to the house of Mauboussin for the privilege of reproducing the various pieces of jewelry which Mr. Rhys has used for the adornment of this lovely lady on our January cover.



# DELINEATOR

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DYNEVOR RHYNS

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VOL. 120

NO. 1

### PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY The Butterick Publishing Company, Butterick Building, 161 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. Joseph A. Moore, Chairman of the Board; S. R. Lathaw, President; W. C. Evans, Secretary; Fred Lewis, Treasurer. Branches: Chicago, San Francisco, Atlanta, Dallas, London, Toronto, Winnipeg. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION The price of DELINEATOR is 10 cents per copy; by subscription, \$1.00 per year; \$2.00 for two years; \$2.75 for three years in the United States and its possessions; also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Panama, El Salvador, Spain and its colonies; Uruguay. In Canada, Labrador, and Newfoundland, 15 cents per copy; by subscription, \$1.50 per year. In all other countries 20 cents per copy, by mail; by subscription, \$2.00 per year. Persons canceling their subscriptions will receive a proportionate refund.

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ENTERED as second-class mail matter July 12, 1879, at the Post Office at New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Albany, New York; Chicago, Illinois; Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Los Angeles, California; Portland, Maine; Portland, Oregon; San Francisco, California; Syracuse, New York; Wheeling, West Virginia.

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IT COMES to you suddenly, sharply sometimes—a realization of the dangers that surround a little tot.

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# THE LIVING DELINEATOR



This month I'm turning over my page to Eleanor Carroll, Associate Editor, and her visit with Edith Wharton  
Oscar Graeve, Editor

"BE sure to see Mrs. Wharton and hear how our new serial progresses," said Oscar Graeve, Editor, as I dashed that summer night for the S. S. *Olympic* and a two weeks' holiday abroad.

My goal was Ireland, the "rock whence I was hewn," and a thatched village on the coast of County Down. Mrs. Wharton, I knew, was at her summer home near Paris. By the far-flung wireless that binds mid-ocean to the shores, we consulted, she and I, and it was arranged that I come to tea with her on the day of my arrival in Europe.

And thus I came to be standing outside a Paris railroad station, engaged in my first argument with that most argumentative of breeds—the Paris taxi driver. The boat train had been late and the issue was desperate.

"Take me to St. Brice-sous-Forêt."—"But there is no such place! I have driven this taxi in Paris for twenty years—" it looked it—"and I have never heard of it!"

Fortunately I carried a letter from Edith Wharton in my handbag. I waved the letterhead in his face; I gesticulated; yes, I shouted. (So quickly does one acquire the Continental manner.)



Mrs. Wharton's home, the Pavillon Colombe

"Ah, but of course—why did you not say St. Brice-sous-Forêt," cried my ponderous friend, in utter scorn of all American efforts to pronounce *la langue française*. An instant later and we were catapulting over the ten miles that lie between Paris and Mrs. Wharton.

The city of light—city of beauty and enchantment: so it is called by all who love it. But no one ever tells us of its dreary approaches, its billboards, its corrugated iron shanties, its playgrounds for poor children—bare and gray and mirthless. "This might be the outskirts of London—or New York," I thought as we plunged by.

Suddenly green fields unfolded us, and a green hill beckoned with waving trees. Another minute and we were in the picturesque village of St. Brice (literally "under the forest"); narrow streets with low little houses pressing close, crooked lanes lined by high mysterious walls.

Pavillon Colombe, where Mrs. Wharton lives, presents a blank, sunlit wall to the outside world. In that wall, a high green gate (more like a door than a gate), and beside it a gleaming pull-bell. But pull it I could not. The weight and strength of my taxi driver had to be drafted.

I was bidden to enter what seemed another world—a place of stately harmonies and deep secluded peace. Edith Wharton, our foremost American novelist, has chosen to live in France, and indeed she has found there the perfect background to reflect the clarity, the richness, the balance of her novels that have won her the highest honor of our time.

Pavillon Colombe stands low and long and quietly welcoming, at one side of the gardens. Before it stretch

told me. "I bought it in 1918, when the big German push frightened its owner into selling. The gardens were gone but I have tried to copy them—from an old painting I found of them. The statue of a woman and child is a replica of one of Marie Catherine Colombe which used to stand in this very place in the garden."

Meanwhile her Pekinese dogs, another joy of Mrs. Wharton's, ran about the grass—legs, ears, tails, silky red-brown coats flung gaily up in all directions in that enchanting way of Pekingese that seems part dancing, part flying. It was a memorable welcome to the pleasant hour that followed.

We entered the house through the vestibule near the gate and walked through one exquisite old French room after another—there is no hall—to the library in the

## EDITH WHARTON

Our most distinguished American novelist begins a new novel in the next month's Delineator. Its title will be "The Gods Arrive"



Mrs. Wharton at her desk overlooking the forest of Montmorency. Her house is a rare example of the eighteenth century "petites maisons" of France

cool lawns, knee deep in dreams. There are old trees so green of trunk and branch and leaf that they cast deep emerald shadows and twinkling emerald light. Urns and statues gleam whitely here and there.

Mrs. Wharton stood on the terrace to greet me. She took me straightway to meet her beloved gardens. And as she talked of them I remembered the days when DELINEATOR was publishing her novel, "Hudson River Bracketed"—how a black frost had ruined her flower gardens in the south of France while she was finishing the serial; her grief and subsequent illness that so delayed her work—and I understood then that it could not have been otherwise.

"The Duc de Richelieu built the house in 1769, for two sisters, opera singers, the demoiselles Colombe," she

opposite wing. There we found a delicious tea awaiting us. Such biscuits and honey—I shall not forget them. Nor shall I forget my hostess of that afternoon.

Edith Wharton is not young; but she creates the illusion of youth—not so much by her erect carriage and the proud lift of her head as by a burning inner interest in all of life's pageant.

"My new novel will be called 'The Gods Arrive,'" she told me. "'When half-gods go,' you know," she quoted, "'the gods arrive.' And it is my ambition to portray the half-gods that are worshipped by all people—but especially by the creative artist—the mistakes, the sufferings, the glimpses of glory, that go into the painful perfecting of a human spirit."

Mrs. Wharton outlined the story as she saw it then—the love of a woman for a man, so great that conventions could not stand against it; and this man's needs, beyond even so great a gift. France, Spain, England—these to form the background. Those who have read Mrs. Wharton's "Hudson River Bracketed" will find in "The Gods Arrive" (which is its sequel) a further and profounder study of the subject she deems most important of all—the never fully answered question: What are the forces that shape an artist?

THEN I asked Mrs. Wharton what I have long wanted to know. "How are you able to write of America and Americans when you are so far away from the turmoil and the give and take of their daily lives?"

She laughed, and her answer was a cloak to cover the real answer which she did not care to give.

"I stay four weeks every year at the Hotel Crillon in Paris," she said. "My apartment is on the top floor. And I always listen to everything my American fellow-passengers say when I go up and down in the lift!"

When at last I rejoined my taxi driver, who drove me with even finer frenzy back to Paris, it was with the feeling that I had met that day a great artist, detached yet teeming with the realities of a great imagination; an author for whom the gods have, in very truth, arrived.

Eleanor Carroll, Associate Editor



The dreaming garden, ivy grown



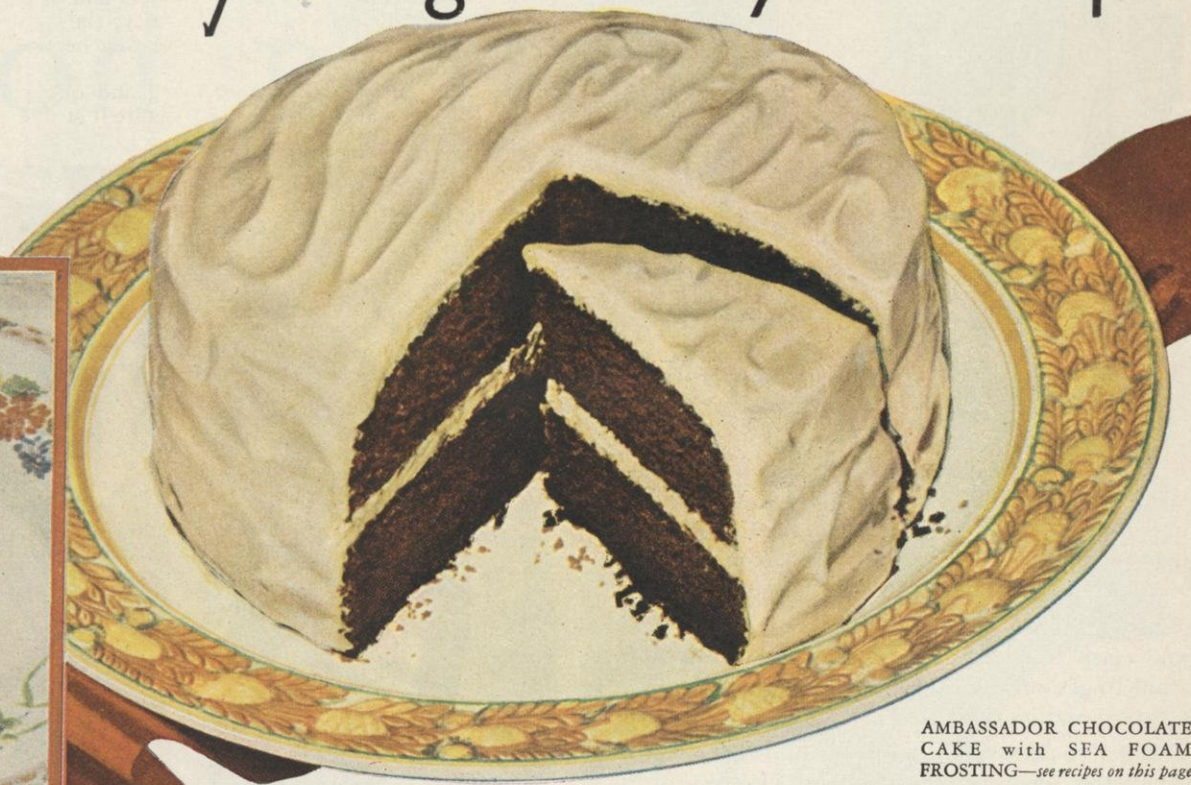
# THREE CHOCOLATE PRAISE-WINNERS

*that make guests say "Do give me your recipe"*

—AND SCORES MORE RECIPES EQUAL  
TO THESE ARE IN THE FAMOUS  
CHOCOLATE COOK-BOOK—  
**FREE!**



BERKSHIRE PUDDING  
—see page 43 in "Baker's Best  
Chocolate and Cocoa Recipes"



AMBASSADOR CHOCOLATE  
CAKE with SEA FOAM  
FROSTING—see recipes on this page

Illustrations reproduced  
from color photographs



How adaptable chocolate is! Whatever you make—whether it is something festive or something wonderfully easy and simple—you are almost certain to hear some very pleasant compliments, if it is made with chocolate—for chocolate is America's favorite flavor.

Look at the delightful trio shown on this page. Even the simplest one is likely to win the most sincere compliment a guest can pay you—a demand for your recipe!

The *Ambassador Chocolate Cake* has rich, chocolaty flavor and a proud and handsome bearing. Its two deep layers are light textured and velvet grained—with the gleaming color that only those affinities, brown sugar and chocolate, can produce together. The Sea Foam Frosting makes a perfect color harmony. It is one of those smart, up-to-date, fluffy-light frostings. This is the very newest in cakes—so here's your chance to make something that is unusual.

The *Chocolate Brownies* are great things to have

handy—ready to turn a sudden emergency into a munificent welcome. You never nibbled at munchier brownies than these.

The surprising thing about the *Berkshire Pudding* is that it is made out of next to nothing—just a few staples that you always have in the house! Yet it is such a dainty *bonne bouche* that it is likely to be thought a special treat.

These three are only part of a long and thrilling story—the rest of it, consisting of over 130 chocolate wonders, is in the famous cook-book—"Baker's Best Chocolate and Cocoa Recipes"—the classic book of chocolate cookery. Get your copy—FREE—by filling out the coupon below!

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#### AMBASSADOR CHOCOLATE CAKE

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour  
1 teaspoon soda  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 cup butter or other shortening  
1½ cups brown sugar, firmly packed  
3 eggs, well beaten  
4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted and cooled  
½ cup cold water

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Add chocolate and beat until smooth. Add flour, alternately with water, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Bake in two deep greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes. Put layers together and cover top and sides of cake with Sea Foam Frosting, piling frosting thickly on top.

#### SEA FOAM FROSTING

2 egg whites, unbeaten  
1½ cups brown sugar, firmly packed  
Dash of salt  
5 tablespoons water  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Put egg whites, sugar, salt, and water in upper part of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire and add vanilla. Beat until thick enough to spread. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers. All measurements are level.



CHOCOLATE  
BROWNIES  
—see page 27 in  
"Baker's Best  
Chocolate and  
Cocoa Recipes"



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# “What’s my Darling eating now...?”



WHEN husbands go away on business trips or “eat out” with other men, what do they order?

Well, if your husband’s like *most* men, he orders a juicy steak and *French Fried Potatoes* in a bright-eyed way. 75% of the restaurant orders for French Fried Potatoes are given by *men*.

Yes, men just love fried foods. And why not? When I think of French Fried Potatoes, brown and crisp from a jolly sizzle in deep Crisco, I want to get out my saucepan and my 3-lb. can of Crisco—and go right to it!

But I’ve discovered that some of us have what I call the “deep-frying bugaboos.” Perhaps if I talk about them frankly, more hungry husbands will be able to enjoy French Fried Potatoes right at home.

Are fried foods digestible? They *are*, if they’re fried in Crisco, because Crisco is a pure sweet vegetable fat. Crisco-fried foods digest easily.

Is deep-frying wasteful? No—not with Crisco! The same Crisco can be used for frying over and over again, because Crisco does not pass on the flavor of any fried foods . . . no, not even the strong taste of onions or fish!

Is deep-frying a smoky, smelly job? It is, if you use a cheap or tallowy fat as a substitute for Crisco. But when you start to deep-fry with Crisco you’ve seen the last of smoke or smells!



And here’s a hint . . . when you see a sale on the 3-lb. Crisco can, do stock up. Crisco keeps so sweet and fresh, *right on the kitchen shelf*, that it’s safe to have plenty on hand!

Have you sent for my booklet called “12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes”? Just write to me: Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XD-12, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio. WINIFRED S. CARTER

## As quick and easy as broiling a steak . . .



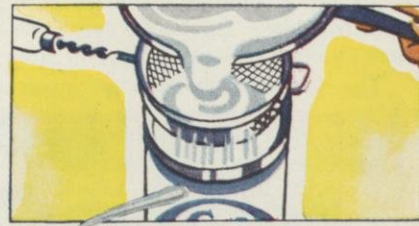
1. Fill ordinary saucepan two-thirds full of snowy, creamy Crisco. Heat Crisco slowly. When inch cube of bread browns in 20 seconds, Crisco is ready to fry with. (Don’t wait for Crisco to smoke . . . this is the old-fashioned test for a heavy tallowy fat.)



2. Cut potatoes in strips  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick. (For best results, soak them half an hour in cold or iced water before frying, then dry them thoroughly with a towel.) Fill frying basket half full of potatoes. Lower into Crisco. Increase heat for one minute.



3. When potatoes are brown, shake basket. Drain on absorbent paper. (Then your potatoes won’t be greasy . . . they’ll be as digestible as Crisco, itself!) Salt potatoes before serving.



4. Strain Crisco into the 3-lb. can you keep for Crisco frying. You can use this Crisco for frying again and again. Crisco does not carry the flavor of one fried food to any other.

**Fried Bananas:** Peel bananas, cut in halves, both lengthwise and crosswise. Sprinkle with salt and lemon juice. Dip in flour, then in slightly diluted beaten egg. Roll in fine crumbs and fry in deep hot Crisco.

**Fried Cauliflower:** Separate boiled cauliflower into flowerets. Season. Dip into beaten egg, then into fine dry bread crumbs. Deep-fry in Crisco that browns inch cube of bread in 60 seconds.

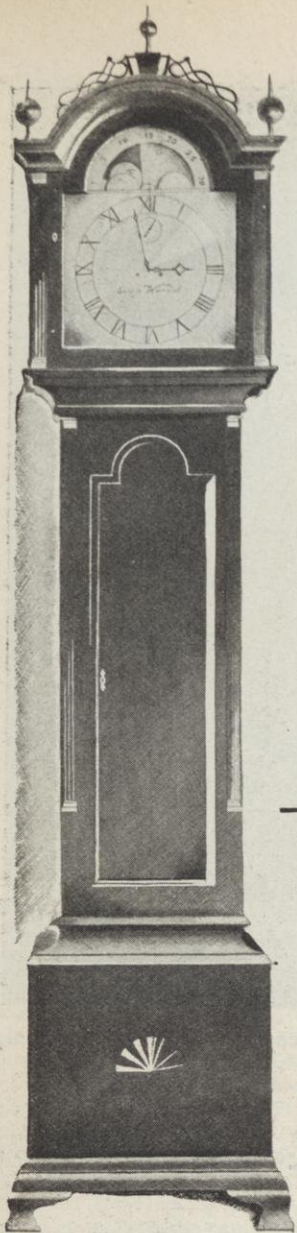
**French Fried Onions:** Slice onions  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch thick. Separate rings. Dip in milk, then in flour. Deep-fry in Crisco, that browns cube of bread in 40 seconds.



**Fried Sweet Potatoes:** Parboil large potatoes 10 minutes. Peel and cut into strips. Fry in deep hot Crisco to a delicate brown. Drain. Salt just before serving.

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





# A NEW YEAR FANTASY



Impatient childhood—but morning comes at last



Ambitious youth—when time is all too short

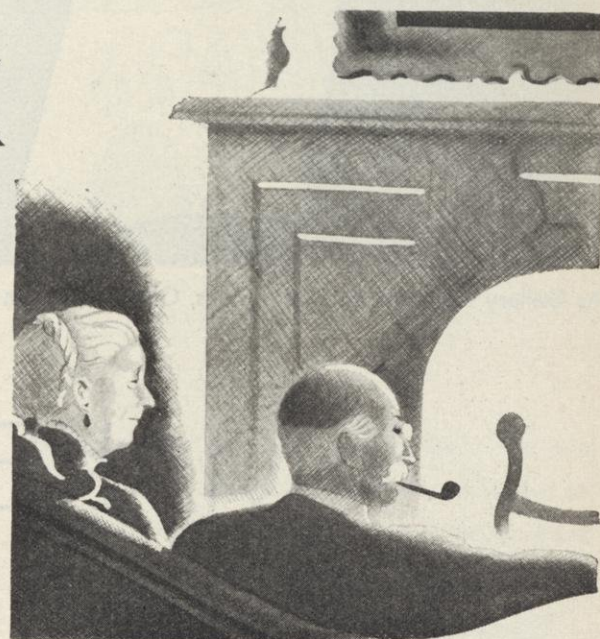
## TICK, TACK, TOCK

*"Time is  
Too slow for those who wait,  
Too quick for those who fear,  
But for those who love,  
Time is Not"*

by

HENRY VAN DYKE

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE HUGHES



And then old age, with each moment golden

THE OLD CLOCK in the court-room was tall and very beautiful, a masterpiece of Simon Willard of Roxbury, great-grandfather of American grandfather clocks.

The case was made of mahogany: ruddy brown with a sheen on it deeper than varnish. It seemed to come from within, as if it glowed from the heart of the wood. The clock's face was of brass, I suppose, but it looked like old gold; not tarnished, or glittering, but quiet and rich, like the color of an orange tulip. The hours were marked with Roman numbers. XII stood at the top of the circle, VI at the bottom, and in between came the others: I and IIII and V and the rest on the left side, VII and IX and XI and the rest on the right side; until you came around to XII again. Just below that number, like the one eye of old Cyclops, there was a round dial marked with Arabic numbers, 10, 20, and so on around to 60.

Across the forehead of the clock was a curved opening like a single eyebrow. Through this a bright moon used to rise and pass slowly every month. But now the moon stood still at one end of the curve, as if it were trying to hide there. Some part of the machinery that moved the moon had worn out. But that made no great difference. There is little use for moonlight in a court-room.

The other parts of the clock were all right; the wheels, and the pulleys, and the weights that had to be wound up every week, and the silvery bell that struck every hour so clearly that you could hear it even when the lawyers were arguing loudly, or the Judge was solemnly giving his charge to the jury. The clock was calm and correct, a very good and busy creature. It kept on measuring time in the court-room just as it had done for more than a hundred years.

But now that jolly portion of time called vacation had arrived in the court-room. The old Judge was not coming to sit in his high armchair; the jury was not to be shut in its square box; the court was to "take a recess" from Christmas Eve to the day after New Year. So, you see, for eight days the clock would be out of its job of measuring time.

The fat janitor thought this over carefully. "No use winding that clock now," he said to himself. "Let her

have a vacation, same as me and the Judge. When there's nothing doing, time is no account."

So he shut the case again, and let the weights run down to the end of their chains. When they reached the bottom the pendulum swung slower and shorter till it came to rest right in the middle of its swing; the hands ceased to move; and the grandfather clock stopped short, at two minutes before three o'clock in the afternoon of the day before Christmas.

SO, YOU see, the three hands were quite close together and well placed for a talk. Tick, the little second hand, stopped ticking; Tack, the long minute hand, stopped tacking; Tock, the stout hour hand (who always gave a little grunt just before the bell struck) stopped tocking; and they began to chat together.

"I'm awf'ly t-t-tired," stuttered tiny Tick, "j-j-just racing round and round my little ring as fast as I can go, s-s-same ring, s-s-same round, eighty-six thousand and four hundred ticks every day."

"Humph," said Tock slowly, "if you had my job, little chap, you'd be so tired that you'd melt. You scutter; but I have to crawl. Can't get to a new number till long-legged Tack there has sauntered clear round the clock. Can't run, can't even hop, just creep. The slower you move, the more tired it makes you."

"Well," said Tack in a peevish voice, "you fellows are both silly—you grouch about nothing. Suppose you had my job. I can't race like Tick, or be dignified like Tock. I just have to be neither fast, nor slow, but just in between. I tell you it's frightfully tiresome—enough to make a fellow want to be irregular."

At this word silence fell like a thick cotton discomfoter on a bed. All three of the hands, including Tack

himself, were shocked. To the clockish mind, "irregular" is the very worst of all bad words—a word that a well-bred clock hand never uses. It is swearing.

"Excuse me, friends," said Tack, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to use that bad word. It just slipped out by accident."

"All right," said old Tock, who was kind as well as fat, "accidents will happen in even the best regulated families."

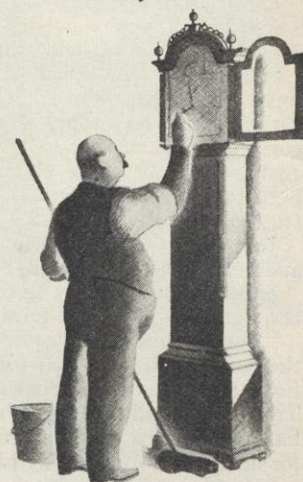
"Quite all right," chirruped Tick, cheerfully, "but remember this. If you never think a bad word, you'll never say a bad word. That's my recipe to cure swearing."

"Very good," said Tock in the heavy tone which he copied from Judge Slowbody, "a very good cure indeed. Now let us talk about something impersonal, some abstract subject."

"What is that?" asked little Tick, "What is an abstract subject?"

"An abstract subject," said Tock, "is one that nobody understands, and so nobody can get excited about it."

"On the contrary," said Tack, "the less you know about a thing the more excited you can get. (Turn to page 30)







As Gallery talked of his explorations, Cherry saw him flashing through jungle paths with something tense and young in his face. She caught her breath suddenly

# MAKE A NOTE OF IT

**A story showing in its own witty way  
that love can live even in a museum**

**by OLGA MOORE**

**W**ITH an expression of intense thoughtfulness Gallery lit his pipe and put the burning match in his pocket.

"Please!" cried Cherry. "You've just burst into flame!"

"Blazing again?" He slapped cheerfully at his coat. "Never mind, my girly, this is great training for you. Some day, if you're good, you'll get a job in the fire department." And went tranquilly back to work.

"I'm crazy!" mourned Cherry to herself, cupping a small chin in her palm. "Stark, staring crazy. In love with a man who's soppy about another girl and who's going away in two weeks and who'll never think of me again. I'm *not* going to think about him any more! Let him have his Alice and his expedition and his glue trust people! Who cares?"

Just then Gallery turned his lean profile toward her and her heart gave a small, ecstatic thump.

It had been that way since the very first morning she had danced into the old museum, looking for work.

"You'll find two professors at the head of the stairs," the boyish librarian had told her. "One is small and fusty and his nose twitches like a rabbit's. Ignore him. The other is tall and shock-headed and looks like a football player. He's your man. You can't mistake him, for he'll probably be firing his stenographer."

"Can I depend on that?" she had sparkled. "At this particular moment I could use the job."

"Sure," he had said, "but you'd better give me your 'phone number now. The others left before I made any headway."

The deep, cool gloom of the great museum had closed about her as she climbed the stairs. Ageless, awful things had peered at her from shadows; the dozen painted faces of a totem pole, the ribald features of a god, a mummy's ancient mirth.

"You should be ashamed!" she told an idol severely. "Look at your face! But I suppose, at that, in the jungle you were rather sweet. And—my gosh!"

She had stopped appalled before a cabinet. From the dark glass doors her reflection looked at her, gay and impudent and slim, a charming person, piquant and a bit untidy.

"Why," she had mourned passionately, "did the hem of my skirt have to come out just *now*? And why did I bite that hole in my glove? Thank heaven, that woman from the agency isn't here! Wonder if he'll look in my mouth like a horsetrader does?"

**A**N office door had crashed open suddenly and a girl had come out with her hat and coat on, her chin in the air. Behind her, the disheveled figure of a tall young man had loomed, a fierce young man with wild hair and a lean, dark face. Cherry's heart had plunged toward her toes, but she had accosted him gamely.

"I'll be very glad, sir," she had said, "to take the job!"

His eyes had swept her briefly—clear, cool eyes, she had noticed, bold eyes used to far horizons.

"Any experience?" he had asked.

"Just in the lumber business," she had said modestly. "I was secretary to a lumber man once."

"Are you neat?" he had snapped.

Guiltily she had thrust her shredded glove behind her. "Not exactly, sir," she had said and smiled engagingly. "Sometimes I seem a little sloppy."

The cold gray eyes had flashed sudden warmth.

"Great!" He had seized her arm and dragged her inside. "I've had to fire ten stenographers for cleaning out my desk. I like to have things spread out in front of me so I can see them all at once. Hang your coat on that hook. I guess you'll have to keep your hat on a while—there doesn't seem any place to put it. We'll start with letters first. Just answer this pile here."

"What'll I say?" she had asked.

"Oh, anything appropriate. Tell the people wanting me to make speeches that I won't. Tell the tailor that I can't. Tell the people who knew me when that I never was."

"But this one," she had protested, "seems to be a love letter."

"What?" He had peered over her shoulder interestedly. "Oh, Jane. Tell her to jump in the ocean."

"But here's another—Alice. Do you want her to jump, too?"

"Oh, Alice!" he had said in a softer tone, and had acted suddenly, incongruously shy. "Uh—no. Just give it to me, will you, and I'll write her a note some time. Finish up the rest of the mail any way you see fit, but for heaven's sake, be discreet! Don't let me accept a job at some college and don't let me marry anybody!"

"I won't!" she had promised ardently, and even then had known a sick pang at the thought.

"Good!" He had looked at her with a sudden interest. "You know, I like your face! The trouble with most stenographers is, they *look* like stenographers. You don't. I must read you a poem tomorrow—make a note of it, will you? I have to get a hair-cut now—the president says so. When I come back I'll dictate some special



letters to you, letters to the backers of my next expedition, the Globe Glue Company. Terribly important project I'm trying to put over. And Sunday I have to go to New Bedford to look over a boat—make a note of it, will you?"

He had flung out of the office and echoes woke rustily in the old museum as his feet clattered down the long stairs.

This office was a mad place to work; mad and enchanting and somehow comforting; a huge desk, bursting with papers, three bookcases frowsy with dog-eared books and crumpled maps and strange, fantastic sketches. There was a chummy sort of picture of a striking blond girl in white, with the message, "Yours in a panic, Alice," dashed across one corner of it. There was an ash-tray carved in stone with squat, short legs and the head of a jaguar; there were blankets on the walls and Indian pottery on shelves and great, shallow, cup-like Indian baskets full of waste paper. There was confusion everywhere.

"Cozy, I call it," Cherry had sighed and started on the mail.

Half an hour Gallery was back, freshly clipped and shaved, bringing sudden brilliant life into the crowded little room. Cherry wondered if he smiled that way at the blond girl, Alice. For he smiled enchantingly.

"Well," he had asked briskly, "how did it go?"

"There were a few difficult ones," she had confessed. "A cigaret company offers you five hundred dollars for saying you use only their cigarets on your expeditions. You don't want to lose all that money, do you?"

"Practical!" he had marveled. "Practical and pretty and sloppy! There never was such a secretary! Don't tell me there was!"

"There wasn't," she had agreed, tingling under his praise. "Do you want to accept this offer?"

"Sure!" he had said. "Wire 'em. By the way, what's your name? I always like to know my secretaries' names. I hope it's not Johnson. Don't tell me it's Johnson! I've had three named that, and even such a lovely name as Johnson palls after a time."

Cherry had blushed. "You'll probably be infuriated," she had apologized, "but my name's Orchard. And to make matters worse, my first name's Cherry. My mother had just gone Russian at the time—felt life was awfully soggy like Chekov and Gorki were doing it. You see, I was the sixth child and she lived on a homestead, so maybe she can't be blamed."

He had shaken his head. "Foolish of her," he had deplored, "naming a child that. I'll have to write her a stern letter. Make a note of it, will you?"

"Well, anyway," she had grinned, "it's a change from Johnson."

So gaily and impudently had this job started, and now she sat huddled above her typewriter, watching the dark, bold head of her employer, knowing she was in love with him and miserable because of it.

He swung toward her now with some notes in his hand. "Take this letter, will you?" he asked.

"Gentlemen: In checking over the list Mr. Mason has so kindly drawn up of the supplies and equipment needed on our Yucatan expedition (It goes in just two weeks! thought Cherry, and I'll never see him again. I wish something would happen to the old expedition—no, I don't either! That's rotten!) I note a great amount of tennis-court, squash-court, billiard-table and swimming-pool fixtures, together with immense amounts of table linen, cutlery, card tables—

"Awful rot, you know, Miss Orchard," he interrupted himself suddenly. "These glue people who are financing the expedition—and don't think I'm not darned grateful to them—can't help looking on the whole thing as a sort of super-picnic. Ellwood, the president of the company, is taking his daughter Alice, his son John and a bunch of their friends for a treat. And I thought it was to be a good, old-fashioned expedition, scientific and grim and maybe a little gory."

"You see, it happens to mean an awful lot to me just now. I'm being considered for the new chair of Mayan archeology to be installed here next year. The president of the board, old Sylvanus B. Thompson, who has most of the say of it, doesn't like me particularly. He's an expert on Mayan archeology himself—undoubtedly one of the greatest archeologists living today. He and I have come to blows on several of our pet theories, and have drubbed each other unmercifully in the press and at banquets and scientific congresses. We've done everything but call names. Of course, it's been a lot of fun, but it's devilish awkward just now. I've got to go to Yucatan and bring back some dope that will knock him and the rest of the board dead."

"Of course, I don't have much money, only my salary here, and these glue folks happened along just in time."

"You'll get the dope," Cherry assured him. "Glue or no glue."

"Good kid!" he grinned. "But I'm a little worried. Of course I knew that every time we discovered a new temple or killed a jaguar or found a Mayan frying-pan we'd have to be photographed with a bottle of Globe Glue for publicity. But that's all right. I don't mind glorifying glue for the good of science—it's this going social register that gripes me. Napkins and cocktail shakers! Discovering a buried column with centuries of secrets carved on it, and then dropping everything to rescue some fragile fairy from a lizard! Quitting a swell piece of work to make an extra hand at tennis or a fourth at bridge! Hell's bells—where was I?"

"Card tables," she prompted demurely.

"Oh, yes—card tables and other luxuries. Might I have the temerity to point out that we shall also need several water-tight tents, about two dozen water-tight and air-tight tin trunks for the storing of camera films, records, chemicals and other scientific paraphernalia, great quantities of mosquito netting for protection against insects, water-proof maps, charts and blue-prints, a complete set of surveyor's instruments, radio, an assortment of medical supplies, guns and ammunition, salt, coffee and tobacco. Will you please instruct Mr. Mason to reserve space for these items, as the expedition is, after all, for the purpose of furthering scientific exploration? I will send him later a detailed list with exact quantities of each item needed. Very sincerely, James Gallery."

"There, Miss Orchard, I hope that will convince them this isn't a tea-swiggers' convention. Where's my pipe? I had it some place this afternoon. I know I did!"

"Maybe you filed it," she suggested, and plunged into a pile of papers.

"Try the bookcase next," he suggested.

They searched breathlessly until Cherry finally produced it from a Toltec water jug.

"Black magic!" he declared. "After I go to Yucatan, you can get a job on the stage fishing rabbits from hats. Makes it fun, don't you think, to dig around for something? Breaks the monotony of the day. My Lord, these glue-worshippers don't even know the meaning of science! Don't have any curiosity. That's all there is to any of us—curiosity. It's all that's ever taken me to Yucatan. There's a mighty gripping story told in the carvings on those old temple walls, astronomers watching the stars, priests praying at their altars, women in the pangs of birth—come on, I'll show you what we got on our last expedition to Chichen Itza!"

He dragged her out into the main museum and for an hour she crept along reeking jungle paths. She saw great green mounds rising above the matted tree tops, mounds of tangled vines and fronds; she dug into these fronds, and massive cities appeared, their colored cornices brushing aside the greenery, their temples standing forth on chiseled pyramids of steps; she saw tropical butterflies dancing above the fallen gods.

She saw Gallery, quick and thin and hard, flashing through it all, something tense and awfully young in his face. She felt her breath catch suddenly.

He turned and looked at her. "Say!" he demanded, "are you as interested as you seem?"

"Palpitating," she said.

"Good!" he grinned. "You are an interesting little piece—something debonair about you! Must be your cheekbones. Damn, there goes a button! And I have to speak tonight at the Poetry Club. I say, Miss Orchard, can you sew? Simple things, you know, like buttons? There are needles and thread kicking about in the office."

She found the thread in a waste-basket and the needles in an ash-tray and earnestly sewed him up. He smoked his pipe and watched her bent, curly head as she worked.

"At that," he said suddenly, "your mother must have been a good sort—taking time off from six children to read the Russians. Showed courage. Energy."

So he had remembered! Had stored up, apparently, her little inconsequential conversations! But then, she reflected gloomily, he was famous for his memory. It didn't necessarily mean anything at all.

"Lots of energy," she agreed aloud. (Turn to page 36)



Gay, impudent, and a bit untidy, that was Cherry

Illustrations by  
Norman Kenyon

"You're a quaint piece," he said to her. "But now you're going to say you've read somewhere that an employer should never dream about his secretary"





# AND OTHER

Here's a story to read the night before Christmas, though you will remember its charm and sympathy long, long after

**E**VIE was trimming the Christmas tree. She was trimming it with tinsel and glass balls and imitation icicles. She was fastening a chubby small angel on the topmost branch when the doctor came in.

No, Evie wasn't ill! She was engaged to the doctor. "Hello, darling," she called, peering down at him through a green barricade of branches (for the tree was tall and Evie was standing on a little red ladder). "Isn't this a swell angel!"

The doctor took off his fur-lined gloves and rubbed his hands together. He had been driving, and it was very cold—considerably colder than the usual December.

"No," he said, and his voice was as chill as the weather outside, "no, I don't like the angel. It's—it's too fat. It's obese. It looks like a kewpie."

Evie pouted.

"I'm too fat myself," she said. "Christmas—and Christmas candy—has wrecked me, already. Maybe I look like a kewpie, a trifle, myself! And yet, you like me."

"I'm engaged to you," said the doctor, "so it goes without saying that I like you—"

"Usually it does!" murmured Evie.

"And," the doctor continued, ignoring the interruption, "and you're grown up. You're not little. I hate little things."

"I'm not very tall," said Evie. Morosely, she began to clamber down the steps of the red ladder.

"That wasn't what I meant," said the doctor. "You're not tall—no. But you're an adult. That fool angel isn't. It looks like a baby I brought into the world this afternoon. An emergency Cæsarean, it was. The mother was an Italian; it was her fifth child in five years. A nasty, fat little baby."

Evie was all at once crouched down in front of the doctor.

"Tell me about it," she begged, "darling, tell me all about it! Just think, born on the afternoon before Christmas. What a break for a baby."

The doctor snorted.

"I'm not an obstetrician," he said. "It isn't my

business—seeing that babies are born. On the afternoon before Christmas, or any afternoon. If all the other doctors in the world weren't off at strange places for the holidays, I'd have told them to go to grass, to go somewhere else for their Cæsarean. But there wasn't any alternative!"

"Don't you—" Evie's eyes were suddenly round in her round little face—"don't you like babies, Ned? Or are you only having fun with me? Say you're only having fun! Because it—it isn't nice, this sort of pretend!"

"Nice, my hat," said the doctor. "I was the oldest of nine children. We were poor as mud. I saw my mother falter, and fade, and *die*, under the burden of nine mouths to feed! Baby mouths, always open, always squalling! I worked for them, to keep them full, when I was only a kid myself. Selling papers, printer's devil, running errands, everything. Snatching an education catch as catch can. I'd be a really great surgeon, today, Evie, instead of a middling one, if I hadn't wasted so much time on the flock of them."

"Wasted?" queried Evie, very softly.

"Wasted!" said the doctor, savagely.

There was silence for a moment. While snow beat with insistent fingers against the window-pane. While a fire danced on the hearth. While Evie tried, rather unsuccessfully, to braid her plump, small fingers. Then:

"If we had babies, Ned," she asked, softly, "you wouldn't mind it, would you? Keeping their little mouths full, I mean? You wouldn't even mind, would you, if there were nine of them? They couldn't all be babies at the same time!"

"There won't be nine of them," said the doctor. Curiously, his eyes watched Evie's fingers, lacing and unlacing. "There won't be any babies, Evie, if I can help it! I've had babies enough, in my life. I'm cured . . . I wish—" his tone was petulant, the emergency operation had been a difficult one—"I wish that you'd keep your hands still. I've a headache, and it makes me nervous."

Evie's fingers were strangely quiet, for a moment. So, for that matter, was Evie. And then, with a sudden swift movement, the fingers were no longer quiet. The fingers of the right hand were very busy removing a ring—a ring that sparkled in the firelight—from one of the fingers of the left hand.

"I'm afraid," said Evie, and it didn't sound like her voice at all, even to herself, "I'm afraid that I'll make you nervous, Ned, always and always. I'm—" she was dropping the ring into one of the doctor's hands—"I'm sorry."

The doctor hadn't been expecting the ring. It slipped between his fingers and lay on the rug. It was as bright, lying there, as a tear.

"For crying out loud," said the doctor, "what are you getting at, Evie? Do you mean that you are—"

"I'm breaking our engagement!" answered Evie.

The doctor should have taken her into his arms and kissed her, just then. He should have picked up the ring and forced it back upon the proper one of Evie's fingers. But he wasn't that sort.

"I thought you loved me!" he said stiffly, instead.

"I thought I did," answered Evie. She was looking past him. "But I guess I don't. Not as much as I love babies . . . and fat little angels . . . and other small things . . ."

The doctor was rising, swiftly. How was Evie to know that his head was all one throb, that his nerves were exhausted, and that the tears were very close to his eyes?



"I'm—I'm sorry," she said. The ring slipped to the rug and, lying there, was as bright as a tear

Illustrations by



# SMALL THINGS

by MARGARET SANGSTER

"Then it's goodbye?" he asked, dully.

"It's goodbye," agreed Evie. She turned back to the tree; she started unsteadily to mount the little red ladder.

The doctor drew on his fur-lined gloves, and put on his great coat, and reached for his hat. He didn't speak again, neither did he stoop to retrieve the glimmering ring. He only walked out of Evie's living-room, and out of Evie's apartment, and out of Evie's life. He only climbed into his waiting car and started, mechanically, to drive downtown, through the blurring, blinding snow-storm, toward his own apartment. As he went along the great avenue he passed parks, each with its Christmas tree—they were like Evie's tree, magnified—and churchyards, each with its tree, too. Over the door of one church hung a huge electric sign. It said, "Good will toward men," in green and red lights.

Seeing it, the doctor muttered something profane beneath his breath.

It was grim to be the afternoon before Christmas. As the doctor drove along the avenue, he told himself that it was just the sort of day on which to get unengaged! The snow looked gray instead of white, for it was very close to evening. The arc lights, already blazing, made shallow paths across its grayness. People, hurrying to and fro, were black, distorted shapes in the general gloom, like gnomes. There wasn't any shine in the eastern sky. There wasn't even the faintest hint of a star.

"I'm dog tired," the doctor told himself, as he drove. "Maybe I'm asleep already, and having a nightmare. This isn't happening to me!" (He loved Evie, you see—pretty, plump Evie—very much indeed) "It's happening," he laughed painfully, "to a couple of other fellows . . ."

There wasn't any shine in the eastern sky. Even the light from the street lamps looked dirty. The doctor swung off the avenue and drove through the sedate brownstone-housed street on which he lived. He drew up in front of the old-fashioned, high-stooped place that was his home. It had been converted into apartments, that home. His apartment was on the first floor.

"Thank God," he said, wearily, "that I've no long flights of stairs to climb, this night." And then, "I won't even take my car to the garage. It can stand in front until morning, and freeze . . ."

Stiffly he climbed out of the car; aching he closed the car's door, and locked it. And then, fumbling in his pocket for his keys, he mounted the steps of the high stoop. Perhaps it was the snow, beating into his face, that made him feel so suddenly blind. Perhaps it was something else. Perhaps—

The doctor uttered a sharp exclamation and paused, as sharply, in his upward climb. That dark blob on his door-mat—he'd thought it was only a shadow, at first. He hadn't known, until it cried, that it was alive. He'd almost stepped on it!

"For the love—" he began.

The blob upon the door-mat lifted a furry black blot of a face and uttered a feeble complaint. It did more than lift its face, it lifted an infinitesimal black paw. The doctor saw that the paw was twisted oddly.

"A compound fracture, at least," he heard himself saying, foolishly. Before he realized that the black blob, after all, was only a kitten.

A stray kitten, come to his door-step from some grim never-never-land. A kitten that lifted its tiny, snow-drenched head, and sobbed out its babyish woe. A kitten that sobbed out the agony and fear and lack of understanding that touch the soul of every homeless animal.

The doctor, his arms hanging limply at his sides, looked down at the forlorn little creature.

"I should kick it off the porch," he said savagely and aloud, "hateful, whining little beast." Suddenly all of his own agony and fear and lack of understanding were crystallized in the miserable bit of black fur. "You're the reason," he shouted down at the kitten, "for it all. You and—and things like you! If it weren't for you I'd still be engaged. I'd—"

The kitten, gathering together all of its forces, struggled to three small feet. It limped, piteously, across the door-mat. It crept, agonizingly, toward the doctor. It rubbed, feebly, against his trouser leg.

"Oh, my God!" said the doctor. Stooping, he lifted the kitten into the curve of his arm. He held it gingerly but, even so, he could tell that it was the thinnest kitten in the whole world! "Oh, my God," said the doctor, "even a kitten's got a right to die indoors on the night before Christmas!"

After all, it *was* nearly dead! And it wasn't a human being, either, it was only an animal. The doctor didn't know much about pets; he'd never had a pet, even when he was a boy. You see, he'd never, really, been a boy. But there was one thing that he did know, even when he was utterly spent, both in body and in soul. He knew surgery. He knew when a leg, even the leg of a worthless kitten, was all out of drawing. And he knew what should probably be done to make it assume proper proportions.

"If it were a horse," he said, as he unlocked the front door, crossed the general hall and unlocked his apartment door, "if it were a horse I'd found on my door-step" (the idea of a horse on his door-step didn't seem even remotely funny, then, to the doctor) "a horse with a broken leg, I'd call a policeman. And the policeman would come and shoot it, and put it out of its misery! But—" the doctor switched on the lights in his living-room—"but one can't call a policeman to shoot a kitten!"

It was as if the kitten understood. For, blinking against the sudden flare of light, the kitten tucked his head into the hollow of the doctor's elbow and tried, very feebly indeed, to purr.

(Turn to page 46)



CAROLYN EDMUNDSON

The man didn't waken as Evie crossed the room on light, incredulous feet. But the kitten stirred





No freedom for the parson's daughters. But cooped in the cold Yorkshire dining-room, the Brontës wrote immortal prose

# A LITERARY MYSTERY by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

**Why has the genius of Victorian women writers passed to American women novelists of today? asks Yale's famous professor of English**

IN Sir Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's admirable book, "Those Earnest Victorians," the author draws a sharp contrast between the timid, modest, retiring, reticent Victorian Englishwoman, and the outspoken, athletic, downright, "emancipated" woman of the post-war period. The girl of today rejoices in her freedom from subjugation, and looks back on the squeamish Victorian female, her body imprisoned in multitudinous clothes and her mind enslaved in conventions, with pity and contempt. Although there certainly has been this change from shackles to liberty, why has this removal of fetters not been accompanied with an increase of creative energy? If the only result has been a lessening of clothes and an increase of paint, a removal of inhibitions and an increase in free-and-easy ways, an absence of "nice" language, and an increase in profanity, we cannot all be certain that our age, as compared with the Victorian, has in every respect added to the happiness or the charm of women.

Granting that the Victorian women were forced to submit to decorum, one might naturally suppose that the women of today who are without restraint of any kind, would find their genius as free in expression as their manners; but in Great Britain, the contrary is the case. Sir Esmé says it would be cruel to the British women writers of today to compare them with their predecessors in the Victorian age of subjection and restraint.

In Great Britain today there is no woman poet of outstanding merit; not one whose poetry seems to have a

chance of survival. The mid-Victorian period produced not only three women poets of permanent fame, but with the exception of Sappho, the three leading women poets of all nations and of all times—Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Christina Rossetti, and Emily Brontë. It is the fashion now to depreciate the poetry of Mrs. Browning; but even granting the worst that adverse criticism can accomplish, it is inconceivable that the world will forget "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and such poems as "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep." The work of Christina Rossetti, an orthodox Christian, stands far higher in this supposedly irreligious age than it ever stood during her long life. The poetry of Emily Brontë has so recently come into its own that most anthologies of British poetry—even those made between the years 1900 and 1920 by professional critics and professors of English—make no mention of her name. Yet we know now that she was a great poet; two or three of her poems are masterpieces.

The foremost woman novelist in Great Britain today is Sheila Kaye-Smith. She has written excellent novels; so has May Sinclair; while clever novels have been produced

by Rose Macaulay, Virginia Woolf, Mary P. Willcocks, V. Sackville-West, G. B. Stern, Rebecca West, and others. Giving these the most favorable appraisal, it would be extravagant to compare them with George Eliot, Emily Brontë, Charlotte Brontë; and it is by no means certain that any of their works will live as long as "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell, a typical Victorian.

THUS, so far as Great Britain is concerned, the women writers of the age of freedom have done nothing comparable to the work produced by Victorian females in the age of repression. But as we turn attention to our own country, we find the situation reversed. I do not mean that we have living American women who can write better poetry than that of Christina Rossetti, or better novels than those by George Eliot. I mean that comparing them with American women writers of the mid-nineteenth century, our contemporaries show an advance.

What inference then shall we draw? No inference. As the great nerve specialist, Charcot, used to say: "The fact remains; there is no explanation." (Turn to page 59)



Whereas Dorothy Canfield, on the lecture platform today, typifies the novelist's new freedom and range

Drawings by George Van Werveke



# THE MR. FORTUNE MYSTERIES

by

H. C. BAILEY



The sinister Mr. Fry



Mr. Reginald Fortune



The missing financier



A great lady and—



Her comely grandchild

Our favorite detective goes away  
on vacation, but is dragged into  
a strange and obscure murder in

## THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW

IT WAS once the opinion of Mr. Fortune that no place is more gratifying than the terrace of the Hotel Margot at Praz.

