

## **Delineator. Vol. 114, No. 1 January, 1929**

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January  
1929

now 10¢



# Deceit

NOV 25 1928  
1507 N Delta St  
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Detroit Mich



★ All Star  
Number

The First of Several Stories by  
*John Galsworthy*

Also Edith Wharton · Margaret E. Sangster · Sarah Addington  
Frances Parkinson Keyes · Frederick L. Collins · Kay Cleaver Strahan

and *Kathleen Norris*

ELEN DRYDEN





# New Colors of Distinction for Plumbing Fixtures

Have you imagined a bathroom with colored plumbing fixtures in a harmonious setting you yourself originated?

Then you will rejoice in the new colors created for "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures. They remove the last restriction from the exercise of your talent in bathroom furnishing and decoration.

The salient characteristic of "Standard" colors is purity. This is as true of the delicate hues as of the deeper shades. There is an absence of grayness—that common denominator which reduces all colors to negative value. "Standard" chemists have translated into reality an artist's conception of pure, beautiful colors in plumbing fixtures. The variety, as well as the purity, of "Standard" colors opens the way to a more intimate expression of individuality in bathroom decoration. You may vision a bathroom with fixtures in



Ming Green, Claire de Lune Blue, du Barry Rose, or, as pictured here, in the loveliest shade of Vincennes Orchid. But your selection is not limited to delicate tones. Should your inspiration require a blue with the depth of ultra-marine or a red with the rich warmth of burgundy, these colors are available—in "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures.

You will not experience the charm of these new colors until you have seen them at a "Standard" Show-room. Very likely your visit will reveal a distinction in plumbing fixtures unknown to you before—a distinction both of color and design. Your request for a copy of the interesting book "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home, and a guide to the new "Standard" colors, will be honored immediately.

**Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.**  
PITTSBURGH

*Standard*  
PLUMBING FIXTURES





## This food without fibre These gums without work!

*Soft foods have hurt our gums by robbing them of work and stimulation—but Ipana and massage will bring them back to sound and sturdy health*

JUST steal a glance, to the left or right, next time you sit down to dinner! Delicious this modern food may be...but how much chewing does it need? How much stimulation does it give to your gums?

Day after day you eat the soft fare of civilization. Your gums are robbed of their needed work and exercise. Is it any wonder that they become soft and tender...that they bleed easily...that "pink tooth brush" comes, with its warning of worse trouble ahead?

### How Ipana and massage defeat "pink tooth brush"

Fortunately, dentists have found a way to check the alarming spread of gum troubles. Massage the gums, they say, twice daily. For massage stirs the circulation of blood within the gum walls, sweeping away im-

purities, toning the tiny cells and building the tissues back to firm and hardy health.

And even better than massage alone is massage with Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana has a special ingredient—ziratol—a hemostatic and antiseptic widely used in the practice of dentistry. Its presence gives Ipana the power to tone and invigorate the depleted tissues, restoring the gums to their normal firmness of texture.

There's nothing difficult or complicated about it. After you clean your teeth with Ipana, simply squeeze out some more of this delicious dentifrice and brush your gums with it gently. If at first your gums are tender to the brush, rub them with Ipana on your finger-

tips. This gentle frictionizing makes your gums firm, rosy—more resistant to disease and infection—better guardians of the health and beauty of your teeth.

### Make a full month's test of Ipana

The coupon offers you a ten-day trial tube of Ipana. Ten days will amply demonstrate Ipana's superb cleaning power, its delicious taste. But it can only start the work of restoring gums to health. So get a full-size tube of Ipana—enough for 100 brushings.

Clean your teeth, massage your gums, with Ipana, twice a day, for one full month, and learn the double joy of sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums.

★ ★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-19  
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.....

Address.....

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





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Smart fashions for North and South are found on pages 21 thru 31



## The Amiable Mr. Fortune

NEXT month we are publishing the first of a series of short detective stories by H. C. Bailey that are—according to S. S. Van Dine—the best stories of this type being written today. Thru them all wanders Mr. Fortune, one of the most delightful and original characters we know. Mr. Fortune, of course, always solves the mystery, but he is in no way the conventional detective of fiction. He is suave, witty, and most likable. Be sure to read his first adventure next month.

## Subjects Grave and Gay

HUGH WALPOLE, the distinguished novelist, starts off the February DELINEATOR with a notable article, "Living with Beautiful Things," which emphasizes the need of beauty in our daily lives. Then there is a discussion of "Great Instruments of Peace," by Frances Parkinson Keyes. Sounding a lighter note, Alison Smith tells us about the Theatre Guild, and Vera L. Connolly gives us the humor and drama of the great annual Dog Show. Certainly a varied program!

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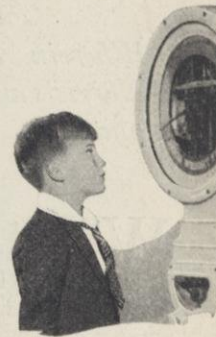
By S. R. Latshaw, President



# Real Life Stories of Making Children Over



How Weight Increases of 8 Ounces to 1½ Pounds Weekly and Astonishing Freedom From Nervousness Are Being Effected . . . . . A Simple, New Way from Switzerland



*Please Accept 3-Day Supply*

Not a Medicine . . . A Supremely Delicious Swiss Food-Drink

**To American Mothers:** Will you please accept a 3-day supply of this new-type food-drink for your children?

It comes from Switzerland, the nation which has done such wonderful things, as you know, in child development.

It is most delightful in flavor. Being utterly different from the usual drinks American children are accustomed to, it entices with its novelty.

Weight increases of 8 ounces to 1½ pounds weekly are commonly credited to it. Nervousness is often appreciably lessened in a few days!

It is called Ovaltine. New to America, 20,000 doctors already are advising it. In Europe, it has been used over 30 years.

## Acts Two Important Ways

It does two important things for your child:

Being a *scientific food-concentrate*, the energy and building value of 3 eggs or more than 12 cups of beef extract is embodied in a single cup (or glass) of Ovaltine.



### "My Underweight Boy Gained 12 Pounds"

"My 12-year-old boy weighed 20 pounds less than his twin sister—he was badly in need of an appetite-producing medium. Having tried many so-called 'building up' foods, at last I tried Ovaltine. Since using it he has gained 12 pounds and never seems to tire of it."

Mrs. G. D., Detroit, Mich.

Failure to properly digest those starches results in many toxic conditions and nervousness. Proper digestion and assimilation builds weight, strength and nerve poise.

The discovery of a distinguished Swiss scientist, Ovaltine is widely different in *composition and result* from the "chocolate" or "malt" drinks, in this country, that may look or taste like it.

That is why Ovaltine, with tremendous food energy in itself, PLUS the unique power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight in other foods, is being urged by child specialists of some 50 different nations. Urged especially, for the "healthy" yet nervous, underweight child. Results often are quick and remarkable.

You give as a warm drink at meals and between meals. You serve as a "shake-up" drink—cold. Or, as a natural sleep inducer—warm—at bed time. It digests when virtually no other food will. Digests even when digestion is impaired.

If your child is like most children, you will note results

in even a few days. Increased weight; less nervous; a better condition of health will come.

AND—above all things, please note—*not with medicine*. But with a drink every child that tastes it revels in! Consider what this means.

## Accept Test

Druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in several sizes. At soda fountains in place of less desirable drinks. Or obtain a 3-day trial supply for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. A test which has brought new health to thousands of children. Use the coupon.



### "She's Gained 2½ Pounds in 2 Weeks"

"My 9-year-old daughter refused to drink milk and after a sick spell was very run-down. She's gained 2½ pounds in 2 weeks since I started to give her Ovaltine."—Mrs. J. M. S.

Being a *starch digestant*, it has the power of converting the starches from *starch foods* eaten by your child—oatmeal, potatoes, bread, etc.—into weight and energy. Thus increasing greatly the building power of those foods.

Over 50% of your child's normal diet, remember, consists of starch foods. Of oatmeal, cereals, bread, potatoes, vegetables, etc.



### "It Made My Boy Over"

"It was almost impossible to make my boy eat. Then I started to give him Ovaltine. He began to eat like a trooper, and now he's the huskiest boy in the block and leads in play."—Mrs. J. F. S.

## Mail for 3-Day Test

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. F-17  
180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.



Name.....  
(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City..... State.....  
(One package to a person)

# OVALTINE

THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK



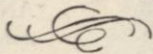
# The Living Delineator

*Wherein the editor confidentially discusses Mrs. Norris's article, the curious office test given short stories, and Mr. S. S. Van Dine's exceptional generosity*

**W**HY not a woman for President? It is one of those ideas that, while they seem daring today, may be commonplace in a few years' time. Do you remember when Jeannette Rankin of Montana was the first woman ever elected to Congress? Do you recall what a stir, what a frenzy of discussion, that caused?

Yet that was only eleven years ago, and in the last election seven women were successful candidates for Congress, and no one seems excited about it. Meanwhile we've had women judges, women governors and a woman as assistant attorney general. Why is the next step upward and onward such an impossible one?

Apart from all this, however, Kathleen Norris has written a most challenging article in "If I Were President." We told her to give full play to her opinions—that the editorial blue pencil, sometimes so chilling on a controversial subject, would be strictly withheld. Very few people, it is likely, will agree with all of Mrs. Norris's ideas, but surely fewer still will fail to admit their honest idealism and fine courage.



**W**E ARE particularly fortunate this month, or so it seems to me, in our short stories. Any magazine that publishes any story by John Galsworthy, I feel, has done all it could in giving its readers an example of the art of the short story at its best. And the other stories in this issue are worthy company for "Dog at Timothy's."

The value of a short story undergoes a test right here in our office long before it reaches the printed page. That test is the eagerness with which it is read, not only by the editorial staff, but by the girls who copy the manuscripts, the men who set the type, and so on.

One story to pass this test with colors flying unusually high is "That Game Called Bridge" by Sarah Addington. And yet when it came to acceptance, this story made me hesitate. "Surely, not all of our readers play bridge," I thought, "and if a reader does not know at least a little about the game, this story is a loss to her." Finally, however, I decided we must take it. Its humor is too irresistible!

And speaking of this office test of readers' interest, "Footprints," Kay Cleaver Strahan's mystery serial, is doing very well! For various people here are begging for advance proofs. Even our austere art director, Joseph B. Platt, asked for proofs of the complete story to take with him on a recent trip he made to Grand Rapids.

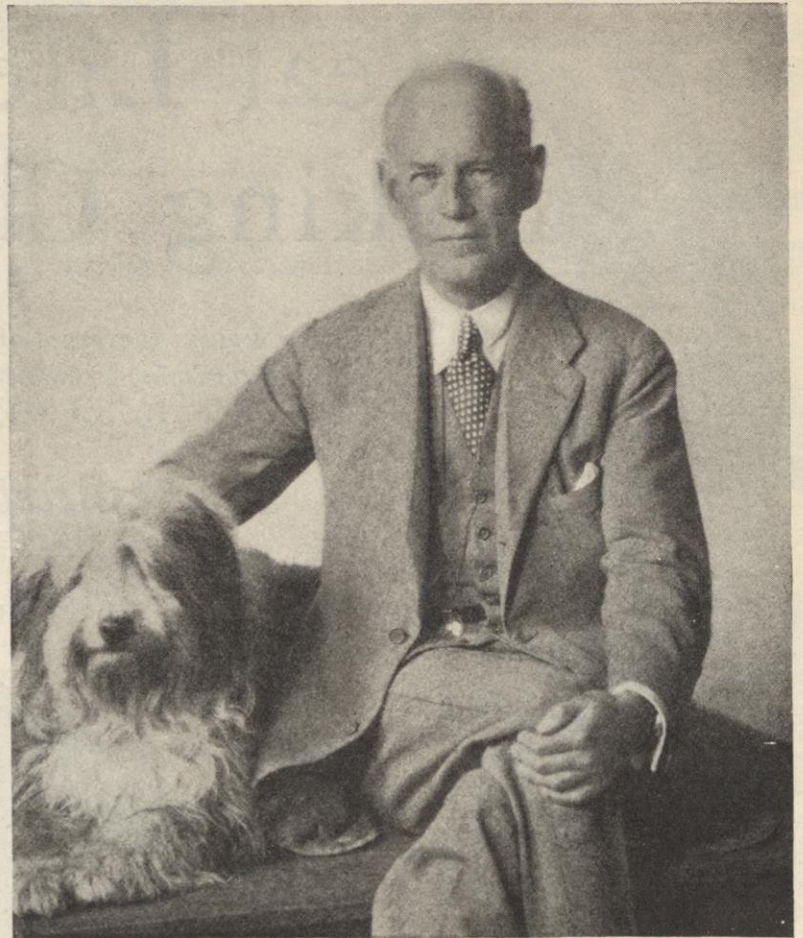


**A**ND NOW I want to pay tribute to the splendidly generous attitude of a certain author—S. S. Van Dine. With the publication of "The Canary Murder Case" in Scribner's Magazine, Mr. Van Dine leaped into the very front rank of writers of detective stories. To the writing of these stories he brought entirely new qualities. "The Canary Murder Case" was preceded by "The Benson Murder Case" and followed by "The Greene Murder Case," and to all these novels Mr. Van Dine brought a style and a scholarship that lifted them far above the level to which the writing of this type of book had descended. Mr. Van Dine made people respect the writing of detective stories.

And after the success of his third book had exceeded the success of his second, every editor in America, I suppose, started to besiege Mr. Van Dine for his work. I admit a little ruefully that I was one of them—and a tardy one.

At the time *DELINEATOR* had all the serials we could publish, but into my somewhat turgid mind crept the hope that he might do some short stories for us. But he couldn't. He was all tied up with earlier contracts.

Then I made a brash move. I wrote Mr. Van Dine and asked him, if he couldn't do the stories for us, whom would he recommend as the best person to do them. This was, you know, rather an extraordinary request. One doesn't ask a writer to recommend another writer, especially in the same field. But Mr. Van Dine, with the utmost graciousness, responded. He wrote, "If I were the editor of a magazine



JOHN GALSWORTHY

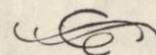
Mr. Galsworthy occupies, perhaps, the most dignified position in the world of letters today. In his long career as a novelist, a dramatist, a writer of short stories and essays, he has never swerved from his own high ideals. The shouts of the moment have seldom disturbed his tranquillity, the demands and clamor of the day have never shaken his integrity. Yet tremendous popularity has been his! Immediately upon publication, his latest novel, "Swan Song," took its place among the best sellers. In reviewing this book, a critic of the *New York Times* said, "If prediction by contemporary criticism is ever safe, it is safe to say that in his Forsyte canvas John Galsworthy has painted a masterpiece that will endure."

*DELINEATOR* is fortunate in being able to offer its readers several stories by John Galsworthy in which the Forsytes continue to play their parts. The first of them is in this issue.

and wanted a series of detective stories, I'd do my darndest to get some stories from H. C. Bailey. Bailey writes nothing but short stories and, in my judgment, writes the best sleuthing short stories in the market today."

So this is the story behind the series of stories—"The Adventures of Mr. Fortune," by H. C. Bailey—that begins in *DELINEATOR* next month.

I am particularly proud and happy that they are introduced with a foreword by—S. S. Van Dine.



**N**EXT month, too, we'll have stories by Konrad Bercovici, Blanche Brace, Clifford Grey, an article on the Dog Show by Vera L. Connolly and one on the Theatre Guild by Alison Smith. This article tells an exciting story of an Idea and a group of people devoted to it: of their struggles and failures—which they would not accept as failures—and of their ultimate success. The article is a message of encouragement to community theatre groups thruout the country, and it will mean much to all those enthusiasts of the drama who have seen the New York Theatre Guild road companies that are touring the United States this winter. The January *DELINEATOR* will also contain, most particularly, an article by Hugh Walpole that all of us Americans can take to heart—the value of beauty in our everyday lives. And—yes, I almost forgot—Happy New Year!

OSCAR GRAEVE, *Editor*



January, 1929

Delineator

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Those ripe, luscious peach halves and those juicy slices you always get under the DEL MONTE label are no accident! They're the natural result of warm, sunny days, endless care in the canning process, a syrup exactly suited to the flavor-needs of this popular fruit. That's why DEL MONTE Peaches are so uniformly good, year after year—why it pays in menu-satisfaction, to be sure you get this well-known brand.

Packed—  
for convenience  
—two ways  
HALVED &  
SLICED



— and what meal could ever be dull — with over 100 varieties of DEL MONTE quality foods to choose from!



#### SPINACH

DEL MONTE Spinach, for instance, puts a garden of springtime "greens" on your pantry shelf. No extra work to serve them, either—no washing, picking over or cooking. DEL MONTE Spinach is simply the finest spinach grown (we use 2 lbs. of raw spinach for every large-size can) all cleaned and ready to serve at a moment's notice. Just heat and season to meet your individual taste.



#### PEAS

DEL MONTE Peas, too, represent a real advance in canning. Instead of grading for size, we pack two special "blends"—not only keeping the appearance of peas right from the pod, but the more distinctive flavor of various sizes packed together.

*If you're ever in a hurry—or want to serve something different—or feel tired of old favorites—it's nice to have new recipes to try. "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" and other folders in our special recipe collection are full of quick, easy menu suggestions. May we send you copies—free? Address Dept. 427, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.*



#### CORN

And then DEL MONTE Corn—another everyday vegetable that's mighty good to eat. Here's all the sweet, milky goodness of young, tender kernels—as fresh and tasty as the best garden corn. You'll like its real corn flavor—its thick, creamy "body".



#### CRUSHED PINEAPPLE

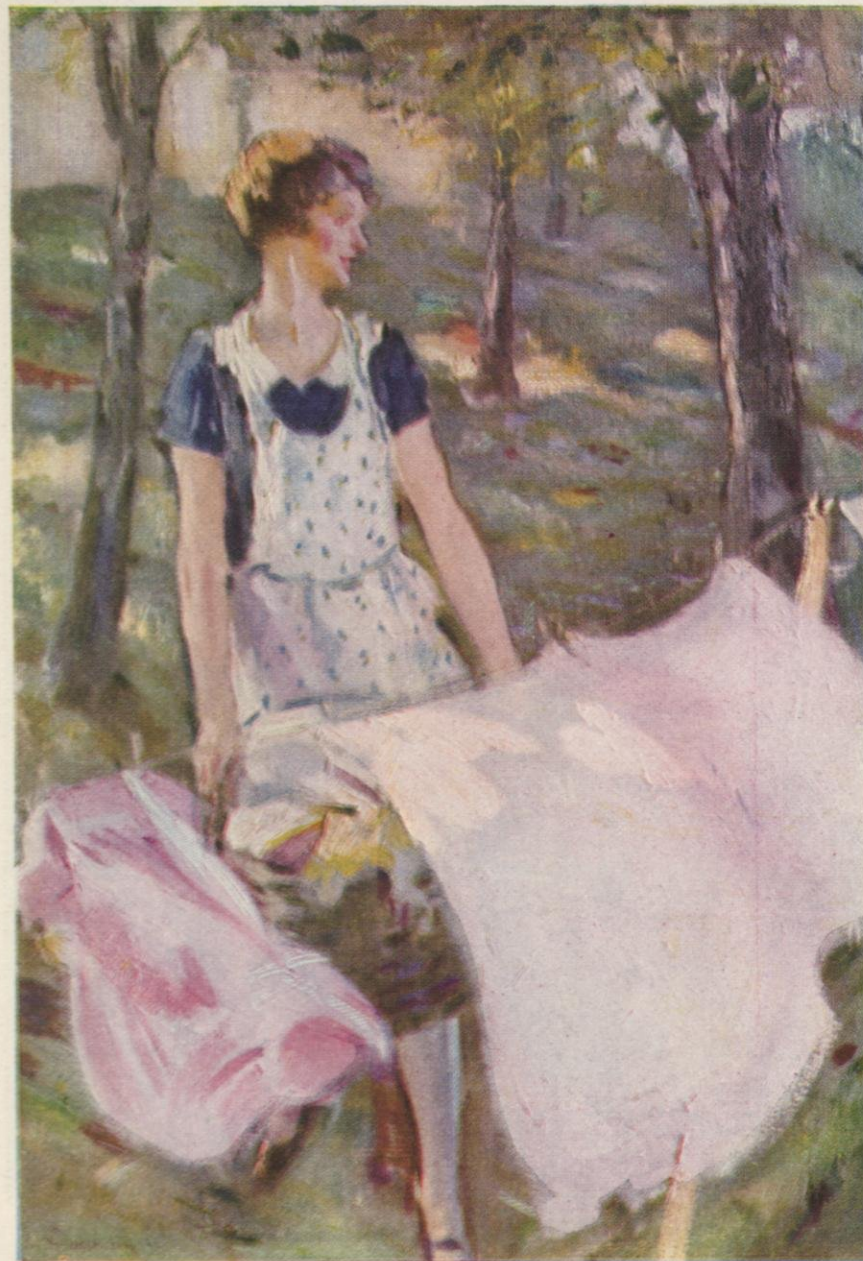
And remember, DEL MONTE packs Crushed pineapple as well as Sliced. Both are the best of Hawaiian fruit, but Crushed gives you a special opportunity to prepare those "surprises" that add a new touch to an otherwise usual meal. Serve it in fruit cocktails, as a side dish with meat, in salads and drinks, or chilled as a breakfast fruit. There's no end to the treats it can bring to your table.

JUST BE SURE YOU SAY  
DEL MONTE





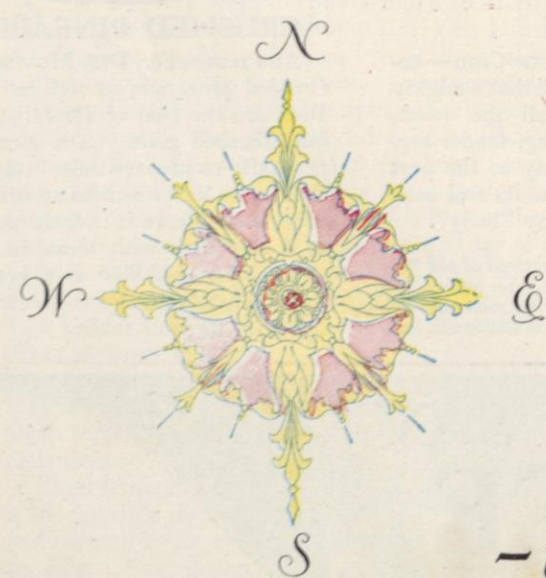
# Its fine work has made it the world's



*East* "Gives whiter clothes and brighter colors"—Mrs. F. H. B., Maine.



*West* "Makes suds in the hardest water"—Mrs. L. D. S., Arizona.



When you go into your grocer's store, you see great piles of PANDG the White Naphtha Soap in his windows or on his shelves and counters.

Then you learn that this fine white soap is the largest-selling soap—not only in America, but in the world.

And, since you know that PANDG is a laundry and household soap of un-

surpassed quality—giving rich suds and fine results quickly and safely—perhaps you wonder how it can be sold at prices actually lower ounce for ounce, than those of other soaps—why the big white cakes are larger than all others at anywhere near the same prices!

*The answer may interest you:* Millions upon millions of cakes of PANDG

*—there is no mystery about the popularity*

# largest-selling soap!



*North* "Works well in hot or cold water"—Mrs. L. W., Michigan.



*South* "Mammy says it takes surprisingly little rubbing"—Mrs. A. M., North Carolina.

are sold every month of the year. This fact enables Procter & Gamble, its makers, to purchase in enormous quantities the fine materials which go into its manufacture.

Now, as you know from your own experience, large quantities always cost proportionately less than small quantities. Furthermore, the cost of large-scale manufacturing is proportionately

less than the cost of small-scale manufacturing.

This, then, is the reason why PANDG's exceptional quality can be offered to you at such low prices.

If PANDG were *not* the largest-selling soap, it would have to cost you much more than it does. It is the largest-selling soap because it is such a fine soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



*of P and G — it simply is a better soap*



# New delicacies from leftovers - quick!



## EMPANADA CHILEAN

Latin countries are famous for good—and inexpensive—food. You will understand why, when you taste this native casserole dish from the slopes of the Andes, adapted for American kitchens and improved—with Crisco. Yes, vastly improved, for no other fat in the whole wide world lends a sweeter, fresher flavor to the foods cooked with it.

2 cups finely minced cold beef or veal  
1 small onion, chopped  
1 green pepper, chopped  
1 dozen raisins  
2 hard-boiled eggs, sliced  
½ cup ripe or green olives, cut

Sauté chopped onion and pepper for a few minutes in Crisco. Mix with cold meat, raisins, eggs, olives and brown gravy. Place in Criscoed casserole and cover with rolled Crisco pastry. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 20 minutes, or until pastry is nicely browned. This appetizing dinner dish will serve 6.

**Brown gravy:** Brown 2 tablespoons flour in 2 tablespoons Crisco and add 1½ cups meat stock or milk.

**Crisco pastry:** Blend ¼ cup Crisco with 1 cup flour sifted with ½ teaspoon salt and add ¼ cup ice water slowly.



## HONOLULU SAUTÉ

Even in romantic Hawaii, land of sunshine and flowers, housewives face the eternal problem of Left-Overs. And solve it, too, with Crisco.

It's a nice thing to be familiar with a shortening like Crisco which keeps fresh and sweet in any climate and without the aid of an ice-box.

This is an economical recipe, and a good one, for using bits of "day before" food in the frying pan with Crisco. And Crisco frying is frying, for Crisco itself is sweet and fresh to the taste just as it comes from the can.

1½ cups cooked, left-over rice  
½ cup chopped ham, left-over  
3 tablespoons Crisco  
3 eggs, beaten well  
Salt and pepper  
1 small onion, chopped fine

Sauté onion and rice with Crisco in hot skillet. When slightly brown season with salt and pepper and pour in beaten eggs (to which the ham has been added). Cook from 3 to 5 minutes or until the egg is done and serve on hot platter garnished with parsley.

This is an excellent dish for luncheon and especially attractive for Sunday night suppers. It will serve 6.

You taste  milk. You test  eggs. Now, taste  Crisco  -then *your* shortening. Taste Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor.  Imagine how Crisco improves the flavor of your -  -  -  -  -  - 



## SIMPLICITY CROQUETTES

"She can make something out of nothing" (the test of a true housewife) can well be said of the woman who originated this recipe. Just cold mashed potatoes and left-over ham go into it. But when deep-fried in Crisco they become this real "company dish," croquettes, golden brown and crisp on the outside (thanks to Crisco) and well-cooked and well-flavored within. And when we stop to think about it, should any of us be willing to fry food in a fat that hasn't itself a sweet, fresh flavor? No—and that's one reason I use Crisco for frying—it tastes wonderfully sweet and fresh itself.

3 cups mashed potatoes  
1½ cups minced left-over ham  
1 egg slightly beaten  
1 tablespoon water  
1 tablespoon Crisco  
½ cup bread crumbs

Blend potatoes with Crisco, shape into balls, hollow out center, fill with ham and cover with potato. Make round by rolling in palms of hands. Roll in crumbs, dip in egg diluted with water, and roll in crumbs again. Fry in hot Crisco (385°-390° F.) or when an inch cube of bread browns in 40 seconds. Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot either plain or with sauce poured around (never on) the balls.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL: Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.



## HAM AND CHICKEN CROQUETTES

A French chef tells me that "French" frying is the hardest test a chef has to pass in France—and one of the simplest in America. And the difference lies in the frying fats. "In France," he says, "is used oil (costing much and disappearing with rapidity into smoke) or beef suet and chicken fat burning so violently that one must at hand have a heavy blanket."

In America French frying is accomplished with Crisco, a pure, sweet shortening which quickly wraps around foods a delicate crisp brown coat. And adds a delightful, fresh flavor to foods cooked in it. And—Crisco can be kept at the proper cooking temperature without burning or smelling! Here is a novel croquette, of two left-overs, chicken and ham, to be French fried in Crisco.

2 tablespoons Crisco  
1 teaspoon chopped onion  
¼ cup flour  
1 cup chicken broth  
1 teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon paprika  
½ teaspoon pepper  
Dash of nutmeg  
3 eggs (beaten yolks)  
1¼ cups cooked chicken  
½ cup cold boiled ham

Cook onion in Crisco 3 minutes. Add flour and blend well. Then add chicken broth gradually, stirring constantly. Bring to boil and add seasoning, yolks of eggs slightly beaten and the chicken and ham cut in small cubes. Mix thoroughly and allow to cool. Shape, dip in crumbs, eggs, then crumbs again, fry in deep hot Crisco (390° F.) or when an inch cube of bread browns in 40 seconds. Drain on absorbent paper. Remove to hot dish and garnish with parsley.



## Free! 12 dozen Time-saving Recipes

Here are 144 recipes for dishes that are simple and easy to prepare—recipes with ingenious little wrinkles that cut time in the kitchen and save labor. In no case has the deliciousness of the food been sacrificed in the cause of easy preparation. Busy mothers and business housewives will find these recipes invaluable. Free: simply fill in and mail the coupon below.

Winifred S. Carter (Dept. XD-19), P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

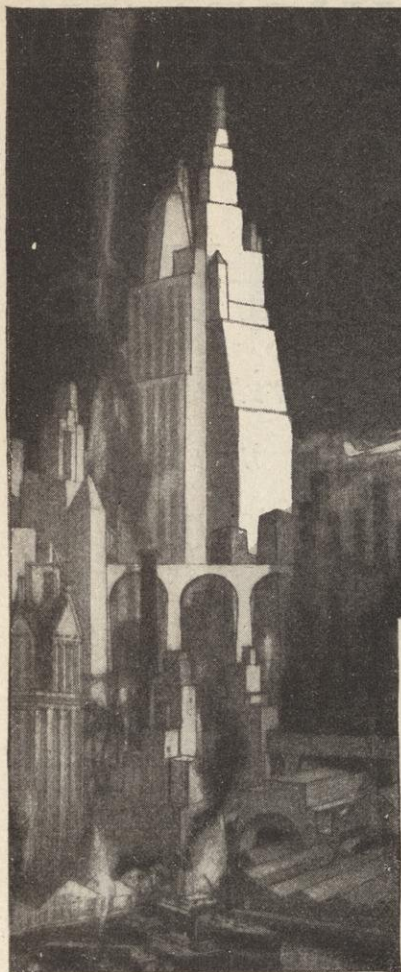
Please send me free the cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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





# If I Were PRESIDENT

*What will happen when a  
woman is Chief Executive?*

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

NOT that there has been any suggestion of it, no. Not that there is any immediate likelihood of its coming to pass. Not that I feel myself in the least qualified for the position.

But there has been a great deal of presidential gossip flying about recently. Politics have had the floor. Somebody—an old friend of mine, Carrie Chapman Catt, I believe—asked outright why there should not be a woman President some day, and somebody else passed the question along to me, with the query as to how I should feel and what I should do if I were that woman.

For all I know, a hundred other women have been asked the same thing, at the same time. There are a thousand, or ten thousand, in the country, of whom it would properly be asked before it came to me. But the speculation is a fascinating one, none the less, and in the mood of Villon's audacious "If I were King!" one falls into absorbing lines of thought at the mere suggestion.

FOR there will be a woman President some day, of course. And her administration will not be like that of just-one-more-man-President: women do not see affairs of state as men do, nor react to political situations in the orthodox way.

Women haven't men's party background for one thing. To very few women is party loyalty a real consideration; they have no obligations of party loyalty, strictly speaking, for until a few years ago they had no party. The idea of many men, when votes for women began to be a national matter, was that the woman's vote would merely double the figures.

Wives, they said, would vote as their husbands, and daughters as their fathers directed, and there was a good deal of uneasiness over the propriety of doubling the underworld, the demi-world vote.

For a few years, even for a few elections, this was true. But no one makes this claim any more. Women are entering politics enthusiastically and independently, and neither big party disdains their cooperation. With women governors, women congressmen, the probability of a female President appears less remote than it might once have been considered.

There is no reason to be afraid of it. Women have made good rulers before this. England did not collapse when a girl of seventeen stepped on to the throne; the Victorian era was a prosperous time in the nation's history, as the Elizabethan era had been before it. A

woman President might know different things from a man President, but she would not necessarily know less. She might regard national and international problems in a different light, but it need not be a dimmer light.

MANY women vote today, and an increasing number of them go further, become partisans, informed and articulate, attend conventions, make speeches, sway opinions.

The women's vote probably has about the same average of stupidity, ignorance, prejudice, dishonesty, courage, wisdom and all the rest of it, as has the men's.

But there is this difference. Men still regard politics as a mysterious white elephant, trampling about in a far-away jungle. Their voices change when they speak of him; nothing concerning him can be simple and direct. Secrecy, influence, graft, corruption are his servants; nobody can understand anything about him at all, and especially no woman can!

"It's politics, dear," men for generations have been explaining, patiently superior, bored, lofty. "No, perhaps it wasn't exactly straight—it's politics. No, he's a crook, too—they're all crooks. Sure it was a lie. Because you don't understand, darling. That's politics. It's a dirty business. You couldn't understand it. It's all mixed up with tariff and franchises and privileges; nobody understands it. A lot of those big guys get in and run it to suit themselves; there's no use trying to butt in."

If the woman offered a puzzled "But then why don't you vote for the other man?" the answer was "He's just

as big a crook, probably. You have to stick to the party, anyway."

So that if women, as a citizen class, have been somewhat slow to grasp the privilege of the ballot, and somewhat unintelligent in their use of it, they have this excuse. They have not found in their own homes, at their own dinner-tables, and beside their own firesides, the fine, serious, enlightened type of male voters fit to be their guides.

When a woman is made President of the United States, it will not be by either party. She will go in because she believes in some special idea—some new method of handling—well, let's say education or agriculture or public health at home, or world peace abroad, and because the public that is hungering for that special thing believes that it is essential to our safety and progress as a nation that she be given a chance to introduce it. It would not be a bad thing if the woman's vote had this effect, anyway, on our polls, and if a man desiring office were forced thus to stand upon his own merits, independent of all the party uproar that has so often put inefficient and even unscrupulous officials into power.

AND to come back to the starting point, if ever I were President of the United States, I would take oath of office knowing, in all humility and fear, that I must make serious mistakes, that the unnecessarily complicated, dusty old machine of government cannot be grasped and oiled and run smoothly all in a day, that powers far stronger than I would be against me, that my innocent words would be misconstrued, that lies would be launched, never to be silenced or recalled, and that discouragement and contempt would attend some of my fondest dreams of change and reform.

And worst of all would be the laughter—the ready, scornful laughter of the cartoonists and columnists and editorial writers, who would have the Senate Chamber draped in dainty frilled curtains, the Army and Navy regaled at Pink Teas, and the Chief Executive keeping the nation waiting while she dandled the cook's baby and discussed that hint of garlic in the Hollandaise sauce.

Incidentally, I would keep anybody and anything waiting for a few minutes with a really delectable baby, preferably about seven months old, and many a male President, let me observe in a casual aside, has not spent his moments of leisure half so wisely.

But seriously. The job of the President is only that of a servant, to whom his (Turn to page 50)



Decorations by Robert Lawson



# An alluring new story by JOHN GALSWORTHY

## DOG AT TIMOTHY'S

*The first of several written  
for us by one of the most  
distinguished novelists of today*

Illustrations by  
HENRY RALEIGH



Well, they couldn't prevent her stroking its little nose

MRS. SEPTIMUS SMALL, known in the Forsyte family as Aunt Juley, returning from service at St. Barnabas', Bayswater, on a Sunday morning in the spring of 1878, took by force of habit the path which led her into the then somewhat undeveloped Gardens of Kensington. The Reverend Thomas Scoles had been wittier than usual, and she had the longing to stretch her legs, which was the almost invariable effect of his "nice" sermons.

While she walked, in violet silk under a black mantle, with very short steps—skirts being extremely narrow in that year of grace—she was thinking of dear Hester and what a pity it was that she always had such a headache on Sunday mornings—the sermon would have done her so much good! For now that dear Ann was unable to stand the fatigue of service, she did feel that Hester ought to make a point of being well enough to go to church. What dear Mr. Scoles had said had been so helpful—about the lilies of the fields never attempting to improve their figures, and yet, about ladies of fashion in all their glory never being attired like one of them. He had undoubtedly meant "bustles"—so witty, and Hester would have enjoyed hearing it, because only yesterday, when they had been talking about the Grecian bend, Emily had come in with dear James and said that the revival of crinolines was only a question of time and that she, personally, intended to be in the fashion the moment there was any sign of it. Dear Ann had been rather severe with her; and James had said he didn't know what was the use of them. Of course, crinolines did take up a great deal of room, and a "bustle," tho it was warmer, did not. But Hester had said they were both such a bore, she didn't see why they were wanted; and now Mr. Scoles had said it too. She must really think about it, if Mr. Scoles thought they were bad for the soul; he always said something that one had to think about afterwards. He would be so good for Hester! She stood a minute looking out over the grass.

Dear, dear, dear! That little white dog was running about a great deal. Was it lost? Backwards and forwards, round and round! What they called—she believed—a Pomeranian, quite a new kind of dog. And, seeing a bench, Mrs. Septimus Small bent, with a little backward heave to save her "bustle," and sat down to watch what was the matter with the white dog. The sun, flaring out between two spring clouds, fell on her face, transfiguring the pouting puffs of flesh, which seemed trying to burst their way thru the network of her veil. Her eyes, of a Forsyte gray, lingered on the dog with the greater pertinacity in that of late, owing to poor Tommy's, their cat's, disappearance—very mysterious, she suspected the sweep—there had been nothing but Polly at Timothy's to lavish her affection on. This dog was draggled and dirty, as if it had been out all night, but it had a dear little pointed nose. She thought, too, that it seemed to be noticing her, and at once had a swelling-up

sensation underneath her corsets. Almost as if aware of this, the dog came sidling, and sat down on its haunches in the grass, as tho trying to make up its mind about her. Aunt Juley pursed her lips in the endeavor to emit a whistle. The veil prevented this, but she held out her gloved hand. "Come, little dog, nice little dog!" It seemed to her dear heart that the little dog sighed as it sat there, as if relieved that at last some one had taken notice of it. But it did not approach. The tip of its bushy tail quivered, however, and Aunt Juley redoubled the suavity of her voice: "Nice little fellow, come then!"

The little dog slithered forward, humbly wagging its entire body, just out of reach. Aunt Juley saw that it had no collar. Really, its nose and eyes were sweet!

"Pom!" she said. "Dear little Pom!"

The dog looked as if it would let her love him, and sensation increased beneath her corsets. "Come, pretty!"

Not, of course, that he was pretty, all dirty like that; but his ears were pricked, and his eyes looked at her, bright, and a little round the corner—most intelligent! Lost—and in London! It was like that sad little book of Mrs. — What was her name—not the authoress of "Jessica's First Prayer?" Dear, dear! Now, fancy forgetting that!

THE dog made a sudden advance, curved like a C, all fluttering, and was now almost within reach of her gloved fingers, at which it sniffed. Aunt Juley emitted a purring noise. Pride was filling her heart that out of all the people it *might* have taken notice of, she should be the only one. It had put out its tongue now, and was panting in the agony of indecision. Poor little thing! It clearly didn't know whether it dared take another master—not, of course, that she could possibly take it home, with all the carpets, and dear Ann so particular about everything being nice, and—Timothy! Timothy would be horrified! And yet—! Well, they couldn't prevent her stroking its little nose. And she too panted slightly behind her veil. It was agitating! And then, without either of them knowing how, her fingers and the nose were in contact. The dog's tail was now perfectly still; its body trembled. Aunt Juley had a sudden feeling of shame at being so formidable; and with instinct inherited rather than acquired, for she had no knowledge of dogs, she slid one finger round an ear and scratched it. It was to be hoped he hadn't fleas! And then the little dog leaped on her lap. It crouched there just as it had sprung, with its bright eyes upturned to her face. A strange dog—her dress—her Sunday best! It was! The little dog stretched up, and licked her chin. Almost mechanically Aunt Juley rose. And the little dog slipped off. Really she didn't know; it took such liberties! Oh dear! It was thin, fluttering round her feet! What would Mr. Scoles say? Perhaps if she walked on—

She turned towards home, and the dog followed her skirt at a distance of six inches. The thought that she was going to eat roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and mince pie, was almost unbearable to Aunt Juley, seeing it gaze up as if saying: "Some for me! Some for me!" Thoughts warred within her: Must she "shoo" and threaten it with her parasol? Or should she—? Oh! It would never

do! Dogs could be so—she had heard! And then—the responsibility! And fleas! Timothy couldn't endure fleas! And it might not know how to behave in a house! Oh, no! She really couldn't!

The little dog suddenly raised one paw. Look at that little face! And a fearful boldness attacked Aunt Juley. Turning resolutely towards the Gate of the Gardens, she said in a weak voice, "Come along, then!" And the little dog came. It was dreadful!

WHILE she was trying to cross the Bayswater Road, two or three of those dangerous hansom cabs came dashing past, so reckless. In the very middle of the street a "growler" turned round, so that she had to stand quite still. And, of course, there was no policeman! The traffic was really getting beyond bounds. If only she didn't meet Timothy coming in from his constitutional, and could get a word with Smither—a capable girl—and have the little dog fed and washed before anybody saw it. And then? Perhaps it could be kept in the basement till somebody came to claim it. But how could people come



She had the exquisite sensation of being loved





So might one, entering a more modern drawing-room, have said, "What's this—a camel?"

to claim it if they didn't know it was there? If only there were some one to consult! Perhaps Smither would know a policeman—only she hoped not. Policemen were rather dangerous for a nice-looking girl like Smither, with her color, and such a figure for her age. Then, suddenly realising that she had reached home, she was seized by panic from head to heel. There was the bell (it was not the epoch of latch-keys) and there the smell of dinner—yes, and the little dog had smelt it! It was now or never. Aunt Juley pointed her parasol at the dog and said very feebly, "Shoo!" But it only crouched. She couldn't drive—! And with an immense daring she rang the bell. While she stood waiting for the door to be opened, she almost enjoyed a sensation of defiance. She was doing a dreadful thing, but she didn't care! Then the doorway yawned, and her heart sank slowly towards her high and buttoned boots.

"Oh, Smither! This poor little dog has followed me. Nothing has ever followed me before. It must be lost. And it looks so thin and dirty. What *shall* we do?"

The tail of the dog, edging into the home of that rich smell, fluttered.

"Ach!" said Smither. She was young! "Paw little thing! Shall I get cook to give it some scraps, ma'am?" At the word "scraps" the dog's eyes seemed to glow.

"Well," said Aunt Juley, "you do it on your own

responsibility, Smither. Take it down-stairs quickly."

She stood breathless while the dog, following Smither and its nose, glided thru the little hall and down the kitchen stairs. The pit-pat of its feet roused in Aunt Juley the most mingled sensations she had experienced since the death of Septimus Small.

**S**HE went up to her room, and took off her veil and bonnet. What *was* she going to say? She went down-stairs without knowing.

In the drawing room, which had just had new pampas grass, Ann, sitting on the sofa, was putting down her prayer-book. She always read the Service to herself. Her mouth and chin looked very square, and there was an expression in her old gray eyes as if she were in pain. She wanted her lunch, of course—they were trying hard to call it lunch, because, according to Emily, no one with any pretension to be fashionable called it dinner now, even on Sundays. Hester, in her corner by the hearth, was passing the tip of her tongue over her lips; she had always been so fond of mince pies, and these would be the first of the season. Aunt Juley said:

"Mr. Scoles was delightful this morning—a beautiful sermon. I walked in the Gardens."

Something warned her to say no more, and they waited in silence for the gong; they had just got a gong—Emily

had said it was "the thing." It sounded. Dear, dear! What a noise—bom—bom! Timothy would never—Smither must take lessons. At dear James' in Park Lane the butler made it sound almost cosy.

In the doorway of the dining-room, Smither said:

"It's ate it all, ma'am. It was *that* hungry."

"Shhh!"

A heavy footstep sounded in the hall; Timothy was coming from his study, square in his frock-coat, his face all brown and red. He had such delicate health. He took his seat with his back to the window, where the light was not too strong.

Timothy, of course, did not go to church—it was too tiring for him—but he always asked the amount of the offertory, and would sometimes add that he didn't know what they wanted all that for, as if Mr. Scoles ever wasted it. Just now he was getting new hassocks, and when they came she had thought perhaps dear Timothy and Hester would come too. Timothy, however, had said:

"Hassocks! They only get in the way and spoil your trousers."

Aunt Ann, who could not kneel now, had smiled indulgently:

"One should kneel in church, dear."

They were all seated now with beef before them, and Timothy was saying: "Mustard! And (Turn to page 52)





From Table Five  
Mrs. Mitford  
saw her husband  
—fast in the net  
of Mrs. Furniss's  
seductive wiles

# THAT GAME CALLED BRIDGE

*A story of exquisite humor for all who  
know this devastating 'indoor sport*

By SARAH ADDINGTON

MRS. MITFORD sat in her living-room of a bright January afternoon, rocking and muttering.

"Two quick tricks: ace, king and three. One quick trick: ace, ten and three. Three quick tricks—three quick tricks—" What was three quick tricks?

She sneaked a look at the open book in her lap. Three quick tricks? No, no such thing. You simply could not have three quick tricks, apparently. That was funny, she reflected, since there were six hundred and thirty-five billion possible combinations out of fifty-two cards. She knew that, because Alexander always said it over every bridge game. Well, if that was really true—altho Mrs. Mitford had her doubts, because six hundred and thirty-five billion combinations did seem pretty far-fetched for just fifty-two cards—wouldn't you think, Mrs. Mitford was pondering now, that sometimes there would be three quick tricks?

She examined the book more carefully. No, three

quick tricks simply did not exist. Nobody ever had three quick tricks. Because, if anybody ever had, this omniscient book would certainly mention it. It mentioned everything else, goodness knows—one and one-half quick tricks, one and three-quarters quick tricks, all kinds of fractions! Even "no quick tricks" had its due of explanation. That presumably was when you held all deuces and treys. But it was pretty silly of the book, she thought, to bother to explain about no quick tricks. Any idiot, even she, knew enough not to bid with only deuces and treys. When you had deuces and treys, you simply sat, dignified and composed, and played them out and made no fuss about it.

THAT was one of the things Alexander impressed upon her: no fuss about anything, simply anything, in bridge. If your finesse did not work, you did not squirm or sigh or say tut-tut. You merely went on, cool and

clear-browed, a conqueror. If your partner laid down a bust, you did not fidget or groan. You played on stoically, heroically, an Olympian. If you were set six tricks, doubled and redoubled, you did not exclaim or blush, neither did you perspire. You said lightly, "Sorry, partner"—and that was all. Inhibitions might be taboo in ordinary life, but at the bridge table they were supreme.

Mrs. Mitford resumed her muttering. "One and one-half quick tricks—" Really, it was too absurd. One-half a trick. How could you ever have half a trick? Either you had a trick or you didn't. Tricks were not counted up by halves for the score. Well, then, how could they be counted up by halves in the hand? And if they could, why not eighths? Or sixteenths? Or sixty-fourths? There, that was a poser for Alexander.

"Two quick tricks—" "Quick" tricks, indeed! And pray, what was a quick trick as opposed to a slow trick? Why not just say "trick" and be done with it? Or a



"sure" trick? But no, bridge had to have a lot of jargon or it would not be bridge.

"One quick trick—" Mrs. Mitford's rocking-chair moved more slowly, her muttering languished. "Quick trick—" Her lips grew thick.

Mrs. Mitford, in the midst of her bridge lesson, dozed.

THE only reason that Mrs. Mitford had for trying to learn a game which she neither adorned nor enjoyed was that if she did not learn it she ran a grave risk of losing Mr. Mitford.

That was the state of affairs in the house of Mitford.

Mr. Mitford had married Mrs. Mitford twenty years before, innocent of bridge as he was innocent of all other forms of worldly guile. In those twenty years, Mr. Mitford had been an exemplary citizen, husband, and father. He had sold his refrigerator—Mitford's Little Gems, Guaranteed Satisfactory—he had hoed his garden, he had fished for his trout, he had taught his Sunday School class, he had chaperoned his Boy Scout troop, and yet for all this press of business, Mr. Mitford still had time to impress upon Mrs. Mitford that he was of all men the handsomest, wittiest and noblest.

He did not try thus to impress Mrs. Mitford, for in justice to Mr. Mitford it must be said that he did not share her opinion of his own beauty, wit and moral grandeur. But impress her he did. Her daughter came along for Mrs. Mitford to love and fuss over and worry about and humor, but it was Mr. Mitford who had given her the most genuine thrill of her lifetime, and it was Mr. Mitford who still could do so.

Mrs. Mitford had a secret name for Mr. Mitford—a slang expression of Dorothy's. Dorothy used the word flippantly for all the boys in Maplelawn, but to Mrs. Mitford it became a reverent title devised especially for her own husband. Mr. Mitford was, in deep solemnity, her Wonder-man. Dorothy might bandy the name about as she would. That did not alter the facts. The facts were that in every department of life Mr. Mitford was supreme; his every thought was profound; his every impulse noble.

If Mr. Mitford's business sickened, and it did on occasion—once when Mr. Mitford made an unsound calculation and cut his price disastrously low, and once again when he refused to believe that these new iceless refrigerators would really be anything but a passing fad—Mrs. Mitford simply laid it to the Democratic Party, or the Republican Party, or the Socialists, or some other convenient institution, and went on thinking that Mr.

Mitford was the greatest business genius of the modern world: As to his lofty soul, if he were cranky now and then, all men were; and it was something to find that he was human, because, being human, he would probably live the normal human span. As a bride and young wife, Mrs. Mitford had been truly afraid that Mr. Mitford was too good to live. The thought terrorized her, awake and asleep. So that if he were cranky now and then, and peevish, she rejoiced. Who wants a perfect man, anyway? Besides, he was perfect. Thus her logic.

Mr. Mitford's face and figure, no less than his intellect and his soul, were objects of Mrs. Mitford's adoration. If he was spare of flesh, he was also tall, and he stooped only because he worked so hard. When Mr. Mitford had to put on eye-glasses, Mrs. Mitford thought it made him look distinguished. When he had to resort to the artifices of a dentist to supply two missing teeth, Mrs. Mitford was enraptured by the naturalness and perfection of the new substitutes. In his Boy Scout uniform, Mr. Mitford might have appeared to any one else a shade too stringy for jaunty knickerbockers. But not to Mrs. Mitford. For here that overflowing soul of his came crowding in again. It was sublime of Mr. Mitford to lead the young in paths of rectitude, and, clad thus in sublimity, his stem-like legs, his angular body, his stooped shoulders, his sporting costume, became as naught.

And so Mrs. Mitford was a happy, privileged, blessed woman for twenty years.

But now had come the winter of her discontent. For auction bridge, in its most acute form, had laid hold of Mr. Mitford.

It had begun on the 8:17 from Maplelawn to New York. Three horned devils in the shape of Mr. Mitford's fellow commuters had waylaid and tempted him, and he had fallen. He fell easily. He had watched the 8:17 bridge players over the edge of his morning paper with interest and something like wistfulness. It seemed a jolly good game. He wished he belonged to the quartet. But the quartet was self-sufficing until a Mr. Johnson moved to California. Then they asked Mr. Mitford. He said he did not know how. Clarence Bigelow offered to teach him. He accepted. He became the fourth member, and life for Mrs. Mitford changed its aspect sharply.

Once Mr. Mitford had been content to miss the 8:17 occasionally. Now he was in a morning frenzy lest he miss it and the bridge game. Also, he broke his neck, as Mrs. Mitford put it, to get the 5:33 home every night. Because he was anxious to reach home and Mrs. Mitford? Not at all. Because of the bridge game. If Mrs. Mitford suggested that she meet him in town for dinner, was Mr. Mitford gallant? No. He made excuses, halting ones, since he was not good at excuses; his eye was shifty, remembering bridge.

Mr. Mitford for twenty years had been a loving family man. But now he was no longer a loving family man. He was a bridge fiend.

IF ONLY he had not possessed such a great thinking brain, it would have perhaps been better, for then he would not have mastered the game and might have been preserved to his wife. But that powerful mind of his, this time, was his wife's undoing. It conquered the fine points of a game as a blade mows down grass. From an apt pupil, Mr. Mitford became a good bridge player, then an invincible one. His three cronies told Mrs. Mitford that he was a born bridge player. She knew better than that. He was a born genius, a born Christian, a born husband—but he was not born to play bridge!

But, born for bridge or not, Mr. Mitford certainly now lived for it. He became years younger, his shoulders thrusting up buoyantly as he made for the 8:17, his eye sparkling at the very mention of bridge, as Mrs. Mitford could not remember that eye to have sparkled since first it had sparkled at her, twenty years ago, when Mr. Mitford had wooed. He played bridge twice a day on the train, and twice a week of an evening. And when he did not play, he read bridge books with the ardor and raptures of a lover reading lyrics and odes.

And then, as if the sky had not fallen down once on Mrs. Mitford's defenseless head, it fell again. Mr. Mitford decided his wife must learn to play bridge. In

all exuberance he decided this. He had never withheld other joys from Mrs. Mitford. Why churlishly withhold this greatest joy? For twenty years they had shared each other's happiness. They would now share the happiness of bridge.

"But I don't like games," said Mrs. Mitford.

"You will like bridge."

"I'm not good at things like that."

"Excellent mental training—" firmly.

"I'd rather read at night and—go to the movies and—"

"Plenty of time for reading in the daytime. And movies are for children." (Oh, Alexander! You who were known in all Maplelawn as the reader of heavy tomes. You, too, who in spite of heavy tomes, once liked the movies as well as any one—nay, better than some—for wasn't it you, Alexander, who went to see "Love's Enchantment" three times in one week, holding Mrs. Mitford's hand thruout?)

Mrs. Mitford was at last reduced to saying feebly, as Alexander exhorted, that she'd have a try at it. She sat in on a few of the foursomes (yes, the 8:17 quartet had bridge games every Saturday night now in her very parlor); she listened, or tried to listen, to Mr. Mitford's jewels of wisdom on the lead, the discard, the signal; she sat in her living-room of afternoons, rocking and reading and muttering.

And this was not at all the life that Mrs. Mitford found satisfying.

Dorothy, the sixteen-year-old, had laughed at her at first, and then grown sympathetic.

"You oughtn't to make her,

Dad," she said. "Bridge is too modern for Mummy."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Mitford to that. Nobody was going to tell him that the woman he had married was not modern, even if she wasn't.

Yet Mrs. Mitford was not wholly old-fashioned. She embraced many modern views, had come to embrace them—when they had been flung headlong into her arms.

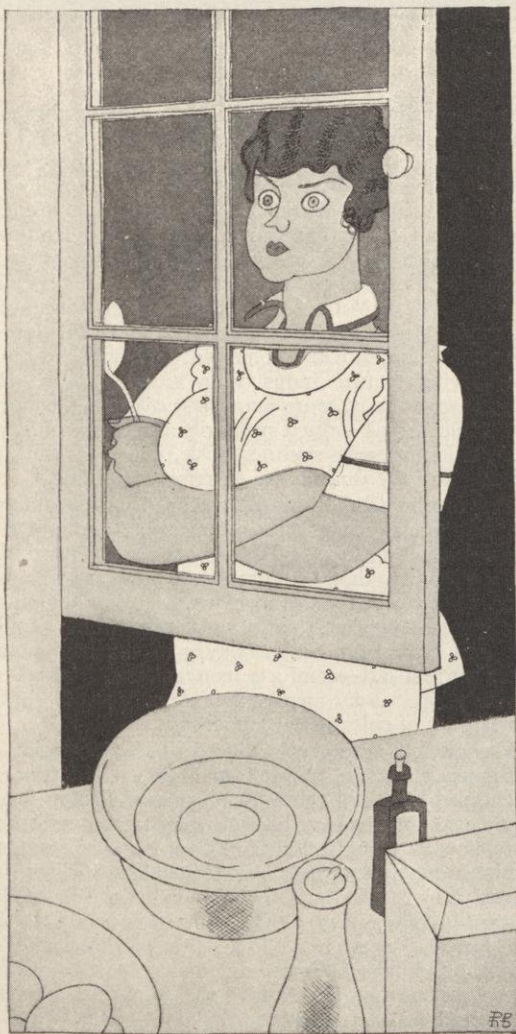
THERE was the matter of corsets. Mrs. Mitford had been brought up to look upon whalebone and steel as woman's lot. She herself, curved and comfortable as a teakettle, a very squat teakettle, laced these curves every morning of her life with perfect and touching faith in corsets as a boon to her and all womankind. Yet when Dorothy had refused to lace herself up likewise on her sixteenth birthday, Mrs. Mitford had been broad-minded. It was scarcely chaste just to wear underclothes and a dress. Still, girls were different, and times had changed, and Dorothy was thin, reasoned this progressive woman.

Then there was the twin-bed hurdle. Mrs. Mitford leaped that with surprising agility. Time was when Mrs. Mitford recoiled at the bare thought of a man and his wife sleeping in separate beds. If you did not sleep in a large (preferably four-posted) bed with your husband, you did not love him, you were on the way to divorce. But when Alexander stated one day that he liked, he really enjoyed, kicking bed-clothes, thumping pillows and playing hob with the bed in general, and that he wished he had a bed of his own to do these things in unhampered, Mrs. Mitford, altho she cringed perceptibly, ended up by buying two neat single beds, and found, to her own astonishment, that she liked the new condition extraordinarily. Never had Mrs. Mitford slept alone before. For twenty-five years she had slept with her sister, for twenty with Mr. Mitford. Her own bed, to kick her own legs in, came as a glorious new release. Certainly this was modern, if anything ever was.