What you eat there is inspired by the genius of Folliquet. What you see is, beyond flowering meadows, a gaunt, gray cliff from the midst of which breaks an arch of black water, falling beneath a veil of spray into the abyss of a gorge; beyond that again, shoulders and hollows of orchard land lead to a lake, guarded far off by the great mountains rising at last white to the sky. Of the crowd of the rich and their imitators who take the cure down by the lake, at Montrond-les-Bains, only a few venture the climb of a thousand feet to Folliquet's hotel.

But Mr. Fortune goes no more to the Hotel Margot.

To recover from an exhausting winter as scientific adviser of Scotland Yard, Mr. Fortune was taken abroad by his wife. The summer came early in that year.

You behold them, in the bloom given to the wise who abide with Folliquet, eating their sixth lunch on the terrace of the Hotel Margot.

The other dozen people in the row of little tables are older, sedate, French. Restful company.

A one-horse carriage crawled down the hill and, creaking, stopped. The aged man who drove it wore a coachman's coat and a straw hat. He came stiffly from the box and made a great show of helping out two ladies.

The young and, in a grave way, comely, waited upon her slow gait with gentle care. Some of the people at lunch were given bows and smiles and made a fuss of answering. Folliquet himself came out; led them to the best table.

Mrs. Fortune smiled. "They must be rather nice."

"Yes. Folliquet's quite a good judge. That's how he behaves with you."

"My dear child! I should look like nobody beside her."

Reggie contemplated his wife with happy amusement.

"People look at you first beside anyone, Joan. Still, she is impressive."

Mrs. Fortune wrinkled her admirable nose. "Don't you see. It's her manner. Beautifully sure and calm. And the girl goes with her so finely. She'll be like that, too, some day."

Reggie considered the two with grave approval. "They do go together," he agreed.

"There's some verse about careless angels," Mrs. Fortune said slowly. "That would do. Two careless angels."

Folliquet arrived on his ritual round of receiving compliments from his guests, a round man with a jovial face behind vast moustaches. He bowed, he grinned. "Your lunch, he is all right, yes, mister, madam?" he asked, for he loves to believe that he speaks English.

"Who are your guests of honor, Mr. Folliquet?" said Mrs. Fortune.

Folliquet rolled his eyes. "Ah, madam, you're not to ask zat, you." He bowed, he chuckled. "Ze uzzer ladies—you do not know? It is a pity. You would be sympathetic. And zen, zey are English. It is Madame Rothay who has the château, the old Château Laroche, since a long time, and meess, her grandchild, Meess Leigh. Zey come all ze summers. Zey like often to lunch at Folliquet."

"They have good taste," said Mrs. Fortune, and Reggie and she went down to the garden where under the orange umbrella their coffee would arrive. "Mrs. Rothay," she repeated, "and Miss Leigh. Mrs. Rothay, Reggie."

"No, dear. Means nothing in my young life," Reggie mumbled over his cigar; and fell back on his long chair, gazing with round eyes of horror at the road.

A car had come, a large car of a violent yellow and much bright metal. It disgorged two men worthy of it; a large man who had a flat, shiny, sallow face and an eyeglass in it; whose tailor had tried to give him a figure of

curves: a smaller man made like a barrel with little legs. The back of his neck showed rolls of fat, and when he turned, it was seen that the other side of him was worse, a fat face, red and arrogant, with a moustache bristling above full lips which turned over like a Negro's. They talked loud and loudly laughed, in contempt of the small simplicity of the Hotel Margot, and their language was English.

They made their way to the terrace, looked the guests over insolently and chose a table. No one attended to them.

When Folliquet chose at last to present himself, he scowled, he grunted an inarticulate question.

A scolding in bad fluent French began. "Ah, spik English," Folliquet cried. "Zen I can understand."

"One for you, Sam," the smaller man laughed. "Here, get this into your head. They told me at the Magnifique at Montrond that your little place can turn out a good lunch. I want the best you can do. Let's have it now. I'm Lord Oakhurst—Lord Oakhurst. Understand?"

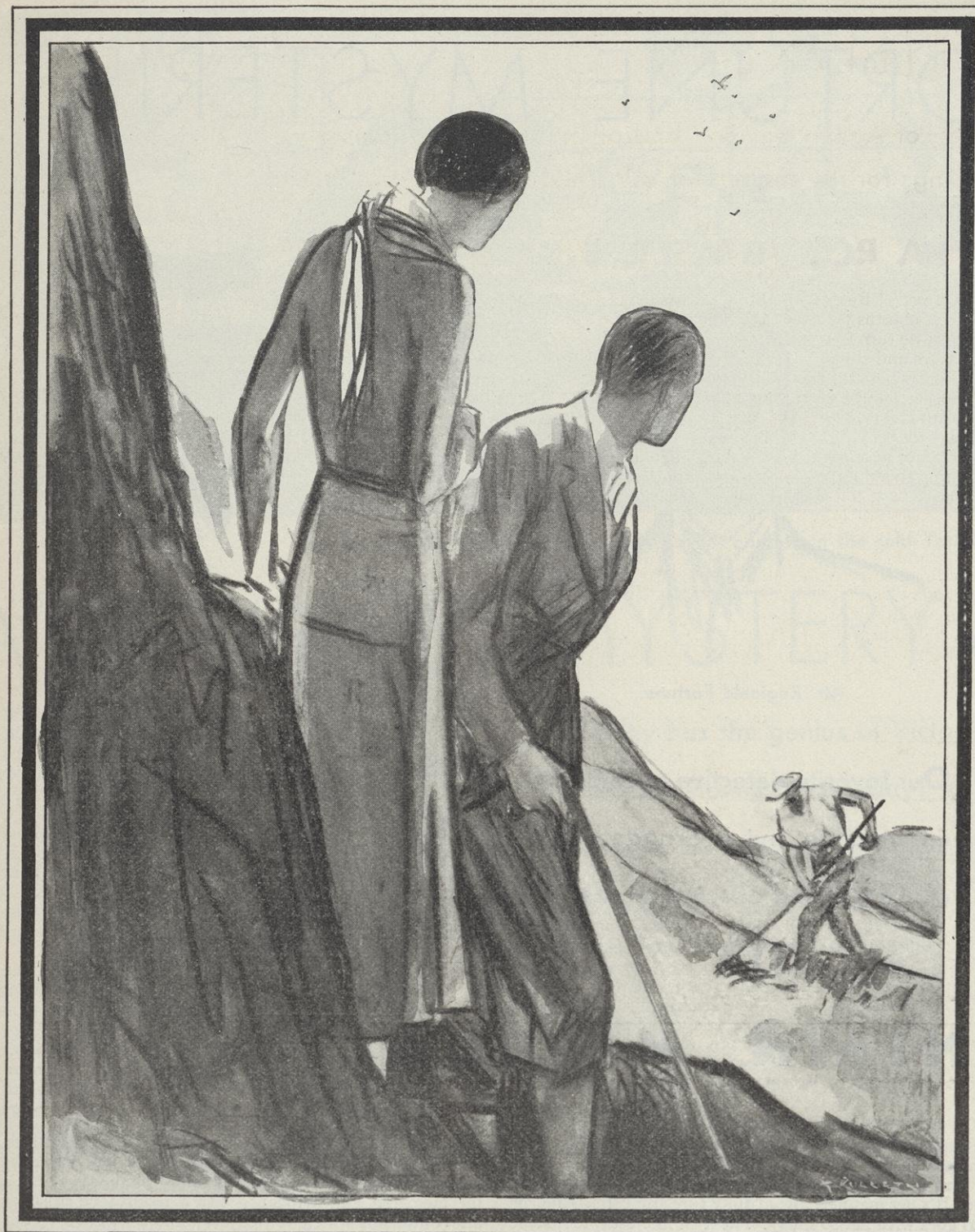
Folliquet shrugged. "You can have ze lunch of ze day—if zere is of it," he grunted, and rolled away.

"Lord Oakhurst," Mrs. Fortune said with dislike. "What is he? Why is he?"

"I HAVEN'T the remotest idea," Reggie contemplated the pair. "No. Reason for existence unknown. As with other orders of insects. What is he? Financial. One of our larger parasites. Mergers and things. I suppose the big fellow's his man of dirty work."

Lord Oakhurst, having nothing else to occupy him, twisted his chair and stared at the other people. The two ladies most attracted his bulging eyes. He spoke to his companion and laughed, and ogled the young one. She was, or chose to be, unaware of it, but the old lady turned, looked at him for a moment that could be felt, though





"Why is he cutting the grass?"

Reggie said. "Nobody else is cutting theirs. It isn't ready"

*Illustrations by Gerald Pulleyn*

After breakfast Reggie was ordered by his wife to take her to the Noirlac. This can only be done on foot or on a mule. Of the two forms of suffering, Reggie prefers the use of his own feet.

The first mile is on the one winding road which serves all the scattered houses in the upland and links it with the valleys on either side. It climbs between rich pastures, which were then bearing the first crop of hay unmown, not yet at its full height. They came to the point where the road turns away from the steepening slope and a rough bridle path strikes on between rocks and pines.

Reggie stopped and contemplated nature. Mrs. Fortune protested. "We haven't begun yet."

"Look at him," Reggie murmured. "The man cutting grass?" Mrs. Fortune looked at a sturdy peasant plying his scythe with fierce energy.

"Why is he cutting the grass?" said Reggie, plaintively. "Nobody else is cutting their grass. It isn't ready."

The man became aware of their interest in him and rested his scythe and scowled at them. "There," Mrs. Fortune smiled, "you hate to see him working and he hates to see you doing nothing. How human! Come along, my child."

AFTER one short, straight pitch, the path began to zig-zag in a chaos of tumbled masses of rock. Here and there on either side, the rocks were divided by deep clefts in which could be seen sometimes the dingy gleam of the winter snow, sometimes only the darkness of an abyss. Reggie found another excuse for a halt in dropping stones that he might listen for the sound of the fall. A good excuse, for once and twice no sound came back. Then there was too much: a crash, a thud, a faint splash.

"Underground water," he murmured. "There would be. It's all limestone. Quite a depth."

"How wonderful!" said Mrs. Fortune, not respectfully. "Nice game, wasn't it, dear? But there's quite a height, too. Upward and onward."

Reggie sighed. "You have no scientific interests, Joan."

He climbed with her, panting, to the Noirlac, a dark gray pool in a half circle of gray cliff. From the plateau on which it lay, there was a wide prospect over the bright pastures and the cliffs and the waterfall beyond the Hotel Margot to the great blue lake of Montrond. They sat and looked long . . .

Away toward the waterfall cliffs, on a knoll of the mountainside, stood a château which was one round tower with a low house, not so old, yet mellow with age, built on to it. "I suppose that's the Château Laroche," Reggie murmured. "Where the old lady lives."

Mrs. Fortune smiled. "It's just right for her."

She stood up and wandered away round the lake. Reggie sighed deep and waited, and had to wait long. She came back and announced that there was a charming stream flowing down into the lake from the mountains. "Where do you suppose the water goes, Reggie?" she said. "There's ever so much running in and no stream from it at all. Come and see."

"Don't want to see," Reggie mumbled. "Goes out underground. Forms that river breakin' out of the cliffs above the hotel. You're makin' conversation, Joan. Very painful in a wife." He took her firmly by the arm and made haste away with her.

And nothing more disturbed their peace for two days. Reggie was smoking under the syringa; the peace of afternoon lay upon the Hotel Margot. A car arrived, a bulky man came out of it, and with a step very light and quick for his weight walked on through the garden.

"Well, well!" Reggie murmured and rolled out of his long chair. For the man was Monsieur Dubois, a person of importance in the investigation of French crime.

"My dear friend!" Dubois took both his hands. "Ah, and madam also. I am infinitely fortunate." Her hand was kissed. "They told me I should find a beautiful place. But you—you make it something more. You stay here?"

"We've been here a week now. Are you on holiday, too? That would be delightful."

"Ah, madam, you are kind. But (Turn to page 41)

Oakhurst showed no sign of feeling it, then ordered the carriage.

There was a flutter in the background, Folliquet came trotting and made anxious talk escorting them through the garden. The old carriage creaked away with them.

"Darlings," Mrs. Fortune sighed, "I didn't want you to go. What loathsome men, Reggie."

"Folliquet's not inadequate," Reggie murmured.

The two men had long to wait before any food was given them, longer still for their next course.

Reggie chuckled. "If the food they're getting is as bad as the service, Folliquet's done 'em proud. Bless him."

He gazed at his wife with solemn eyes. "But I rather wonder, you know. I wonder they stick it out. I wonder why they came?"

They did stick it out; though the bill extorted an oath from Oakhurst. "Now then. Order my car. Lord Oakhurst's car. Lord Oakhurst's." The raucous voice was loud.

The car slid to the gate, the two came to it and stood together a moment. The larger man looked at Oakhurst, and Oakhurst spoke. "You want to be getting back, Sam, eh? I'd like to stay up here a bit. Just take Mr. Fry, Robinson."

The chauffeur touched his cap. "Shall I come back for you, my Lord?"

"No, don't want to be bothered with you. Bye-bye,

Sam." The car carried off Mr. Fry, and Lord Oakhurst strutted away.

"My only aunt!" Reggie said. "He's gone for a walk!"

It was the next morning, and what he would call early, that he saw Mrs. Rothay again. He had just come down to breakfast, so the time may not have been much after nine, and she was alone. Folliquet popped out of his little cupboard of an office, solicitous and surprised. But she only wanted to telephone, if it would not disturb him. They went into the office together. Folliquet got the number for her, a long affair, for it was a number in Paris, and left her alone.

Her conversation lasted some minutes. As the faithful Folliquet took her back to her carriage, she was faintly flushed and smiling. Folliquet returned to give Reggie and Mrs. Fortune good morning.

"Ladies call on you early, my friend," Reggie smiled.

"Oh, la, la. Madame Rothay is a friend of ze 'ouse."

"Doesn't like some of your guests, does she?"

"How? Ah, zose animals at lonch, is it not?" Folliquet made a grimace. "Be tranquil. Zey do not return to ze Hotel Margot, I zink."

"Does Mrs. Rothay know Lord Oakhurst?"

Folliquet stared. "But no. Not possible? 'E 'as never been 'ere before, zat milord." Folliquet laughed in disgust: and then was uneasy. "But you, you know 'im?"

"God forbid," Reggie murmured.



# ARE YOUR CHILDREN SHOCKPROOF?

The author of "Coming of Age in Samoa" and other studies in adolescence  
now presents her findings for the readers of our Child Training Department

by **MARGARET MEAD**

**P**REPARING children to grow up and meet the responsibilities of adult life is a task which the simplest savages have had to learn to perform. The South Sea Island native with a bone through his nose has to solve this educational problem, just as surely as does the most modern American. He has to teach his children endurance, courage, self-control, social restrictions, that will make it possible for the child to carry on the life of the community.

When we look over the methods which these simple people use, many of them seem harsh and cruel. The Indians of the Pacific Coast used to make their little boys bathe in icy water all through the winter, to encourage in them those qualities of fortitude which would be necessary for them when they grew up. There is one group of South Sea Islanders who used to demand that each boy, as he reached adolescence, jump from the top of a coconut palm into what looked to him like a thicket of spears. As the boy jumped, the elders pulled a hidden string, and the spears fell flat and harmless upon the ground. But consider the agony of the slender little boy up in the palm tree, looking down on the spears. His elders believed that the most important thing was to teach a boy courage in the face of any emergency.

There is another South Sea Island on which the parents used to test the courage of their youths with fire, flicking sparks on the boys' bare skin, or even kindling fires on top of their heads. Now, these methods seem very cruel to us, unnecessary tortures to young and tender minds and bodies. And yet there was a certain kind of rough common sense in what the parents did. They knew that their young boys were going to have a hard time when they grew up, that unless they could face danger, hardship, cold and pain without flinching, they would fail in adult life.

We no longer have to give our young people such a training. We hope that war will never touch their lives; when they are accidentally hurt there will be doctors close by; clothing and heating make cold no longer something to be feared; nor will they have to take long journeys under a scorching tropical sun, with only a banana leaf for shelter. Thankfully, we can dispense with the rigorous Spartan training of the young.

But actually, modern civilization does not let us off so easily. The savage had to train his son to physical endurance and to obedience to the rules of the tribe. The child had to learn to think just as his parents thought. And this was a comparatively easy matter. The child found that every grown-up person in the community had the same views on everything from what to eat to what to believe. If there were some savages on the next island who thought differently, he dismissed their ideas as "barbaric."

This situation, in which everybody in the society thought exactly alike, used to exist among civilized people, too. In medieval Europe, people all had very much the same beliefs and the same prejudices, and they had only to pass them on to their children.

But in modern society, parents are faced with a very different problem. The minute our children step across the threshold of the home, the ideas, the attitudes of their own home will be challenged.

If you could choose an average city block and have the parents in each home write a list of the things which they thought children should believe and do, no two lists would be exactly alike. How many mothers are not wearied by the continuous, "But Mary Smith doesn't have to take music lessons. Her mother says they can get music enough over the radio." "But why can't I wear a silk dress, even though I am only ten? Alice Jones has a

silk dress." "But, father, Bobby wears long trousers, and he's six months younger than I am."

Or if we turn from the simpler problems of standards of manners and dress: "Grace Brown's mother knows that Grace lets boys kiss her, and she doesn't mind." "Gee, all the other fellows go to dances. Why can't I?" The indignant child's, "Mother, Alice says there isn't any God"—and the wail after mother says that Mary can't play with Alice because she has such irreligious ideas.

From the time the child goes to school, sometimes from the first play contacts, echoes of other standards, other ideas, keep drifting in to the embattled parents, who are valiantly trying to teach the child a whole code of behavior: not to throw banana peels on the street; never to talk about their private affairs; not to eat all-day suckers; not to say "ain't" and "nigger"; not to tell any sort of lie, even a white lie, and also the tenets of Presbyterianism, Republicanism and Rotarianism, or of Methodism, Democracy and Prohibition, or some other combination of

doesn't earn; that people are out of work merely because they are too lazy to work; that it is bad for the home for a woman to work; that every mother should nurse her own child; that a two-party system is essential to good government; and that capital is entitled to a just return. Once out of the home, your child will hear every one of these ideas challenged. And as things stand now, many children will decide that you, his parents, are wrong, and fling away from home, not on one point alone but upon everything, because if father and mother, who seemed so omniscient, are wrong about but one thing, they are probably wrong about everything. The young person who takes this point of view will start eating with his knife as well as believing in evolution, or marry out of his group because he has rejected his parents' views about the adequacy of democracy. He makes a right-about-face, rejects everything. All the hard and conscientious work of the parents will be defeated, and the child will as likely as not be worse off, rather than better off. He will

have let himself be toppled over by a challenge, to fall into another morass of fixed prejudices on the other side of the argument.

Or children, confronted with different standards from those in the home, may go through terrible mental conflicts. They may feel that in rejecting their parents' views on biology or hygiene or theology, they are rejecting the parents whom they love. Their unhappiness over the discrepancies between the fixed ideas of their parents and the contradictory ideas found in books, movies, radios, et cetera, may make them miserable for years.

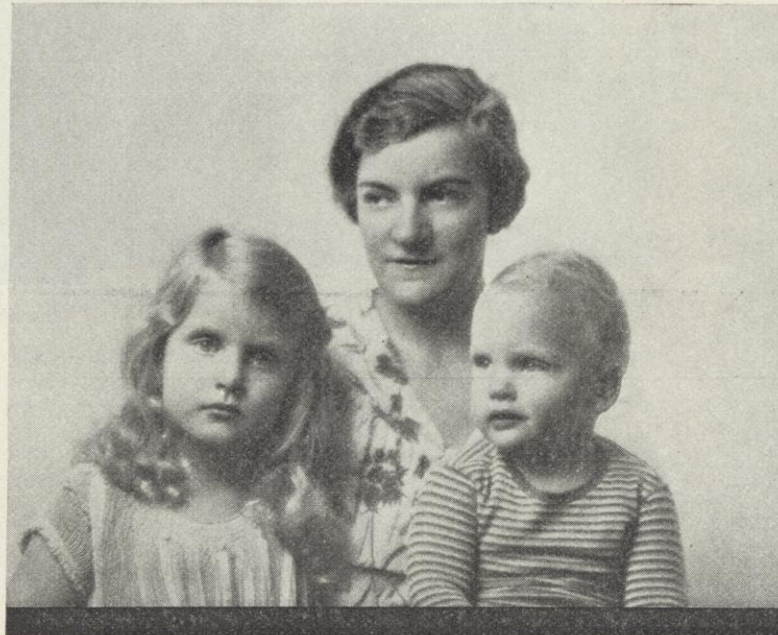
**A**NOTHER bad result of giving children our own beliefs and prejudices, without a hint that they are not absolute and infallible, is that when those children learn otherwise, they may reject all standards because one standard has been found wanting. A laissez-faire attitude in morality, a lack of standards, a sterile skepticism are too often the result.

If parents wish to avoid such bad results, if they wish to prevent their children from rejecting every item of childhood training because one or two were found to be incorrect, or from enduring years of unhappiness because they feel themselves to be disloyal, or from becoming drifting, standardless youngsters without any sense of direction at all, they will have to devise new ways of meeting the situation.

I think that the matter of daylight-saving time illustrates what I mean best. Have you ever compared the way grown-up people handled daylight-saving time with the way in which youngsters brought up in

the system treated it? It's very illuminating. Older people, the most brilliant of them, made silly mistakes, decided that they would have to move to town to get to the office in time; missed trains, added instead of subtracted, arrived at the party two hours late and at the theater an hour early. Why? Because they had been brought up to believe that five o'clock is five o'clock. But the children who grew up under the system had no such fixed idea—five o'clock might be four or six, you couldn't be sure. You had to stop and figure it out for yourself. So six-year-olds beat their college-professor fathers in making correct calculations. It was a matter of having a healthy skepticism at the start.

Just as our children have to adjust to daylight saving, so they have to adjust to a world of varied and conflicting religious, political and moral standards. They can no longer trust to there being one right anywhere; they must be trained to find the right for themselves, as individuals. We must give them the same flexible-mindedness about other things that they have acquired about time. That is to say, we can still teach them to be (Turn to page 32)



The children of Elaine Sterne Carrington, whose excellent short stories appear in Delineator, have that serenity and determination which wise training alone can give

Photograph by Lena G. Towsley

religious and political ideas. The parents work very hard to give their children a code of morals and manners which will make them good and happy people.

**B**UT the parents make two mistakes. They act as if they, like their medieval ancestors, were sending their children out into a safe world, where everyone agreed about everything and where neither manners nor morals nor religious beliefs would ever be challenged. This is the big error. The second is that they teach children in too much detail, make the children's standards hang upon little points instead of upon broad general principles.

Actually, the parents should be preparing their children to stand the shock of having every single idea, every single habit of their parents questioned. Not one idea which their parents hold but will be challenged by some teacher or playmate. Even if it were desirable, the sternest discipline, the strictest supervision will not prevent your children from hearing ideas and learning about things that you consider untrue and harmful. You may insist that drinking is wrong; that no one should spend what he



# SECOND HAND WIFE

by

KATHLEEN NORRIS

ALEXANDRA TRUMBULL foresaw none of the difficulties when she fell in love with Carter Cavendish. She was blinded by his charm, his social position, his lavish attentions. Life held no problems for her—not even the fact that she would be her employer's second wife.

For she was just one of the girls in the office of Cavendish & Bartlett, San Francisco investment bankers. No different from dozens of other stenographers, except for her tall, fair beauty. But that had drawn the young sportsman to her—that, and his loneliness, and his estrangement from his wife.

Betty Cavendish made life for Carter meaningless and bitter. She coldly ignored him, while accepting all that his money could buy. Their only bond was Patsy, their little daughter, whom Carter adored. But when Betty staged a sordid scene involving Alexandra, who was wholly blameless, in a midnight raid, with detectives and spies, Carter and Betty came to a parting of the ways. He persuaded his wife to divorce him.

Free at last for happiness with a loving and gentle wife—so Carter thought. And Sandra believed that no girl had ever been so happy as herself, or so fortunate. The wedding was a quiet one. They engaged a suite in a San Francisco hotel, awaiting the departure of a ship for Honolulu in the morning.

Suddenly their dream of freedom, of happiness, was shattered. A telegram for Carter: *Patsy hurt. Have taken her to Dante Hospital. Is asking for you. Come at once.* And it was signed: *Betty.*

Sandra tasted then for the first time the bitterness of being a second hand wife. *Here the story continues:*

FROM the beginning Sandra had hoped for the time that must come, sooner or later, when she and Carter would be just one more married pair in the world, not discussed or criticized or watched, happy in their love and their life together and neither knowing nor caring about anything beyond.

Alexandra had been married a year—married more than a year—before she began dimly to perceive that that time never was coming. In the entirely new life in which she found herself, there was no room for that peaceful, detached, ideally devoted home of which she had dreamed and for which she had planned.

Everything moved at a fearfully accelerated pace now; everybody moved about, traveled, rushed hither and thither; there was no time for leisure, for talk, for lazy mornings at home and quiet evenings by the fire. Carter and his wife were caught in the whirlpool and must revolve about in it or sink.

At first it had rather amused and excited Sandra to follow the novel new course of her life. Nothing had been as she had anticipated it. Her honeymoon had been a month delayed because of Patsy's accident; it had been mid-March before she and Carter had sailed for Honolulu. Patsy meanwhile had gone off to Europe with her mother. That had been a hard month, one she hated to remember, but Sandra had told herself it "didn't count"; it was the last payment Carter would make on the old debt.

Then had come the heaven of their trip, their four unclouded weeks of tropical sunshine and beaches, white clothes, moonlight, marine band playing under palm trees. Carter had been all pride; she herself all adoring devotion; the brief days had flown by like hours.

Then back to San Francisco's smartest hotel for a few weeks, and then to San Mateo, Carter's mother added to the party now.

The elder Mrs. Cavendish, in mourning for her mother, had lived very quietly, but Sandra had never spoken of her own mother's death, and had joined Carter in everything without protest. They had gone to early summer dances at the club and to bridge dinners. Sandra could

not play bridge with this group of women who played all day long and every day for very high stakes, but Carter loved a good game at night, and even when Sandra believed that they had a free evening, would come home from the office to announce that Pete and Joe and Thorny or Fred were coming to dinner. "They wanted me to cook up something, and I thought we'd rather be here."

Sandra presided with a charming dignity at these dinners, and looked like a young duchess at the head of her table, but the talk of the men was all of sports—polo, tennis, baseball; she was often bored by it all. They made bets on football games, squabbled about batting averages, argued about ponies, and generally came back to guns. All these men belonged to duck clubs, and Carter's mother warned Sandra that as soon as the season opened she would be a "duck widow."

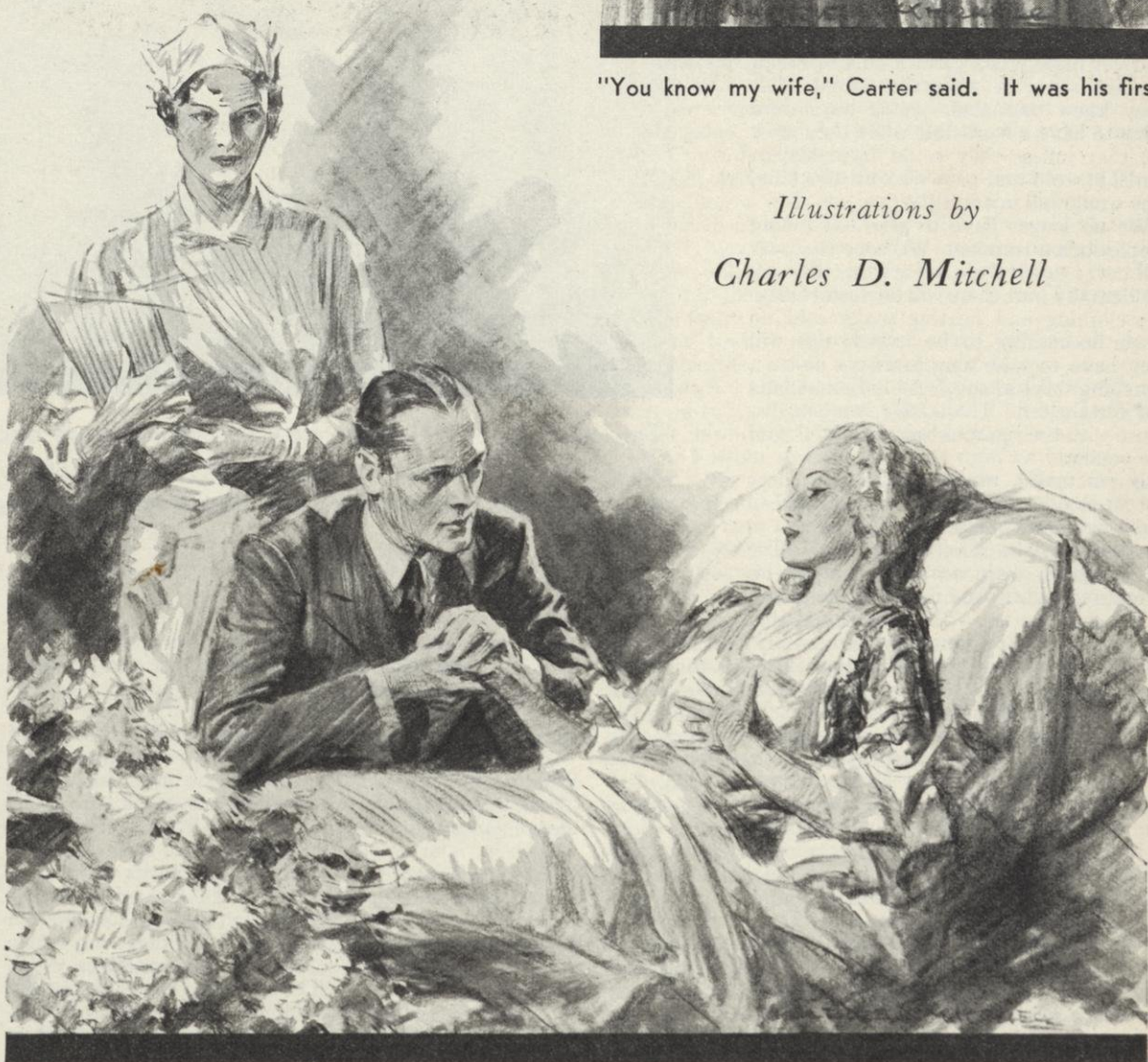
Peter Cavendish, Carter's elder brother, was always her friend, and would come and talk to her when he was dummy and ask her what she had been doing all day; all the men were nice to her; but at about ten o'clock she would grow sleepy and go smilingly away. Sometimes Carter did not come upstairs until two or three.



"You know my wife," Carter said. It was his first

Illustrations by

Charles D. Mitchell



What is wrong? Sandra asked herself in terror. Carter was too cheerful, the nurse too congratulatory





wife's chance; she had waited two years for it. "Excuse me," she said clearly, "I'd rather not know her!"

He loved her and was proud of her; why wasn't that enough? Why was she so tortured with the need to be more to him, nearer to him? She wanted to be his very life; she found herself just one element in it.

He would come home on Saturday, Sunday afternoons, flushed and perspiring from tennis or golf, his brown throat showing where the thin wet white shirt fell away, his brown face lighted by his flashing smile.

"Kiss ze papa. Look at my wife, Peter, isn't she easy to look at? Listen, darling-and-beautiful—by the way, the earrings are grand, aren't they?—I'm going to take a shower and see if I can catch up some sleep; don't bother, don't come up!"

But she would go up to turn down his bed, folding up the fat comforters, drawing shades, exclaiming in fond wifely fashion at his carelessly abandoned clothes, his hopeless disorderliness.

In five minutes he would be deeply asleep, his black hair emerging in a rich wave above the delicately tinted green or apricot or peach colored sheet. She was forgotten.

But when he awakened, he liked to see her stirring about, her tall, beautiful figure as much revealed as hidden by the frail lacy draperies of her dressing-gown, her cloud of bright hair tumbled on her shoulders. Brushing the short curls and waves vigorously, she would expostulate with him.

"Dinner is at eight, Carter."

"Oh, help! I'm tired. Oh, darling, that clock isn't right!" There would be earthquake among the bed-clothes; he would be snoring again.

"It's slow, if anything. It's quarter to eight."

"Oh, Alexandra, if you love me—give me five minutes more—"

IN the car, half an hour later, he would be at his handsomest. It would be impossible to believe then that this groomed and polished gentleman in irreproachable evening wear was one and the same with the dishevelled, protesting boy who hated to be waked up for dinner. Alexandra was conscious of a special adoration for him when he was formally dressed; but then there was no moment when she did not adore him. He was always

handsome, splendidly strong and hard and eager and energetic, so vitally engaged in living his own fascinating life that he needed no one to help him live it. Everyone liked Carter, and without being spoiled he knew it.

When there were distinguished visitors at the club—strangers from Washington or Boston or England—Alexandra never failed to notice the impression Carter made on them early in their stay. The handsome, hard, happy young fellow with the tennis racket in his hand, his shirt open at the throat, his big teeth flashing in his brown face, always could take a few seconds out of his own all-important affairs to welcome newcomers, to ask concernedly about their plans—how about guest cards at the club? How about—see here, Sandra, can't we show 'em the Skyline and Stanford, if that's what they're so keen about? How about Monday—how about Tuesday—or Wednesday?

When the day came he was invariably unable to share the expedition, but Sandra always went, entirely winning the visitors with her gracious young beauty. Sometimes she knew that between the first meeting and the second they had been told her history, perhaps ungenerously.

Not that anyone disliked her especially, but a retouched ugly story was always more interesting, was better dinner-table conversation than a dull, true one.

"That Mrs. Cavendish is the second wife, you know. She was his secretary. His first wife and the little girl are in France; it all but broke Betty Cavendish's heart. She and Carter had been married eleven years. We all felt terribly! But Alexandra Cavendish is really awfully sweet—"

That was the way they put it. She knew it without resentment. After all, that was the way they saw it, and their opinions were not important. What was important was the frightening, strengthening fear in her heart that Carter really did not need a wife at all. She began to feel pangs of jealousy of him, always so well and strong and brown and competent and resourceful.

Jealousy. Jealousy. Not only of what the other women thought of him—but of him, himself. Sleeping so deep, eating, drinking, living with such zest, incessantly in demand, incessantly occupied and interested.

("Second Hand Wife," copyright, 1931, by Kathleen Norris)

Can love conquer all obstacles? In this novel Mrs. Norris shows the heart of a woman who loves almost too much

And Sandra was jealous of Betty, too. Betty had given him a child. That was why the thought of another child, which was a very earthquake of emotions—joy, fear, incredulity, amazement—to Alexandra, found Carter just his usual cheerful, detached, kindly self.

"How d'you feel about it, honey?"

"Oh, I'm glad!" Sandra had said, smiling with watering eyes. It took nothing at all these days, she had reflected, to bring tears to her eyes. "But of course it's not much fun feeling—so rotten," she had added, quite against her own will. She had not meant to strike this note.

"Oh, you'll get over that!" he had said, not unsympathetically, but in all kindly reassurance. "Betty felt like that for the first few months; everyone does."

It was unreasonable, it was ridiculous, to let a few careless words like these overbalance the sum total of her marvelous good fortune: "the chorus-girl's dream," as she had called it to Carter. But she could not help it. Any mention of Betty set her teeth on edge, and made her forget that she, Sandra, had been picked out of the office rank and file to marry a rich and handsome and popular man, to have gowns and servants and motor-cars, and position.

But it was not enough. No, not to be Mrs. Carter Cavendish, not to be mother, one of these days, of the Cavendish baby. Her heart was still hungry, she was lonely, she was baffled by a constant sense of having missed somehow the heart of everything, the true sweetness of everything.

AFTER Christmas she and Carter lived more quietly. They were still in the comfortable Cutler House which they had rented in Burlingame; Sandra was amusing herself with plans for a house which was to be built on Carter's land at Pebble Beach; and work was to start as soon as the rains stopped. It was to be a "Norman farmhouse," the architect said, although just why a Norman farmhouse should have been set down on a western American coast in among Colonial, Spanish, Mexican, Hopi Indian, French, Tudor English and Italian houses he did not make clear. Sandra had discovered in herself a real gift for the designing of rooms and for ingenious devices and details, and Thomas Jefferson Jones not only asked her quite simply for suggestions about her own and about other houses, but praised her to Carter, which was balm to her soul.

As the time of her ordeal drew near, Carter was increasingly tender and considerate, too. She loved to hear him at the telephone, explaining:

"Mrs. Cavendish and I are taking it easy just now, you know. Ask us again after Easter."

One day a telephone call from some enthusiastic unknown woman upset her for a while. The voice was for the first Mrs. Cavendish.

"Betty darling, this is Louise! Just in this morning, all the way from China. When will I see you?"

Often letters intended for Betty came to her; often her days brought some small pinprick that had to be borne and forgotten. In a book she might find an inscription: "Carter from his Betsy," or "Daddy from Patsy. Merry Christmas." Betty's pictures had been eliminated, but Patsy's were everywhere, and in other houses Alexandra was constantly coming across snapshots—glimpses of yachting trips, tennis and golf groups, with Betty always smart and smiling in the foreground, somewhere near Carter. Carter himself had often spoken of a possible trip to Europe in the autumn, a prospect that would have seemed dazzling to Alexandra a few years ago, but that now was clouded by his casual, "to have a look at the kid."

Patsy wrote to her father once a month; references to "Mummy" were frequent, but Sandra never was mentioned. Patsy was living in Paris now, taking lessons only in French and on her violin. (Turn to page 47)





Between the indiscreet velvet curtains, she saw Mrs. Abbott and the young man

The scene is Paris—that lovely city of light—where the very prim companion of an alluring lady is herself entangled in a drama of marriage and divorce

# LADY IN LOVE

by MARYSE RUTLEDGE

MRS. NICHOLAS ABBOTT was the loveliest person Miss Gibson had ever seen. She was the fairy princess of the fairy tale, and Miss Gibson, since her long-ago childhood, had lived in a land of gentle fairy tales. Lived in it perhaps more secretly and wonderfully because, up to the time she went to Mrs. Abbott, her experience had been with her New England family and later with cantankerous old ladies.

All her mild fifty years, in one form or another, she had given service. Her habit was service. Mrs. Abbott exacted it sweetly, imperiously. Mrs. Abbott had her whims and vapors and was cross in a different way from the old ladies. That was Mrs. Abbott's privilege and advantage; to be able to raise her thin sweet voice to the note of a spoiled child.

Everything Miss Gibson touched in that small charming house on the Rue Dumont d'Urville, gave to her a delighted sense of luxury. Things that were almost too beautiful for respectability—fine silks, brocades, embroideries. Flowers. Scents. There was an implication of frailty and extravagance about it all which Miss Gibson could not analyze in her own modest knowledge of life. At heart she felt fiercely protective toward this lovely spoiled lady who had taken her as companion to Paris.

She was happy here in this house, and troubled, too. She had the soul and instinct of a faithful nurse with the position of a companion whose business it is to remain in the background. And there were times when she longed to step out of that background and beg Mrs. Abbott, for her own good, not to do certain things. But she didn't dare to.

It was her meek joy to accept little presents from Mrs. Abbott when Mrs. Abbott was in the mood to give them. She tried not to mind when Mrs. Abbott

divided these presents between her elderly companion and her young maid. There was always a faint but pervasive perfume about everything Mrs. Abbott gave away, as if she could afford to give away a bit of her loveliness and sweet folly without a thought of its clinging fleeting suggestion. Miss Gibson drew back when that mood, careless and generous and reckless, came upon her beloved lady. For Miss Gibson knew Marie's hidden passionate greed, and Marie's resentment when she saw anything in the way of presents escape her. But when these things came to her, she accepted them because she cared a good deal—just as she would have accepted a flower from Mrs. Abbott and pressed it between the pages of a favorite book.

She knew that these things were not important to Mrs. Abbott, who scattered them as one does flowers in a carnival. Mrs. Abbott so easily tired of things, but that was because (Miss Gibson privately thought) she was not happy. When one is happy one never tires of things that hold a place and a significance in happiness. And that is one thing that intrigued Miss Gibson: Was her lovely lady discontented, bored, or really sad? In any case, Mrs. Abbott gave because it is easier to give toys that no longer attract or fascinate by their newness. Mrs. Abbott, when she was bored, had many mirrors in which to contemplate her boredom. She would never be a peacock who cannot change its plumage. Miss Gibson imagined her as a dove with a cooing song, sometimes a bit strident. How could it be otherwise when she saw so many people—so many young men?

It was the young men—one especially—who worried Miss Gibson. She had wished for the last few weeks that Mr. Abbott would turn up. She didn't quite put it this way to herself, but she hoped Mrs. Abbott would not be tempted and lured away.

"I'm young, Gibbsie dear," Mrs. Abbott would say.

"My husband is old and in America. I don't know which is worse." And then she would say again and again: "Gibbsie, don't be silly. You're like an old owl hooting in the daytime."

Miss Gibson didn't quite understand what being silly meant. She didn't think she was being silly. But she anxiously watched those young men, and that one in particular who came for tea and stayed for dinner, and whom she liked in spite of her disapproval. One day he gave her a box of chocolates, and called her Gibbsie. He didn't *look* wicked. Men were queer and dangerous though, and you never knew what they were up to—at least Miss Gibson didn't. And she didn't want to suspect.

She was accustomed to retire at the same hour every evening, but she never could sleep until she was sure all was right in the house. She would doze rather uneasily and then, clad in her flannel dressing-gown, rise to make the rounds of the house. Servants are careless. One never knows what they might forget. She had been scolded by Mrs. Abbott, who said she hated prowlers in flannel dressing-gowns. They made her nervous, she said. What *did* it matter whether doors were locked, perishable food put on ice, lights out? Miss Gibson didn't agree with her lovely lady. She gently, obstinately went on the round of her duties.

THEN came the cable from Mr. Abbott, announcing his arrival from New York the following day. Her heart fluttered with an intuition of trouble, as, loyally, she tried to believe that Mrs. Abbott would be pleased.

And that same evening Mrs. Abbott said with her brilliant, lovable smile:

"Gibbsie, you need diversion. Your chronic conscience is getting on my nerves. Here's a ticket for a nice wicked little French play. Now do go and amuse yourself."



Miss Gibson didn't want to go and amuse herself. She hated going out at night alone. Yet, meekly protesting, she went. Because never in her life had she disobeyed a command. And this was a command. It wasn't one when you listened to Mrs. Abbott's easy voice, but it was one when you looked at Mrs. Abbott.

Miss Gibson sat in a conspicuous orchestra seat, feeling vaguely distressed and uncomfortable. She didn't understand a word of the play, and she didn't want to. She was thinking of Mr. Abbott's arrival tomorrow.

Her heart was still fluttery as she slipped her key into the door of the charming little house. Not a sound in the hall. She moved noiselessly to the stairs, conscious of the hush in the house, and dimly aware, in the startled reaches of her mind, that there was something not quite normal about it, something too hushed, as if the very furniture in that house were holding its breath.

Burglars? Leaning over the banister in an unreasoning instinct of fear, she looked through the gaping rose velvet portières leading into the Louis XV salon. It was then she saw Mrs. Abbott and Mrs. Abbott saw her. For Mrs. Abbott's head was lifted and turned toward the stairs, questioning. And in Mrs. Abbott's face there was an expression Miss Gibson had never seen—tender, beautiful, melted. And Mrs. Abbott, in that loose green chiffon house-gown of which Miss Gibson had never approved, was being held in the arms of the young man who had once given Miss Gibson chocolates. Then, as if it didn't matter at all who saw them, the young man lowered his head and Mrs. Abbott raised hers.



It was a tableau flashed on Miss Gibson's horrified consciousness—only a flash between indiscreet velvet curtains, dissolving almost as she saw it. For the couple moved out of her range.

In a daze she crept up the remaining steps, tiptoeing into Mrs. Abbott's bedroom where it was her habit to go each night before retiring, to make sure that Marie had remembered Mrs. Abbott's glass of milk.

SHE stood a moment, trembling like a small frightened animal. The rose silk hangings, the rose silk lights were not pinker than her cheeks. Her Mrs. Abbott. Her beloved spoiled lady . . . She stared down at the rose crêpe de chine sheets with white monograms which ornamented Mrs. Abbott's bed. Somehow, they terrified her, evoking a host of troubling images that brought romance and fear to her maiden heart . . .

Mr. Abbott's photograph in a heavy silver frame stood on the Louis XV desk. She drew near it, catching sight of herself in the mirror of the pink-draped dressing-table. A wisp of an elderly gentlewoman, flushed of cheeks, angular in the too youthful blue dress Mrs. Abbott had given her. Mr. Abbott's cable, she noticed, was carelessly tucked under the silver vase which held sweet peas.

He frightened her—for Mrs. Abbott. Such a fine man, but somehow cruel, with the dangerous polish and edge of a weapon. An older man whose brilliant international career as a lawyer she had breathlessly followed through newspaper accounts and Mrs. Abbott's airy anecdotes. She had so wished to think of them happy together with everything—everything fairy-tale. During the six months she had spent with Mrs. Abbott in Paris, she had known that his important affairs kept him in America. And, secretly, though she had never met

him, she had always thought he should be here watching over his lovely wife. Right was right, and wrong was wrong. Oh, dear, what a puzzle it all was! Her lovely spoiled lady acting so. Small ugly suspicions recurred to her. Memories now of things she had noticed. Seen. Things she had heard and loyally rejected. Marie's whispers and shrugs. The odious smirk of Paul the butler, when he spoke of his mistress. Oh, no—no—it was unthinkable! And yet it *was*, and Mrs. Abbott *knew* that she knew. That was almost the most terrible part of it. How could she ever face Mrs. Abbott?

She crept to her tiny room where, among the small treasures other ladies had pressed on her, she should have felt safe. But tonight, this room, her home, no longer seemed a haven.

She prayed, kneeling beside the little Empire bed from which she first neatly removed the blue taffeta cover. But prayer brought no relief to her. She recoiled from the revelation of things she had never known.

Uneasy, wretched, in her little bed, she pictured the New England town of her birth, and its ingrained laws.

She tossed through the night, trying to make excuses. Finding none. For in her inviolate sense of purity there was not, there never could be, any excuse for breaking the law. And her lady had broken it.

NO matter what time she got to bed, Mrs. Abbott, triumphant in her youth, breakfasted at nine. It was Miss Gibson's duty, in her quiet black gown and fine organdie collar and cuffs, to appear then with the morning's varied assortment of newspapers and letters.

Driving away from that house, she sat, unseeing. She was lost, and so was her dear, sinning lady

Illustrated by

Marion Wildman Powell

Suddenly Gibbsie saw the Countess, and, for the first time in her life, thought she might faint

That is what was most shocking to Miss Gibson. "Be a good sport, my dear," the Countess went on. "Don't show Nicholas Abbott that scandalized little face of yours. He's too clever a man. *Much* too clever, as I've always warned Greta."

Mrs. Abbott had sunk back among her pillows. Her blue eyes were now wandering and fretful. "It's an awful nuisance," she said in her high sweet voice. "I've got to lunch at Versailles today. I promised the de Beaulacs weeks ago. Gibbsie, you'll simply have to meet Mr. Abbott and explain."

Miss Gibson could hardly bear the strained sweet note in that voice, the defiance of those averted blue eyes. She hated the Countess for interfering; for coming to arrange things that Mrs. Abbott apparently didn't have the courage to face.

"*That's* the girl!" said the Countess, as if it were all settled, and gathered up her gloves and bag as she lightly hummed, "I'm in love again. I'm in love, love, love—"

"Don't be beastly, Marie," came almost violently from her friend.

"Beastly?" repeated the Countess with a humorous twist of red lip. "You asked me—"

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Abbott hastily. "But—"

"Well, my dear, go to your lunch," the Countess lightly returned. "And you, Gibbsie, remember it pays in this life to be a good sport. Carry the little flag aloft and all that sort of thing."

Miss Gibson palely answered that smile. She liked the Countess in spite of herself. But if Mrs. Abbott



Surely, this morning Mrs. Abbott would still be invisible at nine; would, in fact, be hiding her fevered, guilty cheeks in those soft crêpe de chine sheets. But Mrs. Abbott was doing nothing of the kind. Marie had to summon Miss Gibson to her side.