Yet this modern woman stuck at bridge. She did not like it. She could not learn it. She did not know what it was about. But Mr. Mitford, who presumably loved her and wanted her to be a happy woman, forced her on inexorably. If Mrs. Mitford was a good girl and learned her bridge lessons, she would be given the privilege of a seat in the Maplelawn Thursday Night Bridge Club. It would be awfully jolly, said Mr. Mitford. (Turn to page 62)



So obsessed, she saw her husband in the cards



If she learned to play bridge, Alexander was hers!

Drawings by  
RALPH BARTON





RUSSELL BALL

Irene Rich, "whose charm illumines her loveliness"

The sunny court-yard of Frances Marion's home

Below—entrance to the Hollywood Studio Club



W. J. VAN ROSSEM



MITZEL

Marian Mel, who casts the "extras" in Hollywood

Below—Frances Marion's attractive living-room



## A HOLIDAY IN HOLLYWOOD

*Glowingly Described*

By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES



**M**Y ELDEST son, Henry, whose relationship to me I value, but who is also a very creditable secretary, entered the room I had been occupying in a Houston Hotel during the course of the Democratic Convention, and confronted me.

"A drawing-room has been given up on the train for Los Angeles this evening. Wouldn't you like to take it?"

"Certainly not," I answered with such spirit as remained to me after the strenuous experiences I had just been thru. But even as I spoke, I realized the futility of it. There was an expression on my first-born's face which

I have learned to recognize, and against which I know it is hopeless to struggle.

Two days later, I was riding out Wilshire Boulevard with that wonderful feeling of going straight into the sunset which this thoroughfare, one of the finest in the world, inevitably arouses late in the afternoon. Ahead of me lay a holiday in Hollywood.

The first invitation which reached me after my arrival

was one for dinner at the Studio Club. I have always felt the deepest interest in this organization since I first heard a report of its activities, given, a number of years ago, at a meeting of the World Service Council of the Y. W. C. A. in New York. The Studio Club is owned by the "Y," but it is managed by a local board of Hollywood women which the "Y" appoints; and this committee includes, in its membership, such well known persons as Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille, Miss Louise Dresser, Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Mrs. Jesse Lasky, and Miss Mary Pickford. It serves as a residence and home center for girls working in the moving picture industry in any capacity—which means a great many more than those acting in the movies; and while it was formed primarily for them, girls with other allied interests such as music, painting, literature, dancing and the drama, are extremely welcome.

The Studio Club so rapidly proved its usefulness in the community that it has long since outgrown its original headquarters—a large house with white pillars, more Virginian than Californian in appearance; and it is now established in a spacious, beautiful building of the Spanish type, with patio and loggia, which provides not only "the four C's necessary to the happiness of every normal girl—comforts, convenience, counsel and comradeship," as one member has cleverly put it—but an atmosphere of culture and loveliness.

The predominating colors used in its decoration are soft green, coral rose, and tan; and these restful tones are brightened here and there by touches of lighter shades. Many of the rooms have been built by famous actors and directors—by Douglas Fairbanks, for instance, who gave a suite in memory of his mother, by Mary Pickford and Harold Lloyd and Gloria Swanson and Cecil de Mille—to mention only a few. Other rooms have been furnished by Marion Davies, Irene Rich, Frances Marion, Hope Loring, and Louise Dresser—again to mention only a few. The place has a studio, a stage and a gymnasium; rest rooms and writing rooms and make-up rooms. And the Club is the scene of all sorts of festivities—Sunday teas, and "stunt nights" (when amateur talent develops in startling ways!) and bridge parties and dinners; in short, it fulfils in every way the ideal (Turn to page 48)



Mrs. Keyes with Lon Chaney, whose name, she says, is synonymous for kindness and for generosity in Hollywood

Mary Pickford, with her shortened yellow curls tucked in a knot, and Douglas Fairbanks, in their home, "Pickfair"





# HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED

*A fine and sympathetic novel of American youth  
and its struggle between old beliefs and new purposes*

By EDITH WHARTON

Illustrations by  
HENRY R. SUTTER

WHEN Vance Weston came east to his cousins, the Tracys, of Paul's Landing on the Hudson, to convalesce after a serious illness, he thought—as youth so often thinks—that love and the happy things of life were over. For Floss Delaney, the first girl he ever cared for, had proved untrue. But—again like youth the world over—he soon forgot his despair in the face of wider interests. Thru the Tracy children, Upton and Laura Lou, who every Saturday dusted an old house called the Willows, Vance met Heloise Spear. She was a cousin of Thomas Lorburn, the owner of the house—a quaint example of that old-fashioned architecture with towers and brackets and overhanging eaves known as Hudson River Bracketed. Heloise discovered Vance one day in the Willows library, and it was there that they first talked of prose and poetry, and the patrician girl's interest in this young westerner first awakened.

One day she offered to show Vance a Hudson River sunrise. He crept out before daylight, they motored to the summit of Thundertop and—after the glory was over—shared a picnic breakfast. Fired by her comradeship, Vance confessed his ambition to be a writer—and even recited some of his poems, which Heloise promised to show to a critic, George Frenside, visiting at Eaglewood, her home above Paul's Landing. By chance Vance met the Eaglewood household later that day. Frenside paid little attention to him; Lorry Spear (Halo's brother) was condescendingly gracious.

Then followed days of rapture for Vance Weston. Halo arranged that he dust the sacred books in the Willows library, and this gave him a chance to read the treasure house of literature which he had completely missed in college. So engrossed was he in the discovery of reading that he completely forgot the cleaning—and it was into a riotously untidy library that Lorry Spear burst one day, his shifting eyes roving the valuable old books greedily. He was as usual out of funds, and flattered Vance by borrowing ten dollars from him. As they were leaving the house at nightfall, Lorry ran back to get (as he said) his cigaret case. *Here the story continues:*

VANCE turned over slowly, opened his eyes, pushed back his rumpled hair, and did not at first make out where he was.

He thought the bed was a double one, black walnut with carved ornaments and a pink mosquito net; a phonograph shrieking out "The Volga Boat Song" somewhere below.

Then the vision merged into the more familiar one of his neat little room, home in Euphoria, Illinois—of college photographs and trophies on the walls, and the sound of early splashing in the white-tiled bathroom at the end of the passage. But this picture also failed to adapt itself to his clearing vision, and gradually he thought: "Why, I'm back at Paul's Landing!" And the sloping ceiling, the flies banging against the pane, the glimpse, outside, of a patch of currant bushes backed by sultry blue woods, came to him with mingled reassurance and alarm. "What the hell—" he thought.

Oh—he knew now. That baseball game over in New Jersey had been Upton's idea. It was a Saturday, the day after Lorry Spear's visit to the Willows. When Vance got back to the Tracys', Upton had been waiting at the gate, his eyes bursting out of his head. A fellow had given him tickets: Bunty Hayes, a reporter on the Paul's Landing paper. They could leave next morning by the first train, take a look round New York, and reach the field in good time. As it was a Saturday there would be no difficulty in Upton's getting off. Vance was struck by the change in him: his pale face flushed, his shy, evasive eyes burning with excitement, his very way of moving and walking full of a swagger and self-importance which made him seem years older.

Indoors, under Mrs. Tracy's eyes, he relaxed at once

into the shy, shambling boy with callous hands, and boots covered with mud from the nursery where he worked. Mrs. Tracy did not oppose the plan, or did so only on the ground of Vance's health. They had a long hot day before them, and could not get home till ten or eleven o'clock at night. He must remember that he was just getting over a bad illness— But Vance refused to be regarded as an invalid, or even as a convalescent. He was well again, he declared, and equal to anything. Mrs. Tracy could not but acknowledge how much he had gained during his fortnight at Paul's Landing; and she finally gave a colorless assent to the expedition, on condition that the two youths should take the earliest possible train home, and keep out of bad company—like that Bunty Hayes, she added. Vance and Upton knew it was not her way to acquiesce joyfully in any suggestion which broke the routine of life, and after giving her the requisite assurances they started out light-heartedly.

When they came down to gulp the cold coffee and sandwiches she had laid out for them overnight, Vance was astonished to find Laura Lou in the kitchen, in her refurbished yellow muslin, with a becoming shade-hat on her silvery-golden head.

"You're going to take me, aren't you? I've warmed the coffee and boiled some eggs for you," she said to Vance in her childish way; and it caused him a pang when Upton, with a brother's brutality, reminded her that she knew Bunty'd only given him two tickets. Her lower lip began to tremble, her big, helpless gray eyes to fill. Vance asked himself with inward vexation whether he ought to surrender his ticket to this tiresome child. But before he had made up his mind, Upton cut short his sister's entreaties.

"We're going with a lot of fellows—you know mother wouldn't hear of it. What's all the fuss about, anyway? You've got that school picnic this afternoon. That's what you were doing up your dress for yesterday. Don't you take any notice of her, Vance." She ran from the room, crimson and half-crying; and Vance ate his eggs with relief. He didn't want any girl on his hands the first day he saw New York—

THEY were there only a couple of hours, and there was no use hunting up an editor to ask for a job on the writing staff. The most he could achieve was a distant view of the most notable skyscrapers, a gasp at Fifth Avenue and a dip into Broadway, before dashing to the Pennsylvania Station for the Jersey train. From that moment they were caught up in the baseball crowd, a crowd of which he had never seen the like. Life became a perspiring struggle, a struggle for air, for a foothold, for a sight of anything but the hot, dripping napes and shoulder-blades that hemmed them in. Finally, somehow, they reached the field, got thru the gates, found their places, discovered Bunty Hayes near by with a crowd of congenial spirits, and settled down to the joys of spectatorship—or such glimpses of it as their seats permitted. It was a comfort to Vance to reflect that he had been right not to give his ticket to Laura



Where were they going? Who were these girls? Vance didn't care. But as the car started, life flowed thru him again

Lou; such a frail creature could hardly have come alive out of the battle.

The oddest thing about the adventure was the transformation of Upton. Vance would have imagined Upton to be almost as unfitted as his sister for such a test of nerve and muscle; but the timorous youth of Paul's Landing developed, with the donning of his Sunday clothes, an unforeseen audacity and composure. The fact that Vance didn't know the ropes seemed to give Upton a sense of superiority; he said at intervals: "Come right along—stick to me—don't let 'em put it over on you," in a tone of almost patronizing reassurance. And when they joined Bunty Hayes, who was one of the free spirits of Paul's Landing, Vance was struck by the intimacy of his greeting of Upton, and by the "Hello, Uppy boy"—"Say, that the Tracy kid?" of his companions. It was evident that Upton had already acquired the art of the double life, and that the sheepish boy who went about his job at the Paul's Landing nursery, and clumped home for supper with mud and



manure on his boots, was the pale shade of this Upton, a dashing blade with his straw hat too far back on his pale blond hair, and a fraternity ribbon suddenly budding in his buttonhole.

"Wonder if Laura Lou knows?" Vance speculated, and concluded that she did, and that brother and sister carried on their own lives under Mrs. Tracy's unsuspecting eye. He was rather sorry now that they hadn't brought Laura Lou after all; it would have been curious to see her blossom out like her brother. But Vance soon forgot her in the exhilaration of watching the game.

But when the game was over, and the crowd began to scatter, the vitality seemed to go out of him as the spectators ebbed out of the stadium. It was still very hot; he had shouted himself hoarse; they had ahead of them the struggle at the station, the struggle to get the train, the stifling journey home—and Vance began to feel that he was still a convalescent, with no reserve of strength to draw upon.

"See here—you look sick," said Bunty Hayes, touching Vance on the shoulder.

Vance flushed up. "Sick? I'm hot and thirsty, that's all." He wasn't going to have any of that lot treating him like a sissy.

"Well, that's easy. Come round with us and have a cool-off. We're all going to look in at the Crans', close by here. This is the Crans' car—jump in, sonny."

Suddenly a motor stood there. Vance remembered piling into it with Upton, Bunty Hayes and some other fellows; they sat on each other's laps, and on the hood. A girl, who laughed very much and had blown-back hair, dyed red, was at the wheel. Where were they going? Who was she? Vance didn't care. As the car started, the wind stirred in his own hair, driving it back like the girl's, and life flowed thru him again. He began to laugh, and tried to light a cigaret, but couldn't, because there wasn't enough elbow-room for a sardine. The others laughed at his ineffectual attempt, and another girl, perched somewhere behind him, lit a cigaret and leaned forward to push it between his lips. They were going to the Crans', and he found out, he didn't know how, that these two were the Cran girls—Cuty, with the dyed hair, at the wheel; and the younger, Sm'ralda they called her, sitting behind him on the hood between two fellows, so that his head rested against her knees. Once or twice, after they had left the state highway, the overloaded motor nearly stuck in the deep ruts of the country road, and everybody laughed and cheered and gave college yells till Cuty somehow got them going again.

AH, HOW good the cool drinks were when they got to the Crans'! It was at the back of the house, he remembered, under an arbor of scarlet runners that looked out on a long, narrow yard where clothes were drying. Some of the clothes were funny little garments with lace edgings and holes for ribbon, and there was a good deal of joking about that, and he remembered Cuty Cran crying out: "No, it ain't! No, I don't! Mine are crepp-de-sheen! Well, you come up-stairs and see, then!" But Cuty was not the one he fancied; and anyhow, since Floss he'd never—and he had young Upton to look after—

As the shadows lengthened, it grew quiet and almost cool under the arbor. The girls had the house to themselves, it appeared, Mr. and Mrs. Cran having been called away that morning to the bedside of a grandmother who had been suddenly taken sick somewhere up-state. "Real accommodating of the old lady to develop stomach trouble the day before the game," Bunty commented to the sisters, who responded with shrieks of appreciation. "Not the first time either," he continued, winking at his admiring audience, and the sisters shrieked afresh. The red-haired one was the current type of brazen minx—but the younger, Sm'ralda, with her smoldering eyes and her heavy beauty of chin and throat—ah, the younger, for his undoing, reminded Vance of Floss Delaney. She had the same sultry pallor, the same dark penthouse of hair—

Presently, some other girls turned up, and there were more drinks and more jokes about Mr. and Mrs. Cran being away. "Guess some of us fellows ought to stay and act watch-dog for you two kiddies," Bunty humorously suggested. "Ain't you scared nights, all alone in this great big house?" A general laugh hailed this, for the Cran homestead was of the most modern proportions. But it stood apart in the fields, with a little wood behind it, and the girls had to admit that it was lonesome

at night, particularly since somebody'd poisoned the dog. More laughs, and a burlesque confession from Bunty that he'd poisoned the dog for his own dark ends; which evoked still shriller cries of amusement. Bunty always found something witty and unexpected to say—

THERE was a young moon, and it glinted thru the dusk of the bean-leaves, and silvered their edges as darkness fell. Bunty and Cuty, and the other girls and fellows, wandered off into the wood. Vance meant to follow, but he was very tired and sleepy, and his broken-down rocking-chair held him like a cradle.

"You're dead beat, aren't you?" he heard one of the girls say, and felt a soft palm push back his chair. He opened his eyes and Sm'ralda's were burning into his.



They were accusing him of having stolen the books!

"Come right up-stairs, and you can lay down on mother's bed," she continued persuasively.

He remembered saying: "Where's Upton?" with a last clutch at his vanishing sense of responsibility, and she answered: "Oh, he's down in the woods with Cuty and the others"—and pulled Vance to his feet. He followed her up-stairs thru the darkening house, and at the top of the landing she slid her palm in his—

AS HIS vision readjusted itself, and he found that he was in a narrow iron bedstead, instead of a wide one of rosewood with a portrait of Mr. Cran on the wall facing him, he began to wonder how he had got from the one couch to the other, and how much time had elapsed in the interval. But the effort to deal with these questions was too much for him—his aching head dropped back—

The thought of Upton shot thru him rebukingly; then he said to himself that Upton hadn't needed any advice, and would probably have rejected it if offered. "He ran the show—it was all fixed up beforehand between him

and the Hayes fellow. I wonder if his mother knows?"

The thought of Mrs. Tracy was less easy to appease. He remembered her warning against Hayes; her adjuration that they should avoid bad company and come home before night; and he would have given the world to be in his own bed at Euphoria, with no difficulties to deal with but such as could be settled between himself and his family. "If I only knew the day of the week it is!" he thought, feeling more and more scared of its probable consequences. "She'll cry—and I shall hate that," he reflected squeamishly.

At last he tumbled out of bed, soused his head in cold water, got into his clothes and shuffled down-stairs. The house was quiet, the hour evidently going toward sunset. In the back porch Mrs. Tracy sat shelling peas. There was no sign of emotion on her face, which was sallow and stony. She simply remarked, without meeting his eyes: "You'll find some fried liver left out on the table," and bent again to her task.

"Oh, I don't want anything—I'm not hungry," he stammered, longing to question her, to find out from her all that remained obscure in his own history, to apologize and to explain—if any explanation should occur to him! But she would not look up, and he found it impossible to pour out his excuses to her bent head, with the tired-looking hair drawn thinly over the skin, like the last strands of cotton round one of his mother's spools. To cut the situation short, he wandered into the dining-room, looked at the fried liver and sodden potatoes, tried in vain to guess of what meal they were the survival, and turned away with a sense of disgust.

IN THE passage he wavered, wondering if he should go up to his room, or wander out in the heat. If Mrs. Tracy had not been in the porch, his preference would have been to return there and go to sleep in the hammock. Then he determined to go back and have it out with her.

"Can't I help with those peas?" he asked, sitting down beside her. She lifted her head and looked at him with eyes of condemnation. "No, I don't want any help with the peas. Or any help from you, anyhow. You'd better go up-stairs and sleep off your drunk before Miss Spear and Mr. Lorburn come again—"

"My drunk?" Vance flushed crimson. "I don't know what you mean—"

"The words are English, I guess. And you'll want all your wits about you when you see Mr. Lorburn."

"Who's Mr. Lorburn? Why should he want to see me?"

"He's the owner of the Willows. He'll tell you soon enough why he wants to see you."

Vance felt a sinking of the heart. "I don't know what Mr. Lorburn's got to say to me," he muttered; but he did.

"Well, I presume he does." Mrs. Tracy pushed aside the basket of peas and stood up. Her face was a leaden white and her lower lip twitched. "Not as I care," she continued, in a level voice as blank as her eyes, "what he says to you, or what you feel about it. What's a few old books, one way or another? I don't care if you did take his books—"

"Take his books?" Vance gasped; but she paid no heed.

"—when what you took from me was my son. I trusted him with you, Vance—I thought you'd had enough kindness in this house to feel some obligation. I said to you: 'Well, go

to that game if you're a mind to. But swear to me you'll be back the same night, both of you—and keep away from that Hayes and his rough crowd.' And you swore to me you would. And here I sat and waited and waited—the first time Upton was ever away from me for a night, and not so much as knowing where he was. And then a second night, and no sign of you. I thought I'd go mad then. I began life grand enough, as your folks'll tell you—and now everything's gone from me except my children. And when you crawled in yesterday evening, the two of you, I knew right away where you'd been, and what you'd been doing—and leading Upton into. It's not the first time you've been out all night since you came here, Vance Weston—but I wasn't going to say anything about the other time, if only you'd have let Upton alone. Now I guess you'd better tell your folks the air here don't agree with you. And here's the money your father sent me for your first month. Take it."

She held out the money in a twitching hand, and Vance took it because at that moment he would not have dared to disobey any injunction she laid (Turn to page 68)



# AMERICAN WIVES AND ENGLISH HUSBANDS

*The much discussed question of  
international marriages considered  
from her own personal observations*

By MILLICENT

DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

**A**FTER all disputes, successful marriage is the happiest arrangement allowed by the cranky old world, or the assertive new world. When people declare that, as a whole, matrimony is a failure, they are often wrong. The drunks, the divorces, the desperations of existence, always float into view like dead fish on the surface of a pond. Something to see, something to talk of, something to write about, to get a kick. But at the best we can only count failures in thousands when we start our grumble. The millions placidly proceed, well out of the limelight. Never should we forget that things unseen form the strength of a structure—the foundations of a house, the keel of a ship, the secret trust deep in a man's or woman's heart.

There is so much to be found in successful matrimony—its glow, its calm, its associations, and its memories—all without counting the children. If a man marries a woman simply because he wants to be a proud father, he may be ruled out as a joy provider in marriage. There is a slightly sickly sentiment about children. I actually like to meet a couple who are happy with none. The subject of children as the "be all" and "end all" of married life is too much discussed. However, contented marriage is an old-fashioned affair, and beyond argument as a thesis—and in America, perhaps the world over, "my mother" stands for devotion!

Pursuing my special scrutiny, the most colorful marriages that have come my way are marriages between American women and Englishmen of good birth or standing. I write of my memory of American-English marriages before the World War. Many such marriages have been contracted since, of which I know nothing, save by rumor, as I live in France. Yet I am persuaded that their success is assured on the same ground as of yore. I have never heard an American wife and a British husband called a "drab" couple.

**T**HE American woman brings clear racial distinction from the New World. She comes out of a melting pot of mixed blood. Her wits are so sharp that, even as she speaks with an acquired British accent, she quickly and gently adapts herself to the immemorial usages and habits of English life, and throws a train of rainbow illusion over the simple, unsubtle, strongly persuaded British mind of her British husband, who instinctively knows how to play the game. "That marriage?" says some one. "Oh, she's an American. It's sure to be a success." Or, "She? She's clever—attractive—and her head's screwed on the right way. Her mother was an American, you know."

The most beautiful American wife I ever saw was Mary, first wife of Earl Curzon of Kedleston, later the Marquess Curzon. When Mary died, he married a pretty widow born in Alabama. Curzon was a man of real intelligence and culture in British public affairs, yet once an American wife, always an American wife for him.

Mary was the daughter of Joseph Leiter of Chicago. She had all the reserved dignity of the finest of the Jewish race, and walked into the gilded frame of English aristocratic tradition and position as if for that alone she had been born, and at a time when American wives were not warmly welcomed in English society.

The only rift in her happy marriage was the fact that she bore Lord Curzon three daughters and no son. In him the pedigree, progeny, posterity sense was very developed, altho he was never fond of children. He could not contain his disappointment that he had no son. I can conjure up the flame of Mary Curzon yet. I was shy in her presence, intensely aware of her aloof beauty. Smooth, dark hair—rare in a period of fluffy fringes—gorgeous eyes and regular features. Her carriage was like the carriage of a woman walking thru an Eastern Bazaar balancing a heavy water pot by the slight sway of her hips and head.

She would sit in their house in Carlton House Terrace in London, banked with flowers, the latest interesting book open on her knee. I approached her footstool cautiously. There was no sitting room upon it, for her shapely feet rested there. She spoke of some literary event or political deadlock in a low gentle voice, and disapproved of everything that entailed trouble for her Conservative husband. English society was forced to yield her deferential admiration. She was not strong, and her health was seriously undermined when she went with Lord Curzon to India, where he had been appointed Viceroy. I am told that this glorious creature, in cloth of gold at every function, and glittering at the Durbar before the eyes of millions of the aged Queen-Empress's Indian subjects, will never be



Nickolas Muray

A portrait of Lady Millicent taken on her recent visit to America

forgotten by those who saw her. She might easily have been Cleopatra reincarnated, in years when queens were important. Mary Curzon died young.

Lady Randolph Churchill (originally Miss Jerome) mother of the present British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Winston Spencer Churchill, was an entirely different being. She had no ultra-reserve, and her Franco-Spanish Creole blood ran warm in her veins. Every one fell in love with her, and she flashed and smiled, a dark exotic beauty, when I was quite a girl. My father was one of the most ardent of her admirers. She was so intelligent that in spite of her popularity she managed to be ever at her distinguished husband's side. He needed guidance and sympathy in his crowded and conflicting political career. She was verve, she was youth, to him. Lord Randolph Churchill developed as a remarkable mortal. Born in a difficult ducal atmosphere heavy with traditional restraints and conventions, he was the descendant of a great warrior, the Duke of Marlborough, and of his Duchess Sarah. Lord Randolph became one of Great Britain's foremost parliamentarians. He suffered a long and trying illness before he died, but his wife was devoted to the end. Later she married again, and finally slipped on a brick stairway in some country house and broke her leg, an accident which caused her death. Too high were the heels of her dainty shoes.

Leonie Jerome, her younger sister, married Sir John Leslie, an Irishman. She is more British than the British, and a charming, witty, well read companion and friend. She appreciates Ireland from a Protestant point of view, and has been the acquaintance of all the politicians, poets and playwrights thru Ireland's troublous years. She is the mother of Shane and Seymour Leslie, both well known writers. Shane Leslie became a Roman Catholic; then he, too, married an American wife. His cousin is Clara Sheridan, writer and sculptor, daughter of an older Jerome sister married to an Englishman, the late Moreton Frewen.

**M**INNIE STEVENS of New York was another arresting wife from the States. She married Arthur Paget, a scion of the Anglesey family. He still lives as General Sir Arthur Paget. When I grew up, Minnie was in full possession of London society and of her soldier husband. She valued social success tremendously, but still more the control of her home. She was the mother of four children. Almost invariably the children of these mixed marriages become very English in appearance, speech and outlook. Old blood still has ingredients which prevail. Perhaps Mayor Bill Thompson is right to ask for his own pyre in Chicago, to burn the menace of the old beadle-bumbledom serum from across the sea, tho I fear it may arise again, like a phoenix from the ashes.

Minnie Paget championed good works. No benevolent scheme of entertainment was without her support. She teemed with ideas, and admitted no defeat in any of her organizations. Politicians and foreign diplomats crowded to her house parties in Belgrave Square, London, in the nineties and later. She was a great conversationalist, and a social star for many years. I was (Turn to page 75)



# BACK TO PARIS

*A romance of the City of Light  
in the war-mad years—and then today*

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

AS THEY drove thru the streets of the gleaming, night-swept city, Ruth felt a strange sense of unreality. The eerie sensation, rather, that comes with a recurrent dream. It was all so odd, so amazing, so unbelievable, that she should be coming back, after ten long years! Coming back to the place of vanished youth, of poetry, of dear romance.

It seemed so confusing, somehow. That she should be coming back to Paris, at thirty-three. With a thread of silver growing just above each temple. With a letter of credit in her purse—she who, before, had had only the smallest sort of salary to spend in the very tiniest and cheapest of the gay shops. Coming back with a career far in the background—and a placid, well ordered home to which, her holiday over, she would return.

It seemed strange. Unreal. That she should be driving thru the streets of Paris, again. Driving thru the streets of Paris. And—with her husband!

They had been war-mad streets, ten years ago. Even tho the armistice was only just around the corner, the city did not guess the fact. So it held a feeling of fright, of hysteria, of emotions ready to break leash. Men in horizon blue—men in olive drab. Men in the dull green of Italy, in the dark bérêts of the chasseurs. Australians and Canadians and dark-skinned Senegalese. Mingling in a suddenly laughing, as suddenly sobered, mass.

And women. The midinettes of Paris, smiling with their lips, but seldom with their eyes. The other women who wore black. (So many women wore black in Paris, ten years ago!) The women who were nurses, the women in the uniforms of the "Y," of the Red Cross. And Ruth—a part of the emotional, hysterical, daring-to-laugh foreign legion. Altho she wore no uniform at all!

Often they thought that she was a Parisian herself, because her hat was so chic, and her heels so high. Often a Yankee doughboy, on his way back to the Argonne, winked at her, and addressed her in halting French. And at her "But I'm an American, too!" he always started, and flushed hotly. Then his tone changed.

"Say, sister," he'd tell her, "I didn't know that you were one of us!"

And then he'd carry her bag for her, if she had a bag. Or her brief case. Or run her errands. And—probably—ask her if he might write letters to her, and if she'd answer the letters, ever. And he'd end by telling her about his mother—and showing her the picture of the girl back home. All except Rolfe. Rolfe hadn't a mother, you see. And there wasn't any girl back home—for him!

It had been love at first sight, Ruth always told herself. The sort of love that happens only once in a lifetime. They had collided on a slippery street corner, and a warm summer rain was falling. Not an unpleasant rain—there is something soft, and magical, about the rain of Paris! The mists had closed in, all about them, in a slim wall of lavender gray. And they had paused there in a world of their own. And looked deep into each other's eyes. And it was like that hush that comes with twilight.

And Rolfe had said, "You!" Only it didn't mean that he had ever seen her before. It only meant that he had almost given up hope of ever finding her!

They had stood there, on the corner, staring at each other. Ruth was conscious of humorous blue eyes, of a wide mouth, quirking a bit at one side. Of a nose not quite straight—the result, she learned later, of a boyish, unwise dive in shallow water. She had known better-looking men—Ruth. And—as she noted the mud on his boots, the rumpled uniform, also mud-splashed—better groomed men. But never a man so—so suddenly dear. She smiled, almost tremulously, into his eager face. And then, before she knew it, he had piloted her into a near-at-hand tea place.

"We've got to know each other—" he told her, almost savagely. "I've—I've only three days of permission. Only three days—and one's almost gone already! Do you understand? And we've years to make up!" Ruth had nodded. Yes, they had years to make up! They'd only just found each other. Unconventional—their meeting? Impulsive, mad? But, no. Not in Paris, ten years ago! When all of life might be measured by a heart-beat—and by a three-day leave. When the War was still going on, desperately, somewhere just beyond the horizon.

THEY lingered long over the tea, on that misty first afternoon of their meeting. Even tho it was an unappetizing war-ration tea, with no butter on the bread, and no cream, and saccharin in place of sugar. They lingered long over their tea—and Rolfe forgot that he had promised to meet a brother lieutenant in front of the Madeline, and Ruth never remembered that she was to interview a certain leader in a certain hotel lobby. They had so much to tell each other—so many years to make up! Rolfe's work—the business that he was going to develop—after the War. Just a slight hesitation, there—just before the words "after the War." The house that had been empty, since his mother's going. The income that he had—the larger one that he hoped to have. The reasons why he had wanted to go to college—the other, sterner reasons that had kept him from going. His age—he was twenty-five. His dreams—yes, he was twenty-five—

But nothing of the offensive that was going on, along a certain front. Nothing of the fact that a second lieutenant is just one grain in an army full of sand. Sand that, under a barrage of shrapnel, may scatter interminably.

And Ruth—she, too, spoke of herself. Of her unthrilling little girlhood spent in an aunt's city flat. Of her longing for the world of make-believe and moving events. Of her small ability to write and to weave little thoughts into the gossamer stuff of which poetry is made. Of her job—how she loved that job!



Rolfe had said, "You!"



What was the need of a letter—  
of any letter—between them?

—on a magazine. And of the unexpected chance to come overseas—to get the interviews that might, if they were good interviews, be the opening wedge to a gleaming future. Not—this softly—not that she was sure, absolutely sure, that she wanted a future—as an author—

He took her, when at last the tea shop was showing signs of an impatient closing, to her shabby little pension. And an hour later—how long that hour had seemed!—he called for her again.

"I'm glad," he said, as he looked at her, "that you correspondents don't have to wear a uniform. Not," loyally—"that the uniforms our girls wear—not that they aren't—jake!"

"Then," Ruth was all at once flushing, and extremely conscious of her rose chiffon dress, the dress that had come from the Galleries Lafayette bargain rack, and that looked like the Rue de la Paix, "then why are you glad?"

"Somehow," Rolfe told her, "uniforms aren't holiday clothes. Not lady uniforms. And this is—a holiday. One that we'll always remember!"

LATER, when they drove thru the rain-drenched streets, the warm lights reflected in every puddle of water, he held her hand tightly. And she could feel, against her wrist, the racing of his pulse. And he didn't





Only it didn't mean that he had ever seen her before. It only meant he had almost given up hope of ever finding her

speaking—and she had no desire to break the wonderful silence.

But thoughts, ardent, glowing, amazing thoughts, ran riot in her brain.

"No matter how many times I see lights reflected on wet pavements," she told herself, incoherently, "I'll remember *him*. No matter who is with me. *No matter*. I'll never drive at night, again, with any one, that he won't be sitting beside me. I'll never even see a post-card of Paris, *never*, without seeing his face, too. Paris—it *will always be his city!*"

And yet, ten years later, she was driving thru the same dark streets. And, sure enough, the rain was beginning to fall. And the arc lights made vagrant, dark little rainbows on the wet paving stones.

Just ten years later—and she was back in Paris.

With her husband.

Rolfe had left her, that night. With a breakfast engagement, and a high, shining glow in her eyes. A glow that found an answer in his own face. And she went into her room—a room so small that her Corona fairly crowded it—and got out of the chiffon frock, and into a slim white nightie. And then, sitting on the edge of her bed, with her hair tumbled all about her shoulders, she wrote a poem. A poem that she never sold, and never published,

and never showed to any one. Not even, during the two succeeding days, to Rolfe.

The next morning was a morning of sunshine. Blue skies were cloud flecked with feather-beddy fragments of white, and the Seine repeated the gold of the day. And the streets that had twinkled wistfully and beautifully with rain were all a-dance with the love of life. And tho the women in black passed and repassed, tho on a corner a *poilu*, with one leg, talked to an armless comrade, the city was a city of exhilaration and delight. Paris is like that. You can drown it with pain, and you can cripple its body. But you can not drain the mirth and sparkle from its soul!

**T**HEY walked, that day, in the Tuileries. Under arching trees. They sat, for hours, on a bench that stood beside a tinkling fountain. And they talked and talked—and neither one of them knew, exactly, what the other talked about. And neither of them knew, when afternoon came, that they had forgotten the luncheon hour!

Illustrations by  
W. EMERTON HEITLAND

And then they walked again. Out of the enchanted gardens, back to the boulevards. And paused, once, in front of a shop window. And looked in at a wax figure that wore a satin wedding gown. Looked for a while, without speaking. And then, laughing almost foolishly, they went to the place where Ruth had discovered a seller of chocolate ice cream sodas. Quite unlike American sodas they were, but exciting in sugarless, war-time Paris. And then it was time, again, to dress for dinner.

It was that night, at dinner, that the question of marriage came up. Not a proposal of marriage—nothing so blatant as that after an idyllic interlude. Just marriage, in the abstract. And what, in the abstract, it meant to a boy and to a girl.

"The old house opened up," Rolfe said slowly, "and mother's silver newly polished, and candles in the pewter scones. And the woman I love. And—" this with a choke in his voice—"and—*our children*—"

Ruth didn't answer. She was seeing the picture, with the vivid eyes of a poet's imagination.

The gleam of the old silver, the glow of candle-light, the love in the eyes of the one man in all of the world. And the soft hands of babies, groping across her breast. The picture was so unutterably sweet that she lowered her head, suddenly, so that Rolfe (Turn to page 74)





By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

**M**Y FRIEND of the bobbed hair—I had known her for nearly twenty-five years—was the modern “conservative” type. Her skirts covered her knees when she stood up. She was not obviously painted. Her eyes were as natural as her complexion. No more so! She looked twenty-five. She was forty.

As she talked, she walked over to the mirror above the fireplace and gazed with calm satisfaction at the face she saw within the gold frame. It was a young face. At least, there was that illusion of youth about it which is, in a clever woman, youth itself. The same thing was true of the figure silhouetted between me and the flickering firelight which, less than a generation ago, would have been shrouded in aging folds.

“I wouldn’t have you think,” she continued, “that I went into the business of being young for strictly esthetic reasons. A great many women do. They love beauty for beauty’s sake. And they know they cannot be really beautiful unless they are youthful. Others stay young to stay healthy, or to stay in their job. But I stayed young for the best reason of all—to stay married.”

“It used to be proverbial,” she went on, “that men stayed young while their wives grew old. Even if it wasn’t true, the men thought it was. Watch any couple you know. See them walk into a restaurant, get out of a motor car, dance to a jazz band. Which is the older?”

“That depends on the woman,” I answered.

“Exactly. The woman who has *not* adopted modern methods of looking young looks old—much older than her young-feeling husband. The woman who *has* adopted them looks like his daughter. We’ll never have another generation in which the contrast is so marked. Today, half the women of my age look ten years older than they are, the other half, ten years younger. Every woman must decide to which class she belongs.”

**I** WAS impressed in my dumb masculine way with the truth behind this chatter. Not every woman faced the special problem that this woman faced. Many women stayed young, as she had said, to please their own mirrors, or to express their joy in living, or to hold a job. But, whatever the reason, the changes which my friend had been mentioning have actually occurred in our generation. Are they worth while?

It is difficult for a man to tell, because, congenitally, he doesn’t understand this sort of thing. Not that man isn’t vain. Once he gets into a barber’s chair, he will buy all the beauty esthetics the place affords. And youth he values, of course, but not as women do—because he doesn’t have the same reasons.

But how would he like to be laid on the shelf at

thirty-five or forty? How would he like to look forward to social poverty and neglect? The analogy is inescapable. A woman who fights to retain her youth is like a man who puts money in the bank.

If I were a woman, I would fight with every legitimate means within my reach. I would brave ridicule and defy convention. I would demand release, as the modern woman is demanding it, from aging styles and cramping costumes, from ugly flesh and stiffening joints, from physical prohibitions and mental inhibitions. I would demand and obtain youth—if I could.

**B**UT what is youth? Can it be obtained by cosmetics, by diet, by exercise, by facial or glandular surgery? And if so, is that kind of youth worth while?

The answers are different for the different methods. The trouble with most of them is that they are content with making people *look* young. The family physician has other ideas. So have Steinach and Voronoff. So have all serious-minded men who are trying by internal means to preserve youth and prolong life. If the sensation-hunting newspapers will leave the youth-hunting doctors alone, those doctors may accomplish something of very great importance to mankind.

Of course, there is danger that the engrossing interest in youth and health may be overdone. An anonymous editorialist in the *New York Times* issues this friendly warning: “Without in the least depreciating the labors of science for the improvement of the race, one may be pardoned for smiling at the healthy people who are caught in the tide of concern for health betterment and spend much time and serious thought about their own condition. They are the ones who feed pennies into weighing-stands; who eat by rule of calories; who discuss operations hopefully if they haven’t had one, and with dreadful detail if they have. . . .” Such people are not gaining youth thru health. They have simply found a new way to old age thru worry.

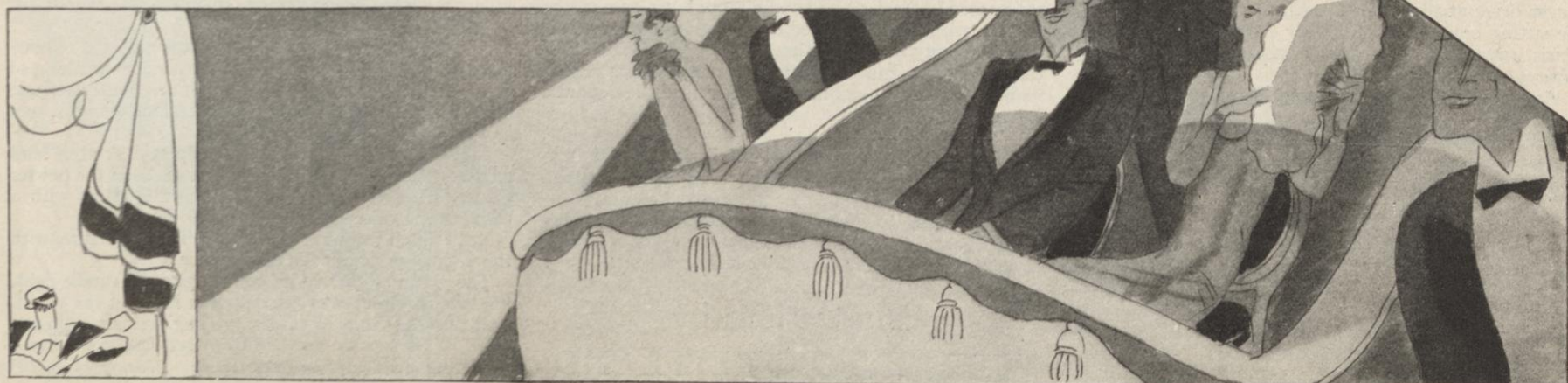
There are other dangers, too. The bad liquor which has followed in what might properly be described as the “wake” of the Volstead Act is undoubtedly shortening life. But liquor poisoning is not compulsory.

Nervous tension is, however. No one (Turn to page 66)

## YOUTH BY ALL MEANS

*In which we have the final answer to the vivacious question as to whether women are growing younger*

Illustrations by  
ZYG BRUNNER







Patou designs this dull black antelope evening bag with an interesting clasp of opaque crystal and a hinged mounting of silver



Maria Guy creates a flattering head-dress for evening in this brown tulle cap which is entwined with silver lamé leaves. The flowers from Lelong, one pink, the other black, are made of delicate petals of very feathery tulle

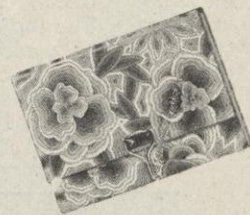
## Paris evenings have a new enchantment

Black panne velvet makes this Patou evening frock which concentrates its interest, as so many frocks do this winter, in the back. The half bolero, the skilfully managed fulness which gives the appearance of a sash, and the deep décolleté are of ultra-fashionable interest at this moment

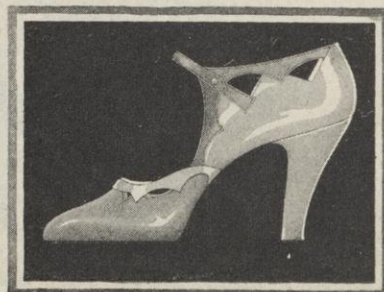
Molyneux approves a simple type of cream lace evening frock which can make a distinguished appearance at many types of evening functions. From under the blouse in the back trails a panel which reaches almost to the floor. The Molyneux necklace is made of crystal and green beads

Left below, a green crêpe de Chine evening pump from Ducerf-Scavini with gold fillets tracing a graceful design. Right, another Ducerf-Scavini of gold kid and pale blue Ferricuir piped in gold, a pump which introduces a new trimming idea—with delightful cut outs and incrustations

This Agnès evening turban of fine gold lamé mesh, rather like flat crocheting, is cut and fitted to resemble a béret. The Patou necklace and bracelet of oblong crystals interspersed with onyx and facet-cut mauve chalcidony are set in silver



Lelong embroiders an evening bag in gold, rose, blue and orange and fastens it simply with a gold cord and red stone







Schiaparelli marks the transition period of the sports frock in a circular skirt of tan colored wool tricot, and a hand knitted blouse

An amusing origination from Madeleine Vionnet is this sports costume with a circular skirt of navy-blue jersey and zigzag sweater

This Lucien Lelong coat of speckled brown, tan and black cordelya was selected because it is a perfect garment for travel and sports

A beige tweed costume which is typically Lucien Lelong uses adroit bands of the same fabric for trimming. A striped scarf matches



An appealingly youthful frock from Louiseboulanger: the full gathered skirt of beige and black cordelya, and the bodice of a yellowish-beige jersey with clever tucks

## Paris predicts the Sports Mode for the South

WHERE does your travel ticket for that glorious southern sojourn read? To the Sahara with its golden days and silvery nights? To the carnival of the Riviera, where a superior brand of sunshine is free for the basking, or to Palm Beach, where the science of idling is the subject of joyous daily research? Wherever it reads, your apparel itinerary must star two words: *Sports Things*.

Our Paris representative, who has just viewed the resort collections of the great designers and selected these costumes for DELINEATOR presentation, sees the sports outfit in its latest development as the correct choice for costumes to wear from sunrise almost to moonrise.

There is first of all the so-called typical sports outfit for tennis, golfing, motoring or walking. Parisian dress-makers are unanimously agreed that it should be a sweater and skirt, and each house has developed originalities in the matter of woven or knitted designs, zigzags, diagonals, stripes or polka dots. When the sweater is jersey, it is often trimmed with rows of fine tucking or narrow folds. An attractive new material for the sports skirt is "mousli-kasha," the very youngest child of the kasha family. The top coat which completes the ensemble is apt to be of "cordelya," a loosely woven woolen material which resembles crochét.

The second aspect of the sports costume shown in the Paris collections is a one-piece frock of jersey or a pebbly weave of crêpe called mouesecla which is apparently

supplanting the jumper suit. Its casual, nonchalant grace gives it a sports aspect, and its simple tailored lines make it appropriate for nearly all daytime occasions. Deceptively casual in effect, supremely artful in cut and fit.

The printed silk frock and sports ensemble for southern wear are making much of the tri-color vogue. The combination of gray, yellow and white is promised enormous success. Dark red, beige and white, or black, red and white, or vanilla brown, American beauty and white, are among the "threesomes" which will be seen at southern resorts. Moreover, since one of the most important spectator-sports rules is that every frock must have its coat, it may either repeat the printed fabric of the frock or in a plain color echo the dominant note of the print. Even when modernistic designs in crayon or pen and ink effects, dots, dashes, parallels or conventional florals use only two colors in the print itself, they usually add a third color in plain bands and pipings for the trimming.

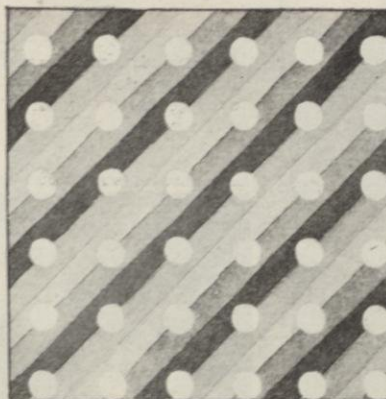
"Twin Prints" are new this season, and use the same designs in varying sizes so that a small conventional floral design may appear in the frock and a larger print in the identical pattern for the coat.

Decidedly then, it is a southern sports season of color, vivacious colors, intense colors, contrasting colors, modern, vital, challenging! Choose sports outfits—dozens of them—by all means, and have them as bright as possible.

LUCILE BABCOCK.



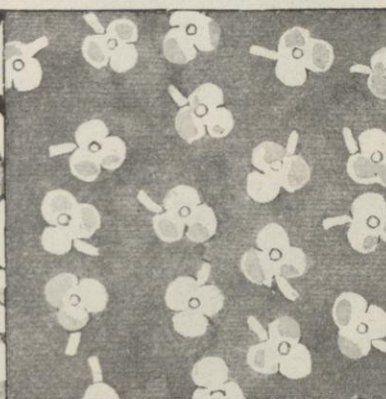
It is difficult to find an attractive sports costume for the older woman, but this Vionnet model of black jersey with a smooth broadcloth finish is becoming to a mature figure



Polka dots, with a new modern slant in the background, appear in simple sports frocks. Stehlisilks



Klo-Ka, a light-weight silk and wool, makes many southern sports coats. Mallinson



Gray, yellow and white, a new tri-color which is shown in Twin Prints. Cheney Brothers



# The Parisienne selects these Resort costumes



A gray light-weight tweed from the collection of Louise Boulanger which shows how youthful a strictly tailored frock may be. A long scarf of navy-blue crêpe de Chine is attached at the back of the neck. The coat is a bluer shade of gray tweed and has a decidedly nonchalant grace.

Crisp tailored lines in a costume by Schiaparelli of black and white cordelya, with a squarely-built jacket and heavy white crêpe tailored blouse with shiny white leather buttons. The skirt has sensible width, as you'll note, and is designed, beyond a doubt, for action.

Jane Regny designed a very simple and wearable sports coat of steel blue duvetyn, gave it some interesting tucks and lined it with plaid wool. A frock of the same blue as the coat will make an effective ensemble to carry one thru most sporting affairs with flying colors.

The new pebbly crêpe, called by its creator, M. Rodier, "moussecla," is shown in this Jane Regny sports frock in the gray green known as "Reseda." The bands of material across the blouse, which swing around to make a belt at the back, are unusually interesting details.

An especially appealing three-piece costume for southern wear designed by Jane Regny. Black and yellow jersey make the skirt and the plain lemon-yellow sweater has tiny piping of the same figured material. The jaunty jacket and scarf of the ensemble are lined with yellow.

Mary Nowitsky shows a sports outfit which emphasizes the importance of a three-color combination. Navy blue, tan and white for the mousli-kasha coat, tan colored jersey sweater with blue and white bands, and tan skirt with navy and white plaits make a smart costume.

Chanel designed this beautifully simple, three-piece sports outfit of faintly flecked light-weight wool. The narrow tailored belt and semi-bow on the skirt and three-button front are chic details. The tri-color scarf is a dashing contrast to the delicate colors of the ensemble.

The Riviera collection of Mary Nowitsky presented this three-piece costume using a new jersey, as yet unnamed, which has alternating stripes of angora and fine wool. The taupe colored, plaited skirt is crêpe de Chine, as is the canary yellow blouse banded with jersey cloth.



# Summer Fashion for Winter



*Dreany*  
Drian, most famous French interpreter of feminine chic, visions sunny days in the South when all Florida calls "come hither"



Coat 2398—Frock 2076

2392

2390

2390

2398 2392 2390

2398—2076—*The sheer ensemble.* For Palm Beach a plain coat and printed frock are smart. The seven-eighths length coat has saddle shoulders and a scarf; the two-piece frock has a skirt flared in front and plain in back, and a square necked blouse. Coat and frock are designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); 36 to 44.

2392—*The cardigan ensemble.* It is in three pieces—a plain cardigan and a bias plaid blouse and an all around plaited skirt. The blouse has a scarf collar, the straight skirt is on a yoke and the open cardigan is belted. The jacket and blouse are in the new slightly longer length. Designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); 36 to 44.



Frock 2416





2426

2387—*The printed chiffon frock.* The two-piece circular skirt of this afternoon frock is attached to the wide girdle that ties at the left side and molds the hip. The wide bertha ends in long scarf-like points on the right shoulder. The neck is round, the body sleeveless. Designed for sizes 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years) and for 38.



2387



2426



2387



1685

2426—*The handkerchief frock.* Two handkerchiefs, folded diagonally and tied about the hips, form the girdle of this frock, with plaited skirt sewed to a long body. Two tabs finish the collarless neckline. The skirt may be plaited in groups and the sleeves are long and close. Designed for 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years) and 38, 40.



2389



2389

2389—*The dinner-at-home frock.* For gay informal dining is a frock with a cape-like bertha and a double tiered skirt attached to a wide girdle that ties in front. The tiers are straight and gathered. The neck is V-shaped and the bloused body is sleeveless. This frock is designed for sizes 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years) and for size 38.

1685—*The furless wrap.* A huge, shirred pillow collar gives this straight cape a Pierrette-like charm. Rows of shirring around the shoulders form a deep yoke and two narrow scarf ends may be tied or left to swing free. The cape is very chic made to match the frock in color. Designed for sizes 32 (15 years) and 36, 40, 44.

2390—*The printed ensemble.* A coat and frock make a chic ensemble for the South. The bands and bows on the frock show to an advantage from under the straight coat with a small standing collar. The plaited skirt is sewed to the sleeveless body to give a two-piece effect. Designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); 36 to 44.

2416—*The sports frock.* With a matching jacket, this frock for active or spectator sport will make an excellent ensemble for the South. Binding outlines the stepping plaits of the straight skirt, the smart scarf collar at the V-neck and the very short kimono sleeves. Designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 44.



1685



2413

## Palm Beach holds a dress rehearsal of Summer

2413—*The lace evening gown.* A girdle twisted in the Vionnet manner is bound around the slender hips of this one-piece frock. There is much movement from fluttering loose drapes at the left side of the wrap-around lower part. The neck may be U or V, and is very low in back. Designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); 36 to 44.

2400—*The daytime frock with uneven hem.* The hemline is broken at the right side of the skirt and a floating drapery balances it on the softly bloused bodice. Horizontal tucks mold the hip. The seam edges are straight so that they are easily made and will not sag. Designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 42.



2400



2414



2400



2384



2384



2413

2414—*The beltless frock.* Semi-formal and therefore the most useful of afternoon frocks. The skirt is gathered in a scalloped line to the body, and the V neckbands become a jabot in front, scarf ends in back. The sleeves flare over the hand and there are tucks at the shoulders. Designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); 36 to 48.

2384—*The formal afternoon dress.* Square and oblong draperies break the hemline of this printed frock. They have straight seam edges which are especially practical for southern cottons. A scarf draped neckline, a wide girdle, and loose sleeves give suppleness to the silhouette. Designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); 36 to 44.





## Six important new frocks for Afternoon

2379—*The tiered frock.* Two circular tiers flare below the smooth hipline of this frock that is belted just above the hips by a narrow tailored belt. There is a bow on the right shoulder of the round neck, and another at the left side in back, where the upper tier ends. For size 36 (19 years), 4 yards 39-inch printed silk crêpe. Designed for sizes 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years) and size 38.

2406—*The tea-at-home frock.* This graceful, feminine frock has its shirred straight skirt tucked to give the dividing line of tiers. The wide girdle is tied at the left side. The sleeves are full and held at the wrists by narrow ties, and a narrow scarf finishes the turned back collar. For size 36, 3½ yards of 39-inch printed cotton voile. The frock is designed for sizes 34 to 52.

2412—*The bow-scarf frock.* Adapted from one of the most successful of recent French models, this frock has a bow tied scarf at the neckline. The one-piece skirt, flared at front, is sewed to a wide girdle below a narrow belt. The sleeves are long and close. For size 36, 3¾ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. This frock is designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and for 36 to 40.

2404—*The classic black satin frock.* There is a place in every chic wardrobe for this smartly simple frock with a diagonal neckline ending in a jabot and the diagonal line of the one-piece wrap-around skirt finishing in a corresponding flare. For size 36, 3½ yards of 39-inch crêpe satin. This slip-over frock is designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 44.

2408—*The double jabot dress.* Two jabots, joined at the back of the neck to form a collar, join again at the waistline in front in a deep V particularly good for the larger figure. The straight skirt is gathered to the top in an arc that forms a deep yoke effect. For size 36, 3¾ yards 39-inch printed georgette and ¾ yard 35-inch plain. The frock is designed for sizes 34 to 52.

2420—*The surplice frock.* There is no line more flattering to mature figures than the surplice closing, especially when it is softened by a scalloped and frilled lingerie collar. The straight skirt is gathered to a wide girdle that ties snugly. Cuffs on the close sleeves match the collar. For size 36, 3½ yds. 35-in. print; ¾ yd. 39-in. organdy. Designed for 34 to 48.





## A frock wardrobe for the Early Spring

2418—*The reversible crêpe frock.* Like the Paris "horse-reins" model, this frock has curved bands, two of which loop in back. The back is made one-piece and the flared skirt at the front is set on under one of the curving bands. For size 36 (19 years),  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch reversible silk crêpe (flared skirt cut bias). Designed for sizes 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years); 38, 40.

2422—*The bow frock.* Small bows run down the front of the basque with an up-in-front movement, and a large bustle bow is placed at the center back. The full straight skirt ends in four points and the yoke-like décolletage is a V. For size 35 (18 years),  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yds. 35-inch taffeta;  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard 39-inch material of each shade for flower. Designed for 32 to 37 (15 to 20 yrs.); 38.

2347—*The tiered afternoon frock.* Below a new, slightly molded body with a round neck and long, snug sleeves, there is a soft, tiered skirt of three gathered flounces. The flounces are shorter in front and the girdle is fastened snugly around the hips with a small buckle. For size 36,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39-inch crêpe. Designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 42.

2402—*The scarf frock.* A round-necked body with the briefest of sleeves has a pointed collar in back that turns into a scarf on the shoulder, where it is held with a pin. The two-piece flared skirt is sewed to a wide girdle, tied snugly in a bow at the hip. The short sleeves are kimono. For size 36,  $3\frac{7}{8}$  yards 39-inch georgette. Designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 46.

2367—*The batless frock.* A large choux that drapes this frock to the left side suggests a waistline instead of the usual girdle. It is very simple, with a round neck, close long sleeves and a wrap-around lower part. Pointed ends from the choux add to the hem's uneven line. For size 36,  $3\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 39-inch crêpe satin. Designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 44.

2391—*The tulle frock with lingerie straps.* A frock inspired by Lelong has a basque with a curved décolletage held by lingerie straps and fastened under the arm. The three flared tiers of the skirt dip in back and rise in front to the belt. For size 35 (18 years),  $10\frac{3}{8}$  yds. 72-inch tulle;  $\frac{3}{4}$  yd. 39-in. material for back of skirt. Designed for 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years); 38.





2386—2423—*The selvedge border costume.* The three-quarter length coat of this tweed suit has a notched collar and two slit pockets. The wrap-around one-piece skirt is straight. Both are border trimmed. Tuck-in blouses are new and this one has neat cuffs, long full sleeves, a small down turned collar that may be worn high or low, and a tie. Suit and blouse designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 yrs.); 36 to 44.

2419—1760—*The spring tailor-made.* A well cut tailleur has a double-breasted short box coat with four buttons, notched collar, regulation coat sleeves and three patch pockets. The skirt, box plaited across the front and plain in the back, is two-piece. Use cashmere, flannel, or velveteen. The coat is designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 44; the skirt, for 34 to 37 (15 to 18 years) and 38 to 47½ hip.

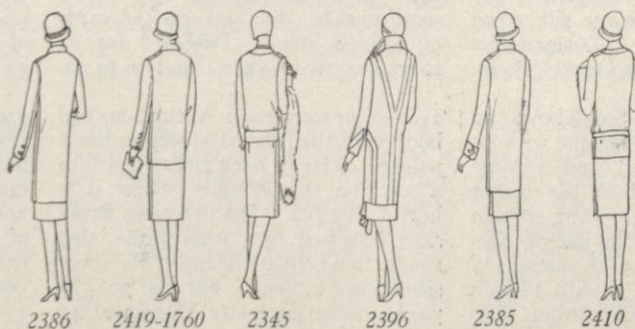
2396—2371—*The light-over-dark ensemble.* This is a smart new phase of the ensemble. The light coat is full length and trimmed with applied bands of the fabric and has a furless collar. The dark frock has a jabot from the point of the V neck, drapery at the left side of the one-piece wrap-around skirt, and long close sleeves. Coat designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 yrs.); 36 to 46; frock, for 32 to 44.

2345—*The coat frock of wool.* This classic spring fashion is given current chic by a separate piqué collar and cuffs. It is buttoned from the notched collar to the hem. There are two patch pockets, a wide leather belt, and darts on the shoulders that perfect the fit. The sleeves are long and close. The fabric should be tweed, checks, etc. Designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and for sizes 36 to 48.

2385—2377—*The travel ensemble.* The seasoned traveler wears an uncrushable ensemble of straight, three-quarter length coat with scarf collar and patch pockets, and a simple tailored frock with selvedge bow knots at neck, wrists, and waistline, plaited skirt attached across the front, and a one-piece back. The coat and frock are both designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and for sizes 36 to 44.

2410—*The runabout frock.* The smartest of the little tailored woolen frocks are button-trimmed. This one is two-piece and has buttons on its new, longer blouse and on its long close sleeves. A third group of three buttons is on the wrap-around skirt that has a wide box plait in front and is cut in one piece and set on a yoke. This frock is designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 44.

# The Seasoned Traveler wears Sporty Clothing



2386

2419-1760

2345

2396

2385

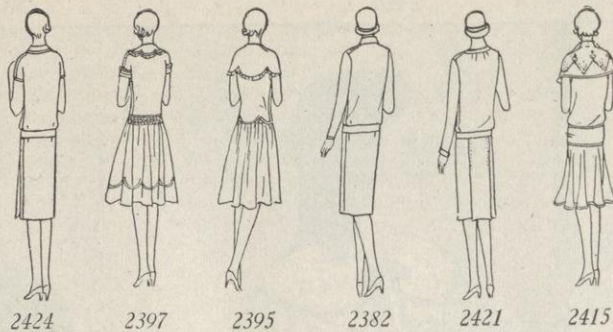
2410

2385  
2377

2410



# The Spring mode for Silk and Cotton



2421



2415



2395



2382



2397



2424

2421—*The button frock.* It was inspired by Chanel, who used buttons on many of her new models. The frock has a one-piece front that wraps around and is laid in plaits at the last turn of the zig-zag closing. Plaits make a wide panel in back, and the narrow belt, the bow tied thru slashes and the buttoned point on the sleeve are good details. Designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); 36 to 44.

2415—*The cotton afternoon frock for the south.* It is usually made of printed voile, dimity, batiste or organdy, or of embroidered swiss. Here it combines printed cotton with plain organdy, the latter used in points on the cape collar and along the hem. The flared skirt is in two pieces and sewed to the wide girdle. The dress is sleeveless. Designed for sizes 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years) and for 38 to 42.

2395—*The scalloped frock.* This is a dress that can only be worn by the very young and the very slender. The new molded body is seen in the basque to which a straight skirt is gathered. All the edges are scalloped and the hem rounds down slightly longer in back. The deep cape-collar takes the place of sleeves and matches the background of the dress. Designed for 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years) and for 38.

2382—*The tailored frock.* This is a daytime dress in town, a sports dress in the country. Silk crêpe or tweed are its usual fabrics, and for the south, piqué in plain colors or linen would be smart. The back is one piece but the front is cut with a group plaited skirt. The collar, which may be worn closed, matches the turn-back cuffs. The belt has an interesting note in the buttoned points. Designed for sizes, 34 to 52.

2397—*The printed cotton frock.* It is a very informal afternoon frock for winter resorts and is particularly nice when combined with organdy and all its scalloped edges emphasized by fagoting or binding. The basque has a surplice line which the collar follows, and the straight skirt is gathered to it with shirrings. The sleeves are kimono. Designed for sizes 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years) and for sizes 38, 40.

2424—*The southern sports frock.* For tennis it is made of white piqué or linen, for other sports the shirting silks, tie-silk prints on cotton and plain colors are smart. It has short kimono sleeves, a bright belt which should match another accessory, and a plaited section inserted at each side. Under the turn-down collar, tie-ends slip thru slashes. Designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 44.



2411

2321

2407

2383

2409



## Frocks for the Small

2411—*The smocked frock.* Squares of smocking on each shoulder and center of the back secure the fullness of this straight-from-the-shoulder frock. It has rounded pockets and a little collar tied with a bow. The lower edge is straight and the frock is worn over separate bloomers. Designed for 24 to 27 (6 to 10 years).

2321—*The two-fabric frock.* An amusingly small collar and a band that extends into a panel in front are of a plain fabric to contrast with the youthful print. Two pockets are hidden away in the band. The lower edge is straight and the frock is worn over separate bloomers. Designed for sizes 21 to 24 (2 to 6 years).

2407—*The printed party frock.* It has small figures from the "funny paper" or toy shop, or tiny flowers, for these are the children's prints. It has a straight shirred skirt sewed to a long sleeveless body, a wide bow sash run thru slashes, and a matching bertha collar. It is designed for sizes 24 to 27 (6 to 10 years).

2383—*The two-color party frock.* Its lower edge is a scalloped band and matching bands at the armholes do for sleeves. It is cut straight with fullness at the round neck, and with separate one-piece panties. It would be chic in an ensemble with the band matching the coat in color. Designed for 21 to 24 (2 to 6 years).

2409—*The plaited school frock.* The plaits appear only at front for the back is one-piece and plain, as befits a dress that must be sat upon. It has short scalloped sleeves, a round, frilled collar and pockets, and a tab-fastened belt. It is nice in linen, challis prints, or in pongee. Designed for 25 to 32 (8 to 15 years).

2401—*The tweed ensemble coat.* An ideal coat for school has a double-breasted closing, saddle shoulders and is made of a new rough tweed. Its notched collar and pockets are also details of great chic. It makes an ensemble with the frock next to it and with its matching hat. Designed for 25 to 32 (8 to 15 years).

2292—*The bow frock.* An ensemble frock to be worn with the tweed coat and trimmed only with appliquéd bow knots is very new and effective. The neckline is smartly one-sided and the attached straight skirt is all in one piece and plaited all around. This frock is designed for sizes 25 to 32 (8 to 15 years).

2399—*The basque frock.* Its old-fashioned, new-fashioned lines are kind to youthful leanness. The sleeveless basque is long and a straight skirt is gathered to it. The handkerchief collar is new and matches the pocket. It is charming for dimity or printed lawn. Designed for 25 to 32 (8 to 15 years).



2401

2292

2401

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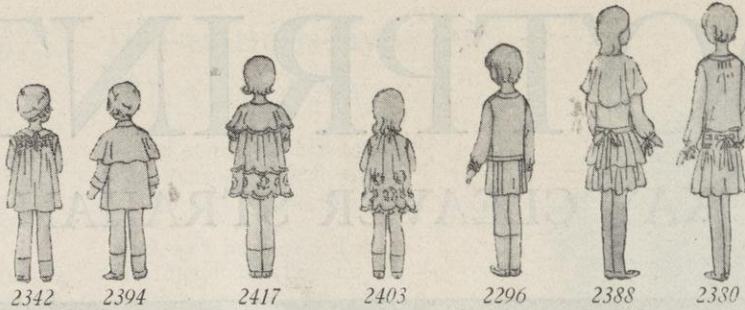
2409

2399





2360



2360—*The party frock.* A round neck basque has a shaped lower edge to which the straight skirt and flounce are attached. They are gathered on the scalloped line and the flounce is pointed at its lower edge. It is a sleeveless frock and untrimmed save for a flower with ribbon ends. Designed for 25 to 32 (8 to 15 years).

2394—*The cape-coat ensemble.* This straight coat has a smart little cape that may be sewed on or made so that it can be taken off. It has pockets, a single breasted closing and the notched collar, or a shawl collar, and makes a smart ensemble with the frock next to it. This coat is designed for 21 to 24½ (2 to 7 years).

2342—*The ensemble frock.* For kindergarten this frock and the coat beside it make a smart ensemble. The lower edge is straight and there is smocking below the shallow yoke. The tiny collar and cuffs on the long sleeves are bound with the color of the smocking and the coat. Frock designed for 20 to 24 (1 to 6 years).

2417—*The bertha frock.* Quite in the French manner is the scalloped and ruffled bertha. At the lower edge of this straight-hanging frock there are two rows of scalloped ruffles and a succession of circular ruffles between them. The ribbon bow at the neck has long ends. This frock is designed for 21 to 29 (2 to 12 years).

2388—*The printed frock.* An excellent frock for prints has a bertha that is longer in back and scalloped at its lower edge. The straight, tiered skirt repeats the scallops and is sewed to a plain upper part. The neck is round and a bertha takes the place of sleeves. This "best" frock is designed for sizes 25 to 33 (8 to 16 years).

2380—*The useful frock.* A simple frock that is good all day long is made with a straight skirt gathered across the sides and sewed to both a bloused upper part and underbody. The bands at the V neck and at the wrists contrast in color and the belt slips thru slashes. The dress is designed for sizes 25 to 32 (8 to 15 years).

2296—*The school frock.* A narrow belt is placed at a low waistline where the straight skirt plaited in groups is joined to a long upper part. It is untrimmed save for appliquéd bow knot and bands at the neck and wrists. The long sleeves are full and gathered into cuffs. Designed for sizes 24 to 27 (6 to 10 years).

2403—*The ruffled frock.* Little girls like this party frock with two rows of ruffled circles and a scalloped lower edge. It is sleeveless and hangs straight from the shoulders where its fulness is shirred softly. It is worn over a French pantie combination. This slip-over frock is designed for sizes 21 to 24 (2 to 6 years).



2388

2380

## For Parties & Everyday



2394

2342

2417

2403

2296



Fresh snow—  
but no trace of

# FOOTPRINTS

A baffling new  
mystery serial

By KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN



Grandfather had trained Lucy to observe closely—and that was probably the reason she became a young Sherlock Holmes

**C**OULD Neal Quilter have murdered his own father, that weird October night in 1900 when a shot rang out thru the Q.2 ranch house?

The boy brooded on the unsolved mystery until he believed that he himself had committed the crime—and that the horror of it had caused a loss of memory.

But his sister, Judith Quilter Whitefield, would not listen to him when he confessed to her that this was his reason for refusing to marry the woman he loved. With the help of Dr. Joe Elm, Judy persuaded Miss Lynn MacDonald, a famous crime analyst, to read letters describing the catastrophe. They had been written by Neal and Lucy (their twelve-year old sister) to Judy at the time—for she had just married Gregory Whitefield, and his delicate health had taken them far away from Oregon and Q.2—to Colorado.

Miss MacDonald learned from these letters that the people in the house on the fatal night were—

Richard Quilter: the murdered man.

Thaddeus Quilter: Richard's father.

Olympe Quilter: Richard's aunt, wife of Phineas.

Phineas was absent that night.

Gracia Quilter: Richard's sister.

Christopher Quilter: Richard's cousin, who owned Q.2.

Irene Quilter: Christopher's wife.

Neal Quilter: Richard's son.

Lucy Quilter: Richard's daughter.

Irene, Christopher's bride (a divorcée whose first husband had been Archie Biggil of New York) was unpopular with the others, for she hated Q.2 and wanted Chris to sell it. The debts on the place brought Richard great worry. Just before his death he had joined the Siloamite church to please and comfort his sister Gracia. To the anxious young Neal this seemed a sign of approaching madness.

Then the shot in the night! A rope hung from an open window in Richard's room—but a light snow had fallen and there were no footprints. At the coroner's inquest, suspicion concentrated on Irene, the only one of the family not locked into a bedroom by the murderer before the shot was fired. Just when it looked as if a verdict of "guilty" must be brought against Irene, Aunt Gracia was called to the witness stand. In ringing words she voiced such a defense of the entire family that the jury returned the decision—"murderer unknown." Here Neal's letters continue:

**I**F I had been writing a book, I'd have kept the verdict of the coroner's jury a dark secret until now. But, since I have already told you the good news, let me review Aunt Gracia's important points, and attach my own comments to them.

1. *Father was the strongest member of the family.* True a year ago. Not true a week ago.

2. *Father could have disarmed any one in the family.*

Doubtful, certainly, a week ago. But, suppose that he could have disarmed any one of us. Would he have tried to? Can you see father jumping at any one of us, and snatching a gun from us? I can't. Judy, you and I know that he would have lain there in bed and tried to shame us out of our nonsense.

3. *None of us ever used the back stairway.* We all used it except, possibly, Irene.

4. *Since the murderer was not in our house, he must have escaped from it.* You don't need me to point the sophistry of that.

5. *We were all locked in our rooms. Proof: Irene found seven keys, unlocked seven doors, and left seven keys on the outside of the doors.* There are ten doors in our upper hall. Irene found and used seven keys. You can think that out. I'm not going to write it. Remember that all the keys to the locks in the upper hall are interchangeable. The attic door had had no key. It has now. I have brought it down from the hardware box in the attic. My one bit of sleuthing. But whether that was its first or second trip down-stairs within the week, the key didn't say.

Judy, I'm not crazy—tho sometimes I feel almost as if I were.

I am not trying to prove, with this quibbling, that some member of the Quilter family shot and killed father. It seems to me that the single hope I have left, is to prove that no member of the family is a murderer.



I have to establish Quilter innocence, and reestablish Quilter honor, before I can begin to try to establish anything else.

So I take us, one at a time. I begin with grandfather, and I come straight thru the list to Lucy. I stop at each name. I judge each as objectively as I judge cattle for buying or breeding. Each time I do it, I come out with a clean slate. That method, and nothing else, gives me my certainty—my sure knowledge that no one of the Quilter family could be guilty of crime.

And that, after consideration, I am bound to state is a lie. It gives me my certainty—with one exception. Probably you don't need to have me tell you who the one person is. Neal Quilter.

**N**EAL QUILTER could have done it. Suppose he had. Suppose he had planned the thing keenly, as it was planned, from beginning to end. And then, as Aunt Gracia said, since we are dealing with suppositions, suppose that the horror of having done such a thing should have driven him clear out of his mind—should have caused a real brainstorm—so that, when the storm had cleared, he had forgotten every incident connected with the crime.

I wish I knew more about minds. I wish I knew whether a thing of the sort ever had, or ever could happen. I know it is possible that a man may forget his entire past, including his own name, and continue to go about as a fairly normal person, so I don't see why it should be impossible for him to forget, entirely, some one particular horror.

Granting the loss of memory, I could have done it. I could have gone up-stairs some time in the late afternoon and fixed that rope on the bed, and collected the keys from the inside of the doors. (Where I got a gun, and what I did with it afterwards are, of course, other things I would have forgotten. I can reconstruct with the material now at hand. I can not remember.) Then, on Monday night, before father put out his light, I could have stepped across the hall to his room. If I had gone in there, threatening him with a gun, do you think he'd have jumped out of bed and taken the gun away from me? I think not.

But we'll say I didn't show my gun. We'll say that I kept it in my back pocket for an hour or so while we talked, father and I. If I had decided to kill him rather than allow him to go insane, (as his being baptized in the Siloamite faith possibly indicated) I might have desired a long confirmatory talk.

I might have fixed the rope at eleven o'clock, deciding that I would use it in the next five minutes. And, after that, something might have caused me to delay for another hour. The rope hocus-pocus certainly would not have caused father to take either me, or my threats, any more seriously. Can't you imagine the conversation?

"What are you planning to do with the clothes-line, my son?"

"I am going to use it to escape out of the window, after I have shot you."

We know that father would have laughed at me; unless, of course, he had decided that I had gone mad. In that case, he might have started to get out of bed and take the gun away from me.

Well, then, I had the rope fixed, we'll say. I shot father. I went to the window and discovered the snow. I knew that the rope could not be used, then, because the footprints on the roof would betray me. What might I have done? It is absurdly simple. I might have

## Illustrations by CLARK FAY

stepped across the hall to my own room and locked myself in—with the key to the attic door.

Yes, as I have said, I have since found the key in the hardware box in the attic. But if grandfather, or Aunt Gracia, had discovered an extra key in my room, when they were searching the house, would they have declaimed concerning it, or would they have hidden it away in the box?

Why I should have had the key, if I had planned the rope escape, I can't think. Why I should have planned the rope, I can't think. I might have had some deep scheme, involving both the key and the rope. Or the entire idea of the rope might have been one of the fool mistakes that murderers, according to the best traditions, always make. Leaving the door between my room and Lucy's unlocked would seem, certainly, to have been another mistake.

The question of time is a nice one. I needed, after the shot was fired, to have looked out of the window, crossed the full width of father's room, got across the hall and into my own room, locked the door, picked up a chair, and battered the door with it.

Lucy needed to have got out of bed, put on her slippers, lighted her lamp, run across her room to my door, opened it. It might work out. I don't know. I think that I couldn't have done my part of it in two minutes. Then I remember how long two minutes were when you were taking Greg's temperature.

On the whole, the time seems to be against me. What I could have done with the gun seems to be a point in my favor. When I remember how this house was searched, it seems impossible that I could have hidden a gun in it. It certainly would have been found. I could not have thrown it out of a window. We'd have seen it in the snow. Tho I have a good baseball arm—I might have thrown it out of father's open window.

**I** HAVE wondered, these few days, whether instead of fighting what I have always decried as Quilter sentimentality, I have been fighting, merely, a subtle sensitiveness, an ability for loving, which I have been too boorish to possess or to understand. The thought of marrying some queen and giving her a right to paw over me and call me "Boofel," like Irene with Chris, nauseates me. Look at Uncle Phineas, tethered to Olympe.



Olympe wheeled about. "Are you laughing at me?"

Look at Chris deeded to Irene! You and Greg are different; but you are friends. You bake your bread, instead of feasting on the yeast. And—you are a Quilter woman. But what I started to say was, that I have wondered whether this lack of sentimentality in me denoted simply a hard streak, a streak of yellow, perhaps a streak of cruelty.

Later.

**S**ORRY, Judy dear. I am a fool. And talking is rot. My apology, if you'll have it, is that father's death has been a knock-out. I've been feeling too much—unaccustomed feelings. I have been thinking, or trying to think, until my brain has worn out from effort.

I am all right again now. I've been out with Uncle Phineas walking and waiting for the sunrise. He is all cut up, torn up, about father. And yet, somehow, the fact that he was not here on the night father was killed, and that he didn't have the horror of that first hour, seems to make him more wholesome, saner than any of us.

He was here at home when we got back from the inquest last evening. He came running down the path to meet us, with tears washing out of his eyes and all over his cheeks, but he was paying no more attention to them than he would have paid to rain.

He is one of us—a Quilter straight thru—and neck deep in trouble with us. But it is as if he had come in, on purpose, while the rest of us have been chucked in.

Olympe was out of bed, when we came from Quilterville yesterday, as chipper as you please in Aunt Gracia's best kitchen dress, with a little doily of an apron. She had actually helped Lucy prepare supper for the three of them, before we came home. Olympe would be correctly costumed for the frying of ham and eggs!

(Dr. Joe has envoys busy scouring Chinatown for Dong Lee, but he is not to be discovered. He was to have stayed a week; so we know that he'll be back on Monday; but we could do with him sooner. It is tough for Aunt Gracia, this having him gone just now.)

While the rest of us were getting a pick-up supper in the kitchen, Olympe disappeared. Sure enough, in a few minutes, here she came, wearing that black lace rig of hers, with the red roses and red velvet loops ripped off of it. A pity, since, by that time, Lucy and I were the only ones who had stayed down-stairs.

Olympe stopped in the kitchen doorway and asked us where Uncle Phineas was. We told her that he had gone to grandfather's room with him. (Turn to page 77)



They did the best they could to break our hearts, if that could have been possible



THEY circled around her as does a wheel around a hub. The party rose and fell as most parties do. Some of the people about her had enough and left. Others instantly filled the vacant places. She wasn't beautiful at all, she wasn't even pretty. But she had an air. After a moment of watching, I decided that her gracious, happy air came from a consciousness of distinction—perhaps some kind of achievement, perhaps birth and wealth.

"Who is that girl?" I asked the man next to me.

He gave me her name. It didn't enlighten me. "What does she do, why is she a hub?"

"Oh," he answered, "she has a perfect foot."

I didn't even chuckle. I gazed at her seriously. I had never seen a perfect grown-up foot. It wasn't funny to me—a girl who wore an air of distinction because she had a perfect foot. The man next to me chatted along about how great artists sought her—how, as a model, she never lacked employment, how, wherever she went, they whispered, "She has a perfect foot." Why shouldn't she be surrounded at parties? She ought really to be in an art gallery on exhibition!

Whoever has gone to a Turkish bath or summered at the seashore knows what distressing stories are bound in leather, how pathetic and ashamed most feet are when their covers are taken off.

WHAT do we do to them—those enchanting feet of childhood that leap along the way as if they had wings on their heels? Fashioned with such intricate beauty and soundness, with arches that challenge the strong delicacy and nobility of line of the most celebrated arches of stone and steel standing thru the ages!

The perfect foot, besides being lovely in color and texture, has a really charming line. It lies on the floor with the toes free from each other (how hideous are those overlapping toes brought about by too narrow shoes!) pointing straight, not toeing out even the least little bit; the beautiful inner arch proudly lifting itself from any contact with the floor even in feet that are fat; heels flat on the floor but touching lightly, no weight of the body resting on them; and (mark this) *the weight of the body, the balance of it, on the outer arch.*

When I asked one of the sanest foot specialists I have ever met why there were so many fallen arches and so few beautiful ankles in this world, he said, "Because people don't throw their weight on the outer arch of their feet, but let it drop to the inner arch—stretching the ligaments which hold that arch up, bearing downward on the inner side of the leg, pushing the inner ankles out in ugly lumps, and making a small bone called the astragalus receive the entire weight of the body at an angle instead of straight up and down. Almost everything that is the matter with feet comes solely from swinging the weight to the inner arch. It also affects backs and causes pain at the base of the neck and in the hips, because it pulls the whole body out of line."

At each step the weight should roll from the heel around the outside of the foot to the outer ball at the base of the little toe, then across the transverse arch to the inner ball at the base of the great toe. This strong great toe joint gives the body its push forward for

# IN THE WAY THAT THEY SHOULD GO

*Your feet need never be called  
"distressing stories bound in leather"  
if care is taken for their beauty*

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

another step. Always toe in enough to make the foot perfectly straight in its step. The slightest toeing out takes from the trimness of the ankle, from the perfect alignment of the body, and from a free, rhythmic carriage. Your carriage begins with your feet.

The usual "fallen arch" is a symptom rather than a disease. It means that it is high time that you were toeing in, that you began consciously to throw your weight on that gorgeous outer arch that is ready and waiting to take it. Walk barefoot around your room, touching your heel to the ground first, lightly, and feel the weight roll around the outer arch to the toes, which are pointed as straight ahead as an Indian's. Do it every morning and night. Do it even if you think that your feet are perfectly normal; it is a good exercise for them and airs them, too. Now up, up, as high on your toes as you can possibly get, stretching the whole body as high as you can, walk about the room that way, toes pointing in a bit. A wonderful exercise for the three arches.

A STILL more strengthening exercise is walking on the toes and touching the heel to the floor, lightly, at each step—*toe, heel, toe; toe, heel, toe*—a lifting, springing, rollicking, don't-give-a-whoop-about-anything kind of a walk.

Fallen arches, even the beginning of them, make people look old, make the foot shapeless, the toes point out. There may not be any pain in the foot, but there is effort and chronic weariness. Prolonged standing when one is tired will cause fallen arches by stretching the tendons that hold up that inner arch. Policemen, waiters, nurses, people who take violent exercise once a week and are sedentary all the rest of the time—all people who give their feet prolonged strain or sudden strain—must guard against arch trouble.

Have you ever noticed how few people of middle age walk freely, or beautifully, or as if they took delight in it? You can see the pain. And they have just begun to know how to live, how to choose what to keep and what to throw away. And all the joy of knowing and daring, all the sweetness of understanding, all the poise that living has given them, is dragged down and crippled by weary, suffering feet.

Perhaps they need to diet a bit—they eat not wisely but too well—the system can not take care of so much un wisdom, and deposits are left in the feet, which are

furthest from the heart and the weakest in circulation. These people should eat less and more simply. It will be worth it, swinging along the highway as jauntily as they did at thirty. Bathe the feet every night in hot and then cold water to tone up the circulation.

This same sane specialist has taken people sixty and seventy years old who couldn't walk a block comfortably, and had them fairly stepping it all over Europe and Asia and Africa—just by teaching them to walk with their weight on the outer arch and do the tip-toe toe-and-heel exercise to strengthen the inner arch.

Is there any use, I wonder, in talking about high heels? Instead, I am going to let a picture talk for me. Look at that free creature leading the procession at the bottom of this article, then think of the gay, forlorn women you see on the street, teetering along on ridiculously high heels. It's diabolical to tip feet up at such an angle, and missionaries ought to be sent to us! Cramped toes and callouses, corns and bunions, misshapen, twisted, suffering feet! You wouldn't find men letting such things be done to them!

Many people run their heels over. If you run them over on the outside, that is not a bad sign; in fact, it's rather good. Get them repaired and go on, comforted with the thought that you are throwing your weight on the outside of the foot. If you run them over on the inside, you have started on the road to ruined arches.

When children run their shoes over, take them to a foot specialist and find out what is wrong, or teach them the exercises given in this article. Never try to economize on children's shoes. The moment they are the least bit short, give them away. And don't buy them several sizes too long with the idea of buying fewer. They should be of soft leather, no artificial supports, and perfectly fitted.

Have your foot measured for your shoes when you are standing, not sitting with your foot on a rest. A shoe that fits you in rest may not fit you in motion.

Feet should be bathed night and morning and carefully dried, especially between the toes. Go barefoot as often as you can, air your feet in the sun every day—they are shut away from sun and air like criminals.

Remember that the normal foot swings in, great toe pointing straight ahead, heel near the ground, weight on the outer arch. There should be a straight line thru the head to the heels. The heel should touch first in walking, just touch, weight flowing almost instantly to the ball.

THERE are few motions in all Nature more lovely than a beautiful walk. Look at the disciples of rhythmicists, watch the walk of interpretive dancers—it is like seeing the Victory of Samothrace (with her nice little head back on) step down from her pedestal and come swinging towards you.

Here in America we should walk like gods, because we are young and our faces are towards the future. In Asia they move slowly—the benign, remembering carriage of people looking backward at four thousand years of tradition. In Europe they have no long past to remember—they walk with their eyes upon themselves.

We of America are the springtime of the world. Our heads high, our faces towards the future, we should walk—always—with the springtime in our step.





# BUTTERFLY DUST

*A Powerful Story of the Menacing Tropics*

By FRANCES GILCHRIST WOOD



Concha leaned forward with raucous laughter and, as mistress to servant, ordered Barbara to the kitchen

THE great steamer signed a curving wake of farewell, swung across the wintry waters of New York Bay, and headed toward the tropics. Four days out, and the sun-warmed deck buzzed with passengers. In a sheltered corner a pale man lay in a steamer chair and a beautiful woman bent over him, anticipating his every need.

She had no time for the sauntering parade. Hopefully she watched the man as the ship sailed south into the warmer waters of the Caribbean; anxiously, as the ship lay anchored in the close still air of the harbors at Santiago and Kingston; in terror, as her husband struggled for breath under the smothering blanket of the jungle on the low shores of Guatemala, where they shifted from boat to train.

The customs officials were maddeningly slow, and

Alan's pale face had gone gray before the coast-to-coast train puffed away from the pier. The woman's agony of impatience pushed at the slow moving wheels as they crossed the miles of banana lands and dense dripping bush of the wet tropics. For her there was neither flashing beauty nor flame of color in the madly prolific jungle, where, in the steaming moisture, even fence posts and railway ties sprouted and grew. The heavy air dragged without mercy at Alan's tired lungs. How she had dreaded this alien land, but Alan had rebelled against the crowded resorts of the handicapped army at home.

With a gasp of thankfulness, she heard the laboring exhaust of the engine up a lifting grade. Rejoicing, she watched the huge, elephant-eared foliage shrink and clumps of bamboo disappear in the drier land of the citrus belt, then corn and cattle land. At last the parched rocky earth of desert slope and light dry air. A faint color crept into Alan's lips.

Thru the long afternoon the train pulled and tugged upward beyond the desert into the pine-clad slope of temperate lands, swung across gorges toward the setting

sun, lost sight of it, whirled into clefts that overtook it again.

Alan lay smiling. With a last twist, the train drew itself up on the topmost peak just as the sun slid into the Pacific. They stared at the beauty all about them with sharp drawn breath. Along the upreared edge of a continent, the glittering necklace of lights of a city flashed in the gossamer blue of twilight, swinging atop the world. The woman bent over her husband anxiously. He lifted misty eyes.

"Barbara—here—I'll be well!"

AND the queer old capital, "Saint James of the Gentlemen," seemed to hold the magic of healing. But with slow returning strength the man chafed at invalid idleness. The childless woman tried every means to divert, to comfort him. He lifted his hands with a weary gesture.

"I want to work! How can a man drop out of the game at thirty-five? The Whitney engineers have all made good, and here I sit—" His wife's heart ached for

Illustration by  
OSCAR SCHMIDT



him. But before a month had gone by, they found congenial friends among the people in the city. In the grill and smoking-room at their hotel, Alan met and talked with Americans up for a fortnight of cool air, from coast banana farms; at last the Randle boys from Marble Mountain near Zelaya.

With the convincing skill of promoters, these Randle boys talked, and Alan listened, eager for any news of work. Late the first evening he came back to his room, excited as a boy who had just been let into the game again.

"Barbara, they've got a mountain—a whole mountain of marble! It's the true Carrara grain—nothing like it in the world except the famous mines of Italy. The Randles have a track down to Zelaya and put in a lot of machinery. All they need is more capital to put the marble on the market. You see, they've made a cutting this side—"

It was the old Alan of enthusiasm. How could Barbara but rejoice that he had found the elixir of work in his place of exile?

THEREAFTER for a week, with blue, prints on the table of the smoking-room, he and the Randles talked mechanics, transportation costs and markets, without end. Vitalized with interest, Alan grew steadily better until at last the doctor gave permission for him to move to the mine, if he would obey orders as to over-exertion and take his wife with him. Again Barbara was thankful for her husband's new interest, but beneath ran the chill fear of this alien land.

They traveled down the desert slope to Zelaya, where mules were waiting for the mountain climb. Along narrow shelves cut in the steep slope, they climbed for hours. The jungle beckoned from every side, but danger beneath claimed their eyes.

At last the mules halted on a tiny plateau. A house of rough stone perched there like an eagle's nest. Alan reined to her side. "Barbara, this is the place."

All judgment against it as a home was swept away as she caught sight of his pallor. Quickly she dismounted, unroping packs for cots, food and comforts. But again her husband's fatigue vanished before his absorbing enthusiasm, and once more he plunged into engineering problems.

And Barbara faced her own problem of frontier housekeeping. Four stone walls, a brazier for charcoal, roughly hewn table and benches, and the small equipment she had been wise enough to bring with her. Alan found that the Randles' cook had a daughter, only a girl, who might give more or less incompetent service. There were few natives so high up the mountain.

Concha appeared, an exotic native beauty, with the primitive greed of conquest in her eyes. But her cooking was sketchy in the extreme and she was unreliable always.

All unused to the work, Barbara silently shouldered the burden of ancient woman and fought her battle in the bush day after day, demanding that it yield comforts for the man.

It meant long hours of carrying wood and water; pails and tubs in endless procession to pay the price of fresh laundry, tempting food and shining floors. Also a never-ending pursuit of Concha when two pairs of hands were imperative.

Thru the racing jungle weeks the man grew steadily better, even to Barbara's anxious eyes, and at last she dared let herself be happy. Now, after dinner, Alan would swing her along the trail to watch the sun set behind perfect peaks in all the strange glory of purples and tawny orange. Now at last she could hear the mad overture in the bush, welcoming the dawn, and not dread the morning when she might hear it—alone.

Freed from consuming dread, Barbara thought of home, tried to write letters to friends; neither she nor Alan had close relatives. Yet their manner of life seemed so impossible to explain—and the very thought of home tore at her heart. When Alan was entirely well, or the

mine a sure success—Thus procrastinating fingers pushed pen and paper out of sight.

In happier mood Barbara at last saw the jungle. Riot of form and color and line; strange orchids winged as flaming birds, and butterflies like flying flowers. Tired as she always was on the mountain, still it rested her to explore. New paths meant carving thru laced and matted walls of green, but every day she walked further along the old ones, and at last she found delight even in the long climb to the quarry near the mountain top.

vernacular. The children scrambled to their feet and ran up the path.

"Is that their mother?"

Alan glanced at the hut. "Suppose so."

Barbara caught his arm. "Gone native? Oh, Alan, how could he?"

The man shrugged. "Johnson's been down here for years. A man gets pretty lonesome—Indian's better than nobody."

"But how could he—a man used to the world he came from!"

Again the shrug. "Oh, well, things begin to go after a while—the little things—then you skid. How's a man going to help it, living in the bush this way?"

Barbara stared at him, new fear in her eyes. "But what right has he to give those children such a heritage? The older boy—did you see his eyes—all Anglo-Saxon. To bar a child forever from his own kind—"

Impatiently Alan thrust a dangling vine out of the way. "Oh, they'll live and die down here in the bush—the boy will never know!"

"Inside of him he'll know—he knows now. You can't kill heritage of race like that!"

The conversation was firmly turned. Alan pointed overhead to the spread arms of a tropical tree forty feet across, crowded with pale purple haze. "Look at that shelf of orchids! Make a man's fortune on Broadway, wouldn't it?"

"In the right place, yes. Not down here in the bush."

He looked at her oddly. Silently they walked on down the trail to the cabin. A strained quiet held thru the evening.

Wistful blue eyes in a brown face haunted every corner for Barbara next day. Echoes like live things repeated word for word, "Johnson was lonesome—native woman better than nobody—things begin to go after a while—the little things—then you skid—"

Letting go the little things! That began a man's downfall in the bush. An unshaven, unkempt face rose out of the shadows—Alan! Silently she stared about the cabin; clean—but hopelessly unattractive, never a home. She had thought of it as merely a temporary camp. They had been here three months. It seemed a year, but in the jungle life raced! Stalks grew half an inch a day, rotted in mid-growth and were buried under the newborn. Standards could go—ideals!

WITH set lips she crossed to the far side of the cabin and drew out a trunk. Crouching beneath its lid was the rending power of homesickness—and the little things that bound them to their world.

A breath touched her cheek; Concha peering over her shoulder. Brusquely she sent her on a distant errand. She had begun to dislike the girl intensely. With lowered eyes she sought, found a bundle of letters and carried them to the table.

With unsteady lips she re-read them all and picked up her pen. Repeatedly she tore up one page and began another. If homesickness broke her heart, it should not be pinned on the letter's sleeve. Yet old friends—Celia and Bob, Ellen and Ned—would understand. She asked for all the gossip of home, all that made it a vital world; sent subscriptions for a daily paper and magazines. It would be turning a knife in a fresh wound, but it would keep them awake.

With a glance at the sun she hurried down the trail to catch the native boy carrying the mail to Zelaya. He handed her a small canvas bag containing incoming mail. As she loosened the string, the rustle of paper within stopped her breath. With a cry of disappointment she lifted an envelop of belated samples from a department store at home. That this should have followed her to the jungle!

Tightening the cord again, she turned to the longer trail. Over bare rock curious air plants (Turn to page 56)

## THE HAUNTED HEN-HOUSE

*A really cheerful story about a "spook"*

BY PEGGY BACON



THE four little Ames children were full of notions, and many of these notions were Ellen's. Ellen, age seven, was the oldest, and she was forever pretending, imagining or really believing the most remarkable things. Johnny, age six, Sally, age five, and Jimmy, age four, always upheld her loyalty in her romantic ideas, so that the four children were usually in a state of excitement over something.

One day, wandering thru a remote wood-lot with the dog Chug, they discovered a deserted hen-house. It was a ramshackle little shelter opening on a runway fenced in with wire netting, empty of all save a few drifting feathers. Unlatching the door to the enclosure, the children entered, and in the course of inspection Ellen noticed a small hole in the ground in a dark corner of the hen-house itself. Johnny poked a stick down this hole and there instantly came to the ears of all a snuffling noise as if some small animal had been surprised in its lair. However, tho they watched and waited, nothing came forth, but each time they poked with a stick the same snuffling noise ensued.

For several days the children spent much of their time inside the hen-house listening and trying to coax into the open the supposed occupant of the hole; but as no living creature ever went in or out, Ellen decided that the hen-house was haunted; and all four children described to their parents with bated breath and goggling eyes the strange noises they had heard.

Next day Mother and Father went with them to the wood-lot, and stood by while the four children took turns poking a stick down the hole. But Father, stepping aside, observed that while this was going on, the dog

remained outside the chicken-house watching at another entrance to the hole, and whenever he heard the stick scraping the earth, he would snuffle and scratch. For in fact, Chug also held firmly to the notion that something lived within. Father called Mother to see, and they exchanged a smile; but when they mentioned the matter to the children, Ellen refused absolutely to believe this the explanation and stoutly maintained that in some mysterious way the hole was inhabited. "There is no use in spoiling their fun," whispered Mother to Father. "Anyway, they will soon find out for themselves," Father replied; so they let the matter rest.

Shortly after this the children set forth again for the haunted hen-house. On the way Chug suddenly sniffed the air, barked briefly and dashed into the bushes; but the children went on till they reached the hen-house. Having worked themselves into quite a state of excitement, they tiptoed in, Ellen leading, speaking only in whispers and keeping close together. Down they huddled beside the hole, and Johnny had the stick in readiness, when suddenly there came a bark outside, a snuffle, a scuffle, and a disheveled baby rabbit emerged in haste from the hole.

The little creature was tired and frightened. Chased by the dog, it had sought refuge in the nearest burrow. With great presence of mind Johnny placed his straw hat over it, and Sally, slipping her small hands beneath the brim, clasped the animal gently. With even more thrills than usual they hurried home chattering, and rushed to their parents to show them the rabbit.

"See what came out of the hole!" cried Ellen triumphantly.

"We knew there was something inside!" cried Johnny.

"We certainly did!" echoed Sally.

"There was!" said Jimmy.

Mother and Father had nothing to say. They exchanged a smile, but held their peace.

"Well, well," said Father at last, "so you were right after all. I will have to build you a rabbit hutch."

This he did immediately, out under the apple tree. They placed the rabbit in it and Ellen named it "Spooky," their mother brought it a saucer of water and a bowl of oats, Johnny, Sally, and Jimmy gave it grass and clover, and the little rabbit soon grew fat and fearless and a joy to every one.



Alan scrambled out of the pit. "Come to see the mine? Not much to look at yet."

Barbara nodded toward the gaping hole. "Is that the marble?"

He shook his head. "Still stripping over-burden—unusually heavy here. When we reach sound marble we'll put in channeling machines and drill the blocks out in floors. Want to see the new percussion drill?"

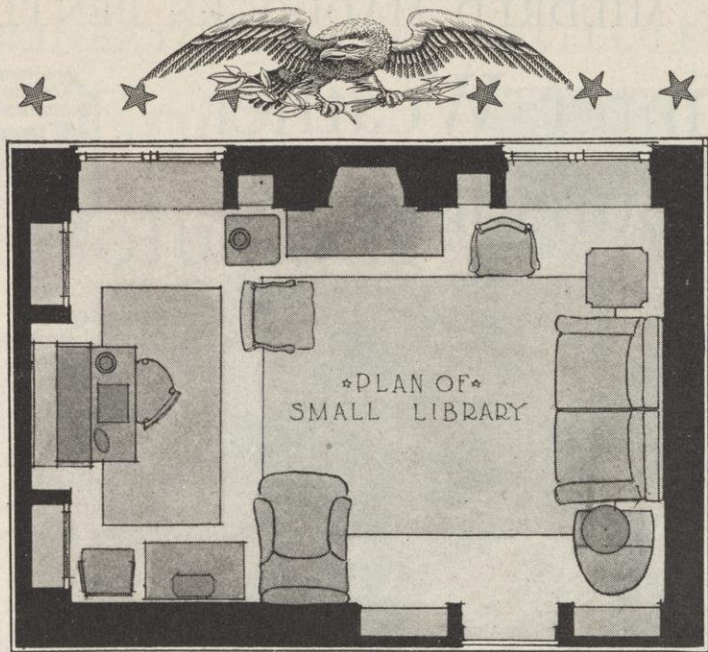
Barbara followed, looked and listened until the whistle blew. As they walked down the slope, two unkempt children were playing in the path near a tiny hut. They looked up shyly at Barbara's greeting, blue eyes set in Indian faces, topped with pale hair. She looked at the older boy and caught her breath.

"Alan, whose children are they?"

He turned carelessly. "Johnson's, I guess—the engineer's. They look like him."

A bush woman stood in the doorway, calling in shrill





This library is 11' 9" x 7' 6", and 8' 3" high

## A SMALL AND MOST FRIENDLY ROOM

*That Achieves Much in Little,  
Built by Delineator Interiors*

THIS new library, built on the Fifteenth Floor of the Butterick Building by Delineator Interiors, shows how a small room may contain many things without appearing cluttered. It shows how a proper arrangement can make a virtue of its small size by preserving an atmosphere of intimacy that is often lacking in a large room. The arrangement of this room offers many suggestions to a person struggling with the task of furnishing a small apartment, and it answers specifically the problem of the woman who is wondering what to do with that horror of leather and mission and dusty pipe racks that was once so very appropriately named the "Den."

Paradoxically, our first step in making this room look larger was to make it smaller. We built false walls so that we might recess the door, the windows, the bookshelves, and the chimney, knowing that recesses give an illusion of greater space, whereas things jutting out into a room decrease its apparent size. We finished the walls in a plain color and were sparing in our adornment of them. We kept the color scheme low in key with only a few bright accents—the dull orange curtains of glazed chintz, the Lawson sofa upholstered in soft rose velvet, and the colorful scenic wall-paper that covers the entire east

wall. This paper—the Niagara scene from a new War of Independence series—has perspective which increases the apparent size of the room. It is a pleasant contrast to the pine paneled walls, which might otherwise be too dark.

Then came the question of furnishing. We decided that the sturdy honesty of the Early American would combine with the simple grace of the French Provincial in a manner that suited exactly the informal character of this room. Finding

excellent American reproductions of both styles, we chose pieces that were rather small in scale, and arranged them in groups to allow as much free space as possible.

The floor we covered with two hooked rugs that are exact copies of old ones. On the walls we achieved the mellow richness of old pine at a moderately small cost by using a new wall-paper in a pine pattern. Even the moldings are of paper. If you plan to use similar moldings, be sure that the corners are carefully joined to simulate a real wooden molding. All the woodwork is painted a soft

green that ties the many colors of the room into a restful harmony. This green is repeated in the cushions of the window-seats beneath which the radiators are hidden, and in the curtains behind the wire mesh of the two book (Turn to page 76)



Orange chintz curtains, bright hooked rugs, and soft green woodwork harmonize with the pine papered walls



An unusual treatment of the overmantel which gives the amateur collector a chance to display his hobby



The perspective in the scenic wall-paper gives an illusion of space. The sofa is covered in rose velvet

Goold Studios

For their courtesy and cooperation Delineator Interiors thanks these firms:

**Furniture:** Charak Furniture Co., 1 Park Ave., N. Y. C. Early American Reproduction Furniture and French Provincial Reproduction Armchair, furnished by W. A. Hathaway Co., 51 W. 45th St., N. Y. C. French Provincial Side Chair—Brunovan, Inc., 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Upholstered Chair—W. A. Hathaway Co., 51 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

**Floor:** Rugs—Bigelow-Hartford Reproduction Hooked Rugs, furnished by B. Altman & Co., Fifth Ave. & 34th St., N. Y. C.

**Curtains:** Casement—Scranton Lace Co., 295 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

**Chintz Draperies:** H. B. Lehman-Connor Co., Inc., 58 W. 40th St., N. Y. C.

**Curtains behind wire doors:** Celanese Corp. of America, 15 E. 26th St., N. Y. C.

**Walls:** Pine Paper—Nancy McClelland, Inc., 15 E. 57th St., N. Y. C.

**Scenic Paper:** A. L. Diamant & Co., 101 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

**Mantel:** Edwin A. Jackson & Bro., Inc., Lexington Ave. & 65th St., N. Y. C.

**Electric Gate:** Magicoal Fire—H. A. Bame, 101 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

**Glass Vases:** Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York.

**Accessories:** The Poynton Shop, 170 E. 51st St., N. Y. C.

**Desk Set:** Marian Wright, Inc., 43 W. 49th St., N. Y. C.



DELINEATOR HOME INSTITUTE Directed by MILDRED MADDOCKS BENTLEY



# Summer Fruits in Winter Weather Bring Preserved Sunshine



**W**HEN days are cold and dark and dreary, and spring and summer seem much too far behind, then we doubly appreciate the fruit packets that have been preserved for us by the sunshine and flavor of summer climes.

Bananas and oranges are packed by nature into attractive, convenient portions, carefully wrapped for protection. Prunes have their sweetness concentrated by the sun into small bulk, and man has looked after the wrapping, putting them into boxes for standardized, cleanly distribution.

But to get the full value of their native sunshine, these fruits must be wisely purchased and kept. Bananas, for example, are still green even when the skin is bright yellow, if the end is colored green. They may be cooked then, however, just as raw vegetables and green fruit are cooked. But when they are "yellow-ripe" or better, fully ripened and flecked with brown, the most delicate flavor is developed. And because the starch changes to sugar in the ripening process the fruit is most digestible.

Fortunately, bananas are a fruit that ripens best off the tree, so they stand the long shipping and storing. You may wait and let the ripening go on in the fruit-man's shop, or you may buy them green and keep them at home. If you do—keep them at a moderate room temperature, never in the ice-chest or in a cold place if you want to have the fine, natural, ripe flavor developed.

Thanks to the cooperating fruit growers, oranges are plentiful, of standard quality and price so that they meet the all-year-round necessities of modern life and have long since ceased to be a seasonal luxury. They come ripe and juicy and fresh from the trees. Some are especially good for juice, some for flesh of the fruit, and the choice between the richly flavored, sweet, juicy fruit and the more sprightly, firm-fleshed, luscious orange is one of personal preference entirely. Buy either kind on the points of weight for size, ripeness and soundness.

To the initiated, prunes have personality, with fine discriminations. As we reported some time ago, there is the smaller, sweeter, French variety from California and the tart-sweet Italian one from Oregon. With one you may want to add lemon, with the other you may put in sugar—you have an excellent choice in buying and cooking. In the buying, the important point is size—the larger the prune, the more pulp for the seed, usually "30/40" (meaning thirty to forty to the pound) are the more generally preferred, with the "20/30" for extra size.

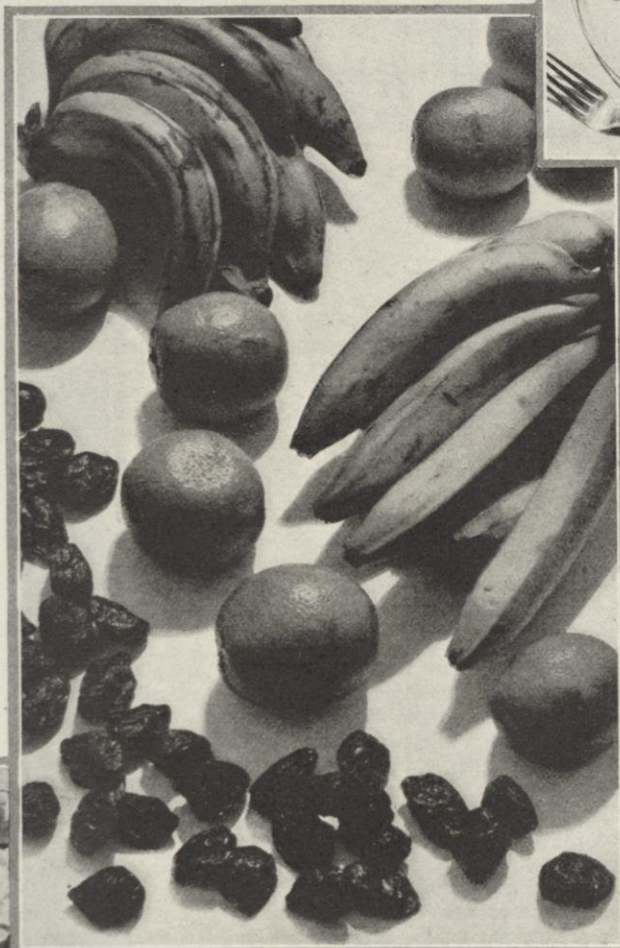
Some time ago we had at luncheon guests who wanted to get new wrinkles on banana cookery, and we served them new dishes on test. Slices of not-too-ripe bananas cooked in consommé gave a delicate flavor to the soup, making a new Consommé Royale. As an entrée we served banana rolls—bananas cut in half, soaked in lemon juice, wrapped with bacon, covered with cheese and baked. The recipe has already appeared. They could well have been dessert. For the last course we had a most delicious banana rhubarb betty—and we promise to print the recipe before rhubarb time. This is not a menu to duplicate, unless you too have banana-minded guests, but the individual dishes are well worth trying. This fruit has infinitely greater possibilities than "bananas and cream."

## BANANA ORANGE MARMALADE COMPOTE FOR MEAT RELISH OR DESSERT

3 ripe bananas  
1 lemon, juice  
1 orange, juice  
4 tablespoons orange marmalade  
2 tablespoons sugar  
1 tablespoon butter  
¼ cup salted nuts

Peel bananas, cut in two and slice lengthwise. Place in shallow baking dish and cover with a sauce of fruit juices, sugar, and butter, boiled up quickly together.

## And Provide Necessary Balance for Substantial Menus



Offerings in abundance from the tropical South and Pacific coast

Banana in caramel custard with thick meringue—the perfect pie!

Spread with marmalade and cover with finely chopped salted nuts—walnuts, almonds or peanuts. Bake twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven, 375° F. Cool slightly before serving. (Jellies or a not too sweet jam may be substituted for the marmalade.)

Serve as a garnish with roast duck, turkey, pork or game.

For a dessert, serve on oblongs of hot buttered toast, the marmalade making a delicious sauce; or on crisp baking powder biscuit as a shortcake.

## ORANGE FOAMY PUDDING

3 eggs  
½ cup sugar  
½ cup cold water  
1 tablespoon gelatine  
1 cup orange juice  
1 orange, grated rind

Beat egg yolks until light and add sugar. Soak gelatine in cold water and melt over hot water. Add to egg yolks, with orange juice and grated rind. Beat egg whites very stiff and add to mixture. Set dish in ice water and beat mixture well. As it sets, beat with spoon. When quite jellied, put into refrigerator. Serve in glasses over sections of orange cut in pieces. Decorate with orange colored garnishes or grated, browned almonds.

## PRUNE SAVORY

12 prunes  
6 slices bacon  
2 tablespoons chopped parsley  
2 tablespoons chopped onion



For an attractive salad: golden orange, crisp green lettuce, rich dark prune

Cook prunes slowly until tender. Cool, split and remove stones. Fill with onion and parsley mixed together and wrap in half slices of bacon, and skewer firmly with toothpicks. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., until bacon is crisp.

Serve as a fruit garnish for meat, with green salads, or on hot toast points for a hot appetizer, or with vegetable juice cocktails.

## CRANBERRY BANBURY TARTS

2 cups cranberries  
½ cup raisins  
1 cup sugar  
½ cup cracker crumbs  
1 tablespoon orange juice  
1 egg

Boil cranberries and raisins in one cup water. When berries burst, add sugar. Cool, add crumbs, egg slightly beaten, and orange juice. Fill uncooked pastry tarts, cover with strips of pastry and bake twenty-five minutes in a hot oven, 450° F.

## BANANA CARAMEL PIE

2 ripe bananas  
1 quart milk  
5 eggs  
¾ cup sugar  
½ teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons vanilla

Caramelize sugar (not too dark) in a saucepan and pour into scalded milk, stirring until all is dissolved. Pour on slightly beaten eggs, add salt and vanilla and strain into an uncooked pie crust. Add the bananas thinly sliced or mashed. Bake in a hot oven, 450°, for fifteen minutes, to set the crust, then in a moderate oven, 350° F., until custard is set when tested with a knife—for three-quarters to one hour. Cover with a meringue and brown. To make a crusty meringue, carefully remove pie after the first half hour, cover with a meringue of three egg whites and six tablespoons sugar, and finish baking.

## ORANGE RELISH

Slice rather thin two large oranges, using skin and pulp. Cut up three or four slices of canned pineapple and put all together in small baking dish. Add a stick of cinnamon, eight whole cloves, one-half cup pineapple juice, one-third cup sugar, one-quarter teaspoon nutmeg. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 370° F., for two-and-one-half hours. Serve cold with meats or as a relish with luncheon. One teaspoon vinegar may be cooked with the fruit to make it more snappy.

## PRUNE MACAROON SOUFFLÉ

3 egg whites  
½ cup prune pulp  
2 tablespoons crushed macaroons  
¼ cup sugar  
½ lemon, juice

Into stiffly beaten egg whites fold other ingredients. Pour into individual cups and set in a pan of water. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until soufflé is dry when knife is inserted, about three-quarters of an hour. Serve with whipped cream.

## ORANGE AND PRUNE SALAD

18 to 24 prunes  
2 oranges  
1 cream cheese  
2 tablespoons cream  
¼ teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon paprika  
1 tablespoon chopped salted nuts

Cover prunes with cold water, then simmer until quite soft; remove stones. Mix cheese with nuts, cream and seasonings (add a little grated onion if you like it) and stuff the prunes. Arrange attractively on lettuce with prepared orange sections freed from membrane. Serve with a rather tart mayonnaise blended with a small quantity of whipped cream.

We must not, of course, forget that raisins, too, rank as fruit for winter use—especially delicious with the hot breakfast cereal on a cold, snappy morning. Dates and all those fruits that come in cans have their places in the winter dietary. DELINEATOR recipes use them deliciously.



DELINEATOR HOME INSTITUTE Directed by MILDRED MADDOCKS BENTLEY

# Good Resolutions in Cookery

*Which Will Bring Out the Best in Foods*



She who writes may later read—good recipes and ideas



Modern egg beaters make short work of all beating



Labels are good reading if one cooks according to directions

ONE time is really as good as another, but New Year's has been for so long the classic time for checking up good and bad habits and making resolutions that we might as well follow tradition and look over the do's and don't's of cookery on January first, too.

Cooking and housekeeping merit a bit of study—much oftener than once a year. For science and art lie back of them and bring them into the realm of professions.

To keep up-to-date with foods and cookery points is easy. There is—and we say it with all the modesty of a suggestion—the Home Institute in the pages of DELINEATOR which crystallizes facts and theories into practical working information and which keeps on the watch for the new and good in food, method, and appliance.

There are excellent leaflets, recipes and booklets worked out by trained women to be found in the advertising of foods and appliances. Books too—our own kitchen book shelf is well stocked and well thumbed. All of these agencies are yours to command.

As manufacturers, housekeepers must know their raw materials—foods: what to buy, where, and how much and what to pay. And their machinery—appliances. There again the Institute and the manufacturer are at your service, and you can watch the grocers' shelves and the news items in the advertising pages on these products to see what is new on the market.

The actual cooking—it, too, needs good resolutions: in reading the recipe, accurate measuring, proper combining, definite temperatures, suitable handling to bring out the best in foods. A tablespoon of melted shortening is not the same as a tablespoon of shortening melted; a cup of unsifted flour equals one and one-quarter of sifted; a cup of cream whipped is much more than a cup of whipped cream. There are vast differences in results of beating, stirring, and folding in; of eggs slightly beaten or beaten stiff (whites

separately); of adding melted shortening hot or cooled.

A whole book can be written on the temperatures of cooking. A thermometer never guesses, nor does a clock. These reliable aids to success are available for every branch of cooking that needs specific heat—baking, deep fat frying, syrup making, meat roasting—and for your "cold cook-

ery," refrigerator recording. The eye can tell boiling, simmering and steaming, so no appliance is needed.

To bring out the best in foods by proper cooking demands an interested knowledge of food and cookery processes. For example—to make good cocoa and chocolate that is smooth, well blended and not thin and watery: the secret (and it's no secret at all) is to boil the cocoa and sugar and a speck of salt in water equal to a quarter of the liquid, for five minutes before adding the milk and bringing to the boil again. Simple—but so often neglected.

Cereals, too, grow smooth and flavorful and rich with longer cooking over hot water. Custards that are set in a pan of water in a slow oven will be firm and creamy and will never separate as in too great a heat.

Fresh, delicate vegetables that suffer badly from over-cooking and standing should be treated tenderly and removed from the fire when first done.

Sauces of the white sauce variety only need effective and constant stirring to make them smooth, creamy, and rich, and long enough cooking to have them thoroughly done. The best way is always to cook the flour well in the butter before adding the liquid.