What was more astonishing, seated and sharing coffee and unbuttered toast, was Mrs. Abbott's best friend, the Countess, in a smart tailored suit with a huge white carnation in her buttonhole.

Miss Gibson felt that they had been discussing her as, with eyes unhappily lowered, she entered the room.

They stopped talking when she came in, and then the Countess said:

"Gibbsie, you look glum. What's the matter?"

Clutching the papers and mail she approached the bed. Her eyes avoided Mrs. Abbott's wide-open blue eyes.

"Oh, give her a bracelet, Greta," said the Countess, "and tell her to forget it."

So Mrs. Abbott had been telling the Countess! How *could* she! In all her life, Miss Gibson had never dared openly resent a real or fancied injury. She turned on them both now, and her voice was almost shrill. She didn't even pretend to misunderstand.

"Please," she said, "please—don't—"

"Don't be silly, Gibbsie," said Mrs. Abbott petulantly. But her blue eyes watched, and were a little frightened. And she signaled to her friend, the Countess, with an almost imperceptible flicker of eyelids.

The Countess was a very persuasive person. She leaned forward now, friendly and coaxing: "Listen, Gibbsie. Mr. Abbott is coming back today. You don't know life yet, Gibbsie. You mustn't go messing about with it." And she rose, as if her mission were done. She seemed to be hugely amused by the whole affair.

had known fewer people like the Countess in Paris, she might not—she might not have—

It was as if the Countess guessed the havoc in that New England soul. She patted the little woman's hand. "It's all in a lifetime, Gibbsie," she said. "Never be astonished or annoyed, my dear, never, never. And remain loyal even if it doesn't seem to pay. Bread cast upon the waters and so on."

She brightly waved her hand at them and was gone.

Between Miss Gibson and Mrs. Abbott fell a silence; a painful silence that seemed to stretch out thin delicate tentacles to everything in the room.

Into that silence Miss Gibson falteringly inquired: "Is there anything else, Mrs. Abbott?" She thought from the lovely restless worried face on the silken pillow, that Mrs. Abbott might, just might, explain.

BUT Mrs. Abbott's face slowly hardened until she was no longer the lovely spoiled lady, but a lady considering Miss Gibson as a potential traitor. And Mrs. Abbott's voice was dry and quite menacing as she raised herself from her pillows.

"Gibbsie," she said, "you'll lunch with Mr. Abbott today. I'm not going into any explanations with you. I'll have to trust you to be discreet. You don't know what I've been through in my life. Or why I do one thing or another. It isn't your business to know or to care," said Mrs. Abbott with sudden passion, as if she were trying to push Miss Gibson away from this life of hers. "You're faithful," said Mrs. Abbott. And suddenly her face twisted up as if she were going to cry. "It's rare to be faithful, Gibbsie."

Miss Gibson wanted then to go and kneel and cry with her, and tell her not to do what she was doing.

But once more Mrs. Abbott's face (Turn to page 60)



# THE COAT WITH THE SENSUOUS LINES

by

DORA

BEREZOV

A story by a new writer who interprets with humor and pathos the crowded labyrinths of New York's lower East Side

MR. BERGMAN smiled winningly at the real estate agent. "Now, surely, Mr. Bloom," he said, placing a pudgy hand on the other's arm—and you could almost hear the gurgle of the oil pouring through his voice—"now, surely, for such a little hole like this—and I can see plain as anything you're a sensible business man—for such a dumpy little hole what the elevated clangs by over, surely you ain't asking me to raise my deposit?"

The agent's mouth fell open with astonishment. "Who says I ain't?"

"For this dump? Mr. Bloom, I'm surprised at you. Honest, I'm surprised at you. For a man what's got on his face the looks of a sensible business man like you—"

"Never you mind what I got on my face, Mr. Bergman. I told you once, I'll tell you again. You don't come across tonight, an' I'll—"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Bloom. Wait a minute." Soothingly, Mr. Bergman patted the agent's arm. "I'm a business man and I'll put you a proposition. You hold it out another week, eh? And if I don't move in, I'll pay you one full, complete month's rent."

"Is that so, eh?" And the beady eyes of the agent glared until the little man feigned a sudden and squinty interest in the far corner of the room. "Say, you been stringin' me on that two weeks, now. Where's your machines? Where's your help?"

"My machines?"

"You heard me."

"My help?" Mr. Bergman swallowed, and wiped the back of his neck with a huge soiled handkerchief. "Why—why—look here, Mr. Bloom—"

"Look here nothin'! You look here for a change. You know what's wrong with you?"

"With me?"

"Uhuh." Deliberately the agent thrust his face in front of Mr. Bergman's and with each word poked a finger into the fleshy chest. "You're cracked, that's what you are. I been a fool wastin' my time with you. You pay a deposit. Awright. You got no money, no help, no machines, no stock—nothin'! You're cracked, plain and simple."

"Cracked?"

"Plain and simple."

Over the face of Mr. Bergman, a face round, pudgy, and undistinguished as the faces of other thousands of cloak operators, came a vague suggestion of tears—a trembling of thick lower lip, a shifting of eyes, and the twitch of an unshaven cheek. For a moment he stared at the grilled window opposite, then blinked, and once more patted the agent's arm.

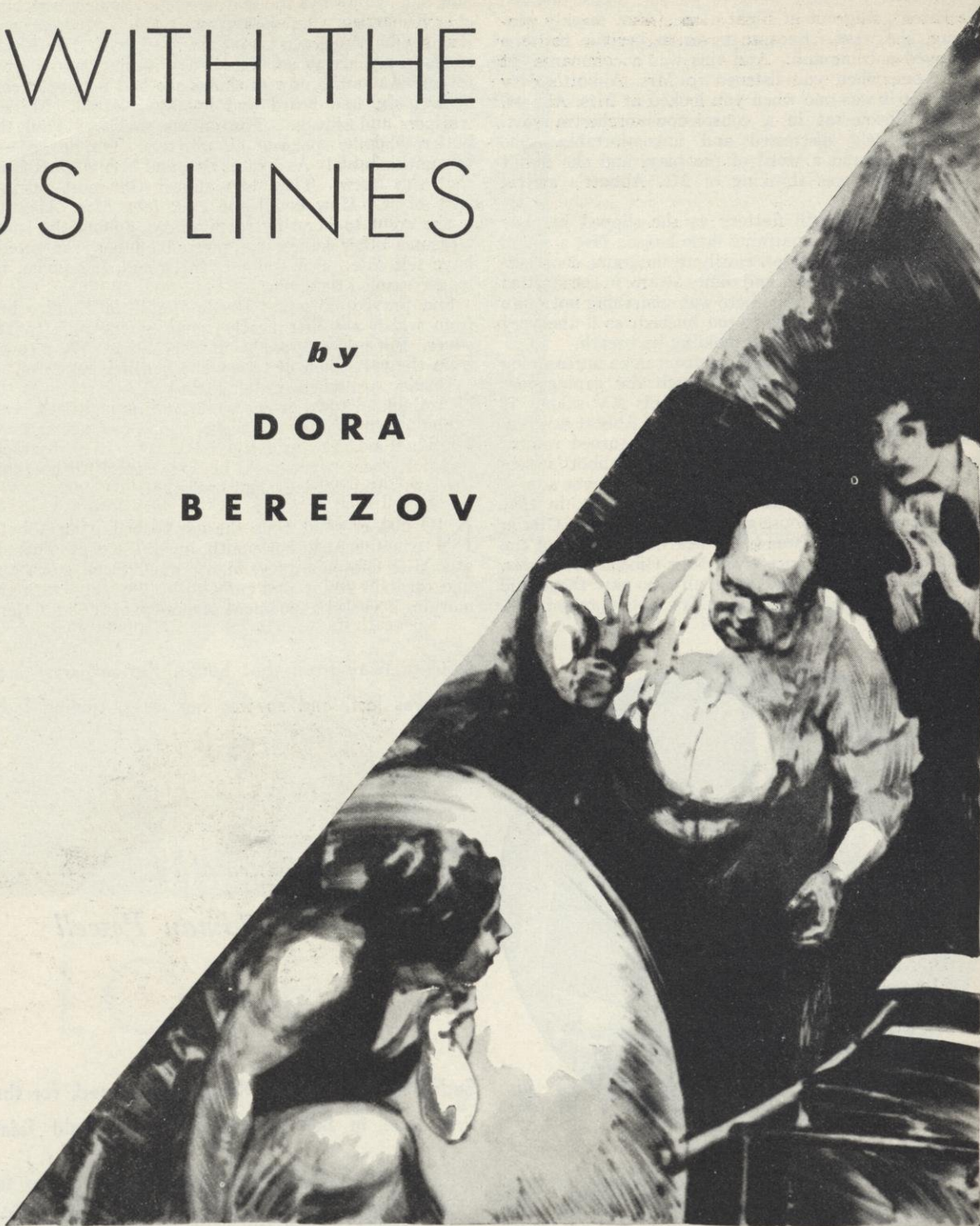
"Listen, Mr. Bloom—" and Mr. Bergman, with a calculated gesture of importance, drew out his watch—"I'm a busy man. My time is money. I'll make you a proposition. I'll—"

"Nothin' doin'! I'll make you a proposition. If you don't come across with another twenty-five this minute—"

"Twenty-five! The man's crazy?"

"Whadya mean, crazy?"

Mr. Bergman evaded the issue. "Look here—"



Mr. Bergman, driven wild with the nagging of his wife and daughter, hurled over the kitchen table

"Look here nothin'! You heard what I said."

"You're—you're holding the room, ain't you?"

"I should say not! Good night!"

But Mr. Bergman clutched the agent's arm and pulled him back against the door. "I'm an honest man, Mr. Bloom. You hold it for me another week and I make a nice dress for your wife. Yes?"

"Leave go, will ya?"

"As man to man, I'm telling you! You give me four days, eh? . . . No? Two days! Two days! You hold it for me two days, Mr. Bloom. Honest, I got my heart set on that room. You gimme two days, Mr. Bloom, and I find the money. Yes? Who knows what can happen in two days?" Convulsively he gripped the agent's coat and pleaded with his eyes.

"Say, do I look green? Leave go, now, will ya?"

"Just two more days!"

"Nope!"

"One more day, then!"

"Nope. Tonight."

"Just one day, Mr. Bloom."

"Ya got your pay, tonight, ain't ya?"

"Yeah, but—but I can't touch that, Mr. Bloom. I can't."

"How's that?"

"My wife mustn't know. Listen, just one more day."

"Leave go, I'm askin' ya."

"Mr. Bloom—Mr. Bloom—fifteen years I have been waiting—fifteen years for a shop of my own. An' just for twenty-four hours—God! A heart of stone you have."

"What's tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow? Wednesday."

"Awright. Tomorrow night I call ya up. If ya got the dough, ya come down to my house an' give it to me. If ya ain't, ya don't. O.K.?" And pushing Mr. Bergman from him, the agent stepped back into the landing and creaked his way down the stairs. Mr. Bergman stood frozen a moment, then ran after him and leaned over the banister.

"Say, Mr. Bloom."

"Yeah?"

"Listen, I—I—"

"I'm listenin'."

"If I say fish you know what I mean."

"What?"

"Fish. If I say fish."

"Fish?"

"Yea. If I say fish you know I mean the room. She mustn't know."

"Awright." The agent blew his nose, then the front door slammed behind him.

The fat little man returned to the doorway, and stood



entranced, while from behind his glasses tears blurred the myopic eyes. A passing elevated sent a vortex of shadows whirling around the room. The loft across the street became illuminated and threw the bars of the grilled window sprawling in shadow over the floor. Mr. Bergman leaned against the door and wistfully surveyed the floor, the walls, the window.

The front door opened, closed softly, and a pair of tired feet mounted the stairs. Mr. Bergman rushed to the banister and peered down through his glasses. The pudgy hand pressing against the railing trembled.

"Mr. Bloom! Mr. Bloom!"

But the head that emerged from the darkness into the feeble light of the landing was not that of the agent. Mr. Bergman blinked once, twice; his voice broke as if some impediment in his throat clogged and roughened the words.

"Moe—Hoffman!"

"Well, I should say! Here I been waiting downstairs a good half hour. C'mon, will ya?"

"I'm coming," said Mr. Bergman, and turned for one last look at the room. "Pooh! I should worry!" he lied as he wiped his glasses and buttoned his coat over his roly-poly body. "Crazy, am I? I don't want it. It's too far from the trade!"

Outside it was dusky and cold. The lofts, the factories, the shops were shut, deserted. A scattering of girls hurried by, girls with rhinestones sparkling on their slippers, girls with faces like nothing splotches of white dough staring sullenly out at nothing.

The two turned up Broadway toward Canal Street, while the lanky man looked down at his squat companion.

"Well, what I wanna know, Bergman, is when you're movin' in? 'Sall right, your offerin' me a job and everything. Like to work with you. But I been waitin' pretty near two weeks now."

Bergman maintained a miserable silence until they reached the subway. Despite the vortex of humanity that was bent on sucking them down into the tunnel, Mr. Bergman set himself squarely against the current and faced his friend. His fat face gleamed in the light of a candy stand, funny and tragic for its wobbly mouth and a little pathetic for the bristle that covered the cheeks.

"Moe, maybe you got twenty-five dollars to lend me?"

"What?"

"Twenty-five dollars. To lend me."

"Do I hear right? Or is some little birdie—"

"Moe, as a favor. You don't know how I need it. My

life, Moe, my life, that's what it hangs by."

Moe glanced over the corpulent body of his friend, the smug and placid body that almost burst out of the buttons of its coat, and laughed. "Gee, if that's what it can hang by and keep on hanging, you're all right. Ya wanna malted milk? And a hot dog? I'll treat ya."

"Fine," said Mr. Bergman, lifelessly.

THEY sat on high stools in the candy store opposite the subway entrance while Moe Hoffman ravenously chewed his hot-dog sandwich and gulped down his malted. Bergman, in a lethargy, studied himself in the mirror behind the stacks of cigaret boxes.

"What's the matter ya ain't eatin', Bergman?"

"Nothin'."

"Sure ya don't want it?"

"Sure."

"Awright." And Moe Hoffman proceeded to devour Bergman's sandwich, which he washed down with huge gulps of his malted. Half-way through, he stopped and studied his friend thoughtfully, laying down his glass, and scratching his cheek.

"What's eatin' you?"

"Nothin'."

"The shekels?"

"Well—yes."

"I can't understand this man, honest. It's pay day, ain't it?"

"That don't help me out."

"Couldn't peel off twenty-five, could ya?"

"No."

"Couldn't just kinda lose it by mistake?"

"No."

"Too hefty, the old lady is, eh?"

"No. Rent week."

"Oho."

"Not twenty-five, Mo. Maybe if you lent me twenty, I could just kinda lose five, I guess."

"Sorry, Bergman. I ain't been workin' two weeks now. I thought ya had two hundred saved up, didn't ya? For the fixtures and supplies?"

"Sure, I have. But I can't touch that. She hid the bank-book on me. Joint account."

With a flourish and a blatant laugh, Moe Hoffman finished the last of the malted. "Oh, boy, does it pay

to get married? A thousand times, no!" And he slid off the stool. "Well, ya comin'?"

With a pasty and sleepy expression, Bergman watched the boy mop up the marble counter. His little legs, wound tightly around the stool, did not budge. "Mrs. Greenbaum, next door, owes me fifteen," he said, slowly.

"Well, dope! An' so you'll lose ten! She won't eat ya!"

"Me? Lose ten bucks? Rent week, Moe."

"Aw, c'mon! What do ya care? She won't eat ya! Get her a box of candy on the way home."

"Ten bucks," murmured Bergman, unhappily. "I lose ten bucks in the subway. What can she say? I lost 'em, that's all!"

"Bravo!" cried Moe, wiping the crumbs from his mouth. "Now you're talkin'!"

Bergman slid off his stool, and as they came to the door, took a deep breath of the evening air and straightened his hat. He smiled; his eyes squinted joyously.

"S'long, Moe."

"S'long!" cried Moe, and shouted over his shoulder, "Don't forget the candy!"

DAVID BERGMAN, his wife, and their daughter Goldie, lived in a three-room apartment on the fourth floor. All their windows looked down into a tiny drab courtyard, which, were courtyards known to blush, would have been of a perennial rosy hue. But since they are known to bear with equanimity the most sordid signs of domestic life and strife issuing from their cliff of windows, this courtyard seemed merely to shrink within itself, and hide beneath its rows and rows of dripping wash.



"I don't want nobody better, Ma," she sobbed. "He's good enough for me"

The Bergman windows added generously to the noisy life of the courtyard, and though Mrs. Bergman would hasten to shut all windows at the incipient stages of a quarrel, the next morning the neighbors knew all about it.

Mr. and Mrs. Bergman cannot wholly be blamed. The drabness of their three little rooms often seemed to be lightened by the flash of a curse, and the jerky, jazz-like sobbing of Goldie. They were always the same—their quarrels. Growls, voices, the sudden scraping of a chair, a fist brought down upon a table, crockery set a-clattering, then the shrill, hysterical voice of Mrs. Bergman:

"Shame! Shame on you! Look at her, crying her eyes out!"

And the bellow of Mr. Bergman with a note of harassed grief in it: "For God's sake, leave me alone!"

"What do you mean? Leave you alone! Rags! Rags! Look at her! And her father an operator!"

"For God's sake, lemme breathe."

"What do you mean, leave you breathe?"

"I can't! I can't!"

"Every night the same story."

"I can't!"

"Can't! You and your newspaper—"

And it was here that once, Mr. Bergman, driven,

harassed, wild, had tipped the kitchen table and sent all the plates, spoons and glasses clattering to the floor, while a silent and frightened Mrs. Bergman had picked up the fragments in her apron and wiped a tear with her sleeve.

The clock on the china closet in the dining-room was striking nine when Bergman entered that evening. He threw his coat and hat over a chair in the dining-room and, dusty, glowing, tired, entered the kitchen. Mrs. Bergman got up from his favorite seat, the soft one near the radiator, and began re-warming the cold supper. She eyed her husband suspiciously as, smiling, he tucked the napkin around his collar.

"Where you been so late?"

"Who, me?"

"Yea. Nine o'clock already."

Mr. Bergman broke off a piece of rye bread and tackled the herring. The little bald spot on the top of his head deepened in color. "Me? Overtime."

"Again?"

"Sure. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I thought maybe you was still runnin' around and throwin' your money about on those rooms."

"Me?"

"Three times already that man broke his head in business, an' still he's got the corner of one eye on a room."

"Listen to her! You'd think—"

"I know you, David." Mrs. Bergman sighed and began ladling out the *borsch*. Mr. Bergman glanced around the kitchen and saw no sign of his daughter—no vanity-case tossed in among the dishes on the cupboard, no red

Illustrations by

Hubert Mathieu

turban thrown down on a chair, no red-heeled opera pumps balanced precariously against the wall. Nothing but a pair of bedroom slippers softly waiting beneath her chair. With the solicitude of an epicure, his thick fingers picked the bones from the herring. "Where's Goldie?"

"Goldie? She'll be here soon. She had a date."

"Charlie again?"

"No." Mrs. Bergman, holding the hot plate of soup with the corner of her apron, placed it near the herring. "I—I don't know, Davey. I don't know what's getting into that girl."

"What's the matter?"

"She don't go out with Charlie no more. It's always the girls, now."

"How's that? Had a scrap?"

"How should I know? She tells me anything?"

"What then, she tells me?"

"But such a sly—"

"Humpf! Your daughter."

"My daughter? Your daughter? You tell me anything? Overtime. Overtime, he says. I never see no overtime money, but—Gott zu dank—overtime! . . . Leave some herring for Goldie."

"All right." Mr. Bergman pushed away the herring, drew the soup to him, sniffing, and (Turn to page 58)





Drawing by Eduard Buk Ulreich

## Breathe It All Back

says **CELIA CAROLINE COLE**

**Renewed beauty, health and joy await those who'll practise deep, directed breathing. This article shows the way**

**I**N INDIA, they say, men become gods by breathing deep.

The first mystery of life is in breath. When you arrive, you draw in a long, deep breath, let it out in a wail, and your life on this earth has begun.

Breathing is the most important of all the functions of the body. You can live for some time without eating, less time without drinking (mark that, my friends, and drink your twelve glasses of water a day); but you can live only a few moments without air.

Open your windows and breathe down with deep greed. Fill your lower lungs and back as if they were a bellows. Not only is man dependent upon breath for life; he is largely dependent upon correct habits of breathing for continued vitality and freedom from disease. Open your windows and *breathe!* An intelligent control of your

breathing power will not only lengthen your days upon this valiant, exciting earth but it will keep you fit and young by giving you increased vitality and powers of resistance.

Those in high places in the medical world have stated that "one generation of correct breathers would regenerate the race, and disease would be so rare as to be looked upon as a curiosity." Think of that! And do your bit.

The man in the Western World thinks of air as "fresh," "like wine"—a pure combination of oxygen and hydrogen; or "fetid," "close"—an impaired, depleted oxygen and hydrogen. But the Oriental thinks of air as more than oxygen and hydrogen; to him there is an added force or quality, a mystical something that is "life-force"—the air has a soul. With deep, directed breathing he not only restores his physical body with the fresh physical air, but mentally directing this force, he consciously stores away in his brain and nerve centers, just as a storage battery stores away electricity, this vital energy that is the soul. All those ancient wise men of the East have deep, directed breathing as part of their religious training.

Here is the first lesson in correct breathing:

Stand or sit erect. Breathing through the nostrils (and by the way, always cleanse your nostrils when you cleanse your face, especially you who smoke and you who live in cities), inhale steadily, first filling the lower part of the lungs, pushing forward the front

walls of the abdomen. Then come on up and fill the middle part of the lungs, pushing wide the lower ribs, breastbone, and chest. Now the higher portions of the lungs, right up to your chin, expanding the upper chest. In this final movement the lower part of the abdomen will be slightly drawn in, which gives the lungs a support and also helps to fill the highest part of them. It's really a matter of breathing until you are like a balloon. It seems to be a three-part movement, but it really is a continuous flow, the breath rising like an elevator in a shaft—smooth, steady, strong.

Retain the breath a few seconds.

Exhale slowly, holding the chest in a firm position, drawing the abdomen in a little and lifting it upward slowly as the air leaves the lungs. The strong, steady elevator is descending.

Do this five times. And after a while, when your lungs have got used to this banquet of air, do it ten times, several times a day.

No breath short of this is a complete breath. Try it and see what a beautiful and beautifying thing it does to you.

Most of us use only the tops of our lungs to breathe—we seem to have an idea that our lungs end at the bust line. But they don't—not by a long shot. They go clear down to the waistline on either side of the ribs. And if you want to live richly and vigorously, if you want to be a beauty, (Turn to page 40)





# Have you tasted all these delicious soups?

21 different and fascinating kinds  
to choose from . . .



## Asparagus

Springtime's tenderest asparagus shoots in fascinating puree. Strictly vegetable. Even richer served as Cream of Asparagus.

## Bean

The old home favorite even more delicious and more satisfying.

## Beef

Solid food in tempting soup. Hearty pieces of meat blended with vegetables.

## Bouillon

Limpid, amber-clear beef broth delicately flavored with vegetables. For the sick-room, too.

## Celery

All the tonic goodness of crisp, snow-white celery, captured for your delight. Strictly vegetable. Makes wonderful Cream of Celery.

## Chicken

Rice, celery, diced chicken in a chicken broth no appetite can resist.

## Chicken-Gumbo

Chicken soup with okra, in the Louisiana Creole style.

## Clam Chowder

Right from the depths of the sea. Tang! Zest! A real treat!

## Consommé

The formal soup. Beef broth, beautifully clear and combined with a delicate vegetable broth.

## Julienne

Banquet Soup par excellence. Whole peas, shredded vegetables in dainty beef broth.

## Mock Turtle

Seldom made at home. Tomatoes, celery, fresh herbs, delectable sherry and toothsome pieces of meat in a smooth rich blend.

## Mulligatawny

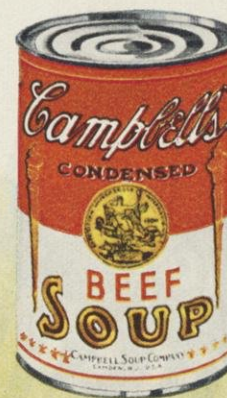
The Orient's own chicken soup, with curry and East India chutney.

## Mutton

Mutton broth with vegetables; very lightly seasoned; splendid for children and invalids.

## Ox Tail

Popular hearty soup. Ox tail and beef broth, with vegetables a-plenty; garnished with ox tail joints.



**Pea**  
All the charm, all the extraordinary nutriment of dainty tender peas, blended with rich creamery butter. Strictly vegetable. Enjoy it often as Cream of Pea.

## Pepper Pot

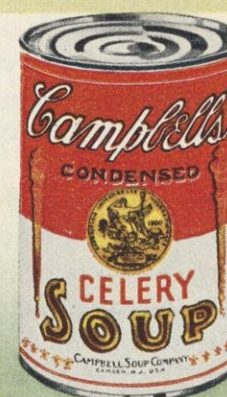
A man's soup! From an old Colonial recipe. The real, famous Philadelphia Pepper Pot, with macaroni dumplings, potatoes, spicy seasonings and meat. Just taste it!

## Printanier

Exquisitely blended chicken and beef broth with vegetables in fancy shapes; jells in can over night on ice.

## Tomato

The glory of the tomato, in the most popular soup in all the world. Strictly vegetable. Pure tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" in a puree enriched with golden creamery butter. Especially delicious prepared as Cream of Tomato.



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

11 cents a can



## Tomato-Okra

Southern Gumbo style. Tomato Soup with fresh sliced okra.

## Vegetable

Best-liked hearty soup all over the United States. It's a luncheon or supper, with its 15 vegetables, invigorating broth, alphabet macaroni, barley, fresh herbs.

## Vegetable-Beef

And here's that fine old-fashioned favorite—Vegetable Soup enriched with tender pieces of beef.

## Vermicelli-Tomato

The tangy flavor of cheese and bacon imparts an irresistible sparkle to this tomato puree, garnished with vermicelli.



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





## Have you smoked a CAMEL lately?

If you want to enjoy cool, smooth mildness in a cigarette—*real* mildness—just try Camels in the Camel Humidor Pack.

It's like giving your throat a vacation—so free are Camels from the slightest trace of bite or burn or sting.

Women, because their throats are more delicate than men's, particularly appreciate this relief from the hot smoke of parched dry-as-dust tobacco, and are switching to Camels everywhere.

The secret of Camel's unique mildness is that the blend of fine Turk-

ish and mild Domestic tobaccos of which they are made is brought to the smoker in prime factory-fresh condition.

All the fragrance and aroma of these tobaccos—and all the natural moisture which means cool flavorful smoking—is preserved intact for you by the Camel Humidor Pack.

So try Camels and see what it means to smoke fine cigarettes kept fine—switch to them for just one day, then leave them, if you can.

● Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked



# CAMELS

Mild.. NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons  
— Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every  
night except Sunday



# WHAT IS TODAY'S BREAKFAST?

We look in on nearly a thousand American homes  
at breakfast time, and find out for ourselves  
just what American families eat in the morning

by  
**CONSTANCE  
N. HOLLAND**

**T**ODAY'S breakfast is a good meal, a hearty beginning for the day's work, and today's housekeeper plans it thoughtfully, and with an eye to getting her family off to a good start in the morning.

This we know, because, through our Consultant Housekeepers, that group of nearly a thousand women, keeping house for their families across the length and breadth of the land, we have been privileged to look in on hundreds of American homes at breakfast time. Through letters and questionnaires, these women take us into the very center of their homekeeping. They answer our questions frankly, honestly—and out of their own practical experience. Their replies to our Breakfast Questionnaire brought an intimate picture of average American breakfasts. And their breakfast menus are a delight to us who believe so strongly in good food, and plenty of it. Had you thought of breakfast as merely a cup of coffee and a morsel of toast? These menus will surprise and delight you; they will set you longing for a good old-fashioned hearty breakfast tomorrow morning.

"We always start with fruit," they tell us. And what a variety of fruit! No monotony in this first course. Here is an appetizer for every palate. Oranges and grapefruit lead in point of popularity. Bananas receive honorable and frequent mention. The homey prune is not neglected. In season, melons, peaches and berries are favorites. Figs, either dried or canned, too. Dates and raisins are frequently served. Canned pineapple, peaches, pears, and a host of other canned fruits; apple sauce and baked apples; tropical guavas and avocados; tomato juice, spicy and zesty; grape juice and grapefruit juice; and one Housekeeper, with happy originality, occasionally serves glasses of frosty lemonade for a morning pick-me-up.

Our Housekeepers think well of cereals, too. Their breakfast menus include the hot cooked varieties, and the crisp, crunchy, ready-prepared grains and kernels and shreds and puffs. Here, again, there is opportunity to satisfy every taste. And they agree with us that breakfast, to be complete, should include a generous dish of cereal.

And then there is toast, crisp, hot, buttered toast, served regularly for breakfast in almost every one of these hundreds of homes. Perhaps its popularity is due in some measure to those engaging devices, the electric toasters.

And muffins and biscuits and rolls—these also have

a place. Griddle cakes, too, are popular, and why wouldn't they be, when the ready-prepared pancake flours make their preparation so simple and so speedy?

And, as a fitting accompaniment to these hot breads, we find jams and jellies, honey, and the English cousin, orange marmalade.

Bacon, of course, and eggs, boiled, poached, fried, scrambled and in fluffy omelets—these are breakfast standbys, and our Housekeepers serve them regularly.

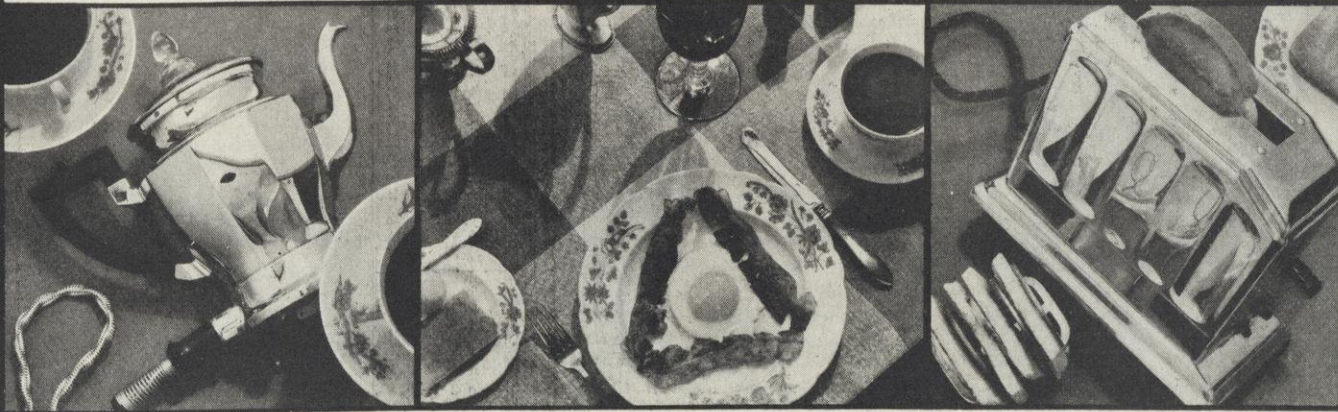
Coffee heads the list of breakfast beverages, for after all, what is breakfast without a cup of good coffee (or maybe two cups)? Milk for the children, of course, and cocoa and the malted cocoa drinks are favorites.

And what an amazing variety of other dishes there are. Glance at this list, and see if you don't find inspiration for dozens of delicious breakfasts. Succulent sausages; waffles with golden syrup; corned-beef hash (the skill of the canner brings it to you ready for just a moment's browning); "grits and gravy" of southern tradition; fried ham with slices of fried canned pineapple; finnan haddie; kidneys; liver; fish of all kinds, including codfish cakes and creamed codfish; brains; cheese, creamed on toast or with scrambled eggs; doughnuts; baked beans; crackers; coffee cake; fritters; popovers; fried potatoes and grilled tomatoes; cookies; chops; broiled steak; sweet-breads—here are breakfasts seasoned with variety and interest.

"And what about Sunday breakfast?" we asked. "Do you serve a more extensive meal on Sunday morning?" But no, Sunday breakfast is about the same as weekday breakfast in the majority of homes. Here, however, is a point worth noting. Several of our Housekeepers, in answering this question, tell us that breakfasts in their homes are always about the same, *but are always extensive*. And that is as it should be.

But how do people eat breakfast? Is there so hectic a scramble to get father off to his train and the children to school on time that the meal is gulped down with no thought for digestion? Here was another question for our Housekeepers, and while the figures are close, the leisurely breakfast wins by a gratifying margin. There is no time to dawdle, but, on the other hand, ample time is allowed to eat in comfort. "We get up ten minutes earlier," one Housekeeper reports, "so that we may eat a good breakfast without hurrying, and it is worth it."

"And how about breakfast appetites? Do you find them lagging?" Reports point (Turn to page 61)





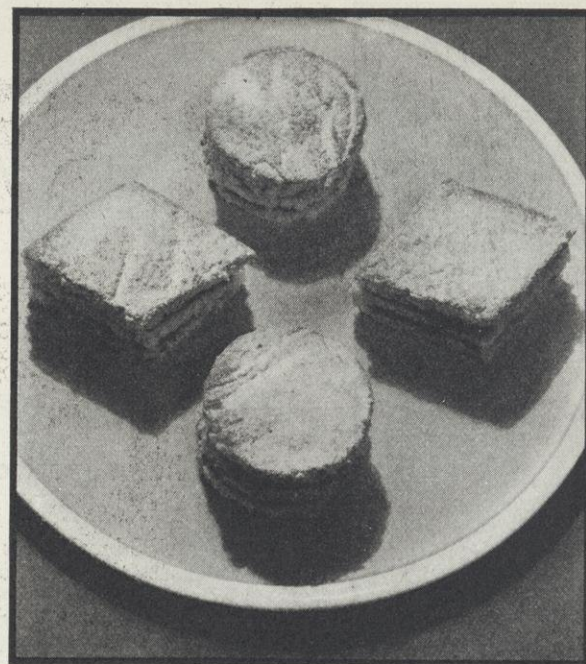
# FOOD SHOULD LOOK LIKE FOOD

A salad should look like a salad and not like  
an exhibition of the hearts-and-flowers school of  
art. Let your food have a chance to be itself

by

ANN

BATCHELDER



HOW like "a good deed in a naughty world" shines the jewel of simplicity! Did you ever admire a gown so severely simple and unembarrassed by flounces and meaningless bows that it charmed by its very austerity? The cunning of such a gown lies in the cutting, the draping to the figure, the straight and unhurried line that, seemingly so unstudied, is in truth the period to the dressmaker's art.

Now you have it—the very point about food. For the same artistic viewpoint in cookery is the most desirable one. I am not a dressmaker or even a designer of clothes. If you'll promise never to reveal it, I will tell you a secret: *I can't sew!* But I don't care. For it's easier in this mad world to get one's designing and "styling" and sewing done than to get good food, good to look at and good to eat, served to one. Ever think of that? Not that you ever fail in that respect, but you know what I mean.

Let me elucidate, as the professors say. Take that abomination, the so-called "candlestick salad." Now *really*. What is there about this alleged salad that should make one long to eat it, aside from the bare fact that, when all is said and all is done, it *is* a banana? And bananas are a wonderfully nice fruit. Nice enough to deserve better at the hands of their friends than being forced to totter precariously upright on a lettuce leaf, and be forced to balance a cherry feverishly on their heads. Tell me, don't you agree? And tell me whether you think such a thing is a salad at all! You may disagree, but look at the banana and grapefruit salad at the left of this page and be honest about it. Doesn't it look like a salad? With no nonsense and no filagrees

about it? Doesn't it look like food and not a stunt?

What I think of a ham, baked and done well, and then, through some mental kink of somebody, decorated with hearts and arrows made of frosting. I'd hate to tell you what I think, but maybe you can imagine. Yet such is done and very stylish, too, no doubt. But a ham loses its open and unashamed mien under such treatment, and



worthy friends when they are used with taste and discretion. Lovely effects are possible with foods, and who should know this better than you! But food should look like food and not like something else. This is best achieved through simplicity.

Would some frenzied person induce you to create an imitation boar's head out of cake, with tusks of gum paste and a snout of red jelly, just to serve ice cream in? The directions for this frightful thing say that the cream should be in two colors—to give it the appearance of fat and lean meat! You think this is a joke? Well, it's not. But it will be a tragedy if you ever allow yourselves to be beguiled into attempting it. I know you won't. I just mention it to show to what lengths wildness can go.

Just one more atrocity, and then we'll go on to commoner affairs. The one I have in mind is called "dolphins supporting a slab." It is made to hold a cold dessert. It is draped with angelica seaweed and decorated with shells of frosting. Don't do it. You won't, will you? I'd hate to think of you struggling with the faces of the dolphins and making their eyes out of crystallized prunes.

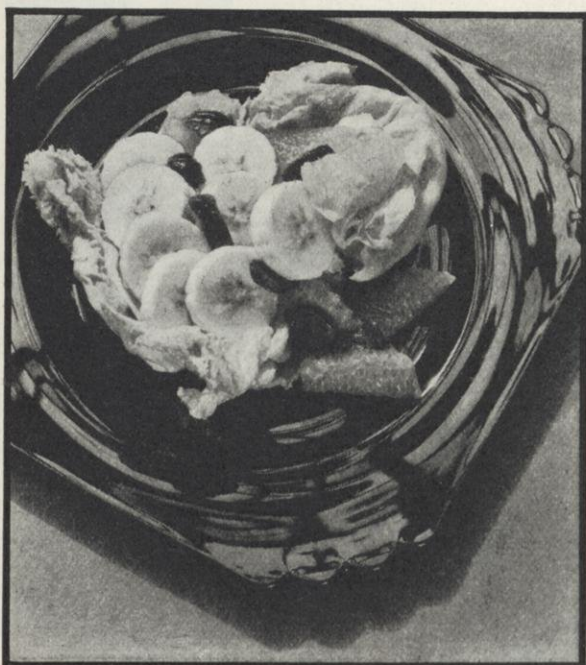
There's another little matter I would speak of, just to get it off my chest. And that is the pernicious idea of using ribbons on food.

What earthly use or beauty is contained in a couple of yards of florist's gauze when it is tied in a big bow around an ice-box cake? Do I hear anyone speak? I assure you, in case you think I'm spoofing, that such a *mésalliance* between ribbon and ice-box cake took place to my knowledge. I hear it's not uncommon.

Bread sticks tied in bunches with "baby" ribbon also are not unknown. Probably seen them yourselves. Of course I know the bread sticks still look like bread sticks, but one hasn't the same urge to eat them when one must untie the ribbons and surreptitiously throw them under the table.

I think the whole thing is a matter of good taste versus bad taste. It seems to me that food in itself, if perfectly cooked, properly dressed and simply and appropriately garnished, is beautiful and satisfying enough. I can't see the point of disguising it or making it look like something else. It is such a waste of time and energy and materials to contrive these outlandish food effects. Never gets a gal anywhere. And it does spoil her temper, making or dressing up the thing, spoils the disposition of the one who tries to fathom its mystery in order to eat it, and is just too bad anyway.

Well, never mind. I feel sure of you. Feel sure that good taste and good sense are yours in those proportions that will keep you always from imitation hams and lace pants on the turkey. I feel so confident that no mermaids trailing a shad in their wake will ever be served at your tables that I want to just sit down with you and laugh.



becomes a strange and monstrous thing of utter unappeal.

Now a brown, crisp, sugary ham, stuck with spicy cloves, and savory in its own delicious juices, simply garnished with slices of pineapple and perhaps baked apples, this is a goodly and lordly dish and looks like baked ham, not a birthday cake!

You will see, on this page, a platter of tender broiled filets of beef. Under each one is a slice of broiled pineapple. The meat is dressed with salt and pepper and a liberal quantity of fresh butter. And around each filet are tiny cubes of sautéed green pepper. Not for this platter a ribald assortment of fancy-shaped gadgets. No detected parsley, no impossible decorations of vegetables. They will be served, each in its own right and dish. You may choose marrons or apricots to dress your platter of filets with, and they are delectable. But have your steaks so good, so beautifully broiled, so hot and tender and crisp outside that they need no disguising with fripperies.

And yet—and yet—I do believe in garnishes. You know I do. You know I hold with color and glitter and delight in the sequins and rhinestones of life. But I feel such trinkets are just trinkets. They shouldn't interfere with more substantial matters.

The same with foods. When you are tempted to make your salad into a rag doll, don't do it. Don't build a windmill with frosting and make your guests perspire with apprehension as to how they can manage to eat the cake.

At the same time, your pastry bag and tubes are



X-RAYS prove fresh yeast—unlike weakening cathartics, pills, etc.—actually strengthens “tired” intestines, Dr. Maliwa shows.

# “It has none of the Objections of harsh Cathartics”

—says DR. MALIWA, head of the noted Sanatorium Esplanade

“IN cases of constipation and intestinal sluggishness . . . I prescribe fresh yeast. I prefer it to all other purifiers of the intestines.”

That is the way one of Europe's foremost authorities on the intestines sums up the results of his medical experience!

Dr. Edmund Maliwa is physician-in-chief of the world-famous Sanatorium Esplanade, at Baden, near Vienna, and the author of “Peristaltic Action,”

which describes the way in which the human intestine works.

“Fresh yeast,” he explains, “has none of the objectionable features of harsh cathartics and laxative drugs, which weaken the condition of the intestines and aggravate constipation.

“Fresh yeast stimulates weak intestinal muscles . . . helps renew normal action . . . increases the flow of gastric juices . . . improves digestion and

the general vitality.”

Not a “cure-all,” Fleischmann's Yeast is a fresh food with certain amazing properties.

Eaten daily, it mingles with and softens the waste masses in your intestines. In addition, it supplies elements that actually “tone” and strengthen your sluggish intestinal tract.

Thus normal, easy elimination is induced . . . poisons are regularly cleared away. And your whole system shows the healthful effects!

Your tongue clears—you boast greater reserves of energy—you digest your meals more easily. You are less subject to bad breath, to skin eruptions, to frequent headaches and colds.

Why not try it . . . in place of weakening cathartics and laxatives? Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.

And write for free booklet. Standard Brands Incorporated, 691 Washington St., New York City.

**Important** Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors advise. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Rich in health-giving vitamins B, G, and D.



## “The Doctors are Right”

“The least little thing would wear me out,” writes Miss Diane Craddock, of Tulsa, Okla. “My whole system was sluggish . . . Some friends had been advised by doctors to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. I decided to try it, too.

“Almost immediately my appetite picked up and the tired feeling left. My complexion, which hadn't been any too good, became nice and clear. Now I enjoy life in a whole-hearted way.”

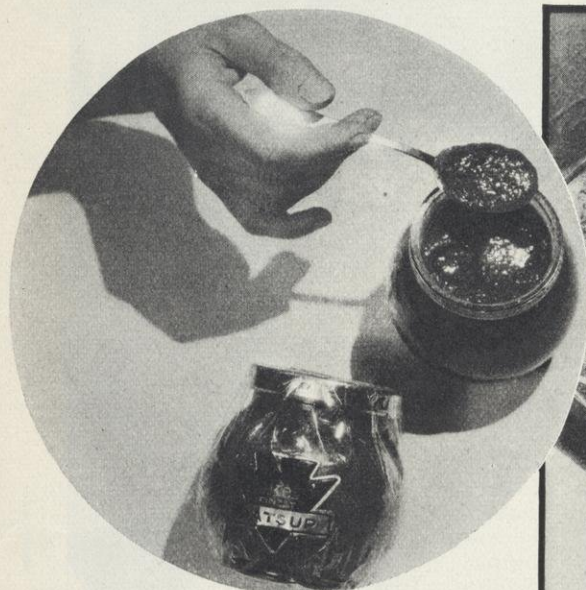


EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast every day—just plain or dissolved in water (a third of a glass). Try it!





# FOOD NEWS FOR THE NEW YEAR



For the most particular table service



A new idea in baking powder cans

**F**OOD news is good news. At least it ought to be, for you and for me. It's always so engaging to find a new product, or a novel package for a well-known one, that I want always to get right out on the front bleachers and lead the cheering for the home team.

Not to waste any time getting into the front-page news, let me call your attention to the large picture in the upper center, which shows some of the latest developments in quick-frozen or frosted foods. Herein you see the frosted filets of sole, that delicate white fish that lends its tender sea flesh to some of the finest dishes in the world.

You see here, also, well, what *do* you suppose? Lobster, no less. The trim, fresh, coral-colored claws and body meat of that lordly shell-fish are quick frozen, all its flavor and goodness sealed in to be ready, in season and out, for everything from salad to Newburgs, from sauté to Thermidor. And as fresh and sea-beguiling as if just brought from the lobster pots in the coldest waves.

A carton of fresh raspberries, as juicy and red and delightful as any that were ever plucked from a thorny bush in the pasture, are sparkling with frost crystals, and these are ready to serve, whether the sun that ripened them be swinging high or the snows of winter be drifting deep. It's all one to the foods packaged by this method. They are not bound by seasons. They call all seasons their own.

Spinach, a good green, leafy, young, clean as a mountain spring and ready to cook in a few minutes—and without water—is brought to you, caught at its perfect instant and held for you with nature's great preservative—frost itself.



Above are the latest packaged frosted foods. Below, a saw-tooth tomato slicer in action

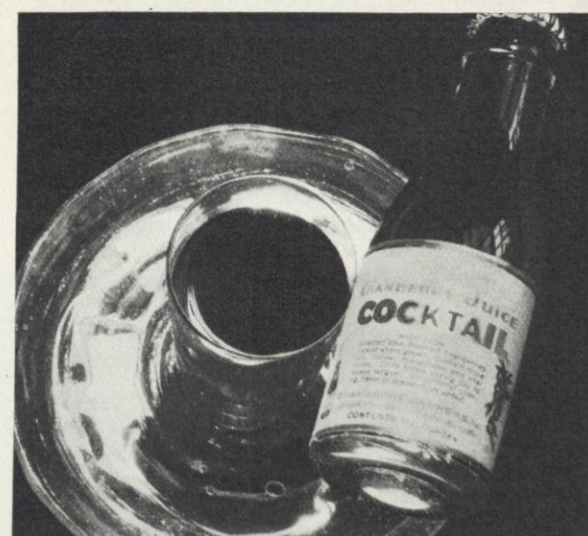


And also, you'll observe, is a porter house steak. Let it speak for itself.

But I know you have questions in your minds. And no doubt the first one is—what *are* frosted foods? Let me tell you. They are the best cuts of meat, the freshest and finest fish, prime poultry, ripe fruits and vegetables, packaged and quick-frozen in convenient cartons and ready for you to use the year round.

They have the appearance, the flavor, the adaptability to all cookery purposes of foods that are fresh from the garden, the market, the sea itself. You know they are frozen so quickly that the flavor, color, and structure of the foods are not impaired. All the goodness is instantly sealed in, and this sealing remains untouched until the foods reach your kitchen. The foods are frosted in the package. After that, they are held in the frosted condition for you. There is no de-frosting or change until you prepare or serve them.

I wonder if you care to know how this freezing is accomplished. Briefly, the foods are packed in small cartons first. Then these cartons are carried on a moving belt into a frigid tunnel where it is fifty degrees below zero.



Another cold belt presses down on the cartons, these belts being intensely cold, and the packages are frosted top and bottom simultaneously. Then, in about an hour, more or less, depending on the thickness of the cartons of food, they pass out of the tunnel solidly frozen.

But this frosting is not allowed to lapse, for the foods are not allowed to thaw in the slightest degree. *You* are the one who does the de-frosting. The foods are stored in sub-zero temperature and delivered to you in their perfectly frozen state. And right here is a good place to tell you that there are no preservatives in these foods. No tampering with them or coloring them; they are the finest of fresh foods with all their freshness retained by the quick freezing and nothing else.

A case in point is that of peas. All their delicious flavor and tenderness are caught and held by frost. They have that brilliant green color of the peas in your garden. Within two hours of the time they are on the vines, they are shelled, washed and frosted, and there is no time or chance for them to lose color or taste or tenderness. These frozen peas are selected varieties of especially choice flavor.