Good coffee and tea depend on following the latest scientific findings—that for coffee, the water just below the boiling point develops all the flavor and strength with no bitterness; that for tea, actively, freshly boiling water brings out the fragrance and strength in the leaf.

The choicest meats require a quick intense heat to sear in all their juiciness and tenderness; whereas, on the other hand, a tougher cut needs long simmering or slow baking to soften the tissues. In both cases, a fork in the meat tissue is out of the question; turn the meat by inserting the fork next to the bone or in fat or gristle.

A delicate poached or "boiled" egg is only accomplished in water below the boiling point; high heat is only permissible when the egg is to be toughened, as in browning the outside of an omelet.

And so on—each food should be studied like a person in order to develop its best qualities. Its character is analyzed and pigeonholed in magazine articles and books on foods and cookery, ready for you to make the adaptations.

Good resolutions extend to appliances, too. They are worthy of good care: to be kept in order, cleaned properly, sharpened frequently, oiled carefully. Devices and appliances are servants, not masters, and should not be expected to substitute for intelligence nor be required to do more than they were designed to do. With intelligent handling they are marvelous aids. The electric ones especially need supervision so as not to overload the current and blow out the fuse.

Gas stoves—and electric or kerosene, too, for that matter—do not need to race thru the cooking. Once boiling, the food can get no hotter, and its surface is worn off by too much agitation.

Last comes serving. No matter how simple a dish is, it is worthy of dignified, attractive service—which in turn may be very simple. The eye enjoys before the palate savors a dish, and its appearance should feast the eye and give promise of an appetizing flavor.



All food well cooked is worth attractive though simple settings



Thermometers and regulators do not guess or vary in results



Scissors are frequently a cutting convenience in cookery



Accurate, level measurements will always be the mark of the successful cook

## RESOLUTIONS

TO STUDY foods and cooking—pore over the DELINEATOR pages, write to the Institute for advice, try out the recipes.

¶ To vary menus with new foods on the market and new recipes from manufacturers' recipe booklets.

¶ To read labels and directions on the packages.

¶ To measure ingredients accurately and to combine them properly.

¶ To cook by temperature with oven regulators, fat, syrup, oven and meat thermometers.

¶ To bring out the best in foods by proper cooking.

¶ To shorten work with approved appliances that save time or labor.

¶ To keep utensils bright and shining and in good order.

¶ To give each dish attractive service.

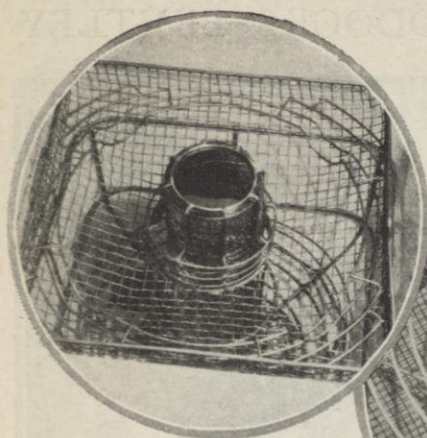


The Institute, too, has been making its New Year's resolutions: to be more useful, more practical, more inspiring, more comprehensive, more exactly what you want and need. And you can help us by sending in your own problems.

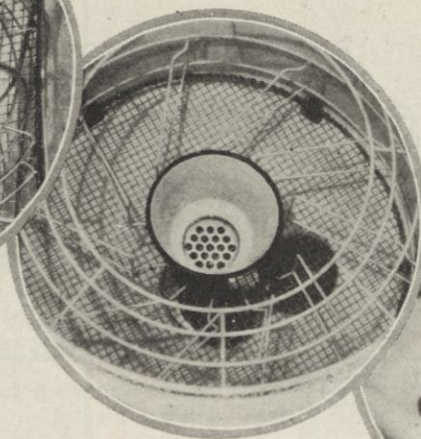


# A NEW DAY FOR DISHES

*Housekeepers Join us in Dishwashing Campaign*

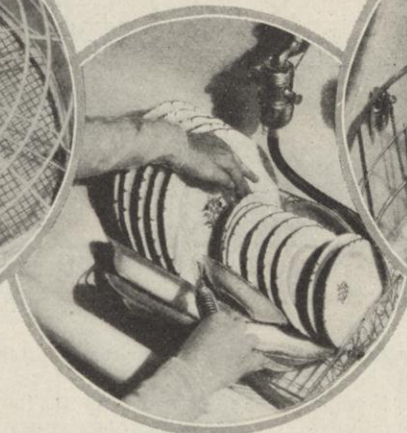


Built-in type of washer with center cylinder spray

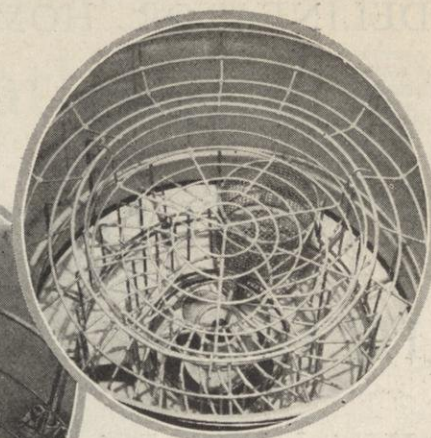
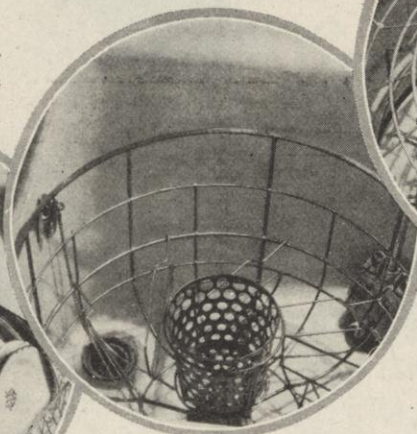


Silver basket in center—impeller paddles beneath

The hand spray dishwasher helps with the problem



Revolving dish tray with side spray forced by pump



Portable machine of generous capacity, paddle impellers

IT IS seldom that the Institute feels moved to start a real campaign about anything. There are so many campaigns all about us. But this eternal dishwashing business does fire us with a desire for action. We felt that it was not enough for DELINEATOR to publish merely the Institute's method of washing dishes and testing dishwashers. So we went to our Committee of Consultant Housekeepers for their help. We wanted to know what you women really think about dishwashing, what you are doing about it. Has the bug-bear been beaten to a finish? Are you using new devices, new soaps, and are they helping? We found out many things we wanted to know about dishwashing as it exists today. But what about tomorrow? The tomorrows of this age we live in interest the Institute as much as the todays.

We have long since ceased to wash the family laundry by hand, the washboard way. Now we can look forward to the time when dishwashing, too, will be done with a washing machine, and in the meantime improve our present methods to make quick and pleasant work of a necessary task.

Of the answers that foretell the coming of a new point of view about dishwashing, we have selected these from one hundred and fifty members of our Committee.

## DO YOU LIKE TO WASH DISHES?

FIFTY of these women frankly and quickly put the job down as daily drudgery. Another thirty-five found it uninteresting at best, and a hopeful thirty-five found it interesting. (How many of you readers will agree with the woman who said, "I hate it, and the more I hate it the longer it takes!"—a wrong point of view that, but a human one. Or with one who says, "I love having company and getting the meal, but I don't entertain often for I can't face the dishes and the mess afterward.")

And how did they wash the dishes? Is the dish-cloth passing out with the washboard? Seventy-five of the housekeepers use pan and cloth, twenty-five use pan and dish-mop, and twenty-five use both cloth and mop.

Believing that it's the three times-a-day part of it that makes dishwashing most monotonous, we wondered how many had been brave enough to break an old custom for the sake of a better method. Thirty women wash dishes twice a day, and another fifteen, two or three times. You will be in good company if you join the twice-a-day group, or even the once.

But this was most encouraging of all—in seventy-five of these homes the family always helps, and in twenty-five more they help occasionally. Dishwashing can be a family affair—it lends itself well to cooperation.

But perhaps most interesting of all to us was the question of soaps and hard water. The unpleasantness which is associated with dishwashing was in the old days due to harsh soaps and too hot water, which made red hands, and even with this sacrifice left us with "greasy dish-water." No wonder it was a dreaded task. But our women are using the finer soaps, with bar and flake about evenly divided, and most of them use both. The flake and powder are popular too.

Looking over the list, we find one hundred and three women using soaps that we use for laundering fine things—safe, therefore, for hands and fine china. Thirty-five use a water softener—but not all that have hard water do. The job would be so much easier and pleasanter if they did.

## HOW TO MAKE DISHWASHING PLEASANT

SUMMING up the experience of those who find dishwashing pleasant because they "like to make dirty things clean and sparkling," we find it agrees pretty much with the Institute's own ideas, which are these:

Clean as you cook, or wash as you go. Step by step in preparing the meal, wash the dishes that are being used. Leave the kitchen clean and tidy when you go to the meal. It will make a big difference in your state of mind when you come out to wash the dishes.

Don't fill the sink with pots and pans. Leave these last ones soaking—filled with luke-warm water—on the range. Then the sink will be nice and empty when you begin.

Get a large tray if you haven't a service wagon and clear the table with one trip to the dining-room!

And do buy yourself one of those broad, rubber plate scrapers—there is one in the picture at the bottom of the page. Scrape every dish off with this and stack the dishes in an orderly array, which means in the order of washing or stacking in the dishwasher. The job's half done then. Right here a good word should be said for the new garbage cans, those in which the cover lifts with a foot pedal; in some the container comes up even higher so there is no stooping and you can use both hands. We use paper bags in ours, and there's no messy garbage can. The little under-the-sink-strainer-cans are handiest for plate scraping.

Use plenty of soap if you wash by hand and a little water softener if the water is very hard. If you use a dishwasher, reverse the process and use a little soap and plenty of water softener, adding the water softener first. We use one teaspoon of soap flakes and three to four tablespoons of water softener. In the machine you need a fine suds that will spray easily. Many manufacturers make a dishwashing powder for this very reason.

Nothing makes dishwashing so pleasant as a good suds, so the thing to do is to keep a good suds until the dishes are done. If you wash by hand, change the water and start fresh when it gets to the point where the suds go

down—at least add more soap. Never let it get greasy!

And you don't have to have scalding hot water to keep a good suds in these days of soap flakes and soap beads, which are quickly soluble. Those of you who use the same soap for dishes as you do for your own bath and those of you who like a naphtha soap know that it works in water that isn't boiling hot. For soaps other than naphtha make your suds in very hot water and then cool it to 120° to 110° F. This won't make your hands red and puckery, and if you keep adding a little hot water to keep it this temperature, you will never dread that feeling of cold and greasy dishwater (not if you follow the rule of starting with clean hot suds again at the very moment that the water loses its suds, which means that the grease has got the best of the soap).

A dish mop also saves the hands, and a metal sponge ball is a fine thing for the obstinate things that stick. Both must be kept clean, washed, shaken and dried.

Nothing is as important as the rightness of the dishwater, but next to that is quick disposal of the business of drying. And the first step is to get a good drainer—there are many to choose from in different sizes and shapes to fit almost any space. You may rinse by plunging the dishes into hot water and then draining, or by spraying with very hot water, or pouring hot water over them or draining direct from the hot suds. We prefer the "dip" or the spray. But the point that makes dishwashing easy is to have the dishes so hot that they dry quickly. Then no wiping is necessary. Use the dish-towel to rub up glass and silver and that is all.

## THE NEW SINKS—SPRAY WASHERS AND DISH WASHING MACHINES

THE new sinks have in themselves much that makes dishwashing more convenient. The swinging mixing faucet combines hot and cold water to just the temperature desired and keeps out of the way of china and glass. Double compartment sinks for washing and rinsing; stream line sinks with low backs and aprons; sinks with drains and stoppers so that the sink may be used like a pan; and sinks equipped with garbage strainers and containers for dishwashing supplies: all these are helpful.

The spray dishwashers which attach to the mixing faucet and cost only about twelve to fifteen dollars are greeted with enthusiasm by their followers. They bridge the gap between the dish-pan method and the power dishwasher. Dishes are stacked in a drainer in the sink so that the spray can reach every part. All the spray washers have a soap mixing compartment so that the washing is done with soapy water, while by turning off the soap connection the rinsing may be done with clear hot water. Brush attachments are supplied with all of these. They require a sink at least twelve inches deep.

The dishwashing machines are making steady progress. They may be had, built in with the sink, with or without an additional drain board, or without the sink but connected with the plumbing for water supply and drainage, or freely portable with a funnel arm or hose for filling and a pump for draining.

Washing is done by means of a spray which is forced over the dishes by an impeller driven by the electric motor. These differ in principle according to the type of impeller used. This may be paddles in the bottom of the washer which spray the water up and over the (Turn to page 51)



Soaps, cleansers, water softeners, rubber scraper, mops, cloths and drainers complete dishwashing equipment





# What is soup? Why do we eat it?



*A soup you want  
again and again—  
it's so delicious!*



*Everybody likes soup! So millions eat it daily. And here are the reasons why—*

SOUP is tempting, delicious food in liquid form. It offers to the skilled chef the opportunity to blend in the most delightful combinations an endless variety of appetite-provoking savors and flavors. It is the food which unites in one dish the attractive qualities and the benefits of countless other foods. It is many foods in one!

Soup is healthful. You eat it because you enjoy it so much. But remember, too, that it benefits you by causing the digestive juices to flow more freely. As a result, the work of digestion is promoted and all your food does you more good. Isn't it fortunate that such an irresistible dish is also so wholesome! Be sure to give your family the sparkle and tonic goodness of soup every day.

There's an individual, refreshing flavor in Campbell's Tomato Soup that makes it the most popular soup in all the world.

It is the smooth puree of red-ripe luscious tomatoes, blended with golden country butter and seasoned to perfection by Campbell's French chefs.

And what a really wonderful Cream of Tomato Soup it makes! Just mix Campbell's Tomato Soup with an equal quantity of milk or cream, stir while heating but do not boil. Serve at once. Could anything be easier? Many prefer to use evaporated milk for extra richness.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

#### *Delicious Tomato Sauce!*

Housewives use Campbell's Tomato Soup for a great variety of their dishes to give extra zest and flavor. Try it as a sauce for meats, fish, sausage and salads and for an added tastiness in spaghetti, rice, eggs or vegetables. Delicious mixed with roast beef gravy.



A sailor of the sea  
As jolly as can be,  
For home I go,  
Yo-ho, yo-ho,  
It's Campbell's Soup for me!



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



# We wonder how this will read two or three years from now . . .

Probably it will seem very quaint—just as if today, somebody announced the revolutionary idea of cleaning with a vacuum sweeper.

"Why, of course, I cook with a fine salad oil," you'll say. "Nearly everyone does. What's interesting about *that*?"

And that's the point. New modern methods catch on so quickly that before you know it they've tiptoed into pretty nearly every kitchen. And the use of a choice salad oil for baking and frying is today so decidedly the new modern way that tomorrow it will have become a commonplace . . .

It's the Young Bride who is setting the pace in modern cooking. And it's the Young Bride who discovered that Wesson Oil is as closely allied to the mixing bowl as it is to the salad bowl.

*One*, because it's so easy to work with. *Two*, because it's so convenient. *Three*, because it makes quite the most delicious things to eat that she ever set before her husband—or a slightly skeptical mother-in-law.

For with Wesson Oil you just *pour* it to measure and *pour* it to mix. It's done in almost less time than it takes to say it.

And Wesson Oil is such a fine salad oil—so exquisitely delicate in flavor—that it lends its own delicacy and goodness to whatever you use it with.

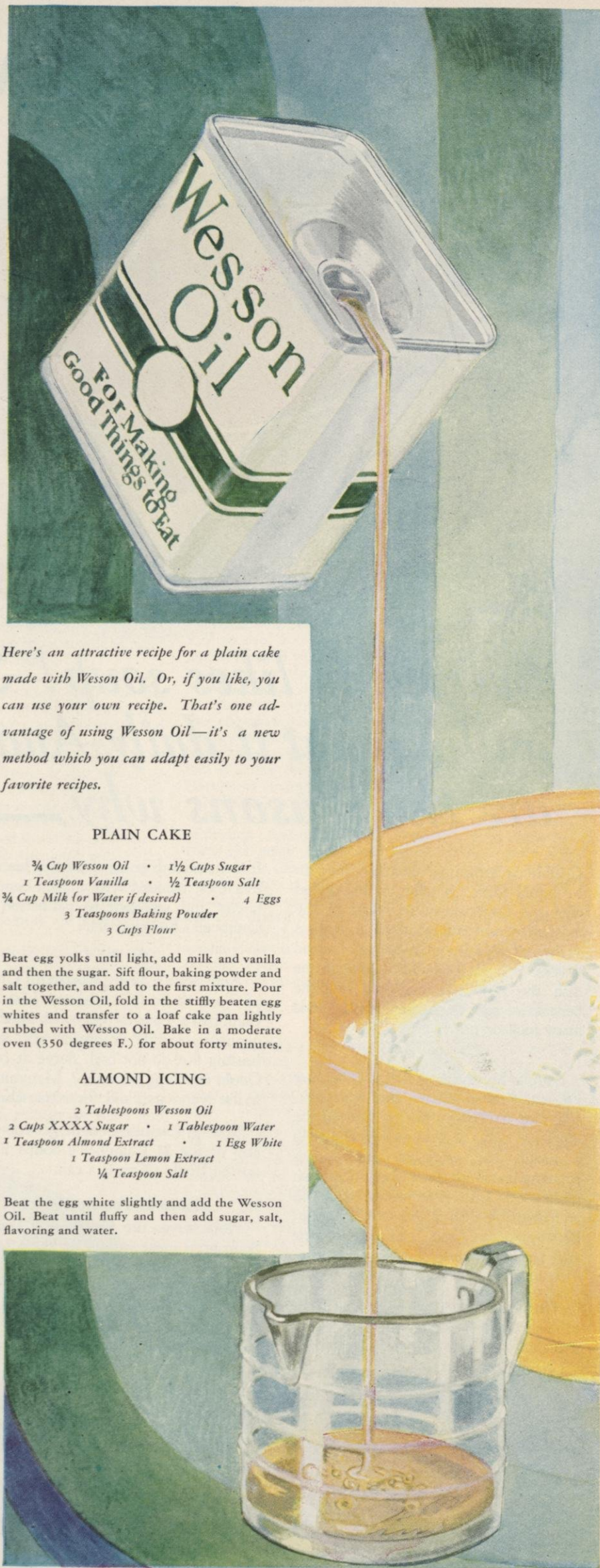
Your cake is never so light and delicate or fine textured as when it is made with Wesson Oil. Or your biscuit. Or muffins. Or cookies. Or waffles. Or pie crust. And when you use it for frying, it gives you the tenderest, crispest, flakiest crust you could ask for—and doughnuts, fritters, fried potatoes or fish more delicious than you ever imagined.

Clear as sunlight caught in crystal. Light—a pale straw color. *Of course*, it's pure. *Of course*, it's wholesome . . . Just consider: thousands and thousands of women, for years, have used it for their daintiest and most piquant French Dressings and Mayonnaise. It's a *food* that won its place on your table long before it asked permission to come into your kitchen.

Sooner or later you'll adopt this new way. The whole trend of modern cooking is in this direction. Why not be among the first?

Write for the Wesson Oil recipe book. It's free. You'll find it more than interesting . . . We shall appreciate it, too, if you will send us the name and address of your grocer. Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans.

NOTE • For baking use Wesson Oil whenever the recipe calls for shortening . . . Add a pinch of salt, for there is no salt in Wesson Oil.



Here's an attractive recipe for a plain cake made with Wesson Oil. Or, if you like, you can use your own recipe. That's one advantage of using Wesson Oil—it's a new method which you can adapt easily to your favorite recipes.

## PLAIN CAKE

$\frac{3}{4}$  Cup Wesson Oil •  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cups Sugar  
1 Teaspoon Vanilla •  $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoon Salt  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  Cup Milk (or Water if desired) • 4 Eggs  
3 Teaspoons Baking Powder  
3 Cups Flour

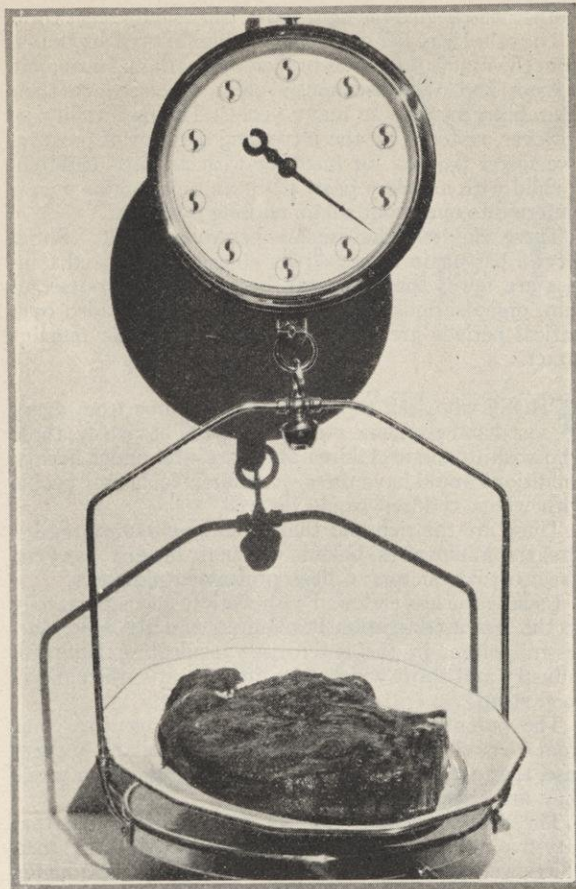
Beat egg yolks until light, add milk and vanilla and then the sugar. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, and add to the first mixture. Pour in the Wesson Oil, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and transfer to a loaf cake pan lightly rubbed with Wesson Oil. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for about forty minutes.

## ALMOND ICING

2 Tablespoons Wesson Oil  
2 Cups XXXX Sugar • 1 Tablespoon Water  
1 Teaspoon Almond Extract • 1 Egg White  
1 Teaspoon Lemon Extract  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoon Salt

Beat the egg white slightly and add the Wesson Oil. Beat until fluffy and then add sugar, salt, flavoring and water.





Don't forget that the perfect broiled steak weighs heavily in dollar marks

EVERY question has at least two sides, and this of inexpensive meats has several. Meats may be inexpensive because they cost less per pound to buy; because, cutting to better advantage and having less bone and waste, they have more serving portions in them; because they are so divided into natural portions with bone that a small amount of meat satisfies one's feeling for any adequate serving; because they are extended with other foods so that less meat is eaten.

It is simple enough to buy the meats that cost less, it is more difficult, perhaps (unless you know how), to cook them appetizingly, and it may be even more complicated (again to the uninitiated) to make them look like a substantial, real meal to the hungry husband who prefers steaks, or temptingly interesting to the other members of the family.

The rest of the menu should fit skilfully around the inexpensive meat dish, which should be—like other things—attractively served. So, with these recipes of inexpensive meats worked out by the Institute especially for you who accept the challenge of the meat bill in a not-to-be-defeated spirit, we are suggesting the accompanying dishes that supplement it appetizingly and keep the menu attractive.

#### BARBECUED BEEF

Buy one and one-half pounds round steak or braising beef, cut three-quarters to one inch thick. Pound the meat thoroly with a heavy wooden spoon or beater. Rub with one-half teaspoon salt and one-quarter teaspoon black pepper and flour well on both sides. Brown quickly on both sides in two tablespoons shortening, in frying pan. Make a sauce with:

1½ cups hot water	½ cup tomato ketchup
1 tablespoon butter	1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon tabasco sauce	1 lemon, juice

Bring to a boil and pour over meat. Cover closely and cook slowly over fire for two hours. Garnish with slices of sour pickle and slightly sautéed green pepper slices, and serve with potato soufflé and a green vegetable. Broiled mushrooms in the sauce are a delicious addition, and in season, slices of green tomatoes crumbed and sautéed for a garnish. There is no waste to the meat, which should cost about forty cents a pound.

#### BEEF TONGUE IN TWO RÔLES

Buy a four to five pound beef tongue sufficient for two dishes. Boil in salted water until tender, from two and one-half to three hours. Trim off fat, skin and cartilage. While warm, slice in quarter inch slices from the small end up to the

## Cheaper Meats Save Worry

*over butcher's bills and add  
interest in skilful cooking*



large end, which later is "barbecued" for a future meal. Serve the tongue slices with a horseradish sauce:

2 tablespoons butter	1½ teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons flour	½ teaspoon paprika
1½ cups milk	¼ teaspoon white pepper
2 tablespoons cream	Bit of bay leaf
4 to 6 tablespoons grated horseradish	

Make a white sauce of butter, flour, and milk. When smooth and creamy add seasonings, and just before serving, the cream and horseradish. Garnish the platter with red and green pepper slices and serve with baked potato, finely chopped spinach seasoned with a suspicion of mace, and a green salad or cole-slaw.

#### LAKOTA CLUB SALT PORK

Buy one pound fat salt pork, cut into thin slices and freshen in hot water five to eight minutes. Drain thoroly and wipe dry. Dip in beaten egg, then in finely rolled cracker crumbs. Fry until crisp in deep fat or in a frying pan half filled with fat. Serve with a hot cream sauce, stuffed baked potatoes, and buttered cauliflower in green pepper cases. There is no waste to this meat, which should cost about twenty-five cents a pound.

#### MUTTON ROULETTE

Buy a one and one-half-pound slice of mutton from the forequarter, at about thirty-five cents a pound. Trim to a rectangle. Spread lightly with prepared mustard and cover with a half-inch layer of dressing.

2 cups bread crumbs	1 teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or drippings	¼ teaspoon pepper
⅔ cup hot water	1 tablespoon sage
1 teaspoon thyme or marjoram	

(or use poultry seasoning for the herbs)

Roll meat and dressing and tie or skewer fast. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge thoroly with flour.

#### FURTHER INFORMATION?

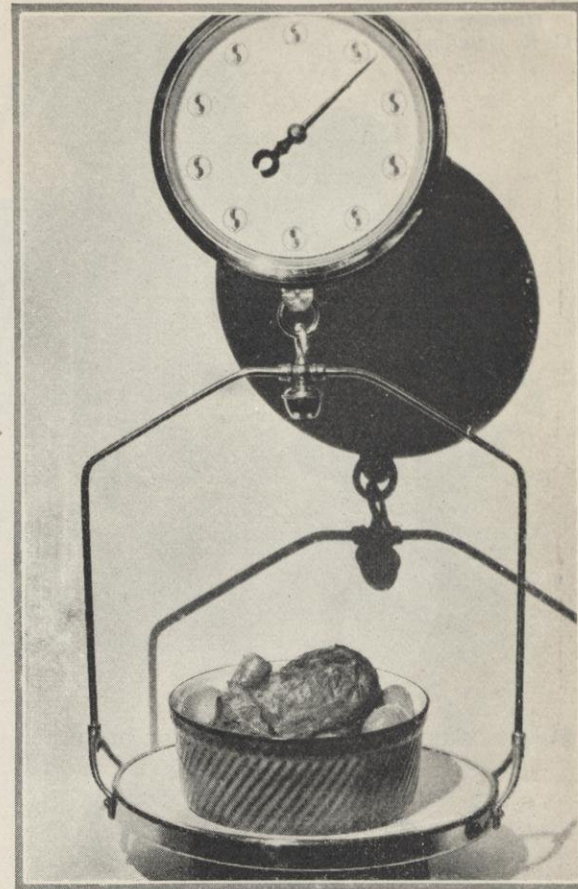
IN WISHING you Happiness and Success as you go thru the New Year with us, we want to urge you to use the Institute to the fullest degree. These pages in DELINEATOR represent only a part of the Institute's work.

Behind them is a staff of trained people who spend every working day in planning and building livable, charming rooms, in cooking and serving new and distinctive dishes, in testing and using new household devices and products, in washing, ironing, cleaning, cooking and sewing in this home of ours in the Butterick Building. The recipes on this page, for instance, were actually made in our kitchens and served in our dining-room.

Naturally much new information is obtained that can not be used in our pages. But anything we know or can find out is yours for the asking.

And another way in which DELINEATOR can serve you is thru our advertising pages. They are a veritable encyclopedia of news and information on the things you need and want.

*Ellie B. Laddocks Bentley*  
Director, Delineator Home Institute.



—Whereas the beef, in casserole, cuts cost only, not flavor or nourishment

Brown all over in bacon fat. Make a brown gravy by adding to fat and meat juice in pan, two tablespoons flour, two cups hot water, one-quarter teaspoon salt and one-eighth teaspoon pepper. Pour over meat roll and simmer on top of stove or in a moderate oven, 350° F., until very tender—about three hours. There is approximately no waste; and the meat bill will be only about fifty cents.

#### HAM HASH

A shoulder makes an inexpensive boiled or baked ham, and the small bits are delicious this way—which is equally true, of course, of the finest ham. Chop rather fine equal quantities of ham and cold boiled potatoes. Put in good-sized frying pan. To each pint of the mixture add one quart milk, one teaspoon salt and one-quarter teaspoon pepper. Cook slowly over the flame for thirty to forty minutes, stirring frequently to prevent scorching. Add a heaping tablespoon of butter, and serve at once, garnished with sections of green and red peppers. Serve with scalloped tomatoes and a tart pickle.

#### BRAISED OXTAIL

Buy two oxtails and have them cut in pieces at joints. Soak an hour or two in cold salted water. Wipe dry, and brown quickly in four tablespoons butter. Put into covered baking dish with:

3 cups brown stock	1 green pepper, diced
1 onion, sliced and browned	2 or 3 carrots, sliced
1 small can tomatoes, drained	2 teaspoons salt
1 cup cooked rice or barley	¼ teaspoon black pepper
	2 tablespoons vegetable coloring
	1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

and for the last hour of cooking, three medium sized potatoes diced. Cook slowly for about four hours altogether, until the meat is ready to fall from the bones. A can of oxtail and one of tomato soup with water may be used in place of brown stock and tomatoes. There is a large proportion of bone, but the oxtail is only twelve cents, and the flavor is delicious.

#### CORNEB BEEF PUFF

Corned beef is one of the inexpensive meats, with all the pieces usable as in this distinctive DELINEATOR dish.

Take two parts creamy, seasoned mashed potatoes and whip until foamy. Shred the corned beef very fine and whip it in the potato. Beat until light and foamy. Put into a shallow gratin dish, sprinkle cheese generously over the top and broil under the flame until brown.



Drawing by  
C. R. CHICKERING



Do you want boy or girl—blond or brunette?

## A CHILD in the HOUSE

*Some of the obstacles and  
joys in adopting a baby*

BY

HARRIET WORKS CORLEY

**I**F YOU wish to become a parent, there is (you will find) very little restriction in the matter. Physical adequacy alone is the measure. Any one save the biologically unable may qualify.

Suppose, on the other hand, that you wish to adopt a baby. Here is a vastly different situation— aspirants to the job of foster parenthood are weeded out with a ruthless hand. One out of every five applicants qualifies.

"We can take no risk of the child's being bamboozled a second time," an agency official told me severely.

To become a foster parent you must be mentally, physically, socially, and economically acceptable to the authorities who, in lieu of proper guardians, make themselves responsible for the welfare of the child, and thru whose offices the matter of adoption is arranged.

You must have church connections, and be of good repute in your community; your neighbors and tradesfolk alike must speak well of you. There can be no erratic temperaments in the family circle, and of course no member may possess an outstanding vice. Your income need not be large, but it must be adequate to assure the child a comfortable home, and common school education.

Neither husband nor wife—and in view of certain recent sensational disclosures in the realm of adoption, this is important—may arrange to take a child without the cooperation and consent of the other. In some states, laws requiring that the adoptee shall be below a certain age—well under that at which by law a person is still a legal infant—are in process of formation.

**I**N NEW YORK CITY there are some two thousand charitable organizations, many of which include child-placing bureaus. Yearly, thru these agencies, some twenty-five thousand children find homes.

The adoption bureau of the State Charities Aid Association has, for example, during thirty years, been responsible for over four thousand children, sent all over the United States to personally investigated families.

The Children's Aid Society, the oldest adoption agency in the country, has, in three quarters of a century, placed over thirty thousand children, and these in many instances have adopted children thru the same agency.

Then there are privately conducted adoption centers of great proficiency.

A prominent one located in New York City is the Spence Alumnae Society, with its nursery at 232 East Sixty-second Street. Organized ten years ago at the suggestion of Miss Spence, head of the school bearing her name, these young women have become veritable pioneers in the work in which Miss Spence, during her lifetime, was vitally and actively interested.

The Spence Alumnae Society has placed over five hundred children in selected families in thirty-one states in the union and is regarded by many as one of the most efficient organizations of its kind.

A similar nursery is the Alice Chapin Adoption Home, at 444 East Twenty-second Street. Eighteen years ago, Mrs. Chapin, wife of the head of Bellevue Hospital, chanced to see a puny little waif, during a visit to a ward. She learned that it had been picked up in the park by a policeman, not an unusual proceeding, and had been brought to the hospital with scant hope of being saved. The nursery, the outgrowth of Mrs. Chapin's concern for this and similar little foundlings, has placed more than fifteen hundred babies in homes thruout the country and abroad, some traveling as far as Europe,

even India, to American families sojourning temporarily in foreign lands.

Altho the child adoption laws in many states vary, no matter where you live the preliminaries to adoption are comparatively simple.

Visit or write an agency, giving complete information about yourself; your age—this is important—your income and the sources from which it is derived; references; and your choice in babies—whether girl or boy, blond or brunette, age and preferred background.

Then you will be investigated. If you emerge creditably, your name is placed on the waiting list.

And—again let me discourage you—every agency has from two hundred to three hundred names on its books. Your chance, then, of being supplied immediately is small.

Your chance of being supplied at all—with the precise sort of baby you have specified—is even smaller. When your name is reached you will be lucky if there are not half a dozen applicants clamoring for the same child. For some years the demand has greatly exceeded the supply. The number of children available for adoption is growing smaller each year, just as the requests for them are more numerous.

**T**HERE are several reasons for this. For one thing more than fifty per cent. of the children offered in adoption are born out of wedlock; and while as many illegitimate children may be born now as formerly, fewer are given up by their mothers.

Formerly such a mother had no alternative; she was forced by circumstances and thru shame to give up her baby, however deeply she might suffer in the necessity. For it was difficult, well nigh impossible, for her to find means of support if the facts became known.

It was not unusual in earlier days for such a mother to leave the hospital and immediately abandon her child in a crèche outside a foundling home, never again to see or hear of him.

Today, on the other hand, more efficient social service work and increasingly humanitarian attitudes have made her position less grievous; she need not abandon her child or voluntarily offer him in adoption, but is assisted to a self-respecting, self-supporting life with her child. The

mother who begins the fight today can usually see it thru.

The other fifty per cent. of available children are drawn from the ranks of families broken by death and economic disaster, and are, consequently, older, which reduces their desirability by just so many years. The desirability is, however, restored by the increasing demand of prospective foster parents for histories with adopted children. A child with a known past, albeit an unfavorable one, is preferred to one about whom nothing is known.

These children likewise are becoming fewer. Social service has again increased its efficiency, wrecked families are fewer than formerly because, at the outset of ruin, organizations step in with aid, families tided over critical periods are not broken, and the circle remains intact.

**T**HOSE who seek to adopt children come from every social and economic stratum. Quite obviously, those who wish to adopt children are those who under normal conditions would have them—comfortable, homey people with whom children would do well.

These are the rich and the moderate circumstanced—bankers, millionaires, bakers, butchers, farmers, lawyers, street-car conductors, college professors, plumbers.

Usually the less endowed with worldly goods the family is, the less investigation it requires, and the more successful, often, in the enterprise—inculcating habits of industry and thrift which thru life will serve the child in good stead.

The parents chosen by the adoption agencies come from every class, but are alike in one particular—in every case, they are above the average of the group from which they are selected.

The State Charities Aid Association has found that fifty-five per cent. of the children placed thru their offices were graduated from high school, which is a higher percentage than in many communities of children brought up in their own homes.

Eighty-seven per cent. of those under the sponsorship of the Children's Aid Society have been formally rated "successful"—that is, they have reached manhood and womanhood with "the ability to manage their affairs," "to earn their own livings," and are predisposed to "conform to the ethical and social standards" of the group in which they dwell.

The number of girls with success ratings reaches ninety per cent., a trifle higher than the percentage of boys; yet it is from the boys that the outstanding figures—governors, congressmen, judges, distinguished physicians and lawyers—have been drawn.

The lists at the Children's Aid Society include such men as ex-Governor Brady of Alaska, ex-Governor Andrew H. Burke of North Dakota, ex-Mayor Yost of Kansas City, and an eminent judge of the bench of the Supreme Court.

Another adoption society claims a well known figure in the world of sport, another admits responsibility for the foster ties of a prominent stage comedian whose salary of five figures is devoted to the care of a long list of acquired relatives.

"Do I love my own children best?" repeated a woman who had adopted two of her family of four children. (And her words go to the

heart of this whole matter of child adoption.) "I hardly know how to answer your question. I love John because he is a boy and our first born. I love Helen because she is our first girl and was not born to us and I want her never to feel a difference.

"I love Peggy—she came when we had given up hope of ever having another baby of our own. Who could help loving little Dick? He has been with us all but three weeks of his life and is such a darling.

"No, I don't believe that I love any one of them better than the rest. I love each infinitely."

## A STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING

**T**HIS article is the result of a letter **DELINEATOR** received several months ago. With signature omitted, here is the letter:

To the Editor of **DELINEATOR**. Dear Sir:—At this writing we are placed in a heartrending position. On May 13th we lost our only daughter—our only child—and we feel so desolate and lonely that we must have another child to ease the sting. We want a little light-haired girl, if possible from five to seven years old. To such a child we can open our hearts and give her a good home and proper bringing up. Can you aid us in any way? We will furnish you with the very best of references.

Our case is particularly sad as in addition to being our only child she was the highest scholar in the first year of high school; a fine piano player; and in her little life she never had to have a punishment other than a reprimand for some minor affair. So please try and bring some comfort to a man who is fifty-four and his wife forty-nine who can never have another of their own.

We gave the letter to a notably successful and careful child-placing agency and as a result, we are glad to say, this distracted father and mother received some generous measure of comfort. For later, the man wrote:

We thought you might be interested to hear about the lovely little girl God was kind enough to send us thru your agency. She is simply glorious—that is the only way we can express it. We feel that she will be as happy as we are in having her.

It was, we assure you, a welcome letter!



*"Yeast builds resistance,"*  
 says PROF. DOCTOR PAUL REYHER  
*famous lecturer at the University of Berlin*

*"The medicinal uses of yeast are many-sided. There is a high percentage of Vitamin B in yeast... Vitamin B bears a very close relation to the proper functioning of the nervous system. It also improves the appetite, regulates metabolism, promotes growth and raises the body's power of resistance to every kind of infection... One can see, therefore, that yeast contains a remarkable healing factor."*

*Prof. Dr. Reyher*



PROF. DR. PAUL REYHER

ANOTHER of the great medical leaders of Europe to add his voice to the movement of health preparedness is Prof. Dr. Paul Reyher, of the University of Berlin. His contributions to modern medicine have made him known to physicians everywhere.

Dr. Reyher has made an exhaustive study of yeast. His findings extend new hope to all who suffer from indigestion, headaches, nervousness, depression, too frequent colds and sore throat—sure signs of constipation and lowered vitality.

In a recent survey throughout the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and its attendant ills.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active

yeast plants. As these live yeast plants pass daily through your system they rouse the muscles that control elimination, combat harmful poisons. Your digestion improves. Your skin clears.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy two or three days' supply at a time. It will keep in a cool, dry place. Start now!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. T-60, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.



FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. 90% of ills start here. Poisons from clogged intestines easily spread through the system, lowering resistance to disease. But here is where yeast works. "Yeast builds resistance," says Dr. Reyher. It keeps the entire intestinal tract clean, active and healthy. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly.



UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN, where Dr. Reyher is a noted lecturer

LECTURER; at the great University of Berlin, Germany, on the subjects of Vitamins, X-Ray and Pediatrics, or the care of children. He is director of the Children's Hospital at Berlin, an institution which he himself built and equipped. The Germans refer to this hospital as "the jewel box" because of its perfect appointments, modern scientific equipment and beauty of structure.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST  
 for HEALTH





# BRIGHT EMBROIDERY TO BE WORKED ON THE DULL DAYS

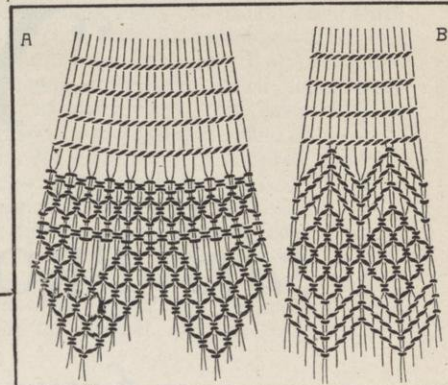
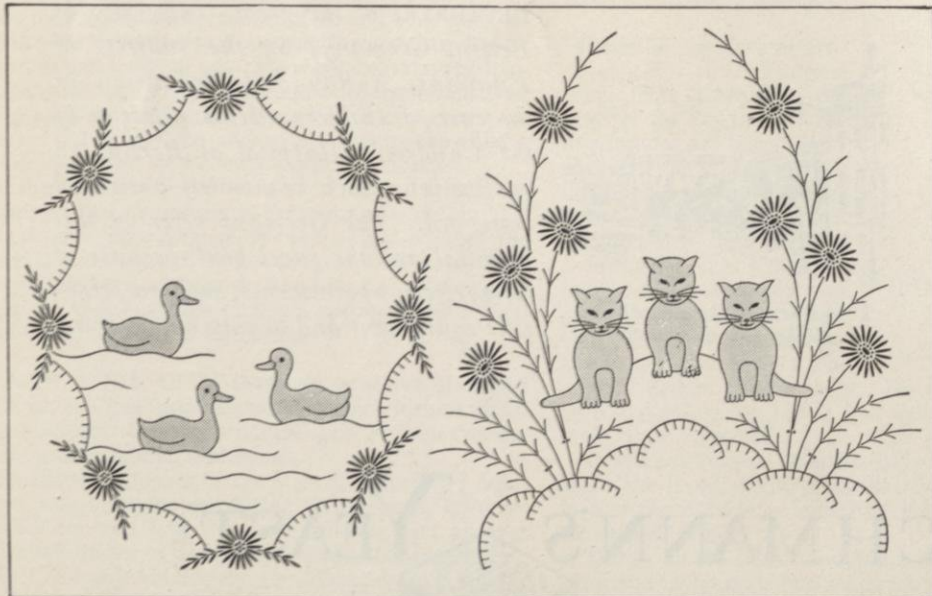


16025

16025—Many needlewomen give an individual touch to their work by using these bands of cross-stitching. There is a very youthful duck motif for children's frocks and a bird of far more sophisticated species that is highly decorative for table linens. The bands may be used both on clothing and household linens. The nine different designs that are shown above may vary from  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches in width.

16027—If the children prefer the serene little kittens for their bedspreads, then the baby may have the ducklings, drifting on waves of outline stitch, for his crib cover. In both motifs the animals are done in appliqué and the conventionalized flowers that surround them are embroidered in a variety of stitches. These two designs should be about 17 by 21 inches and 21 by 22 inches, to be most effective.

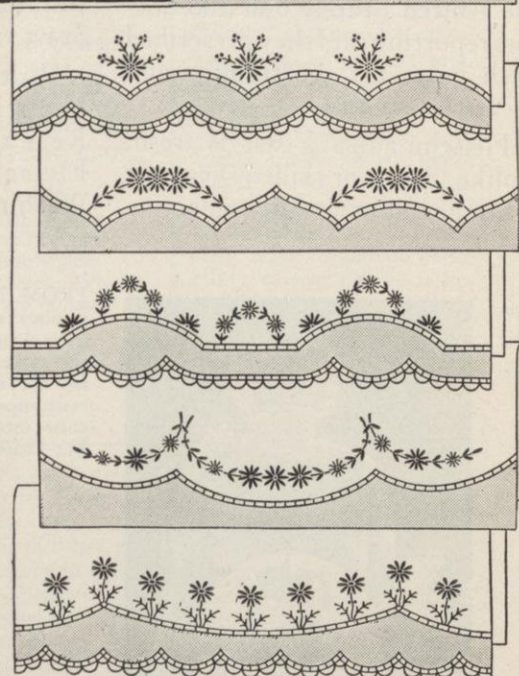
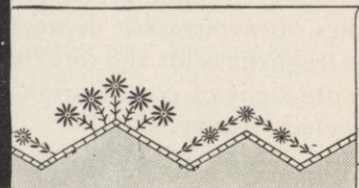
16027



16024

16024—Smocking is one of the most fascinating of all kinds of embroidery and is smart for the little girl and the very tiny boy and their mother. The coats and frocks of little girls that hang straight from the shoulder are particularly well adapted to designs of smocking. On a woman's frock it is used at wrists and waistline as well as neck. The designs above should be  $5\frac{1}{4}$  and 6 inches wide.

16026—The new yellow, green, blue and pink tiled bathrooms are furnished with towels to match and white tiled ones are brightened with towels embroidered and appliquéd in color. These attractive motifs show embroidered flowers, below which there are matching appliquéd sections and crocheted lace edges on a scalloped line. The designs may be from  $3\frac{3}{4}$  to 5 inches high, and 21 across.



16026

Miss Marie Ashley will be glad to answer any question about needlework if you will write to her, care of the Butterick Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.





At sixteen Jane Kendall excelled in riding and every sport. "Beauty and the Beast" this portrait with her Great Dane was called.



At seventeen she studied painting in Paris (for she is gifted as she is beautiful)—and prepared for her "coming out" festivities.

At eighteen she made a brilliant debut in Washington, in this Lanvin frock. They called her "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House."



At nineteen her marriage to a distinguished young New Yorker was the outstanding event of the smart Washington season.



At twenty Mrs. Mason is a radiant favorite among young society matrons. Here she is snapped at her father's Maryland estate.

# "The Prettiest Girl that ever entered the White House"

## MRS GEORGE GRANT MASON, JR.

JANE KENDALL MASON has not long left her teens, but her extraordinary beauty has already made her famous.

"The prettiest girl that ever entered the White House" they called her when she made her dazzling debut in Washington. Soon followed her brilliant marriage to a young New Yorker of distinguished family.

Clear cut as a cameo is her Botticelli beauty of pale gold hair and wide set eyes like purple pansies. Her flawless skin is delicate as a wood anemone. Good fairies were generous at her birth. They gave her not only beauty but talent, charm, grace and a quick mind.

An extraordinarily gifted and interesting as well as beautiful young modern, Mrs. Mason is everywhere in demand. From her father's homes in Maryland and Washington to the gay diplomatic circles in Havana where her husband is an important figure, she flits like a young butterfly, yet no one has ever seen her when her complexion was less than fresh and exquisite.

This perfection of her pale anemone skin she owes to the four simple steps to beauty that so many lovely young moderns follow. "I've used Pond's Creams," Mrs. Mason says, "ever since I can remember.

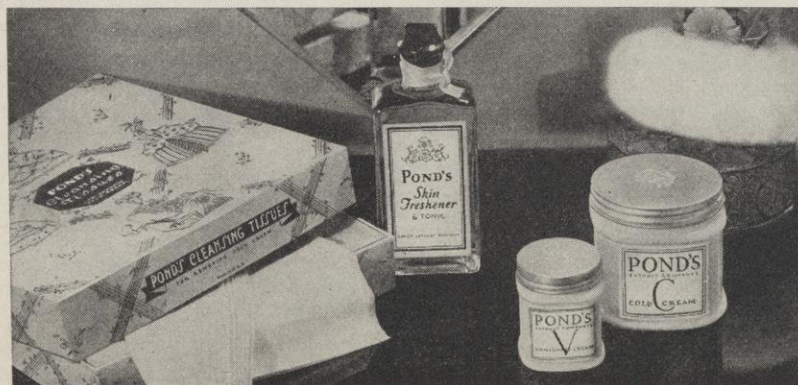
"I dote on them! The Cold Cream is so light and pleasant—cleanses so thoroughly and leaves the skin really clean and soft. The Vanishing Cream is so fragrant and gives such a velvety surface for powder."

Now Mrs. Mason finds Pond's two new products just as delightful.

"The Cleansing Tissues are a luxury," she



MRS. GEORGE GRANT MASON, JR., was Miss Jane Kendall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Kendall of Washington, D. C. One of the loveliest girls that ever came out in Washington society, she is famous for her Botticelli beauty, her flawless skin delicate as a wood anemone.



(Right) Pond's delicious Two Creams, Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues compose Pond's famous Method, the sure successful way which Mrs. Mason and thousands of other clever young moderns use to keep their skin always clear and lovely.

says, "they remove cold cream perfectly. I like their texture. And the Skin Freshener is simply delicious! There's nothing so cooling. Yet it gives your skin such a lovely glow!"

USE POND'S Cold Cream for cleansing generously several times a day and every night, patting it over face and neck with upward, outward strokes. It soaks into the tiny apertures; softens and loosens the dust and dirt.

With Pond's Cleansing Tissues, firm, ample, light as thistledown, wipe off the cream carrying the dust with it.

Repeat these two steps until the tissues show no soil—then you know your complexion is immaculately clean.

If you are having a daytime cleansing, a dash of the exhilarating Skin Freshener will tone and refresh your face. Apply it briskly. See how it livens and braces the complexion!

Lastly, for the correct completion to perfect grooming, apply just a shade of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. It protects the skin, gives it fine-grained texture.

Pond's four simple steps mean beauty.

If it is possible that you have not used Pond's four delightful preparations, mail the coupon for a week's test supply.

MAIL THE COUPON WITH 10¢ for Pond's four preparations.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. N  
115 Hudson Street, New York City

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

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

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# A HOLIDAY IN HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 14

expressed by Mrs. Cecil de Mille, vice-chairman of the governing committee, when she says, "We wish it to be a place where all meet on an equal footing—where those who have come to Hollywood and hope to succeed may meet those who have succeeded. I am sure it will become a powerful institution and assist in the development of all the arts. But above all, we earnestly desire to supply the charm of a real home to those girls in the motion picture industry and out of it who have a longing for the beauty and cultural phases of life."

Arriving at this pleasant place for dinner, I was cordially greeted by a number of friends, among them Miss Marjorie Williams, the resident director. She was born in India, chose teaching as her profession and went to Porto Rico, and now is thoroughly acclimated to Hollywood. Her present duties are not only executive, diplomatic and sympathetic; she also instructs the club members in costuming and make-up, stage-setting, film-cutting, and many other things. She is a delightful person, as merry and attractive as she is understanding and experienced; and as I took my place beside her in the charming dining-room, I knew that the most agreeable meal imaginable was ahead of me.

Turning from Miss Williams to the lady on my right, I found that in this direction also I had been singularly blessed; for this beautiful woman, whose charm illumines her loveliness like a lamp, was Irene Rich, beloved wherever moving pictures are known—but nowhere more than in Hollywood itself. She had driven down from Santa Barbara that afternoon, and was still dressed in the soft cream-colored frock and close-fitting cream-colored felt hat that she had worn for her journey; and everything about her bespoke a fine restraint, a delicacy of both feeling and expression.

WHEN I tore myself away from the homelike circle, she asked if she might take me back to the Ambassador Hotel; but when we were settled in the small sedan which she drove herself, she suggested that we should stop at her house for an orangeade. Letting herself—and me—in with a latchkey, she ushered me into a pleasant and wholly unostentatious library, lined to the ceiling with books, where her husband—an able and successful business man with a marked distaste for publicity—was comfortably reading. At the end of an hour I arose to take my leave; and as my host and hostess prepared to accompany me to my hotel, they said they hoped I realized that I had been to a Hollywood orgy!

The merriment with which I greeted this statement encouraged Irene Rich to tell me the story of another visitor, a New Yorker who, coming to Los Angeles for the first time, intimated that he would be glad to meet "some of the movie people." She accordingly arranged a Sunday night supper in his honor, at which the guests were seated at tables for four. The New Yorker, finding himself placed with three "stars," manifested excitement and gratification; but these sentiments rapidly subsided when he discovered the celebrities to be so absorbingly interested in the Einstein theory that they made it their sole topic of conversation! A few days later he departed for the East, a disappointed and disillusioned man! For "orgies" in Hollywood are no more frequent than in any other city of the same size; I myself have visited it for weeks at a time without ever seeing one.

Among other guests at the Studio Club dinner was Miss Marion Mel—a dark, attractive, slender woman, whose magnetism and vitality are not quenched by her quiet and capable manner. Miss Mel is the director of the division of women and children, at the Central Casting Bureau, the organization which, as one writer has put it, "banished at one fell swoop the long lines of extras clamoring at the studio gates for jobs." Miss Mel very kindly asked me to come to her headquarters, and see the Bureau in action; and, needless to say, I accepted with alacrity.

The Central Casting Bureau is housed in an upper story of a great office building; and here, at stated hours, men, women and children wishing to enter the movies may apply, exactly as applicants for other employments may apply to similar organizations. The blank for registration is headed with a note which each applicant is obliged to read. "The great variation of types of pictures made, requiring all races and nationalities, children, etc., makes extra employment most casual. It may be months before a picture will be made

requiring your services," this says, and goes on to state: "Over 11,000 extras are registered in the Central Casting office, with several thousands more seeking employment in pictures, while the motion picture industry has to offer only an average of 789 jobs for extras daily. Approximately twenty-five per cent. of this daily placement is absorbed by unregistered extras, used for large mob scenes, who are employed thru our down-town office. The greatest portion of

upon eucalyptus leaves! The star's famous smile is quite as delightful in actuality as it is on the screen; and the charm of his presence seemed to radiate from him still, even after he had gone.

What a red-letter day that was at the "M. G. M." studios, no less for me, tho I had enjoyed similar experiences before, than for Henry, enjoying them for the first time! We lunched, deliciously, with Miss Marion at the studio restaurant, and watched the many actors

along beside us, gurgling with happiness, as we walk among the flowers. Everything that love can give this child is and always will be his; indeed, if there are any children more tenderly cherished and more carefully trained than those in Hollywood, I have yet to see them.

From the "Enchanted Hill" Henry and I go straight to the Rogers' ranch. The kind note asking us to call had said that Mrs. Rogers was taking a ten days' rest in a sanitarium; but Mr. Rogers was at home and would be very glad indeed to see us at any time. As our motor wound up the hill, we saw him galloping about his corral and throwing his rope. We alighted at the fence, and shouted to him; and shouting back, he rode over to us, and sprang off his horse.

"Well, I certainly am glad to see you," he exclaimed with characteristic heartiness. "Mrs. Rogers was speaking about you when I went down to see her last night. Sorry she isn't here, too. Survived the conventions, did you?" he added with a wide grin. And, for a few moments, politics held sway. But—"Look!" he cried suddenly, "See that coyote running up my hill? Just look at him go! You wouldn't think it could be as wild as that here, so close to the city, now, would you? Say, wouldn't you like to look over this ranch? I want to show you a new kind of barn I'm building, a round one. I don't know just what I'm going to call it, but the kids and I are going to have a lot of fun in it—it's got a riding ring, and stalls . . . The view from these mountains is grand and then there's the polo field, and the ranch house . . . You leave your car here, and I'll get mine and take you around. I haven't got a thing to do between now and night besides get some dirtier than I am already."

WHEN Henry and I were installed in his motor, he turned to Miss Marion's chauffeur, Jack, who had driven us over, and asked him if he wouldn't like to come along. So Jack climbed in. Will Rogers, who numbers his admirers by the million, as well he may, made another friend for life that afternoon; and later on, as I listened to Jack singing his praises, I reflected that the old proverb, "No man is a hero to his valet," would not hold water in Hollywood. For in every household I entered, it was evident that the master and mistress were adored by their entire staff. At no place was this more pleasantly evident than at "Pickfair."

And what of this mistress of "Pickfair" herself? I cannot help wondering why it is that no one ever seems to describe her as she really is. Why every one is more interested—so to speak—in her curls than in her characteristics? I am almost glad that those long glittering curls are gone, that the smooth, golden waves framing her sweet and gentle face are tucked in a soft knot at the back of her neck. They were the most beautiful curls in the world; but they blinded the world to other attributes more beautiful still.

So let us consider a different Mary Pickford: the Mary Pickford whose unaffectedness, sincerity, and lovely disposition have endeared her to all her friends; the Mary Pickford whose devoted affection for all her family has found its very highest expression in her love for the little niece whom she has adopted, and who shows so unmistakably the effects of the fostering care which has surrounded her; the Mary Pickford whose success as a business woman has been scarcely less remarkable than her success on the screen; the Mary Pickford whose efforts in behalf of preservation of trees have won her a place on the Board of Governors of the California Botanic Garden, the Board of Directors of the Citizens Committee of Parks, Playgrounds and Beaches, and the Real Estate Park, City and County Planning Committee of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce; the Mary Pickford whose skill as an interior decorator has turned a hunting lodge on a Beverly hillside into a lovely and livable home; the Mary Pickford whose French is so fluent that it puts the halting, hybrid, ungrammatical French of the average "well-educated" American wholly to shame; the Mary Pickford who has traveled widely and read and studied more widely still, not primarily for her own pleasure, but for the development of her chosen art; the Mary Pickford who keeps on her bedside table just two well-worn little volumes—the Bible and the "Imitation of Christ."

This is the Mary Pickford that I went to see—and found; the Mary Pickford who had so large a share in making my holiday one of the happiest I have ever known.

## Quoting the Mysterious S. S. Van Dine

MR. VAN DINE, author of "The Greene Murder Case" and "The Canary Murder Case" is undoubtedly today the best known American writer of detective novels. Next month, DELINEATOR begins publication of a series of short detective stories, "The Adventures of Mr. Fortune" by H. C. Bailey, with an introduction by Mr. Van Dine. In a letter, Mr. Van Dine most generously says, "I am fairly familiar with modern detective fiction and I can assure you that Bailey's are the best short stories of this genre being written today." The first adventure of Mr. Fortune is called "The Picnic," and will, we repeat, appear next month.

the place. ments still remaining, is made from extras who have been in the business several years, and are known and suggested by the studio casting directors, thruout the industry, leaving very few placements among new registrants."

Having read this announcement, the applicant signs a statement to this effect. He then fills in a blank more than three pages long, answering questions of every conceivable kind about himself. If these answers are acceptable, he is enrolled; and then, between six and eight every evening, he may telephone the Central Casting Bureau, asking if there will be work for him the next day—the studios having sent their next day's requirements between five and six.

What a range these cover! Acrobats, aviators, Hindus, Mexicans, midgets, dope fiends, mountain climbers, fencers—to mention only a few! Yet every demand made by the studios must be filled and filled at once! And it is! The men who have charge of the casting at the Central Bureau sit around a big table, the lists beside them, telephones before them; and, as the girls at the switchboard call off the names of the applicants telephoning in, these men repeat the names of the persons they can use with almost unbelievable celerity, and the calls are switched to their instruments.—"Is that Vera? Good! Report in evening dress, with cloak, at eight-thirty."—"The check on that will be ten dollars, Elsie—yes, twenty-five, of course, if you do the special dance."—"Sorry, nothing."

An intricate, delicate, exacting business this, executed with such skill and such swiftness that it looks almost simple.

ON ONE list which Miss Mel showed me was the request for "thirty-five Austrian waiters." The next day, walking across the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot with Miss Frances Marion, the famous screen writer (who has written many of Mary Pickford's best scenarios, who adapted "The Scarlet Letter" for the screen with such infinite tenderness and skill, and whose "Abraham Lincoln" won her the Photoplay Magazine gold medal), we came suddenly on the set where they were being employed! The scene was a restaurant in Vienna, with the elite of the "most brilliant capital in Europe" dining and winning at little tables, and gypsy singers on a raised platform at the back of the stage. "Jack" Gilbert was playing the lead; supported by Alma Rubens and Eva von Berne, the new little German actress; and as we sat watching the brilliant drama—another of Miss Marion's brain children!—unfold before us, Mr. Gilbert took advantage of a moment's leisure to come and talk with us—principally about the small Australian bear which is his boon companion, and which subsists, apparently,



S. S. Van Dine as he sees himself

coming in with gay pink and blue shirt fronts—for the glossy white of evening dress does not photograph well—the little "extra" girls with their big make-up boxes (for only the principals are provided with dressing-rooms) and all the rest of the bright panorama which makes up the mid-day meal of the movies. Afterwards we wandered out across the lot from set to set, coming at last to the jungle where Lon Chaney was "living" in a solitary thatched hut, and entertaining on his porch a fire-eater whose "stunt" was being watched with awed amazement by a hundred or so glistening "African savages." Mr. Chaney, whose name is synonymous in Hollywood for kindness and generosity, hailed us with the utmost cordiality.

SPENDING the day with Miss Marion at the studio is, as I have intimated, a delightful experience; spending the day with her at the top of the "Enchanted Hill" in Beverly which is her home, an even more delightful one. For here, she and her husband, Fred Thomson—the Princeton athlete who left the ministry to become a star in "Westerns" and who has endeared himself to millions of boys as the impersonator of Jesse James and the rider of "Silver King"—have built a house and garden unsurpassed in beauty by any I have ever seen anywhere in the world. Winding thru a driveway hedged with crimson roses beyond which lie groves of orange trees, we enter a cobblestoned courtyard with a blue and white tiled fountain in the center, and come to a red-roofed, white plaster dwelling with a grilled entrance. Just inside the tiled hall stands a great vase of fragrant white lilies. We pass the "guest suite" with its hanging of mulberry brocade on one side, and the tiny circular library on the other, and we go down a short flight of tiled steps to the big living-room. This living-room has a huge, hooded fireplace, flanked with "Bishops' chairs" at one end; an antique carved table, covered with rose-colored damask, stands in the center. It is a room of almost breath-taking beauty; and yet this is the beauty of comfort and natural charm.

Thru the great, arched windows we see the garden; and passing thru these past the swimming-pool, the tennis courts, the riding rings, and the stables where the famous dapple-gray horses are kept, we find ourselves in new realms of loveliness. There is the swift, cool sound of running water everywhere; sun shining full upon an ancient dial; air sweet with the scent of lemon verbenas and jasmine. There are sycamores beyond the grape arbors, bleeding-hearts and angels' trumpets beyond the winding paths. It is a little kingdom in itself—a kingdom ruled by a little child. For Frances Marion's golden-haired baby, now eighteen months old, toddles



# THE HOUSEKEEPER'S EXCHANGE

*In the course of our work, many devices and products come to us for testing. Some of these are small in point of size, but decidedly large so far as their value to the housekeeper goes, for they do a thoroly good job in labor-saving and time-saving, and in adding to the general convenience of the household. We believe that the next time you go shopping you will want to keep them in mind.*

*Clifford L. Maddock, Director*  
Director, Delineator Home Institute.

## Interesting Items from Institute Tests

### A MOP THAT WRINGS ITSELF

The distasteful task of wringing out a mop with your hands is as distasteful to you as it is to us, I am sure. Therefore you will appreciate the new self-wringing mop we are using. A firm twist of the handle, and the trick is done; the mop is wrung as dry as you require it. This is a very practical mop, too, for it is shaped to get into corners and along the baseboard.

### AIR WITHOUT RAIN OR DRAFT

A metal window ventilator which allows a free current of fresh air to enter the room, but prevents the possibility of draft, fits firmly into the window frame, and does not rattle even on the windiest nights. The shutters are adjustable so that you can regulate the flow of air. It is so well designed that even during a veritable cloudburst no rain can enter to damage draperies.

### AN IRON FOR THE TRAVELER

For the woman who travels, a portable electric iron is almost a necessity. There is a small one on the market which has its own little metal case, into which the iron and the cord fit firmly for convenient transportation. The case also serves as a stand when the iron is being used.

### DRAPERIES THAT WILL LAUNDRY

Mohairs that wash! Luxurious drapery fabrics that go to the tub and come out as good as new: these are indeed discoveries worth while. Some of these were crewel-embroidered, and we were just a bit skeptical until we had tried it ourselves. But they washed beautifully — they didn't shrink, and the colors neither ran nor faded. All of these materials were used in the delightful living-room built by DELINEATOR Interiors which we enjoyed taking care of during the summer.



### ANOTHER SAFETY DEVICE

Safety gas cocks which are proof against accidental turning-on may be easily attached to any gas range. They would be particularly valuable in a house where there are children with adventuresome small fingers.

### CONVENIENCES IN TIN

For baking, the Institute finds the small tins, in which you may bake attractive rings of cake ready to be filled with fruit, whipped cream or ice cream, most convenient. We also use them for gelatine molds. The same manufacturer makes pie tins designed to prevent the possibility of fruit juices boiling over into the oven. A removable metal rack supports the upper crust, and the result is a well shaped pie with no unattractive juices burned on the edges.

### FASTENERS — RUSTLESS AND CONVENIENT

Slide fasteners, which really slide and are rust proof, provide quick and convenient closings for house dresses and children's clothing, and make the sewing on of buttons or the mending of buttonholes unnecessary. These slide fasteners are easily attached to the opening of a dress, and they wash beautifully — the wringer does not do them the least harm. A slight pull and they open readily — another gentle pull and they close. And they are of great assistance in teaching children to dress themselves. Small fingers

which find buttons and buttonholes difficult can easily manage the slide fasteners.

### LIGHT WHERE YOU WANT IT

For a good light in the right place, there are convenient small lamps which may be clamped to the head of your bed, hung on the wall beside your dressing-table, or placed on your writing-desk. An adjustable feature throws the light exactly where you want it. In a variety of colors, with metal or painted paper shades, these lamps are suitable for any room.

### A LIGHT DIMMER

If there is a tiny child in your home who is just a wee bit timid about going to sleep in the dark, a very dim light in the nursery is helpful. There is a device which may be attached to the electric fixture, which will dim the customary light to just the right degree, and a night light is provided instantly without the bother of changing the bulb. This device proves decidedly convenient in the sick-room, when a night light is required which will not disturb the patient, and also in the bathroom. We have all experienced the confused feeling of entering a pitch dark home after an evening at the theater; one of these attachments on the hall lighting fixture provides an adequate light.

### AN ODORLESS REFRIGERATOR

Near neighbors in your refrigerator get on much more agreeably when a useful product is placed on one of the shelves which keeps the box sweet and odorless, and prevents strongly flavored foods from imparting their flavors to the more delicate foodstuffs. In a small metal container, it takes up but very little space, and requires no attention—simply place it on one of the shelves, and forget it.

### WASHING COLORED SHEETS

When we first saw the new colored sheets, we were charmed with their delicate rainbow shades, but we wondered just how well they would wash.

And so we decided to test them right here in the Institute. They were given our severe laundry tests, they were exposed to brilliant outdoor sunlight for a period of two weeks, and we even tested them with the two acids most generally used in stain removal—Javelle Water and oxalic acid. We found these colored sheets as practical as they are lovely, for the colors were absolutely fast. There was no indication of fading or dulling of any of the shades. They were as clear and lovely when we finished testing them as when we began our experiments.

### TONGS WITH MANY USES

If you have ever burned your hands when turning baked potatoes or removing them from the oven, you will appreciate the metal tongs we use here in the Institute. They may be had in different sizes, and have an infinite variety of uses.

You will find them useful for removing corn or other vegetables from boiling water, for turning chops or steaks, and even for removing clothes from boiling water. You may buy them separately, or in sets of three different sized tongs suitable for a great many different purposes.

# FIVE extra helpful ideas for 1929

1

Decide to take advantage of the extra help that can bring you sweet, airy, home-washed clothes without hard rubbing.

[WHICH MEANS FELS-NAPTHA]

2

Make up your mind to have this extra help each washday. For then your white clothes will come out so white, and your colored things will stay so fresh and gay, that the neighbors (mean thought!) will envy your wash every time they see it on the line.

[ASK ANY FELS-NAPTHA USER!]

3

See to it that you use the good golden soap that will keep your hands, as well as your clothes, looking better.

[FELS-NAPTHA WILL DO IT!]

4

Determine to get the most out of this extra helper by letting it lighten each soap-and-water task all through the year, whether weekly wash or household cleaning.

[FELS-NAPTHA IS AN "ALL AROUND" HELPER]

5

Be sure to buy Fels-Naptha Soap today and have it in the house so that you can start using these good ideas right now.



FELS-NAPTHA is more than just soap. It is good

tub, loosening the dirt and washing it away

golden soap combined with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. You can smell the naptha! So here are two safe, active cleaners instead of one—two cleaners that work together, in washing machine or

with less work and effort on your part. That's the extra help that makes millions of women agree that "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha".

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.



people confide their interests, their money and their honor. He cannot always please them all; it is only after he is dead, and history has had time to analyze his actions, that he gets his reward or his blame. He can only try his best to serve and let it go at that.

After all, he has much less power than he is supposed to have. But a President has influence, and it is the potentiality of that influence, that possibility of swaying opinions and affecting the current of men's thoughts, that makes the position of the Chief Executive so tempting in contemplation.

Most of us, from the time we are twelve years old—or some of us, anyway—have been brimful of good and constructive, even startling and brilliant ideas for the betterment of the race. The only trouble is to find listeners. Years ago I used to attend the meetings of a "Philosophy and Utopia" Club, heated, enchanted, deafening evenings during which no person ever listened to any other person even for a second.

Life is something like that. No one will listen. The world is too busy manufacturing unhappiness to stop and think, and enjoy mere living for a space. We keep multiplying admirable and efficient ways of reaching utterly unworthy ends. The secret of sane and successful living is no secret at all; it is merely too obvious, too plain for most men and women to see. When they have thrown health away, in the reckless years of beginnings, then they are fortunate if they find themselves with enough money saved to support invalidism. When they have thrown away a thousand real sunsets, real moonrises, real hours beside a fire with a bowl of soup, a dog and a book, then, with the money their unlovely scrambling has won them, they will buy a picture of a sunset or a moonrise, or of a man beside a fire with a dog and a book.

To a President the world listens respectfully, and it has always seemed to me that one of his proudest prerogatives is to confide to his people some of the problems and questions of the hour. Why don't Presidents do more of this? Why don't they let every breakfast table from Oyster Bay to Halfmoon Bay, and from The Dalles to Tallahassee, know what it's all about—what is behind the headlines from China, what is the significance of the parley at Versailles?

In the old world, for centuries, two-thirds of the population could neither read nor write; there would have been small point in serving ideas to them with their morning coffee. But we are not the old world, we can read and write, and an increasing number of us are beginning, in a surprised sort of way, to think about things national and international.

Many a statesman, congressman and chief justice would be paralyzed with amazement if he could hear what the farmers' wives in Iowa and the school teachers of Alabama, and the keenly critical factory girls of Fall River, Massachusetts, are saying about him. Newspapers, magazines, movie news-reels, and radio have robbed him of his once sacred privacy, and in the very grammar schools the children debate him and his policies. In many schools today, the scholars are obliged to keep an eye on the press, and report from week to week such items as seem to them of national importance, and when they do, the local newspapers give the best selection, and the winning child gets honorable mention.

ALL of which is fine. And it would be fine to have a boxed communication from our President published in the morning paper.

If I were President, I would inaugurate this. The more papers that used it, the better I would be pleased; it would be a daily report from a servant to her employers. When the question of a dam, or a franchise, is agitating the heads of the nation, the people ought to know it; they ought to hear the pros and cons—it's their country, after all.

Men are always telling women that the national funds are squandered and stolen, that fat sinecures and salaries unattached to jobs pepper the departments of state, that melons are cut and assessments approved and appropriations made recklessly by all the administrations in turn, in a wild orgy of wasting and spending and grabbing.

These things make voters nervous. Women, especially if they are good housekeepers, who keep spotless houses and pay their bills, and run things on a budget, hate to feel that this shiftlessness and unscrupulousness prevail at the national capitol. They writhe when they are told that officials who never send

## IF I WERE PRESIDENT

Continued from page 9

out a letter draw allowances for thousands of dollars' worth of stamps every year, and that ladies' exquisite inlaid desks and luxurious trips to Europe get themselves paid for under the heading of "office supplies."

In the old days, when women outside the cities were shut away from the centers of governmental activity by muddy roads, and miles of snowy prairie or woodland, it was different. News traveled slowly, by foot, and events were long past before the greater part of the public had any cognizance of them.

It is different, now. Information rushes

### BEFORE AN OLD PORTRAIT

BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL

*Dear little grandmother—long ago—  
Sitting straight in your high-backed chair,  
Threading your glistening needle to sew  
Your sampler with such earnest care—  
I wonder, wouldn't you rather have run  
Out in the rain and wind and sun?*

*Dear little grandmother, stitching true—  
Figures and letters and trees and birds—  
Crossing your threads of scarlet and blue,  
Purple and gold, as you shaped the words:  
"Ellen Lee Endicott—age nine years."  
And there is a stain—can it be tears?*

*Did you prick your fingers and tangle your thread,  
Dear little grandmother, grave and sweet?  
The sun is gold on your shining head—  
Demurely you cross your slipped feet.  
O, dear little, quaint little Ellen Lee—  
I wish you could look up and speak to me!*

faster than thought, today; we hear the nominee's speech of acceptance as clearly—more clearly—than the men who were in the assembly hall with him heard it, tomorrow we may check our hearing with the sight of it, printed word for word in the paper, and the day after that see him move and smile and gesticulate as he speaks on the screen.

There are twenty million persons in the Union who would be glad to read a word from their Chief Executive every day. The time for secret treaties, for doctoring the story of events to suit the general palate, is past. It is only just, to thinking, reading America today, to take into the Presidential confidence all those of his fellow men who feel strongly upon the question of the hour.

Take, for example, the burning topic of war or peace. From my own recent experiences upon the lecture platform, I know that there is an increasing, deepening feeling growing in the hearts of American men and women—a hatred for war, a will for peace.

And this phrase only means, "a better understanding of what war is, of what causes wars, and of what wars accomplish—or rather fail to accomplish."

All over the country, men and women are thinking of these things, reading everything they can find about our international position, trying to puzzle it out for themselves. It seems to me that the President himself should answer them.

As President, I would try to do so. There would be no secret diplomacy in my administration, for in all the histories I ever read, and in the score of heavy books about the Great War that are my text and lesson books today, I have yet to discover the circumstances in which secrecy between nations has accomplished anything but mischief. Kings, Emperors, diplomats generally have had their good reasons for mystery. Chief and supreme among them is the fundamental reason that openness would always prevent war, and that war has often been to their advantage.

Open discussion of policies, openly discussed, positively would have prevented the Great War. The world will never recover from this piece of blind barbarism; one more such war would extirpate our races, enemy and allies alike, and western civilization would slip into the orient like a drop of water into a river. The Great War spattered its

hideous germs everywhere; we shall need all our courage and wisdom to uproot them as they raise their heads.

There is an element in America today that is already whispering: "War!" And that whisper ought to be traced to its source, and shouted from one end of the country to the other, so that every one should know exactly whence it comes. The whispers say that American property and American lives—the lives always coming far after the property in importance, incidentally—are being jeopardized, and that a little corrective intervention is necessary on our part.

The little neighbor country concerned is already in touch with one or two powerful allies, on the other side of the water, and if she is to have allies, then we must have them, too. A few days after our first troops go over her borders—a few days? Why, we remember 1914! We know that it would be only a few hours before all Europe would be divided into new partisanships, and the gray business of trenches, troops, olive drab sweaters and Red Cross units commenced all over again.

Every fact concerning this situation I would have printed, boxed, on front newspaper pages every day. The elements that were calling for war, their interests, the difficulties confronting the rulers of the menaced nation, the proved truths that were being suppressed—these should be served to every dish-washing wife and mother in the country, and she could ponder them, over the soap-powder and the hot water.

More than this, I would find writers to delve into history, and to back these statements with other, older statements that would reinforce them. The futile, wasted agonies of 1914-1918 should be reiterated in doses of a hundred words a day until the whole nation knew the bitter truth. Once or twice or three times a year, I would urge healthy, busy, ambitious young men to visit our base hospitals, and to talk to men only a few years older than they, men forgotten now—sightless, armless, legless men, and those even less fortunate ones who draw every breath in agony, and have drawn it so since 1917, and will draw it so until the end.

THE letters of a Prussian Queen of 1818, and the diary of an Alsatian boy of 1870 should be quoted, and requoted, for the public benefit, and some of the newspapers of 1916, and some of the records of old Greece, wherein the phrase, "a war to end war," is used with equal mendacity and equal effect.

If any nation, in my administration, took a step that looked dangerous to world peace—and two have done so in the past few months—I would call attention to it, simply and truthfully. I would ask men and women everywhere what they thought about it, ask them to communicate with their newspapers, ask for editorial comment, write to their Congressmen.

The abolishment of the submarine is a step away from jungle law. How many Americans know what countries—only two, I believe—refuse to consider the world abolishment of the submarine? Every one ought to know, and in one voice, in all charity and sympathy and desire for understanding, the world ought to ask those two nations "Why?"

One hundred years of peace would mean peace forever. We must begin it sometime, or we are destroyed. Whenever I ran out of news, whenever there was nothing to be said about tax cuts and bridges and dams and mothers' compensation bills and Easter egg-rolling, I would use that little front page box for peace talk. We are not reminded often enough that there are still almost five hundred thousand Civil War pensioners on our rolls—almost half a million soldiers and nurses and widows and "helpless children." We've paid them nearly seven billion—seven billion dollars since 1865, and possibly we've spent another billion on war monuments, and on clubs especially created to wipe out all the bitterness between the North and South and forget the whole dreadful misunderstanding. Eighty-two cents out of every dollar that goes to the government goes to wars, past and future. And what a tiny proportion of our national

outlay is marked "development and regulation." Ah, in wiser times, what can't we do with that eighty-two cents, or most of it! What educating, what strengthening of brains and bodies, what building and beautifying!

There's a sentence from a great English statesman that ought to be repeated occasionally, too, where we can all see it. The statesman is Lloyd George, and his words are: "The more one reads memoirs and books written in the various countries, of what happened before the first of August, 1914, the more one realizes that no one at the head of affairs quite meant war at that stage. It was something into which they glided, or rather staggered, and stumbled, perhaps thru folly; and a discussion, I have no doubt, would have averted it."

I would like to have those words recited aloud by every man and woman who remembers the Great War, on the eleventh of November, every year. The blood leaves my heart when I read them, and my eyes see red. Oh, you mothers of strong, eager, beautiful, deceived boys, boys who have been rotting in their blood-soaked uniforms for ten long years in Flanders and Salonika and Belleau Wood, I wonder what they say to you?

FROM which it may be gathered that if I were President at all, I would be called "the peace President." And it is true. The plank would be in my platform; I could not take oath of office without thinking about it. There is nothing that any other country could do that would seem to me to warrant the movement of a single battleship; no act that I would not give that country a chance to explain, and a second chance to explain.

And if the explanations were unsatisfactory, I would ask the housewives of America to stop using the products of that particular country for a little while, whether they were stockings or towels or perfume or jam or rugs or plates or toys. If America once made it clear to that country that she felt a certain neutral disapproval of the way things were going, it would be a bold country indeed that would not gracefully retire. This is not blind optimism. It is simple fact, and simple facts will end war, when enough thinking persons get hold of them.

Once, on an Atlantic liner, just after the War, I was talking to two middle-aged men, one a Swiss and one a Hollander. I said, in the unthinking way of the person saturated with propaganda, that the Sarajevo murders had not been America's reason for entering the War—naturally the assassination of a Duke and Duchess meant nothing to us. We were a republic, and we could not go to war every time a citizen and his wife were murdered. "But," I said, feeling the explanation pretty lame as I made it, "we were truly convinced that our own safety was menaced, and that a decisive victory for the Central Powers would mean an attack upon ourselves."

The two men merely looked bewildered, and after a while I saw why. Their own two little army-less countries were wedged right in there between the combatants, and neither lost her standing, her honor, or her friends by keeping out of the fight.

AND on the same principle—if I were President—I would want to do all I could for a recognition of Soviet Russia. After all, our own beginnings—those glorious beginnings of which we are so proud—were all mixed up with the overthrow of lawful authority, and the shedding of much blood. We were treated with oppression and injustice, and so was she, and as she staggers to her feet among the nations, it would mean much to her to have a friendly word from a brother republic across the water.

In our own lives we have seen more than half the world turn republican; we have seen half the thrones totter and fall. China, Russia, Brazil, Austria, Germany, Greece, Portugal and some smaller fry have all followed the gallant example of 1776. To our children's children the elegant old words "King" and "Queen" will belong only to the adventures of Alice—little pinafores, yellow-maned Alice, who was to survive the royalty after all!—and to the chess-board. A game and a child will outlive them, and not even the Archdukes and Prime Ministers will be the poorer.

Consistently, we should have to withdraw our troops from Nicaragua, or from any other Central American country, and confine our friendliness in those directions to only what our sympathy and intelligent understanding afford them. We need some national enlightenment on the subject of imperialism, and a national opinion as to just how much protection a country can properly offer her



citizens when they persist in investing their money under other flags.

So much for foreign policy. There is another cause than peace, and at the moment it touches us more nearly. The President, in any case, has not much to do with the application of law, but what the President thinks about the Eighteenth Amendment is important, just the same.

The word "enforced" has an ugly sound. It would be a good thing to put the word "endeared" in its place. We have lost our sense of proportion on the prohibition question. We see it thru jokes, comic weeklies and the fulminations of alarmists. It's much simpler than it sounds, and to some of us, at least, it seems to be one more of the surprising new things for America to give the world—like democracy itself, and the abolition of slavery, and of dueling, and of illiteracy and caste and slums and want.

A good many persons, some of them reasonable and admirable persons, don't dislike the idea itself, but they dislike the way it has been presented. Convinced that it was really the honest will of the majority, they would fall into line.

Sometimes, these good persons would be amazed to realize how many other countries than our own are wrestling with this problem; how real a problem it is. It is not fanaticism, nor a desire to make free peoples slaves, that gives England also a liquor law, and France a limited one, that keeps Canada seething between licenses and bootleggers—apparently still far from settling the matter.

No law is popular, whether it deals with gambling, divorce, compulsory education or sanitation, minimum wages, the age of consent or alcohol. Our speed laws cost us more than our liquor laws, but we can't abolish them for all that. And of the maligned

amendment it may truly be said that to understand it is to forgive it.

Other countries have some curious laws, which they meekly accept even while they revile our own. In one great European country you cannot discharge a servant without the consent of the authorities. Into Paris itself—that Paris so fondly praised by intolerant Americans—you cannot bring so much as a fresh egg or a turnip from your adjacent farm to a friend. The long line of returning cars is stopped at the city gates on crowded, hot Sunday afternoons, and every car is inspected suspiciously, for hidden heads of lettuce and contraband onions. You cannot play roulette in Paris, or drink absinthe—

Yet Paris laughs at us and our laws, and we—more shame to us—laugh guiltily, too.

What one President could do to stop that laughter, at home and abroad, I would do, if I were President. The world has changed since the peaceful days when an old bay mare and a surrey were the quickest form of locomotion, and when the railways were still "the cars." Surrounded as we are by telephones, electric wires, radios, aeroplanes, movies, and those racing dangers that one man described as "rivers of steel," we live at a tension, and under a pressure, unknown before in all the history of the world. Where stimulants and drunken irresponsibility were once comparatively harmless, they are a danger now. We have to gear our characters and our morals to meet the higher gearing all about us. Isolation, bad roads, distances, slow mails, quiet family life and neighborhood intimacies, and comparative poverty, once protected our youngsters; they are not so protected now. They need new ideals, and new laws back of those ideals, if they are to be saved.

Well! It certainly has been an amusing speculation—"if I were President!"

## A NEW DAY FOR DISHES

*Continued from page 40*

dishes, a center perforated cylinder from which the water is driven out in all directions, or in one of the latest models, a pump which shoots water out from a side shaft over the dishes in a slowly revolving rack.

The dish-racks have been especially designed for each machine, and dishes must be placed in the machine according to the directions. One dishwasher manufacturer is developing a rack for pots and pans; another has a motor-driven brush for this disagreeable job, and there is hope there!

About five minutes of washing and two minutes of rinsing does the job. The motors use very little current and the machines operate for two or three cents a day even with three washings. The initial cost of the

"electric sink" dishwashers ranges from three to four hundred dollars. The portables may be had for less than one hundred and fifty dollars.

### HOUSEKEEPERS TRY DISHWASHERS

To find out what women think of the dishwasher as an investment, one hundred and fifty of the Delineator's Committee of Consultant Housekeepers are using a portable dishwasher supplied by a manufacturer for a four weeks test on which they will report the full details of their experience to us, and to you in a later number of *DELINEATOR*. Those of you who are looking forward to the new day in dishwashing will find this report of unusual interest, we are sure.

## Sayings of a Wise Woman

BY ELISABETH MARBURY

### BRIDGES

JUDGING from the many mental bridges over which people wander, one might surmise that the road of life was composed of nothing but bridges.

These poor terrified souls are forever crossing them. They never allow themselves to rest in the green strips of land which connect these same bridges.

They agitate themselves, they spend sleepless nights and restless days just thinking of the trouble which may be ahead.

They are enslaved by the dread of this unknown. They are beneath the cypress which chills, and away from the sun which warms. They are haunted and harassed about the future until there is no possible joy in the present.

We owe money. Instead of striving in some way to earn it, we choke with fear. We see only the dire consequence of our folly.

Instead of enjoying the sunshine of the morning, we lament the rain which we are convinced will fall at night.

If there is one case of "flu" in the house, we are sure that only a miracle can save us from an epidemic. We sit in gloom, our nerves are racked, our brain aches, we are a nuisance not merely to ourselves but to every one who

passes our way. We are chronic crêpe-hangers.

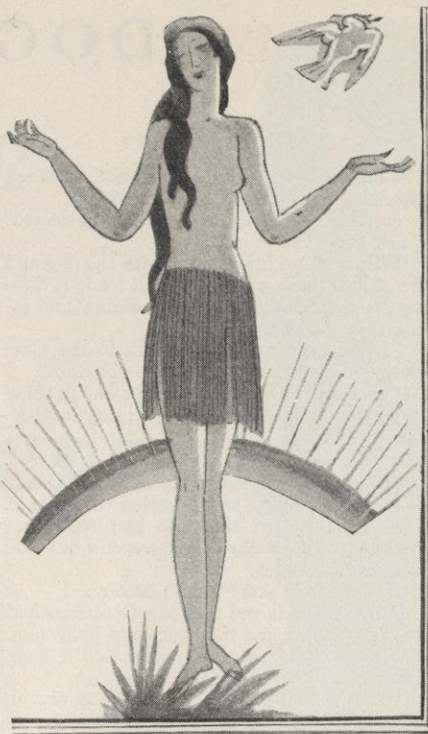
We build our own little dugout. Our pessimism becomes chronic. We see no blue above, no green below. We literally walk in darkness. When we strive to pull out of this slough of impeccable despondency, we sink deeper and deeper in the mire.

By comparison, Job of the Bible was a gay comedian, for he was never wholly devoid of humor.

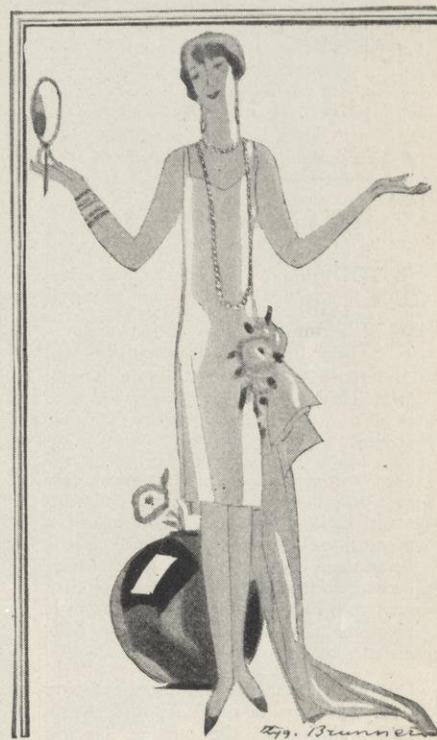
We should perform a moral hari-kari upon our mind. We should call ourselves some very harsh names. We should recognize the fact that we have no backbone, that we are spineless and crawling, and that the sooner we snap back into the wholesome normal—the sooner will these boggy bridges disappear and the more speedily will we hang lanterns of light along the way.

There is surely enough trouble ahead of us, no matter what friendly star may shine above our head. So why seek it?

Besides, dear woman reader—nothing will age you in appearance like worry. Half of the beauty shops would go out of business if only we cultivated smiles and discouraged tears. Anxiety and apprehension sell more facial cream than anything else.



Every woman  
from  
Mrs Noah to now



WHO can doubt that the debarking Mrs. Noah, with the blood of Eve in her veins, did not regard in some deluge-born pool the state of her complexion?

Her descendants have elaborated on her simple technique. Yet with all their skillful use of creams, modern women are guarding their skin as well as their health by keeping internally clean—by the saline method with Sal Hepatica.

### A Back-to-Nature Beauty Aid

Sal Hepatica keeps the system clear of the poisons and acids that cause blemishes and dullness. It is a modern back-to-nature beauty aid.

For years the drinking of salines to improve the complexion and restore health has had the whole-hearted sanction of physicians. And in Europe fashionable resorts have grown up around the health-giving spas.

Thousands of women of society and the stage make regular retreats to these wonderful springs where they restore themselves to beauty and verve by drinking the sparkling saline waters.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps keep your

complexion fresh, clear and blemish-free. It gets at the source by correcting constipation and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

*Start tomorrow morning  
this prompt and gentle treatment*

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within thirty minutes.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can make you feel better, look better, be better.

Send coupon for booklet describing in detail how Sal Hepatica helps keep your skin fresh and free from blemishes, and how it relieves many common ills.

# Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's

30c, 60c, and \$1.20

*SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!*



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D-19  
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.  
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## DOG AT TIMOTHY'S

Continued from page 11

OUR  
OBLIGATION TO  
THE PUBLIC

NOT merely to sell vaults, but to deliver positive and permanent burial protection, is our solemn obligation to the public.

And our greatest pride lies in having produced the Clark Grave Vault for more than a quarter of a century without failure.

Our vault is sealed by an immutable law of Nature. It must be secure. No man-made locks determine the measure of protection. Our selection of materials is determined only by what is best. Metal because it is not porous. Special quality of Armco Ingot Iron or Keystone Copper Steel, because they are the most rust-resisting metals.

Our workmanship is far more exacting than appears to be necessary. Oxy-acetylene welding on the outside, electric welding on the inside—making seams of solid metal stronger than the heavy 12 gauge sheets used. Every Clark Vault must prove its quality by a submergence test under 5000 pounds of water.

Quality demands giving the utmost. In the finer models, a plating of pure cadmium is added to give still greater rust-resistance.

Every Clark Vault sent out is a sincere fulfillment of our obligation. That is why leading funeral directors recommend the Clark. A 50-year guaranty accompanies each one.

A de luxe model, beautifully designed, of 10 gauge Solid Copper is also available. It is practically indestructible and carries a perpetual guaranty.

Less than Clark complete protection  
is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT  
COMPANY  
Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse,  
Kansas City, Mo.



GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

tell the cook the potatoes are not browned enough; do you hear, Smither?"  
Smither, blushing above him, answered: "Yes, sir."

Within Aunt Juley, what with the dog and her mind, there was that which made it difficult to assimilate Yorkshire pudding, and indigestion had begun.

"I had such a pleasant walk in the Gardens," she said, painfully, "after church."

"You oughtn't to walk there alone in these days; you don't know what you may be picking up with."

AUNT JULEY took a sip of brown sherry—her heart was beating so! Aunt Hester murmured that she had read that Mr. Gladstone walked there sometimes. She was such a reader.

"That shows you!" said Timothy.

Aunt Ann believed that Mr. Gladstone had high principles, and they must not judge him. "Judge him!" said Timothy. "I'd hang him!"

"That's not quite a nice thing to say on Sunday, dear."

"Better the day, better the deed," muttered Timothy; and Aunt Juley trembled. He was in one of his moods. And, suddenly, she held her breath. A yapping had impinged on her ears, as if the white dog were taking liberties with Cook. Her eyes sought Smither's face.

"What's that?" said Timothy. "A dog?"

"There's a dog just round the corner, at Number Nine," murmured Aunt Juley; and at the roundness of Smither's eyes, knew she had prevaricated. What dreadful things happened if one was not quite frank from the beginning! The yapping broke into a sharp yelp, as if Cook had taken a liberty in turn.

"That's not round the corner," said Timothy. "It's down-stairs. What's all this?"

All eyes were turned on Smither, in a dead silence. A sound broke it—the girl had creaked.

"Please, sir, it's the little dog that followed Madam in."

"Oh!" said Aunt Juley, in haste. "That little dog?"

"What's that?" said Timothy. "Followed her in?"

"It was so thin!" said Aunt Juley's faint voice.

"Smither," said Aunt Ann, "hand me the pulled bread; and tell Cook I want to see her when she's finished her dinner."

Into Aunt Juley's pouting face rose a flush. "I take the entire responsibility," she said.

"The little dog was lost. It was hungry and Cook has given it some scraps."

"A strange dog," muttered Timothy, "bringing in fleas like that!"

"Oh! I think," murmured Aunt Juley, "it's a well-bred little dog."

"How do you know? You don't know a dog from a door-mat."

The flush deepened over Aunt Juley's pouts.

"It was a Christian act," she said, looking Timothy in the eye.

"If you had been to church, you wouldn't talk like that."

It was perhaps the first time she had openly bearded her delicate brother. The result was complete. Timothy ate his mince pie hurriedly.

"Well, don't let me see it," he muttered.

"Put the wine and walnuts on the table and go down, Smither," said Aunt Ann, "and see what Cook is doing about it."

When she had gone there was silence. It was felt that Juley had forgotten herself.

Aunt Ann put her wine-glass to her lips; it contained two thimblefuls of brown sherry, a present from dear Jolyon—he had such a palate! Aunt Hester, who, during the excitement, had thoughtfully finished a second mince pie, was smiling. Aunt Juley had her eyes fixed on Timothy; she had tasted of defiance and it was sweet. Smither returned.

"Well, Smither?"

"Cook's washing of it, Miss."

"What's she doing that for?" said Timothy.

"Because it's dirty," said Aunt Juley.

"There you are."

And the voice of Aunt Ann was heard, saying grace. When she had finished, the three sisters rose.

"We'll leave you to your wine, dear. Smither, my shawl, please."

Up-stairs in the drawing-room there was grave silence. Aunt Juley was trying to still her fluttering nerves; Aunt Hester trying to pretend that nothing had happened; Aunt Ann, upright and a little grim, trying to compress the Riot Act with her thin and bloodless lips. She was not thinking of herself, but of the immutable order of things, so seriously compromised.

Aunt Juley repeated suddenly: "He followed me, Ann."

"Without an intro—without your inviting him?"

"I spoke to him, because he was lost."

"You should think before you speak. Dogs take advantage."

Aunt Juley's face mutinied. "Well, I'm glad," she said, "and that's flat. Such a how-de-do!"

Aunt Ann looked pained. A considerable time passed. Aunt Juley began playing solitaire. She played without presence of mind, so that extraordinary things happened on the board. Aunt Ann sat upright, with her eyes closed; and Aunt Hester, after watching them for some minutes to see if they would open, took from under her cushion a library volume, and hiding it behind a fire-screen, began to read. It was volume two and she did not yet know Lady Audley's secret; of course it was a novel, but, as Timothy had said, "Better the day, better the deed."

The clock struck three. Aunt Ann opened her eyes, Aunt Hester shut her book. Aunt Juley crumpled the solitaire balls together with a clatter. There was a knock on the door, for not belonging to the upper regions, like Smither, Cook always knocked.

"Come in!"

Still in her pink print frock, Cook entered, and behind her entered the dog, snowy white, with its coat all brushed and bushy, its manner and its tail now cocky and now deprecating. It was a moment! Cook spoke:

"I've brought it up, Miss; it's had its dinner, and it's been washed. It's a nice little dear, and taken quite a fancy to me."

The three Aunts sat silent with their eyes now on the dog, now on the legs of the furniture.

"'Twould 'ave done your 'eart good to see it eat, Miss. And it answers to the name of Pommy."

"Fancy!" said Aunt Hester, with an effort. She did so hate things to be awkward.

Aunt Ann leaned forward; her voice rose firm, if rather quavery.

"It doesn't belong to us, Cook; and your master would never permit it. Smither shall go with it to the Police Station."



Drawn by  
Helen Hokinson

"Eloise, go and look in Delineator! Maybe it would be safe to have it a little longer?"

As if struck by the words, the dog emerged from Cook's skirt and approached the voice. It stood in a curve and began to oscillate its tail very slightly; its eyes, like bits of jet, gazed up. Aunt Ann looked down at it; her thin, veined hands, as if detached from her firmness, moved nervously over her glacé skirt. From within Aunt Juley emotion was emerging in one large pout. Aunt Hester was smiling spasmodically.

"Them Police Stations!" said Cook. "I'm sure it's not been accustomed. It's not as if it had a collar, Miss."

"Pommy!" said Aunt Juley.

The dog turned at the sound, sniffed her knees, and instantly returned to its contemplation of Aunt Ann, as tho it recognized where power was seated.

"It's really rather sweet!" murmured Aunt Hester, and not only the dog looked at Aunt Ann. But at this moment the door was again opened.

"Mr. Swithin Forsyte, Miss," said the voice of Smither.

Aunts Juley and Hester rose to greet their brother; Aunt Ann, privileged by seventy-eight years, remained seated. The family always went to Aunt Ann, not Aunt Ann to the family. There was a general feeling that dear Swithin had come provisionally, knowing as he did all about horses.

"You can leave the little dog for the moment, Cook. Mr. Swithin will tell us what to do."

Swithin, who had taken his time on the stairs, which were narrow, made an entry. Tall, with his chest thrown forward, his square face puffy pale, his eyes light and round, the tiny gray imperial below his mustached lips gave to him the allure of a master of ceremonies, and the white dog, retreating to a corner, yapped loudly.

"What's this?" said Swithin. "A dog?"

So might one, entering a more modern drawing-room, have said: "What's this—a camel?"

Repairing hastily to the corner, Aunt Juley admonished the dog with her finger. It shivered slightly and was silent. Aunt Ann said: "Give dear Swithin his chair, Hester; we want your advice, Swithin. This little dog followed Juley home this morning—he was lost."

Swithin seated himself with his knees apart, thus preserving the deportment of his body and the increased beauty of his waistcoat. His Wellington boots showed stiff beneath his almost light blue trousers. He said: "Has Timothy had a fit?"

Dear Swithin—he was so droll!

"Not yet," said Aunt Hester, who was sometimes almost naughty.

"Well, he will. Here, Juley, don't stand there stuck. Bring the dog out, and let's have a look at it. Dog! Why, it's a bitch!"

This curiously male word, tho spoken with distinction, caused a sensation such as would have accompanied a heavy fall of soot. The dog had been assumed by all to be of the politer sex, because of course one didn't notice such things. Aunt Juley, indeed, whom past association with Septimus Small had rendered more susceptible, had conceived her doubts, but she had continued to be on the polite side.

"A bitch," repeated Swithin. "You'll have no end of trouble with it."

"That is what we fear," said Aunt Ann, "tho I don't think you should call it that in a drawing-room, dear."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Swithin. "Come here, little bitch!"

And he stretched out a ringed hand smelling of dog-skin—he had driven himself round in his phaeton.

Encouraged by Aunt Juley, the little dog approached, and sat cowering under the hand. Swithin lifted it by the ruff round its neck.

"Well-bred," he said, putting it down.

"We can't keep it," said Aunt Ann firmly. "The carpets—the Police Station."

"If I were you," said Swithin, "I'd put a notice in the Times: 'Found, white Pomeranian bitch. Apply, The Nook, Bayswater Road.' You might get a reward. Let's look at its teeth."

(Turn to page 54)



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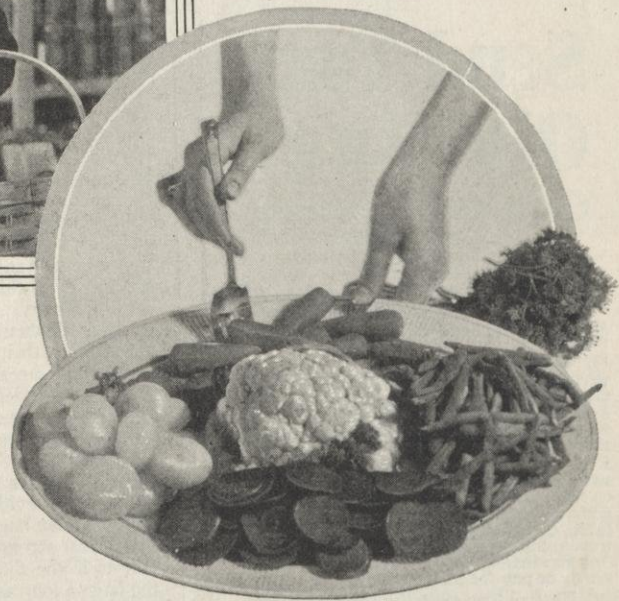
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## DOG AT TIMOTHY'S

Continued from page 52

The little dog, who seemed in a manner fascinated by the smell of Swithin's hand and the stare of his round china blue eyes, put no obstacle in the way of fingers that raised its upper and depressed its lower lip.

"It's a puppy," said Swithin. "Loo, loo, little bitch!"

This terrible invective caused the dog to behave in a singular manner. Depressing its tail so far as was possible, it jumped sideways and scurried round Aunt Hester's chair, then crouched with its chin on the ground, its hind quarters and tail in the air, looking up at Swithin with eyes black as boot buttons.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Swithin, "if it was worth money. Loo, loo!"

This time the little dog scurried round the entire room, avoiding the legs of chairs by a series of miracles, then, halting by a marqueterie stand, it stood on its hind legs and began to eat the pampas grass.

"Ring, Hester!" said Aunt Ann. "Ring for Smither. Juley, stop it!"

Swithin, whose imperial was jutting in a fixed smile, said: "Where's Timothy? I should like to see it bite his legs."

AUNT JULEY, moved by maternal spasms, bent down and picked the dog up in her arms. She stood, pouting over its sharp nose and soft warm body, like the every figure of daring with the smell of soft soap in its nostrils.

"I will take it down-stairs myself," she said; "it shan't be teased. Come, Pommy!"

The dog, who had no say whatever in the matter, put out a pink strip of tongue and licked her nose. Aunt Juley had the exquisite sensation of being loved; and, hastily, to conceal her feelings, she bore it away. She bore it up-stairs, instead of down, to her room, which was at the back of dear Ann's, and then stood, surrounded by mahogany, with the dog still in her arms. Every hand was against her and the poor dog, and she squeezed it tighter. It was panting, and every now and then with its slip of a tongue it licked her cheek, as if to assure itself of reality. Since the departure of Septimus Small ten years ago, she had never been properly loved, and now that something was ready to love her, they wanted to take it away. She sat down on her bed, still holding the dog, while below, they would be talking of how to send Pommy to the Police Station or put her into the papers! Then, noticing that white hairs were coming off on to her, she put the dog down. It sidled round the room, sniffing, till it came to the wash-stand, where it stood looking at her and panting. What *did* it want? Wild thoughts of placing an utensil at its service passed through Aunt Juley's mind, till suddenly the dog stood on its hind legs and licked the air. Why, it was thirsty! Disregarding the niceties of existence, Aunt Juley lifted the jug, and set it on the floor. For some minutes there was no sound but lapping. Could it really hold all that? The little dog looked up at her, moved its tail twice, then trotted away to inspect the room more closely. Having inspected everything except Aunt Juley, concerning whom its mind was apparently made up, it lay down under the valance of the dressing-table, with its head and forepaws visible, and uttered a series of short spasmodic barks. Aunt Juley understood them to mean: "Come and play with me!" And taking her sponge-bag, she dangled it. Seizing it—so unexpected—the little dog shook it violently. Aunt Juley was at once charmed and horrified. It was evidently feeling quite at home, but her poor bag! Oh! its little teeth were sharp and strong! Aunt Juley swelled. It was as if she didn't care what happened to the bag so long as the little dog was having a good time. The bag came to an end; and gathering up the pieces, she thought defiantly: "Well, it's not as if I ever went to Brighton now!" But she said, severely:

"You see what you've done!" And, together, they examined the pieces, while Aunt Juley's heart took a resolution. They might talk as they liked. Finding was keeping; and if Timothy didn't like it, he could lump it! The sensation was terrific. Some one, however, was knocking on the door.

"Oh, Smither," said Aunt Juley, "you see what the little dog has done?" And she held up the sponge-bag defiantly.

"Ach!" said Smither; "its teeth are sharp. Would you go down, ma'am? Mr. and Mrs. James Forsyte are in the drawing-room.

Shall I take the little dog now? I daresay it'd like a run."

"Not to the Police Station, Smither. I found it, and I'm going to keep it."

"I'm sure, ma'am. It'll be company for me and Cook, now that Tommy's gone. It's took quite a fancy to us."

With a pang of jealousy Aunt Juley said: "I take all the responsibility. Go with Smither, Pommy!"

Caught up in her arms, the little dog lolled its head over the edge of Smither and gazed back sentimentally as it was borne away. And, again, all that was maternal in Aunt Juley swelled, beneath the dark violet of her bosom sprinkled with white hairs.

"Say I am coming down." And she began plucking off the white hairs.

Outside the drawing-room door she paused, then went in with weak knees. Between his Dundreary whiskers, James was telling a story. His long legs projected so that she had to go round; his long lips stopped to say:

"How are you, Juley? They tell me you've found a dog," and resumed the story. It was all about a man who had been bitten and had insisted on being cauterized until he couldn't sit down, and the dog hadn't been mad after all, so that it was all wasted, and that was what came of dogs. He didn't know what use they were except to make a mess.

Emily said: "Pomeranians are all the rage. They look so amusing in a carriage."

Aunt Hester murmured that Jolyon had an Italian greyhound at Stanhope Gate.

"That snippetty whippet!" said Swithin—perhaps the first use of the term: "There's no body in them."

"You're not goin' to keep this dog?" said James. "You don't know what it might have."

Very red, Aunt Juley said sharply: "Diddle-dee, James!"

"Well, you might have an action brought against you. They tell me there's a Home for Lost Dogs. Your proper course is to turn it out."

"Turn out your grandmother!" snapped Aunt Juley. She was not afraid of James.

"Well, it's not your property. You'll be getting up against the Law."

This epoch-making remark was received in silence. Nobody knew what had come to Juley.

"Well," said James, with finality, "don't say I didn't tell you. What does Timothy say—I should think he'd have a fit."

"If he wants to have a fit, he must," said Aunt Juley. "I shan't stop him."

"What are you going to do with the puppies?" said Swithin. "Ten to one she'll have puppies."

"You see, Juley," said Aunt Ann.

Aunt Juley's agitation was such that she took up a fan from the little curio table beside her, and began to wave it before her flushed face.

"You're all against me," she said. "Puppies, indeed! A little thing like that."

Swithin rose.

"Goodbye to you all. I'm going to see Nicholas. Goodbye, Juley. You come for a drive with me some day. I'll take you to the Lost Dogs' Home."

Throwing out his chest, he manoeuvred to the door, and could be heard descending the stairs to the accompaniment of the drawing-room bell.

James said mechanically: "He's a funny fellow, Swithin!"

It was as much his permanent impression of his twin brother as was Swithin's: "He's a poor stick, James!"

Emily, who was bored, began talking to Aunt Hester about the new fashion of eating oysters before the soup. Of course it was very foreign, but they said the Prince was doing it. James wouldn't have it, but personally she thought it rather elegant. She should see! James had begun to tell Aunt Ann how Soames would be out of his articles in January—he was a steady chap. He told her at some length. Aunt Juley sat pouting behind her moving fan. She had a longing for dear Jolyon—partly because he had always been her favorite and her eldest

brother, who had never allowed any one else to bully her, partly because he was the only one who had a dog, and partly because even Ann was a little afraid of him. She sat, longing to hear him say: "You're a parcel of old women; of course Juley can keep what she found." Because that was it! The dog had followed her of its own free will. It was not as if it had been a precious stone or a purse—which, of course, would have been different. Sometimes Jolyon did come on Sundays, tho generally he took little June to the Zoo; and the moment he came James would be sure to go away, for fear of having his knuckles rapped; and that, she felt sure, would be so nice, since James had been horrid about it all!

"I think," she said, suddenly, "I shall go round to Stanhope Gate, and ask dear Jolyon."

"What do you want to do that for?" said James, taking hold of a whisker. "He'll send you away with a flea in your ear."

Whether or no this possibility deterred her, Aunt Juley did not rise, but she ceased fanning herself and sat with the expression on her face which had given rise to the family saying: "Oh! So-and-so's a regular Juley!"

But James had now exhausted his weekly budget. "Well, Emily," he said, "you'll be wanting to get home. We can't keep the horses any longer."

The accuracy of this formula had never been put to the proof, for Emily always rose at once with the words:

"Goodbye, dears. Give our love to Timothy." She had pecked their cheeks and gone out of the room before James could remember what he would tell her in the carriage he had specially gone there to ask them.

When they had departed, Aunt Hester, having looked from one to the other of her sisters, muffled "Lady Audley's Secret" in her shawl and tiptoed away. She knew what was coming. Aunt Juley took the solitaire board with hands that trembled. The moment had arrived! And she waited, making an occasional move with oozing fingers, and stealing glances at that upright figure in black silk with jet trappings and cameo brooch. On no account did she mean to be the first to speak; and she said suddenly:

"There you sit, Ann!"

Aunt Ann, countering her glance with those gray eyes of hers that saw quite well at a distance, spoke:

"You heard what Swithin and James said, Juley."

"I will not turn the dog out," said Aunt Juley. "I will not, and that's flat." The blood beat in her temples and she tapped a foot on the floor.

"If it were a really nice little dog, it would not have run away and got lost. Little dogs of that sex are not to be trusted. You ought to know that, at your age, Juley; now that we're alone, I can talk to you plainly. It will have followers, of course."

### SONG

BY HILDA CONKLING

*A ship would be a comfort  
When the wind is strong,  
To sail across the cowslip meadow  
And pull the clouds along,  
And think about a song.*

Aunt Juley put a finger into her mouth, sucked it, took it out, and said:

"I'm tired of being treated like a little girl."

Aunt Ann answered calmly:

"I think you should take some calomel—getting into fantods like this! We have never had a dog."

"I don't want you to have one now," said Aunt Juley; "I want it for myself. I—I—" She could not bring herself to express what was in her heart about being loved—it would be—would be too gushing!

"It's not right to keep what's not your own," said Aunt Ann. "You know that perfectly well."

"I will put an advertisement in the paper; if the owner comes, I'll give it up. But it followed me of its own accord. And it can live down-stairs. Timothy need never see it."

"It will spoil the carpets," said Aunt Ann, "and bark at night. We shall have no peace."

"I'm sick of peace," said Aunt Juley, rattling the board. "I'm sick of peace, and I'm sick of taking care of things till they—till you—till one belongs to them."

Aunt Ann lifted her (Turn to page 56)





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**Coconut Butterscotch Cake**—Sift 2 cups Swans Down Cake Flour once, measure, add 4 teaspoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt. Sift together 3 times. Cream 2 tablespoons butter, add 1 cup sugar, and cream together thoroughly. Add 1 egg; beat until light and fluffy. Add flour alternately with 1 cup milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Put layers together with Butterscotch Filling. Cover with boiled frosting made with brown sugar.

**Butterscotch Filling**—Combine  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour and  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup brown sugar. Add 1 cup scalded milk gradually. Place in double boiler. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour small amount of mixture over 2 well-beaten egg yolks, return to double boiler, and cook 10 minutes longer. Add 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon cream,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup Baker's Coconut, Southern-Style, finely chopped. Cool and spread between layers of cake. Makes enough filling to cover one 9-inch layer.

*All measurements are level.*

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## DOG AT TIMOTHY'S

*Continued from page 54*

hands, spidery and pale.

"You don't know what you're talking about. If one can't take care of one's things, one is not fit to have them."

"Care—care—I'm sick of care! I want something human—I want this dog. And if I can't have it, I will go away and take it with me; and that's flat."

It was, perhaps, the wildest thing that had ever been said at Timothy's. Aunt Ann said very quietly: "You know you can't go away, Juley. You haven't the money, so it's no good talking like that."

"Jolyon will give me the money; he will never let you bully me."

An expression of real pain centered itself between Aunt Ann's old eyes.

"I do not think I bully," she said; "you forget yourself."

For a full minute Aunt Juley said nothing, looking to and fro from her twisting fingers to the wrinkled ivory pale face of her eldest sister. Tears of compunction had welled up in her eyes. Dear Ann was very old, and the doctor was always saying—! And quickly she got out her handkerchief.

"I—I'm upset—I—I didn't mean—dear Ann—" The words bubbled out: "B-b-but I do so w-want the little d-d-dog."

There was silence, broken by her sniffing. Then rose the voice of Aunt Ann, calm, a little tremulous:

"Very well, dear; it will be a sacrifice, but if it makes you happier—"

"Oh!" sobbed Aunt Juley: "Oh!"

A large tear splashed on the solitaire board, and with the small handkerchief she wiped it off.

*Another story, "Midsummer Madness," by John Galsworthy will appear in an early issue of DELINEATOR*

## BUTTERFLY DUST

*Continued from page 36*

climbed above her head. She filled her arms with wild salvia to decorate the cabin, stooped lower for a strange looking blossom and drew back with a laugh.

A brown and gold butterfly pushed its discarded chrysalis underfoot. Stiffly it spread each wing to the drying air, methodically brushing the invisible feathers that dower butterflies with beauty and the power to fly. Butterfly dust—the price of wings, of life.

Barbara dropped to a chair as she reached the cabin, opened the package of samples and shook them out in her lap.

With a cry of delight she lifted the clinging squares. Transparent velvets, soft tinted and lustrous as butterfly wings. She had forgotten there were such colors, such textures in the world. Their very handling brought telepathic pictures of shaded candles, gleam of crystal and silver, soft music and laughter, the very breath of home, of life! Oh, to go home! Memory shook her unbearably.

Amethyst, opal, sapphire, topaz; shimmering moonlight, frosted pools—butterfly wings. She smoothed the samples gently. "Fragile as the feathers on a butterfly's wing—butterfly dust! Behind its beauty, the evolution of a universe. If one rubbed away the dust—" She straightened with a start.