Another thing I must tell you is that these foods aren't carted about to the freezing units. The machines are brought to the source of supply. This prevents loss of flavor, change in color, deterioration in texture. And freshness is the natural outcome of this plan. They are of the finest quality to begin with, and this quality is sealed in to await your pleasure. (Turn to page 45)



# SWIFT — INFALLIBLE —

*these 4 famous steps to beauty*



**1** Immaculate cleansing, to the depths of the pores—that's the first step of the Pond's Method... Apply POND'S COLD CREAM over your face and neck, patting in with upward, outward strokes to ward off sagging and wrinkles... Wait for the fine light oils to sink deep down into the pores... and float every particle of clogged dirt, powder and make-up to the surface



**2** Now wipe away all cream and dirt with POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES—more efficient because so much *softer* and half again more absorbent by laboratory test... Society women say these exquisite Tissues are "the best way to remove cold cream," for they absorb the dirt so completely that nothing is left to clog the pores. Tissues in pure white... or enchanting peach.



**3** Next, POND'S SKIN FRESHENER to tone and firm—you saturate a pad of cotton, then pat briskly over your face and neck till the skin glows with lovely natural color... This gentle tonic and mild astringent is so carefully formulated it *cannot dry your skin*... It is indispensable in home treatment of minor skin ills such as enlarged pores, sallowness, blackheads and blemishes.



**4** Smooth on a film of POND'S VANISHING CREAM always before you powder, to make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a lovely velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face, but wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck. And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft, smooth, and white!



TUNE IN on Pond's Friday evenings 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. W.EAF and N.B.C. Network

Send 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS • POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, DEPT. A, 115 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK

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## TICK, TACK, TOCK

Continued from page 7

The other day at lunch time I heard Judge Slowbody and two of the lawyers talking about a thing called Relativity, a new kind of time which was discovered by a man named Weinstein or some name that sounded like that. They all confessed they didn't understand it, but they all got excited about it. One lawyer said that it was the greatest discovery ever made. The other lawyer said that it wasn't a discovery at all but an old thing put out by a man named Kant. The Judge said that it was modern nonsense, that it led to atheism. So they talked and talked, and the more they talked the less they understood what it was all about, and the hotter they got. Then old Tock here, pushed along to II, and the bell struck twice, and the court went back to business again. What do you think of that for an abstract subject?"

"Quite all right," said Tick hastily, "but don't let us discuss it here. Let's get out of this stuffy court-room, and see the world, and have adventures. We've got a vacation, haven't we? Well, a vacation with nothing to do except talk is no good. Let's get out and see things!"

"A fine idea," said Tock, "but how are we going to do it? We are fastened here by these pins."

"Listen to me," said Tack, "and do what you see me do. Put your heads back, like this. Put your feet down, like that. Then lift the middle of your body up quickly, like a spring. We'll bounce off these pins that hold us as easily as a boy jumps out of bed on the Fourth of July. But all together, mind you! When I say three, bounce! One—two—three!"

They bounced from their pins just as Tack had said. They struck the glass door of the clock all together, not hard enough to break the glass, but just hard enough to loosen the catch of the door and let it swing open. Then they dropped to the floor and stood up, all ready for adventures.

Tack was a tall, thin gentleman; Tock was a stout, shortish gentleman, with a bow-window in the place where his waist should have been; Tick was a little fellow who had to take two steps while his friends took one. They were all dressed in dark-blue suits, quite neat and stylish; in fact they were a very good-looking trio.

That is to say, you would have called them good-looking if you could have seen them. But their natty suits were made of that magical cloth which is called Nocansee. So they were invisible to everybody except the very rare people with Look-through eyes, and none of these people happened to meet Tick and Tack and Tock in their wanderings. They went where they pleased, passing through closed doors and windows, through walls and roofs, without any noise or trouble. They could see one another, and talk together; but no one else could see them. It was just like playing hide-and-seek with the whole world for a hide-hole. They had many wonderful adventures. I shall tell only three little ones.

## QUICK TIME

IT WAS nine o'clock on Christmas Eve in the nursery. Dotsie, the little girl, was tucked in her bed in the alcove; Hotty and Potty, the two boys, were kicking the covers off their cribs in the big room. Along the mantelpiece, in front of the fireplace, three stockings were hanging, ready for Santa Claus when he came down the chimney. The stockings looked quiet and patient; but the children were restless and complaining. Tick and Tack and Tock were sitting side by side on the sofa, listening.

"I hate it," said Hotty; "me, a big boy five years old, having to go to bed same time as Potty who's only four. And mother made us promise not to get up till six tomorrow morning."

"You ain't so awful big," said Potty, yawning. "I'm just as wide awake as you are. What's fair for me is fair for you. I wake up same time as you do—sometimes I wake up earlier."

"Just think, sillies," said Dotsie, "from nine to six is nine hours we've got to wait. I think it's just awful—I can't b-b-bear it." Her voice trailed off as if it were running down.

"Let's sing 'em our song," whispered Tick to his friends. So they began with a soft sound like a tea-kettle just about to boil.

*"Tick, Tack, Tock;  
Never mind the clock.  
Let your troubles go.  
Fall asleep and never know  
Whether time is quick or slow.  
Tick, Tack, Tock."*

And so all the children dropped off into the strange land of sleep where a dream of a year can fly by in a second.

Tock turned to Tack. "Your job now," he said. "You must make an hour pass as quickly as a minute. Hurry up, like Tick."

"How can I?" said Tack, always moderate. "There's no clock here."

"Stupid," said Tick, "all you've got to do is to make the children feel that time is

perly. "What becomes of time then? Does it go out like the light when the electric wire is broken?"

"Nonsense," said Tock. "Time would be there just the same. It is like a pitcher with water in it. You pour out the water but the pitcher is still there."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Tack, doubting and questioning as usual. "Suppose something happened, any small thing, like a hen laying an egg. And then two or three weeks later a little chicken hatched out of the egg. Would time come back just to hold those two things? But mind you, I'm not so sure about that. It seems to me that time may be mostly imaginary—just our way of thinking about things."

"Children," said old Tock, in his heaviest manner, "you are ridiculous, talking about what you don't understand. 'Suppose! and suppose! and suppose!' We must deal with the facts. Our regular job is to measure time, isn't it? And we do it, don't we? Well, how can you possibly measure a thing that is imaginary?"

"You might do it," said Tick, chuckling at the thought, "with an imaginary measure."

## CONFESSION

by ELSPETH

THEY say it is good for the soul, this open confessing.

I am not wise in such things, but I know what I know . . .

That this is the curse of my life, or maybe its blessing,

For me to be loving him still wherever I go.

With bitterness black on my heart and my lips fast shuttered,

I may go lone with the burden divided in twain,

Giving the lie to the things my mouth once uttered

While my heart in its folly repeats them over again.

Or with him at my side and trouble aplenty,

I'll see old friends turned scornful, for I am so weak.

The mouth is quicker to say at two-and-twenty

What the lips of age are never unlocked to speak.

And I, with this curse or blessing of too much loving,

May hunger again for a child's free way of life.

Little there is of knowing, and none of proving

What bond this is that lies in being made wife.

For women are stupid at best, and I more than most,

With fear at my elbow, trouble upon the sill,

And ever my heart to his heart, proclaiming its boast

That love has conquered at last a proud child's will.

quick. It's all in the mind, you know, according to your friend Weinstein. So get busy."

How Tack did it, I can't tell you; but it was done. To the sleeping children those nine hours that had looked so long, flew by like nine short minutes. When Potty waked Dotsie and Hotty by climbing out of his crib, the sun was shining in at the windows; and the limp stockings that hung by the fireplace had wonderful fat bulges in them, which proved clearly that Santa Claus had been there while the children slept.

## SLOW TIME

GOING along the streets Tick and Tack and Tock often talked about different subjects, sometimes abstract, and sometimes just plain things. The subject of which they were most fond was that curious regular job of theirs, measuring time.

"What is time, anyway?" asked Tick one day. "Is it real, or is it imaginary?"

"I will tell you, sonny," said solemn old Tock. "Time is just the thing in which other things happen, one thing before another, or one after another."

"But suppose nothing happens," said Tick

So the dispute went off in laughter; and the three friends climbed invisibly upstairs in a tall building to the studio of a young painter who was just climbing up to fame.

The room was large and rather disorderly. On the north side there was a big window reaching almost to the roof, with a shade that pulled up from the bottom and a shade that pulled down from the top, so that you could regulate the light. In one corner of the room was a figure like a huge jointed doll, with arms and legs out of joint. On chairs and stools pieces of colored cloth and silk and cotton were hanging. There was a long pine table with paint-brushes and tubes of paint and brass bowls half full of cigaret ashes and butts scattered about on it. Along two sides of the room stood a few picture frames and a good many pictures with their faces turned to the wall like naughty children. On an easel near the window there was a large picture, beginning to be beautiful. There were trees in it; not like the trees in a toy village, stiff and hard; but alive and plummy, so that you felt their branches and leaves would move if the wind blew through them. There was a little river in it; not like a coil of gray rope lying on the floor; but a river of water that seemed to

be flowing somewhere and making a cheerful noise as it flowed. In short, it was not a crazy quilt of triangles and squares and circles jumbled together, but a real picture of something that you could recognize and love.

But the picture was unfinished. There were blank places in it; and other places with nothing but black scratches and scribbles on them. The parts of the picture did not come together. They had not the look of a real landscape as nature makes it and art reveals it.

THE young painter knew this only too well.

He was pacing up and down the studio in despair. He did not tear his hair, because it was too short. He did not rend his clothes, because he had only one suit. He did not scatter ashes on his garments, because they were already ashy enough. But his dragging steps, his anxious, drawn face, his trembling hands, showed that he was outdone and ready to give up the race.

"It's no good," he muttered. "Why should I keep on trying? That picture can never be ready to send in on January second for the exhibition and prize contest. If it doesn't come then, they won't let it in, and I'll have no chance of paying my debts, or getting any more credit. Only six days now, counting Sunday; and the days flash by like lightning. I wish they had forty-eight hours each; then perhaps— But what's the use of wishing or working or hoping? I can't possibly finish the picture. I haven't got time."

So he lit his fortieth cigaret, and dropped moodily into a chair, laying his arms on the table and his head on his arms, as if he meant never to do another stroke of work.

"Poor fellow," said Tack.

"Foolish fellow," said Tock. "Says he 'hasn't got time.' Why, he has all the time there is."

"Yes," said Tick, "but the trouble is that he doesn't know it because he is afraid. He thinks time swoops. It doesn't really swoop. It ticks. And every tick is a second; and every minute has sixty seconds in it; and very important things can be done in a second—the right word in a story, the right stroke in a picture. But fear makes him forget this. Fear is a nightmare. Some horrible thing comes rushing at you, and you want to run, but you can't because you are so afraid the horrible thing will catch you."

"Good for you, Tick," said Tock, smiling. "For a little fellow you have a big lot of sense. Now use it. Make this painter feel that what you've just been saying is true. Time doesn't swoop. It ticks. A bit of good work can be done in a minute, if you give your mind to it. Save this fellow from his crazy fear, and persuade him that time is slow enough for a man to finish his job, if he makes the best of it. Slow time is what he needs. Give it to him."

"All right," said Tick. "I'll try."

How it was done, nobody knows. Perhaps the meaning of the hands' talk filtered into the painter's mind silently like fresh air coming into a stale, smoky room. Perhaps it was one of those little daily miracles that happen inside the souls of men. At all events, he lifted his head from the table and his fear of swooping time was gone. His eyes cleared and his hand grew firm. He stopped befogging himself with cigarets and went to work.

He saw his picture clearly in his mind now, and felt sure that he could put it on the canvas if he tried. Minute by minute, hour by hour, day after day, while the light was good, he thought quietly and worked steadily. In four days the picture was complete; the parts came together; the harmony of forms and colors was right.

The finished work went to the exhibition on the appointed day. It was the best thing the painter had ever done. It won the first prize. It did more than that. It taught him how to climb the ladder of fame. One rung after another—time is slow enough for that.

## NO TIME

THE little house at the edge of the town was very quiet at ten o'clock in the evening of New Year's Day. The golden wedding supper was over. The guests were gone. The table was cleared, except for a small salt-cellar of pure gold which the children and grandchildren had joined their savings to buy as a gift.

The room was not vast or splendid. In fact it was rather plain and homely, like a room that was used to a simple, human life. But there were flowers in (Turn to page 32)



# To sustain you till the clock strikes noon

## Eat a Hot Quick Quaker Oats breakfast



### COOKS IN 2½ MINUTES

Just sprinkle these quick-cooking flakes into bubbling water and by the time the coffee boils, there's your energy breakfast.

*Breakfast is your most important meal because you do 70%—more than 2/3 of your entire day's work—before noon. That's true in schoolwork... housework... business.*

**E**NERGY without a letdown, all morning long! Not nervous energy, but good, wholesome *food* energy. The kind that enables you to think clearly—keep going full speed, till the clock strikes noon!

It's vitally important to have this kind of morning energy. It brings better marks in school. Success in business. Whether you have it depends largely on how much energy your breakfast gives you.

### Why Quaker Oats gives more lasting energy

Quaker Oats has long been known as "the great energy breakfast." It provides heartening, stimulating, *lasting* energy. Leaves you physically and mentally alert to meet what the morning brings.

And you'll find this energy breakfast supremely delicious. For in the Quaker mills the plump whole oats are roasted through 14 different ovens to give them a toasty-nut flavor.

Then rolled into tissue-thin flakes so that they cook wholesomely done in 2½ minutes. Less time than it takes you to make coffee! Think what this means to busy housewives.

### A breakfast for five for 3 cents

Buy Quaker Oats for energy... for deliciousness. Buy them too for economy. For this best of all hot breakfasts costs but 3 cents for a family of five.

Why? Because Quaker Oats packages contain 30% to 40% more oat-flakes than most millers pack. Measure it. You'll see it actually amounts to a pint more oatflakes. Isn't this worth saving?

Start tomorrow to make a regular habit of Quick Quaker Oats breakfasts. At all grocers.

### A BREAKFAST FOR FIVE FOR 3 CENTS

There's extra delicious flavor that comes from the Quaker toasting process. Yet this superior oatmeal provides a breakfast for five for 3 cents.

### ENERGY ALL MORNING

University experiments show that the energy from a Quaker Oats breakfast mounts higher... lasts longer.



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

## QUICK QUAKER OATS... cooks in 2½ minutes



# About Appendicitis

**In the presence  
of unrelieved  
abdominal pain**

- 1-Give no food, water  
or medicine**
- 2-Never give laxatives**
- 3-Call your Doctor**

Recently a letter came to us from a mother who had lost a fine, strong boy of twelve from acute appendicitis. She wrote, "If I had run across just one article on appendicitis I feel sure we would not have had this sorrow. An advertisement of yours would save many, many lives. Please give this your earnest consideration."

Because her request voices a widespread desire to know what to do when appendicitis attacks swiftly, this announcement is published.

The deathrate from appendicitis in the United States has steadily increased during the past ten years. But it will be reduced and reduced rapidly when people learn what to do and particularly what not to do in case of an attack.

The symptoms of appendicitis vary. But almost always, continued pain and tenderness in the abdomen are the first indications of an acutely inflamed appendix.

There are two most important things to remember in event of an attack of acute appendicitis:

*First:*—Never use a laxative to relieve acute abdominal pain. If the pain means appendicitis, a laxative, instead of relieving the condition, is likely to spread the inflammation, to cause the appendix to burst or to induce peritonitis.

*Second:*—Send for your doctor immediately. In making his diagnosis he may decide that no harm will come from taking time to make a blood test to confirm his opinion. He may say that the attack can be relieved without operating. Or he may order an operation in the shortest possible time.

Performed without delay, by an expert, an operation for appendicitis is almost always successful. Be sure to consult an experienced and skilful surgeon because many needless operations have been occasioned by incorrect diagnosis.



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

## TICK, TACK, TOCK

Continued from page 30

it, and a bright fire on the hearth. On a sofa in front of the fire sat the golden bride and groom. They were old, of course, yet they seemed so happy and contented that they did not need to make a noise about it. His arm was around her waist, and her head was against his shoulder. They watched the flames rise and fall, and the logs change into rose-red embers. They talked together comfortably, as a river flows after it has crossed the region of falls and rapids and come into the green pastures. They spoke mainly of the past, but without vain regrets. Of the present they spoke without complaining, and of the future without fear.

HE: "Do you remember our buggy-rides when we were first engaged?"

SHE: "Yes, and how you used always to ask the stable-keeper for a sober-minded horse that could be driven with one hand? You ought to have been ashamed."

HE: "But I wasn't not any more than I am now."

SHE: "Golden hair, I had then. You used to say you liked it."

HE: "Silver hair you have now. And I think it's much prettier."

SHE: "How happy you seemed to be when the children came!"

HE: "Seemed? I *was* happy, my dear—and I *am* happy and grateful now, even when I think of those who have been taken from us for a while."

SHE: "How well those who remain with us are doing!"

HE: "Yes, they are doing their best. Tom is having rather a bad time just now, with this unemployment that's all about us—but he will work through because he is sterling."

Pauline has a heavy load to carry; but she's a brave little pony; she'll breast the hill and conquer it."

SHE: "And those grandchildren—how wonderful, how beautiful—"

So the talk meandered on, peaceful and joyful, while Tick and Tack and Tock stood silent in the shadow, listening.

"After all," whispered Tack, "to 'suckle fools and chronicle small beer' seems to be rather a pleasant job. I wonder if there is anything we can do for these people?"

"Nothing," said Tock, with authority, "nothing at all. They are not impatient and they are not afraid. For them time is not. They don't live in it. They live in love; and I think they will go on living that way forever. Come away, friends. We must get back to our job of measuring time for the folks at law."

### LEGAL TIME

THEY hurried back to the court-room, reached there at midnight, and looked up at their places. Tock made a broad back, Tack stood on it, and little Tick scrambled up like a squirrel. Then he leaned down and helped the others up. They all found their pins and fixed themselves. The blue suits of Nocssee cloth faded away. Early in the morning the janitor came, and wound up the weights, and set the pendulum swinging. Then he turned the long minute hand and the stout hand to their right places. The second hand he started at 60.

"Now, fellows," chirruped little Tick, "steady on for a New Year. Follow me. I'll lead you."

*Tick—Tack—Tock . . .*

## ARE YOUR CHILDREN SHOCKPROOF?

Continued from page 15

punctual, scrupulous about keeping appointments, economical about expenditures of time, respectful of other people's time—all this can be done as well on daylight-saving as on standard time, only one has to think first, realizing that time must be looked at from several points of view.

Children must be trained from the start to make choices on the sound basis of general values. We can teach them a respect for standing up for those views, without teaching them to want to fight a boy who says his father belongs to another political party; to maintain a standard of decency without basing it upon the superficial points of manners wherein one household differs from another. It is necessary to say: "This is what I believe now. Many other people—good, intelligent people—believe differently. When you grow up, I want you to be able to decide for yourself. I can't give you the arguments for the other side of the case well, because I am prejudiced. This is what I have to come to believe. In ten years from now I may believe something quite different. But you will meet people who will be as enthusiastic on their side as I am on mine. But whatever you decide to believe, think it through yourself, know the facts, don't take some clever person's say-so." In this way children are taught two things: that their parents are honest, definite persons who have worked out a way of life, and that it is important to think things out for oneself. Their parents should give them a strong appreciation of the meaning and importance of the whole of our social tradition, recognizing that parts of it must be altered in agreement with new knowledge and new conditions.

This is the so-called liberal point of view, and many modern parents pride themselves upon letting their children think what they like. But when these claims are investigated, they are often found to be faulty. Who does not know the liberal home in which children

are permitted to collect money for strikers, or read radical magazines, but are frowned upon heavily if they decide to march with the Ku Klux Klan. There is freedom to be liberal, but not any real freedom to choose. A child should have a right to choose to be more conservative than his parents, as well as more liberal; to be more industrious, as well as more laughter-loving; to place his emotional premiums differently from his parents. How many parents can educate their children for either the light touch or the grand passion? All over the country we have the spectacle of bridge-playing mothers moaning over studious or over-serious daughters who won't "come out," and serious-minded women interested in civic problems bemoaning daughters who want only to "come out." The tyranny of one set of mothers is as great as the tyranny of the other. The absolutism of the radical home in which one must side with the proletariat is as unfair to the children as the conservative home where the word "socialism" mustn't be mentioned in the house.

And neither home has a very good chance of winning out today. The children of both are going to be pitched into an arena where forty different points of view will battle for their allegiance. Wise parents will prepare children for this battle by making them selective, accustomed to thinking for themselves, not easily upset by divergent attitudes, firm on their own feet, prepared for choice.

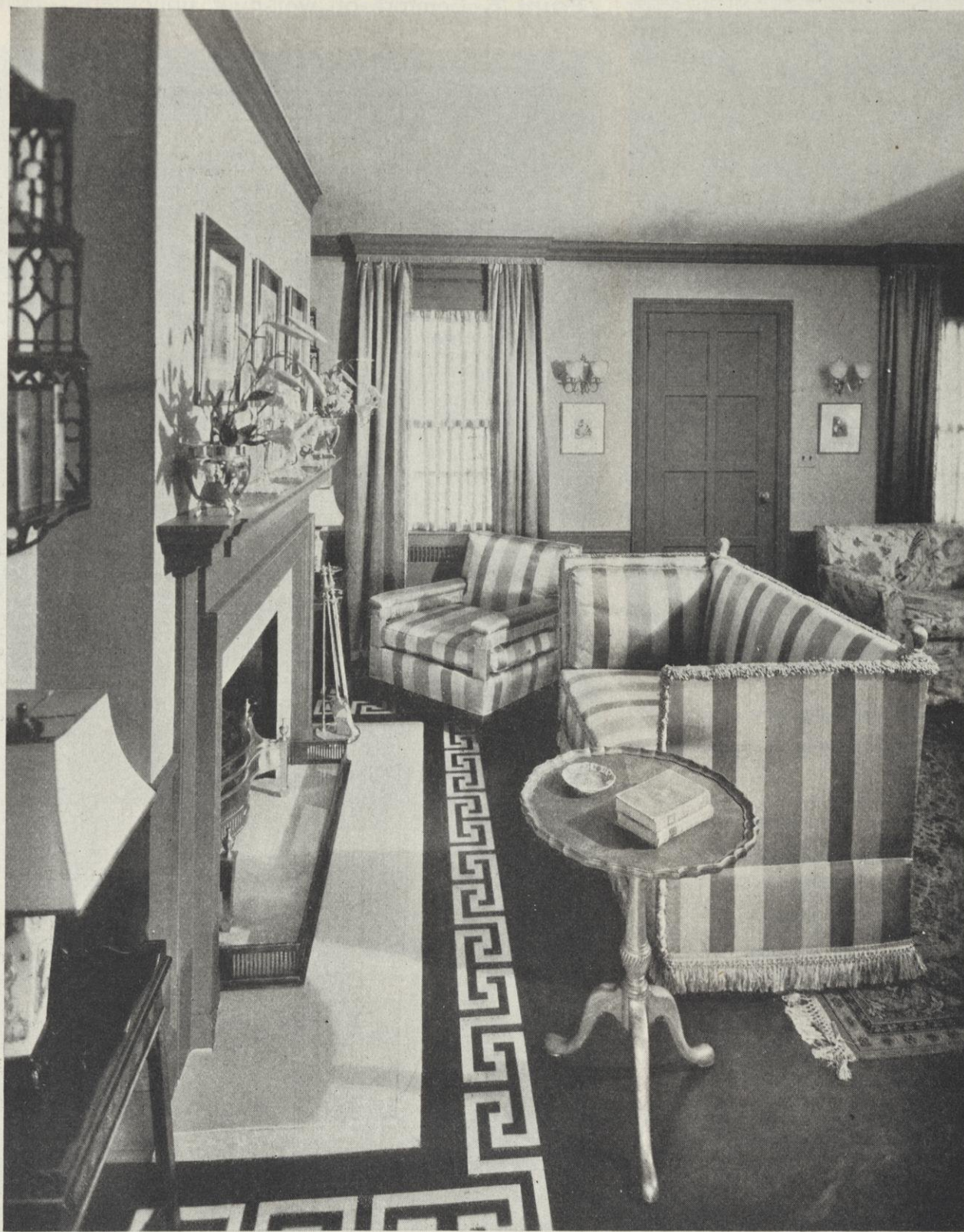
It may be that conditions will change, that America will settle down again to a world where everyone thinks very much alike and children have only to be given the beliefs and prejudices of their parents. But that will not be in our time. We can only prepare our children for the problems which they will have to meet, the problems of a changing, challenging, uncertain world, in which they must be equipped to choose wisely, without hurt to themselves, and without doing violence to the beliefs and sensibilities of others.

Mrs. Miller answers all questions that parents or children ask her. But be sure to send her a self-addressed, stamped envelop



# LIVING WITH BEAUTY

AND  
CHARM  
AND  
GRACE  
AND  
JOY



Deep green linoleum, laid over a lining which prolongs its life, is inset about six inches from the edge with a new Greek key border in white

**T**HE moment you enter our new living-room you achieve a subtle sense of ease and graciousness, of living deeply and freely with beauty and comfort and luxury and charm. You sink into one of our sinfully comfortable armchairs, your voice seeks a mellow note, and you wish that pleasant conversation in front of the open fire could go on forever.

In other words, this room has achieved that generous, hospitable atmosphere that is characteristic of the best English rooms. Nothing stiff or stilted about it, and yet nothing cluttered or haphazard. Several things contribute to this atmosphere. One is that we did not stick too slavishly to one style of furniture, but blended several fine styles that are related to one another in spirit.

As a matter of fact, we were inspired to create this room by the superb furniture designed for S. Karpen and Brothers by Miss Elsie de Wolfe. This furniture, to our minds, is one of the most thrilling events of the year. Beautiful in design, exquisite in detail; it recreates some of the loveliest forms of the eighteenth century craftsmen. Yet, because it is manufactured in large quantities, its price is such that many of us can afford to own it!

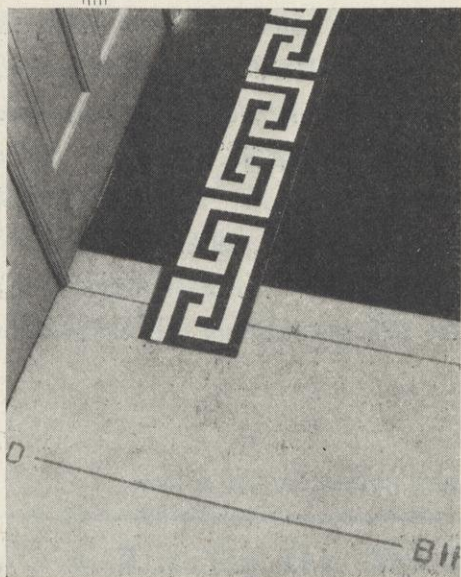
Miss de Wolfe, as you doubtless know, is one of the most famous interior decorators in the world. Perhaps you didn't know that she has been one of the strongest

forces in bringing about the present renaissance of American taste—the present deep appreciation of beauty and style, suitability and comfort in our everyday surroundings.

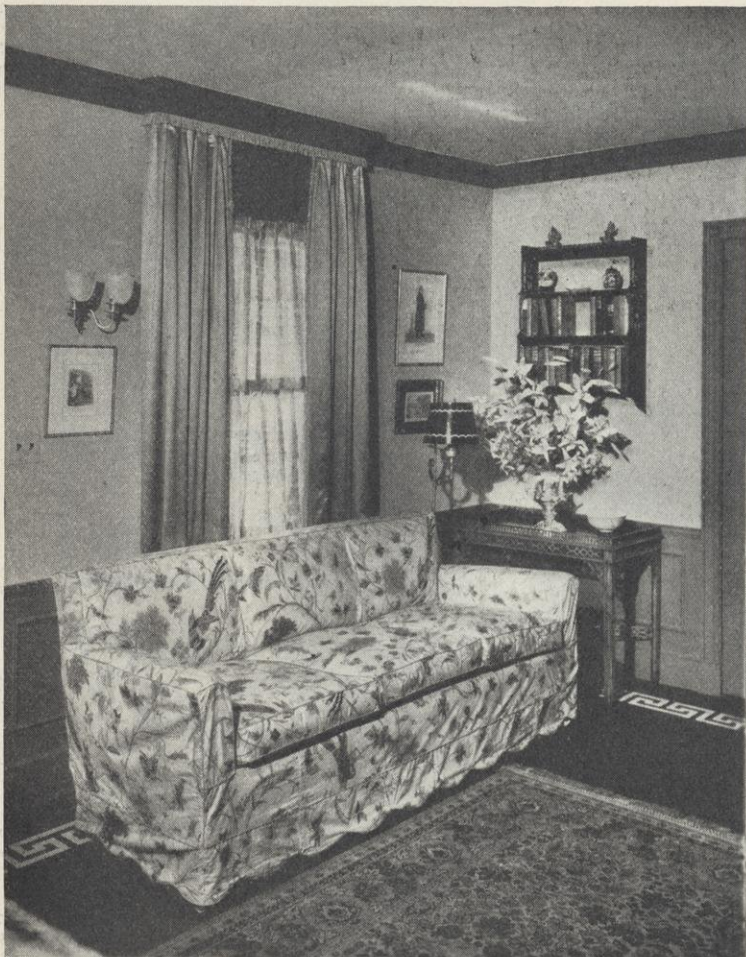
This talented lady was one of the first American women of prominence to react against the stuffy, fussy, overcharged interiors of Victoria's latter days. She urged her clients to discard the heavy, pretentious, ugly furniture that had been made since the Civil War, in favor of the graceful pieces of the eighteenth century.

Recognizing her talents, people of wealth and taste sought her aid in decorating their houses, and Miss de Wolfe became America's most fashionable decorator. Her shop on Fifth Avenue was—and is—a storehouse of lovely treasures. Hitherto these treasures have been available to only the very rich. But now, through these magnificent reproductions, Miss de Wolfe's taste in upholstered furniture is well within reach of us all. Not only did she design all the upholstered pieces we used in this room, but she supervised the details of their construction, even selecting the fabrics with which they are upholstered.

Believing that classic simplicity would make the perfect setting for the dream-like loveliness of this furniture, Delineator Institute of Interiors adapted Georgian architecture to a room which is the size and shape of the







This sofa is sold as it is with its smart slip cover. The chintz used has a delicate floral Chinoiserie pattern on a cream ground

average American living-room. Of course all the woodwork—the moldings, windows, doors, and even the fire-place mantel—was chosen directly from the stock of a manufacturer. It is beautiful in proportion, authentic in detail, and is just another example of the treasure you can find in the stock catalog of a good manufacturer.

Broad-striped satin, with which three of the pieces are upholstered, dictated the color scheme of the room. The stripes are soft deep green, neutral coffee color, and a lighter neutral beige. These are the colors we chose for the room, allowing a hint of rose to creep in here and there, for warmth and cheeriness.

The floor is covered with dark green linoleum, the darkest green in the room. It is laid over a patented lining which prolongs its wear. We strongly advise laying linoleum over a lining of this sort, whether the floor beneath is old or new.

Inset in the linoleum, about six inches from the edge all around, is a Greek key border in white. This is one of the new border designs, and fits in with the scheme because it was one of the renowned Chippendale's favorite motifs.

On account of the decorative importance of this border, a rather small rug of Oriental design is adequate in the center of the floor, and its lovely mellow tones of beige and green and rose contribute a generous warmth to the scheme.

The walls we painted apple green—more intense than the green you usually see on walls—a smiling, spring-like green that is not afraid to be gay. The woodwork, which includes wainscoting, cornice, and mantelpiece, as well as doors and trim, is painted a much darker shade of the same green, and naturally the metal radiator shields set flush with the wall under the windows are painted to match.

For curtains we chose plain, lustrous, antique satin that matches exactly the coffee-colored stripe. Lined and weighted, and edged with coffee silk fringe, these curtains hang in straight shining folds from the ceiling to the floor, contributing height and dignity to the room.

Don't you think that we concealed the curtain rods in rather an ingenious manner? A valance that is simply a projection of the cornice board was built by our carpenter, and along the bottom we tacked the same silk fringe that edges the curtains! For the sake of unity, we paneled the small portions of wall between the tops of the windows and the ceiling, using applied moldings, and we painted these spaces dark green to match the wood.

**Point 1.** Glowing restfulness of color and rich textures

**Point 2.** Comfort of well-built upholstered furniture



A Colonial Georgian room, a setting for furniture of superb beauty and excellent quality, designed by Miss Elsie de Wolfe, the famous decorator, was built by Delineator Institute of Interiors in the Butterick Building in New York. The color scheme of green, coffee, and beige, with accents of rose, was taken from the broad-striped satin with which the sofa and two very easy chairs are upholstered

*Photographs by Dana B. Merrill*



**Point 3.** English Chippendale tables and book shelves

**Point 4.** Lustrous silver accessories and simple lamps



Coffee-colored satin curtains hang from a wooden cornice board edged with the same coffee silk fringe that trims the curtains



OF PROVED MERIT  
DELINEATOR  
INSTITUTE

A desk lacquered in pale gold has a green leather chair, and is supplied with a standing fountain pen and two new kinds of note-paper. The mellow tones of a rug of Oriental design contrast pleasantly with the dark green of the floor, the medium green of the woodwork, and the lively green of the walls. The wall sconces and the equipment for the fireplace have a lustrous silvery finish



Double-hung glass curtains of coffee-colored gauze, which looks like very thin shantung, solve the problem of how to achieve both light and privacy in the daytime. Gallantly formal, with French headings and box plaits, the upper and lower curtains are independent. The top pair can be pulled aside for light, and the lower ones left closed to protect our precious privacy.

What can we say of the furniture except that it is truly beautiful? How can we describe the subtlety of its lines, the rightness of its proportions, the fineness of its carving? The photographs will give you a better idea than any number of words.

Though the two big armchairs and the sofa in front of the fire have an obvious Italian ancestry, most of the pieces in this room owe their origin to the genius of Chippendale. Four hanging shelves, copies of museum pieces, show the fine flowering of his art. We hung one at either side of the fireplace, and balanced (*Turn to page 62*)

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

is gratefully made to the following firms for their courtesy and cooperation:

THE BACKGROUND: Windows, doors, mantel, and trim, Curtis Companies, Inc., Manufacturers of Curtis Woodwork, Clinton, Iowa.—Paint for walls and woodwork, E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, Inc., Paint Division, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.—Green linoleum with white Greek key border, Armstrong Cork Company, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.—Bird Felt Lining, Bird and Son, East Walpole, Massachusetts.—Anglo Persian Rug, M. J. Whittall Associates, Ltd., Worcester, Massachusetts. THE DRAPERIES: Drapery Hardware, Kirsch Company, Sturgis, Michigan.—Overdraperies of upholstery satin and glass curtains of Shikii gauze, Cheney Brothers, New York. THE MECHANICAL EQUIPMENT: Arco Radiators and Arco Radiator Enclosures, American Radiator Company, New York.—Magical Electric Fire and fireplace accessories, H. A. Bame, New York. THE FURNITURE: Couch, sofa, armchairs, side chairs, desk chair and pie-crust table, S. Karpen & Bros., Chicago and New York.—Desk and lacquer tables, Johnson-Handley-Johnson Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan.—Chippendale tables and hanging shelves, Baker Furniture Factories, Allegan, Michigan. THE ACCESSORIES: Silver wall brackets and silk shades, The Miller Company, Meriden, Connecticut.—Wrought-iron bridge lamp and parchment shade, Kanné & Bessant, Inc., New York.—The rare colored prints are by Dighton, Cruikshank, Dr. Thornton, Rowlandson and Heath, Michael De Sherbinin, New York.—Figurines, bowls, jars, and vases, from Far East Department, porcelain lamps and shades, from Lamp Department, R. H. Macy and Company, Inc., New York.—Vases, candlesticks, and candelabrum (Reproductions of old plate), E. G. Webster and Son, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.—Candles, Waxels; Will and Baumer Candle Company, Inc., Syracuse, New York.—Desk pen set, The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.—Letter-paper, Eaton, Crane and Pike Company, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.—Writing portfolio, John Wanamaker, New York.—Door handles, escutcheon plates and key locks, P. & F. Corbin, New Britain, Connecticut.



## MAKE A NOTE OF IT

Continued from page 9

"Darn, there's a knot in this thread! I wish Tess were here. Her thread never knots."

"Tess?" he asked.

"My older sister. She was born during the Thomas Hardy period. Yes, mother had a lot of energy to do the reading she did. We had to drive twenty miles to the nearest town, Black Butte, and then the library was terribly rudimentary. We had to send to the state library in Cheyenne for most of our books. Our neighbors usually didn't have any we could borrow—just the mail order catalog and Longfellow's poems and Diseases in Animals. Have you ever considered how a horse cuts his teeth?"

"NEVER," said Gallery, "but I'm sure it would be alarming. Almost everything about a horse alarms me. I had a very sad affair once with a horse in Mexico. But I want to hear more of your home life."

"Well," she continued, "after I had finished my commercial course in the Black Butte high school, I got a job as secretary to a lumber man and began to make a little money of my own, so I subscribed to the *National Geographic Magazine* and the family adored it. We read all about one of your expeditions to Yucatan. That Temple of the Warriors must be a marvelous thing."

"One has a secretary," he said wonderingly, "who has heard of one! How did you happen to come east, Miss Orchard?"

"Oh, I just wanted adventure, I guess," she said, wrinkling her brows a little. "I'd never been on a subway or heard a concert or seen a ship or an orchid or a policeman—we just have sheriffs at home."

"Orchids, though," he mused, "are really lovelier than policemen, don't you think?"

She lifted her eyes, long-lashed green eyes, deep and dark and fringed, to his cool gaze. A spark leaped between them and they laughed suddenly. Infectiously and helplessly.

"How sweet!" said a voice from the door, a lazy voice, idly amused. A slim blond girl, exquisite in something dark and tailored, stood there, the lovely Alice of the photograph, the Alice of the letter, that letter he had smiled over and put hastily away. The thread snapped suddenly in Cherry's fingers, and there was a dull feeling in her chest. Gallery's eyes lit with a quick blaze of pleasure, though he kept his mouth grim and a little ironic. She knew intuitively that they had had a quarrel. But, she reflected forlornly, there was no chance against this girl. She was the sort who got what she wanted.

"It's so nice," continued Alice, "to find you in a good humor, Jimmy. You were on such a rampage that night at Farrington's, I was positively terrified! You have such a scandalous temper, my lamb."

"Part of my charm," he grinned. "How are you, Alice? You're looking marvelous—and it's sweet of you to look me up when I was such a crab-apple the other night!"

"Dad wanted me to bring you these notes," she said languidly, fishing some papers from her smart handbag, "since I was coming uptown anyway. I really couldn't refuse him, could I?"

"It would have been brutal!" he declared. "Sorry I can't put on my coat, but Miss Orchard's sewing it on a button. Miss Orchard's my newest and nicest secretary—quite a find, really."

"I'm sure she must be," agreed the tall girl idly. "So awfully pretty. Poor child, you've got a knot in your thread, haven't you? Let me help you. I used to be quite clever with thread and things. You've never seen me in a domestic mood, have you, Jimmy?" Gracefully she bent over Cherry, fresh and faintly fragrant with white lilac. Skilfully she smoothed out the tangled thread, sewed the button firmly into place.

Cherry felt instantly like a hot, clumsy little country girl. And she knew instantly she disliked this other girl with her slim beauty and her cool proprietorship of Gallery.

"Heavens, Jimmy, what a mess you have here!" Alice murmured, looking about the office with amused eyebrows. "The place is as mad as you are!"

"The tornado in his lair," he agreed amiably.

She smiled at him, and flicked a bit of dust from his coat with a white finger. "Jimmy,

dear," she said softly, "come up to the house tonight. The family's going out."

"Delilah!" he chided. "Take those scissors back to the barber shop before you get anybody into trouble. I'm speaking at the Poetry Club tonight—knocking them dead with Spanish love lyrics. Ought to make a great impression now that you and Miss Orchard have fixed this button."

"Silly, you can't wear *that* suit!" She was shocked. "It'll be dress, of course. You'll have to get out your dinner coat."

"How you do look after me!" he grinned. "And after the meeting I have to work."

"Work? Doing what?"

"Getting my book in shape. The publishers are pleading for it."

"But there will be lots of time for that."

"Sorry, my dear. I'd love to, but I'm one of these grim persons. And this book happens to be mighty important just now. I want to put it over big and make an impression on old Sylvanus. He's the one who's blocking my appointment to this chair of Yucatan archeology. I believe that if the book and the expedition are both successful, he'll surrender. But I've got to get the book to the publishers before we leave."

"Why bother about a chair in archeology," she pouted, "when I've got a sofa in my house? Please, Jimmy."

"No. Sorry. Can't."

She tilted her face toward him and smiled enchantingly. "You're famous enough already," she said. "And you're much too handsome to spend this evening working!"

"Well," he grinned, "since you put it *that* way, all right. I'll be along."

"Sweet fella!" she approved and left, the scent of lilac trailing gently after her. Gallery's face was all one broad, half-shamed, half-jubilant beam. Cherry met his smile gallantly.

"Please, Mr. Gallery," she said, "do you mind if I use this thread to sew up my sleeve? I have an invitation to dinner, and I haven't time to go home and change."

"Sure," he said, "use it. Or I have some Mexican blankets here you can wrap about you. Who is the gay young villain who's luring you away from your sheltered rooming-house? One of my students?"

"No," she said demurely, "though I'll be glad to meet any you can recommend as good providers. I'm having dinner with Mr. Thompson."

"Who is Mr. Thompson? He sounds sinister."

"He isn't. He's sweet. He's a darling old man I met on the train. And we're going to be properly chaperoned by his wife. She's sweet, too. They were on their way home from the Grand Canyon. I fell over a suitcase and landed on Mr. Thompson's lap. So naturally we got acquainted. And we had a terribly interesting talk. It seems I'm the first native of Wyoming that Mr. and Mrs. Thompson have ever seen. They were awfully upset to think I'd never seen an ocean or a museum or anything. They told me about a good boarding place and they worried about a job for me. They're really quite rich in a solemn sort of way. And there's a secretary, a pale young man simply filthy with ancestors, who does typing and things for Mr. Thompson. Mr. Thompson is writing a sort of book, it seems."

"So am I," said Gallery. "I'll bring some of it down tomorrow for you to start typing. And I hope to God you don't have ancestors. Secretaries with ancestors always look so injured if you swear at them."

STRENUOUS days followed, days of grueling work in which Gallery ramped through the office like the young tornado he had described himself, days in which he stormed and scowled and paced the floor; days in which he brooded sulkily for hours over a single paragraph and tore up reams of paper.

His book, written in longhand, was the most arduous labor Cherry had ever known. "In the first place," she told the sympathetic Mr. Thompson, "his handwriting is a scandal—he makes the tall letters exactly alike, the others are merely wavy lines. And the footnotes and references are in German, Spanish and French—not to mention practically all the bibliography. But it's a wonderful book, Mr. Thompson! I'm frantic about it. I just eat, sleep and dream Yucatan. It's the

sort of book that makes you *ache* to go there. It's so simple, somehow, and sort of vivid. I hope he doesn't fire me before he leaves. I think he likes me pretty well—as a secretary. Anyway, he likes my cheek bones."

"Don't get too interested in him!" warned Mr. Thompson. "He's got a great reputation, but he's too spectacular. I've always thought him a poseur and publicity artist."

"Oh, no, he's *not*!" said Cherry earnestly. "It's the glue people who are publicity artists. He *hates* it, really he does."

"H-m-mh!" snorted Mr. Thompson. "You can't tell me he doesn't enjoy having his picture taken, or having reporters mob him, or pretty girls—society girls—coo at him!"

"Well, he hates this social register stuff."

"H-m-mh!" remarked Mr. Thompson again. "There's a good deal of the mountebank in him—you mark my word! But he did do a brilliant piece of work on the Mayan astronomers. The fellow's got ability in a spotty way, if he doesn't ruin himself playing to the grandstand." (Turn to page 38)

## DO WE GET AHEAD BY GETTING BEHIND



by ELIZABETH COOK

IT'S being pretty generally conceded now, even by those who read all the current arguments about love and marriage and the connection between the two, if any, that it is wise to live within one's emotional means, to stick to one partner and play fair. But why not more conversation about living within one's financial means?

We all know there are unavoidable debts. Loss of employment, sickness, death, and so forth. And there are deliberate debts. It's correct to go in debt for a home, or for a baby, or for an education.

But this business of going in debt, gorgeously, for a lark, is enough to turn the blood of a Scotchman into blue ice. Once in a while these domestic Ponzis pull through, but ordinary people find that overloading the pay-check merely breaks the back and the heart.

It may be true that the lad who spends most of his salary at the country club will meet the millionaire who is to give him his start in life, but it is curious how the lad who stays at home gets there, too. Edison didn't learn about lamps by buying plus four pants and Ford didn't get his start treating J. P. Morgan to short beers.

One of the biggest leaks in the family pocketbook is the false pursuit of pleasure. Somehow the idea seems to have got loose that we can't have a good time without spending money, lots of it. And yet most of us had our happiest times when we were too poor to go anywhere. We had a radish bed and pushed the baby around in his cab. Our drama was a burned steak.

What we need is more independence, more discrimination in our pleasures. Golf is fine, and so are movies and bridge and hosts of other good things, but they are not the only pleasures. I doubt if they are the truest pleasures. Sometimes they are merely methods by which people who hate one another can appear together in public!

Any pleasure that grows out of the creative urge within is lots more fun than something ready-made and easily obtainable. If we truly enjoy making patchwork quilts or puttering around the house or scribbling verses, why not do so? Why the modern idea that the only fun worth having is the kind with a cover charge? Or the kind that depends on flocking around with a crowd?

We are living in splendid times; they are full to overflowing with good things, but the world and the richness thereof does not belong to those who duck their obligations. Once in a while, the obligation may be that of a genius to his sense of beauty, his art, but, to most of us, meeting our obligations means that we are thinking in terms of human beings, in terms of the Golden Rule. And that boiled down to its homely beginning means that we live within our incomes and pay our bills!

Simple, isn't it? And highly productive of spiritual beauty, dignity and self-respect—strong traveling companions, all three of them, to have with us on the tumultuous journey down the highways and byways of life!

Illustration by ANGELO PINTO





# Pepsodent announces a notable new discovery

An entirely new cleansing and polishing material has been developed by Pepsodent Laboratories. It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. Teeth are given higher polish, brighter luster—FILM stains disappear completely.

THE Pepsodent Laboratories announce a new discovery. A *revolutionary* discovery contained in Pepsodent Toothpaste for more than six months.

Your dentist will tell you Pepsodent's policy has always been to improve constantly—no "fixed formula" to hamper progress. Research laboratories have a habit, in this modern age, of quickly obsoleting prior ideas. As new dental advances have come, Pepsodent has been the first to meet them.

Now once more Pepsodent advances. This time through a notable new discovery that possesses three exclusive virtues:

1. The new cleansing and polishing material in Pepsodent stands unsurpassed in removing stained, destructive FILM.
2. The new texture is invisibly fine. As a result it imparts a higher polish to enamel—a brilliant glaze or luster.
3. The new material is *safe*—this is most important of all. Safe because it's soft—yes, twice as soft—as polishing materials in common use.

Having made this new discovery we faced an equally great problem. How to combine it in our present formula without altering appearance or sacrificing the famous flavor that has made Pepsodent so long preferred by millions. We mastered this. In *taste* and in *looks* it is still the Pepsodent you have always known. In results and safety it is new—brand new.

## *Keeps teeth lovelier—safely*

Pepsodent's new cleansing and polishing material brings a change in teeth's appearance within a few days' time. Newly discovered, it is different, totally different, from any now in use.

These facts are interesting: this discovery followed 7 years of research . . . 3 tons of raw materials were used in laboratory tests . . . we held a competition from among the ablest minds in chemistry . . . new equipment had to be *invented*, then erected . . . the process is a carefully guarded secret.

The idea was simple: to combine super *film-remov-*

*ing power* with super *safety* and yet retain the original appearance and taste of Pepsodent. A paradox! A seemingly hopeless task that has been the goal of every toothpaste manufacturer for the last decade. Pepsodent has solved it!

## *Pepsodent—Special FILM-removing toothpaste*

Removing FILM is, and always will be, Pepsodent's chief duty. Today's Pepsodent performs that duty better than any toothpaste ever has before.