Slowly she crossed to the trunk again, lifted garments of cobwebby stuff, unfolded and shook them out. They were fragile, inappropriate, but that did not matter. Long ago she had laughed at stories of exiles in the bush who would not sit down to dinner save in evening dress. Now she knew!

Long she stared in the one small mirror on the stone wall. The tropic sun had bleached the glow from her hair. Wind and water had roughened her skin. With a half sob she turned hurriedly, chose a soft blue gown that Alan especially liked, and dressed with care.

With a start she realized that Concha had not come back. She hurried to the tiny kitchen; the charcoal on the bricks was gray. She called into the jungle; there was no answer. With a tired sigh she began the preparation for dinner.

It was not quite ready when she heard Alan crunching along the path, and looked up with a smile of explanation. With a gasp she stared at Concha, flowers in her tangled hair, swinging along in Alan's wake.

Coldly Barbara asked the reason for her absence. Brusquely she cut short the girl's palpable untruths with a word of dismissal, and counted out the wages due her.

Concha scowled at the blue gown with a tigerish look of hate, snapped her fingers over the coins, flashed a sidelong glance at the man, and bundled up her possessions. By the bush at the turn of the trail, she flung about and spat words, viperish as a curse.

Alan looked at Barbara oddly. "What will you do now? You can't get any valley Indian up in these mountains to stay."

The woman's lips tightened. "I can do the work myself. I will not endure insolence from a native!"

As they sat down to dinner, Alan lifted his

eyes to her dress, got up and put on his coat. "What's on tonight—symphony or opera?"

She forced a smile. "Always the Sunset Symphony over the peaks. Opera's at day-break here, as you know." Yet with all her effort, dinner was somehow a silent meal.

That night the remembrance of Concha was as venomous as her curse, and the woman could not sleep. Alan had seemed to defend her. But he couldn't—go native! Not a man of his ancestry. In terror she thrust the thought away.

Valiantly she battled thru a stifling summer of drudgery. Alone she struggled with heavy pails and tubs, sometimes with axe and wood-pile when Alan forgot to send a man down from the mine. Always tired, she dared not let go the little things. It was living on the edge of a precipice, bits of stone breaking beneath her feet.

Late one afternoon, dropping with fatigue, she found that she had washed but not ironed the table linen. Wearily she set the dishes down on the bare table top. At the sharp click of silver and china against the hard surface, slow realization crept into her eyes. Shamefaced, she poured charcoal into the brazier and put irons to heat. With meticulous care she polished her finest butterfly wings—no, it was just a cloth of lustrous linen—and reset the table.

Alan came to dinner troubled; something was wrong with the stone. He was no judge of marble himself, and in the six months of partnership he had lost respect for the Randle boys' knowledge. At his tone Barbara looked up, saw the gray veil of defeat settling down over him. Not Alan—the jungle should not beat him!

**AND** when she had need of courage, out of the sinister dark something reached and gripped her with deadly fear. She was carrying water from the spring for washing, when the earth reeled and the sky grew black. When she opened her eyes again to sunlight filtering thru trees overhead, a wildly beating heart was choking her throat. Sick and terrified, she crept to the cabin and lay for hours.

She had been warned, only too often, against the mountain sickness, the strain of high altitudes on the body's engine. Perhaps the heavy drudgery, to which she was all unused, had added its burden; perhaps the strain of heart-break. But, if she no longer dared work as she had, she dared not let go!

Something must help them get away from the dragging down-pull of the bush, since the futile buffer of one woman's body was gone. With a sob she thought of the unanswered letters home. She must write again, find some way out before she told Alan. Slowly she crept thru imperative duties and brought out pen and paper. With labor she wrote, only repeating what she had written, believing those letters had gone astray.

From that day life began a grim endurance test from mail time to mail time. Only those who have been marooned in a loneliness that cannot be told, ill and homesick, who have thrust their hands into an empty mail bag



in hope, tricking themselves with the bravado of not hoping, then frantically searching every corner for a letter, can know the torture that sent her heart madly pounding every mail day.

Some one must write, give Alan a chance that would break the spell of the bush, take him away. Over and over she said it aloud as she crept thru her work. But no letter came.

One dark day, panic seized her. In fear she turned to the one link with home, rummaged in her trunk, and with a cry lifted a package of old photographs. Among them were copies of ancestral paintings—the Whitney engineers, with the racial hallmark of courage. And Alan's eyes were dulling with defeat, the fight in them gone.

She must find something! A handful of velvet samples spilled out in her lap, lustrous as butterfly wings. Aimless fingers sifted thru the clinging squares. Hopeless eyes stared at the crowding jungle. Only butterfly dust—but the price of wings, of life. As well scrap the centuries of the universe as the heritage of five generations of engineers.

Wildly she crowded the winged fabrics back into the envelop, snatched one square from the rest—ruby and sapphire under a rime of frost—and hid it in the pocket of her faded dress.

THAT night she waited by the trail, beaten to the end of her strength, feverishly twisting a scrap of velvet. The mail bag was coming. Between finger and thumb she took the sack, not daring to betray its emptiness, loosened the cord and plunged in her hand. At the crackling of envelops, she dropped to the ground and buried her face in the gray canvas.

Two letters, from Ned and Ellen; one for Alan, one for her. Celia and Bob were in Europe. Bob gone! She had hoped most from him. Nails cut into the palm of her hand as she rushed thru the page, reread the last lines blindly, not daring to believe, then her head dropped to her knees, arms outspread, as she sobbed thanksgiving to the Lord of lonely women.

Ned had written for Alan to come back—he had a big contract on, and needed him! They were to return at once—Over and over Ellen rejoiced at Alan's better health—and why had they never written? Remorsefully Barbara thought of the silent months. Blindly she reread the pages, unable to lose the sense of isolation that had walled her in so long.

The path seemed made of air as she walked up to the cabin and found Alan. Jubilantly she handed him his letter. He opened and read it, frowning.

"I can't go back. I—" his voice lowered dully—"I've had to—I've put all my money in the mine—to keep things going. Something's wrong, somewhere! I've got to stay and see how it turns out."

Again that gray look of failure, defeat! Desperately Barbara struggled against a darkening, reeling world. If she could get to a chair in time—

Thru splashing water Alan's frightened voice reached her.

"Barbara—Barbara! What is it? Barbara!"

"The—mountain. Bad—"

Later, when she could nod in answer to his questions, a passing native was pressed into service with requisition for mules and wagons. By easy stages they made the trip down the trail to Zelaya in the valley. Slowly the color crept back into Barbara's lips as the altitude decreased.

In the long blue and pink plaster street, one tiny lodging house was possible. The only doctor was an Englishman, gone native, and Barbara shook her head. His skill would have changed color also. When she was able to listen, Alan tried to explain matters at the mine.

"The Randles are bluffers, Barbara, just promoters for more capital. Their one idea is to get out more stone to make a big showing whether it finds a market or not. I've sunk everything I have—don't you see I've got to stay?" He turned his eyes away. "I'll make them give me back enough money to buy a steamer ticket for you—"

Barbara shook her head. "I'm better down here. I'll wait—for you." And nothing he could say would move her from that decision. At the end of the week he rode back to the mine.

The village was a small one, its only distinction that of being head of the railway division where the train doubled engines up the steep grade to Guatemala City. The mechanics were all Americans, and Barbara

watched them come and go thru the narrow street, with a pitying heart.

They were hungry to talk to an American woman, and, so far from home, would tell their story unthinkingly. All of them were young except the grizzled master mechanic, with his family of Engines Number So-and-so, his life wholly absorbed in doctoring his progeny of steel and steam. The rest were boys, come down for apprentice experience or adventure, or already marked with wanderlust. It was easy to tell how long they had been there by the stubble on their chins, their grubbiness and slumping shoulders. Also, they had begun to dodge down the surreptitious path across the track into the native quarters.

There was no thought of blame in Barbara's heart, only an aching pity for the waste of loneliness. She never saw them without an agony for Alan's discouragement—and Concha.

At the end of the week she could not take her eyes from the trail. With a relief that choked her, she saw Alan step out into the clearing and come toward the village. But no happiness could blind her to his worn, haggard look. His mouth set in a grim line as he handed her a coin sack.

"I got it! There's enough for your train fare, and for the boat to New York. Found out when the next steamer's due?"

Her lips quivered. "I said—I would—wait."

He looked up, scowling. Before her paling face his voice softened. "But don't you see, dear, I can't go? I was a fool to put all my money in the mine, but the only chance to get anything out of it is to stay right here. I don't trust the Randles—not an inch!" His voice dropped. "You can't ask me to go back a penniless beggar. I wrote a month ago for a geologist. He'll be here soon, then I'll know about the stone. I can't go now."

"Then let me stay until the geologist comes. Neither can I go back—without you!" And with that the man had to be content.

She had asked him to bring down his clothes for her to wash and mend, but he would not. The native shops did not deal in white men's garments, so she bought cloth and made clean shirts by hand. The next week brought Alan down, even more haggard and unkempt, irritable because of the geologist's delay, half angry with her for the delayed journey home.

The next Saturday he did not come. There were rumors in the village of a strange señor who had arrived by train, gone up the mountain and then on to the capital. Barbara made guarded inquiries of the young Americans, but could learn nothing. Again and again she wrote Alan, begging to know if he was ill or in further trouble. No answer came.

ANOTHER week went by, another. Then, one day, an American passed her in the narrow street, and turned uncertainly.

"Oh, is it you, Mrs. Whitney? I was just going to see you."

She made some response, thankful for any companionship.

"I've just come down from a vacation up in the capital and heard about Mr. Whitney's mine up there. I wanted to tell you how sorry I was."

Barbara fought a strangling throat. "What is it? I haven't heard."

He looked at her queerly. "Oh, then I'm sorry to bring the bad news. The geologist says the trouble with the stone is that Marble Mountain is a thousand years too young."

"A thou—" Barbara gripped his arm as she swayed, fought until she steadied. Alan needed her now as never before! She could not fail him with such a childish thing as mountain sickness. "I didn't know. I'll go up tomorrow. I—"

"But, Mrs. Whitney, the ride—" She shook her head with a decision not to be disputed, thanked him again and bade him goodbye at the entrance of the patio.

A thousand years too young! Was nature in league with the jungle in such an incredible practical joke! Swiftly she made preparation for the journey to start at daybreak. There would be no failing this time—Alan needed her! She packed the clean garments she had made for him, crossed the room and knelt down by the trunk.

"Things begin to go after a while—the little things—an Indian's better than nobody—" Concha! Her head dropped with a cry. Oh not the butterfly dust of clean love! She couldn't experience that—and live!

Then she must fight the jungle for him! With what weapons? (Turn to page 58)



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*The SHAPE and STRUCTURE of the nipple can permanently affect the SHAPE of his mouth, teeth and entire face.*

A STRONG chin... sturdy jaw... even-spaced teeth—these are your baby's birthright.

If he is breast-fed, nature insures enough exercise for the jaws, gums, tongue, cheeks, lips, palate—all the facial bones and muscles—to bring about a well-developed head and beautiful features.

If he is bottle-fed, he'll get this exercise or not, depending upon the kind of nipple you use. Think for a moment. How can you expect a soft, flimsy nipple that is always collapsing to furnish the resistance that he would get naturally at the breast?

In an effort to awaken mothers to the importance of exercise in

feeding, the American Dental Association is now urging in a pamphlet:

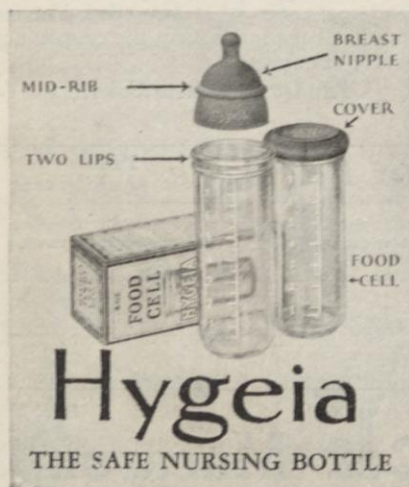
"Without growth-producing use of the jaws... there may be an under-development... leading to narrowed arches, crowded teeth, and cramped air passages of the nose, where adenoids may develop. Faulty development of the face, the skull and the chest may also result from these conditions."

And a leading Canadian Association is saying:

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Cast showing child's narrowed jaw and crowded teeth, the result of a poorly developed bone structure.



Cast showing normal development. The non-collapsible Hygeia Breast-Nipple provides the same exercise for Baby's growing tissues as mother's breast.

For years, Hygeia has been famous throughout the land as the easy-to-clean nurser.

## BUTTERFLY DUST

*Continued from page 57*

Slowly she lifted a package of photographs, the Whitney engineers. An envelop of velvet samples spilled out into the tray. Nothing but butterfly dust—to fight the jungle!

At daybreak, they started up the mountain. The sun rose higher and steaming heat packed about her, but she lifted her head in pale defiance and rode on, up and up the trail. When the world got black she would pull the reins, wait until things cleared, and go on. Nothing but will power carried her forward as the altitude tugged at her heart. At last, the branching path to the stone hut.

Slowly she dismounted, stepped across the door-sill, and choked back a cry. A man she had once known as Alan Whitney, in slouching grimy clothes, barefoot, sat with tousled head in his hands. At her cry he started up, but sank back, as a foot, swathed in dirty bandages, touched the floor.

She forgot everything else. "Alan, you're hurt!"

In mumbling speech, "A cut—infected." Then his voice sharpened. "Why have you come to this height? Why didn't you go home?"

"I told you—I'd wait—for you."

Again his head dropped. "You've heard about the marble?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm done—down and out—worse than when I had T.B. I've been a fool, but you've plenty of friends back there, and—"

A gray-faced woman stood rigid as Marble Mountain. Only her fingers moved, twisting an iridescent scrap of velvet into a rope, a hangman's knot, a life-line to tie her courage to the mast.

She crossed the room with painful slowness and knelt beside him.

"Alan, I know all you've been thru, but you aren't going to stay beaten. You're bodily sick, and we must go home!"

He shook his head, eyes down.

Her breath caught. "Alan—what's wrong? Why won't you look at me? Not—"

Slowly he lifted his eyes. In the shadowy depths of the eyes facing him he saw an army of warriors. His startled eyes widened, wavered, fell.

Only then she stirred. As if moved by another power, stiff fingers pushed forward copies of old paintings, a photograph of Alan's father; the latest one of himself. With muttered oath and shamed face he lifted his hand to sweep them out of sight; halted, as the first engineer of the line, eyes keen as a falcon, also challenged him—the man who had built bridges without modern machinery, fought his way thru the impossible, held on by sheer skill and determination.

Something drew him along the line from father to son, to the grandson, the next, the next, men of breeding, firm-lipped, keen, who had done their work, and dared him to do less. Subtly the slack corners of Alan Whitney's mouth tightened, slowly his shoulders squared and hardened beneath grimy khaki. Tense fingers lifted the last picture. Underneath lay the photograph of a woman in evening dress, young, beautiful, radiant!

With a gasp he turned to the woman beside him and stared at her—tired, uncared

for, but with unconquered eyes. He dropped the picture, with a groan.

"Buenas dias, Señora!"

A slender body wriggled sinuously thru the doorway and stood within the room, a drugging exotic flower of the jungle, dimming into paler gray the kneeling woman.

No one noticed the newcomer. With blazing jealous eyes, she faced her former mistress with an insolent smile of equality as she sat by the table beating an angry tattoo with bare feet. Her eyes lighted on the photograph. She snatched it up, spat out a vicious unprintable phrase of Spanish, tore the picture across and flung its pieces out on the public trail of Marble Mountain to be trodden underfoot. In self applause she threw back her head with raucous laughter that stopped suddenly.

Concha leaned forward. Upon the rough table she rapped out the imperious double knock of mistress to servant and leered haughtily at Barbara, gesturing toward the dirty kitchen.

Over the man's face a dull red crept to the roots of his hair in a wave of murderous fury. His arm shot out, jerked back as if to avoid unspeakable contact, smothered a flame of words and gripped the chair in which Concha had seated herself. With one motion he sent both chair and woman spinning thru the doorway.

ALAN bent over his wife and tried to speak; gently touched the twisting fingers and smoothed out a wrinkled square of velvet, ruby and sapphire under a rime of frost; caught at some impersonal straw.

"What is it, Barbara?"

Only the gray lips moved. He bent lower. In the merest breath of a whisper, "I had thought—but it's only—a piece of cloth!"

Her head was down on the table in a very abandon of agony. Remorsefully the man caught her in his arms, the word a cry—"Barbara!"

Thru the open doorway came myriad soft whirrings in the silence, a disappearing flash of fur, the green of a parrot's wing, and tiny creepings in the bush. A stray shaft of light flashed across Marble Mountain as if a giant finger and thumb had crumbled a filmy leaf of gold and dusted it down on a graying world.

Across the powdered gold, a homing butterfly, wings of turquoise large as spread palms, beat its slow way. A brown arm shot out from behind a tree down the trail and a rock spun viciously toward the slow-winged blue, grazing a feathered tip.

Involuntarily the man's body stiffened to spring, relaxed slowly as the blue shadow righted and winged its way up thru the gold... a man's unbeaten eyes following a miracle of beauty, unmarred, able to fly!

For an instant, he stared down the dark tunnel of the path, shuddered, then stooped to touch Barbara's roughened hair. Gently he lifted her pale face.

"Come, Barbara, we'll manage somehow."

With a laugh that broke, he turned and sought for something along the floor. "Wait till I find my shoes. Then we'll—go home!"

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## THE PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN

*Can Be Put to Excellent  
Use in Buying Securities*

By

MRS. WILLIAM LAIMBEER

I HAVE received many letters lately on the subject of purchasing securities on the instalment or partial payment plan. And January, when most people have money to invest, seems to be the moment to discuss this phase of purchasing securities.

Americans spend ten billion dollars a year in instalment buying. A noted economist says the annual instalment purchases of all goods, not including real estate and securities, amount to more than six billion dollars. Instalment buying of real estate and securities, if these estimates are correct, amounts to more than three billion dollars a year.

Instalment buying evidently is a good thing. Also, it can be abused. It quickens ambition and a desire to work and have. Very few homes and farms would be bought if not on partial payments. Many of the soundest and most necessary industries obtain capital on the same principle. They sell bonds and then provide to repay them by setting aside yearly sums from earnings. On the other side, the thoughtless and lazy are likely to overreach in extravagant purchases, and occasion considerable harm thereby. Undoubtedly, men have crippled or paralyzed themselves financially by too careless use of partial payments. Others have been stirred to greater industry to meet their instalment purchase obligations. The increase in goods to meet the demands of instalment purchasers has given more work to thousands of people, and created a greater quantity of wealth to be divided thruout the entire country.

There is much to be said for and against the instalment method of starting an investment program. However, as I am a strong advocate of making small sums do their daily work, I cannot help approving of it, together with all other means of systematic saving. Instalment buying is one of the best possible methods of accumulating investment securities. Good securities return an income. The money put in them can be got out again. They are not used up, as are many kinds of instalment purchases. Buying securities on partial payments is a splendid way to get ahead, if the buyer will follow this simple little rule: *Buy securities on the instalment plan only of dealers to whom you would, on investigation, be willing to lend your own money.* By following that rule the buyer can avoid the risky securities of the twilight-zone dealer.

THE greatest care must be used in instalment investing. The profit in handling good securities is so small that dealers cannot afford to handle such accounts except for the resultant good will. The average bond house makes an average profit of from only 1% to 3% gross. From that limited gross profit it must pay its salesman, its rent, the salaries of its executives and office employees, advertising, printing, and many other items of overhead expense. When the average good bond house sells a baby bond, worth \$100, it almost invariably loses money, unless it thereby wins the good will of the buyer.

That is why this purchasing of securities on the partial payment plan is not popular with many of the best investment houses. A prominent man in the investment department of one of our largest banks makes the following statement:

"In the case of bonds which have an active market, the buyer is apt to become very much disconcerted if his particular bond is quoted below the purchase price before he has completed payments. Furthermore, at times of high money rates, such as we are experiencing just now, the yield on many bonds would be less than the interest which any bank would have to charge for carrying the bond until payments were ended.

"The partial payment system may have

some merit in connection with high grade real estate mortgages on which no marketability is expected, but in any event we are inclined to the opinion that for any one who cannot afford to buy a \$500 bond or a \$1,000 bond outright, the savings bank is the best place to accumulate cash. In sections where there are no savings bank facilities available, partial payments become justifiable, but it is, of course, subject to the difficulties already mentioned."

But in spite of these rather dampening statements, there are many men and women who are building up a sound and safe list of investments on the partial payment plan. One house which particularly favors the purchase of their securities in this way has reported to me the following case which proves their contention:

"An American mining engineer in Mexico started in 1920 buying a \$1,000 bond outright and another \$1,000 bond on our partial payment plan. In these eight years he has not touched a cent of his interest, but has religiously reinvested it all. True, he was making a very good salary, so that he was able to send in for cash purchases various amounts over the eight year period to date. His account at the moment totals \$70,000, of which \$55,000 was cash paid in, and the balance accumulated interest. This man's goal is \$200,000 within the next ten years, when he contemplates retiring, living on his income and getting some enjoyment out of life while he is still comparatively young and active."

Rather big figures, but quartered, it comes within the reach of many a woman, and promises the same relief from work and worry.

The partial payment plan is probably in chief use by public utility companies which sell their securities to customers, and by corporations selling securities to their employees.

Certain instalment certificates pay  $5\frac{1}{2}\%$  interest guaranteed and compounded semi-annually. They mature ten years from the date of application and carry a guaranteed loan value. The monthly payments are \$63 a thousand for a return at maturity of \$10,000. Should the purchaser discontinue payments, he forfeits only the time involved and merely extends the maturity date of the certificate. This does away with the obvious disadvantage of instalment buying, namely, losing your partially paid up bond thru inability at the moment to meet further payments.

For example, a parent buying a \$5,000 certificate for an educational fund for a child three years old, would pay \$31.50 a month, and his certificate would mature when the child was thirteen years of age. In that event, the funds probably would not be needed for college for an additional three years. The optional settlement would enable him to receive four equal annual payments, to begin three years after the maturity of the certificate in the sum of \$1,586.50 each or an aggregate amount of \$6,346. As the total payments amount to \$3,780, he is receiving almost 100% on his investment.

However, many real estate mortgage bonds and interest bearing certificates can be bought this way with profit and pleasure to both parties, if discrimination is exercised in the purchase. Ten dollars a week, if invested in certain first mortgage bonds with the 6% reinvested as it is earned for twenty-five years, will build up the tidy sum of \$27,200. You have actually invested \$13,000, but the interest your money has earned will have added \$14,200, or more than 100%, to your actual savings.

While these plans are fascinating and alluring, do please remember that there are many companies with specious salesmen offering

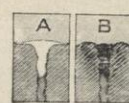


**HOSTESSES**  
*Your House Spotless  
Your Dinner Perfect  
But how about your HANDS?*

WHY greet your guests with hands that have that "housework" look? The deft, capable hands of the hostess deserve to be lovely—and can be kept that way very easily. Just use Chamberlain's Hand Lotion a few times daily and you will really be proud of your hands.

Many fastidious housewives never allow themselves to be without Chamberlain's Hand Lotion, some keeping an extra bottle in the kitchen. This clear, liquid lotion is ideal for frequent use, for it dries quickly and is not the least bit sticky. It prevents reddening and roughening, making it easy to keep the hands soft, white and satiny-smooth.

This new, unique lotion protects the pores "like an invisible glove." If you have never used it, you have a delightful surprise awaiting you. Only fifty cents at druggists. Or try it at our expense by sending the coupon. Chamberlain Laboratories, 141 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.



A—See how this "invisible glove" protects pores.  
B—No protection. Pore inflamed by dust and cold.



**Chamberlain's  
HAND LOTION**  
*"The Invisible Glove"*

Sign the coupon and try the "invisible glove" at our expense

CHAMBERLAIN LABORATORIES  
141 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa

Please send your one week trial bottle, free.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



"If only I could speak  
plainly to my  
women customers"

*Says the head saleslady in a smart shop*



Embarrassing to tell them—but they should know about this new process of neutralizing odor in sanitary pads. It means greater mental comfort than ever before.

WHEN shopping, in business, socially—wherever women meet the world—there is an important question of personal hygiene that can mar their happiness. They do offend others at times. And this new treatment which deodorizes every Kotex pad positively prevents such offense.

The dreadful self-consciousness that prevents carefree assumption of daily tasks; the mental discomfort is ended! Kotex scientists have discovered (and patented)\* a safe way to banish all odor.

#### Conspicuous bulkiness gone, too

That other fear—the feeling of being conspicuous—is now eliminated. Corners of the Kotex pad are scientifically rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection when worn.

#### Yet every advantage remains

When you need greater or less protection, you can so easily add or remove layers of filler. It is, as always, absorbent to an amazing degree. The fact that you can so easily dispose of it makes a great difference to women. And a new treatment renders it softer, fluffier, than you thought possible.

Won't you try the Improved Kotex—buy a box this very day. It is 45c for a box of twelve, at any drug, dry goods or department store; also obtained through vending cabinets in rest-rooms.

\*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

### Deodorizes... and 4 other important features:

- 1—*Softer gauze* ends chafing; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;
- 2—*Corners are rounded* and tapered; no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;
- 3—*Deodorizes*—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;
- 4—*Adjust it to your needs*; filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower, as required;
- and
- 5—*It is easily disposed of*; no unpleasant laundry.

# KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

## PARTIAL PAYMENTS

*Continued from page 61*

riches to all. You must know the issuing company and their worth and responsibility. Then, and then only, are you safe. Until paid for in full, all securities purchased on the instalment plan are held by the issuing company. The interest on the security, whether stock, bond or mortgage, is credited to the purchaser's account and helps reduce the indebtedness.

It is a simple thing to start accumulating securities on the partial payment plan. Select a first class, well known, reliable firm which operates along these lines. Choose from their issues the particular one best suited to your needs. Make an initial payment of at least ten per cent. of the par value of the security, and agree to complete payments in like amounts in succeeding months.

I need hardly stress the fact that dividends which are reinvested at compound interest, as in the case of our mining engineer, go far toward building up quick financial independence. There are, of course, objections to instalment buying, but it does establish habits of regular saving and permits the woman of small salaried means to enter the investment class. I have not touched on the purchase of stock in odd lots or margin trading, as this often leads to speculation, which is entirely outside our province. And I simply mention these two transactions because often the purchase of securities on the partial payment plan is quite analogous to margin trading.

The careful selection of an investment house is the Alpha and Omega of the plan.

*If you have a question about securities write Mrs. Laimbeer—and look for her article next month about unlisted securities*

## THAT GAME CALLED BRIDGE

*Continued from page 13*

"Jolly," said Mrs. Mitford. She was remembering the funereal silence of bridge tables, the harried brows, the clamped lips.

They had a mild scene about it. He intimated darkly that if she persisted in her course, he would do something desperate. He would join the Thursday Night Bridge Club himself and where would she be?

That decided Mrs. Mitford. A true woman, she would follow her mate even unto bridge. For if she did not, she would lose him. If Mr. Mitford joined the Thursday Night Bridge Club, her happiness was ended. He would play bridge with other women. He would be fascinated by them. He would divorce her for one of them—one of the handsome, lean, dagger-eyed bridge fiends.

It was then that Mrs. Mitford buckled down to the bridge books in earnest. No motoring, no lectures, no dinners in town, no laughter, no fun, no joy—just bridge.

They played that evening at the Fowlers. And Mrs. Mitford, her husband gently told her as they were preparing for the twin beds, had not distinguished herself.

"You must remember the echo," said he, unclasping a garter.

The echo. High, low. She remembered now. But had she ever once remembered it when playing?

"And you must learn to count the cards," went on Mr. Mitford, removing a sock. "That seven of clubs was good!" exclaimed Mr. Mitford then.

She marveled. Fancy a little seven of clubs ever being good. Then she brightened.

"Oh," she said, "I meant to tell you. There's something funny about the book. It doesn't," she was looking at him importantly, "mention three quick tricks!"

THE sound of a falling shoe. Alexander very white.

"Now, what have I done?" wondered poor Mrs. Mitford.

"Oh, my dear," cried Mr. Mitford, pained. "Wh—what?" stammered Mrs. Mitford.

He collected himself, spoke with elaborate patience.

"Don't you see," he said, "don't you see that three quick tricks are just two quick tricks plus one quick trick—you add 'em up—"

"Oh," said Mrs. Mitford dully. She returned to her corset laces, but how heavy was the bosom she released from its cage of whalebone and steel.

They were in bed now, laid out side by side, with only the bed table between them, for one more night of twenty years of such nights.

"Dearie," said Mrs. Mitford faintly. "Yes?"

"Do—do you—love me?"

His hand came thru the dark, found hers. "Of course!" boomed Mr. Mitford. "Now, there's an interesting thing. I just thought of it. If I hadn't played my ace, there would have been no re-entry in the dummy—we'd

have set 'em! Oh Lord, why didn't I see?"

IT WAS about this time that two epochal events occurred in Maplelawn. Mrs. Furniss came to live there, and Mr. Mitford played bridge at the Knickerbocker Whist Club in New York.

Mr. Mitford's triumph came first. It was a cold, blowy, February night when Mr. Mitford, escorted by a member, entered the portals of that venerable institution. He left those portals a changed man, Maplelawn a changed suburb.

His recital of the goings-on became classic in Maplelawn history. "When I played at the Knickerbocker Whist Club," it would begin, and Maplelawn's eyes would glitter and its chest would heave. His word on bridge became authority. "Now, at the Knickerbocker Whist Club—" he would suggest modestly, and Maplelawn, panting, drank deep of the new and fascinating lore. But they jested, too.

"What," asked Mrs. Mitford, "does Clarence call you Sidney for?"

"Just his little joke, my dear," Mr. Mitford replied, deprecatingly.

"Joke?" said she. "I don't see any joke."

"Mr. Lenz's name is Sidney," said Mr. Mitford, flushing. Horrible, thought he, explaining to one's own wife one's compliments.

Maplelawn had not recovered from Mitford's coup when Mrs. Herbert Furniss burst in upon them to dazzle again its already dazzled eyes. Mr. Furniss came too, but it could not be said of Mr. Furniss that he burst in nor yet that Mr. Furniss dazzled.

Mrs. Furniss was beautiful, with radiant white skin, brown eyes that scintillated, copper hair that glowed. And her bridge game was something to gasp at. Immediately, everybody said that, of all Maplelawn, Mr. Mitford and Mrs. Furniss were the ideally matched bridge couple. "Those two," said Clarence Bigelow, "were born to play bridge together." (More and more was Mrs. Mitford hating Clarence Bigelow.) They said of Mrs. Furniss that she was beautiful, clever—nay, not clever, brilliant. They said of Mr. Furniss that he was a nice fellow; substantial, y'know; good sort. But his bridge game was deplorable.

The first time Mrs. Mitford saw Mrs. Furniss was at a bridge party at the Fowlers'. Mrs. Furniss was in emerald velvet, cut low to show a resplendent white back, draped cunningly to define lank, lovely hips, caught narrowly in bright, lustrous folds to outline shapely legs. Mrs. Mitford, in tan georgette, with lace in her bosom and a brown velvet rose on her shoulder, for the first time in her life looked at her own image and found it a frump. Mrs. Furniss also had diamond heels on her emerald satin slippers. Mrs. Mitford, looking at her own feet, bulging from brown suede pumps, quaked. Mrs. Furniss would certainly get Alexander. (Turn to page 64)



"I know an easy way to keep from getting fat . . . . . Light a Lucky instead of eating sweets."

*Nazimova*  
Nazimova  
Brilliant Dramatic Star now  
with Civic Repertory Theatre.

THE modern way to diet! Light a Lucky when fattening sweets tempt you. That's what thousands of lovely women are doing—successfully. The delicately toasted flavor of Luckies makes them a delightful alternative for fattening sweets. Toasting does it. Toasting removes the impurities and improves the flavor of the finest tobacco. Men who pride themselves on keeping fit discovered this long ago. They know that Luckies do not affect the wind nor impair their physical condition—many prominent athletes have testified to this fact. They discovered, too, that Luckies don't irritate the throat—a fact subscribed to by 20,679 physicians.

There's real health in Lucky Strike. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

Here's the best diet news of the year: light a Lucky and you won't miss fattening sweets.



Nazimova  
Brilliant Dramatic Star  
now with Civic  
Repertory Theatre.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Reach for  
a Lucky  
instead of  
a sweet.



# "So Flattering to the Hands!"

they say delightedly . . . these women  
of talent, beauty and able charm . . .



Helen Dryden, famous illustrator, Osa Johnson  
and many others—use the New Cutex Liquid Polish

**H**OW do they overcome the problem  
of grubby nails—these women  
whose active, interesting hands are so  
much in the limelight? For nails are, after  
all, the greatest problem of busy hands.

All say it is because they use the New  
Cutex Liquid Polish—a gay, flattering  
brilliance that gives surprising, new  
personality to the hands. Applied once  
a week, it stays on day after day in

spite of wear or water. Stains or dirt  
that usually cling to the nails dis-  
appear, simply by a thorough soap-and-  
water washing.

The brilliance remains—flattering,  
fashionable, exquisitely dainty!

## Helen Dryden's Clever Hands Kept Chic and Brilliant with New Cutex Liquid Polish

"Before I used the New Cutex Liquid  
Polish," says Helen Dryden, well-  
known artist and illustrator, "my nails  
were always stained with paints and  
crayons. Now, it's amazing how  
quickly I can make my hands look re-  
spectable. Just a thorough washing,  
and the nails come out smart and shin-  
ing. The polish protects against stains,  
and stays on miraculously.

"There's also something about this  
shining, new nail polish that flatters  
even the plainest hand. Like make-up for  
one's face—it adds character and chic."



Off for a canter in Africa!

"Wonderful Protection for the  
nails when 'Roughing It'"

—Mrs. Martin Johnson

Even though she's in far-off Africa, Mrs.  
Martin Johnson, intrepid lady explorer,  
insists on being charming and totally  
feminine.

"I have certain toilet things sent me  
regularly," says Mrs. Johnson, "among  
them Cutex preparations. Using Cutex  
Cuticle Remover and the marvelous  
Cutex Cuticle Cream keeps the cuticle  
smooth and clean. And if I want to feel  
very much 'dressed up,' I use Cutex  
Liquid Polish. It's so delightfully flat-  
tering to the hands, and wonderful pro-  
tection for the nails when 'roughing it.'"

Special introductory  
offer—for 6¢, we  
will send generous  
samples of polish  
and remover



Send 6c and coupon below for sample  
of New Cutex Liquid Polish. (If in  
Canada, address Dept. XD-1, Post Office  
Box No. 2054, Montreal, Canada.)  
Northam Warren, Dept. XD-1  
114 West 17th St., New York

# THAT GAME CALLED BRIDGE

Continued from page 62

Mrs. Mitford's premonitions were authen-  
tic. From Table Number Five, from which  
she did not stir—after that night, Maple-  
lawn did not play progressive bridge because  
Mrs. Furniss pronounced it anathema—from  
Table Number Five, Mrs. Mitford watched  
her husband caught in the net of Mrs. Fur-  
niss's wiles. He did not struggle, Mr. Mit-  
ford, against those wiles, as any self-respect-  
ing man should, especially in the presence of  
his wife. He did not struggle, he did not  
even hesitate. Beaming, elated, Mr. Mit-  
ford walked into the net with both feet.  
Mrs. Mitford could see it all. Mrs. Furniss,  
sparkling, scintillating, snapping out her  
cards, raking in her tricks, smiling, looking  
vivaciously at Mr. Mitford—Mrs. Furniss,  
the beautiful, the brilliant, the invincible.  
Mr. Mitford, animated, exuberant, en-  
chanted, snapping out *his* cards, raking in  
*his* tricks, smiling, looking provocatively at  
Mrs. Furniss. ("You should have taken me  
out, Mrs. Mitford. You can't leave me in  
with a singleton four-spot"—) Copper hair.  
Diamond heels. All that back showing.  
("I signaled you for a spade, Mrs. Mitford.")  
Her Alexander walking into women's nets.  
("But we only needed one for game,  
Mrs. Mitford. And your bid indicated—")

**A**T LAST, Mrs. Furniss and Mr. Mitford  
were wrenched apart by the immutable  
laws of progressive bridge. She was wrenched  
to Table Number One, he was wrenched to  
Table Number Three. But where was Alex-  
ander's eye? Was it wrenched too? No, it  
sought and found Mrs. Furniss's radiance,  
Mrs. Furniss's glitter, Mrs. Furniss's green  
velvet magnificence, and dwelt thereon,  
watering. Mrs. Mitford's eye watched Alex-  
ander's eye, and under the tan georgette  
her heart thudded. And then, by the same  
immutable laws of progressive bridge, Mrs.  
Furniss and Mr. Mitford were back together  
at Table Number Two. Mrs. Mitford sat  
on at Table Number Five. Until twelve  
o'clock did Mrs. Mitford sit at Table Num-  
ber Five, while Alexander and Mrs. Furniss  
sallied from table to table, meeting, being  
wrenched, meeting again, Mrs. Furniss daz-  
zling, Mr. Mitford being dazzled. Once  
Alexander sank to Table Number Five. That  
was the time Mrs. Mitford bid three no-  
trumps with a singleton heart and results too  
painful to record. Mr. Mitford was surpris-  
ingly lenient. But is not a man always lenient  
with one woman when in the web of another?

One crumb of comfort did Mrs. Mitford  
gain from an evening of utter discomfort.  
The crumb was Mr. Furniss. Mrs. Furniss,  
beginning at Table Number One, descended  
meteorically to Table Number Five, where  
sat Mrs. Mitford. And when he reached  
table Number Five, he became Mrs. Mit-  
ford's crumb. So modest, so self-effacing,  
so kind was Mr. Furniss, so deplorable was his  
bridge, Mrs. Mitford could not but expand  
and breathe more easily in his presence.  
Decidedly a comfort was Mr. Furniss, her  
only crumb.

The bridge was finally at an end. Mrs.  
Furniss received first ladies' prize—silk  
stockings. Mr. Mitford received first men's  
prize—two decks of cards. Mr. Furniss was  
presented with the men's booby—a tin horn.  
Upon Mrs. Mitford was bestowed the ladies'  
booby—a pair of red garters. It was the  
fourth booby prize Mrs. Mitford had taken  
in as many weeks. Others might laugh at  
the humor of boobies, but not Mrs. Mitford.  
And Mr. Furniss's laughing appreciation of  
his prize seemed a trifle strained.

Upon the arrival of chicken salad and  
coffee, Mr. Mitford was inspired to sudden  
gallantry toward his wife. Food, something  
seemed to suggest to his brain, leads natu-  
rally to wives. So Mr. Mitford fetched his  
wife's salad, sat between her and Mrs. Bige-  
low, talked vivaciously, was never more  
devastating. "Love—" thought Mrs. Mit-  
ford heavily—"the excitement of love." And  
her chicken salad somehow went untasted.

Alexander's appetite was better. Two  
plates he cleaned off of Mrs. Fowler's salad,  
one cup of coffee he drank to the last drop.  
Coffee ordinarily kept Alexander awake;  
sternly all his life he had avoided coffee at  
night. But tonight he tossed off a cup as if

sleep were nothing. "Excited," thought Mrs.  
Mitford.

Yet in spite of love and coffee, Mr. Mitford  
slept soundly that night. A new woman had  
entered Mr. Mitford's heart and he was full of  
caffeine, yet the bed-clothes he loved to kick  
were silent and still and his breathing was  
like a child's. But Mrs. Mitford, containing  
no caffeine, stared at the darkness and saw  
in it constellations of diamond heels, yards  
of emerald velvet, hundreds of white, pow-  
dered, female backs.

In the days that followed the Fowlers'  
bridge party, Alexander's wife had to admit  
that he was a pretty deep one. For she did  
not know and could not decide whether it was  
Mrs. Furniss that Alexander adored or Mrs.  
Furniss's bridge. The symptoms all pointed  
to the former. Alexander pranced in Mrs.  
Furniss's presence, he kindled when she was  
near, he paced on the nights when there was  
no bridge game with Mr. and Mrs. Furniss.  
Was this love or fanaticism? Or both? Mrs.  
Mitford could not tell.

Yes, a pretty deep one was Alexander,  
Exorbitantly, he lauded Mrs. Furniss to his  
own wife's face, her bridge game, her intellect,  
her charm. Yet still he went on in the old  
Alexandrine way, fond and devoted in his  
home, loyal to his Boy Scouts, faithful to his  
Sunday School. Puzzled, Mrs. Mitford ob-  
served her mate and could make nothing of him.  
Was this man innocent or merely cunning?

As the pangs in her breast grew sharper,  
her bridge grew worse. She rocked and  
chanted every afternoon—to no avail. Her  
heart was too puzzled, her mind too jumbled,  
for the clean mathematics of bridge. Even  
Mr. Furniss, who could trump his partner's  
ace with the best of them, outstripped her  
now, for he at last had tumbled to the four-  
card suit and employed it with extraordinary,  
if not successful, results.

Yet in spite of Mrs. Mitford's rapidly de-  
teriorating game, and Mrs. Furniss's unique  
one, the four were asked and received into the  
Maplelawn Thursday Night Bridge Club.  
Mrs. Mitford and Mr. Furniss were deplor-  
able, but their spouses were superb, and  
Maplelawn had learned to compromise along  
with the rest of the world.

Then Mrs. Furniss departed to Florida,  
presumably to outshine the Florida sun and  
out-sparkle the Florida sea, and Mr. Mitford  
left suddenly for a business trip to Chicago.

At his announcement that the Little Gems  
needed coaxing along in the Middle West,  
Mrs. Mitford's last shred of reason left her.  
Wild surmise possessed her. Chicago—  
Florida. She hunted up Dorothy's old geog-  
raphy. Chicago—Florida. It could be, of  
course. Indeed, could anything not be in  
this new tumbling world of hers?

She packed Alexander's bag. Alexander  
never knew it, but two tears left Maplelawn  
in that bag, one on his best shirt front, one on  
his flannel bathrobe.

She kissed Alexander goodbye. She wished  
to scream out, but she only kissed him. He  
smacked her warmly, and was gone.

**F**OR two days Mrs. Mitford lived in unre-  
mitting agony. She knew her husband to be  
a good man, indeed the best man in the world,  
yet she suspected him. She hated herself for  
suspecting, could not believe it was herself  
who thus mistrusted Alexander, but mistrust  
him she did. Dorothy petted her, in the in-  
dulgent, clumsy, patronizing fashion of  
youth, but her mother remained unmoved.  
Alexander—could Alexander really be—?  
Put the question she could not, in words,  
but there it was, nevertheless, stabbing her  
heart, burning her brain.

On the third day, she came to her senses.  
She looked out upon a cool, clear, windy  
March day, and it was as if that wind had  
blown her own head clear again as it had the  
rest of the world.

She was shocked now at those vile suspi-  
cions of yesterday. The idea of even thinking  
that Alexander— She was in a state, that's  
what she was. But how to pull oneself  
together when one is in bits?

"There's always a way out," she stated  
firmly and with no compunctions about  
switching a metaphor.

She thought hard all that morning in her



kitchen. Just what was the trouble with her, Nellie Mitford? Why, precisely, was she now no longer the happy woman she had been for twenty years? Because of a woman with a beautiful white back and diamond heels? Not entirely.

Because of bridge, of course. Because somebody had invented the dratted game (Mrs. Mitford could be profane upon occasion, it will be seen), because Alexander was that game's devoted slave and she was not and Mrs. Furniss was.

But she was Alexander's devoted slave. And where did that bring her? Right back to bridge. If she learned to play bridge then, Alexander was hers. Was it not a trifling sacrifice to offer upon the altar of her love?

She would learn bridge, resolved Mrs. Mitford (as she had been resolving for one long, weary winter). But it seemed to her now a fresh and dewy notion, so keen and urgent was her new-fired determination.

Valiantly, then, she bustled that day about her housework, and as she bustled she concocted a scheme.

The scheme flowered into reality that evening in her parlor when Mr. Furniss and Mr. and Mrs. George Adams sat down with her around a card table.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams, like Mr. Furniss, played deplorable bridge. For that reason they were a part of her scheme. The four deplorables would all learn together. They would learn out of a book with nobody to criticize, nobody to harry, nobody to peck or pick.

"I think it's a bully idea," said Mr. Furniss. "I always play better with poor players," he finished up happily.

"So do I!" cried Mr. Adams. "Much better!"

So the four contentedly settled down to play. Mrs. Mitford held the book, Mr. Furniss took the score pad, Mr. Adams shuffled, Mr. Adams picked up his cards.

"Oh, excuse me," he said, "but is diamonds—I mean, are diamonds—higher than hearts?"

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Mitford. "That is, I beg your pardon, Mr. Adams. No, hearts are higher."

"I thought diamonds were," said Mr. Adams wistfully.

"No, Hubert," spoke his wife, "I'm quite sure Mrs. Mitford is right. I'm quite sure hearts are higher. Hearts are higher than anything, aren't they, Mr. Furniss? I mean, except no trumps, of course."

"Maybe you'd better write it out, Mr. Furniss," suggested Mrs. Mitford, but to herself she thought, appalled, "They don't even know the count."

Mr. Furniss wrote it out and Mr. Adams studied what Mr. Furniss had written.

"Why, diamonds are next to the lowest!" he exclaimed in a hurt voice. "Well, I'll bid diamonds."

"How many diamonds, Mr. Adams?" inquired Mrs. Mitford sweetly. (But her soul groaned.)

Mr. Adams looked up offended.

"I beg your pardon?"

"How many—that is, will you repeat your bid, Mr. Adams? I'm sorry."

"I bid diamonds," said Mr. Adams in a louder voice.

"You've got to say how many, old chap," spoke Mr. Furniss.

"You mean you bid one diamond, Hubert," said Mrs. Adams.

"All right," said Mr. Adams gruffly.

HE GOT it for two diamonds over Mr. Furniss's timid spade bid and began to play briskly.

"He's not," thought Mrs. Mitford, awed, "taking out his trumps," and trumped his ace of clubs. "Serves him right, the stupid."

"Hubert," cried Mrs. Adams, "you didn't take out trumps. That lovely ace!"

"Take out trumps?" said Hubert indignantly. "I've only got eight!" ("I can't bear it," thought Mrs. Mitford.)

Hubert made three diamonds.

"Well," he said largely, "that's the first game, Ella. First leg, you know."

"Lovely, darling," cooed Ella approvingly.

"But three diamonds isn't game, old fellow," said Mr. Furniss.

"What?" Mr. Adams, startled, consulted his table. "By Jove, I must have got it mixed up with no trumps. Well, that's too bad. I'd have made more if I had known. I was only trying for three." ("Dear God," prayed Mrs. Mitford, "he was only trying for three.")

"Well," continued Mr. Adams cheerfully, picking up the new hand, "we've got another try at it, Ella. I'll bid spades."

Mrs. Mitford, putting away cards and score pads, straightening furniture, made strange, clucking sounds with her tongue, queer, snorting sounds thru her nose.

"Such bridge players," said Mrs. Mitford.

As she brushed her teeth and did up her hair and put on her long-sleeved nightgown, the quiet of her bedroom was interrupted by yet more of those same clucks and snorts.

"Terrible!" spoke Mrs. Mitford into the night.

She climbed into bed, a short, stout woman in tin hair-crimpers and long sleeves, quivering with scorn, a mild-eyed, plump-faced woman red with indignation.

"I'll bid spades," quoted she, contemptuously. "Idiots," she went on. "The idea," said she further.

THE bridge games went on, however, that whole three weeks that Alexander nursed Little Gems in the Middle West. Mr. and Mrs. Adams were enamored of what they thought was bridge. Night after night the four sat in Mrs. Mitford's parlor or Mrs. Adams's living-room or the absent Mrs. Furniss's lovely green and gold drawing-room, and with Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Mitford labored mightily and in vain. Mr. Adams at the end of the three weeks still knew not the count, Mrs. Adams still cooed when he made three diamonds and called it game. Of the elementary conventions, in which Mrs. Mitford had been drilled so rigorously by her expert husband, they were sweetly and completely innocent, nor could they learn them. Night after night she explained the informative double. And night after night did the Adamases fail to comprehend.

Nor did their innocence stop there. As a babe in the woods was Mr. Adams in the matter of leads. If he held a king and deuce he led the king and took it ill, and as a personal insult if an ace were clapped upon it. As a guileless child was Mrs. Adams in the matter of discards. Many an honor did Mrs. Adams fling to the wolves, many a worthless card did she clutch to the end, for reasons too deep and finely conceived for any but her. And of rules, as of conventions, the Adamases would have none. If they revoked—and they did with astonishing frequency—they accepted no penalties. If they bid out of turn, they bid out of turn, and that was all, except for a cheerful apology.

And as Mrs. Mitford's scorn waxed, her complacency mounted.

"They called this bridge, did they? Humph," said Mrs. Mitford. "They thought they were bridge players, did they? Well, if they were bridge players, she was Mrs. Lenz. She knew the echo, she knew the informative double, she knew about four-card bids. Remember these things she might not at critical moments, but know them she did. Alexander had taught her, and Clarence Bigelow, and the book. Why play bridge at all," asked Mrs. Mitford, "if you don't know that high-low means come-on?"

So she labored resentfully with Mr. and Mrs. Adams, book in hand, and as she labored, her own scanty knowledge of the game doubled and tripled, her own self-confidence swelled and grew fat.

Moreover, she was beginning to like the game. It was really interesting, marveled Mrs. Mitford. She became absorbed now at the bridge table, as she had never been absorbed by anything before. She found herself thinking over hands and plays and bids, even as Alexander, long after the game was done. It was maddening, that nightly bridge game, but it was bridge.

And the day Alexander was to arrive, Mrs. Mitford, making marble cake, addressed the batter explosively, in all her pent-up wrath.

"I'll certainly be glad to play some decent bridge again!"

So the crisis of her life had passed, Mrs. Mitford told herself. Almost, bridge had floored her, almost it had destroyed her and all that she held dear. But now she loved her bridge, did Mrs. Mitford, and life held no further terrors. Even Mrs. Furniss was no longer to be feared. Mrs. Furniss had merely been a disease and the disease was past, she was cured of it. She was ashamed now and amazed that she had succumbed to the disease, but she was entirely cured, she felt healthy and secure again, and fearless of the future. "Just like measles," thought Mrs. Mitford.

She waited calmly for Alexander's return. She did not plan to spring her new triumph on Alexander in melodramatic fashion. She planned merely to sit down to a bridge table with her husband and (Turn to page 66)

# No matter how white teeth may be *NOBODY'S* *IMMUNE* \*



*\*4 out of 5 While Caring for Teeth Neglect the Gums and Sacrifice Health to Pyorrhea*

DENTAL authorities tell us that in this super-civilized age of luxurious living and soft foods, proper care of the gums is as important as care of the teeth.

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## THAT GAME CALLED BRIDGE

Continued from page 65

let him see for himself, play by play, minute by minute, perhaps even night by night, this new bridge-playing self of hers. And she could see life stretching out ahead of them: she and Alexander in perfect accord playing bridge, year after year, until the last trump sounded.

ALEXANDER was restored to the wife and daughter of his bosom of a five o'clock on Saturday. He bore gifts, trinkets and bangles from Michigan Avenue, his manner was affectionate, his praise of the marble cake lavish.

It was all domestic, connubial, regular, and to Mrs. Mitford as meat and wine. This was something like. This was the way homes should be. This was Alexander again, this herself once more.

"Is Mrs. Furniss back?" asked Alexander abruptly, over the marble cake.

"Came back yesterday," answered Mrs. Mitford.

She mentioned casually that she had been playing bridge, spoke Mr. Furniss's name.

"That was pleasant," said Alexander. Then suddenly, "You didn't see him often, I suppose."

"Every night," said Mrs. Mitford.

"My dear!" cried Alexander.

"Yes," said Mrs. Mitford, "every night but Sundays."

"My dear, how indiscreet!" Shocked, aroused, Alexander stared, his very spectacles horrified, accusing. "My dear!" he said again. ("Well, for one who pranced for weeks at the heels of another's wife—" thought Mrs. Mitford, astonished.)

But she soothed him. It was not easy to sooth Alexander. It took a great many comforting, reassuring words to quiet his uneasy doubts, but finally he was stilled, finally he realized that Mrs. Mitford, altho she had spent eighteen evenings with a married man, was still a good, true woman worthy of the honorable name of Mitford.

Mrs. Mitford, for the first time in her life, saw her husband as ridiculous in these small, conventional scruples. Yet at his absurdity, her calm, staid heart was jiggling a jig in her breast. Alexander cherished her, Alexander loved her, cried her heart, jiggling. He wanted her for his own in the true, greedy, masculine fashion. He did not wish to share her even with a bridge partner. So her heart jiggled crazily and the lace on her bosom rose

and fell tremulously—because Alexander loved her. If she had never known this, she knew it now, finally and forever.

Mr. and Mrs. Furniss were to arrive at eight o'clock for bridge. Flushed was Mrs. Mitford, quivering her smooth lace bosom, as she got out the cards, banished Dorothy to the upper regions, mixed cocoa for the mid-night hour. One thing and one thing only troubled her: would she now, at the critical moment, remember the rule of eleven? She rehearsed it, or tried to, but excitement was too much for her. Perhaps in the chaste silence of the bridge table, it would come back. Or perhaps it never would again. Stirring cocoa, Mrs. Mitford seriously doubted if the rule of eleven was ever to be hers, unresisting, to have and to hold against all the buffets of life.

Mr. and Mrs. Furniss came punctually. Mrs. Mitford joined in the pleasantries due to the occasion. But the pleasantries were far too prolonged for one who itched now with a real and physical itch for the great climax of her life. At last, however, Mrs. Furniss was done with the zephyrs of Florida, Alexander with the gales of Chicago. They sat down. Mr. Furniss spread the cards. Bright-eyed, Mrs. Mitford looked over at Alexander. Now!

But what was the matter with Alexander? He was ill at ease of a sudden, the urbane Alexander. He blushed. His eye sought hers, beseeching. Why was Alexander beseeching her? Was he nervous about her playing? She smiled encouragingly.

SUDDENLY he was no longer sheepish. His eye fired, his cheek glowed. He leaned over the table, spoke.

"I'm sorry, Nellie, I'm afraid you won't like it—but it's such a wonderful game, I feel we ought to try it, at least—I played it all the time in Chicago—"

"I know!" shrieked Mrs. Furniss. "I played it too! It's marvelous, isn't it?"

"Did you play it?" Alexander again. "Isn't it thrilling?"

"Thrilling!" cried Mr. Furniss. "Makes auction look sick! Oh, we must play it—we must start right now—"

"Play what?" cut in a voice. It was Mrs. Mitford, her jaunty brightness gone.

Alexander straightened up, flung a wild, brilliant smile at her.

"Contract!" shouted Alexander then.

## YOUTH BY ALL MEANS

Continued from page 20

can live in our day without living harder and faster than people have ever lived before. The effect on health is inescapable.

Against these unfortunate social tendencies, however, are others of far-reaching benefit to the cause of staying young. "Happiness," says the Pennsylvania Bureau of Health Education, "is the best drug in the whole pharmacopoeia." And it is certainly true that we are just beginning to learn how to play and to philosophize, and to laugh.

How much does all this youth business have to do with the prolongation of life? Psychologists say: "A great deal." How much will a general acceptance of its practices have to do with accomplishing it? Scientists say: "Everything." It is possible, then, that we have been discussing something more deeply fundamental than youth? Life?

I believe we have. Dr. William H. Welch, Dean Emeritus of the School of Hygiene and Public Health at Johns Hopkins University, himself approaching the age of eighty, is quoted as seeing no reason why at least twenty years cannot be added to the average span of life. An imposing array of modern scientific authorities say much the same thing:

"There is no law of mortality. It is entirely within the bounds of scientific possibility to increase the vitality of forty to that of twenty. Death rates are not due to time but to the things that happen in the course of time."

Obviously, the most important job of the per-

son who wishes to stay young is to keep these aging things from happening to him or her.

Most of us know people much older than seventy-five who are enjoying the kind of vigorous old age we would like to enjoy without any help from gland doctors or face lifters. The papers are filled with amazing instances. There is Mrs. "Senator" Felton of Cartersville, Georgia, the only woman ever admitted to the United States Senate, who is ninety-one. She manages a five-hundred-acre farm, writes smashing newspaper articles, and makes her own hats. Dr. Edwin Osbaldeston of Asbury Park, New Jersey, is ninety-five. He spent his birthday—December 27th—walking around the city in a white linen suit. During the day, he took his regular exercise: climbing a forty-foot signal tower. He explained that such activity was not necessary to longevity, but he enjoyed it.

That's the point. These old people are enjoying their age. We may not care for the way they take their fun, but if we could be sure of having as good a time as they are apparently having, we would be glad to live forever. And we have every reason to be glad that the medical profession as a whole is devoting more and more study to legitimate methods of prolonging vital, useful, happy life. A great deal has been accomplished already. In the end we shall have something even more valuable than prolonged youth. We shall have vigorous and enjoyable age!





## CANDY IN THE MENU

### New Desserts Made With Confections

DO YOU want something new in desserts—different in flavoring, easy to put together? Look to the candy box for your inspiration—and achievement. For in candy you have flavor and sweetness artfully blended and skilfully combined.

Candy as a dessert is no new thing, and many mothers find it an excellent compromise in the orthodox menu for candy-loving children. But candy in dessert is a new wrinkle—a most modern and practical one. Using it, time is saved and much measuring and making is eliminated. The skill of the experienced candy-maker is yours.

The food value of good candy is, of course, beyond discussion, with its ingredients of sugar, milk, butter, cream, nuts, coconut and the like. It is made of good foods and therefore is a good food, and should be considered as such in the menu. Using it in this way does not overburden the digestion nor add too many calories, and so comes within the scope of any but the most strict food diet.

The convenience of using this prepared food is obvious—caramel and butterscotch flavoring already made, nuts prepared, chocolate blended, feathery marshmallow texture beaten for use. With candy in the house, altho it is not necessarily bought for cooking purposes, new versions of familiar dishes will fit the mood of the moment. And in emergencies, a new dessert is forthcoming.

Hard candies like peanut brittle and peppermint sticks can be chopped or mashed. Caramels are best melted in soft mixtures like custard or pudding. The candy bar with its delicious mixture of caramel, chocolate and nuts is best sliced or shaved and added to the recipe. Marshmallows, slightly melted or not, add delightful texture to the dish as well as flavor and sweetness.

In the Institute we have been trying these candies in all sorts of ways. You will find it worth while to experiment with them too, if you still retain your liking for these old-fashioned confections. The crisp peanut brittle may be used for the praline which is so typically southern and is called for in so many of their delicious recipes. Here you have an alternate already made, to be chopped or mashed and added to the recipe. You may like it folded into whipped cream as a topping for an angel food cake, or you may like it put on the top of cookies before baking; it will fall thru the dough but will give it a good flavor. If you like it in whipped cream you may freeze some as a mousse.

Both the brittle and caramels are good to put in the bottom of a custard cup before it is filled for baking. When turned out, the melted candy makes a nice sauce for the custard. For children this is particularly attractive because their custard or cereal pudding will taste unusually good with this bit of candy found at the bottom.

#### MARSHMALLOW SOUFFLÉ

½ pound marshmallows 4 tablespoons sugar  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 tablespoon gelatine ½ cup maraschino cherries  
4 egg whites ½ cup chopped walnuts

Soak gelatine in one-half cup cold water and then dissolve by setting over hot water. Soften quartered marshmallows over hot water (double boiler). Beat egg whites stiff, add sugar gradually, and vanilla. Add dissolved gelatine, softened marshmallows, and

beat until partly set. Pour half the mixture in a dish to mold and put on the cherries cut in pieces. Color the other half pink, add chopped nuts and pour over the white portions in the dish. Chill, unmold and serve with whipped cream or boiled custard.

#### MARSHMALLOW FRUIT DELIGHT

½ pound marshmallows 2 cups canned strawberries (fruit and juice)  
1 cup cream ¼ to ½ cup sugar (as desired)

Let marshmallows stand in fruit juice until softened (heating over water if this is necessary). Whip cream, add sugar (the quantity depending on sweetness of fruit) and marshmallows. Beat well and fold in fruit. Chill for an hour. Serve in glasses lined with lady fingers or in sponge cake cases. Top with candied rose or violet petals.

#### PEPPERMINT STICK ICE CREAM

½ pound peppermint sticks 1 quart medium cream  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 pint milk

Soak candy overnight in the milk. Add the cream, salt and sugar if you want it, and freeze.

#### PEPPERMINT WAFERS

¼ pound peppermint sticks ½ teaspoon salt  
2 eggs  
¼ pound flour

Chop candy fine and soften in a china bowl over hot water. Add slightly beaten eggs, and beat for fifteen minutes. Remove from water and beat until cold. Add flour, sifted with salt, and put thru a pastry bag onto a greased pan. Cover, setting aside overnight to allow a crust to form. Bake in a slow oven, 350° F., for fifteen minutes.

SCALLOPED APPLES WITH PEANUT BRITTLE  
6 large tart apples ¾ pound peanut brittle  
¼ teaspoon salt  
4 tablespoons lemon juice

Spread thinly sliced apples over the bottom of a baking-dish. Sprinkle with salt, place a layer of peanut brittle on top, and repeat until all the apples and candy are used. Pour lemon juice over top layer of apples before adding the last layer of brittle. Bake in a slow oven at 325° F. for one hour.

#### CANDY BAR COTTAGE PUDDING

Cut cake into squares or use cup cakes. Cover with very thin slices of candy bar. Pour hot custard or lemon sauce over it.

Two layers of cake with slices of candy bar between as well as on top makes a Cottage Sandwich Pudding.

#### CANDY BAR ICE-BOX CAKE

5 candy bars ½ cup butter  
3 eggs ½ cup powdered sugar  
¼ teaspoon salt ½ pint whipping cream  
Sponge cake 1 teaspoon vanilla

Line a shallow tin pan with waxed paper, cover with sponge cake and a layer of sliced candy. Cream butter, sugar and salt thoroly. Add the eggs, one at a time, and stir well. Add vanilla, beat thoroly, and fold into thin whipped cream. Spread one-half of this mixture over candy layer, and put on another layer of cake, candy, and cream mixture. Set in refrigerator for twenty-four hours.



## FREE to Brides— All others must pay for it

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"But Postum accomplished a still greater benefit in my case. Its use in place of caffein improved my disposition amazingly! Heretofore, on going home in the evenings, I felt extremely irritable. Only by keeping closest guard over my tongue and actions, could I refrain from outbursts of unjustifiable temper. Jaded nerves, over-stimulated by caffein, were probably to blame.

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## HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED

Continued from page 16

on him. And besides, he could understand her hating that money. "If it hurts her to keep it I'd better take it," he thought vaguely. "You mean I'd better go?" he asked.

"You'd better go," she flung back with white lips.

"I'm sorry," was all he could think of saying. "All right—I'll go if you say so. Is this Monday or Tuesday?" Vance questioned.

"It's Tuesday, and near supper time. I trust you've enjoyed your sleep." Mrs. Tracy gathered up the basket and the bowl of shelled peas, and walked past him into the kitchen. He stood gazing after her with a mind emptied of all will power. It seemed incredible that three nights should have passed since he and Upton had set out so light-heartedly for the ball-game. He had always hated the idea of drunken bouts. Self-disgust seemed to cling to every part of him, like a bad taste in the mouth, or a smell of stale tobacco in the clothes. He didn't know what had become of the Vance of the mountain top and of the library at the Willows.

The Willows! The name suddenly recalled Mrs. Tracy's menacing allusion. What had she meant by saying that he had taken old Mr. Lorburn's books? She must have lost her head, worrying over Upton. He had left the books in a mess, the evening before the ball-game; he remembered that. He had wanted to go back and straighten them out, and Lorry Spear had dissuaded him; said it was too dark, and it wouldn't do, in that old house, to light a candle. And now it would seem that the absentee owner of the place, who, according to Miss Spear, never came there, had turned up unexpectedly, and found things in disorder. Well, Vance had to own that the fault was his; he would have liked to see Miss Spear, and tell her so, before leaving. But the pale hostility of Mrs. Tracy's face seemed to thrust him out of her door, out of Paul's Landing. He thought to himself that the easiest thing would be to pack up and go at once—he did not want to sit at the table again with that face opposite to him. And Upton, the sneak, would be afraid, he felt sure, to say a word in his defense—to tell his mother that the Hayes gang, and the Cran girls, were old acquaintances—"No, I'll go now," Vance thought.

He went up to his room, packed up his clothes, and jammed his heap of scribbled papers in on top of them. Then he started down-stairs with the suitcase and an unwieldy old bag. The sound of the bags bumping against the stairs brought Mrs. Tracy to the kitchen door. She stared at Vance, surprised. "Where are you going?" Vance said he was going to New York. She looked a little frightened. "Oh, but you must wait till tomorrow. I didn't mean—" she hesitated. "I'd rather go today," he answered coldly. She wiped her hands on her apron. "There's no one to help you to carry your things to the trolley. I didn't mean—" "I guess I'll go," Vance repeated. He walked a little way down the garden path and then turned back to Mrs. Tracy. "I'd like to thank you for your kindness while I've been here," he said, and she stammered again: "But you don't understand—I didn't mean—" "But I do," said Vance. He shouldered his bags and walked to the gate. Mrs. Tracy stood crying in the porch, and then hurried in and shut the door behind her.

Vance trudged along the rutty lane, measuring his weakness by the way the weight of his bags increased with every step.

The perspiration was streaming down his face when he reached the corner of the turnpike, and he sat down under the same thorn tree where he had waited that morning before dawn for Miss Spear. Even the memory of that day was obscured for him by what had happened since. He did not like to think of Miss Spear's light touch on his arm as she turned him toward the sunrise, or of the way she had looked as she sat by the pool leaning her head on her hand and listening while he recited his poems to her. All that seemed to belong to the far-off world of the hills, the world he had voluntarily forsaken, he didn't know why.

The trolley came, and he scrambled in and was carried to the station. When he got there he found that the next train for New York was not leaving for an hour and a half. He deposited his property in the baggage room and, wandering out again, stood aimlessly in the square where the same tired horses with discolored manes were swinging their heads to and fro under the shade of the locust boughs.

It seemed months since he had first got out of the train, and seen that same square and those queer old-fashioned vehicles and languid horses. He remembered his shock of disappointment, and was surprised to find that he now felt a choking homesickness at the idea of looking at it all for the last time. Suddenly it occurred to him that he might still be able to walk as far as the Willows and have a last glimpse at its queer bracketed towers and balconies. He could not have told why he wanted to do this; the impulse was involuntary. Perhaps it was because his hours in that shadowy library had lifted him to other pinnacles, higher even than Thunder-top.

He walked from the station to the main street, and at the corner he was startled by the familiar yelp of the Eaglewood motor. His heart turned over at the thought that it might be Miss Spear. He said to himself: "Perhaps if she sees me she'll stop and tell me she's sorry for what's happened"—and he softened at the memory of her lavish atonements. But when the motor disengaged itself from the traffic he saw there was no one in it but Jacob, the Eaglewood hired man. Vance was about to walk on, but Jacob signaled to him to stop. The thought started up: "Perhaps he's got a message—a letter," and Vance's heart beat in that confused way it had since his illness. Jacob drew up by the sidewalk. "See here, I was looking for you. I've been round to the Tracys'. You get in here with me."

"Get in with you—why?" "Cos the folks've sent me to bring you over to the Willows. They're waiting for you there now. They said you was to come right off." The blood rushed to Vance's forehead, and his softened mood gave way to resistance. Who were these people, to order him about in this way? Did they really suppose that he was at their beck and call? "Waiting for me? What for? I'm leaving for New York. Mrs. Tracy has the keys of the Willows. I've got nothing to do with it."

Jacob took off his straw hat and scratched his head perplexedly.

"Miss Halo, she said you was to come. She said: 'You've got to bring him, dead or alive.'"

Jacob's face expressed nothing; neither curiosity nor comprehension disfigured its supreme passiveness.

His indifference gave (Turn to page 70)

## How Has Winter Left Your Skin?

Is it sensitive, dry, chapped and coarsened? Are you protecting it from the wet, bleak winter winds? Keep your skin soft, smooth and glowing so that you may always look your best. *Skin Like Silk*, by the ever delightful Celia Caroline Cole, will solve all your problems. Send 25c to Elizabeth Bennett, 223 Spring Street, New York City.



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Place a call for some out of town friend, today. The connection is made almost as quickly as a local call. The ease with which you hear your friend's voice will amaze you. And you will be gratified by her pleasure in your thoughtfulness.

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Remember that extension telephones throughout your house are a great convenience, and they mean a world of comfort at very little cost.



Vance time to collect himself. He burst into a laugh. "Dead or alive—" The phrase was so like her! "Oh, I'm alive enough. And I'll come along with you if she says so." In his heart he knew Miss Spear was right: it was his business to see her again, to explain himself. He had failed her shamefully—he hadn't done the job she had entrusted him with—he had left the books in disorder. "All right, I'll go," he repeated. He knew there was a train for New York later in the evening.

"Anyhow," he thought, "I'm done with the Tracys!"

THE door of the Willows stood wide. The afternoon radiance gilded the emerald veil of willows, shot back in fire from the unshuttered windows, rifled the last syringas of their inmost fragrance. Vance, even thru his perturbation, felt again the spell of the old house.

"Oh, Vance!" he heard Miss Spear exclaim. He caught in her rich voice a mingling of reproach and apology—yes, apology. She was atoning already—for what?—but she was challenging. "I knew you'd come." She put her hand on his arm with her light coercive touch. "Our cousin, Mr. Tom Lorburn, is here—he arrived unexpectedly on Sunday to see the Willows. It's years and years since he's been here—"

"A surprise visit," came a voice, an old, cracked, fluty voice, querulous and distinguished, from the drawing-room. "And I was surprised! But perhaps you'll bring the young man in here, Halo. Whatever you have to say to him may as well be said in my presence, since I am here—"

The little tirade ended almost in a wail, as the speaker, drooping in the doorway, looked down on Vance from the vantage of his narrow shoulders and lean brown throat. Vance looked up, returning the gaze. He had hardly ever seen any one as tall as Mr. Lorburn, and no one ever, as plaintively and unhappily handsome.

"Since, unhappily, I am here," Mr. Lorburn repeated.

Miss Spear met this with a little laugh. "Oh, cousin Tom—why unhappily? After all, since you've come, it was just as well you should arrive when we were all napping."

Mr. Lorburn bent his grieved eyes upon her. "Just as well?"

"That you should know the worst."

"Ah, that we never know, my child—there's always something worse behind the worst," said Mr. Lorburn, shaking his head, and turning slowly thru the drawing-room. "There's my health, to begin with—which no one but myself ever appears to think of. A shock of this kind, in this heat—"

"Well, here's Vance Weston, who has come, as I knew he would, to clear things up."

Mr. Lorburn considered Vance again in the light of this fresh introduction. "I should be glad if he could do that," he said.

"Then," said Miss Spear briskly, "let's begin by transporting ourselves to the scene of the crime, as they say in the French law reports."

She slipped her arm in Mr. Lorburn's, and led him thru the two drawing-rooms, his long wavering stride steadied by her firm tread. Vance followed, wondering.

In the library the shutters were open, and the western sun streamed in on the scene of disorder which Vance had left so light-heartedly the Friday before. He wondered at his own callousness. In the glare of the summer light the room looked devastated, dishonored; and the long grave face of Miss Elinor Lorburn, in the portrait on the wall, seemed to appeal to her cousin and heir for redress. "See how they have profaned my solitude!"

Mr. Lorburn let himself down by cautious degrees into the Gothic armchair. "At least," he said, as if answering the look, "if I never came here, I gave strict orders that nothing should be touched—that everything should remain absolutely as she left it."

The words were dreadful to Vance. His eyes followed Mr. Lorburn's about the room, resting on the books pitched down on chairs and tables, on the gaping spaces of the shelves, and the lines of volumes which had collapsed for lack of support. Then he

looked at the cigaret ashes which Lorry Spear had scattered irreverently on the velvet table-cover, and his gaze turned back to Mr. Lorburn's scandalized countenance. He felt too crushed to speak. But Miss Spear spoke for him.

"Now, cousin Tom, that all sounds very pretty—but just consider what would have happened if we'd obeyed you literally. The place would have been a foot deep in dust. Everything in it would have been ruined—and if the house hadn't been regularly aired, your precious books would have been covered with green mold. So what's the use—"

Vance lifted his head eagerly, reassured by her voice. "The books did need cleaning," he said. "But I was wrong not to put them back after I'd wiped them, the way you told me to. Fact is, I'd never had a chance at real books before, and I got to reading, and forgot everything—" He looked at Miss Spear. "I'm sorry," he said.

Mr. Lorburn, leaning on his stick, emitted a faint groan. "The young man, as he says himself, appears to have forgotten everything—even to return the books he has taken from here."

Again Mrs. Tracy's accusation! Vance turned his eyes on Miss Spear; but to his bewilderment her eloquence seemed to fail her. She met his glance, but only for a moment; then hers was averted. At last she said in a low voice: "I'm sure he'll tell you the books are at Mrs. Tracy's—that he took them away to finish reading something that interested him—without realizing their value—"

"I'm waiting to hear what he has to tell me," Mr. Lorburn rejoined. "Perhaps he will now say if he has been obliging enough to bring them back."

Mr. Lorburn slowly revolved his small head on his long thin neck and fixed his eyes on Vance.

Vance felt the muscles of his face contracting. His lips were so stiff that he could hardly move them. These people were suggesting that he had taken away books from the Willows—valuable books—this Mr. Lorburn, apparently, was almost accusing him of having stolen them! Suddenly his anger rushed to his lips.

"What's this about taking books? I never took a single book away from here—not one."

Miss Spear caught him up eagerly. "I told you so, cousin Tom—I was sure—"

Mr. Lorburn leaned more heavily on his stick. "Where are they, then?"

Her head dropped, and she turned from him with an appealing gesture. "Vance—?"

"What books?" Vance asked again.

MR. LORBURN drew himself to his feet and began to move across the room with shaking steps, his stick pointed first at one shelf, then at another. At the same time he reeled off a succession of long titles, all too unfamiliar to Vance for his ear to hold them. He heard "rare Americana," and did not know if it were the name of a book or a reference to some literary category he had never met with. At last he said: "I never even heard the names of any of those books. Why on earth should I have taken them?"

"Never heard of them?" Mr. Lorburn spluttered. "Then some accomplished book collector must have given you a list." He looked pale and gasping, like a fish agonizing for water. "Oh, my heart—I should never have let myself be drawn into this." Sitting down again, he closed his lids and leaned his head against the knobby carving of the armchair.

Vance was alarmed by his appearance; but he noticed that it did not affect Miss Spear. She continued to fix her anxious gaze upon himself. "Just try to remember exactly what happened." She spoke as if reassuring a child. Her voice was too kind, too compassionate; his own caught in his throat, and he felt the tears swelling.

"Of course I didn't take any books," he repeated.

"Of course," she said. "But the books are gone. There's the point. Some very valuable ones, unluckily."

"The most valuable," Mr. Lorburn interjected, his eyes still closed.

"Do try to remember, Vance. When you

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left here last Saturday night, didn't you forget to shut this window?" She pointed to the window near which she stood.

The definiteness of the question cleared Vance's bewildered mind. "No, I didn't. I fastened all the shutters and all the windows before I left."

She paused, and he saw a look of uncertainty in her face. "Think again, please. On Sunday morning this one was found open, and the shutter had been unhooked from the inside. Some one must have got into the room after you left, and taken the books. They're really gone. We've hunted everywhere."

Vance repeated: "I fastened all the windows—I'm sure I did. And I locked the front door all right." He stopped, and then remembered that when he left the house Lorburn Spear had been with him. "Ask your brother—I guess he'll remember."

AS HE spoke, there came back to him the sensations he had experienced as he waited in the hall for Lorry Spear, who had gone back to the library to find his cigaret case. He had been a long time finding it, and while Vance waited he had heard that mysterious sound somewhere in the distance: a sound like a window opening or a shutter swinging loose. He had thought of Laura Lou's childish fears of ghosts haunting the Willows, had smiled them away, and nevertheless started back to see—

"My brother? Yes, I know he was with you," Miss Spear said, almost irritably. Her face looked expressionless, cold. "He says it was you who attended to closing the house."

"Well, doesn't he say I closed everything?"

"He says he doesn't remember." She paused, and then began, in a hasty authoritative tone: "Some one must have broken in. Some one has taken the books. Try to remember just what happened when you were leaving—try again, Vance," she said more gently.

Mr. Lorburn still sat with closed eyes, and the gasping, fish-like expression. Once he murmured: "I ought not to have let myself be drawn into this—" and then was silent.

Over his head Vance looked resolutely at Miss Spear. Her eyes seemed to waver, as if trying to escape from his; then they bathed him in a fluid caress like a smile. The smile poured over him, enveloping, persuading. The words were on his lips: "But after we left the library your brother went back to it alone—while he was there I heard a window opened—or thought I did." ("Thought you did? But only *thought*," her smile whispered back, hushing him to silence. "How can you suggest," it said, "and anyhow, what use would it be? Don't you see that I can't let you touch my brother?") Vance felt himself subdued and mastered—He couldn't hurt her—he couldn't. He had the sense of being shut in with her in a hidden circle of understanding and connivance.

"Of course a burglar broke in somehow and stole the books," he heard her begin again with renewed energy. "Come, cousin Tom—why should we stay here any longer? It's just upsetting you. This is a job for the police."

She turned to Vance and held out her hand. "I'm sorry—but I had to ask you to come—"

He said of course she had to—he understood. But the only thing he really understood was that she had bound him fast in a net of unspoken pledges. As they reached the door she turned back. "We'll see you again soon—at Eaglewood? Promise—"

But he had given her his last promise. "I don't know. I'm going to New York. Maybe I'll have to go back home—"

Mr. Lorburn, with bent shoulders, had descended the steps and was walking unsteadily along the drive ahead of them. Miss Spear looked at Vance. "Yes, go," she said quickly. "But come back some day."

Her face was sunned over with relief; for a moment she recalled the girl of the mountain top. "Don't forget me," she said, and pressed his hand.

She unlocked the gate and sprang into the car after Mr. Lorburn. Vance stood and watched them drive away. Then he walked slowly down the lane without once looking back at the old house. He felt sick at heart, diminished and ashamed.

Vance Weston had started from Euphoria with two hundred dollars in his pocket; and to what was left of that sum there was added the money Mrs. Tracy had thrust back at him as they parted. After he had sat for a while in the train, dazed and wretched from the shock of his last hour at the Willows, he remembered that henceforth

he must subsist on the balance of his funds, and he drew the money out and counted it. He had bought a ten dollar wrist watch for Upton in New York, the day they went to the ball game, and a pretty rainbow-colored scarf for Laura Lou, to console her for not coming with them; the scarf, he thought, had cost about three seventy-five. On the eve of their ill-fated expedition he had lent ten dollars to Lorburn Spear; and at the ball game, and afterward at the Crans', he remembered standing drinks, soft and hard, a good many times. He remembered also that the fellows, with a lot of laughing and joking, had clubbed together to buy the Cran girls a new watch-dog; and good watch-dogs, it appeared, came pretty high. Still, it was with an unpleasant shock of surprise that Vance found he had only ninety-two dollars left, including the money Mrs. Tracy had returned. He could not imagine where the rest of it could have gone; his memory of what had happened at the Crans' was too vague for clear reckoning.

Ninety dollars would have carried him a long way at Euphoria. In New York he didn't know how far it would go—but much less, assuredly. And he didn't even know where to turn when he got out of the train, where to find a lodging for the night. In the car there were people who could no doubt have told him, friendly, experienced-looking people; but no familiar face was among them, and a rustic caution kept him from questioning strangers on the approach to a big city. As the train entered the Grand Central he hurriedly consulted the black porter, and the latter, after looking him over with a benevolent eye, gave him an address near the station. He found a narrow brick hotel squeezed in between tall buildings, with a dingy black-and-gold sign over the door. It looked dismal and unappetizing enough; but his bed there, and his coffee next morning, cost him so much that he decided he must not remain for another night, and wandered out early in search of a rooming-house.

The noise and rush of traffic, the clamor of the sign-boards, the glitter of the innumerable shops, distracted him from his purpose, and hours passed as he strayed on curiously from street to street. Some faculty separate from mind or heart, something detached and keen, was roused in him by this tumult of life and wealth and energy, this ceaseless outpour of more people, more noises, more motors, more shopfuls of tempting and expensive things. He thought what fun it would be to write a novel of New York and call it "Loot"—and he began to picture how different life would have seemed that morning had he had the type-script of the finished novel under his arm, and been on his way to the editorial offices of one of the big magazines. The idea for a moment swept away all his soreness and loneliness, and made his heart dilate with excitement. "Well, why not?—I'll stay here till I've done it," he swore to himself in a fever of defiance.

HE HALTED before a window displaying flowers in gilt baskets, or mounted in clusters tied with big pink bows. The money Mrs. Tracy had returned was burning in his pocket, and he said to himself that he could not keep it another minute. In one corner of the window was an arrangement which particularly took his fancy: a stuffed dove perched on the gilt handle of a basket of sweet peas and maidenhair fern. There was a good-natured looking woman in the shop, and he ventured to ask her the price of the object he coveted. She smiled a little, as if surprised. "Why, that's twenty-five dollars."

Vance crimsoned. "I was looking for something for thirty."

"Oh, were you?" said the woman, still smiling. "Well, there's those carnations over there."

Vance didn't care for the carnations; the bird on the basket handle was what attracted him. "Laura Lou'll like it anyhow," he thought. And suddenly an idea occurred to him, and he asked the woman whether, for thirty dollars, she would have the basket carried for him that very morning to the house of a lady at Paul's Landing. She looked still more surprised, and then amused, and after they had hunted up Paul's Landing in the telephone book, she said, yes, she guessed she could, and Vance, delighted, pulled out thirty dollars, and his pen to write the address. She pushed a card toward him, and after a moment's perplexity he wrote, "I thank you, Cousin Lucilla," addressed the envelop, and walked out with a lighter step. The woman was already wrapping up the dove.

He was beginning to feel (Turn to page 72)



## A chapped skin adds years to your looks

—for chapping weathers the skin unmercifully

WHEN your skin gets chapped, smooth in Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Its healing touch will relieve—immediately. For years, Hinds Cream has been doing that.

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# PETER PAN TELLS ABOUT THE

## SUNSHINE CLUB'S

### NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY



Dear Boys and Girls:

This is an invitation to become a member of the Sunshine Club. We know that you want to join us on our joyous jaunts in the Land of Happiness. There are heaps of ways our club members can get things they want, kodaks, stamp albums and watches—oh lots of things—and money too; and we know how pleased you will be to have one of our club pins. All you need to do to receive your pin is to enclose the membership coupon and ten cents. The Lost Boys are very busy these days getting our new catalogue ready for our Sunbeams and you must write to Peter Pan and he will send you your copy free.

\* \* \*

We must tell you all about our New Year's Party. New Year's Eve, the very beautiful Ice King and Snow Queen came to the Land of Happiness, with their impish son Jack Frost, to pay us a visit. The King and Queen arrived in dazzling robes. Jack had painted cloaks for both of his parents, and, if you have ever seen any of his work on a window pane, you can imagine how lovely they looked.

\* \* \*

Butterfly, with a band of fairies, was busy a whole night decorating a hall for the occasion; and, when it was time for the visitors to arrive, Wendy went to meet the guests and bring them in. Suddenly we all felt very cold, and some of the Lost Boys had to run out and bring in our fur coats. Then the room seemed to be full of wind, icicles formed on the walls and frost covered all the windows. The Lost Boys looked around to see how all this had come about, and there, crouching against a window, they discovered a mischievous-looking boy with a long paint brush in his hand. As soon as he realized we had seen him, he pushed up the window, dropped his brush and jumped in. He ran over to us and explained that he was Jack Frost and had come to make sure the room would be pleasant for his parents. The Lost Boys were delighted with him, and, before we knew it, they were over at the window learning how to paint frost.

\* \* \*

That was how it happened that the King and Queen didn't find us ready to receive them as we had planned; and so we had a very informal meeting. They complained to us that they always had to obey the orders of the Weatherman and could never accept any invitations without his approval. As soon as it grew dark, our visitors left us, because, as they explained, we would have been frozen if they had stayed during the night. They left the Land of Happiness covered with snow and ice. Next week we shall have a grand ice carnival.

Best wishes!

PETER PAN



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## HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED

Continued from page 71

hungry, and the instinct of clinging to the relatively familiar drew him back to the Grand Central, where he knew he could lunch. As he entered, he almost ran into a motherly-looking woman with a large yellowish face and blowsy gray hair, who wore a military felt hat with a band inscribed, "The Travelers' Friend." Vance went up to her, and her smile of welcome reassured him before he had spoken. He wanted to know of a nice quiet rooming-house? Why, surely—that was just what she was there for. Country boy, she guessed? Well, why wouldn't he bring his things right round to Friendship House, just a little way off, on East Fiftieth—she fumbled in her bag and handed him the address on a card with: "Bring your friend along—always room for one more," in red letters across the top. That, she explained, was the men's house; she herself was in the station to look after women and girls, and there was another house for them not far off; but Vance had only to mention her name to Mr. Jakes and they'd find a room for him, and give him the addresses of some respectable rooming-houses. She shook his hand, beamed on him maternally, and turned away to deal with a haggard, bewildered-looking woman who was saying: "My husband said he'd sure be at the station to meet me, but I can't find him, and the baby's been sick in the cars all night—"

At Friendship House, Vance was received by an amiable man with gold teeth, given a supper of coffee and bread and butter, and assigned to a spotless cubicle. Not till he was falling asleep did it occur to him that Mrs. Tracy had a row of sweet-peas in her own garden, and that a stuffed dove could hardly compensate her for the cost of his fortnight's board. He felt ashamed of his stupidity, and was haunted all night by the vision of the dreary smile with which she would receive his inappropriate tribute. Probably even Laura Lou would not know what to do with a stuffed dove. Yet that basket, with the lustrous bird so lightly poised on it, had seemed all poetry when he chose it—

THE weeks passed, and the money also. His many hours of writing and study at the public library cost him nothing, but those spent in his rooming-house were using up his little fund. Finally, almost on the verge of starving, he went seeking a job from one newspaper to another, was received either civilly or the reverse, was asked to state his qualifications, and saw his name and address taken down; but no one manifested any interest in him, and he turned away hopeless from the last threshold. With no one to recommend him, and no past experience of newspaper work, what chance was there of his getting work? He knew that the only alternative was Euphoria; but he was too disheartened to let his mind dwell on that.

There was one other chance, tho—that the Spears' friend, Mr. Frenside, in spite of his gruff, sneering way, had not been unfriendly. He knew of Vance's aspirations, and perhaps would at least be willing to advise him—unless unfavorable rumors had reached him from Eaglewood. But Vance remembered Halo Spear's kindly glance when she took leave of him, heard her say again: "Go now—but come back some day," and guessed that, however bent she was on screening her brother, she would not let Vance suffer unjustly. He had found out by this time that the *Hour*, as he had suspected, was a mere highbrow review, and therefore not to his purpose; but he imagined that Frenside must have relations with the newspaper world, and could tell him if there were any hope of an opening for an untrained outsider. And, at any rate, it was the only thing left to try.

The *Hour* was modestly housed on an upper floor of a shabby ex-private house; no noiseless elevator, plate-glass doors or silver-buttoned guardians led to its editorial sanctum. But the typist in the outer office who said no, Mr. Frenside wasn't the editor, but only literary adviser, added that he was there that morning, she guessed; and presently returned to show Vance into a stuffy cell full of cigar smoke, where Frenside leaned on an ink-spattered table and fixed Vance with his unencouraging stare.

"Oh, yes—Weston, your name is. Well, sit down."

He continued to smoke and stare for a while; then he suddenly exclaimed: "By George, I saw you up at Eaglewood, didn't I? Why, yes—that business of the books—Miss Spear'll be glad I've run across you. The books were found, you know—"

"The books?" Vance looked at him vaguely. In this shimmering, dubious world in which he had lately lived, the story of the books at the Willows had become as forgotten and far-off a thing as the song in one of those poems Miss Spear had read to him; Miss Spear herself was hardly more than a mist among mists; all Vance could think of now was that he must get this taciturn man behind the cigar to find a job for him.

"WHY, yes—the books turned up," Frenside repeated.

"How?" Vance asked with an effort. "I don't know the particulars. It seems Lewis Tarrant—you remember that fair young man who's always up at Eaglewood?—well, he managed to buy them back—advertised, I believe—offered a reward. They never caught the thief, but that didn't so much matter. The main thing was to get the books. So now that question's closed."

"Well, I'm glad," Vance forced himself to say. He knew he would be, in that other world of solid matter, if ever he got back to it—

He felt that Frenside was looking at him more attentively. "That's not what you came for, tho? Well, let's hear it." He settled back in his chair, and listened in silence to what Vance had to say, drumming on the table as if he were rapping out his secret thoughts on a typewriter.

Vance stammered out the tale of his vain quest for work, and wondered if perhaps Mr. Frenside could recommend him to a newspaper—but the other cut him short. He hadn't any pull of that sort—sorry—but Vance had better go straight home if he had an opening on a newspaper there. Vance turned pale and made no answer, but cursed himself inwardly for having appealed, against his better judgment, to this man who cared nothing for him, and was perhaps prejudiced against him by what had happened at the Willows.

"All right, sir—thank you," he said getting to his feet, and turning to the door. As he did so, Frenside spoke. "See here—going home's a nasty dose to swallow sometimes, isn't it? I remember—at your age—Why do you want to go on a newspaper, anyhow?"

Vance, leaning against the doorway, answered: "I want to learn to be a writer."

"And that's the reason?" Frenside gave a gruff laugh.

Vance looked at him curiously. "Is there any other way?"

"There's only one way. Buckle down and write. Newspapers won't help you."

Vance felt the blood rush to his forehead. "I have—I have—tried to write—"

With a feverish hand, he pulled out a bundle of papers—the poems he had written at Paul's Landing, and some of the stuff which had poured from his pen in the long hungry hours at the rooming-house. He laid them on the desk, and Frenside adjusted his eye-glasses. It seemed to Vance as if he were fitting his eyes to a powerful microscope.

"H'm—poetry. All poetry?"

"Most of what I've written is."

"Well, poetry won't earn your keep—it's pure luxury. Like keeping a car."

SILENCE followed. At intervals it was broken by what sounded to Vance like the roar of the sea, in reality the scarce audible rustle as Frenside unfolded one sheet after another. He was doubtless not accustomed to reading manuscript, and to Vance's agony of apprehension was added the mortification of not having been able to type his poems before submitting them. In most editorial offices, he knew, they wouldn't look at handwritten things; presenting the poems to Frenside in this shape would probably destroy their one chance of winning his approval. Vance thought of offering to read them aloud, remembered Miss Spear's comment on his enunciation, and dared not take the risk.



The roar of the unfolding pages continued. "H'm," said Frenside again. He spread the papers out before him, and puffed in silence at his cigar.

"Well, you're at the sedulous age," he continued after a pause. (What did that mean?) "Can't be helped, of course. Here's the inevitable Shakespeare sonnet: 'What am I but the shape your love has made me?'—and the Whitman: 'Vast enigmatic reaches of ocean beyond me'—just so. It is beyond you, my dear fellow—at least at present. Ever seen the ocean?"

Vance could hardly find his voice. He shook his head.

"Not even at Coney Island?" Frenside shrugged. "Not that that matters. Look here—this is all Poet's Corner stuff. Try it on your home town paper. That's my advice. There are pretty things here and there, of course. You like the feel of words, don't you? But poetry, my son, is not a half-way thing. I remember once asking a book-learned friend if he cared for poetry, and he answered cautiously: 'Yes, up to a certain point.' Well, the devil of it is that real poetry doesn't begin till after that certain point. See?"

Vance signed that he saw: somehow he liked that definition of poetry, even at the cost of having to sacrifice his own to it.

"How about prose? Never written any?"

The unexpectedness of the question jerked Vance out of the clouds. "I—I'm writing a novel."

"Hello—are you? What about?"

"About life in New York."

"I thought so," said Frenside grimly. "Never tried an article or a short story?"

"Never anything—good enough." Vance got wearily to his feet. "I guess I'll take these things and burn 'em," he said, putting out his hand for the poems.

"No, don't do that. Keep 'em, and re-read 'em in a couple of years. That requires courage, and courage is about the most useful thing in an artist's outfit." Vance was beginning to think it must be.

"Well," Frenside continued, "if ever you try a short essay, or a story, bring them along. Don't forget." He smiled a little, as if to bind up the wounds he had inflicted. "You never can tell," he concluded cryptically.

He held out his hand. The interview was over.

VANCE'S first impulse was to go thru all his accumulated papers; to re-see them in the new light of Frenside's ruthless criticism. He skimmed over the pages of his novel, found it shapeless, helpless—more so even than he had feared—and remembered Frenside's injunction: "If ever you try a short story, send it along." What a pity he hadn't tried one, instead of this impossible, unwieldy novel!

And then, as he sat there, fumbling with fragments of dead prose, his hand lit on a dozen typed pages, clipped together, and a little frayed at the edges. He'd forgotten he had that with him—"A Day"—the thing he'd written in a kind of frenzy, after his fever when he couldn't find his father's revolver. How long ago all that seemed! There had been weeks when he couldn't have looked at those pages, could barely have touched them; and now he was turning on them an eye almost as objective as George Frenside's—

You couldn't call it a short story, he supposed. It was just the headlong outpouring of what he had felt and suffered during those few hours—like a fellow who'd been knocked down and run over trying to tell you what it felt like. That was all. But somehow the sentences moved, the words seemed alive—if he'd had to do it again he didn't know that he'd have done it very differently. A sudden impulse seized him; he wrapped up the manuscript, addressed it

to Frenside, put his own name and address below, and carried the packet back to the office of the *Hour*. He hadn't the courage to go up with it himself, but slipped it into the letter-box in the hall and walked away.

Three days afterward—the last but two of the last week he could stay in New York—he came in one afternoon and found a letter which had been pushed under his door. On the corner of the envelope was stamped *The Hour*. Vance's hands turned cold. He stood for a few seconds, looking at that portentous name; then he tore open the envelope and read:

"Dear Sir: The editor of the *Hour* asks me to say that he will be glad to take your story, 'One Day,' tho the *Hour* does not usually publish short stories. I enclose a check for fifty dollars." There followed a vague secretarial signature, and underneath, untidily scrawled with a blunt pencil: "Better go back home, and write more like it. Frenside."

VANCE stood a while motionless, the letter in his hand. At first he was not aware of any sensation at all; and when it did come it seemed too strong for joy. It was more as if he had been buffeted in a crowd, and had the wind knocked out of him, as he had on the day when they tried to catch the New York train after the ball game—

"I want to go and see the ocean," he suddenly said aloud. He didn't know where the words had come from, but the force of the impulse was overwhelming. Perhaps he had unconsciously recalled Frenside's sneer: "Ever seen the ocean? Not even from Coney Island?" Well, he thought, he was going to see it now. He put the check in his pocket and went out again. With that talisman on his breast he felt strong enough to conquer the world. What might it not have bought for him? Well, first of all it was going to buy him one of the greatest things in the universe.

He went to the friendly manager of Friendship House, and got his check cashed. Then he decided to leave most of the money in the manager's safe; it was no use risking it in crowded trains. And he meant to take a train that very minute, and get down to the Atlantic shore before it grew dark. He didn't know where—but he asked, and the manager said, smiling: "Why, we've got a camp of our own down on Long Island, not far from Rockaway. It's pretty near empty in the middle of the week. You might as well go down there, I guess. I'll give you a line to the man in charge—you look as if a good swim would pick you up." He scribbled a card, and gave it to Vance. "Don't forget to come back for your money, tho," he said.

It was nearly sunset when the train reached the little station where Vance was to get out. The man at the station said the Friendship House camp was some way down the road. Vance followed the indication he gave. The road, which was little better than a sandy trail, ran level for a bit, drifted past a colony of shacks and bath-houses, and then suddenly lifted him to a ridge, and left him face to face with the unknown.

Before him were more sand-hills, sparsely tufted, and sloping down imperceptibly to bare sand. The sand spread to a beach which seemed to stretch away right and left without end, and beyond the beach was another surface, an unknown element—steel-gray, in the cloudy twilight, and breathing backward and forth, with a shredding and rending of its curves, into white yeasty masses ceaselessly torn off from that smooth immensity. Vance stood and gazed, and felt for the first time the weight of the universe upon his spirit. He sat down on a hillock and gazed and gazed as twilight fell; then in the last light he scrambled across the dunes to the sands, reached the stones of the beach, knelt close to that long incoming curve of ocean, and plunged his hands in it, as if in dedication.

*The next great step in Vance's life is to be a dramatic reunion with the girl he marries. Can you guess her name? This strange love story will be told by Mrs. Wharton in the February instalment of "Hudson River Bracketed."*

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a Stab  
in the Heart!*

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## BACK TO PARIS

Continued from page 19



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would not read the legend of the swift tears that filled her eyes. So that he would not mistranslate her emotion. After a moment he spoke again, to that bent head.

"If a woman, if she had a profession that she was—crazy about—" he questioned haltingly—"would—do you think—would what I have to offer be—enough? Would it?"

Ruth raised her head sharply.

"Oh, enough!" she told him.

"But the stories and the verses that she maybe wouldn't have time to write. The career that would maybe go—go by the board? Wouldn't she be lonely for all of it?"

"One could tell stories to the—children," she breathed, "one could sing one's own—poetry to them. What career is as important, Rolfe, as the career that you have to offer?"

Two young things, stranded in a little oasis of safety. Paris, ten years ago, with the big guns booming not so many miles away! A boy and girl, with only three days, out of all eternity. And two of the days gone!

"Darling!" Rolfe said swiftly. "Darling!"

It was the first time that he had ever said the word. The first time Ruth had ever heard it!

And that night, as he left her at the door of her pension—and they had tried, all evening, to laugh and joke and be nonchalant—he took her suddenly into his arms. It was lucky that the street was a dark, unfrequented one, for Rolfe had forgotten all about streets. Had forgotten everything but Ruth's nearness.

And Ruth, as her lips gave answer to his lips, had forgotten, too.

There, in the doorway of the pension, they kissed and clung to each other. Fiercely, ardently, desperately. While the world stood still, with its hand against its heart.

"Do you want me—" he questioned, fiercely, "as I want you?"

This was no moonlit veranda at a country club. This was no casual flirtation. There was no time, now, for coquetting, for evasions.

"Yes!" answered Ruth. Her voice was a mere thread of sound, but it was audible.

"Then—" the man was suddenly holding her away from him—"then—then we must—be married!"

In the darkness, Ruth tried to search his face. But she couldn't see it, quite. Only the gleam, where his eyes were. Only the flash of white, where his smile was.

"Yes," she agreed. "We must!"

But, even while she agreed, she knew what he was going to say. With an instinct born of a great need, and a great dread.

"Tomorrow," Rolfe was saying. "It's my last day. My last day. After that I must—go back. Do you understand?"

Ruth understood. That was why she was back again, tightly clutched in his arms. Why the insignia on his collar bruised her cheek.

"Then we must be married tomorrow," she said swiftly, "we must locate a minister. One who speaks English. We must buy a ring. We must find out about these French licenses. I don't know anything about them, or how long they take, or where they come from. But—"

Rolfe was disengaging himself from those clinging arms. Already, by his poise, his manner, his assurance, he was a man of responsibility, the head of a family.

"I'm going to leave you, now," he said, "but I'll be back in the morning. Early. I'll find out, tonight, about the minister and the legal formalities. I don't know just how. But I will. I'll get a ring and a license. I'll bring along a couple of fellows I know, for witnesses. You'll—" only now did his voice break—"you'll be—ready?"

Ruth, somehow, was strangely calm. Strangely at peace. She answered in a voice that was the gentlest voice in all of life.

"I'll be ready!" she said simply. She did not add, altho she wanted to, the words of another Ruth, spoken centuries before.

"Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

But after he had kissed her abruptly and left her, after he had come racing back thru the quiet street, to that place where she still stood in the dim, pension doorway, to kiss her again and yet again, she went slowly up the stairs, to her quiet, tiny bedroom. Quite composed, quite blessedly sure of herself. Love had come to her unexpectedly, yes—

and unasked. But love had not taken her unawares. She had been ready for love!

That night, strangely aloof and virginal in her nightie, curiously madonna-like of lips and eyelids, she again wrote a poem. The sort of a poem that every girl, about to give herself to the man that she loves, treasures in her heart. The sort of poem that might be dedicated to every evening before every real marriage! She wrote it rapidly, breathlessly, in the sheer flash of inspiration—of inspiration and something else. And then she fell on her knees beside the bumpy little pension bed, and prayed incoherently. To be a good wife. To be a good comrade. To give back to life the joy that life, with such lavish hands, was giving to her. And then she went swiftly to bed, to lie wide-eyed in the darkness and think of Rolfe, plowing his way thru unfamiliar streets, throwing aside unfamiliar obstacles. Searching for a minister who spoke English. Searching for the French equivalent to an American marriage license. Routing out of their sleep the brother officers who should, on the morrow, witness the service that should link them so closely together. She fell asleep, at last, with a smile lying blessedly across her face. And the smile was still there in the morning.

SHE wakened early, on that morning which was to mark her marriage day. It was as if, in Ruth's soul, some wee alarm clock were striking a signal. It was as if, in her heart, bells were ringing. She wakened early and laid out the filmy garments that she had bought, without thought of a trousseau, during her first unbelievable week in Paris. Eagerly she took her bath. Her Anglo-Saxon bathing habits, in their regularity, quite scandalized the stout Madam of the pension! Eagerly she pinned back her hair, dabbed powder upon her face. She did not need rouge, not upon this glowing day! And then she donned the filmy things, and put over them a straight little dark frock. She was all ready but her hat, all ready to the last dab of

exquisite perfume, before eight o'clock. For hadn't Rolfe said, "I'll be back early!"

Early? After all, eight o'clock might mean almost dawn to some people! So, at nine, Ruth told herself. For, at nine, she was still waiting for the knock at the door which would mean a summons; which would mean that Rolfe was in the hallway, below. At nine, she got up from the chair where, for an hour, she had been tensely sitting. Got up, and went to the mirror. And decided that, after all, she was pale. That, after all, she did need a speck of color. She added it, and selected, with nervous care, a lace-trimmed handkerchief. It would never do to go kerchiefless to one's marriage! But, after selecting the kerchief, there was nothing else with which to occupy herself. Nothing more to do. She was so completely ready. She could only go back to the chair and wait. However, she assured herself, the waiting time would not be much longer. Not now.

Sometimes the hours fairly race. They had raced, the day before, when a boy and girl wandered in fragrant gardens and forgot even the luncheon hour. Sometimes minutes drag unbearably. They dragged now—dragged in such a manner that the every tick of Ruth's wrist watch seemed a century long. Quarter after nine found her staring at the ceiling with eyes that held a mute question. Nine-thirty found her so pale that the rouge, added as an afterthought, stood out in odd, cerise circles upon her face.

When the hands of her watch marked the hour as ten, she went to the secret place where she had hidden the poem of the night before, and got it out, and read it over slowly and almost aloud. One thinks that she read it, that way, to give herself courage.

It was while she was reading the last verse of the poem that the knock came at the door. The knock for which she had waited. A sharp little knock, the knock of the *concierge*. The room was tiny, the space between her chair and the door was a short one, but it was long enough for Ruth to put aside those thoughts that she had been thinking, thoughts that had to do with accidents, with unexpected calamities. (It had never, in the two hours of waiting, occurred to her that Rolfe had changed his mind! Not any more than it would have occurred to her to change her own mind! Sometimes, not very often, but sometimes, love is like that! Even when the love is a wee flower that is only two days old.)

And, in the space between her chair and the door, the color rushed back to her pale cheeks. So that it was a rosebud of a girl who threw wide the portal that led to happiness.

Madam, the owner of the pension, stood in the doorway, the grimace-like smile with which she always greeted Ruth on her face.

"Le soldat!" Ruth asked in her halting, schoolgirl French. "Attends-il?"

But the woman was proffering a square of white. A letter. It told, almost as efficiently as did the woman's words, that the soldier was not waiting! As Ruth took it, dumbly, into her hand, she sensed, rather than felt, that it was an exceedingly bulky letter. Just as she sensed, rather than heard, Madam's explanation.

So—the letter had arrived in the *pneumatique*! The rapid French method of communication. It had not even been delivered by Rolfe's hand! In some way Ruth found herself dismissing Madam, the *concierge*. She must have said some commonplace—some very commonplace—thing. But she could not remember, after, what she had said. Only she knew that, all at once, she was alone. That the door was closed and that she was again alone, in the tiny, crowded room. That she was back in her chair, and that her trembling fingers were struggling with the seal of the letter. Altho she never before had

glimpsed his writing, she would have known, anywhere, that Rolfe's hand had penned her name upon the envelope. There was something so bold, and yet so wide and boyish, about the black, inky letters. Only—why had he written? What was the need of a letter, any letter, between them? Why hadn't he come? So she asked herself for one brief second. And then the seal of the letter gave way, with a little crackling sound that was like a pistol shot in that still room. And as Ruth pulled the stiff, folded pages from the envelope, something, wrapped clumsily in pink tissue, rolled to the floor. Ruth let it lie there, then, for her whole mind was absorbed in the business of reading the words that Rolfe had written.

"Darling," he began. Just that. (The name he had called her, the evening before, in the restaurant. The only love name that had passed between them.)

"Darling:

"When you read this I will be on a train, going back to my station. It's an earlier train, hours earlier, than I meant to take. But I don't dare trust myself, feeling as I do—in the same city with you. Paris isn't large enough to keep the two of us apart.

"After I left you last night—so small and so dear and so wonderful in the doorway—I went out into the street with only one idea in my mind. To marry you in the morning. That idea held until I was an hour away. And then, somewhere in Montmartre, I saw a girl, a girl about your size, and age, helping a man into a cab. I thought, at first, that the man was intoxicated, even tho he was in uniform, he was so sort of clumsy. And then I saw that he was blind—

"Darling—" how the written repetition of

## Next Door Dog

BY DIXIE WILLSON

Some people say the next door dog  
And mine are just the same.  
They say the only difference is,  
Mine has a different name.  
They say that tail and spots and ears  
And eyes and nose and bark  
Are just the same as my dog  
In the daylight or the dark!  
But for a million dollars down  
And fifty million more,  
I wouldn't trade my little dog  
For the little dog next door!  
He may look just the same to you,  
And he may be just as fine  
BUT  
The next door dog is the next door dog,  
And mine—is—mine!



that word misted Ruth's gaze! "Darling, it all came over me, then, what I was asking you to do. What you were willing to do. For it isn't as if the War were over. God knows when it will be over. And I'm due back, in a few hours, to what it is rumored will be the greatest drive of all. I may come out of it whole, of course. But I may come out of it like the fellow that was being helped into the cab. Like him, or worse. Or I may not come back at all. The chances are not even—even."

"If I—" feverishly Ruth followed those inked words, "If I loved you less it would be very easy to stay for the few added hours. To stay in your arms. To belong there. But I'd have to go anyway when my three days were up. And I'd be leaving you tied to something as unstable as a dream—a dream that had every chance of being broken. And that wouldn't be fair."

The letter paused here. And Ruth knew, instinctively, that the boy had waited, pen in hand, for some moments (how could she know that it was really hours?) before he could go on writing. The letter paused, went forward:

"If, when the War is over, I've come out of it whole," read the letter, "I'll come for you. I have your address and—when the last scrap has been fought out—the ocean will be such a little barrier between us. But this I don't have to tell you. *You know!* Only, if I don't come—and if you don't hear from me—will you keep the enclosure? I bought it in a little shop just after I left you—"

Here the letter paused again. But it didn't go on this time. And Ruth, with its pages pressed tight against her heart, was reaching for the small packet, wrapped in pink tissue. It didn't surprise her to see that it was a slim circlet of gold. A wedding ring.

PERHAPS it was hours later that she rose, stiffly, from the chair in which she had been sitting. And laid the letter and the ring with the two poems that she had written.

And then, still walking stiffly, as quite an old person walks, she went out of the room and down the stairs and into the sunny streets of Paris. She had her brief-case swinging in her hand—this time she had remembered the interview that she must get for her magazine.

Her hat was so chic and her heels were so high that two second lieutenants thought her a French girl, and spoke to her. But she couldn't answer them, somehow, with the usual gay banter! Their very gilt shoulder bars made her think of Rolfe—their very voices were sharp stabs of agony because their tones were so different from his tone!

Two days later the Paris papers announced the beginning of the greatest drive that was to end in a day when the word "*Victoire!*" would echo thru the whole of a magic, resurrected city. But to Ruth, reading the papers—what she could translate of them—the news meant only one thing. The confirmation of a letter. She was almost glad when the cable came from her magazine, ordering her home. She couldn't go on alone, not in a city that had come, with every dear corner of it, to spell Rolfe's name.

On the boat, going cautiously back, thru a maze of submarine rumors, to the States, she was very quiet. And she only wrote reports on her Corona. The verses that she had been wont to scribble in her deck chair, on her way over, seemed to be quite drained from her

soul. Somehow she couldn't think in terms of poetry, any more. Indeed, she was so dimmed, so tight-lipped, that the Captain, who had placed her at his own table, told the ship's doctor, on the second day out, that he had made a mistake.

"I thought she'd be fun, rather," he told the ship's doctor. "Our table has been rather dull during the War, y'see, and she—she's pretty. But I never talked to any one who was so utterly devoid of emotional reaction."

AS THEY drove thru the streets of the glittering night-swept city, Ruth felt a strange sense of unreality. Somehow, when she had left it, ten years before, she had never expected to return to Paris. That chapter of her life had been closed, shut into a little box. Just as a letter and a ring and two slender scraps of verse were shut into a little box.

And it was raining. (Ten years before, she had driven thru rain-drenched streets, streets with warm lights reflected in their every puddle of water. And Rolfe had held her hand tightly. Just as her husband was holding it now, in a warm possessive grip.)

And they were silent. And she was remembering how, ten years before, her ardent, glowing, young girl thoughts had run down the streets ahead of their unsteady cab.

"No matter how many times I see lights reflected in wet pavements," she had thought then, "I'll remember him. No matter who is with me. *No matter.* I'll never drive at night again, with any one, that he won't be sitting beside me. I'll never see a post-card of Paris, even, without seeing his face, too. Paris—it will always be his city."

Ten years ago. And in those ten years she had gone home, back to her own country. And had given up her magazine job because marriage had come to take up so much of her time. And the stories she had made, she had told to the children—and her poems had become lullabies. And then, with her gracious home in charge of an efficient housekeeper, and her children left with a loved and trusted trained nurse (even so it had been desperately hard to leave them!) she had dared take a vacation. A trip—flying trip, abroad.

"Before," her husband had said, "we've grown too middle-aged to get a kick out of it!"

Too middle-aged to get a kick out of it—out of Paris? As they drove down the streets, dear, familiar streets, with quaint signs and lighted shop windows, Ruth knew that they would never be too middle-aged to get a thrill from the city. Why—why every paving stone had its memory! Why, every—

And then, all at once, Ruth was catching her breath sharply. For, in one of the lighted windows, stood a wax figure. Dressed in the bouffant satin, the silver and tulle, the lace and orange blossoms of a bride. A bride, repeating history.

Her husband had seen it, too. *Her husband.* For all at once, his hand was grasping her hand so very tightly that the slender gold of her wedding ring was pressing into her white finger. And—

"Darling," he said softly, just a shade huskily. "Darling!" And then, in a lighter tone, as if to mask an emotion too big to be expressed,

"Well," he said, "well, Ruth! The old place—it hasn't changed so much, after all. It's just like it was ten years ago."



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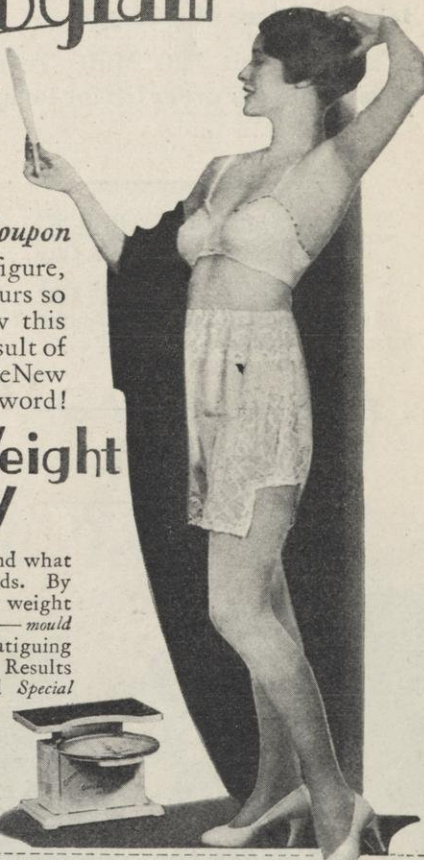
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## AMERICAN WIVES AND ENGLISH HUSBANDS

Continued from page 17

glad I was her friend and not her enemy.

Two of these remarkable American wives had considerable wealth, but wealth is not all that American wives bring into their unions. They bring a real understanding of English institutions, and they start out here determined to respect them. So well do they live up to their ideal of what an English wife should be, that their easy-going English husbands hardly understand the importance of the driving force—the driving force of serious reverence for the past. What a man does not understand allures him, and that is the situation between many an English husband and American wife. Something strange, strong, and really very simple—colorful, as I said before—inextricably woven into his daily life. Such knitted bonds can rarely be discarded.

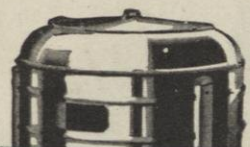
The same ties unite foreigners, such as the

Frenchman or the German, with the American woman, tho here I have no space to discuss continental marriages. Wealth plays its part in all these countries, with titles and position, but is never the whole story of an American-European matrimonial treaty.

Every American wife packs in her innovation trunk ability to rule and control her abode, but some American women who marry Englishmen, not always in the Peerage, are very intellectual—reputed in the world of letters—Mrs. Basil de Selincourt (Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick), for instance, Mrs. Alice Williamson, and my great friend Mary Borden, wife of Brigadier General Spears, an Irishman, and a leading politician.