FILM is that slippery coating on your teeth. It gathers germs that cause decay. It glues them tightly to enamel. FILM absorbs the stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive. Removing FILM is important for beauty and for health.

Get a tube of Pepsodent today. Note how smooth and creamy. It is safe . . . utterly safe . . . on the softest baby teeth and the most delicate enamel. Pepsodent is today's outstanding scientific toothpaste.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR



## MAKE A NOTE OF IT

Continued from page 36

"He won't!" predicted Cherry stoutly. "He's real."

IT WAS the next day that Gallery discovered that Cherry had never eaten a fish dinner. "Heavens!" he cried, shaken. "I can't have you going back to Jim Bridger and Buffalo Bill and everybody and admitting you haven't had a fish dinner. We'll have to fix that. I know just the place for it, Flannigan's Sea Grill, a little joint down near the water-front where real, sea-faring characters gather. Shall we make it tonight—if you can tear yourself away from Mr. Thompson or that kid librarian downstairs who's always ogling you?"

"I can probably elude them," she dimpled, her pulses racing. He had noticed then, the obvious infatuation of the librarian and his efforts to waylay her in the hall. "But do you think it's quite proper for me to have dinner with you? I read once in a magazine that a secretary should never accept personal attentions from her employer."

"Obviously you should quit reading magazines. I'll call for you at seven."

"You'll need my address," she said, "I'll make a note of it."

It was a magic evening prowling with Gallery along the water-front, listening to dark, unseen waves slap softly against the dock piles, watching the anchor lights of ships drive quivering yellow spears into the water, catching snatches of strange speech.

It was magic feeling Gallery's hand beneath her arm as he swung her past a group of sailors and up a narrow flight of stairs into a crowded, pungent room, reeking with blue smoke. A strange crowd was gathered there. Four old sea-dogs in oily blue blouses with grayish underwear showing at their throats, squabbled at the table nearest them; three dark men with great gold earrings swinging on their hollow cheeks sat next; a pair of old women with monstrous gray frizzes above their withered temples, whispered over steaming bowls of chowder.

It was magic sitting across the table from Gallery while he taught her how to disembowel a lobster.

"It's gorgeous," she said rapturously, "though a lobster makes your table manners awfully savage, doesn't it? And I must have a sample of practically everything on my face."

"Very becoming," he decided. "You know, you're an awfully cute youngster! I suppose Mr. Thompson has informed you?"

"Not particularly," she said, trying to be very cool. "He seems more interested in talking about you."

"Me?" Surprised.

"Yes. He's awfully interested in Yucatan and all those places. I think he's fond of travel books. Probably he's lived a stuffy life, full of ledgers and committees and board meetings—and all the time he's fancied himself as a bold adventurer swanking along the Spanish Main. Sort of pitiful when you think about it, isn't it?"

"We won't think about it," he decided. "We'll think about you. You know, I had a dream about you last night! It seems you and I were poking away among the ruins at Chichen Itza and stumbled across the most amazing temple—a perfect example of Mayan architecture at its height, except that comic strip characters were carved over the door lintels. I thought I had discovered something revolutionary when you—little upstart—leaned against it and the whole thing collapsed. It was made of glue!"

"Now the way I dreamed it," she said, "there was an alligator on the temple steps gnashing his teeth and swishing his tail and barking! Well, you and the alligator had a terrible fight. You'd dropped your gun, it seems, and had to take him on bare-handed. You raged up and down the steps and thrashed through the jungle—"

"But I beat him, didn't I?" he broke in eagerly. "Don't tell me I didn't whale him!"

"Yes, you licked him swell. You picked him up, bent him across your knee and broke him in two. Then we ate him."

"Wish our dreams would come true!" he said impulsively. "Not that I particularly crave alligators, mind you. But you'd be such fun to have along on a trip. There's something terribly jolly about you. I never noticed it in a secretary before. They're

usually such snooty things. No humor, no imagination, no sparkle. You've got 'em all. We could have a royal lark cruising along those white and coral and blue-green shores, and finally slashing our way straight through the jungle to Chichen Itza."

"I've always wanted to infest a jungle," she said wistfully.

"You're a quaint piece," he told her. "But it's about time for you to say you read in a magazine some place that an employer shouldn't dream about his secretary."

"I've—I've read something like it," she admitted.

"Well, he shouldn't!" He looked away suddenly, and she saw the clean line of his jaw. "It makes him think things. It interferes with his work. I don't want to fire you, Cherry." The little name slipped out unconsciously, but it brought no intimacy. There was abruptly an odd restraint between them. They laughed brightly, they were clever and brittle and keen. They were self-conscious. Cherry felt her heart hammering.

A light drizzle of rain was falling when they came out, a cold, thin rain. Gallery called a taxi and they climbed in, shivering. It was comfortable inside, dark and snug.

"You should see rain in the jungle," he said. "Days and days of it, a steady wash of it, heavy as lead and lonesome as hell. It makes you so hungry for—" The taxi skidded suddenly, swerved to avoid a bus and crashed heavily into the curb. The jar threw Cherry against Gallery's shoulder and his arms came about her; came about her tightly and held her hard against his breast.

"Hungry for someone small and sweet and friendly," he said. And she felt the swift, strong pressure of his lips on hers. Blinded and shaken and a little terrified, she pushed him away. Instantly he was contrite.

"I'm sorry!" he said lightly, though there was something breathless in his voice. "I'll try not to frighten you again. Make a note of it, will you?"

SHE tossed in her bed all that night, tortured, triumphant, tremulous. Was that why he had fired those other ten stenographers? But, no, he couldn't be a cad. Would he despise her now? Or would he love her? And what of Alice? There was always Alice, cool, blond, exquisite. And whether he loved her or not, he was going away and she would never see him again.

To her mingled disappointment and relief he was in one of his rushing moods the next day. Dashed into the office in a whirl of slicker and papers; dictated three letters; dashed out again to attend a meeting some place; returned just in time to entertain some reporters; tore out to lunch; came back, grabbed up some notes and went to a class; returned from that, talked curtly to somebody over the telephone, sharpened a pencil and flung himself into his book.

"Rot!" he snapped. "This eighth chapter's foul! I can't get the hang of it."

"You mean about the extinction of the Mayans?" she asked timidly.

"Yes. A mighty people disappearing suddenly at the height of their achievements, leaving no record. One of the most dramatic things in history, Miss Orchard, a whole race wiped out in some national catastrophe. There is no evidence they were conquered by barbarians, there is no evidence of slow decay. Archeologists have never solved the riddle. Spinden and Morley suspect yellow fever. Sylvanus B. Thompson says starvation of the soil. He makes a brilliant brief for his theory, but he fails to show where the Mayans went when they were starved out of Central America. I think I have a solution, if I can only get it across. I've got the material, but I can't get it arranged. And I've got to get old Sylvanus between the eyes. He came out in the *Scientific Journal* with a scathing review of my last article, but he won't have much to say on this!"

"He won't have anything to say!" cried Cherry in hot young loyalty.

He looked at her for a moment, started to say something, snapped his mouth shut and swung toward the window, staring moodily out at the gray sheets of rain.

There were light steps along the hall, a tap on the door and Alice Ellwood appeared, dewy as a flower in violet rain-coat.

"Alice!" he cried. "What are you doing

out paddling around in all this moisture?"

"I couldn't wait to tell you!" she cried, her eyes radiant. "The Van Velts are going with us! Isn't it gorgeous? Dad is awfully thrilled. He feels that their names behind the expedition will just deluge us with publicity. He never dreamed we could get them in on it. But I managed. I said the flapper, with my little pull, I got the Van Velts!"

"And what," he asked quietly, "are Van Velts?"

She laughed and made a face. "Smarty!" she cried. "Van Velts, you oaf, are just about the most important people in the world. They have oodles of money and so much social position they reek with it. I went to school with Cissy Van Velt and I once had a date with Harold—awful rotter, but he'd be fun on an expedition. I saw them at a house-party last week and talked them into it."

"How many of these creatures are there?"

"Two. Cissy and Harold. Oh, and Cissy's maid, of course. That makes three."

"But, my dear Alice, there won't be room for them."

"Well, you see, lamb," she came close to him and plucked a thread from his shoulder, "Dad said we'd probably have to leave Teddy and Bob behind. They're nice kids, of course, but aren't really the life of the party. Of course, I know they're your students and you're fond of them and everything, but after all—"

"But after all," he cried hotly, "they're my assistants! I've trained them especially for this work. Excavating at Chichen Itza is a terrific job. I can't swing this thing all by myself, though it's sweet of you to think I can!"

"Well, but Jimmy, we'll be there to help you! I'm sure I'll just love discovering things!"

"Yes—" he was bitter—"discovering cocktail shakers and phonograph records! But what about the history of the Mayans? Who's going to discover that? I thought I told you about old Sylvanus Thompson—"

"Oh, now don't be silly! We can't grub all the time down there. You seem to think this is one of those dusty, dry-as-bones old scientific field trips!"

"I certainly thought so when I agreed to go."

"Oh, silly!" She was losing patience. "I don't know why I bother with you. Really, I don't. I've tried to keep you from growing into a freakish, goggle-eyed old archeologist. I've tried to throw money and position and things like that your way. But you're too stupid to take advantage of them!"

"I'm sorry, Alice," he said stiffly, "I'm not a playboy. I don't want to be. All my life I've dreamed of being an archeologist—a big one. At last I've got the chance and I'm not going to throw it over for a little gilt and veneer. I've staked a lot on this expedition and I'm not going to have it spoiled by your social register clap-trap."

"You mean you don't want the Van Velts to go?" she asked evenly.

"If they go, I don't. I'll get up an expedition of my own!"

"Oh, really?" She lifted amused eyebrows. "How far do you think you'd get without Dad's money?"

HE wheeled on her. "His money?" he demanded. "How far does he think he can go without me? Why, you poor little handful of mannikins—what can you do in the jungle? You can't even get past the Central American authorities without my influence. You can't get space in the papers without my name. And you ask me what I can do without your money! I'll show you! And understand this: I'm absolutely through! I've been pinched and heckled and cramped long enough. We're just two different kinds of people and we can't ever play in the same backyard. So—I'm through."

"After—" she choked.

He shook his head. "You've been a good

kid, in your way. But you never really cared for me. You weren't interested in my work. You just wanted one more scalp to flaunt at your belt and it occurred to you you hadn't bagged a scientist yet. I'm sorry, Alice, but I guess we're all washed up."

"We certainly are!" She turned and left the room.

And Gallery lashed up and down the little office like a wild, caged animal. Cherry slipped quietly away, not wanting to witness his disappointment. Before a case of Mayan figurines she ran into Mr. Thompson, critically studying a statuette of Kukulkan.

"Oh, Mr. Thompson!" she gasped. "The most awful thing has happened. I don't know what we're going to do. Mr. Gallery has quarreled with the Ellwoods and isn't going on the expedition!"

"What?" he snapped. "Gallery quarreling with the Ellwoods? What was the matter?"

HER eyes flashed at him in sudden scorn. "You accused him of being a mountebank and a publicity artist! Well, listen to this! He turned down the Ellwoods because they wanted to take some Van Velt people with them. Awful people, you could just tell, but apparently terribly rich and the apples of Mr. Ellwood's eye. Turned them down flat and refused to go if they went!"

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Thompson. "So he balked at the Van Velts, eh? Well, well! Where is he? I'd like to talk to him."

"In his office," said Cherry, "but he's in a terrible temper. You'd better be careful!"

"I will," said Mr. Thompson. "I've met him before."

Gallery glanced up stormily when they appeared at the door and then gasped, "My

Lord! Sylvanus B. Thompson in person! Well, sir, we'll take up our argument where we left off that night in New Haven. You're absolutely wrong—"

"Hold on a minute," said Thompson, raising his hand. "Can't you ever be civil, you young savage? I come to make you a proposition and you tear into me like a wildcat. I heard your understanding with the Globe Glue Company is off?"

"It is," said Gallery coldly, "if that's any consolation to you."

"It is," admitted Thompson smoothly. "I happen to be organizing an expedition of my own, and I wonder if you'd

take charge of the field work? I would have approached you before but I thought you were sewed up with the Ellwoods. And frankly, I thought you were a good deal of a poseur and a sycophant. But I see I've been wrong. Your little secretary told me so all along." Gallery shot a quick glance at Cherry. She blushed hotly.

"I know this seems a strange proposal," continued Thompson. "We've fought each other over banquet tables and in the press, but after all, you're the only man in the field I've really wanted to work with. You've got the peculiar sort of approach I like. And then, of course, I'd have you under my eye to see how you'd fill the chair of archeology we're endorsing."

"Lord, sir, but you're a great guy!" gasped Gallery. "How many people can you take?"

"I've accommodations for a party of twenty," said Thompson, "including yourself, your personal assistants and your—"

"My secretary! And now, sir, if you'll do me one more favor—if you'll just step out and look at some totem poles or something while I say a few words to Miss Orchard?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Thompson and winked broadly. But he hadn't left the office before Cherry found herself caught in Gallery's arms and lifted clear of the floor.

"Darling!" he cried. "Will you go with me to Yucatan? And how do you think you'd like the name of Cherry Gallery?"

"It's always been my secret fear," she said weakly, "that I'd marry a man named Pie!"





## VEGETABLES

ARTICHOKES  
 ASPARAGUS  
 BEANS, BAKED, PLAIN  
 BEANS, GREEN  
 BEANS, LIMA  
 BEANS WITH PORK  
 BEANS, RED KIDNEY  
 BEANS WITH TOMATO SAUCE  
 BEANS, WAX  
 BEETS  
 BROCCOLI  
 BRUSSELS SPROUTS  
 CABBAGE  
 CARROTS  
 CAULIFLOWER  
 CELERY  
 CORN, CREAM STYLE  
 CORN ON THE COB  
 CORN, WHOLE GRAIN  
 HOMINY  
 KALE  
 LENTILS  
 MIXED VEGETABLES  
 MUSHROOMS  
 MUSTARD, GREENS  
 OKRA  
 OKRA WITH TOMATOES  
 OLIVES, RIPE  
 ONIONS  
 PEAS  
 PEPPERS  
 PICKLES  
 PIMIENTOS  
 POTATOES  
 PUMPKIN  
 SAUERKRAUT  
 SPINACH  
 SQUASH  
 SUCCOTASH  
 SWEET POTATOES  
 TOMATOES  
 TOMATO JUICE  
 TOMATO PASTE  
 TOMATO PUREE  
 TURNIPS  
 TURNIP GREENS  
 WHOLE WHEAT

## FRUITS

APPLES  
 APPLE BUTTER  
 APPLE SAUCE  
 APRICOTS  
 BLACKBERRIES  
 BLUEBERRIES  
 CHERRIES, BLACK  
 CHERRIES, RED  
 CHERRIES, WHITE  
 CIDER  
 CRABAPPLES  
 CRANBERRIES  
 CRANBERRY SAUCE  
 FIGS  
 FRUITS FOR SALAD  
 GOOSEBERRIES  
 GRAPEFRUIT  
 GRAPEFRUIT JUICE  
 GRAPES  
 LOGANBERRIES  
 ORANGE JUICE  
 PEACHES  
 PEARS  
 PINEAPPLES, CRUSHED  
 PINEAPPLES, SLICED  
 PLUMS  
 PRUNES, DRY  
 PRUNES, IN SYRUP  
 QUINCES  
 RAISINS  
 RASPBERRIES, BLACK  
 RASPBERRIES, RED  
 RHUBARB  
 STRAWBERRIES

## FISH AND SHELLFISH

ANCHOVIES, PASTE  
 ANCHOVIES, WHOLE  
 CAVIAR  
 CLAMS  
 CLAM JUICE  
 CLAMS, MINCED  
 COD FISH BALLS  
 COD FISH CAKES

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 CRABS, PLAIN  
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 FINNAN HADDIE  
 FISH FLAKES  
 HERRINGS  
 HERRINGS, KIPPERED  
 HERRINGS, IN TOMATO SAUCE  
 LOBSTER  
 MACKEREL  
 OYSTERS  
 ROE, FISH  
 SALMON  
 SARDINES, MUSTARD  
 SARDINES, OIL  
 SARDINES, IN TOMATO SAUCE  
 SHAD  
 SHRIMP, DRY PACK  
 SHRIMP, WET PACK  
 TUNA  
 TURTLE

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 CATSUP  
 CHEESE  
 CHILI CON CARNE  
 CHILI SAUCE

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 FRUIT-BUTTERS  
 JAMS  
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 MILK, COAT'S  
 MINCEMEAT  
 MOLASSES  
 PUDDING, FIG  
 PUDDING, PLUM  
 SALAD DRESSING  
 SPAGHETTI  
 SPICED AND PICKLED FRUITS  
 SYRUPS

## TAMALES

TOMATO SAUCE

## MEATS

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 BEEF  
 BEEF, CORNED  
 BEEF, DRIED  
 CHICKEN  
 CHICKEN, DEVILED  
 HAM, DEVILED  
 HASH  
 LIVER  
 MUTTON, ROAST  
 PIGS' FEET  
 SAUSAGE  
 TONGUE, CALF'S  
 TONGUE, LAMB'S  
 TONGUE, OX  
 TRIPE  
 TURKEY  
 VEAL

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ASPARAGUS  
 BEEF  
 BEEF BOUILLON  
 CHICKEN  
 CLAM BROTH  
 CLAM CHOWDER  
 CONSOMME  
 JULIENNE  
 MULLIGATAWNY  
 MUTTON BROTH  
 OKRA  
 ONION  
 OXTAIL  
 OYSTER  
 PEA  
 PEPPER POT  
 PUREE, BEANS  
 PUREE, CELERY  
 PUREE, LIMA BEANS  
 SOUP STOCK  
 TOMATO  
 TOMATO, OKRA  
 TOMATO, PUREE  
 TURTLE, GREEN  
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*The technical statements in this advertisement are in accordance with the views of government and state officials, and are substantiated by other recognized scientific authorities.*

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of waste. They tempt the appetite by providing a choice from more than two hundred delicious, tasty foods . . . ¶ And beyond this they meet another demand of today—they save time, and lighten the burden of choosing meals and preparing them . . . ¶ These are some of the reasons why canned foods are the first and one of the most vital factors in American household economy for 1932.

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## BREATHE IT ALL BACK

Continued from page 22

you use that lower floor! And *pack your breath in at the back!* Try it.

Your expansion should not be just at the front and the sides but in the back as well. If you want to know how much rear expansion you are getting, place your hands at the small of your back, middle fingers touching behind, thumbs forward. Now squeeze yourself—tight—exhaling as much as you can. Then inhale and see how far you can force your hands apart. Make a practise of packing your breath well in against the back of your ribs.

**EVERY** beauty specialist knows that the secret of gorgeous hair and eyes and coloring—texture, too—is a good circulation. It is the father and mother of beauty. Your blood starts out from the heart bright red and rich, laden with life-giving, beauty-giving qualities; it returns to the heart through the veins, poor, blue and dull, weighted with waste matter from the system. "It goes out like a mountain stream and returns a stream of sewer water." This sad stream is sent into the lungs, distributed by millions of hair-like blood vessels to the millions of tiny air-cells in the lungs. The walls of these hair-like blood-cells are thick enough to hold the blood but thin enough to admit oxygen.

Through these vessels march the blood corpuscles in single file—a parade of sinners ("more sinned against than sinning") in search of salvation, a procession of the dying in search of life. And the moment you—you up above, a sort of god—fling up your head and take in a long, full breath of fresh air, each little corpuscle takes on oxygen, the sustainer of life, and throws off heavy carbonic gas—takes on life and throws off death.

The parade marches on, once more bright red and rich and laden with life. And the god above blossoms into glory, eyes grow strong and shining, skin takes on brightness, hair becomes lustrous and vital, mind, soul, the whole of you clears and steadies and sings a paean of praise that such things can be.

Most of us die because we are too lazy to breathe. If we don't give that parade fresh air, if we breathe only shallow, shiftless breaths or sit in rooms of impure air and breathe it in and out, this foul (yes, it is) blue stream cannot get purified—no salvation for the sinners, no life for the dying—and consequently not only is the body robbed of nourishment but the waste products which should have been destroyed are returned to the circulation and left in poisoning deposits all over the system. We grow dim and old. We die.

Throw up your windows and for five minutes breathe life into all your worn, breaking-down cells. Help nature to build you up again.

Try this one and see what power of renewal lies in it; it is called the cleansing breath.

Either lying down or sitting or standing, before an open window, inhale a complete breath as above outlined; retain the air a few seconds. Pucker up the lips as if for a whistle (but do not swell out the cheeks); then with all your might exhale a little air through the opening. Stop for a moment, retaining the air, and then exhale a little more. Repeat until the air is completely exhaled.

Ordinarily, breathing should be unconscious; but at the pace we live, daily deep-breathing exercises are as necessary to health and full joyous living as baths and love and sunshine and a little bit of happiness. Educate your diaphragm to do its bit. Lie flat on your back, go loose—mind and body—and make that great diaphragm muscle *work*. If you practise this until that muscle gets an appetite for work, you'll breathe that way on your feet.

No excuse for women not breathing right down to their hips—with these nice, free,

light clothes we wear. Corsets without bones—lovely, soft, comforting things that hold us a little and yet breathe as we breathe. Lots of good ones on the market. An especially right one appeared not long ago, made of a new elastic that won't stretch out of shape and needs no directions for washing—just wash it—and is charming to the eye and has beautiful lines. Get the kind that lets you breathe far and wide. Doctors say that women, with but few exceptions, are shallow breathers with no-good diaphragms.

They tell a story about Helen Hayes (I hope that you saw her in "Coquette") being introduced to Mary Garden as "little Miss Hayes, the actress." Miss Garden gave her a vigorous thump above the belt. "Actress? Why, you can't act, my child. You haven't the diaphragm of a baby." Whereupon Helen Hayes began daily breathing exercises and graduated from the flapper class of acting where she didn't need any real voice or power and became the strong, beautiful reserve-force actress that she is.

Of course, you don't need to be told that you must never breathe through the mouth—it's ugly and unsanitary and all wrong. Even the savage mother knows this and tips her baby's head in sleep so that it can't breathe through its mouth. Nostrils were made to breathe through.

Breathe out of you all the fear and regret and agony and fret over water that has gone under the bridge—breathe it all out—it's the heavy blue stream with death in it. Breathe in new courage and resolution to do it better after this, not to make those mistakes again, to greet life every morning as a clean, new chance—a gift from the mysterious, unwearied God—to give you still another opportunity to add to the gentleness and strength and courage and beauty of the race.

Breathe when you get up and greet the sun, breathe when you say good night to the stars, breathe when you eat and after you've eaten. Every particle of food and drink must

be oxygenated before it can yield you its quota of nourishment and the waste products be put into condition to be properly eliminated. Lack of breathing fresh air means imperfect nutrition, imperfect elimination, imperfect health. You live, but only a little. Give your internal muscles and organs the exercise of deep breathing or they more or less atrophy, and much of your capacity is lost.

Breathe when you are "nervous," breathe when you have weak digestion, when you have cold feet and hands, breathe when your hair and eyes and skin look dull and unhappy, when you feel like a failure and a frightened lost child—*breathe*. There's a god in it.

P. S. HERE'S another thing that needs to have some fresh air let into it. Much too frequently we get letters from women who have been upset about the quality of preparations they are using, because someone at a beauty counter intimates or actually says that the cream or lotion asked for is really not so good—"Have you ever tried this one?" and so on. Girls, girls, don't let her swerve you an inch! If you like what you've been using, you stick to it.

**HAVE** a mind of your own, too. That girl probably has a reason for trying to switch you, but it isn't your reason, and don't you change your brand for any reason but your own! If she subtly "knocks" your brand, you subtly shake a fist at her—no reputable manufacturer lets down the quality of his preparations, he never will cheapen his products: it's suicide. Stick to respected names, preparations that have authority and background, use your blessed intelligence and don't be switched around and made uncertain by somebody who isn't inside your skin and doesn't know it half as well as you do!



## THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW

Continued from page 14

no. I do not make holiday. Not this time."  
"No. I thought you didn't," Reggie murmured.

"Aha?" One of Dubois's eyebrows went up.

Mrs. Fortune rose. "He is supposed to be resting, Monsieur Dubois," she said. "But you'll stay to tea, won't you?"

"Madam!" Dubois bowed. "I did not come to trouble him." And when she was gone. "You know why I am here?"

"Not me, no. I thought somebody might be coming along."

"And for what then?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. But there's something queer about."

Dubois looked at him curiously. "You feel purposes, passions, I know. Me, I have only facts. Two Englishmen came last week to stay at Montrond, the Lord Oakhurst and his secretary, Mr. Russell Fry. You know them, perhaps?"

"I've seen them. Don't know 'em."

"So. Lord Oakhurst, he is of your high finance—"

"Not high, no. Financier."

"My friend, it appears he shakes civilization—the stock exchanges," Dubois made a grimace.

"Well, yesterday, in the evening, Mr. Russell Fry goes to the police at Montrond and says his Lord Oakhurst did not come home the night before; he is disappeared and without a word. Mr. Fry fears an accident, a foul play—he is much distressed, he desires a search. He says he parted from Lord Oakhurst the afternoon before, at the Hotel Margot. He went back to Montrond in the car, but Oakhurst stayed here to take a walk."

"Yes. That is so," Reggie murmured.

"What, you can confirm him! Aha. It is very fortunate for Mr. Russell Fry."

"Is it?" Reggie gazed at him dreamily.

"I can't help it. Oakhurst sent Fry back in the car. Oakhurst said he wanted to walk. Wholly incredible. But he walked. Oakhurst wasn't the man to walk—either in body or soul. However. Why was it fortunate for Mr. Fry I heard the interestin' conversation?"

Dubois's eyes puckered. "Mr. Fry, he is peculiar. You see, it was Monday they came here and Oakhurst stayed and disappeared. Tuesday evening Mr. Fry gave notice to the police his lord is missing. But on Tuesday morning began a big selling of the Oakhurst shares—Empire Textiles—what do you call them?"

"I don't," Reggie murmured. "I shouldn't know."

"[T DOES not matter. There has been a slump in all the Oakhurst companies. But it began with his new combine of textiles, and it began by heavy selling in London on Tuesday morning. You perceive? One whole day before the disappearance of Oakhurst was published, one business day before the police were told of it. Very well. But on Tuesday morning early Mr. Fry sent two telegrams to London. Both were addressed to stock brokers. Both were of few letters only—"t-o-t-e" and "b-o-o-k-i-e". That is perhaps a cypher—"

"Oh, no. Not cypher. Simple English slang words, both from betting. Probably an agreed signal."

"Without doubt. On receiving these code words the brokers were to start selling Oakhurst shares. At least, they did so, these two. I have that confirmed from our good friends at Scotland Yard. Well then, Mr. Fry had arranged before his lord disappeared to sell the Oakhurst shares—his lord does disappear—he gives the signal to sell before he gives information of the disappearance—he

has a day of selling at a good high price—then it is made public that his lord is vanished. Down come the Oakhurst shares." Dubois slammed his hand on the table. "Now on Friday they are what you please. Mr. Fry can buy all he has sold so well for nothing. It is very fine business for him."

"Quite neat, yes," Reggie murmured plaintively. "Not a nice case, Dubois."

Dubois made a grimace. "I do not think Mr. Fry will find it nice. I do not want that he should."

"Yes. What do you suppose was done to Oakhurst?"

"WHAT do I know? He went walking up here in the mountains alone. They tell me there are ten thousand places his body might be hidden."

"That is so. Have they looked for him?"

"But yes, they look a little. There has not been much time yet. Oakhurst was there on Monday, that is all we know, not even which way he went then."

"He went up the road," Reggie pointed.

Dubois looked across the meadows to the mountainside.

"You have been that way since, my friend?"

"Yes. I didn't find him," Reggie lay back. "What is the official theory, Dubois? You were saying that Fry murdered him. Fry was a sort of alibi."

"That he went back in the car?" Dubois shrugged.

"Without doubt he went back—all the way to the Hotel Magnifique. At least, the chauffeur says so. But what then? It is

a few minutes in the car. It is perhaps an hour to walk up here again—less. He is a vigorous man. Very simple to come back and meet his lord—and leave him in a crevasse and be down to dinner in the Magnifique. He could kill an ox with his hands, that Mr. Fry."

"Yes. Oakhurst wouldn't have a chance with him. And it was a queer alibi. So like an alibi. Oakhurst provided it himself."

"What?" Dubois cried. "Tell me then."

"Oakhurst told the chauffeur that Fry had to go back, but he wouldn't himself. Deliberate elimination of Fry."

"Sacrelotte!" Dubois muttered.

"Could mean nothing. Could mean several things. Queer, but obscure. Possibly related to the original obscurity."

"What is that then?"

"Why did they come here at all? Not for the view. They wouldn't see it. Not for the cooking. They would think garbage in a hotel de luxe better than Folliquet's best."

"They are that type, yes," Dubois nodded.

"Also Oakhurst took care to put it on record that he had come here. He told the world he was Lord Oakhurst. He said it very loud and clear, several times."

"You make it difficult," Dubois exclaimed.

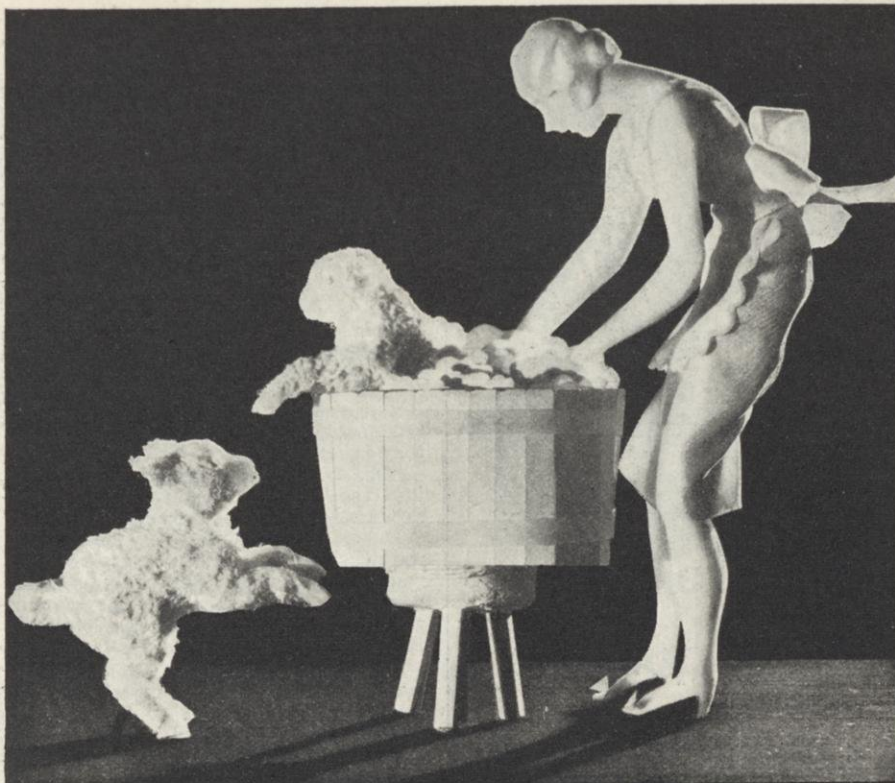
"Not me. No. The facts are difficult." He gazed at Dubois, and his round face was prolonged by a solemn anxiety. "I think we've got into a beastly case, Dubois."

"Ah, my friend! Do not be troubled. I am devilish wrong to plague you with my little affairs. Mrs. Fortune will never forgive me. Think no more of it, I beg you. It is not your task, there is no call upon you. Let it go."

"My dear fellow!" Reggie laughed. "I can't. This sort of thing is what I'm for."

Dubois made a display of grave and respectful agreement. "I understand, yes. One cannot refuse to help justice, is it not? Well, I am a villain to bring the affair upon you. I am most glad to have you. But after all, my friend, it is not a case one feels. It is a technical problem. There are not emotions in it."

"You think not?" (Turn to page 42)



## WOOLENS love their bath in IVORY SNOW

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Baby's Croup doesn't  
keep Mother Awake Now

"I can't thank you enough," writes one mother, "for your new product, Listerine Rub. Junior had a bad case of croup and I was up half the night trying to relieve him. No sooner would I get to sleep than his coughing spells would wake me. A neighbor of mine told me about Listerine Rub and I applied it to his little chest and back. The relief was almost immediate, and I got the first sleep I had had for several nights."

## THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW

Continued from page 41

"I think you are not at your ease. I do not understand why. There is something more than you say."

"Yes. The ladies. The irrelevant ladies." Reggie sat up and told him of Mrs. Rothay and Miss Leigh.

Dubois's big face showed some demure amusement. "I knew that you had good taste, my friend. They made their impression, these two. They must be charming. But, as you say, what is the official theory? Oakhurst and Fry came up here to be rude to these ladies?"

"Oh, no. They didn't know 'em. It was just casual natural brutality. But I should say Mrs. Rothay knew Oakhurst."

Dubois shrugged. "It is very possible. He was rich, he was a lord, he would be known to many. But what then? She did not bring him here, for he did not know her. She was gone with the young lady before he was left alone. It means nothing, that I see."

"No. I don't see what it means. I don't see what anything means. However, I'll take you for a little walk."

They went off up the hill . . . Dubois took Reggie's arm. "I am a shameless rascal, my friend."

"Oh, no. No. I'd like to be in it—if it has to be. And thank God it's with you."

"I thank you." Dubois looked at him earnestly but with a certain curiosity. "That is the finest compliment I have ever had. But, my friend, I do not find the affair so serious yet. What is it you have to show me?"

"I've something more to tell you first. The morning after Oakhurst disappeared, quite early, Mrs. Rothay came to the hotel to telephone. She hasn't a phone at her château, Folliquet says. And she telephoned to Paris."

"Why not?" Dubois put up his eyebrows. "It is quite natural."

"Oh, yes. Many innocent reasons. But there's another message on the morning the slump in Oakhurst shares started from somebody who was with Oakhurst just before he vanished."

"To Paris," Dubois frowned. "We can trace the call, of course. We cannot tell what she said. There would be no selling on the Paris Bourse, I think. We French are not interested in Oakhurst companies. I tell you frankly, my friend, I see nothing in it."

"There shouldn't be," Reggie mumbled. "I do not understand." Dubois looked at him again. "You make suspicions of these ladies, and out of nothing, as it seems. What is in your mind? You do not like them, you believe them in a plot?"

"My God, no," Reggie groaned. "I couldn't believe it. My wife said they looked like angels. They do. I loved 'em. Don't you see, that's why I have to be careful to tell you everything that's queer about 'em. It's so damned incredible. But we've got to work out the truth—whatever it is."

"Ah, I understand at last, my friend," Dubois said slowly. They walked on. "What is it you would show me?"

"That," said Reggie, and pointed to the mown meadow. The hay was already gone. Dubois looked, stared at him. "That?"

"It's been cut."

"As I see. And why not?"

"QUESTION indicated is why," Reggie mumbled. "Why? It wasn't ready. It wouldn't have been ready for some time. Look at the rest. But that piece is cut and no more. It was cut the morning after Oakhurst disappeared. I saw the fellow cutting it and he didn't like me seeing him at all. And it's just at the corner where the road turns round to Mrs. Rothay's château."

"Name of a pipe!" Dubois cried. "Always the ladies!"

He looked about him, frowning. "At the turn of the road—yes, it turns here—and what does that signify? Besides, it goes to many places, not only to the home of the ladies—it goes at last down to the valley again and to Switzerland." One eyebrow went up. "Hein? Over the frontier to Switzerland. It's not so many kilometers, my friend. And along this road the Lord Oakhurst chose to walk. Aha?"

"You mean he's just bolted? Why?"

"Suppose he had his reasons to vanish. These rich men, they are not always secure—and he is a mushroom rich, is it not? In fact, it is my instructions that these bad times

had made difficulties for the Lord Oakhurst."

"Oh. You didn't tell me that."

"Pardon. I have no secrets from you. I thought you would have considered that explanation already. He is not the first financier to disappear in a bad time. But this is the best place to disappear from that any have chosen. It is so easy to die here by accident and be forever hidden—in the lake—in a crevasse—in the wilderness of the mountains. Unless we find him alive quickly, all the world will believe he is dead so. And then, suppose again he intended a disappearance, everything explains itself—that he came to the Hotel Margot—that he announced his name there so loud—that he arranged to be left there alone—it is to advertise the Lord Oakhurst is lost in the mountains. But Mr. Fry would know of his difficulties, Mr. Fry would see the chance to make a coup for himself and take it." Dubois chuckled.

"Rather good," Reggie murmured.

"I think so," Dubois looked down his nose. "At least, I like it better than your ladies, my dear friend. It explains things."

"Oh, yes. Yes. And why was the grass cut?" said Reggie.

DUBOIS laughed. "That? No, it does not explain that. I fail there. Perhaps that grass does not grow well. Perhaps beasts strayed into it and spoiled the crop. What do I know?"

Reggie was not amused. He gazed at Dubois with round inquiring eyes. "And spoil the crop," he repeated. "You mean beat it down? Yes. I thought of that. We'd better go over the ground."

"If you please," Dubois shrugged. They paced the shorn grass, Dubois methodical but perfunctory, Reggie slow and stooping close to examine each yard. Dubois satisfied himself there was nothing to see, lit a small cigar and watched Reggie's poring care with an indulgent smile. After a while Reggie dropped on his knees and smoothed at a patch of ground with both hands. Dubois came to him quickly. "What is it then?"

Reggie held out three white things. "Name of a name! Teeth!" Dubois exploded. "They are human, hein?"

"Not the natural product. But from a human mouth. Probably a man's. Three front teeth of a denture in the upper jaw. There's a stain in the ground, too. Earth's been raked over it. Looks like blood. Not a lot, but I should say you can verify. Front teeth and blood. That's why the grass was cut, Dubois." He found an envelop in his pocket and put the teeth in it, he took the cigars from his cigar case and filled it with the blood-stained earth. "There you are. Exhibits A and B."

Dubois took them. "Thank you very much," he said without enthusiasm. "And what is your conclusion then?"

"My only aunt! Nothing. We're not near a conclusion yet. Several inferences. Some fellow recently came on this bit of pasture, for an unknown purpose, was hit in the face violently, lay here, bled. Owner of the pasture didn't like the mess made of the grass, so cut it. Which was the morning after Oakhurst disappeared."

"Very well," Dubois nodded. "But why should Oakhurst come upon this pasture?"

"The unknown purpose."

"Whatever it was," said Dubois, "someone struck him with great strength, is it not?"

"Oh, yes. Yes. Heavy blow."

"That would rule out your ladies, my friend," Dubois smiled.

"Absolutely. Quite beyond them."

"But not at all beyond our Mr. Fry."

"No. Fits him very well."

"And then—suppose it was the Lord Oakhurst and that he was killed. Where would you look for the body?"

"The body," Reggie murmured. "Oh, yes. It could be up there." He pointed. "On the way to the Noirlac. Lots of holes and crevasses. Not very far either. But heavy work to carry a body up that path."

"The large Mr. Fry, he could do it?"

"Yes. Quite capable." Reggie stared up the path. "I should say that would be the best way to eliminate the corpse. But I'm not a native you know. Remains the original, bafflin' problem, why did the hypothetical deceased come on to the uncut grass? No visible purpose. Also, there's a path at the side." Reggie moved across the shorn patch.

Round the edge was a narrow track. On one hand it led, twisting and turning, through the long grass, on the other, up to the road and the Noirlac path and the mountainside.

He walked a little either way, picked up a few faded flowers. "Well, what have you now?" Dubois cried.

Reggie held out reddish, shrivelled petals. "I don't know the French name of it. It's Alpenglocken. It didn't grow here. Higher up, among the rocks."

"And then?" said Dubois impatiently.

"I wonder," Reggie murmured. "No obvious relation with the hypothetical Oakhurst." His hand closed on the flowers. "I should say you'd better go back to Montrond."

"I have been waiting for you to say so." Dubois took his arm and turned away. "There is enough to do."

"Quite a lot. Yes. What were you thinking of doing?"

"First, I telegraph to your good friends at Scotland Yard that they find out for me if the Lord Oakhurst had false teeth. Second, I make the police of Montrond busy, to bring me the man who owns this piece of land and the man who cut the grass. Third, I organize a search for the body. Fourth, I order a test for the blood."

"Yes. Fairly comprehensive. Previously, I should have Mr. Fry watched."

"Do not fear," Dubois chuckled. "That is done already."

"All right. Well, if I were you, I shouldn't talk to the gentleman who cut the grass or to Mr. Fry either. Not until you have the result of the blood test and information about Oakhurst's dentistry. And when you put 'em through it, I'd like to be there, if you don't mind."

"My friend, but it is an honor to me," Dubois said heartily. They came back to his car and he drove away. But Reggie did not go into the hotel; he climbed again to the cut grass and took the narrow path at the side and wandered along its windings through the uncut fragrant meadows. He went slowly, stopping again and again, till he looked up and saw close upon him the mellow walls of the Château Laroche. He stood a moment gazing at it, turned and still more slowly made his way back to the hotel. His round face was disturbed.

In the morning a car came for Mr. Fortune. A fusty little room at the Montrond police station was filled by the exuberance of Dubois. "My dear friend, you triumph. It was blood. Yes, also the Lord Oakhurst had false teeth. Here is his dentist, precise and particular." He gave Reggie a copy of a telegram.

"Oh, yes. Bridge work upper jaw. Right canine, two right incisors, one left. We didn't find a canine. But the other three are what they should be. Yes. Hypothesis of Oakhurst on the grass confirmed."

"And the hypothesis Oakhurst was murdered there," said Dubois. "Come, forward! I have here the peasant who owns the grass. Mr. Fry, he also is invited to speak with Dubois of the Sûreté. The peasant first, I think, eh?"

"Oh, yes. Yes. The more we know before we talk to Fry the better. By the way, did you find out anything about Mrs. Rothay's call to Paris?"

"Be at ease. She rang up one of the English banks. Yes, Fox's. Her own bank, without doubt. It is entirely natural."

THE peasant was brought in. Reggie saw again the bearded face which had scowled at him over the scythe. It was sullen but it showed no sign of knowing him, none of fear.

Dubois was paternal. "There, sit down, my lad. It is a plague to be brought down from your farm, is it not? But one must do one's duty. Well then! You can tell me some little things. You are Michel Pic of Praz? Yes. The meadow up there, where the path goes to the Noirlac at the turn of the road, that is yours? Yes. On Tuesday morning you mowed it. Come, why?"

"Why not? It is mine," Michel growled.

"Agreed. Why did you mow on Tuesday? The grass was not ready."

"You may say so!" Michel said vehemently. "There is the devil of it. Had to cut. It was trampled down."

"Why, how was that?"

"Some dirty fellows of tourists."



Dubois put up his eyebrows. "Come, my boy, how do you know it was tourists? Tell me, Michel," he leaned across the table and his eyes were keen. "When did you find your grass flat?"

Michel took some time to think. "Tuesday morning," he decided. "Yes. I was taking a basket of chickens to Folliquet and I saw it was trampled so that it would do no good and I had to cut it. Tuesday morning."

Dubois made an exclamation of disgust. "You did not see it till Tuesday—then why do you talk to me of tourists, fool?"

Michel stared at him in sullen suspicion. "I told you—if they weren't tourists I don't know what they were. I never saw them before."

"Name of a name!" Dubois exploded. "What is this?"

"I saw them Monday," Michel grunted.

"Oh, la-la. Tell me then. You saw them on Monday on your grass. Very well. At what hour?"

"I didn't see them on the grass," said Michel carefully. "Just there by the turn of the road. I was coming down from the high pastures. An hour before sunset, it would be. I saw two men down below there close to my meadow, fighting together. Strangers they were." He stared defiance at Dubois. "I should call them tourists. It would be them trampled my grass. The devil take them."

"Very well. What were they like?"

"A short, fat man and a big man."

"You were near?"

"Not so near. I saw them from just above my house. I went on in. They were nothing to me, the dirty fellows."

"You would know them again?"

"The devil! How can I tell unless I see them? I might. He was very big, the big man."

"Is it so?" Dubois showed no interest.

"Well, did any one but you see them?"

"There was Elie Sémiend. He came to my house for eggs. He said to me, 'There are two making merry down there.'"

Dubois scribbled the name. "Go home. And do not talk to anyone. Not a word."

Michel shuffled out, and then Dubois started up and chuckled and rubbed his hands. "This marches, hein?"

"Oh, yes. Yes," Reggie said. "If he and his friend identify, you have a case."

"I believe it!" Dubois laughed. "Come then, we will make experiments with the Mr. Fry."

HE-WAS admitted. Dubois gave him the full formalities of greeting and Fry was equally careful. But it could be seen that anxieties harassed him. "I'm having the devil of a time, you know," he began in his easy bad French. "The position's getting infernally difficult. Lord Oakhurst had so many interests and he had everything important under his personal control. I'm snowed under with telegrams for instructions and so forth. But it won't do, you know. He's been missing five nights now. I hope to God you'll get news of him soon."

"I also hope that, Mr. Fry," Dubois said gravely.

"Well, have you anything to tell me?"

"No, there is nothing to tell yet. I wanted to ask you little things."

"Let's have them then. I thought we had gone over it pretty thoroughly before."

Dubois shrugged. "Ah, there is always something else. That is my experience. Pardon, I had forgotten. Do you know my friend, Mr. Fortune, Mr. Reginald Fortune?"

Reggie leaned forward out of his obscurity beyond Dubois's bulk and murmured, "How do you do?"

It was plain that Fry was unpleasantly surprised. "I don't think we've ever met, sir," he said. "Have you come out from England to take up the case?"

"Oh, no. No," Reggie murmured. "Happy to be about."

"Very lucky," said Fry. "Have you been staying at Montrond?"

"Mr. Fortune is so kind as to give me his help," Dubois said curtly. And now, Mr. Fry—when you left Lord Oakhurst—that was after lunch on Monday—you drove back to your hotel. And then?"

"I stayed there. I told you so."

"You did not go out again that day?"

"Wait a minute. Let me think. I believe I took a stroll before dinner. That was all."

"Aha. For how long?"

"How the devil can I tell? Not very long, I had a turn by the lake, I believe. Why? Do you mean Lord Oakhurst came back to the hotel while I was out?"

"Is it not possible?" said Dubois.

"I suppose so. Did anybody see him?"

"That is what we have to find out. You—you do not think so?"

"Good God, I have no reason to think anything. I hadn't heard of anybody seeing him. But of course it's possible."

"So many things are possible that one does not think of," said Dubois. "One other little question, Mr. Fry. Lord Oakhurst, had he false teeth?"

Fry's mouth opened. He did not speak for a moment. "False teeth?" he repeated. "Damn it, I don't know."

"You do not know?" Dubois's eyebrows went up.

"Why the devil should I know? His teeth looked ordinary. I'm not his valet. A man doesn't talk about his teeth being false. What are you asking for? My God, have you found a body?" Fry's big hands gripped the table edge.

"Calm, if you please. We have not found a body yet. But it is to be considered we might. That is why I wish to be sure if his teeth were false."

"Have you some clue?"

Dubois shrugged. "Where his body is, whether it is living or dead, I do not know any more than you yet. Well, it appears I shall have no help from you. But tell me—these—" With a quick movement he thrust close to Fry's face a box which held the three teeth. "Have you seen them in Oakhurst's mouth?"

Fry had flung his head back. He controlled himself and looked at the teeth. "My God, how can I say?" he muttered, and stared at Dubois. His sallow face was pale and shone damp. "Where did you get them?"

"They were found up there above the Hotel Margot."

"What does it mean?" Fry said hoarsely.

"That I do not know," Dubois put the teeth away. "But I shall find out, Mr. Fry, be sure; be very sure." He stood up. "Well, I must not keep you now. I hope you shall hear from me very soon. Rely upon my zeal."



A policeman opened the door, and Fry made haste out.

"Aha?" Dubois turned to Reggie. "There is one who discovers what fear is."

"Oh, yes. You've scared him blind."

"I quite believe it," Dubois gave a cruel laugh. "Because he knows he is guilty."

"He knows too much. Yes. That is indicated."

"YOU observe how he fights to hold me off?"

That he went out again from the hotel, ah, he did not tell me that before. But now he is asked, he is careful not to deny in case someone should have seen him. He is cunning. So he makes his walk little and he tries to find out what I have in my head, how much I know. He suggests that Oakhurst perhaps came back. Oh, he is very cunning. But the teeth—that dazed him. He was not so clever then. A secretary who does not know his master has false teeth!"

"Dazed, yes. However. Not wholly fatuous even so. He was fighting for time."

"It is that," Dubois agreed. "He holds me off. He hopes—I do not know what. It is no matter. Well, let us go to lunch. Afterwards they bring me this Sémiend. And then perhaps we have our Mr. Fry."

As they went out, the station officer

stopped Dubois and talked with him apart.

Dubois made a grimace. "You are critical, my friend. Well, yes, I intended they should meet. But believe me, Michel was not told Fry was here, or who he was. Not a word. Yet Michel knew him at once. Is not that a good identification?"

"Oh, yes. It's all right. I thought Michel would know him."

"Very well. But you might trust me, my friend. I do not make up my cases."

"My dear chap. Oh, my dear chap. I do. Absolutely," Reggie soothed him.

"Come then, to lunch. There is a little place where they make a bouillabaisse of fresh water fish."

"My dear chap!" said Reggie with enthusiasm. "Oh, just a moment. I want to run in to the post office." He was gone several moments. The telegram which he sent was to the Criminal Investigation Department in London . . .

The bouillabaisse was of subtle interest. The slices of boar's head which followed it were piquant. Reggie drank his glass of Armagnac after luncheon with satisfaction.

"Well, well," Reggie sighed. "Life is real, life is earnest. We have to work again."

AT THE police station they were told that Sémiend had arrived. And Sémiend was brought in, an old man of white hair and a grave simple face. Reggie leaned back into the shadow. Elie Sémiend was the coachman of Mrs. Rothay.

"Sit down, old fellow," Dubois smiled. "Be at ease. We shall not worry you. Tell me, you are Elie Sémiend? You know Michel Pic? You went to his house last Monday?"

"Yes, sir, yes. It is quite true," Sémiend spoke slowly. "I went to get eggs for the chateau. I am the servant of Madam Rothay, you understand? We buy our eggs from Michel Pic."

"Very well. Did you see any one below in the meadows?"

"I saw two men below. They were by Michel Pic's meadow at the turn of the road. They were fighting. I said to Michel, 'There are two who make merry down there.' It was strange, sir. Almost never one sees tourists fighting."

"Aha. These were tourists?"

"At least they were not our people."

"You are sure, eh? You would know them again?"

"Perhaps. I cannot tell. I think so. One was big and one short and fat."

"Good. You have eyes, old fellow. It is possible I shall want you again. That is all now." He rang his bell and Sémiend was taken away.

"There, my friend!" Dubois laughed. "Do I make up my case?"

"Oh, no. No. Quite fair," Reggie murmured and looked at him with a curious earnestness. "You are quite fair."

"I only joke," Dubois patted him. "We know each other, eh? But see, he has it exact. They saw—ah—" The telephone rang. "Dubois, yes. What? By the train. Very well. Let him go. Stop him at the frontier and bring him back here to me. That is it." He turned to Reggie. "Pouf! It marches! Mr. Fry has taken the train for Geneva. That is not very wise of Mr. Fry."

"No. One of those little errors which make life difficult," Reggie murmured. He contemplated Dubois's happy face with melancholy.

"Mr. Fry has made his life very difficult," Dubois chuckled. "To bolt out of the country when he fears that the murder is known. That will not please a jury."

"I did see the point," Reggie said plainly.

"You foresaw it perhaps?" Dubois cocked an eyebrow.

"When you scared him blind. Yes. I thought you were trying for the reaction."

Dubois laughed and stretched himself. "Come, there is nothing to do till they bring our Mr. Fry. Let us walk."

"Oh my aunt," Reggie groaned. "I'm always walking."

"My poor friend! You shall sit then. You shall sit by the lake."

They sat on the terrace of a café by the lake where the waterfall river came rushing down. A dam of logs on either side guarded the banks, caught the broken weed and rubbish and marshalled the stream into a narrow surging flood which swept on to make the blue water green. And while Dubois drank, Reggie ate two ices and thereafter was lulled by the roar of the water to sleep.

"Marvelous man," Dubois's voice roused him. "There are no limits to your genius. You can sleep upon ices. (Turn to page 44)



## "We'll be there for the holidays, Mother!"

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## "I'm so glad! We'll buy the biggest turkey in town!"





# WHY should one wife EXPECT another TO KNOW



## certain intimate things which she doesn't know herself?

Among married women, a great many friendships are broken on account of suspicion. One young wife feels sure that another is holding back from her some vitally important information. It is nearly always wrong to assume this. Women are not selfish when they hesitate to talk about feminine hygiene. They are merely confused about the matter themselves. They have heard so many conflicting opinions that they actually fear to talk.

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But come. They tell me our Mr. Fry waits for us."

When Fry was brought again into the little room at the police station two men came with him. He stood between them dishevelled, sweating, pallid. The strength had gone out of his big frame, he sagged.

"What, you have had trouble?" Dubois said to his men.

One of them shrugged. "A little. He was enraged."

"It's a cursed outrage," Fry began violently.

Dubois was smooth. "Beyond doubt it discommoded you to stop your travels in Switzerland. But I assure you, it saves trouble."

"What do you mean? Why shouldn't I go to Geneva?"

"I PROVIDED you with a reason why you should stay here. I showed you that we have proof your Lord Oakhurst has been murdered. And your answer is to try to escape from France." He changed his tone and said sharply. "Explain that to me, sir."

"Murdered? You have no evidence he's been murdered."

"Oh, oh. His teeth up there on the mountain, his blood?"

"I don't know anything about the teeth."

"That is why you run away from them?" said Dubois politely.

"I wasn't running away. I should have been back tonight. I don't believe he's been murdered."

"His teeth proved that to you? So you made a little jaunt to Geneva to be gay. You have a happy temperament. But it was unfortunate you should run just as we find those who saw him struck."

"Saw him struck?" Fry gasped.

"Saw who struck him," said Dubois. "It is finished, Fry. I have the men who saw you kill him."

"It's a lie!" Fry roared.

"You will hear them swear to you."

"My God! It's a trick! It's a trap!" Fry muttered.

"You have trapped yourself. The moment the murder is discovered you run away."

Fry's mouth opened. "Here. Let me speak to you alone," he whispered.

Dubois glanced at his men. "He has been searched. Very well." He waved them out.

"And now, sir."

"I'll tell you," said Fry, and moistened his lips. "It was all Oakhurst's idea."

"That he should be killed?"

"I don't mean that. I swear to God I don't know anything about his being killed. He wanted to disappear. It was like this. He's been having a difficult time. He was short of liquid capital. Too much booked up in the last merger. He had to make a big coup somehow. The best he could see was to stage a slump. Don't you see how it would work?"

If it was announced that he had disappeared there was bound to be a break in Oakhurst shares. When he turned up again, they were sure to recover: first on sentiment, then on value. They're all perfectly sound. His scheme was to come out here and fix things so that it would look as if he'd been lost in the mountains. That was why he went up to that beastly little hotel and let everyone know he was there and sent me back and went for a walk by himself. He had given instructions to his brokers that when I telegraphed a code word they were to start selling. They had been selling quietly for some time but the big word was to wait till this vanishing act. The scheme was for him to get over into Switzerland and spend a few days there incog., till the slump was going strong, then come back and tell the world everything was all right. See? I swear that's the truth."

"And yet he has not come back," said Dubois. "Also his teeth never went."

"I know it's turned out devilish queer. That's why I was going to Geneva. He should have made that his first point. I wanted to find some trace of him."

"And all this honest plan—why did I never hear of it till now?"

"How the devil could I tell you before? That would have given the whole game away. Oakhurst told me to make a noise about his disappearance and swear I knew nothing about it. That was the only way to work it."

Reggie stirred. "Did you get Oakhurst's instructions in writing?"

## THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW

Continued from page 43

"It wasn't the sort of thing to put in writing, was it?" Fry said. "If you want evidence, there's his brokers. I just telegraphed the code word 'tote' and they acted. They wouldn't do that for me. You'll find they had their instructions from Oakhurst."

"Yes. I dare say we shall. Yes. And the other brokers, Mr. Fry?"

"What do you mean?" Fry gasped.

"Those other brokers, to whom you telegraphed the code word 'bookie'? Did they have instructions from Oakhurst?"

Fry hesitated. "I was operating privately there," he said sullenly.

Dubois laughed. "Come then, this is your story: You were in a conspiracy with Oakhurst to make a great fraud on the public and you resolved to use it for yourself. The evidence is that in the progress of the conspiracy you killed Oakhurst."

"I never touched him," Fry said hoarsely.

"I never saw him after I left him at the hotel. Damn it, you don't even know he is dead."

Dubois rang his bell. "Do I not?" he frowned. "Very well, try to persuade the examining magistrate that he is alive. For me, I have finished with you, Mr. Fry." And Fry was taken out.

"Well, my friend?" Dubois turned to Reggie with a smile. "Is that a case?"

"Oh, yes. Yes. You told me Oakhurst had vanished for financial reasons. Very acute. Acceptin' that—from you and Mr. Fry—why Fry should slay him remains obscure."

"You find it so?" Dubois's other eyebrow went up. "I can think of good reasons easily. Here is one. Mr. Fry wished to have the control of the slump to himself. There was a grand chance and he took it."

"That makes a case, yes," Reggie said.

"Well, well. He'll have to go to trial anyway. Not a nice man. I should say a jury won't like him."

IN THE morning Reggie was waked to misery by a demand that he should go to the telephone. Dubois was speaking. A body had been found in the lake. He wished Reggie to come and see the body. "My only aunt!" Reggie mourned. "In the lake? And I haven't had my breakfast. In the lake? You shouldn't, Dubois, you shouldn't. I'll come."

On the way, he called at the post office and there obtained a telegram which had come too late for delivery the night before. But he went on to Dubois.

"My friend!" Dubois grasped his hand. "I want your help. You are the best evidence here of what Oakhurst looked like alive. This—that they have found—it has Oakhurst's clothes on—papers of his—but it is much injured."

He was taken to the mortuary where the police doctor waited beside what had been a man.

Some hours later he came out and drank coffee with brandy in it and returned to Dubois. "It's Oakhurst all right—it's the man I saw who said he was Oakhurst—it's the man who lost those teeth. Dead before he went into the water. Cause of death, injury to brain from blows. Head very much smashed now. Impossible to be precise about original blow."

"That suffices, eh? With the other evidence. It was murder."

"Acceptin' the other evidence, he was battered to death up there on the pasture. But you found him in the lake."

"To be exact, like you, he was found where the river comes into the lake. You saw the place—by those dams under the café. But it makes no matter. Up there on the mountain the river is underground you know. It breaks out in that great waterfall. They tell me some of those crevasses go right down to the river. You can hear the water flowing. What happened is clear. Fry killed him and flung the body into a crevasse and the river has brought it out again."

"Yes, it could be," Reggie said slowly.

"What, you are not satisfied?"

"I wish I was." Reggie stared at him with solemn eyes. "I'm playing fair, Dubois. Which I don't want to. Let me take on for a bit, will you? Don't say anything to anybody. Come up with me to the Château Laroche. Tell Mrs. Rothay you are from the Sûreté and want some information from her. And then I'll do the talking."

Dubois's eyebrows went up to his hair. "Still the ladies?" he said. "Very well. If you ask it—at your orders, my friend. But you make a mystery."

"No, I don't. I want you to hear her without prejudice. It's a beastly business. But I have to go for the truth."

"Come then, I am content," said Dubois.

REGGIE drove his car up the winding road to the old château. The gate which led into the courtyard was closed. He pulled at a jangling bell and had long to wait. Then Sémond came. Dubois gave his official card and asked for Mrs. Rothay. They had to wait again before Sémond opened the other half of the gate and let the car into the courtyard. A woman almost as old as Sémond stood there and led them to a quaint room in which the decorations and the furniture of Louis XV were set off by some chairs of modern English comfort.

The two ladies were sitting there. "I ask pardon for troubling Mrs. Rothay," Dubois spoke English. "I am the servant of the law. I have to seek some information. My friend, who is more at ease in English, will explain."

"Pray do your duty," the old lady said and pointed them to chairs.

"As well as I can, madam," Reggie bowed. "Will you tell me, is there any pit in your château which goes down to the river?"

Dubois gave no sign of surprise. Without a sound of movement he turned so that he could see both women. Miss Leigh was sewing and her needle did not stop. "But I cannot tell you," Mrs. Rothay said placidly. "There is a pit in a dungeon under the old tower. It is called 'Gaston's well.' The country people say it is bottomless. I do not know."

"The body of Lord Oakhurst has been taken out of the river, madam. But he had been killed on land."

Miss Leigh went on sewing. "I heard that Lord Oakhurst had disappeared," said Mrs. Rothay.

"Did you know him, madam?"

"I have seen him. I saw him at Folliquet's hotel. I have never met him."

"I am told that you had suffered by some of his operations."

"You have been misled. I have not suffered. Much of my husband's fortune was destroyed by Lord Oakhurst's operations in Lancashire."

"Can you tell me anything of the way in which Lord Oakhurst met his death?"

"I can tell you nothing at all. It is an absurd question, sir."

"Then I have to put before you my account of the murder. On Monday at lunch Lord Oakhurst was so insolent to Miss Leigh that you left the hotel hastily. Some time afterwards Lord Oakhurst went walking. By that time Miss Leigh also was walking on the mountain. She picked some *Alpenglocken* and came back by the path through the meadows. Lord Oakhurst saw her—Reggie turned to the girl, but she was bent over her sewing. "He was again insolent. And then one of the peasants—was it Michel Pic?—came to her help and struck him with a matlock or some such thing. Lord Oakhurst was killed there on Michel Pic's meadow. Was it you, Mrs. Rothay, who decided that his body should be hidden?"

"You imagine a story, sir. I have told you, these questions are absurd."

"HIS body was brought along the path here—and then it went into the pit—this morning we took it out of the river." Reggie stopped and waited, watching the two women. But Miss Leigh made careful stitch after stitch, and Mrs. Rothay met his eyes with a dignity entirely calm. "Have you nothing to say, madam?"

"Sir, I wish to believe you do not mean impertinence. I have been patient with you. But this is not to be endured. You invent and you conceal. You pretend to me that Michel Pic has committed a murder when you know that Michel Pic and Sémond saw the murder done by another man."

"Yes, they said so. That man may go to the guillotine on their evidence. And you—are you content that an innocent man should be executed?"



"Innocent!" Mrs. Rothay said with contempt.

"Madam, you know he is."

"I know that Lord Oakhurst and Mr. Fry have been in many villainies together. It is nothing to me one should turn on the other or what comes of it."

"I well believe they are rogues. I well believe that Oakhurst brought his death on himself. I well believe Michel Pic struck him, as any decent man might, because he was insulting a woman. But Fry should not die for that. Give him justice, madam."

"I think he has it," said Mrs. Rothay quietly.

Reggie drew a long breath. "And you?" he cried. "You've used this murder for your own profit. And you'd let an innocent man lose his head to hide it. But it's known the morning after the murder you telephoned to your bank in Paris. You have been selling Oakhurst shares."

"You must be a very foolish person," said Mrs. Rothay. "I have no reason to hide that. When I heard Sémond's story, it was clear to me that the Oakhurst affairs would be injured. I was glad to take the occasion of recovering some of the losses which had been brought on my husband by Lord Oakhurst. I permit myself to think that quite just, sir. There can be no more that we have to say, I believe."

"You will let Fry go to his death?"

"I am quite without interest in the end of Mr. Fry," said Mrs. Rothay and rang the bell . . .

Reggie drove the car out of the courtyard and on at a crazy speed till they came again to the shorn meadow. Then he stopped and looked at it with a miserable laugh and turned to Dubois. "Well? What now?"

"Ah, you were right, of course. It happened all like that. You can never prove it, never. These peasants, they will swear their story as hard as iron. And you, you have no evidence at all. It happens like that sometimes. There is no power in France can stop the case. That would be so in your country also?"

"Oh, yes. Yes. And the wretched Fry?"

Dubois shrugged. "Not a jury in Savoy would acquit him. But his head will not go into the sack. Do not fear it. A quarrel—a fight—that is the evidence—not cold murder. Prison only for him."

"I see. Very comfortin'. You said we worked for justice, didn't you?"

"Si j'étais Dieu!" Dubois sighed. "Ah, who knows, my friend? These animals, Oakhurst and Fry, they are beasts of prey. But our justice will not punish for that. Something punishes them all the same. I am not ill content."

"Yes. Very fair and rational. Not alterin' the fact that we've arranged to convict a fellow of what he didn't do. I dare say we manage that quite often. But I don't remember bein' aware of it before. Unpleasant sensation." He laughed. "What's that verse? 'The utter truth the careless angels know?' Rather good."

But that was beyond Dubois.

Robbery—which proved not to be robbery. And yet it led to torture and a baffling murder. One of Reggie's most difficult cases: "The Walrus Ivory"—next month's Mr. Fortune Mystery

## FOOD NEWS FOR THE NEW YEAR

Continued from page 28

Frosted foods are among the cleanest and most sanitary that can be bought. Never touched by hands after they are sealed in their immaculate cartons, never exposed to any outside air, they come to you, perishable foods imperishably preserved. A revolutionary method, isn't it?

The frosted meats have any number of advantages. Uniform in high quality, economy (for there is no waste of trimming), the assurance of first quality, tenderness, juiciness, and full flavor.

I said something about economy. You see, these frosted meats, fish, and poultry are sold by net weight. Every ounce is good to eat, every particle fit for your table. And the same with the fruits and vegetables. No stems and hulls, no wilted leaves or crushed berries. All good, all ready to use and you get all that you pay for in every instance.

JUST one word about the in- or out-of-season idea. I said that frosted foods have no "season." The berries and vegetables are available in January as in July. The oysters and lobsters are as delicious in August as in October or any other month. Isn't that worth thinking about?

Frosted foods, as long as they are kept frozen, will keep indefinitely. When they are de-frosted they become *fresh* foods and will keep only as long as fresh food. They must be kept at sub-zero temperatures and cannot be adapted to window displays and counter sales. So, only those food stores can sell them that have facilities for keeping the food at these temperatures. But distribution is growing gradually.

You do not need to thaw the frosted meats and fish before cooking, unless it is poultry to be stuffed or unless you are going to use your meat or fish in some special dish. These products cook in a few minutes more than do fresh meat or fish. That's the only difference. In the case of the vegetables, they are cooked in exactly the same way as fresh vegetables, but remember that they cook more quickly. So watch out and don't over-cook them.

Here are a few simple things to keep in mind when you buy frosted foods. If you wish to keep the food longer than you would keep fresh food, put it in the freezing compartment of your automatic refrigerator. If you are planning to use the food soon, put it in the refrigerator and keep it as cold as possible.

In de-frosting fruits to use in a few hours, place them in the food chamber of your refrigerator or leave them outside at room temperature until they are ready. The best rule to go by is to handle frosted foods exactly as you would fresh foods.

Well, I must turn now for a moment to just a brief mention of the other new things we have pictured for you. To my mind it's good news that one canner has abandoned the narrow-necked bottle and come out boldly with chili sauce and catsup in handsome, convenient table jars. They're so good-looking that they're quite at home on purple and fine linen, and worthy of a silver spoon. The products in these fine little jars are quite in keeping with the containers.

Furthering the cause of peace of mind and equanimity of temper, is the new baking powder can with a cover that is no trick at all to remove without removing *with* the cover, a big splash of the powder. And inside the rim is a stiff and fitted paper lining which, while serving to help keep the contents fresh, may be cut in two, leaving a self-leveling gadget. You take up a spoonful of baking powder, and level it before you take the spoon from the can. See?

I think you would like the tomato slicer we are showing under the frosted foods. It is of highly polished stainless steel, set in a sturdy green porcelain plate. The cutter has sharp saw-teeth which cut without crushing, and the space under the cup that holds the tomato catches the juice. Of course, it is good for cutting and slicing other fruits and vegetables. Efficient and handsome.

Morning, noon or night, we all enjoy tomato juice. Hence we welcome into the field a new tomato juice packed by another manufacturer with a well known reputation for quality. And the tomato juice in cans is good for many things besides cocktails. In sauces, made dishes, and, just as it comes from the can, it is perfectly delicious as a beverage. Better be cold, though.

The latest thing in the cocktail field that I've met is the cranberry cocktail. And it is so refreshing, so ruby red, so tantalizingly tart and different, that you simply *must* give it a whirl. Comes in bottles, and I think the best directions for its use are simply "shake with cracked ice, and serve in your best crystal glasses."

That's all for today. I have been very instructive and feel very virtuous. And it is all news and *no* gossip.

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Go today to any grocery store and ask for Quaker QUICK Macaroni.

Then, for your courtesy in trying it, accept the charming teaspoon illustrated below. Note the offer and accept it. You'll be glad that you did.

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## AND OTHER SMALL THINGS

Continued from page 11

"He's got guts, anyway," said the doctor. And then, all at once, the doctor reached for his handkerchief. "Oh, Evie!" said the doctor, and blew his nose violently. "Oh, Evie, my dear . . ."

The kitten snuggled closer. The purr was more feeble than it had been, at first. Gingerly the doctor ran his finger along the bone on the kitten's spine.

"Probably," said the doctor, "he's dying now. But I'll get him some milk, anyway." He carried the kitten carefully in the direction of his minute kitchenette. "After all, it's bad enough to die, but to die hungry . . ." Oddly, the doctor found himself wondering whether, years from now, he himself would die hungry. Heart hungry.

There was milk in the kitchenette. The maid who came, mornings, to tidy up, had forgotten to put it in the refrigerator, and for once the doctor was grateful for her carelessness. The milk wouldn't be clammy, it wouldn't be necessary to heat it. Still holding the kitten, he poured some of the milk, clumsily, into a cereal dish. Still holding the kitten, he thrust the dish under its nose.

"Drink that!" he commanded, harshly.

THE kitten nozzled its nose down into the saucer of milk. The doctor could feel the quiver of its desperate eagerness. Once, when he was an interne, he had treated a starvation case; he knew the symptoms.

"Slowly, there," he said to the kitten, "don't go so fast." He held the saucer away for a moment, waited until the kitten breathed more normally, held it back again under the quivering nose . . . After a while the kitten drank more quietly and under its drying fur the doctor could feel its little sides growing puffy. When, finally, the saucer was empty, it raised a small face very daubed with milk. It looked very babyish, for a moment. And then, with a supreme effort, it lifted its well paw and began weakly to wash the milk from its face.

It was the effort back of that instinctive cleaning that decided the doctor. That decided him, for better or for worse.

"A gentleman like you," said the doctor, "deserves two paws to wash with!"

With something like respect in the line of his mouth, in the expression of his eyes, he carried the sated kitten back to the living-room. There was a broad mahogany table in the living-room; it held books, and copies of the *Medical Journal*, and Evie's picture in a white jade frame. The doctor removed the books and the magazines, and put a flat cushion from one of the chairs in their place. But Evie's picture he didn't move.

"Maybe," he said to the picture, "maybe you'd like me better if you could see me do something I'm really good at!" He laid the kitten on the cushion, and went into the bathroom for his emergency kit and some towels. Carrying his emergency case, he came back to the living-room and his patient. The patient was drowsing. With fingers surprisingly tender—for they were very large—he took the kitten's injured paw in his hand, and parted the fur. The kitten stirred and whimpered, but he didn't scratch. The kitten seemed to know.

"Whew!" said the doctor, surveying the paw. It wasn't only broken; it was mangled. It looked as if it had been chewed.

"Amputation!" said the doctor.

There was ether in the emergency case. "Why not put it to sleep, permanently?" he asked himself. "Life's hard enough for whole things, let alone maimed!"

But then, all at once, he met Evie's pictured eyes smiling at him from out of their white jade frame. And, at almost the same moment, he remembered how the kitten had washed its face with one paw.

"I'll show you, honey," he found himself saying, wildly, to the picture (he'd never called Evie anything like that, to her face) "and I won't amputate, either! It can be done!"

Little by little, with the aid of some cotton and a medicine dropper, the doctor put the kitten to sleep. It lay very limp and soft under his hand. And then very tenderly—much more tenderly than he had worked, the week before, upon the shin-bone of a multi-millionaire—he began to operate.

It wasn't an easy operation. It took a long while. Once, briefly, the doctor looked

up from his task and sighed and met Evie's watchful gaze.

"The patient was on the operating table," he said, "for a matter of hours . . ." It was the closest the doctor had ever come to being whimsical.

And then, at last, the operation was over and the sad little paw—miraculously fitted together into some semblance of proper mechanics—was held together with splints. And over the splints was wound a white, firm, tidy, bandage that looked extremely professional, and smelt so, too.

The kitten stirred, ever so slightly, but it wasn't ready, yet, to come out of the ether. It had had a lot of ether for a kitten. The doctor, seeing it move, looked at his wrist-watch.

"My word!" he said, for it was very late.

No use, now, to think about dinner. The restaurant down the street, at which he so often ate when he was alone, would be closed. But there was still milk, in the kitchenette, and probably bread, too. Bread and milk were good enough for anyone.

But as he was eating the bread and milk from out of a deep bowl, the doctor was remembering a telephone conversation that he'd had, that morning, with Evie.

"We'll have our dinner at my place to-night," she had said. "I'm—believe it or not—going to cook it. It will be a goose!"

The doctor wondered whether Evie was eating her goose alone.

"You can't have your goose and eat it, too!" he found himself saying, and wondered, seriously, if he had gone mad! Perhaps he had. Perhaps this major operation which he had just performed on such a minor part of life, was only one of the delusions that went with madness. Just to make himself feel sane, he ate a second bowl of bread and milk, although he really didn't want it. It didn't make him feel sane, either—just stuffy!

And the kitten wasn't a delusion. For, as the doctor left the kitchenette, and wended his way toward the living-room, he heard sounds of the kitten. Sounds of utter, racking distress.

"How could I have been such a fool," the doctor questioned, as he broke into a trot. "All that ether on top of all that milk!"

For the kitten was being violently, dreadfully sick at its tummy. It had come out of the ether, and had started all over again to taste the bitterness of existence. It raised sad eyes, in a peaked black face, to the man who had tried so hard to save its life.

The doctor stood beside the table looking down, dazedly, at the kitten. For a moment he stood there and then he was galvanized into action. He picked the little thing up, swiftly, in his clever hands, and was forcing open the tiny, rigid mouth.

"Oh, no, you don't," he said, and his voice was half a sob, "oh, no, you won't! Not now. I won't let you die. Not after bringing you through the hardest operation I've ever done!"

The rigid little mouth was open now. Into it the doctor was dropping a brown liquid from a flask in his emergency box. The tremors with which the little body had been shaken began to pass. Two beady kitten eyes rolled back to normal. And the doctor found that he was wiping drops of sweat from his own forehead.

"You—kitten!" he said, softly. "Don't you let me catch you acting up again! Don't you dare—" his voice broke on a high note.

But the little kitten—oh, it wasn't that the little kitten didn't want to mind! Only he'd had rather a bad time of it. Cold, privation, hunger, racking agony, anesthetics.

ALL through the night—the night before Christmas—the doctor fought for a little kitten's life, a life that hung by a black little thread! Fought for that—and for something else. Fought for the rebirth of love in the pictured eyes of a girl. Fought for a rebirth of tenderness. He fought with patient, prayerful hands, and with slim, sharp instruments. He fought with hot compresses and ice packs. He fought, toward dawn, with brandy and hot milk. He didn't know that the room was chill with the chill that comes before sun-up. He didn't know that it had stopped snowing. He didn't know, even, that it was Christmas Day. He only knew

that he had, once again, beaten death. He only knew—when a tired kitten thrust out a wee, pinkish tongue to lick his fingers—that he had won a victory out of all proportion to the life of a small animal.

Wearily he threw himself down in one of the wide, soft chairs that were his greatest luxury. But when the kitten cried softly because he wasn't with it, he got up again. And, taking the tiny thing softly into his arms, he went back to the chair.

The kitten snuggled up against his chest. The kitten yawned, in a languorous moment of peace after storm. The doctor yawned, too . . .

WHEN the maid who came, mornings, to tidy up, entered the living-room, they were still in the chair, sleeping. A man with a curious pallor on his still face, and a mere scrap of a kitten with a front paw in splints and bandages.

The maid, seeing—and being by this time immune to the oddity of physicians—tiptoed through the living-room and out toward the kitchen. She made coffee and toast. She pushed the coffee pot to the back of the stove, and ate the toast, herself . . .

It was ten o'clock, perhaps, when she tiptoed through the living-room again to answer the buzz of the door-bell. The doctor was still sleeping, so was the kitten. She opened the door with her finger to her lips.

A girl stood there, a pretty, rather plump girl, in a fur coat. A girl with trembling lips and dark circles under her eyes.

"I want to see Ned," the girl began. "The doctor," she corrected primly.

The maid recognized the girl. She'd dusted the frame around her picture every day for months. But she was a glum maid, she didn't smile.

"The doctor's asleep," she said. "Can I take a message?"

The girl spoke with a rush.

"I'm not a patient," she said. "I am—I was—a friend of the doctor's. The doctor dropped something, yesterday, in my house. I—I found it on the floor, after he'd gone. It's something valuable. I wanted to return it to him."

The maid relaxed. She almost smiled.

"You can wait," she said, "I guess. He—" a jerk of her hand indicated a figure in a great chair, a figure seen through an inner doorway—"he can't sleep much longer!"

THE girl stepped into the apartment, and closed the door after her. She wasn't a stranger to the place. She went straight through the inner doorway, into the living-room. And paused before the miracle of that room. The miracle of a table littered with cotton and bandages and medicine droppers and teaspoons and saucers of clotting milk and, calm among the litter, a girl's portrait in a frame of white jade.

The miracle of a chair with a tired man sprawled in it. A man with a smudge of dust on one cheek, and a slight film of beard—such as most men have before shaving time—and his collar wrenched open at the throat, and threads of lint, from torn bandages, clinging to his trousers.

Of a man sleeping dreamlessly; sleeping with a wee morsel of a black kitten curled up on his chest. Almost curled, for one paw was held out stiffly in splints.

The man didn't waken as Evie crossed the room on light, incredulous feet. But the black kitten's eyes came suddenly open, and its pink mouth came open, too, in a yawn. The yawn turned into a tiny yap of pain as the kitten tried to stretch. Stretching wouldn't be easy for a number of days yet!

Evie looked at the kitten. She looked at the sleeping man. And then, all at once, her round little face was glorified, and her eyes were as tender as Mary's eyes must have been on the very first Christmas Day of all.

Very quietly she opened the purse that she carried. It was a frivolous blue purse, with a tassel. She took something from it, something that glimmered like a tear that grows out of extreme happiness . . . She slipped that something upon the third finger of her left hand . . .

And then she sat down in a chair, still very quietly, to wait.

She was so quiet, in fact, that the kitten yawned again, and then went back to sleep.



## SECOND HAND WIFE

Continued from page 17

and she was going to play an étude at a children's concert. Her letters ended with loving rings and crosses and daisies, indicating "hugs and kisses." Carter was always made proud and happy, was always deeply touched by these little epistles; he would show them shame-facedly to Alexandra, and eventually leave them with his mother to display to anyone and everyone else.

"The only thing I can do, Carter, is to have a boy; that's the one thing life hasn't done for you!"

"I'd rather have a girl, myself. They're awfully sweet. Pats from the hour she was born had something—something—"

Alexandra and Carter and Peter were idling about after lunch on a rainy April Sunday at home when the summons came. It was a fortnight early, and Sandra was somewhat surprised, and conscious of a flutter of fear, as she and the two men hurried into town. But they were all ready, all confident enough, and Peter's anxious "I know it'll be all right!" to his brother, as they helped Sandra's bulkiness from the car at the hospital's Spanish doorway, set her laughing. "You don't know anything, Pete!" she said.

IT WAS a long time before she wanted to laugh again. On Monday in mid-morning her daughter was born, and Sandra with the terrible prescience of the new young mother knew from the beginning that something was wrong. Carter was too deliberately cheerful, the nurse too gently congratulatory upon Sandra's own young health and strength.

"You look beautiful, sweetheart. They can't lick you, can they?" Carter said when it was all over and she, sweet and fresh again, and resting.

"Is she sweet, Carter?"

"Well, the nurses were fussing with her, honey."

"We're all so proud of you, Mrs. Cavendish," the nurse said. "You've had a hard time, and you've been wonderful."

"Am I not to see my baby?"

"Well, they're busy with her now, dear."

"Busy with her! Isn't she—" Her eyes moved in swift, sick apprehension from face to face; the doctor was here now, the two nurses; Carter was kneeling beside her, holding her limp hand.

"I think you're a brave enough woman to hear a piece of very hard news, Mrs. Cavendish," the doctor said.

Three days later Alexandra, patting his hand, smiling through lashes that had been drenched and dried, drenched and dried over and over again, told Carter that as soon as she was strong, as soon as she was well and at home again she would stop crying.

"It's just that I'm so rottenly weak, Cart," she faltered. "And I lie here thinking of that room—all pink and white—and the little dresses—" She stopped, suffocating.

"Mother came down and packed everything up."

"She's awfully kind."

"Maybe you'll have 'em all out again next year, Sandy. I know how that sounds to you now, sweetheart, but you'll feel differently when you're up and around again."

SHE lay listening, raised her wet lashes to smile at him, trembled into tears again.

"I'm such a—c-c-contemptible b-b-baby!"

"That's all part of it."

"Cart, do you suppose my having said I didn't want a girl, I wanted a boy—"

"Now listen, if you're going to be a fool—"

"No. I'm not, I'm not!" She made herself laugh, caught at his hand, kept him from rising.

"Now I've stopped," she said.

But a few moments later she touched the soaked silk at her full breast.

"They aren't letting me drink anything, Cart, except a little black coffee in the morning—and look at me! So much of it, and it was for my little girl—"

He put his big comforting arms about her. "You poor little thing!"

Sandra locked her arms about his neck and hid her face, and cried to her heart's content.

THAT summer they began to build the Norman farmhouse, living meanwhile at Peter's rambling bachelor establishment seven miles farther down the coast. Sandra entered resolutely with heart and soul into the social activities about her; it was a world of card games, beauty parlors, tennis, yachting, polo, golf. Carter had to stay in the city at least four nights a week; Sandra sometimes accompanying him, sometimes remaining at the Peter Cavendish ranch. The week-ends were one flash of excitement and amusement; the season rushed by as usual on wings.

Peter had a comfortable, ugly, too modern and yet not sufficiently modern white house, acres of meadow, a half mile of rocky coast, plenty of ocean view, barns, oaks, windmills, eucalyptus, fences, and gnarled apple trees. Alexandra adored the place, and was mistress there, pouring the men's coffee, directing the Chinese servants, arranging Peter's books and pipes to suit herself.

Peter was like a fatter, softer, more genial, lazy and older version of Carter; the brothers loved each other dearly, and Peter told Alexandra that when Carter was not actually with him he always drank an evening toast to his brother's portrait in the dining-room and greeted the photograph on his dresser with a "Good morning, kid!"

In fact, it took little encouragement from her to launch Peter into a disquisition upon his brother's perfections, and as that was always her own favorite subject, too, they discussed him for hours together.

Peter was loyalty itself to Betty; he had for her the admiration felt by an unmarried older brother for a young sister-in-law. Betty had been an important figure in his life: as a bride when he stood beside Carter as best man, as a member of the family of Cavendish to be remembered at birthdays and Christmas time, and finally as giving Peter the closest glimpse he had ever had of a new baby's eventful days, and the honor of being Patsy's uncle.

But now out of a gentle and somewhat lonely heart he began to love Alexandra, too. She

saw tears in his eyes when he first spoke to her awkwardly, briefly, in her hospital room of the lost little daughter, and loved him for them. She made him laugh as Betty had never made him laugh; her interest in his garden and dogs and horses delighted him. They became confidential and affectionate friends, so that Alexandra fell into the pleasant family habit of consulting Peter about his plans for the day at the breakfast table quite as interestedly as she did Carter. If Carter were to play polo or in some special golf or tennis match, or if he wanted to go off for a day or two with some yachting or hunting group, Sandra and Peter arranged their own plans accordingly.

"We could ask the Baxters and the Whites and your mother, Pete, and take them along with us if we go to Senator Gregg's luncheon Sunday."

"Well, listen, if I get steaks and what-not, will you cook 'em?"

"Will I?" She loved the open-air grill that was built on a level of the cliff, loved to help him cook there; Peter was a famous cook and a recognized epicure.

"You should have married Pete," Carter said once. "You and he would have hit it off like nobody's business!"

"Meaning that we don't, you and I?"

"Meaning that as long as I was around Pete never would have had a look in!"

"Oh, I don't know." Sandra had been with them at breakfast, lovely in white, with sunshine glinting on her (Turn to page 48)



## STOP MAKING THOSE "NO MORE COFFEE" RESOLUTIONS

*drink Sanka Coffee and sleep!*

ARE there times when you just can't resist coffee's steaming fragrance—even though you know the penalty will be a sleepless night?

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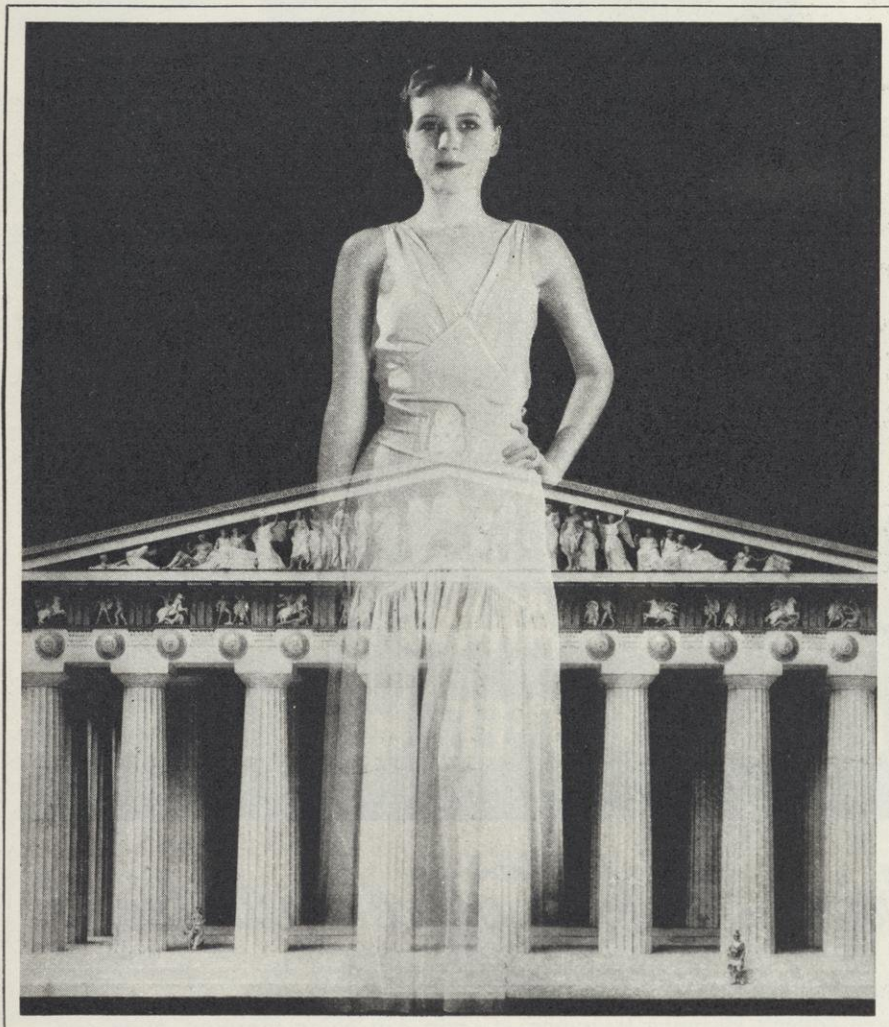
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## SECOND HAND WIFE

Continued from page 47

shining hair and catching a thousand points of light from the silver and glass on the table. "You see, you asked me," she had reminded Carter, "and Pete didn't. I had to take the one that asked me, didn't I?"

"Well, I would have—my gracious, I never even dreamed—" Peter had begun in confusion, and Sandra and Carter had laughed delightedly as they always did when Fate offered them a chance to get a "rise" out of Peter.

IN late September Carter took her to New York for three bewildering weeks. Alexandra, in her smart new suit, with sables, and a top coat, and a pigskin handbag, met him at the office on the exciting afternoon when they were to leave, and the old office staff saw her come in, fortunate, beloved, established. Sandra could imagine old clerks saying to the new girls: "She was Miss Trumbull; she used to have that desk."

It made her feel deeply proud, happy; it was good to be pointed out and envied and watched while she smiled and talked with Gertrude Curtis and Peter, just as if she were completely unconscious of the stir she was creating. An hour like this was all that Sandra Trumbull might have believed it to be, years ago.

The trip was perfect, too, or if not quite perfect, almost so. Its only flaw was in the little episode of old Mrs. Trout, and she did not matter. Old Mrs. Trout was on the train, taking a granddaughter to Vassar. Carter and Sandra met them when they were walking up and down on the platform at Cheyenne, getting a breath of fresh air while the train waited for right of way.

Carter spoke to the old lady, and Alexandra beside him smiled at her, and at the smart, proud-looking young girl. But Mrs. Trout did not answer the smile or extend her withered old aristocratic hand when Sandra was introduced. An ugly flush came into her raddled face and she said sharply:

"I don't think I'll shake hands with your wife, Carter! You know I think you treated Betty very badly—very badly. I really do! I might as well say it! I know that sort of thing is goin' on all the time, but that doesn't excuse it in my opinion. Gracie tells me that Betty almost broke her heart—"

Carter and Alexandra walked on, the man parting from the vituperative old woman with merely a bored nod. Afterward he told Alexandra what he thought of old Mrs. Trout, and Alexandra, whose comment upon the conversation had been merely a wide-eyed "Whew!" laughed generously and said that she didn't care what old battle-axes like that thought, anyway. But they both did care; they both felt shaken and shocked by the little encounter, Sandra choosing to ignore it after the first few minutes, and Carter breaking out several times in the next few days with a disgusted "Well, what do you know about old Jane Trout!"

Then they were in New York, and Alexandra was breathless with enthusiasm for everything they saw and did. They walked in the October sparkle of the Avenue, and Sandra had more presents, more bags and silk stockings and rings. They went to brilliant shows and wandered back to their hotel under soft thick stars through the fascinating streets, streets wheeling with Northern Lights of color, or sober and dark between old brown-stone-fronted houses. When Carter was busy in the morning, Sandra liked to climb on the top of a green omnibus and ride and ride, tirelessly, through the hurrying, jumbled, miraculous new world.

On the last day of their stay they went to lunch with Gus and Mima Fitzpatrick at the Ritz. The Fitzpatricks had just come back from Paris. And that was horrid.

Gus started the lunch off badly to begin with by being completely bowled over by the charm and beauty of the second Mrs. Cavendish. He had not seen Sandra before, and being an artless, transparent sort of fellow, he could not disguise his feeling.

"By George, Cart, you can pick 'em!" exclaimed this simple creature. "Looka that hat, Mima. Why don't you ask Mrs. Cavendish where she got that hat, and get one like it! It's a peach of a hat."

"Isn't he marvelous?" Mima Fitzpatrick drawled. "I've two exactly like it, and he told me that he couldn't stand them."

"I'm crazy about your suit, Mrs. Cavendish."

"It's new," Sandra said.

"Say, why can't you and Cart have dinner with us this evening, and take in a show?"

"We have a date, Gus," Mrs. Fitzpatrick said, as one who chips icicles off a tombstone.

"Oh, and we're leaving at five for California," Sandra added.

"We'll see you out there next month," Gus reminded her.

"Month after," Mima amended it. And immediately turning to Carter, she said: "Cart, have you heard Patsy play?"

"Patsy?"

"We saw a lot of her and Betty in Deauville."

"You mean the violin?"

"Cart, how long is it since you've heard that child play?"

"Oh—year. More than a year."

"Well, my dear, she's perfectly marvelous. Everyone's talking about her. Schroeder—you know he's the new teacher they're all flocking to, an Austrian, and quite extraordinary—says she could play in concert now if Betty'd let her. I assure you she's perfectly marvelous!"

"Patsy!"

"Not twelve yet, if you please."

"You don't mean it!"

"Mean it! I tell you she's going to be a sensation!"

"I don't believe Mother knows that—" Carter said, pleased.

"My dear, nobody knows it! It's all come out of a clear sky. This child was plugging away with Schroeder—he comes to Deauville for two days every week—and Betty told me he asked her, quite casually, if Patsy could play in a benefit concert for the soldiers or sailors or whatever it was. Well, my dear, she was a *furor*. She played the same program for some of us, later. She was the loveliest thing I ever saw in my life. Betty said she walked out as cool as an old hand, her little violin under her arm, bowing this way and that—Gus, wasn't she remarkable?"

"Dorable," Gus agreed.

"Applause? Well, they just went crazy about her, that was all. They just went ga-ga," Mrs. Fitzpatrick went on.

She was a big rangy woman, this Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Alexandra thought, watching her, with a face like a horse's face, long teeth like old piano keys making themselves grooves in her thick lower lip. Her eyes bulged, her voice was coarse, her hat stood too high on her head, she wore too many jewels. Alexandra did not like her at all.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick doubled up a lettuce leaf on her fork, and put it into her mouth, saying juicily at the same time:

"Betty says Cotta wanted to give her a contract!"

"Betty wouldn't do that!" Carter said quickly and anxiously.

"She says not yet."

"Good gracious, that'd be a terrible mistake!" Carter protested.

"You saw her picture in this month's *Stirrup*, Cart?"

"Whose?"

"Patsy's."

"In the *Stirrup*?"

"Certainly. It was out today, I think."

"Is that so?" Carter asked, excited. He signalled the waiter.

THE lunch went on, the talk went on. Presently the heavy, thick, smooth pages of the *Stirrup* were opened before them, and there Patsy was, Patricia Cavendish, in the center of a page headed "Music and Art."

"My God, isn't she lovely!" Carter said, under his breath.

The Patsy of the picture stood squarely on her feet, a little girl of eleven, her dark hair heavy on her head, her hands locked before her. On a table beside her was the violin with its bow; a shadowy grand piano, a shadowy arch, filled the background.

Patsy wore a plain frock, socks, childish-looking patent leathers with low heels. There was an earnest, winning expression on the small brown face with the broad brow and big mouth, the face that was so like Carter's own.

Carter did not speak. With his fine brown hand he opened his little flat gun-metal penknife, and cut out the page containing the



illustration and the article. He folded it and put it in his pocket, and for the rest of the day, even when they were on the train moving smoothly northward through the busy streets of the biggest city, even when they were dining, looking out at the Hudson and the factory chimneys of Poughkeepsie, Sandra saw he was abstracted, thoughtful.

"Wouldn't you know it'd be Betty's luck to have a child like that!" he burst out after a silence late that night.

They were in the club car waiting for their drawing-room to be made ready for the night. They had not been speaking of Patsy.

"You mean Patsy?"

"Yep. Think of the fun of running her, her little triumphs and all that."

She tried to keep voice and pulses steady, tried to sound merely interested and friendly.

"Responsibility, too, Carter."

"Well, that's just it, you see. Betty's a rotten person to manage anything like that. She'd let the kid kill herself to get publicity!"

"Oh, no, she wouldn't! It—it was my baby who died," Sandra said, trembling.

Carter gave her a quick look; reached for a magazine. It was some days later, and they were at home again, when the storm broke.

"Cart, please—please don't rub it in quite so much!"

He was astonished.

"Rub what in?"

"Oh, Patsy. You tell everyone about her, you talk of nothing else."

She was shaking with terror. We're fighting, we're fighting, her thoughts said in a sort of sick amazement. It was so common to fight. She and Carter were looking coldly, angrily at each other.

"I suppose you think it's an everyday happening for a kid of eleven to be making herself—by gosh, that's what she really is now, famous!"

"Famous!"

"That's what it is."

"It's a remarkable thing, of course," Sandra began, in a voice that she tried to make sound steady and natural, "but it's perfect nonsense to say—"

Suddenly when it was all at its height, she

was akened and said:

"I'm sorry, Cart. I haven't meant half of this. I suppose I'm just jealous. Jealous of Betty and jealous of Patsy. I'm awfully sorry! It's terrible to have you and me talking to each other like this."

He could not follow suit immediately. He said sharply, sulkily:

"Well, I should say you are jealous!"

But as she maintained her silence in the pause, only looking away from him with troubled eyes, dark in her pale face, he softened, and the making up of their first real quarrel was exquisite to both. Alexandra, trailing turquoise draperies, came over to sit on the arm of his low chair, and Carter tightened a big steadying arm about her. Her soft hair was loose, and fell in a cloud on his shoulder as she laid her arm about his neck and her cheek against his.

"Are you a jealous what-d'ye-may-call-it?"

"I'm horrible." The words were dreamily murmured into his ear; her voice was repentant, weary, content.

"Are you a harridan? Am I hag-ridden?"

"You are. I am."

"Don't you want me to love Patsy?"

"Oh, yes, Cart, of course."

"Then why are you so crabbed?"

"I DON'T know. But listen, Carter. Suppose—" She sat up to put it to him more clearly, the golden-brown eyes shone upon him in a frame of soft hair, "suppose I had been married before," Alexandra began. "And suppose I had a phenomenal little boy, call him a golf player. Suppose he was taking cups and getting his picture into the papers and everyone was talking of him, wouldn't you be jealous?"

"My darling, when you and I are alone together like this and when you are so beautiful and soft and loving, the mere thought that any other man had had you in his arms and

had been kissing your exquisitely lovely shoulder—like this—"

"But Carter, would you be jealous?"

"Jealous! I'd have to go kill him, that's all."

"Well, sometimes I think I must go kill Betty," she murmured, satisfied.

"Betty! Betty and I have no more in common than—than you and she have."

"But she'll get you back through Patsy."

"Get me back!"

"You know she will."

"Why, you're just a half-wit, aren't you darling? Just a case of arrested development."

"I love you so, Cart," she whispered. "I'm crazy about you!"

"Ah, you're awfully sweet," he said, surprised, his voice losing its laughing note and becoming tender and touched all at once.

"If you're going to be as sweet as all this about it, let's—let's fight a lot."

But her face was still serious and her voice weary.

"No, no," she said, tightening her arms about his neck and the pressure of her cheek against his own, "let's never fight again!"

THE winter that followed was happier than its predecessor, although that had been Alexandra's first as Carter Cavendish's wife. With every passing month she felt surer of herself, she felt Carter's group more friendly. And then there was Peter now, genuinely her brother, champion, companion, and friend.

But a strange baffled sense of not being awake, not being alive, persisted. Alexandra had been conscious of this feeling ever since her marriage; she had not been able to analyze it last year; she could define it now.

It was simply that she did not seem to belong. She did not belong to the comfortable house in Burlingame, with its chauffeur and Chinese servants, its telephones, flowers, chairs and tables. She did not belong among all these superficial, social men and women, these golf and polo players, dancers, eaters and drinkers, who knew each other so well, so easily.

She was not really Carter's wife; nobody felt so. They had not started out in the freshness of young love together, solving problems, growing closer and closer through common need. No, she had been his employee; that strangely powerful thing called love, making his one thought to possess her and her own one need, to surrender to him, had had no background; she sometimes felt afraid that it had had no roots. Or perhaps the simpler way to explain it was that even at best Carter did not need her; he only desired her.

His business, his amusements, his servants and car and home ran quite smoothly without any effort Alexandra could make, or anything she could suggest.

"It isn't marriage," she would think, puzzled.

Carter's birthday came only a few days before Christmas; Sandra had hoped long before that to be able to tell him of the beginning of happiness once more, that there would be another baby in April or June or late summer.

The months went by; that hope never came. Sandra tried not to fret about it; fretting would defeat it. But the thought was with her day and night just the same; there was always a little bitterness there, bitterness when she remembered that Carter had already known the joy of holding his first-born in his arms, and when she thought of Betty, to whom motherhood had come as a matter of course.

A FULL week before the birthday, on a clear soft December afternoon, she and Carter were in San Francisco. They had spent Saturday night with his mother; they had all gone to the theater together. Now on the following afternoon, Carter and Sandra were on their way home to Burlingame in the car when they suddenly remembered an engagement, a large and (Turn to page 56)

## FIRST ROBIN

*A brand new story writer—Maxine McBride—makes her debut in next month's Delineator with a story of love in springtime called "The First Robin." It is a story that is irresistible in its mood of gay humor, with a madcap heroine who, like Miss McBride herself, is a newspaper reporter. One reason we think you should be proud to read Delineator is that, editorially, we're as eager as you to read the work of the most promising youngsters in the field of good fiction*



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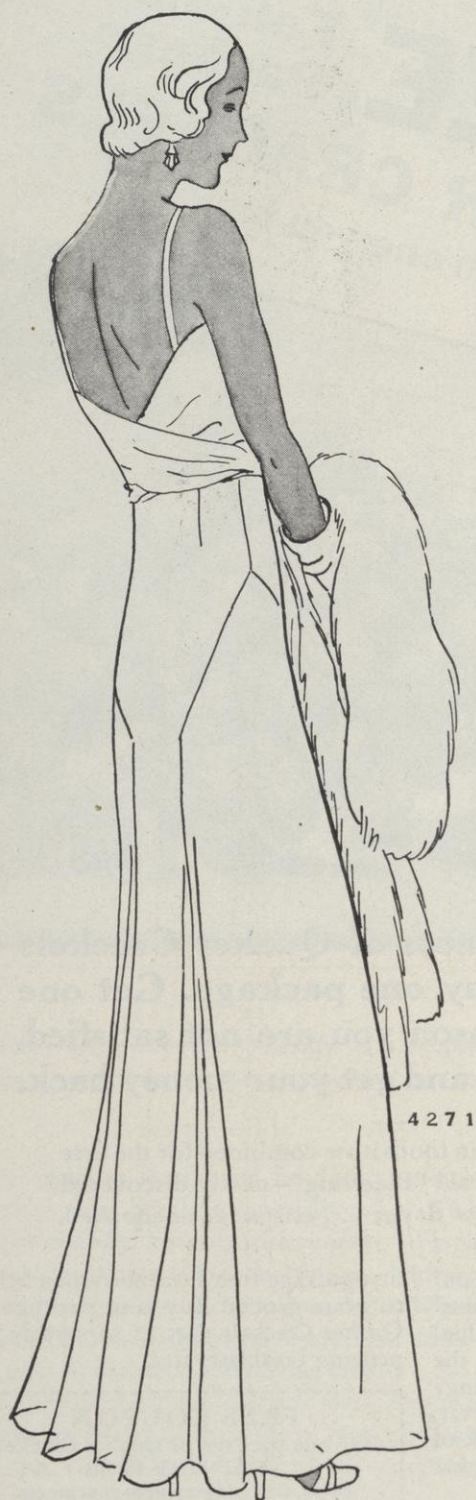
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# QUAKER CRACKELS



# POINTS OF CHIC

the bare-back décolletage  
and the covered shoulder



4271

## CROSSED AND CLOSELY TIED

4271 "Practically backless or modestly covering the shoulders," say our Paris cables. This is one of our answers—a frock with its décolletage made by crossing the bodice at back and tying the ends around in front. For 36 (size 18), 4¾ yards 39-inch heavy sheer. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.



4252



4263



## SHOULDERS GO INTO HIDING

4263 The informal evening dress, the dinner dress, the theater dress, covers its shoulders—and never more gracefully than this year. The flared ruffle is repeated twice in the skirt. This heavy cotton lace is an important fabric. For 36, 5½ yards 35-inch lace. Designed for 32 to 40.

## A REVELATION IN CHIC

4252 And incidentally, a smart way to reveal a perfect back. The point of this strapped décolletage—one of the new notes for evening—secures the draped-to-the-back fulness. The fulness in many new gowns is pulled to the back. For 36, 6½ yards 39-inch sheer crêpe. Designed for 32 to 44.





# PARIS OFFERS

end-of-the-day frocks  
for informal evenings



## A DOUBLE-DATE FROCK

4285 The frock that can lead a double life, as this one can, is a real find for the limited income. With its jacket, it is a perfect end-of-the-day frock. Without it, it becomes an equally perfect evening gown. For 36 (size 18), 4½ yards 39-inch sheer silk. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.



## PARIS' ANGEL SLEEVES

4241 The end-of-the-day frock succeeds last season's Sunday night frock. This one has a bolero top and angel sleeves. It's the thing to wear to dinner and the theater when your escort doesn't dress. For 36, 4½ yards 35-inch lace and 1 yard 39-inch chiffon. Designed for 32 to 44.



4241



4265

## FORMAL BY FABRIC

4265 The metal embroidered semi-sheer crêpe makes this afternoon frock very formal. But, unlike the other dresses on this page, it is not the type for evening affairs. Note the smart puffed sleeves. For 36, 3¾ yards 39-inch metallized crêpe; 1¼ yards 39-inch plain. Designed for 32 to 42.

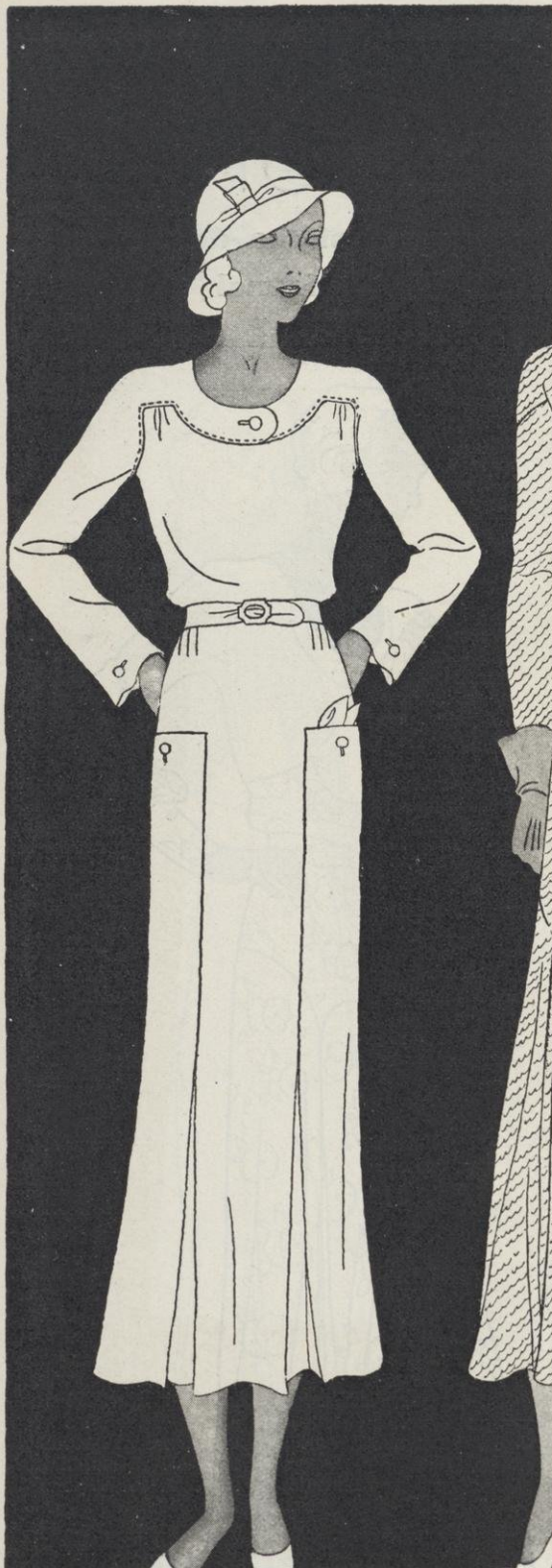




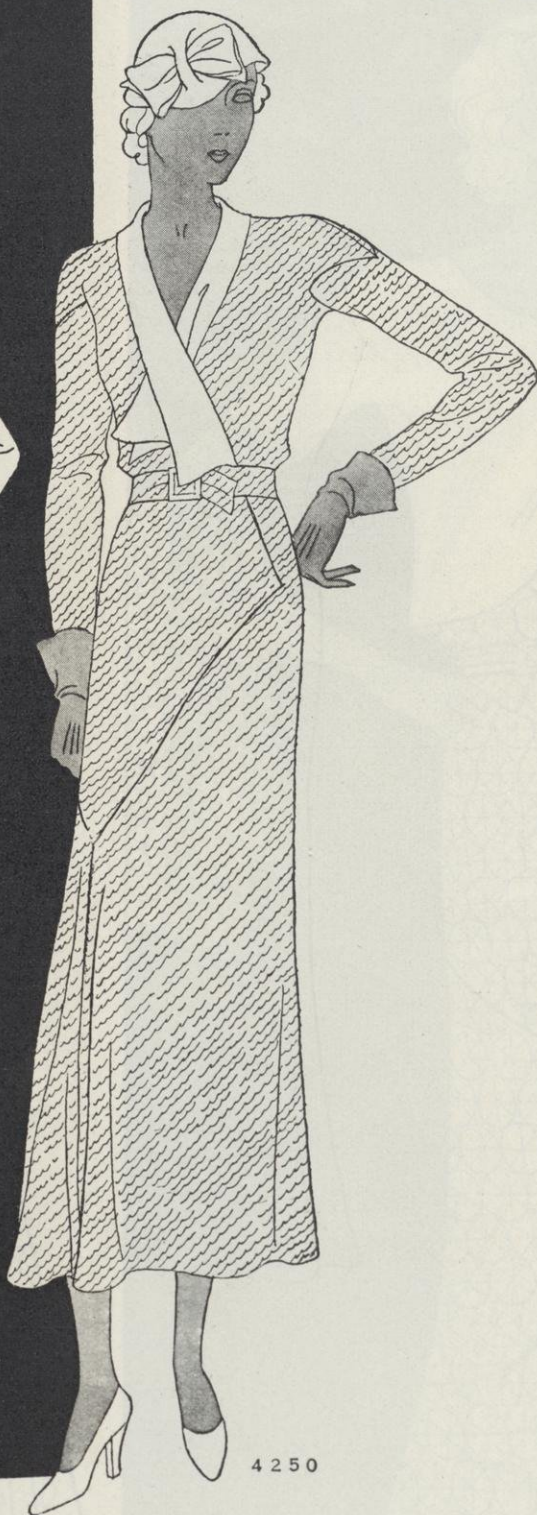
the newest and smartest frocks

are made of

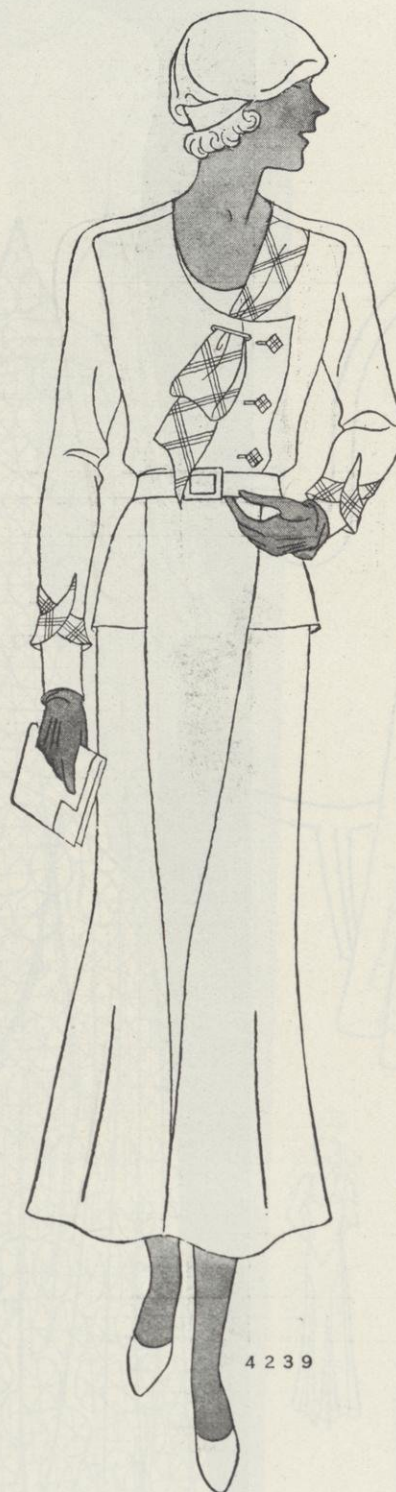
ROUGH SILK



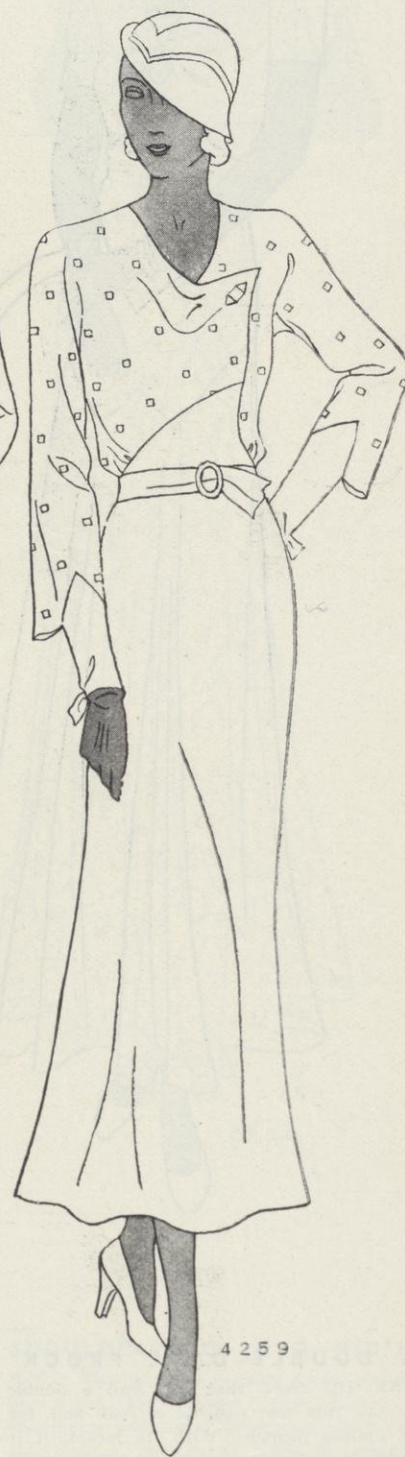
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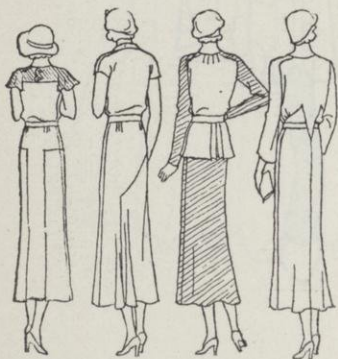
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4239



4259



#### CRINKLY CANTON CRÊPE

4255 The rougher the silk, the smarter this season! These new cantons have a crinkly, bumpy surface that is immensely chic. One is used for this dress with the new high neckline. Yoke in one with sleeves. For 36 (size 18),  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38.

#### HEAVY RIBBED SILK

4250 The new heavier silks are marvelous for tailoring, and the ribbed ones are among the smartest. That's why we're showing you this frock in silk gabardine. Note the crossed collar and trick shoulders. For 36 (size 18),  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch silk. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

#### THE SMOOTHEST ROUGH

4239 Canton is now smarter than flat crêpe, because it's really a rough silk—though the smoothest of them. This frock, with contrasting details, has a peplum that is more evident at the back than the front. For 36 (size 18),  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

#### BLOUSE-TOP FROCK

4259 A printed crêpe is allied with a plain rough crêpe in a new looking frock that gives another version of the draped neckline. The front is cut in one with the sleeves. For 36 (size 18),  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards 39-inch print;  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch plain. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.



these are the first  
coats and suits

## OF SPRING

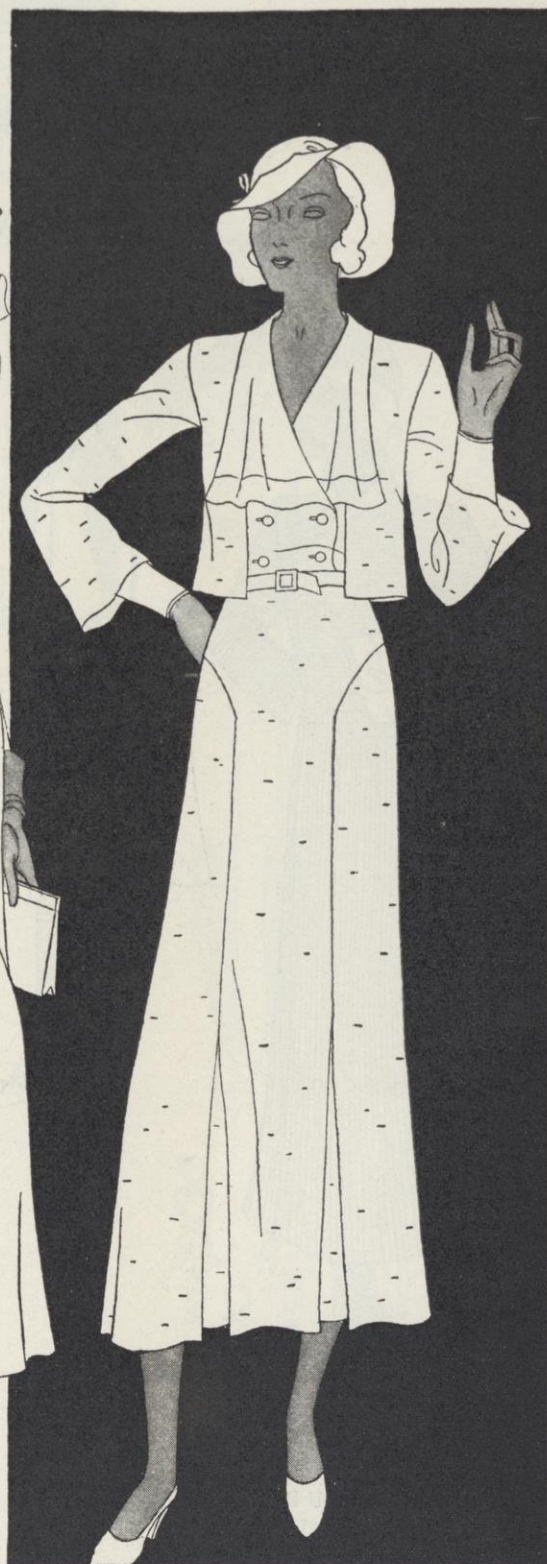


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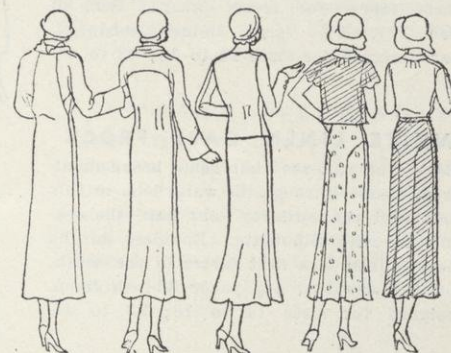
4264



4267



4279



### FITTED AND PARTLY BELTED

4253 By these signs will you know the coats of 1932—full length, slight flare, wide or shaped sleeve, a disregard for regulation collars, and neutrality on the belt question. Check up on this one! For 36 (size 18),  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54-inch twill. Coat designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

### A VERSATILE COLLAR

4264 You can work a number of quick changes with the collar—we've already discovered three. The sleeves are notably smart, too—they are shaped, and cut in one with the yoke across the back. For 36 (size 18),  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54-inch wool coating. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

### THE TRIM SILHOUETTE

4267 Trim—because it is shaved down to the essentials—the lines of the figure itself. Note the cinched-in waistline and the very slender skirt. The crossed-over jacket is one of Paris' best. Also the scarf. For 36 (size 18),  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yards 54-inch wool suiting. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 40.

### WIDE REVERS AGAIN

4279 Destined for the first coatless days. Item one—brief bolero with three-quarter sleeves. Item two—double-breasted tuck-in blouse with wide revers. Item three—pleated skirt. For 36 (size 18),  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54-inch wool;  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch silk. Suit designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.



## PARIS FASHIONS

that are going south for the winter



4290



4244



4261



4268



4281

**WHITE CORDUROY COAT**

4290 This is the newest adaptation of the famous "wooden soldier" coat. It is double-breasted and opens up into wide revers. It is superb in corduroy, the outstanding sports fabric for resort wear. For 36 (size 18), 4½ yards 35-inch corduroy. Coat designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 40.

**WHITE LINEN CAPE FROCK**

4244 You can see that same broad-shouldered, slender-through-the-waist look in this frock that the corduroy coat has—the season's favorite silhouette. Epaulets do the trick. Linen is a first fabric in the south. For 36 (size 18), 4½ yards 35-inch linen. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

**WHITE, WITH RED AND BLUE**

4261 White is all-important at the southern resorts, and red is a close and smart second. This frock adds blue for one-half of its scarf. The drop-shoulder yoke is in one with the back of the dress. For 36 (size 18), 3¾ yards 39-inch canton crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

**PERSIAN GREEN SHANTUNG**

4276 One of the winter's best evening décolletages has been used for this backless sports frock. And its color, Persian green, is quite marvelous with sun-tanned skin. The crossed straps button at the waistline. For 36 (size 18), 3¾ yds. 32-in. shantung. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

**WHITE LINEN PYJAMAS**

4268 The newest pyjamas for beachwear—they look more like those of a Breton sailor and less like those we wore for dancing. Narrower, more mannish trousers and a tuck-in blouse like a shirt. For 36 (size 18), 4½ yards 35-inch linen. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

**YELLOW EYELET BATISTE**

4281 This year cottons are smarter looking than ever before. The eyelet batiste used in this dress is one of them, fresh and different looking. The cape theme is new—you'll notice that two of them are used on this dress. For 36, 4½ yards 35-inch eyelet batiste. Designed for 32 to 44.



# A NEW PRIVILEGE

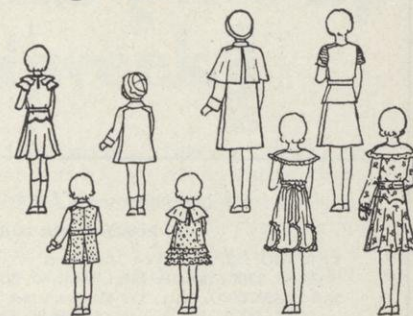
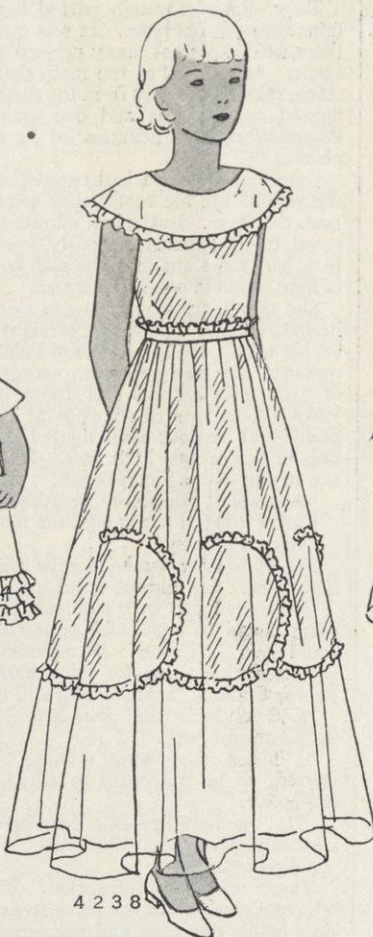
a dress in ankle length for parties

## RUFFLES AND PUFFS

4280 A shoulderful of ruffles and tiny puff sleeves make the top of this frock very winsome. The chic of the lower part is nicely taken care of by a skirt that flares just enough below the natural waistline. For 25 (size 7), 1½ yards 39-inch printed crêpe. Designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).

## "RICH MAN. POOR MAN . . ."

4277 All these buttons, because buttons are smart. "Soldier blue" is the color of this wool coat, and it is cut with saddle shoulders and a demure little collar. The hat is of the same blue. For 23 (size 4), 1¾ yards 54-inch cloth for the coat and hat. Designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).



4247

4270

4238

4260

## A JUMPER FROCK

4247 Its buttoned-down tab is the sort of nice detail you rarely see on such little girls' frocks. There is another inverted pleat directly in back. The dimity blouse has puffed sleeves. For 23 (size 4), 1¾ yards 35-inch linen; ¾ yard 32-inch dimity. Frock designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).

## WITH TINY ROSE BUDS

4270 When a very little girl makes her very first appearance at parties, her frock must be something *very, very* special—with three ruffles on the skirt and rose-buds at the front of her bertha. For 23 (size 4), 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe (incl. panties). Designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).

## ANKLE-LENGTH FROCK

4238 It needn't be a wedding—any kind of a party is reason enough nowadays to wear an ankle-length frock. This one is taffeta with the lower part of the skirt and the bertha of Georgette. For 30 (size 12), 2½ yards 35-inch taffeta; 2½ yds. 39-in. Georgette. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

## BEST BEHAVIOR FROCK

4260 We hear that little girls are dressing up more on Sunday afternoon, so we suggest this simple bertha frock, which we call the "best behavior" dress. A sash of pink satin gives it just the right touch. For 30 (size 12), 2½ yards 39-inch Georgette. Designed for 26 to 34 (sizes 8 to 16).

## A NEW CAPE COAT

4243 New, because it has capes to begin with and also because they are divided at the back as well as the front. This beige homespun coat is double-breasted and tailored with a decided manner! For 30 (size 12), 2¾ yards 54-inch homespun. It is designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

## THREE-PIECE SUIT

4266 It is nice to wear it as shown here, with its jacket buttoned over so smartly. But there is also something very smart about the little blouse tucked into the two-pleat skirt. For 30 (size 12), 2½ yards 54-inch wool, 1½ yards 39-inch crêpe. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).



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## SECOND HAND WIFE

Continued from page 49

formal tea that was being given by certain folks whose feelings ought not to be hurt.

"Carter, the Underhills!"

"Oh, my God, is that today?"

"The fourteenth. That's today."

"It can't be!"

"It is."

"Oh, lord," Carter moaned, "d'you suppose we ought to look in there?"

"They mightn't miss us—there is to be music; they've probably asked everyone!"

In the end they stopped at the imposing Pacific Avenue house, a big brick house set on a hill-top with a wide sweep of view. Cars were parked for blocks about, furred women and men in formal afternoon dress were ascending and descending the wide, garden-framed steps.

THE afternoon was dark and quiet, with a gray sky and a steely sullen bay, but inside the house there was summer weather. The color of flowers, the scent of them, other delicate odors of tea and perfume and furs, soft lights, soft voices, persons coming in, persons going out; it was just like every other tea. Alexandra and Carter, working their way down the receiving line in a little babel of chatter and laughter, found themselves presently in the big library beyond and exchanged the swift, hopeful glance that meant, "Let's get out!"

Beyond the library there was a ballroom, darkened now, with strains of music coming from it. Sandra touched Carter's arm, her lovely, laughing face close to his. She spoke guardedly.

"How about going across the music room—there's a side door—we can escape!"

"Done!" Carter murmured.

They slipped through parted heavy curtains into the ballroom. It was quite dark; there was a sense of many persons there, all silent. At the end of the room there was a stage, raised a few feet from the floor, empty, lighted, with palms and one great jar of enormous chrysanthemums for its only furnishing.

Carter and Sandra had entered a door at the side of the big room; they were not far from the stage. In the half minute that they stood there glancing curiously toward it, a little girl came out into the soft great circle of light, a violin beneath her arm.

She stood squarely, firmly, in shining low-heeled slippers; heavy dark straight hair fell on her neck. Her dress was of black taffeta, quaintly cut; the awkward, exquisite grace of little girlhood was still about her. She looked down toward someone at the piano, nodded, an anxious smile lighted the brownness of her serious little face. Immediately the strains of the violin began.

"Adorable!" Alexandra breathed.

Carter gripped her hands; she felt his wet. "God, it's Patsy!"

Sandra felt her own hand grow cold and her mouth dry. She did not speak again.

When the lights went suddenly up and the room began to buzz with appreciation, she could look at Carter. He seemed to have forgotten their plan for immediate escape; he was thinking, brows drawn and lip bitten.

"Did you know they were here?" he asked in his abrupt way.

"I heard they were coming," she answered, as he continued to frown and did not speak.

"Ha!" he breathed on a deep breath; then suddenly, "Isn't she wonderful?"

"Wonderful!"

There was an interruption. The child, who had come down the three steps from the door beside the stage, and was surrounded by admirers, had caught sight of Carter.

"Daddy!" she called out, happily, eagerly. She flashed through the group, was in Carter's arms, her own thin little arms about him. "Oh, Daddy," she said in loving, excited reproach, "I didn't know you were here! Mummy said she thought you were in Los Angeles!"

"Hello, my little sweetheart," Carter said in a low tone, smoothing the hair from her intelligent little brow, his eyes for no one else. "Where'd you learn to play so beautifully? You must have done a lot of practising."

"I've wanted you so often, Dad. Why didn't you ever—ever come to Paris?"

"I've been too busy, Pats. Men can't go to Paris, you know, as ladies do."

Was everybody enjoying the little tragedy-comedy? Sandra suspected it, but she dared not look around to see. She could only remain still, watching father and daughter with a sympathetic fixed smile on her face. She was conscious of an appreciative silence among the groups of men and women about her.

She saw Betty come up; Patsy was still clinging to her father's arm; Carter had to free his hand from the child's tight grasp to extend it to his first wife. Obviously, Betty had not recognized the man to whom her daughter was speaking until this instant; her small, pretty face turned red.

"Oh, hello, Carter!" she said airily.

"It's Dad!" Patsy protested, wide-eyed.

"I know. But when you whisk away from me that way I never know where you are!"

Betty was obviously nervous; she covered it with a laugh. There was unmistakably an audience now. Alexandra was conscious in every fiber of her being of eagerly watching eyes, eagerly listening ears.

"Well, what do you think of her?" Betty demanded.

"She's—lovely," Carter answered, with a fond downward look at the eager child in his arm. "But you're too thin, Pats," he said.

"I'll get fat now. Is my pony down at Uncle Peter's, Daddy?"

"You won't have much time to ride a pony," Betty told her quickly.

"But I can ride a little, Mummy?"

"When'd you get here, Betty?"

"Only this morning. I telephoned Alice Underhill; she said she was giving a musical this afternoon; I suggested she let Patsy play."

"The child looks thin."

"She's all right. I wish to goodness I looked thin!" Betty said.

"You've changed," Carter told her, smiling. She looked strange, Sandra thought; she was too powdered, her lips too red, her dark hair curled into two iron fish-hooks against her cheeks; her eyebrows had been plucked into two thin arched pencilled lines. She was changed in manner, too, rapid and affected in speech, her body twisting sinuously, her words tinged with a French accent. Her gown was long, winding, theatrical; she wore a chain of great amber beads, and amber pearls pulled down the lobes of her ears.

"You know my wife, Betty," Carter said, drawing Sandra forward.

Half their world witnessed the scene; saw Betty draw back, head up, like a snake. Alexandra did not smile; her golden-brown eyes were fixed on Betty's own.

It was Betty's opportunity; she had been waiting for it for two years.

"Excuse me," she said clearly. "I'd rather not know Mrs. Cavendish!"

"YOU were magnificent!" Carter told Alexandra a few minutes later when they were driving home.

"It was difficult."

"You looked simply magnificent, like the Goddess of Liberty looking down at some fly crawling up her."

"Well, when anyone does anything as—as raw as that, it seems to—well, to reflect more on them than on the other person!" Alexandra formulated it, slowly.

"Exactly! She made a fool of herself."

"I suppose a hundred dinner tables will enjoy all that this evening."

"Sure."

The winter scene slipped by the car windows; there was Sunday leisure along the roads, men were raking leaves in the little gardens down the Peninsula, brush fires smoked into the twilight. Christmas was already in the air.

"You were gorgeous," Carter said, out of deep thought. "I've been proud of you before; I never saw you so gorgeous!"

"You make me idiotically happy when you say that, Cart."

"It's true. I was proud of you. You faced her down, and she knew it, too, don't you worry!"

They fell to marveling at the child; her sweet, gawky, little-girl charm, her astonishing performance on the violin.

"Because it was good, wasn't it, Alex?"

She loved the name; no one else used it. She was beginning to feel strangely happy.

"Would you mind if she came for a visit?"



"Patsy? Good heavens, Carter, I'd love it!"

"I knew you would." He leaned toward her gratefully, put his arm about her. "Do you know you're a lovely woman, Alex?" he asked. "You're so dignified—you're one hundred thousand times more dignified than Betty Finchley ever dared to dream of being!"

"Is it good to be dignified?"

"You bet your life it's good."

"I'd rather be popular, and let someone else be dignified."

"You're damn popular with me tonight!"

She turned, smiled into his eyes. She wanted to say from a too-full heart, "Betty, superficial and cold and grasping, can keep her child—and what a child! My child has been lying in her lonely little grave for nearly a year."

But Sandra was growing up. Carter needed her tonight, and she would not fail him. She said:

"It makes me so happy when you love me, Carter. It's all I ask."

SHE made herself look her best for the informal Sunday supper; the new gown had come home, a trailing creation of gold and silver and black and violet brocade; there were amethysts set in old pearls and black enamel in her ears and a chain of them about the smooth young column of her throat. At dinner she gave Carter's mother and Peter so sympathetic, so enthusiastic an account of the little girl and her violin that it brought a look of pride and pleasure to Carter's eyes. The older Mrs. Cavendish was indignant.

"Will you kindly tell me why Betty brings that child home without letting any one of us know about it? I think it's the most outrageous thing I ever heard!"

"Betty wants something," Carter predicted.

"Wants what?"

"I don't know. But she's got a reason. She hates California."

"I shouldn't wonder if it had something to do with Grandmother's estate," Peter suggested, mildly.

"Why do you say that?"

"I've an idea—Carter's had hints—"

Mrs. Cavendish looked from face to face, spoke sharply.

"What earthly claim can Betty make. Why—"

She fell silent, not encouraged by their patient glances.

"It's Patsy," Carter said briefly, and was silent. They were all silent. "If it wasn't for Patsy, she could go roll her hoop!"

"How does she look?" his mother presently asked Sandra.

"Thin. She has a dear little face, but she looks—well, thin."

"She might well look thin," Mrs. Cavendish fretted, "with Betty dragging her all over the country, giving concerts! I don't think a child that age has any business on the stage!"

"She just appears at modest affairs, charity things, Mrs. Cavendish."

"It doesn't make any difference. I don't think, and I never have thought, that Betty was a fit person to bring up a child. She's too nervous and high-strung herself. I never thought—you remember this, Peter—that Carter should have given the complete control of the child to Betty; no, I didn't, Carter, and you know it perfectly well!"

MUCH later, in the room that was so restful, so luxurious, so peaceful and warm and welcoming on this winter night, Alexandra found in him a husband she had never seen before. She herself felt in a strange mood, excited, a little fearful, a little wondering. To have the element of Betty and Patsy back in her life was disturbing, stirring. But there was a challenge in it, too, and a stimulus that she knew now that she had been unconsciously awaiting.

Her hours of doubt, loneliness and alienation could not be made worse; they might, when this crisis passed, be found to be better.

It was different with Carter. He had been confident, bold, sure of himself all the way along; now he was shaken.

When she was in her pyjamas with a coat of gold Chinese silk wrapped about her, she took a comfortable lounge chair by the fire, and began to look over her letters; she had

been for two days in town; correspondence and magazines had accumulated.

Meanwhile Carter ranged about the place restlessly, disappearing into the dressing room, returning, standing irresolute beside the hearth.

HE was suffering; she had never seen him suffer before. Her heart went out to him in a wave of pity and love that made her forget the personal jealousy that had gnawed so long at her heart. And it was good to forget it.

When Carter spoke tonight she knew that it was not to her he spoke; he was merely thinking aloud.

"Betty isn't mean; it isn't that. It's just that she doesn't understand the kid, never did. . . ."

"Thin, poor little monkey, she's awfully thin. . . ."

"I wonder if I could possibly persuade Betty to leave her here with us for awhile?"

Sandra had not spoken. Now she said:

"We could fatten her up."

"Oh, we'd have her in great shape in no time!"

Carter continued his restless moving about, and Sandra glanced at her magazine.

"She seemed so much my little girl today. . . . Cute. Running through them all to get to me!"

He flung himself into a chair before the drowsing fire, his brows knitted.

"A woman like Betty never should have a child."

"Patsy," Sandra said timidly, "is your child, Carter. She's your image!"

"Poor little kids, they're so helpless! She seemed to me—" He cleared his throat, began again. "She seemed to be turning to me for help," he said in a voice full of reluctance and pain, "and I can't do anything for her!"

"Perhaps she's happy, Cart."

"No. She wants to stay in California. She whispered it to me as if she were afraid of saying it aloud."

"Dearest, you imagine that."

"Oh, no, I don't. Oh, no, I don't. No child likes to be exploited."

"Probably Betty isn't exploiting her. She's just showing her off a little."

"Betty says her master—she called him Schneider or Schofield or something—"

"Schroeder."

"Well, he says that Pats can give concert performances next year."

"Carter, she shouldn't."

"From what Betty said, they want her to give three in London next May and one in Vienna."

"Well—if she gets rested here and puts on a little weight," Sandra began in a dubious voice.

"Ah, they'll kill her, they'll kill her!" he said. He plunged his head into his hands.

"My little girl, who thinks her daddy can do anything for her! You ought to have felt her hand. Sandra, it was—feverish. 'Let me go with you, Dad,' she whispered."

"She was excited, Carter—she'd just been playing."

"It wasn't all that! She pulled me down against her; the little hot face and her hair tangled against my ear the way it used to. And she said, 'Take me with you, Dad! Let me go with you!' And I couldn't," he muttered.

Alexandra went over to him, knelt beside him, put her young arms about him. He was broken at last, suffering, filled with misgivings and fears; he was hers at this moment as he had never been before. With an exquisite reassurance she drew his dark head against her heart, comforted him.

"Help me, Sandra! I can't let her be taken away again."

"We'll keep her, darling—we'll find some way."

"We'll go away, just you and I and Patsy. We'll let everything else go—Mother, Pete, business, everything."

"There'll be some way, Carter."

"You're so kind to me," he said, clinging to her like a despairing child. "You're so good to me, Sandra!"

"I want to be good to you, Carter," she murmured, with her lips against his hair. Out of his agony and her own there suddenly bloomed for her the deepest, the fiercest joy she had ever known.



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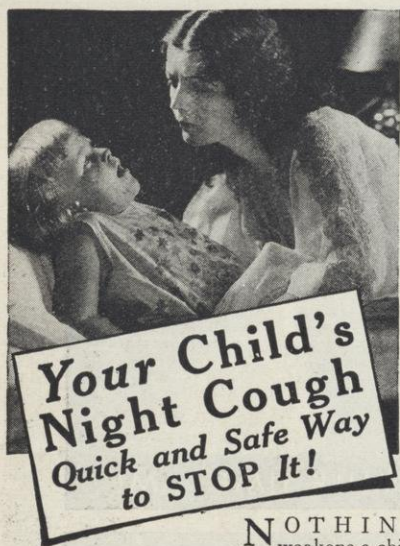
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## THE COAT WITH THE SENSUOUS LINES

Continued from page 21

began breaking bread into it and soaking it in with a spoon. "Well, Sarah, did you see Mrs. Greenbaum today?"

"Ach! Mrs. Greenbaum!"

"Nu, what you groaning about now?"

"She moved."

The spoon fell back splashing into the soup. "Moved!"

"Whatdya know! This morning they took her furniture."

Mr. Bergman stared at the wall of the kitchen between the erstwhile Mrs. Greenbaum's apartment and his. "Moved!" Mrs. Bergman nodded her head vindictively. "Schlang: Those fifteen dollars she owes us. You remember, Davey?" Mr. Bergman did not answer. "Well, I'll find her if it takes me a year!" She shoved a plate of steaming meat and potatoes over to him and sat down wearily in the chair opposite. "Nu, what's the matter, you ain't eating?"

"I ain't hungry." The steam of the soup had blurred Mr. Bergman's glasses; when he took them off to wipe them with the edge of the tablecloth, Mrs. Bergman saw that his eyes were red.

"What's the matter, Davey? A headache?"

"Nothing. Gimme tea."

Mrs. Bergman rose again and warmed the kettle. The door flew open, slammed shut, and Goldie burst into the kitchen, her lips, usually shaped expertly into a little ruby heart, now drooped with weariness like a splayed and crooked gash. She dropped her fur jacket across the back of a chair, threw her vanity-case down on the table, flung off her hat, and kicked her red-heeled opera pumps from her.

"Hello, everybody! God, I'm tired. Where's my slippers?"

"Here. So late, Goldie?"

Goldie sank down into a chair and held up her foot for her mother to put on the slipper. "What's your hurry? It's a wonder you don't meet me at the station. It's pay day."

"You been crying, Goldie."

"I have not."

"I don't know what's getting into this child, David. Every night she comes home crying."

"I'm not, I'm telling you. Why, because the powder's rubbed off? You'd be surprised what rubbed it off. Here." And she threw a small, ecru-colored envelop into her mother's lap. "And don't faint, Ma."

Mrs. Bergman did not faint, but she took the bills in her tired hands and spread them on her knee. "Why—why—Goldie—"

Goldie turned to the mirror to hide her agitation and manipulated her black curly hair with a pocket comb until it stood out like an electrified bush. "Well, what's the matter now?" Mrs. Bergman peered into the envelop in amazement.

"Why—why—Goldie, what's this?"

GOLDIE thrust out her full scarlet underlip into a pout and turned toward her mother. "So, what of it? You look like someone hit you on the head with a brick."

"Ten dollars, Goldie. Ten dollars missing."

"I know, Ma."

"What did you do with those ten dollars?"

"I lost them."

"You lost them! Are you telling me you lost them? David, you hear that? Rent week, she loses ten dollars. Goldie, tell me, you didn't lose them. Tell me, Goldie."

"Don't have to get all het up about it, Ma. Can't you use a little self-control? Look at me. Sure I lost them. I can't help it. In the subway, I guess."

Goldie turned red beneath the gaze of her mother; her black eyes shifted uneasily. Then, to hide her embarrassment, she found her vanity-case and began powdering her nose, her broad back, across which the black silk regulation dress of the "Just a Bite Shop" was stretched taut, turned to her mother. Mrs. Bergman's glance traveled to her daughter's legs, bulgy legs that shone in sheer hose of a delicate blond color.

"You're lying, Goldie. To your own mother, you're lying. What did you do with those ten dollars?"

"What'd I do with them? Listen to her! Maybe you think I ate them." Her mouth quivered. "S-say! This is a fine family, believe me! Work like hell. An' I can't even buy myself a pair o' sheer—a pair o' sheer—"

"Go on."

"An some decent step-step-ins."

"Go on."

"Whatdya mean, go on? Go on, she says! You'd think I'd spent a hundred the way she wants a list. Work like hell. No-nobody appreciates it. I bet I'm the only girl in New York, now, that ain't got a winter coat. Money! That's all they want around here! Money!"

"All right, Goldie, I understand."

"You don't."

Mrs. Bergman sighed, and folded the bills, sadly. "I do. Only, it's funny. Every week—"

"You see, you don't understand."

[T WAS in the air—the brewing of a quarrel.

Mrs. Bergman fingering the bills while her heavy shoulders drooped in tragic stoicism beneath the calico. Goldie rocking in the shadows of a corner so that they might not see her tears. And Mr. Bergman like a lump over his glass of cold tea, a vast, lethargic bulk. "Like a frozen fish!" exclaimed Mrs. Bergman. "Look, your tea's already cold."

"Is that my fault, Sarah?"

"Three times already I warmed it."

"All right. Don't get excited. I can't help it if it gets cold."

Wearily Mrs. Bergman filled the kettle again from the sink and set it to boil. "I was just wondering, David, if you cut the coat, yet. Honest, I hate to nag you, but it's the first of December."

"Whose coat?"

"Goldie's."

"Goldie's coat?" Mr. Bergman shifted his heavy bulk exasperatingly. "Whatdya mean? I ain't even got the material yet."

Over the face of Mrs. Bergman zigzagged the white streak that always presaged a violent quarrel. "What? And after all that talk? Eating my heart out! Begging—"

"Ma! For God's sake, soft pedal, will you?"

"Scripping, starving—"

"Ma! Don't fight about it. Please! I don't want the coat. Honest, I don't." But Goldie's voice broke, and she began to sob, dryly, hysterically, her hand over her face. "Charlie took her out again tonight. He—he said that's the way he likes 'em dressed—a coat with sensuous lines. Oh—oh—God! I wish I was dead."

Mrs. Bergman turned on her husband.

"You see!—Look! A nervous wreck you'll soon have."

"Charlie don't—don't even wanna look at me. You'll see. I'll be an old m-m-maid!"

Mrs. Bergman twisted her rings nervously, close to tears herself. "Shush, Goldie! Don't cry like that. You make yourself sick."

"You see, Ma. I'll be an old maid—"

"Shush! Goldie. You get a coat. You get a nice, new coat. Don't worry."

"Yeah—yeah—when? Next Fourth o' July?"

Mrs. Bergman rose from the table, and, bending over the rocker, softly stroked her daughter's hair. "Go to bed, darling."

"I—I want a coat. A coat with sensuous lines."

"With what, darling?"

"With sensuous lines."

"You hear that, David? She's even telling you the lines. See, you don't have to think up of a style. Tell him, darling. Tell papa what kind of a coat you want. Papa'll make you. No more fights."

But Mr. Bergman lifted his head and swept his glass of tea to the floor. Goldie turned a wet, smeared face to him.

"For God's sake, Pa!"

"I'm sick. I'm sick of this. Every night the same thing. Lemme alone, I'm asking you. I can't—"

"Whatdya mean?"

"All day over that machine. I—I can't look at a needle." And he turned his back to her.

Then it was that Goldie rose and faced her father. Her voice was low, rasping; her fists pounded on the table; the flesh of her plump arms quivered. Her broad, thick features, swollen with weeping, gleamed with sweat. The armhole of her dress had ripped along the back; a slice of plump white flesh grinned through the tear. But her eyes, the deep and tragic eyes of her race, blazed.

"You! You're sick of it, eh? And what do you think I am? All my life like this. Fight! Beg! Cry! For any piece of rag I get, I have to tear my heart out gettin' it. You think I

enjoy it when I get it, eh? I hate it! Hate it! And I hate you! Yes. I hate you! You're selfish! Mean! Stingy! You wouldn't sew for me unless you're hounded into doing it!" Goldie swallowed, and, trembling, pushed her hair from her face. Her glance strayed to the stricken woman behind her, then returned to the man before her, who, from behind his thick glasses wept. "Now, kick me out if you want to!"

A slight red covered Mr. Bergman's face. "Goldie—Goldie—don't get so excited. I make you a coat."

"A leopard coat, with sensuous lines?"

"Leopard? Leopard?"

"Leopard or nothing."

"Why leopard?"

"Charlie likes it."

"Leopard? . . . Mmm, Goldie. I got in my place just the thing. Six ninety-five a yard. But I get a discount."

"Six ninety-five a yard?"

"Yeah. Something new. A block away and you swear it's leopard."

"Cloth? Listen, Pa. I said leopard. Once in four years I get a coat, I can afford to—"

"But you just see it, Goldie. A block away an' you'd swear it—"

"I don't give a damn what I look like a block away!"

"You don't give a— look here, young lady! You be careful how you talk to—"

Mrs. Bergman interposed. "She's right, David. Charlie ain't gonna propose a block away, is he?"

"Oh, Mama!" Goldie reddened.

"That's all right, Goldie. We gotta consider everything. We get her a real leopard, David. By Max you should get a discount."

"But for God's sake, be reasonable. How can I afford—"

"You can afford," said Mrs. Bergman, placidly, and mounted a chair and opened the upper doors of the cupboard. From a saucer on the top shelf she took a book and threw it down on the table.

"My bank-book!" For a moment there was silence. Then the bellow of Mr. Bergman with a note of harassed grief in it: "No! No! No! You hear? Lemme alone!" And he pushed the table from him and made his way to the bedroom, broad, bent and old.

"Come, Goldie," said Mrs. Bergman, quietly. "Come to bed, baby."

And Goldie, pale, red-eyed, clutching her mother's arm with nervous fingers, let herself be led to the door of the dining-room where she slept.

Quickly Mrs. Bergman opened the davenport and brought the pillow and quilt from the closet. Goldie fell upon the bed, exhausted, her arms over her head.

"Goldie, darling. Ten o'clock. Come. Let Mama undress you." Goldie closed her eyes and turned her head. "Come, darling. Look, your sleeve's already ripped. Take off the dress. Let Mama sew it for tomorrow."

Goldie shook her head. "I'm not going back, Ma. Never. Never. Never."

"Goldie." Mrs. Bergman tugged at Goldie's dress. "It's a shame the customers should see."

"No, Ma. No more. Since she came, not once he spoke to me, Ma. Not once!"

"Shush, don't cry. Don't worry, honey. And who's Charlie? The son of a kopsen, like your father. I want my daughter should get somebody better."

"I DON'T want nobody better, Ma. He's good enough for me. But she—she's got a coat—look, Ma. Like this." With a sinuous stroke she passed her hands down her breasts and over her broad hips. "Like that, Ma. Like a glove." She wept, weakly. "What chance have I?"

Mrs. Bergman soothed and caressed her daughter, and with infinite difficulty persuaded her to undress. Then she mended Goldie's sleeve, and stood for a long time at the window of the kitchen, her apron lifted to her face. Goldie moaned, turned.

"Ma!"

"Yes, baby."

"Mama. Stay with me tonight. I don't feel good. I'm cold."

"Wait—wait a minute. I'll get you a coat." And she flung Mr. Bergman's coat over her daughter's feet. Goldie saw.

"I don't want his coat, Ma. Take it away."

"But, Goldie—"



"Take it away, I'm telling you."

Mrs. Bergman put it on the chair. Then she tiptoed into her bedroom and came back with her pillow. Stiffly, she undressed and crept under the quilt beside her daughter, groaning and sighing a little, as was her way.

It was almost midnight when Mrs. Bergman was awakened by a light coming from under the closed kitchen door. Frightened, she put on her kimono and waddled her way to the kitchen, softly opening the door.

A napkin rinsed in cold water bound Mr. Bergman's head. The table had been cleared. Yards and yards of cambric rippled over its surface, cambric that was being cut by long, grinding strokes of the shears.

He did not look up as she entered, perhaps because his eyes were reddened and swollen, perhaps because he did not hear her. He bent further over the table, cutting, cutting along the chalk marks, swaying with each stroke.

Mrs. Bergman wet her lips. "David, I

make you a hot water bottle for your head. Yes?" As usual, he did not answer. "And maybe a little aspirin, so you sleep better?"

Mr. Bergman did not raise his head. "That's all right, Sarah. She get her coat. I make her a coat, for Goldie."

"That's good. A coat—a coat with sense—with sense—what kind of lines was it?"

"Never mind, Sarah. I make her a coat with whatever kind of lines she wants."

And almost tearful in her joy, Mrs. Bergman began warming the kettle for the hot-water bottle, while Mr. Bergman slipped into the hall where the telephone stood.

Mrs. Bergman listened. From the hall came the voice of Mr. Bergman.

"Bloom? Bloom? Listen, I wanna tell you. The room—the fish—no good. I don't take. Y'understand? I don't take." He began sobbing. "Rotten, you hear? Rotten. The fish—too dark—too far from the trade."

## A LITERARY MYSTERY

Continued from page 12

The leading American woman poet of the mid-nineteenth century was Lydia Sigourney—*requiescat in pace*. The leading American woman poet of today is unquestionably Edna St. Vincent Millay, by merit raised to that high eminence. Unlike Emily Brontë, Edna St. Vincent Millay does not suffer from contemporary neglect or depreciation; her only danger is the opposite.

The late Elinor Wylie, the living Sara Teasdale and Dorothy Parker are indubitable lyrical poets.

In the mid-nineteenth century there were no playwrights, either men or women, who compare in excellence with Rachel Crothers and Susan Glaspell.

In the field of prose fiction our living American women have surpassed not only in excellence but in number the female American novelists of eighty years ago. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," written frankly as propaganda, is nevertheless a permanent contribution to American literature. Louisa M. Alcott succeeded in writing a novel, "Little Women," that will not be forgotten; but other women writers of 1850 are forgotten.

Today America has the proud distinction not only of having a group of American women novelists superior to anything in our previous history, but superior to any other group of the same number in any other country. I do not think one can name six women novelists in any country in Europe superior to our half-dozen Americans—Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Edna Ferber, Dorothy Canfield, Zona Gale.

If I had to name the foremost living novelist, male or female, in America, I should name Edith Wharton. During the twentieth century her compositions have maintained a high level of excellence.

Miss Cather has been writing novels for twenty years; but it is only within the last decade that she has attained fame. Her worst novel, "One of Ours," received the Pulitzer Prize in 1923; but since that moment she has not written a sentimental page. Indeed, a reaction set in; so that I began to think her powers of celebration and satire exceeded her capacity for emotion. "A Lost Lady" exhibited a hard brilliance; "The Professor's House," a book of richer content, seemed also to be a masterpiece of irony, though I ought to have perceived whither her mind was tending. Yet "My Mortal Enemy" gave no indication of what was coming. It came in the next year, 1926. An agreeable surprise was "Death Comes for the Archbishop," a book deliberately written outside of the American tradition. Instead of piling climax on climax, there is no climax, not even emphasis. It is as serene in its beauty as a long summer twilight. Then, turning from the hot deserts of the Southwest to the snow deserts of Canada, Miss Cather's latest work is even more beautiful. "Shadows on the Rock" is a quiet novel of the French Catholic people in Quebec before the British conquest. It differs from the conventional stories of today not only in its absence of theatrical effect, but in its freedom from irony. Instead of a picture etched with satirical lines, the artist displays a sympathy as warm and affectionate as in the Italian paintings of the Holy Family.

More than once I have been corrected because I number Anne Douglas Sedgwick among American writers. My chief reason for calling her an American is that both her parents were Americans and she was born in Englewood, New Jersey.

It is interesting to observe that of our six leading woman novelists, Edith Wharton, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, and Dorothy Canfield lived many years in France; while Edna Ferber, Willa Cather, and Zona Gale are wholly American, not only in birth, but in educational environment.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick's finest novel appeared at an inopportune time—at the outbreak of the World War. But it was opportune in its subject and characters, though the author could not have known of the coming disaster. This novel is called "The Encounter," a work of high artistic distinction, with a profound spiritual quality.

Of our leading six, Edna Ferber is the only one without a formal advanced education. Her native wit and intelligence and energy more than make up for what she may have lost. Born in Kalamazoo, she became a Wisconsin newspaper reporter at seventeen. She began to write entertaining short stories, but not satisfied with that, she lifted her entire literary product to a higher plane. The transition is evident in her novel, "The Girls," 1921. I like best of all her work, "So Big," which won the Pulitzer Prize. However, in "Show Boat," she made a remarkable contribution to the social history of America.

Dorothy Canfield never writes with the complete artistic detachment of Edith Wharton or of Edna Ferber. She was brought up as the daughter of a college president; and she has tremendous convictions. Although she has lived many years in Paris, she loves the American village and the people in it. She has made a study of education, especially of children. She is an admirable public speaker. She has written the best novel of American university life—"The Bent Twig." Of her numerous novels, I like best "Her Son's Wife," where the reader's attention is concentrated on a triangle more terrible than the more familiar one—this is the triangle of mother, son and son's wife.

Zona Gale is interested in problems of higher education, being one of the regents of the University of Wisconsin. She is, as befits a citizen of that interesting commonwealth, something of a radical in politics and in social problems. But she is above all a novelist and a literary artist. Curiously enough, her earliest stories were sentimental. She made a remarkable advance over her previous work in the novel "Birth," published two years before "Main Street," and exhibiting something of the same pessimism. But in 1920 she reached the front rank of living American writers in "Miss Lulu Bett," a masterpiece. There is in the style of this short novel an economy worthy of Flaubert. There is hardly a superfluous word. We have in America today no novelist of more intellectual maturity. Enough has been said in this article to show that whereas in England the present group of women writers does not compare with that of 1850, in America the situation is the opposite. It is an interesting fact, and like many interesting facts, proves nothing.

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hardened. She wasn't so lovely when she hardened this way. "Listen, Gibbsie, if you ever meddle, I'll—well, I'll see to it myself," she said fiercely, "that you'll be sorry. Yes—sorry." And she sank back in her bed.

Miss Gibson waited a moment, telling herself that surely Mrs. Abbott hadn't meant to be so sharp.

"You see that Mr. Abbott gets his lunch, Gibbsie." Mrs. Abbott moved restlessly among her sheets. Her voice was thin and far away. "I'll be back by five. Tell him where I am and why I had to go."

"Yes, madam."

"And, Gibbsie—well, never mind. I've got a lot to worry me."

Miss Gibson stepped impulsively forward. Before she knew it, she was by her unhappy lady's bedside. "Is there anything I can do, madam?"

"Thanks, Gibbsie. Just keep out of it, please," Mrs. Abbott murmured weakly. "Will you ring for Marie?" And her eyes closed. She seemed to have forgotten Miss Gibson who stood uncertainly looking down at her before tiptoeing to ring the bell.

No other sound came from the bed. So she waited for Marie, and then crept out.

**DURING** the ordeal of that lunch, Miss Gibson hardly dared to look at Mr. Nicholas Abbott. Nevertheless she *did* look in shy frightened glances. For Mr. Abbott was far more splendid and terrifying than his photograph. His heavy squareness of outline, his controlled displeasure at his wife's absence, his consideration of his wife's companion, all contributed to a sense of discomfort, of guilt which she strove to conceal. Those eyes of his compelled in their pale blue authority. They drew from her stilted answers to his questions.

And there *were* questions; such skilfully casual questions, that Miss Gibson, in a growing panic, staring down at her untasted chocolate soufflé, was not sure how much she might have given away. She didn't want to give anything away.

Mrs. Abbott had been unhappy, her smile too bright and fleeting, up to the moment she had left that morning, too early really for her lunch at Versailles. Miss Gibson found herself thinking about what the Countess had said of a flag. But did this flag bear honorable colors? Was it not proclaiming disgrace instead of helping Mrs. Abbott, in spite of herself and for her own good?

She hoped she was doing well. Yes, Mrs. Abbott was in good health. Oh, yes, she had many friends, many engagements. There was so much to do in Paris, wasn't there? Miss Gibson couldn't say "Wasn't there?" successfully, as the Countess might have said it. She wasn't trained in covering up, concealing. Oh, yes, Mrs. Abbott was always in demand. Dance? Miss Gibson believed that Mrs. Abbott occasionally danced. Of course, with so many invitations, so many friends. Today, for instance, Mrs. Abbott had been so disappointed not to be here to greet Mr. Abbott. But she hadn't known—the cable from the office came too late—she had promised Madame de Beaulac weeks ago. She had said—

"Coffee in the salon, Paul," Mr. Abbott crisply ordered. A sudden faintness came over Miss Gibson as, obediently, she rose and followed this short heavy man with his wavy crest of white hair, into the salon. What indeed *had* she said?

Paul brought in the coffee, placing the tray on a low gilt stool before the fireplace, where a small fire burned. She felt Paul's cynical paid eyes upon her. His sneering knowledge heightened the flush of her cheeks. With delicate nervous movements, she poured the coffee.

Mr. Abbott, stolidly blocking the little fire, was regarding her, his head thrust a little forward, his eyes probing.

"You might as well come across, Miss Gibson," he said quietly. "I know."

He knew? In Miss Gibson's terrified consciousness, he appeared as an all-knowing person: just as if he had been there last night, seeing with her.

"It's no use, Miss Gibson." His voice held a hint of impatience. "I'm quite aware that my wife has not been—discreet." Bitterness

## LADY IN LOVE

Continued from page 19

sounded in that harsh note. "But what do *you* know?" His hand suddenly shot forward, the forefinger pointing at her.

The attack was so unexpected that, startled, Miss Gibson sank into the nearest chair. Her disturbed elderly face betrayed her even as she murmured: "You must be mistaken, Mr. Abbott. Mrs. Abbott —" Her throat tightened over the lie direct. She felt as if he were running a gigantic pin through her, pinning her down.

"Miss Gibson," he said, his pale blue eyes upon her. "You're a respectable God-fearing woman." He read her like a primer, as he would read any kind of book, reducing it to a primer. "You've been doing your best to hide certain facts from me to protect my wife, because you are devoted to her, no doubt." And here a strange, sad expression altered his face for an instant. "There are times," he continued, "when loyalty is misplaced. You cannot," he said with sudden violence, "sanction what goes on in this house. I will not."

"Really, Mr. Abbott—" she stammered. "I'm sure that Mrs. Abbott—" And there she stopped because she could not go on. Then, suddenly, she rose from her chair, and her small gaunt body stiffened. "Why did you leave her alone so long?" she heard herself saying. "Why weren't you with her?"

It was the look on his face that stopped her; made her realize that in her ignorance, her zeal, she had given away her dear, spoiled, lovely lady.

It was his voice, too, grave and gentle, that made her miserably feel that he had *his* side to present. "Put yourself in my place, Miss Gibson. My affairs compel me to be in New York a great part of the year. My wife won't live there. I have always given her everything she wanted with the tacit understanding that I could trust her. I no longer trust her. I no longer can." He wearily gestured her back as she half rose from her chair. "Believe me, I am not acting hastily. I have given her warning. I have given her every chance to realize her folly." There was now a bleak coldness in his gaze that drew a little shiver from Miss Gibson.

She, who had had her frail romance many years ago and vowed fidelity to a man long since dead, felt the driving force of this man crushing, while loving her lovely lady. She felt his mournful power, his deadly hatred. And she had said all she could say, because deep in her untried heart, she believed that a man and a woman who were married should be always, always married.

He stood facing her as if he were addressing a jury. In this rôle he was the finished actor whose modulated voice and forcible sincerity had won him his reputation.

"You're right, Miss Gibson," he said as if he were reading the troubled emotions of her troubled soul. "I don't, myself, believe in divorce. I don't approve of the loose system which permits a man—or a woman—" he suddenly thundered—"to evade responsibilities. I never forgive betrayals of trust, Miss Gibson. My own word needn't be written in any contract. I told Mrs. Abbott that when she married me. I imagined she understood. *But*—at whatever cost to my pride, my position, I am determined to punish a breach of faith. Now tell me exactly what you have heard and seen in this house. It is your duty to tell me."

Miss Gibson tried to speak. Could not. She was torn between these two. In her inner torment, she wondered—will he have mercy? Is it for her good? Wishing to save her lady, and feeling the truth drawn out of her. The truth which was her natural instinct.

**HE** gave her a second's respite. Then: "All right, you want to protect her and damn yourself. Now let's get at it another way." He paused to light a cigar. His hand, as he lifted his coffee cup, was steady. "What did my wife do last night? The less frankly you answer my questions, Miss Gibson," he said, "the more I know."

"Why I—was out last night."

"Where were you?"

"Why, I—why, I went to the theater, Mr. Abbott. Mrs. Abbott gave me a ticket." Should she have said that?

"So my wife gave you a ticket?" He pondered over that long enough for her nervousness to increase. "Did Mrs. Abbott

often send you to the theater at night?" Miss Gibson could only shake her head. "Where was *she*?"

The unhappy lady faltered. "Mrs. Abbott? Why—she was here." What was she doing? Who was with her? Was she in bed when you came back? His questions hammered her down.

A limp little woman in the large tapestried chair, quailing from the force of these questions, she answered them one by one at last—blurted out damning facts without really knowing how damning they were, pouring out her fears, her love of the lovely lady, her hope that he would understand—forgive.

His hand on her shoulder was gentle, as his voice kept pounding on.

He and her conscience had conquered her as, despairingly, she knew they would. And now that she had so utterly surrendered, she found melancholy relief in telling him all that had worried her. And perhaps it *was* for the best.

**BUT** when she had told all she knew, his hand left her shoulder, and timidly looking up, she found him savagely erect, issuing orders which she could not disobey, because now she realized she had gone too far, said too much. Yet, there was that nagging sense of old, old principles you couldn't get away from. And there was the hope that somehow he would relent, forgive, redeem.

But there was no relenting in him. He had never meant to relent. He had given Mrs. Abbott her warning, her chance, he had said. As he talked, Miss Gibson hopelessly felt him in the right: hopelessly felt herself caught in a situation she could not back out of as, with staring eyes, she heard his sharp command, and saw emerging between the rose velvet portières, a crisp young woman, note-book in hand, who had been apparently taking down all that she, Miss Gibson, had blurted out. The young woman, at a curt nod, disappeared.

Of course it was finished. She could never stay on now with Mrs. Abbott. He had become the master. She was in his employ, subject to those orders which he gave her. In her terror of authority, she blindly gave in. She had his check clutched in her hand. She was creeping up the stairs to pack her belongings. She was being swept away without a chance of seeing Mrs. Abbott. She was lost, and so was her dear, sinning lady. She thought of Mrs. Abbott with small smothered sobs as she packed. She hadn't been eloquent enough, or wise or clever enough to spare her lady this disgrace. And the terrible thing, the really terrible thing of it, was that Mr. Abbott was right.

In the taxi taking her away from that house, she sat staring, unseeing, trying to remember Mr. Abbott's directions.

A vague, dismal importance was hers as she began to realize, in the small hotel to which Mr. Abbott had sent her for the night, what lay before her. A trip to America. Scandal. Divorce with herself as chief witness. And she couldn't go back on that now.

But she couldn't know what she had let herself in for. She was to know that in the weeks to come when her account of Mrs. Abbott's conduct was expanded, colored, distorted, until in the lurid light of special articles, she, too, appeared an adventuress, a tacit accomplice of the great lawyer's wife. For Nicholas Abbott had no mercy. Once he started, he was beyond any consideration even of his own position, his career. He was out to kill the woman who had dared betray him. He could kill her more sonorously, more completely in his own country. And Miss Gibson discovered that she was his best weapon because her respect for truth, once truth was wrenched from her, made of her a shrinking but impeccable witness. And what she didn't know that was damning to the lovely lady, was known by Mr. Abbott and proved in court.

Her one thought was to hide. She wept with relief the day she sneaked on the boat, sent back by Mr. Abbott, because she told him she could not stay on in her own country until this scandal had died down. Mr. Abbott seemed to understand that. He was kind and just to those who served him. So he paid her fare, and gave her an additional check. It was not such a large check at that.



But Miss Gibson had never questioned her pay. And this pay seemed a hideous mixture of rightness and wrongness. She had earned it. Her conscience tried to be smug, and couldn't be.

Miss Gibson sent part of her check to the sister who had refused to see her, believing those stories in the tabloids. But one of the children of this sister was sick, and her sister had not refused the money because, no doubt, of her need.

So there was very little left. And after a few weeks in Paris, in the modest shelter of a hotel, Miss Gibson realized her dwindling funds. Terror gripped her again.

Her remaining confidence fled, following several interviews with ladies who answered her advertisement in the *Herald*. Their questions, when they did not at first recognize her name, soon revealed her identity. They didn't spare her their scathing remarks on the disgrace with which they associated her; their distrust of any woman who could have accepted such a place, and afterward told what she saw there.

Came days of sheer panic when, in her tiny room, she counted her slender funds. It had always been her pride that she had never owed a living soul a penny. She saw the hideous day ahead when she would not be able to pay her hotel bill. Those first spring days of poignant sweetness found her wandering, pale, distraught, among the gardens of a city she had never learned to love.

It wasn't only hunger for the nice things of life to which she had been accustomed; it was the guilt of her confused purity, her lowered estate, her worry and yearning for her lovely lost lady, which was killing her. Her flag was tired. It drooped. And her hand was weary with holding it and wondering what flag it might be.

Then the check for five hundred francs came from her sister. It wasn't sent in any spirit of love, perhaps, but she cried when it came. The money gift she had sent her sister must have rankled in that hard-trying woman's mind. It was New England blood sending her that five hundred francs, grudgingly, honestly, without tenderness.

Miss Gibson found herself yearning for that safe, ugly little house where her sister lived. And she found herself wondering, too, if that five hundred francs might not mean a lot now to the lost Mrs. Abbott. The fainting perfume of Mrs. Abbott's gifts to her still lingered in the air of that sordid little hotel bedroom.

**BUT** there she was with five hundred francs. Enough to pay her hotel bill. And there were other small hounding debts which had, for the past week, caused her to scurry by certain shops, her head lowered. There would be one hundred francs left.

In the lop-sided mirror, she earnestly examined herself. She was actually hungry—she of slight appetite who, in those great houses, had daintily picked at her food. There was a slim hollow in her cheeks. And deep purple cups under the mild sad eyes.

Then came a challenge and daring to her heart, flushing her cheeks. What would Mrs. Abbott do with those hundred francs? Mrs. Abbott would go out and spend them on what she wanted. And Miss Gibson was free to do just that.

—She would dine that night as Mrs. Abbott had dined.

**THE** silk dress old Mrs. Van Dusen had given her was still in its tissue paper from the last careful packing. It was not a becoming dress. As she washed and powdered her tired cheeks with a remnant of powder Mrs. Abbott had given her, she reflected that the gifts she had received in her years of service were so many that they were like little milestones—or tombstones.

In months she had not felt such a thrill as when she handed to the hotel *patronne* what she owed her. Nor when she paid her debts at the small shops of the quarter.

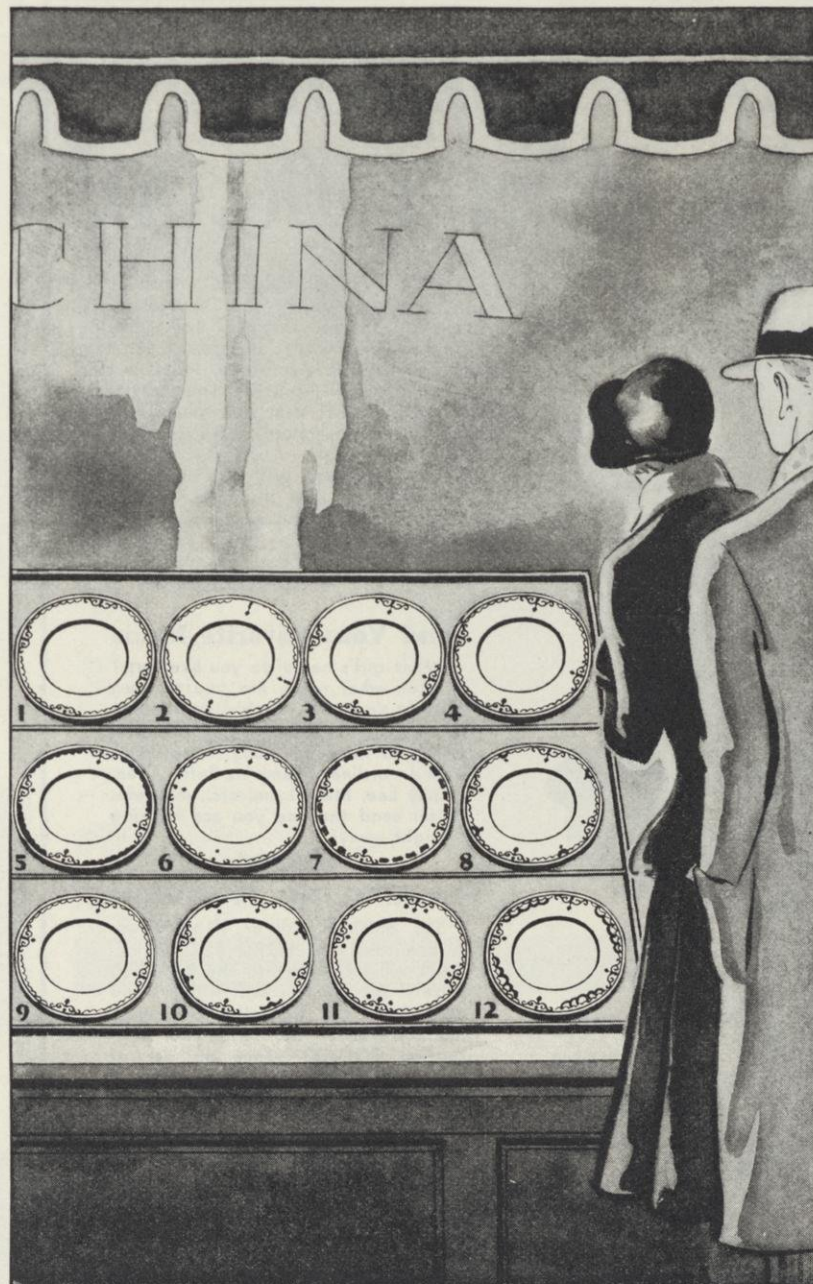
In Mrs. Van Dusen's gown, and a small hat that Mrs. Abbott had given her, her courage was high as she entered the taxi which seemed to be waiting for her. And all of a sudden she remembered that Mrs. Abbott had spoken of the Boeuf-sur-le-Toit as a place where one could eat charmingly and amuse oneself. But her courage ebbed as, awkwardly, shyly, she took her seat at a table there. It was too early yet for the diners on that spring evening. The head waiter was a kind man who seemed to guess that she did not know what to do next. He suggested that he should order a dinner of which he and she would be proud.

She sat back with a sigh of rapture, letting herself go dreamily. Seeing what presently happened—the gay beautiful women and their escorts coming in, and in her mind's eye, picturing Mrs. Abbott among them—she could understand Mrs. Abbott's young acceptance of ease. But she wished—

And then the music began! At the piano sat a very fat man who, as in his sleep, wove melodies—little waltz tunes. The subdued light, the flash and sparkle of strangers who, no doubt every evening did this kind of thing, sent a yearning sharply, intolerably through Miss Gibson's tired head.

She was a little afraid when the caviar came on. She had not dared ask the price of things when the head waiter was so kind as to suggest what she should have. A half bottle of champagne appeared on her table. She sipped the first glassful. Next came a soup so suave and mysterious that she almost forgot how hungry she was. And then a small spring duck with asparagus tips, and then a soufflé. And always a man at her elbow pouring the wine which cooled her parched throat.

They began to dance in the narrow space. Young gorgeous people without a care in the world. She sat back, leaning her tired, oddly relaxed head on the soft upholstery behind her. She imagined Mrs. Abbott dancing here in the worshiping arms of that young man. Romance waltzed in her vision of Mrs. Abbott waltzing. (Turn to page 62)



Help this perplexed bride.. and

Qualify for the opportunity to

Win \$4250<sup>00</sup>.....

● Poor Betty. What a perplexed bride she is. She has broken two plates of the expensive antique China set Aunt May gave them for a wedding present ... Now she receives this wire from Aunt May—"Arrive Thursday 9 a.m."—just two days hence ... Poor Betty, how she has tried and tried to match the set with no luck ... But wait ... Maybe here's luck, at last! ... In the store window shown here, so she's been told, are two IDENTICAL TWIN plates that match Aunt May's antique gift set ... Help poor Betty find the Identical Twin Plates ... Be careful ... many plates look alike—but ONLY TWO plates are exactly alike in size, shape and design. Can you find them? It will cost you nothing to try for the \$10,000.00 worth of prizes to be given in our booster advertising prize distribution. Prizes awarded according to participants' standings upon Judges' final decision. If you can find the twin plates, send the numbers with your name and address. First prize is \$4250.00 cash or, if winner prefers, a brand new 100 h. p. airplane, with \$750.00 given extra for promptness. Everybody rewarded for productive endeavor. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No prize less than \$25.00. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago or outside the U. S. A. Think what you could do with \$4250.00 right now ... get the \$750.00 Extra Promptness Prize ... rush your answer to me NOW ...

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54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

\$750<sup>00</sup> Just  
for being Prompt

\$10,000<sup>00</sup>  
total in Prizes

## WHAT IS TODAY'S BREAKFAST?

Continued from page 25

conclusively to good appetites at breakfast time. And the deplorable reducing fad which seems to have swept through our high schools and colleges—what has it done to breakfast menus? Mothers, we are glad to know, are taking a determined stand in this direction. One mother writes: "My high-school daughter, if left to her own devices, would breakfast on half a cup of coffee, but a little tactful yet firm persuasion on my part, and she is good for cereal, a slice or two of toast, an egg and a glass of milk!" More power to this mother and to other mothers who, tactfully but firmly, are insisting on adequate breakfasts for their girls. For it is only the girls, we find, who try to reduce. Boys, interested in making the football team, have learned the value of plenty of good food. Dieting, in any event, has had its day. The flat-chested boyish figure is out of date. Today's fashions call for curves, not angles.

And these American families really enjoy breakfast. There are exceptions, it is true. There is, for instance, the woman who says, "We consider breakfast a duty." And duty seldom walks hand in hand with enjoyment. "We look on breakfast as rather a matter-of-fact affair," writes another. But exceptions

are infrequent. Our Housekeepers are, in the main, enthusiastic breakfast fans. And so are their families. And so are we!

Breakfast, in many of these homes, is an adventure. Served before the fireplace in cold weather, or on a cool, shaded porch in summertime, it becomes something to look forward to. "I do lots of interesting things for breakfast, and I experiment with dishes, too. I like to serve sliced oranges on small black glass plates, or golden melons on green dishes." Here is a Housekeeper after our own hearts, a woman who puts into the simple, everyday household tasks the imagination of an artist.

"Bigger and better breakfasts" is a text from which we have preached many a sermon. We are for them whole-heartedly and so, we find, are most people.

We never did see much virtue in those folks who say, with more than a touch of pride, "I take just a cup of coffee and a thin slice of toast for breakfast." We'll warrant that by ten o'clock, they are surreptitiously raiding the refrigerator. To our way of thinking, there is much more reason for pride in a good appetite for breakfast, and a good hearty breakfast to satisfy that appetite.



# Name This Girl Win \$1500.00!



## FREE SAMPLE Co-ed Face Powder

Send your name suggestion within three days and we will send you a Free Sample of lovely CO-ED face powder De Luxe with our reply.

**RULES:** This offer is open to anyone living in the U. S. A. outside of Chicago, Illinois, except employees of CO-ED, Incorporated, and their families and closes midnight, February 29, 1932. All answers must be mailed on or before that date. Each person may submit only one name, sending more than one will disqualify all entries for that individual. \$1,000.00 will be paid to the person submitting the name chosen by CO-ED, Incorporated. An additional \$500.00 cash or a Ford Tudor Sedan will be given to the prize winner, providing the winning name was mailed within three days from the time the announcement was read. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties.

CO-ED, INCORPORATED, will pay \$1,000.00 cash just for a girl's name—and \$500.00 extra for sending it quick. We want a name that will properly describe America's most beautiful college girl—one of those attractive, lively co-eds that you see at every college and high school. There is nothing to buy or sell in order to win this \$1,500.00 and you will not be required to do anything else but send a name. This big prize will be given just to find the right name for a lovely young lady who will sponsor a beautiful nation wide radio program we contemplate for this winter.

## Send Your Favorite Name

What girl's name do you like best? In fact, what name are you thinking of right now? Maybe it's just the one to win this \$1,500.00. Don't bother trying to think up fancy names—just such an ordinary name as Betty Allen, Nancy Lee, Mary Lynn, etc., may win. Better send the one you are thinking of right away!

## \$500.00 for MAILING IT QUICK

Yes, \$500.00 cash or, if preferred, a beautiful new FORD TUDOR SEDAN will be added to the \$1,000.00 prize if the name is sent within three days from the time this announcement is read. So, send your suggestion TODAY! Take no risk of losing that \$500.00 EXTRA which is to be won so easily—just for being prompt.

## Nothing Else To Do

Certainly this \$1,500.00 prize is worth trying for, especially when it costs you only a 2c stamp and an envelope. There is nothing else to do—nothing to buy—nothing to sell—no coupons to clip. This \$1,500.00 cash can be yours just for sending the winning name within three days after reading this announcement. CO-ED, Incorporated, wants you to send your suggestion at once . . . no matter how simple or plain it may be. The very name you send may be the one they are seeking and if you could imagine the thrill of receiving a telegram stating that you won this \$1,500.00 prize just for sending a girl's name, you would lose no time in mailing your suggestion at once. You will receive an immediate acknowledgment by letter and at the same time, we will have a big surprise for you in the form of another prize offer through which you can win as much as \$4,000.00 more. So, DON'T WAIT . . . DON'T DELAY! . . . Just write "My name suggestion is . . . ." The day I read this announcement was . . . . sign your name and address and mail your letter—that's all.

CO-ED, INC., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 424 CHICAGO, ILL.

## LADY IN LOVE

Continued from page 61

She seemed almost to be dozing when they brought her coffee and a liqueur.

Then they brought her bill, for the hour was growing late, and there were many people waiting for tables. The shock of the bill brought her back to a sense of realities. When she paid it and frugally tipped the waiter she realized that she would have exactly seven francs left.

SHE rose quietly, the warmth of food and wine still coursing in her veins. She went out of there, refusing a taxi. She crossed the bridge. The Seine went slipping by, smooth and glistening, giving out, it seemed to her, a thousand scents of spring, a thousand echoes of those little waltz tunes the fat man had played. She paused an instant to lean over and look at the dark, polished waters stabbed by lights.

Suddenly she knew that it was finished. There was no longer any fear as she hastened across the bridge, conscious that a strolling couple were watching her. Well, there was another bridge farther down. Would there always be lovers strolling over bridges in the spring who would find time to watch her? She felt so young with them, so understanding now of Mrs. Abbott.

The light of the *quai* struck her as she reached the left bank, and turned to walk to that quieter bridge she had in mind. She would put her remaining seven francs on a bench where some poor soul might find it. For she could not imagine drowning seven francs with herself.

But, as the lights of the *quai* took and etched her small, hurrying figure against the bridge, a motor, speeding by, stopped quickly and smoothly. Suddenly beside her was a woman in a fur coat.

"Gibbsie, where have you been! Greta's raked Paris to find you." It was the Countess, peering into her face and reading everything. "Gibbsie," she said, "you poor dear!" Her voice was very kind indeed. "I won't go to the party now until I've landed you at Greta's place. You know she's got the loveliest place on the Isle Saint Louis."

Miss Gibson for the only time in her life thought she was going to faint. She must have swayed and tottered, for she found the Countess's arm around her, and heard the Countess's peremptory orders to her chauffeur.

And then in the motor, small and limp, she still heard the Countess: "Too much flag, Gibbsie. You've held it up in your way as long as you could. Now you'll find a good wind blowing it up and out so that it won't be so heavy."

Oh, where was her lovely lady? In what place? In what extremity? In what need? She didn't know where the Countess was

guiding her, or how she got out of that car, assisted by the Countess and the chauffeur. She *did* hear the Countess whispering in her ear, just as if the Countess understood: "My dear, you did the most wonderful thing for Greta. You released her from something she couldn't carry. She might have been rotten if she'd gone on that way. Listen, Gibbsie—Gibbsie—" The Countess shook her—"She's happy now. She married that man."

And then there were bells ringing and doors opening, and a butler nicer than Paul at the door. And the Countess's voice calling, "Greta."

Then her lady—lovelier, softer, running down the stairs with the young man behind her.

She was in bed in such a nice room. And she was crying, and thinking she shouldn't cry. But the face bending over her wasn't spoiled or cross or annoyed that she, Miss Gibson, should cry. It was a beautiful face, a happy face. Mrs. Abbott was saying:

"Oh, Gibbsie dear, I tried to find you."

"What must you have thought of me?" Miss Gibson was weakly sobbing.

"I understood you didn't mean to, poor Gibbsie," said that new soft voice in her ear. "You always were faithful. I'm sure you couldn't help it. You see, things have turned out for the best. I'm very happy—indeed I am."

"I was so worried." Miss Gibson tried to sit up in bed. "I nearly died thinking about you, and worrying."

Mrs. Abbott gently pushed the faithful creature back into bed. "You needn't worry any more. You're going to stay with us. And, Gibbsie, tell yourself this: You really saved me. I might have drifted. Don't you understand?"

Miss Gibson, with a sigh of relief, relaxed on her pillows. She was very, very tired.

"It's all right," said Greta softly. "No more worry, Gibbsie. Now, please sleep. We'll talk in the morning."

She had not realized how weak she was. The bed was comfortable—a little boat drifting off to sea. A sea as blue and smooth as a lake with a patch of blue spring sky studded with spring stars.

She looked around the small charming room. Her room. Mrs. Abbott had said she was to stay. She would put the photograph of her mother on the low chintz-curtained dressing-table. Her books would just fit on that little shelf.

Perhaps she might hang that little Italian picture of the Madonna on the wall if Mrs. Abbott (but it wasn't Mrs. Abbott any longer) didn't object. Hanging things on a wall made you feel so kind of permanent . . .

**LETTERS!** Don't forget that we are eager to hear from our readers. If there's some feature of Delineator that you particularly like—or even some feature that you violently dislike—write to the Editor. It is our ambition to have you consider Delineator a most friendly magazine

## LIVING WITH BEAUTY

Continued from page 35

these with two hung on the opposite wall. Under the latter we placed a pair of delicately carved tables with the pierced stretcher and gallery top that are typical of Chippendale's Chinese manner. Under the shelves beside the fireplace we set two low, black lacquer tables, each bearing a Chinese porcelain lamp with a silk shade that recalls the shape of a pagoda.

Lacquer was so fashionable in that period, that we just had to introduce a small secretary, lacquered in pale, faded gold, that blends with lovely grace into the scheme of the room.

You'll notice that this desk is equipped with interesting accessories. A convenient fountain pen is standing upright in its socket

imbedded in a base of white onyx. A portfolio, small enough to fit the size of the desk, has a flower print on its cover, and a blotting pad inside. There are two kinds of notepaper. One, called "semi notes," is a double sheet of interesting paper that goes into its envelop without folding. The other is a useful new version of the correspondence card. These cards are called "Informals"; they are of the texture of a visiting card (though much larger, of course) and they fold in the middle. The front of the card is engraved with the writer's name and address. On the inside a message may be written.

That compact desk chair is smoothly upholstered in green leather that is the most intense green in the room. Green damask

## Sudden Change to COMPLEXION BEAUTY

Amazed Her Friends



But she never told them why. For years her skin was dull and sallow. Pimples, blotches and blemishes caused by constipation marred her chance of beauty. But not any more.

Stuart's calcium wafers worked their wonders for her. Gentle internal cleansers—they quickly help to remove the cause: intestinal stasis and poisonous wastes that dull the eye, blotch the skin and stupefy the mind and personality.

A five day test of Stuart's Calcium Wafers will often work a wondrous change: soft, silken skin clear and free from faults! Bright, sparkling eyes! Alert and vigorous in mind and body! No wonder that so many thousands of people find that an occasional sugar-coated Calcium Wafer (Stuart's) is all the tonic that they need.

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seats of Queen Anne side chairs, placed at either side of the desk, are next in intensity. We have already told you about the upholstered pieces—the two easy chairs and the sofa with drop sides—and we must call to your notice the big comfortable sofa which spreads itself invitingly in front of the windows.

This sofa is sold all fitted with a slip cover of glazed chintz which has a cream-white ground patterned in the kind of fragile, Chinoiserie flower design that used to be painted on taffeta.

A word or two about slip covers. For some years DELINEATOR has recommended the introduction of a slip-covered piece in a room where the rest of the pieces are upholstered. This is endorsed by leading decorators who frequently use slip covers to obtain an effect of friendly smartness. You remember our August bedroom, don't you, with its slip covers of ivory moiré? We feel that these this month achieve the ultimate of chic.

We don't imply, for a moment, that all upholstered pieces should be slip-covered, but we do emphatically state that slip covers, far from being dust sheets nowadays, are smart new frocks for any chair or sofa.

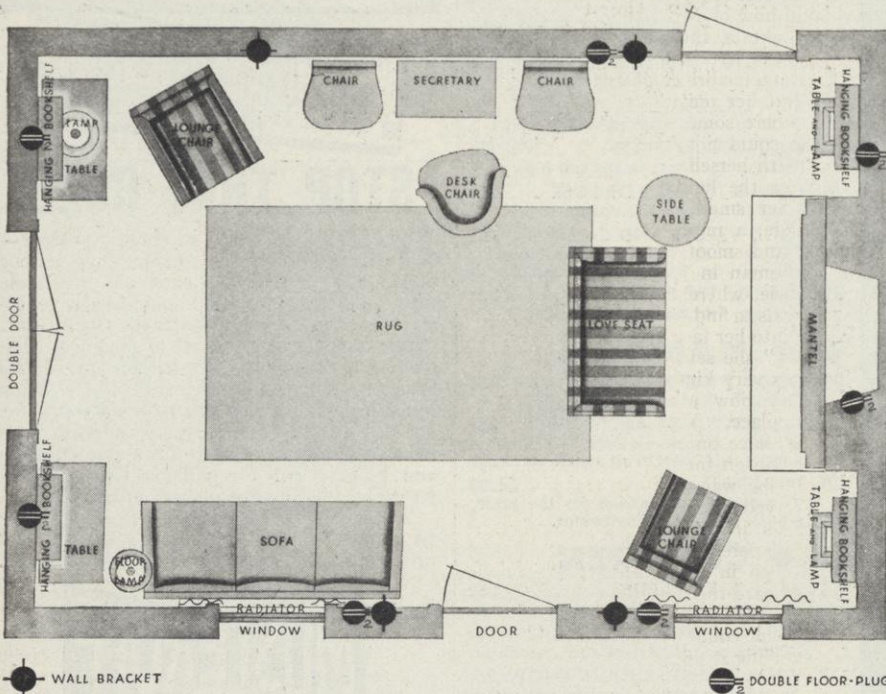
All our hardware is beautifully in keeping with the spirit of the room, and yet it has the sparkle of novelty. The fireplace equipment—coal grate, fender, and implements—and even the door-knobs are pure Adam in

design. The wall sconces are a somewhat earlier Georgian pattern. The novel thing is that all this hardware has a lustrous silvery finish.

Speaking of silver, have you ever seen this precious metal used to more charming advantage than in the gleaming bowls and candelabra which add their genial glow to the personality of our living-room? We discovered these, not long ago, in the stock of a manufacturer whom we visited, and we've been waiting ever since for a room in which they would be exactly right. This is the room, don't you think?

Prints with black mats and decorative frames touched with gold do friendly, informal and thoroughly charming things to the walls. Our bibelots—Chinese figurines, vases, and jars—are really made in China, which, no doubt, accounts for their inexpensiveness.

There! You have the room complete. But we have a secret we are going to share with you. We were so overcome by the beauty of the furniture that Miss de Wolfe has designed, that we are building another room which we will show you in a future DELINEATOR. The furniture we intend to use in it is entirely different in character, but it is imbued with the same sure, distinguished taste. We are excited, because it is a long time since anything as thrilling as this furniture has appeared on the decorating scene.



## Lighting Makes Its Contribution

by GRACE L. PENNOCK

of DELINEATOR INSTITUTE

IT WAS not enough to think of beauty in planning this English living-room. Such a practical matter as the lighting arrangement had also to be considered. It must be planned so as to make the room comfortable to use and at the same time more attractive. For the lighting and lighting fixtures, though a practical matter, also have a tremendous decorative value. What would a living-room be without beautiful lamps? Lamps add, by day as well as by night, the touch that makes a room look livable and lived in. They enhance the beauty of the room as a whole, bring added charm to an attractive corner, and at night light up bits of pottery or pictures while contributing to better and more adequate lighting.

In this room, there are sconces of silvery metal to hold small candle bulbs shielded by rose silk shades, as well as lamps. A switch at the entrance door of the room controls these wall lights and enables one to have their soft illumination without light from other sources. But the wall lights do not furnish light enough for reading, nor do they give the room sufficient brilliance to bring out its most attractive features. Table lamps and one floor lamp do the rest.

Lamps on the low tables at either side of

the fireplace add a decorative feature to this part of the room and provide ample light for conversation, for cards, and the Sunday-night supper. These lamps with their Chinese vases have light-colored silk shades through which a quantity of soft, well-diffused light passes. And because of these light shades, these lamps, though placed low, give a generous amount of usable light.

The comfortable armchair invites one to sit down and read, and on the table by its side is a beautiful pottery lamp—again with a light-colored silk shade. Ample reading light is available here, coming under the shade directly to the reader's book, because of the height of the lamp, and through the shade itself, because of the color and material of the shade.

One corner of the davenport furnishes another inviting, well-lighted spot; for close by stands a floor lamp and, although it gives little general light because of its dark opaque shade, light comes from beneath the shade, which has a light-colored lining.

This is a room primarily for social living. Its cheery fireplace with its glowing coal fire—all electric, by the way—entices one to enjoy a bit of leisure in a most charming and restful atmosphere.

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