Mary Borden is a Chicago girl and highly gifted. Her books, "Jane, our Stranger," "Three Pilgrims and a (Turn to page 76)





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# AMERICAN WIVES AND ENGLISH HUSBANDS

Continued from page 75

Tinker," and now her epic work about New York, "Flamingo," are all read in America, and all great successes in England.

Mary Borden is more than her books. She is a personality attuned to every wave of novelty in idea and invention. She traveled from the Middle West thru India with her Evangelical Missionary mother, passed thru the Great War as a nurse, and during the Peace Conference, felt the widening influence of cosmopolitan diplomatic life in Paris with General Spears. Wit and wisdom gathered round her hospitable table in Rue Monsieur. Those dinners will never be forgotten. She lives now in England, and has concentrated her experience into real creative achievement.

It appears to me, in studying American women, that they are always more eager than we are to dally with new faith. They are true children of pioneers. Up-to-date theories regarding the influence of endocrine glands, lectures and discussions on Behaviorism, and the Freudian oracles, all attract. He who waves a wand, rubs a ring, casts a spell, has a strange fascination for an American woman, while her private conduct remains irreproachable, and her talk perfectly straightforward.

Probably they are right in being so attuned to the cunning of thought, even tho it leads, as some say, to "nerves" in middle age. The major number of today's Englishwomen seem frightened of, or indifferent to, abstract conjecture. They like to talk lightly of people and politics. Still, only a band of Americans wanders among the small group of intellectuals in England. Far, far larger in the States are the intellectual centers, wreathed with flowery names and high purpose. Probably over here American wives meet a fair proportion of their English sisters on common ground in the same wide-eyed pursuit of culture.

Among the younger generation of English nobility is the wife of Lord Dudley's brother, Lady Ward, daughter of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, proprietor of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Her father, the late Whitelaw Reid, a charming and distinguished personality, was for some time in my youth American Minister in London. Lady Winchelsea is the daughter of Mr. Antony Drexel. Both these women are perfect home wives and mothers, and worshiped by their English husbands.

The Countess of Tankerville, the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Countess of Carnarvon, the Countess of Sandwich, of Galloway, and Lady Doune, are all Americans. The list is interminable. What does one hear of these ladies? Little, but always good. They have adopted a position which still has strength on its own basis, and really appreciate their British baronial halls with their historic origin. They are affable as county magnates, yet do not become too selfishly attached to places or pasts. The husband is the important thing. An American woman accepts attention from her husband as a right—one cheek or the other offered—and there is power in this nonchalance.

The majority of wives in England are

naturally English, yet an Englishman marrying a temperamental young English beauty finds little to discover, and little to apprehend. Her cards are on the table; the husband takes the bank.

Most American wives in England have a well-shaped sense of proportion. Perhaps they hewed it out of the rocks in the vast continent from which they appear. An interesting point of contact is undisputed—many American women prefer Englishwomen as companions to other American women. I mean American women who make England the home of their hearts. I can give no reason for this, but I have noticed it constantly.

As a hostess, the fairy godmother to young English men and women of today, is Maud, Lady Cunard. I believe Michael Arlen found his dawn with her. She is the widow of Sir Bache Cunard, and while her house is ever crowded with young dancing guests, she remains an enthusiastic patron of the arts, and adores music.

As a rule, American women prefer fireside life—just like that—and their own particular golfing, bridge playing, and tea-party friends. They like country pursuits in Great Britain more than they enjoyed them in the States, and they settle down here like kittens on the hearth, with a mashie and a tennis racket replacing the proverbial ball of wool. Yet they are ever ready for a rush to the Riviera or Paris. But I cannot say that these Anglo-Americans care much for Paris. If they have near relations in the States, sometimes they will voyage there for a short time unaccompanied by their husbands, who find it difficult to become inured to that swirling adventure, New York and beyond.

Tho it would not be easy for the husband to escape if the wife wished to stay, I firmly believe the man would think it a retrograde step to exchange an American woman for an Englishwoman in his home. In beauty, there is little to choose between the American and the English. Possibly the English woman is the prettier, while grace of movement lies with the American. She has unmistakable "chic" in her choice of clothes once she finds herself in Europe, and she dances divinely. Just the queer fact remains that an Englishman rarely discards his American wife, nearly as rarely as a Roman Catholic reverts to Protestantism.

I feel I am challenging all Great Britain to take up the cudgels and attack my analysis—or am I rather cementing "hands across the sea"? I dare swear that those American women who sail and marry with us find more interest and greater security in presiding in an Englishman's castle, entertaining hospitably with fresh meat and pure wine, and being registered as the best bridge players, the best dressed women of an Empire, than in that restless "moving on," however cheerily conceived, yet today inevitable, from Philadelphia to Pebble Beach.

But there are so many lovely creatures left in the States that, on reading this, they will probably exclaim—"Say, the loss which is unknown is no loss at all!"

## A FRIENDLY ROOM

Continued from page 37

closets. These closets, by the way, can be locked—which is an excellent idea. Not that we believe that books should be inaccessible behind barriers of glass, but every bookish person has some volumes to which he is especially attached and which he is unwilling to leave at the mercy of borrowing friends. Here is a place where he can keep his precious possessions conveniently at hand but safe from casual borrowers. In a small apartment, one or both of these closets could be fitted up to accommodate either clothes or linen.

Next, we want to call your attention to our treatment of the overmantel. In a room without a fireplace, a commode could be substituted here with equal success. We consider it a happy departure from the usual mirror or the ancestral portrait. We arranged it to give the amateur collector a place to display his hobby to decorative

advantage. Since every one collects something nowadays, we made believe that the owner of this room collected Staffordshire. So we obtained some little unfinished wooden brackets, stained them dark brown to harmonize with the wall-paper, and placed on them some gallant Staffordshire gentlemen, bowing to coy china ladies. A pot of ivy on a bracket of antique gilt, a few silhouettes, and several books with old leather bindings complete a group which gives the room the personal touch so essential to intelligent decoration.

Aren't you tempted to sink into the cosy intimacy of our extravagantly comfortable armchair and bury yourself in a book? Doesn't the pine desk in the alcove beckon to you to catch up on your neglected correspondence just as an excuse to linger in this cosy room? Surely your answer is "Yes."



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## FOOTPRINTS

Continued from page 33

She trailed forward to the table, delivered the first part of her "God help the Quilter wives" speech, and turned to sweep from the room. Lucy laughed.

You see, in her haste to get into mourning, Olympe had forgotten the back of her gown. Do you remember its long, square train, caught up in two places with great blobs of a horrible shade of red velvet and red roses? She had forgotten to remove them.

It was not amusing. Lucy laughed, as you know, not in spite of our trouble, but because of it. If Lucy had not been all to pieces, unnerved and half hysterical, she could no more have laughed at anything about Olympe than she could have cat-called in church. I don't recall that any of us children were taught that we must never laugh at Olympe. And yet, of course, laughing at her has always been one of the major Quilter heresies.

Olympe wheeled about. She was so white that the little dabs of rouge on her cheekbones looked as if they might tumble off.

Olympe said, "Are you laughing at me?" I tried to tell her that Lucy was not laughing. That she was all to pieces, hysterical. "She may not know," Olympe said. "But I know that she is laughing at me. Why? Because I am old, and weak, and no longer beautiful—because my husband humiliates me, and neglects me."

She trailed away then, riding the trimmings on her train. Lucy burst into tears.

I have gone well around Robin Hood's barn, with all this. I wanted to give you something as a sample, perhaps as an excuse for what I am going to ask you to do.

Judy, I want you to write and insist on having Lucy come to you for a time. Don't hint that it is for Lucy's sake. Lucy is too game to desert. Say that it is for your sake. Say that you need her to help you with Greg and so on. I don't need to dictate your letter, but make it strong. I'll manage her railway fare, somehow or other. She has to get away from here for the present.

She is twelve years old, imaginative and impressionable. We have been fools to leave her alone so much with Olympe, here of late. I don't need to tell you how brave and sensible Lucy usually is. She will come thru even this, all right, if we give her half a chance. She won't get the half chance, here, now, with Olympe treating her to scenes like the one last evening, and telling her—the Lord knows what, and making her promise not to tell. The kid has something extra on her mind. And, tho Lucy won't tell me, I am darn sure it was Olympe who loaded it there. I couldn't insist that Lucy break a promise. But can you imagine any one fool enough to add the burden of a secret and a promise to Lucy's troubles right now?

When this afternoon is over—the funeral is to be this afternoon—I am going to Olympe about it. Not that I think it will amount to a hill of beans, but, since we won't be able to get Lucy to you for a week or so, I'll have to get things straightened out for her in the meantime.

She is scared, Judy—Lucy is. When I got her quieted down, last night, I urged her to go up-stairs to bed. She wouldn't go. She said that she was lonesome alone, and that she wanted to stay with me. Then, of a sudden, you know how she lights and flashes, she said, "That is a lie, Neal. I've turned coward. Don't tell grandfather. I am afraid to go up-stairs and stay alone in my room."

I fixed her a fine bed, and screened it off from the light, on the sitting-room sofa. But I am sure you'll agree with me that we must get Lucy right away from here. Your loving brother,

NEAL.

Saturday, October 13, 1900

**DEAR JUDY:** We buried father today. To gratify Aunt Gracia, we had the Siloamite ceremony. They did the best they could to rebreak our hearts, if that could have been possible. Since mummery is not always ineffective, there should be a law decreeing that no one but a man's enemies be allowed to attend his funeral.

The entire county was there, I think. There were ponderously perfumed flowers, tortured into unnatural shapes, over which furry looking letters writhed into words—"At Rest"—and such originalities.

When we came home, neighbors had been here and had left a table spread with an astonishing repast in odd dishes which we

never use. Nothing was lacking, you see, from the best funeral traditions—not even the baked meats. Nothing was lacking, except any sense of the fitness of things, or of the comfort of finality, or the dignity of death, or the realization that we are a supposedly civilized people, living in the year 1900 A.D. Your loving brother,

NEAL.

Monday, October 15, 1900

**DEAR JUDY:** Your letter in answer to my first one to you came this morning. I'm glad that you think I did right when I told you everything. But I am sorry that you thought my purpose in writing was to gain comfort and consolation for myself.

It is gratifying, of course, to know that you are sure I did not go into father's room and murder him in cold blood. Gratifying, too, to be assured that you can't believe I murdered father—not even by mistake, for Chris. As a matter of fact, I had reached both conclusions some time ago.

Your judgment, from a few thousand miles of distance, that we were all mistaken about nobody hiding in the house, and, probably, all mistaken about there being no footprints in the snow, is also reassuring. And nothing could be more inspirational than your repeated assertion that, until I come to my senses and realize that no member of the family *could possibly* have done such a wicked thing, I'll be useless as an aid in discovering the real criminal. Too, your persistent demands that I stop being foolish, hysterical, and begin to think calmly and sanely and search for "clues," (Lord, Jude, that searching for clues came near to being the last straw!) and evolve some sensible theory and some reasonable plan of action, have been carefully noted.

Sorry, but to date I have evolved no such theory or plan. However, another member of the family has been less neglectful. I shall give you the theory. You may have it to play with, but I advise against your putting it in your mouth, because, I fear, it might rub off and give you a tummy-ache.

It was constructed by Olympe, and it was the theory which succeeded in frightening Lucy—I had given the child credit for much better sense—out of her wits. At Lucy's earnest solicitation, Olympe graciously allowed Lucy to repeat the production to me. The author modestly declined a direct discussion of it with me.

Lucy tells me that she has enlightened you, to some extent, concerning a gentleman unfortunately named Archie Biggil—ex-husband of Irene's. That she has told you of his, perhaps belated, ardor; of his jealousy, his passion, and other interesting emotions. Sweet stuff for a kid to have been consuming.

Olympe thinks that this Archie Biggil came, armed to the teeth, with great stealth, in the deep darkness of the night, to Q.2 Ranch. She thinks that he wore a red mask; that he crept into father's room and shot him, not, as you may be supposing, by mistake for Chris—tho that, too, would involve one or two minor discrepancies, such as the fact that Archie, not having known of the changed rooms, would have been unapt to make such a mistake—but out of revenge for Irene's unhappiness at Q.2.

Olympe advances that Archie, thoroly provoked, had intended a sort of holocaust, or general slaughter of the Quilters. But, possibly due to his astonishment at having the first murder prove such a noisy undertaking, he had, temporarily tho immediately, desisted. He had rushed into the hall. He had met Irene, who, overcome with some emotion (joy? fright? horror? astonishment?) had experienced but one impulse—to wit, the getting of Archie under cover. She had herded him into the attic. She had locked him in one of her trunks for safe-keeping!

Irene's three large trunks in the attic were locked. They were not searched. They have never, to my knowledge, been searched. Since Olympe has never helped in our searchings, I do not know how she happened to be aware of the locked, unsearched trunks. Evidently, some one has told her of them.

To continue, and to repeat, Irene locked the irritable Archie in one of her trunks, and returned below stairs to discover, for the first time, what it was that Archie had been up to. Again, the range of her possible emotions is a wide one. We (Turn to page 78)

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 freshness—  
 all winter long  
 ~with asparagus*



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Jars & Tubes

## MUSTEROLE

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## FOOTPRINTS

Continued from page 77

may assume that her sense of tact soon predominated. Disliking to be involved in the affair, she simply left Archie locked in the trunk. Tho, in due time, Olympe seems to prophesy, Irene will relent and unlock Archie.

You may judge what the past week had done to Lucy, when you realize that she could admit junk of this sort into that straight thinking mind of hers. It makes me ill. Almost as ill as it does to wonder why Olympe was so badly in need of a theory that she should proffer this one.

Your brother, NEAL.

Wednesday, October 17, 1900

DEAR JUDY: No, we haven't found the murderer. But something happened last night that proves, about as clearly as anything but finding him and hearing his confession could prove, that not one of the family was involved in the dirty business. Go on, Judy dear, crow! You can't crow any louder than I wish I had a right to.

Here is the story. Yesterday afternoon Uncle Phineas left, again, for Portland. This may seem sort of queer to you—but it isn't. I can't explain it, right now. It is a secret that Uncle Phineas and I have had together for a long time now. But next week he hopes to be able to tell the family. As yet he hasn't told even grandfather or Olympe.

I was sorry he couldn't see his way clear to confiding in Olympe, because his going right away again hurt her feelings like everything. He couldn't take her with him on account of our being so hard up for ready money, just now. Uncle Phineas shares Dr. Joe's room in Portland. If he had taken Olympe they would have had to go to a hotel, and we couldn't afford it. All this, then, to explain why Olympe returned to her bed, to stay, after Uncle Phineas left yesterday afternoon.

At six-thirty Aunt Gracia was going to send Olympe's supper tray up to her by Dong Lee—who is back at Q.2, his aching teeth now all shining gold—but I carried it instead. I am darn glad that I did, for now I know what I know. She seemed so forlorn that I sat down and talked to her while she ate her supper.

I didn't stay with her any longer than seemed necessary. When she had eaten her supper, she asked me to search her room before I left her alone in it. To humor her, I made a thoro job of it. I looked under the bed and the sofa, in the closet, behind the curtains, and I even opened her old Flemish chest, and stirred thru it. She asked me, next, to put her wrapper handy, so that she could slip into it when she got up to lock the door after me.

I told her that some one would be coming up, directly after supper, to keep her company, and then she'd have to get out of bed and unlock the door again. She said that she would not stay a moment alone in the house unless she were certain that every window and door was locked. (I grinned to myself. One of her windows was three inches down from the top, right then, as Uncle Phineas always has it when he is at home. I had left it like that because I thought the fresh air would be good for her headache. That stuffy, purple and brown, verberna and liniment atmosphere that always pervades Olympe's room would give me a headache at any time.) She said, also, that she was in no humor for company this evening. You know Olympe's "Tired, ill and old" speech—or perhaps you don't. It seems to me that has been devised since you left. At any rate, she was unfit for companionship. She was, as soon as I left her, going to take some of the drops Dr. Joe had given her. She hoped, merely hoped, for a little sleep. So, if I would please ask the others to walk quietly when they came thru the hall on the way to bed?

I promised to deliver the message, took her tray and went into the hall. I put it on the stand, and went into the bathroom to clean up a bit. As I walked thru the hall I noticed—I am certain of this—that all the doors were standing ajar except the attic door, your door, and the door to father's room. When I came out of the bathroom, I picked up the tray and went down-stairs, using the back stairway.

The folks were sitting down to supper when I went into the dining-room. I apologized to grandfather for being late. Dong

Lee came in with a tray of muffins, and hung around to hear them praised. Aunt Gracia and Lucy remarked on their excellence. Chris asked how Olympe was feeling. I answered, and delivered her message about quiet in the hall. Irene produced a none too gentle remark concerning Olympe's deafness. Chris, as usual—one does sort of have to feel sorry for Chris, at times—tried to cover it with an observation about the mantel clock's being slow. Aunt Gracia thought not, and asked grandfather for the correct time. Grandfather took out his watch, opened it, said that it was two minutes after seven—

Just at that moment, with every last one of us right there around the dining-table, the sound of a gunshot crashed thru the house. It was precisely and exactly one too many shots for most of us.

The next thing I knew, I was running up the back stairs, listening to a beast growling in my own throat. Since running down the hall, straight to Olympe's room, was the sensible thing to have done, I can't understand why I did it, then—but I did. I was the first one to reach her door. It was open. I ran into her room. She was in bed. Her night lamp was lighted on the table beside her. She is all right, Judy. Don't be frightened. She is as sound as she ever was, untouched by anything worse than a bad scare.

But I did not know it when I ran to her. The others, who came crowding in, didn't know it, either. I thought that, like father, she had been shot and killed. I thought it so certainly that when I touched her, she felt cold; and for one wild, red second, I saw soaking blood. I am stopping to tell you this in order to show you what sort of tricks my mind and senses will play on me. It is a lesson about trusting either of them too far. Even yet, I find myself thinking that Olympe is dead, and I have to stop and painstakingly remember that she is not.

I heard Aunt Gracia's voice declaring that Olympe was not hurt. I heard the words, but for all the meaning they conveyed, she might have been reciting the multiplication table. The first inkling of my intelligence returned when I heard Irene croak something about Uncle Thaddeus. I turned to look at grandfather, just in time to see him loosen his hold on the foot of the bed and slip down into a heap on the floor.

Again, don't be frightened. Grandfather is all right now—or at least, as nearly all right as he could be after having had a second shock of the sort. He won't stay in bed—and he is declaring that it was all nonsense for us to have sent for Dr. Joe. Just the same, I'll be glad to see Dr. Joe put in an appearance here. He's antiseptic, that's what he is. I wish to the Lord he had been here during the fracas yesterday evening.

I DO not need to tell you what seeing I grandfather go under did to us. Even Dong Lee, who had come up with the others, went clear balmy—pushing us away from grandfather, or trying to, and chattering. Olympe revived, and contributed more than her share to the bedlam. I'll not attempt to describe it—I couldn't, anyway. But when I tell you that, after we'd got grandfather to the sofa, he lay there, looking as if he were dead, and that we could not get his heart beats, and thought that he was dead, or dying, you will understand why we were not attending to any one or anything else. You'll understand why, not until grandfather's ruddiness began to seep back into his cheeks, and his eyes were opened and he was talking to us, reassuring us, we did not give a damn if a whole regiment of murderers was marching, slowly, away from the house. They had time to, right enough. It was half past seven before Chris began his declamation about this being the same thing over again, and his rhetorical questions about what were we doing, and where was the murderer.

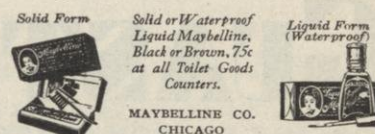
Grandfather, by this time, was sitting up on the sofa with one arm around Lucy and one around Aunt Gracia, both of whom, unromantically, were hiccupping convulsively. As I looked at him, I had a bright idea. They—all of us—needed police protection.

I stated this idea, and, also, that I was going right then to ride to Quilerville and get Gus Wildoch and a deputy or two. I started on the run. Grandfather called me. "My boy," he said, when I had come back into Olympe's room, "you said that you



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were going to tell the sheriff what had happened here. Do you know what has happened here? Does any one know? I do not."

If I looked as I felt, I looked like two fools. "We heard a revolver shot," grandfather said. "We came to this room and found that Olympe had, again, fainted. The similarity of this circumstance with that of the tragedy proved too much for my strength, I am ashamed to say. Olympe, my dear, did you happen to discharge a revolver, by mistake?"

Olympe pulled herself up higher on her pillows, drew her pretty old-rose wrapper about her shoulders, perked up her famous chin, and made it known to all present that she had never yet fired a revolver on any account, either by mistake or purposely, and that, she trusted, she never should. In the midst of death, as it were, Olympe is a gentlewoman. She had just passed thru a most terrible experience, and still she found space to resent with dignity what she considered an implication of rowdiness from grandfather.

Grandfather apologized, and asked her if she had any memory at all of anything that had happened before she had fainted.

I believe that we all thought she wouldn't have. Thank the Lord she did have! It took her a long time to tell it, but what she told was this:

**AFTER** I left her she had got out of bed and locked her door. She had gone immediately back to bed. She was lying there, annoyed because she had forgotten to take her drops while she had been up. She reached for her wrapper, on the foot of her bed, preparatory to rising again, and, just as she did so, she heard a noise at the cupola window—the one I had purposely left open from the top. She turned, and looked across the room toward it. She saw a man, wearing a bright red mask, slowly pushing open her window. She tried to scream, but her throat had closed. She tried to move. She could not. She said that the sensation was precisely the same as one experiences during nightmares. She closed her eyes. She made an effort for prayer. She felt that she was suffocating. She could hear the window being raised slowly, inch by inch. Something, she said, seemed to break in her mind. She thought, "This is what death means." That was the last thing she knew until she opened her eyes and saw us all gathered around grandfather on the sofa. She thought that the man in the red mask had come into her room and killed grandfather.

That was all she could tell us. She had not heard the shot fired. It was enough to tell Gus. A man, wearing a red mask, had climbed to the porch roof, and into Olympe's room, thru her window. He had fired one shot, and had escaped.

I asked grandfather if I might go, now, to Quilterville. He said for me to use my own judgment.

Here's a hot one on me, Judy. While I was saddling Tuesday's Child, I had a queer feeling, which I did not entirely recognize. About a quarter of a mile down the road, it introduced itself to me. I was scared. Rather definitely scared, and this time for my own skin. The moon was not up yet, and there were just enough clouds to keep the starlight from being showy. I took the short cut thru the oaks, and every falling leaf or creaking branch was the man in the red mask taking aim at me.

After I had left to go to Quilterville, grandfather, Chris and Aunt Gracia had made another thoro investigation of the house.

The bedroom doors were all locked again on the outside, as they had been locked on the night that father was killed. Again, too, the same doors had been left unlocked—that is, the attic and the bathroom doors. Father's door, this time, had been locked and Olympe's locked door had been unlocked and left open. The seven keys were on Olympe's bedside table, as they had been on father's.

The rope, the same old clothes-line, which had been returned to the attic, was on the floor in Olympe's room. It was not tied around the leg of the bed, nor around anything. It was lying there, in a loose coil, near the foot of the bed.

The bullet from the gun had gone into the wall, about three feet above Olympe's pillows. Evidently, he had aimed at her; but his shot had gone wild.

Nothing was out of place in Olympe's room. Exactly as it had been in father's room—not a chair seemed to have been moved, not a drawer opened.

Lying on the floor, directly beneath the open cupola window, was a mask, large enough to cover a man's entire face, cut roughly out of bright red satin. So, in spite

of my surety, it would seem, now, that undoubtedly "red mask" were the words that father had said to Irene before he died.

Now, to see what we can do with all this. First, the locked doors: There could be, has been, endless speculation about those locked doors. But, finally, they seem to come to but two hypotheses. Either the fellow is up to something of which, as yet, not one of us has begun to get an inkling; or else, he is a raving maniac, and his very lack of purpose is what is throwing us all so completely off the scent, and also what is saving him.

I am strong for the second theory—that this is the work of a maniac. But, unless we decide that this man has made up his mind to wipe out the entire Quilter family, which, of course, could be the decision of only a maniac, we can not conceive of Olympe's having the same enemy that father might have had—or any enemy, for that matter.

This is what Chris thinks queers my maniac contention. He insists that it would take a keen mind to do exactly the same thing, twice, and outwit us each time. Of course, any fool who was willing to risk his neck could have made a clean get-away last night. After the snow melted, we had another freeze, and the ground is so hard that we can't stamp our own footprints down into it. Escape, then, last night—discounting, again, the distance from the porch roof to the ground, and the dangers of the rain spout as a ladder—would have been simple enough. We know, tho, that he did not get away across the roof that first night. We know that the snow was unmarked by any sort of print. Consequently, Chris thinks that the fellow worked again, last night, whatever foxy scheme he worked the first time. That is so reasonable, that I am more than half ashamed of myself for not agreeing. The rope, the locked doors, and the red mask prove that it was the same man both times.

The others are beginning to wonder, now, if we might have been mistaken about footprints that first night—if we might have overlooked a single line of them. Lucy, with her ingenious mind, has suggested that he might have got away on stilts! I know that there were no footprints. We have to stick to what we do know, or we shall never get anywhere. Since the man did not get out of the house that Monday night, he must have stayed in the house. Until last night, I have been certain that, since he did not stay in hiding in the house, he stayed, as Aunt Gracia said, not in hiding. Or, to put it brashly, he was one of us.

Last night, every single one of us was in the dining-room, sitting around the table. Dong Lee was serving us. That settles it. It could not have been one of us. Consequently, he did not stay in hiding in the house.

All this seems to grant him super-brains and sanity. But I believe it is quite as reasonable to grant him a madman's cunning, and a fool's luck. When we find out what he did, where he went that first night, I'll bet ten acres of Q.2 that we'll not find any deep scheming, any genius job at the bottom of it. I'll bet the same ten acres, that we'll find something so simple that a child might have devised it, so transparent that we've all looked straight thru it without seeing it. I feel, somehow, certain that the entire thing is right before us for us to look at—if only we knew how to look. How to look seems to be the question now, rather than where to look. You know what a wizard Aunt Gracia is when it comes to finding lost articles—and how she always says it is because she never hunts, but always thinks. It is thinking, now, and not peering under beds, that is going to land us where we need to be.

**BOTH** times we have given the fellow a good many minutes to use as he pleased. But, since we are civilized beings, not entirely injured to tragedy, I suppose it is not wholly to our discredit that our first impulses, on such occasions, should be for other than an immediate pursuit of the criminal.

Gus and his brothers do not subscribe to such sentimentality. They arrived, fully panoplied, about nine this morning (I couldn't get Gus the night before) and were at once overcome with disgust to think we had given attention to Olympe and grandfather last night before we had started hue and cry. Nor did Chris's contention that he had gone straight to the window in Olympe's room, last night, and looked out of it, and seen nothing (the man could have got to the cover of the lower porch by that time) help much.

"Sure, I know," Gus said. "Looking out of windows is all right. But how long did you folks hang around and talk things over this time, before you men (Turn to page 80)

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2245	45	2280	30	2315	50	2350	35	2385	45	2420	45
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2258	45	2293	45	2328	50	2363	45	2398	45		
2259	50	2294	35	2329	45	2364	30	2399	35		
2260	30	2295	45	2330	35	2365	45	2400	50		
2261	50	2296	35	2331	45	2366	50	2401	35		
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## FOOTPRINTS

Continued from page 79

thought of going out after the — who did the killing?"

Later, he relented to the extent of admitting that, since he represented law and order in Quilter County, he supposed he'd try to be of some use. When they finally left, Gus said that he would see what he could do about sending a couple of the boys out to guard for a few days. No one has come, as yet, so he must have seen that he could do nothing.

Don't for the Lord's sake, Judy, go worrying about our safety. Unlike Gus, we are able to do several things. Chris and I are both staying up tonight, for all night.

I guess this tells it all for tonight. Except sorry, and so on, for that fool letter I wrote to you yesterday. And, Judy, don't forget about sending for Lucy, pronto. If we get the money from father's insurance, I am going to try to think of some scheme for getting grandfather away for at least a few weeks. Lucy and grandfather are the only ones here whom I am worried, much, about. The others seem to be coming thru pretty well. Olympe, I am sure, will be all right as soon as Uncle Phineas gets home. Thank fortune, when he comes this time, he'll be able to stay. Your loving brother,

NEAL.

Thursday, October 18, 1900

DEAR JUDY:

Olympe had supposed that Uncle Phineas would come with Dr. Joe from Portland this afternoon. (Dr. Joe had been out of town and hadn't got my telegram until late Wednesday.) When Uncle Phineas did not come, her fury propelled her from her bed, and down stairs, in her black gown—by this time fully denuded of its festive color.

At seven this evening, Lucy came to me and asked me to come up stairs with her. She led me directly to Olympe's room. Lucy is so choice, that I am going to attempt to quote her, as nearly as I can.

"Neal," said she, "I have something to tell to some one, and I have decided that, just now, you are probably the best one of the family to tell."

Said I, "To tell what?"

Said Lucy, "To tell that I am very sure no man with a red mask came to Olympe's room on Tuesday night. Ever since I decided to be an author, grandfather has been training me to observe closely. Now, Neal dear, will you please observe with me?"

She asked me to lie down on Olympe's bed, where Olympe had been lying on Tuesday night. She had the night lamp lighted, and on the table as it had been that night. She crossed the room, stood in front of the window, and asked me whether I could see her white face.

I could not. The night lamp, shaded as it is, lights a small circle on the bedside table, and lights nothing else.

I heard her open the window. "I am sitting in the window, now," she said, "with the pane pulled down between you and me. Does the glass make a difference? Can you see my white face?" I could not.

"Then how," she asked, "could Olympe have seen a man, and the bright red mask, at this same time on Tuesday night? Now listen," she went on. "When I bang the window up hard, like this, you can hear it? But can you hear it when I raise it slowly, like this, inch by inch?"

Since it made no sound whatever, I could not.

"You see," Lucy stated, "Olympe said that the window being raised, slowly, inch by inch, was what she heard to make her look toward it. She kept on hearing it, raised inch by inch. I can't hear it myself, when I'm raising it slowly. You can't hear it, over there. Olympe is, really, a trifle deaf."

Neal shines. Neal is brilliant. "Just the same, Lucy, we all of us heard the shot. There is no arguing away from that."

Lucy grows maternal. "Yes, Neal darling, of course. But, you know, I think that Olympe fired the shot herself. You see, she always slept with Uncle Phineas's gun under her pillow when he was away from home. She kept it unloaded—or meant to. But the cartridges for it are right here in the commode drawer, where you found them the other night. Olympe could have put just one of them into the gun, and got into bed, and shot it off up there into the wall, where

she knew it would stick and not hurt any one. Then she could have jibbed it back under her pillow, and plumped right down into bed again. If we had searched for a gun, this time, and we didn't, none of us would have thought it odd if we'd found the unloaded one under her pillow where she always kept it."

"At least not as odd," I said, "as I think it is for you to accuse Olympe of this. Why are you doing it, Lucy?"

"I'll tell you my purpose in a minute or two," Lucy said. "First, I should like to get thru with my thinking. I think that Olympe's reason for planning to do this was that Uncle Phineas went away and left her alone, when she kept telling him she needed his protection."

"Uncle Phineas, of course, will be shocked and remorseful when he finds how nearly Olympe did come to being killed. And, also, Neal, Olympe has been sort of left out of things since father was killed. Being almost killed herself, gives her an *entrée*. We know that is the way Olympe is made, and that she can't help it at all—not any more than she can help being rather dull."

"The mask was cut from one of Olympe's old ball gowns that I used to dress up in, in the attic. The trouble is, some little snips of it were here in her work basket, and some threads of it were still caught in her blunt scissors. I thought it wise to look, because Sherlock Holmes was always making such important discoveries with bits of tweed, you know. Now, I think, I can tell you my purpose. I want you to explain to Olympe, Neal. She must be explained to, and I think it would be much better taste for you to do the explaining than for me, at my age, to attempt it."

"Explain—what, Lucy?" I was shocked at the way I croaked it.

"But, Neal! You must explain to her that the man jumped quite heavily into the room from the window. That he came gliding across the floor, and stooped to glare, or peer, or some such thing, at her, beneath the lamp. That she took one horror stricken glance at the frightful eyes, burning thru the holes in the red mask, and, as he made a cruel, menacing sound, and reached for his gun, she fainted dead away. I have cleaned the scraps out of her work basket, of course."

"You must be very careful, darling. It will be difficult. But it is necessary, now that Olympe has left her room, that she should not tell that story of hers outside the family circle. She had planned it so nicely, she thought, to have it all exactly like the other time. She even stole out in the hall, after you had left her, and locked all the doors. I think she must have brought the rope from the attic in the afternoon, and hidden it in father's room. Then she had only to dash in there, and carry it into her room. She must have hurried to get things all arranged and play the whole scene in so short a time. Poor Olympe—it must be sad for any one to have to be as important to themselves as Olympe is. You do understand, don't you, Neal, that being an actress is really an affliction of Olympe's, like Pansy Gummer's short legs?"

I told Lucy I understood that. What I did not understand, I went on to say, was how a little girl, who could think thru a thing as intricate as this, could possibly have been frightened by a silly story about Archie Biggill hiding in locked trunks.

LUCY said, "I only pretended to believe that story. I thought if you could possibly think that I was afraid of Archie Biggill it would be so much better than for you to know the truth. Neal, dear, you have seemed to need comfort of late."

I asked her if she would please consider that I had been comforted, and tell me, if she knew, what she had been afraid of.

"Why, Neal," she said, "I was afraid of Olympe, of course."

She left me wordless. I must have looked my need for comfort, however, for Lucy hastened with it.

"Darling," she said, "that was my mere physical fear. It wasn't by any means as uncomfortable as my unphysical fear that outsiders might discover the truth—but it made me more of a baby. I was especially afraid after I had laughed at Olympe, that evening. But, of course, I have had to be a



little afraid from the first. And the Archie Biggil story made it worse. When Olympe told me that, I knew. Even Olympe, you see, Neal, couldn't have credited that Archie Biggil story."

"Lucy," I managed to question, "are you saying that Olympe murdered father?"

"Yes," she answered, in that direct way of hers, "that is what I believe. I am sure, of course, that Olympe didn't mean to do it. I think she went into father's room with Uncle Phineas's gun that night, and that she thought the gun was unloaded. When she got into father's room, she acted one of her scenes for him. I think she must have been trying to make him promise that he would not consent to Christopher's selling the ranch. Christopher might not have sold if father had opposed it strongly enough. Olympe was worried about the poorhouse, you know. So I think she went to father to play like she was very, very brave—probably she had Charlotte Corday in mind, or some other fearless lady. Yes, Neal, I know it is very silly. But, you see, Olympe lives in this very silly world that she makes for herself—I mean, really lives in it all the time."

"I fancy, when she took the revolver from her dress, that father just lay there and laughed at her. You know what laughing does to Olympe. You saw her the other night, when I laughed. And so, quite carried away with her acting, as she does get, you know, she pulled the trigger of the gun. She never thought that it would. But it did—go off. She must have been dreadfully shocked and frightened. She ran straight away back to her own room, and fainted."

"Of course, she'd have had to be a little crazy, ever to have begun any of that—or to think she could point a revolver at father and get a promise. And I thought, such a horrible accident might have made her a little more crazy. And I thought—I'm afraid this is not clear thinking, tho—that suppose she'd suspect I had guessed the truth. And, I know, Neal, this was silly of me—but I couldn't keep from being afraid she might play another scene, and have another accident."

WHY, I asked, if Olympe had had no idea of using her gun, if she had thought that it was unloaded, had she locked us all in our rooms, before going into father's room?

"I think," Lucy answered, "that she didn't. I think that, when Irene came upstairs and found Christopher had locked her out, it vexed her so much that she slipped along the hall and locked all the doors—just to make trouble in the morning. You know, she told me herself that she locked the stairway doors to show Christopher that two could play at that lock-out game."

"Do you think, Lucy, that Irene could have opened all of our doors, removed the keys, and locked us in without our hearing her?"

"I think she could have with all of us but grandfather. If grandfather had heard some one fumbling at his door, he might have called out a question, he might not. If he had thought some one of us was trying to do something or other to his door, without disturbing him, it would be just like grandfather to be too courteous to let us know he had been disturbed."

"And you believe that grandfather would lie about it, afterwards?"

"That is wrong of you, Neal. But I do think that grandfather might be generous rather than just. Since he didn't know that it was Irene who took his key, he might think it more generous not to say that he suspected her. Since grandfather would die, as you know, to save the Quilter honor, surely he would keep silent to save it."

"All right. How did the keys get into father's room?"

"Perhaps Irene had them with her, in her wrapper's pocket, when she came back upstairs after she heard the shot."

"And why did she, from the very start, lie about locking the doors?"

"I thought," Lucy said, "that she didn't like to confess she had been the one to lock us all in. Every one seemed to think that whoever locked us in committed the murder."

"All right. Can you answer this? When Irene locked us all in our rooms, wouldn't she have locked Olympe in her room, too?"

"She might have locked Olympe in father's room."

"Only," I protested, "when Irene opened father's door to get his key, wouldn't Olympe and father both have seen her?"

"If father's key had not been in the key-hole," Lucy answered, "Irene might have heard voices in his room, and not have opened

the door. She might have locked it with one of the keys she already had."

"Very well. You have locked father's door. How did Olympe get out of it, after the shot, and into her own locked room again?"

"If father's key had been in some handy place, she might have used it to unlock the door, and to open her own door, and to lock her own door after her again. Or, Olympe, when she went into father's room, might have turned the key in the lock. It would have made a gesture, and a speech. She might have held the key in her hand, and have shown it to father, and told him that, until she had his promise, neither of them could leave that room. Irene's locking was just naughtiness. If father's door had been locked on the inside, she wouldn't have bothered about it. She'd have locked the others and gone on down-stairs."

"And the rope, hanging out of the open window?"

JUDY, on the square, I fully expected the kid to have some logical, well thought out explanation of the rope. I have spared you a description of my own mental processes during this interview with our little twelve-year-old sister. I have assumed that your imagination would be more competent than my powers of description. Well, thank the Lord, the baby stuck at the rope.

"Could it be," she questioned, "that Olympe had threatened to hang herself out of the window with the rope?"

"Or to hang father?" I suggested.

"I know," she agreed, and blushed, "that is bad. That is allowing my imagination to run away with my logic. No, Neal, I can't explain the rope. There is a chance that father had wanted to get some one into the house that night, and had fixed it to help him in. Grandfather has told me about other incidents—life allows such coincidences—I mean as father having fixed the rope on the same night that he was shot by accident—but literature does not. Perhaps, it might be that father had lowered something out of the window that night; something heavy that would have pulled the bed a bit. If he had done so before the snow was on the ground, whoever was below to receive it could have taken it and walked right away, or wheeled it in a barrow, and the snow would have covered any footprints or barrow tracks."

"And father, who had gone to all that trouble for secrecy, would have lowered his treasure chest out of the window, and have gone back to bed, leaving the window wide open for the wind to blow over him, and the rope dangling to be seen?"

Lucy argued, "The rope couldn't have been seen until morning. Father might have had some reason for leaving it as it was for a few hours. Perhaps some one was going to send something up again—and couldn't when he realized that the snow would show the footprints in the morning. Father would have closed the window. But Olympe might have opened it, at the last minute. She might have thought she'd throw the gun out of it. And then, when she saw the snow, and realized how a black gun would show in the white snow, changed her mind."

"By the way, Lucy, why did father say 'red mask' to Irene?"

"If he did say it, I think he said it to save Olympe. He'd wish to, you know. He'd have been sure that Olympe did not mean to shoot him."

"Have you decided what heavy thing it was that father lowered out of the window, and to whom he lowered it?"

"I had thought," Lucy answered, "that you might know that. I had thought it might have something to do with the secret you and Uncle Phineas have been keeping together. I thought Uncle Phineas, since no one knew where he was that night, might have been under father's window."

AS IT happens, Judy, that is utter idiocy. A good many persons know exactly where Uncle Phineas was that night. We shall all know it, before long now. I told Lucy this. She remarked that she was glad.

I told her, next, that this mistake of hers should be a lesson to her concerning how easily mistakes could be made in matters of this sort. (That sounds like me and my heavy, platitudinous, pedagogic style. Odd, the continuation of Lucy's devotion.)

She asked me what other mistakes she had made.

I explained to her that, tho she had worked her problem neatly, she had not got the right answer because she had left out an important equation—the human (Turn to page 82)



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# FOOTPRINTS

Continued from page 81

equation. I asked her, if Olympe had actually planned to go thru with such a scene in father's room, what her first thought would have been.

"To dress up for the part," said Lucy. "But I decided that she had undressed, again, before we found her in her outing-flannel nightgown."

"Very well," I said. "But examine this. Would Olympe leave father, mortally wounded, run to her room, get out of her costume, hang it in the closet—it was not strewn about her room—put on her nightgown, take the gun again into her hand, and fall in a dead faint on the floor?"

"I should think," said Lucy, "since she did miss meeting Irene in the hall, there'd have been plenty of time, after that."

"Narrow it down," I insisted. "Would Olympe, if she had shot father by mistake, have left him alone to suffer and die?"

"Do you mean," Lucy gasped, "that Olympe shot father on purpose?"

"I mean," I said, "you little nonny, you, that Olympe did not shoot father at all. I mean, that it has been wrong of you to think these thoughts."

"Doubtless," she sighed, in that seldom used, grown-up manner of hers. "But I have decided that I must have a wicked personality. I have broken all the rules of conduct grandfather gave to me. But, at least, Neal, I am logical."

I told her that if deciding one of the family was a murderer, or, at best, a brutal beast of a coward, and that all the rest of the family were scamps and liars, was an evidence of logic, she was logical right enough.

"Whom have I accused of lying?"

"Begin with Chris. He said, under oath, that he did not lock Irene out of their room."

"I didn't hear him say it. But, even so, I'd call that a very light lie—a lie that any gentleman should be willing to use to get a lady out of serious trouble, especially since the lady was his wife."

"And what serious trouble was Irene in?"

"But Neal, she was the only one of the family who was locked out in the hall."

"Lucy," I questioned, "who have you been talking to?"

"Really, only to myself," she said. "But I've pretended to be talking to Sherlock Holmes. I have been Dr. Watson for days now—whenever I have felt at all up to it. It is an excellent way to clear one's mind, Neal. Why don't you try it, dear?"

I TOLD her that I didn't care for the sort of brain that could clean out a good woman's character, in a swoop, and leave a bad woman, a woman rotten to the core. I asked her, if the second affair had not come up, how long she had planned to keep this mad belief of hers, that Olympe had done the murder, a secret?

"I had meant," she replied, "to keep it forever. It seemed best. You'd think, Neal, that keeping it would have been quite easy. No. It hasn't been."

You'll hate me for this, Judy, I suppose. It was beastly of me, I know. But I'd thought that Lucy needed a lesson. And—why not be honest?—I love the working of the kid's mind. I am as proud as a parent when I get a peek at the way it goes. But that final little, "No. It hasn't been," of hers, got the best of me.

I told her then, what I should have told her in the beginning, and what she had had no opportunity to know without being told, since she was not at the inquest: That the bullet, which Dr. Joe had removed from father's body, had been fired from a .38-Colt of fairly recent make. That Uncle Phineas's old Colt was a .32-calibre. That he left it at home, now, when he went on prospecting trips, because he had the new .38 that he bought a couple of years ago when father and grandfather bought of that man who came around on a bicycle taking orders for them.

"Was the kind he sold the kind that killed darling father?" Lucy questioned.

"Yes. And every man who has a gun in three counties has one of them."

"I had thought," Lucy said, "that Uncle Phineas went to the city. You and I telegraphed there."

I told her that before long now she'd know where Uncle Phineas had been; and, until she did know, it would be more polite to stop guessing about it.

"I only meant," she explained, "that, if Uncle Phineas had gone to Portland, and not prospecting, he probably wouldn't have taken his new .38 Colt with him."

FOR a wonder, I understood what she meant. It proves again, plainly, my contention that guns, ropes, coal oil, and their ilk are worse than worthless when it comes to finding the truth in a case of this sort.

"Very well, Lucy," I said. "If you can believe, after having known Olympe all your life, that she would run away from father, whom she really loved, when he was lying there with blood streaming from his breast, dying—run away, hide a gun so that it could never be found, get out of her clothes, and the rest of it, with no thought of anything but saving herself, it wouldn't help you much to tell you that Uncle Phineas did have his gun with him, his .38 Colt, on that trip. I took it out of his valise myself, when I helped him to unpack."

Lucy looked at me, drew in a long breath, and burst into tears.

"It was so much better," she sobbed, "to think that Olympe did it by accident. None of the rest of us could have done it by accident. And, besides, nothing is real to Olympe. Neal—Neal—see, now—the rest of us!"

She said it, Judy. The rest of us. The more I think of it, the more I am certain that Lucy is right, absolutely right, about Olympe's little drama on Tuesday evening. It is all perfectly evident. But I do not believe that Olympe staged it either to spite Uncle Phineas or to get the center of the stage. I know that she is too good a woman to have yielded to the temptation for no better reasons than these. I think that she thought the act would do just what it did do, for me at least. That it would remove suspicion from every member of our household.

Damn it all, Jude! Why didn't I think of something of the sort? Why didn't any other one of us? Do you get the irony of it? Olympe, the one person here on the ranch—I suppose we should have to except Irene, also—who would have bungled it hopelessly was the one person who thought of the scheme.

I don't know whether or not I have been the one fool of the household. If any of the others have doubted Olympe's story, they have not betrayed their doubt by the flicker of an eyelash. Tho, of course, grandfather doubted it from the beginning. His first question, I am sure I told you, was whether Olympe had discharged a revolver by accident. That, too, explained his reluctance to having me ride immediately to Quilerville. Also, when the county bunch arrived, grandfather had them come directly to his room. He said that Olympe was in no condition to be troubled with questions. You see, he wished to tell Olympe's story for her. And, when I heard him telling it, "Mrs. Quilter was aroused from her sleep, on Tuesday evening, by hearing a noise in her room. She opened her eyes and saw a man creeping toward her—a man whose face appeared to be covered with the red mask we have since found. She fainted from terror—" I merely thought that he had been too much fuddled at the time to get Olympe's story entirely as to detail.

Because I have dreaded it, I suppose, I have imagined, once or twice, that grandfather was getting less keen here of late. He is not. This proves it. Or, if he is, he could lose about half of his intelligence and still give us all cards and spades.

This, then, Judy, so far as I am concerned, is the end of it. We are back where we began, the night of father's murder.

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Skilful planting around a home gives pleasure in all seasons

## WINTER SHRUBBERY

*Branches and berries are often  
cheerier than solid evergreen*

By RUTH DEAN

THE wish to prolong summer seems to be as natural a human longing as the desire to remain young. In fact, the second is probably the cause of the first—eternal summer and eternal youth going hand in hand. The means of securing both are equally ineffectual, dyed hair and a heavy make-up being as somber a disguise for old age, as the solid planting of evergreens is for winter's face.

The request for "plenty of evergreens—because they are so cheerful in winter" or for a "great many rhododendrons because they keep their leaves all the year" are among the most frequent made of the landscape architect. "Plenty of evergreens" results in a stiff, artificial piece of planting that, winter and summer, looks forbidding. Most evergreens, such as the spruce, arbor-vitæ, cedar, upright yews, etc., have very stiff and definite shapes, and a group made up of cones, pyramids and balls without deciduous foliage to knit it together is a bristling, inharmonious mass.

Not alone on the basis of form is such a group to be condemned, but often also on the ground of color; many of these exotic evergreens have colors difficult to plant so that they do not stand out like sore thumbs, and when yellow arbor-vitæ are packed in next to blue spruce with silver-tipped retinispors alongside, the effect to the trained eye is harsh and unpleasant. The blue spruce is a noble tree in its native mountain habitat. Used for winter foliage around the foundations of a house in East Orange, it is nothing short of ridiculous. A forest tree that ultimately attains huge proportions, if it is planted close to the house, will grow in the course of five or ten years to a point where it obscures the view from the windows, and will either turn sickly from lack of room to spread or will smother the house.

What is true of the blue spruce is true also of any forest tree such as the hemlock, pine, Douglas or Norway fir, cedar, arbor-vitæ, retinispors. Evergreens to plant near a house must remain shrubs. Among the needle-bearing or coniferous evergreens, such plants are dwarf yew, dwarf hemlock, dwarf arbor-vitæ, dwarf mountain pine, dwarf juniper. These may not be the desired height at the time they are planted, but the time in which they become adequate flies by quickly.

Among the broad-leaved evergreen—Japanese holly, evergreen thorn, leucothoe, box, inkberry, some of the small-leaved rhododendrons such as rhododendron arbortifolium—and carolinianum, andromeda and Japanese euonymus are suitable for planting close to the house. None of these should be planted without having deciduous shrubs interspersed among them to lighten, by their grace and paler green foliage, the heavy funeral green of the evergreens. Snowberry, barberry, azalea, ilex serrulata are good shrubs

for this purpose, and it might be well to mention in passing that, on the difficult north or shady side of the house, the Japanese holly and snowberry will grow in a veritable black night of shade and look very pretty together. Most of the others do well in partial shade—and the junipers, arbor-vitæ, and mugho pine must have plenty of sun.

In supplementing these shrubs with deciduous ones, it is well to acquaint oneself with the winter aspect of the shrubs that lose their leaves; lilacs, for instance, with their fat, brown, spring-promising buds, are almost as attractive without their leaves as with them; the blue-brown, tangled twigs of barberry, loaded with red berries, catch and hold a winter's haze the way no plant with leaves could. The red-berried alder has glistening, black stems to carry its bright red berries, and the twigs of the cork-barked euonymus are an interesting sight; on the other hand, forsythia is hopelessly ugly without its leaves, deutzia is a brush heap that comes to life far too late in the spring to redeem itself, and weigelia never looks anything but diseased without its foliage. In winter all of these things are depressing near the house, and it is better practise to plant them sufficiently far away so that their spring and summer beauties may be appreciated without their winter raggedness offending.

Deciduous trees without their leaves very often have charms that are hidden in summer. Only in winter is the gray bark and beautiful branching habit of the beech visible, the gleaming white birch has too many friends to need comment, and the tent of twigs that makes the flowering dogwood a pleasant sight in winter is completely lost under the summer foliage. A venerable elm is handsome without leaves, and the horizontal branches of the honey locust are full of charm.

MOST of the evergreen trees are seen to better advantage planted by themselves than with each other, altho white pines and hemlocks are pleasant together, as are live oak and laurel oak and American holly. No better rule can be laid down than to follow the arrangement of nature. Certainly the rhododendrons as they are found in the mountains, furnishing the undergrowth of a forest mixed with many deciduous shrubs and trees, are a delightful contrast to their usual appearance in cultivated planting—packed in together with the one purpose, apparently, of producing an unbroken mass of rhododendron foliage.

If winter planting is to hold out the promise of another summer, it must contain some shrubs that have lost their leaves, not alone because of their promise of leaves to come again, but because this is the way to break up the funeral heaviness that clings about a solid planting of evergreens and defeats the purpose for which it was intended.



"ON AN EXPEDITION of this kind, completely cut off from outside medical help, the efficacy of Unguentine in cases of burns, cuts, bruises, and particularly frost-bite, will be a source of confidence to all our members," writes Dr. Francis Dana Coman, Byrd Antarctic Expedition.

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Below is the letter of a husband who was *not* prepared, who was helpless while acid burned into his wife's hand. Wherever you live or work, for your family's sake, never be without Unguentine.

Unguentine quickly relieves the terrible pain of burns. It safeguards from infection. Normal healing starts rapidly. Almost without exception, *no scar is left*.

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"MY WIFE was removing paint from china when she spilled some acid on her hands. She was in a terrible condition when I came home, three hours later.

I rushed down to the druggist and got a tube of Unguentine and smeared it over her hands. We had to file her rings off. Yet, in a few days, there were almost no signs of the burn... there will be no scars."



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Have your thoughts already wandered to spring and your garden?  
In February Miss Dean will help you plan new paths for it



# DELINEATOR SERVICE

WILL YOU BE LOVELIER THIS YEAR? *You owe it to yourself to be. Include the habit of loveliness among your New Year resolutions and start at once to make your hair shine, your skin glow and your figure young and supple. It can be done and our beauty booklets will tell you how. Have you a moment to lose?*

Send stamps, check or money order to ELIZABETH BENNETT, Service Editor, Delineator, 223 Spring Street, New York City.

## BEAUTY

- [1] **TOPNOTS AND FUZZ:** What hair is, its complete care, brushing, shampooing, what to do for dandruff, dry or oily hair, how to wear hair becomingly. And a detailed account of superfluous hair and reputable ways to eradicate it . . . . . 25c
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[Faces Up Your Sleeve  
Skin Like Silk  
Reducing in Spots  
Watchful Weighting



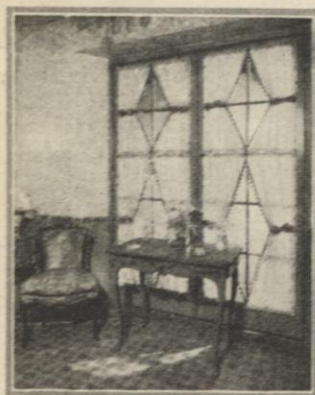
An informal tea tray from At the Table



The luxurious comfort of a satin slip cover



Chairs in summer dress shown in Slip Covers



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Little pots and pans used in Cooking for Two



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Dear Miss Bennett:—

Please send me the following numbers: . . . . .  
For these I am enclosing a check ☐ or money order ☐ or stamps ☐.

My name is . . . . .

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



# No more coaxing.... with these new ways of handling children

*"Mothers are discovering that there are simple ways to make children want to do a particular thing. Then the thing almost does itself," says Gladys Huntington Bevans*



Gladys Huntington Bevans, famous authority on child problems. Writer for Chicago Tribune and syndicated papers

**L**ITTLE scamps! Just when you think you've solved the problem of bringing them up—out they burst in some new direction! And you hate to be *always* at their heels.

Today there are new ways of handling children. Ways that are full of fun but that are scientifically worked out, too.

"Grown-ups know that when they really *want* to do something it's much easier for them," says Gladys Huntington Bevans, nationally known authority on child training, whose advice is an inspiration to thousands. "Now mothers are discovering that there are simple ways to make children *want* to do a particular thing. Then the thing almost does itself."

That matter of correct breakfast habits, for instance. Mothers are impressed with all they read about *hot, cooked* cereal. As they know, nationwide tests show that the child who tackles his lessons after a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast has a head start on the child who goes to school without it. That is why this rule hangs on the walls of over 70,000 school rooms:

*"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"*

Most parents are so conscious of how important hot cereal is that they forget child nature. In their earnestness, they make the fatal mistake of saying, "Now you *must* eat your Cream of Wheat. It's *good* for you."

Then it's all off, nine cases out of ten. The youngster pushes his bowl aside and says, "I don't want to eat Cream of Wheat," or "I don't want oatmeal," or whatever the cereal may be. That "must" has spoiled everything.

Child psychologists have realized this—have realized too that mothers need help. So an ingenious plan has been devised. With it, children delight you by wanting *hot, cooked* cereal every morning. In fact, they object lustily if they don't get it!

This plan is a club—called the H. C. B. Club. Everything is free—mailed to the child. Badges, big colored wall charts, gold stars, and—most irresistible of all—a secret meaning!

Breakfast turned into play! That's

a lure for any child. At first, eating Cream of Wheat is a game they like to play. Then it becomes a habit they enjoy.

If you haven't already a young H. C. B. member at your house, just mail the coupon now. Your youngster will do all the rest.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London.

## Considered ideal by child specialists

For 32 years specialists have recommended Cream of Wheat as an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal for growing children.

1. Because it is so rich in both mental and physical energy. It is all real food.
2. Because Cream of Wheat is astonishingly quick and easy to digest. It contains none of the harsh, indigestible parts of the grain.
3. Because it is so easy to vary its creamy goodness by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.

Safeguard your children by giving them a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat regularly in the morning.



**FREE** —mothers say this plan works wonders with children

**T**HESE letters from mothers tell of the splendid results this plan is bringing in 90,000 homes.

"We had tried every way to get our daughter to eat her cereal. But your plan is wonderful. It acted like magic. She seems a different child."—Mrs. M. C., Palatine, Ill.

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"Thank you for the colored posters. All four youngsters eat their *hot* cereal and love pasting on the star."—Mrs. S. H. E., Rock Island, Ill.

**A** PLAN that arouses your children's interest in a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. A youngster's club with badges and a secret for members, with gold stars and colored wall charts. A plan that children work out for themselves. All material free—sent direct to your children together with a letter addressed to them personally and a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to Dept. V-14, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.



CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY  
MINNEAPOLIS

DEPT. V-14  
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Gentlemen: Please send my child all the free material for the H. C. B. Club as described above.

Child's name .....  
First name ..... Last name .....  
Street ..... City ..... State .....



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# Will it fade? Will it shrink?



## Let the saleswoman in the smart shop tell you why this care is safe

Whenever you buy anything especially delicate or costly—a piece of cobwebby lingerie, or a gay, fine sweater—ask the saleswoman how to wash it.

The two most important precautions she will advise you to take are these: “Use lukewarm water” and “Use *Ivory Soap*.” (Among thousands of salespeople and buyers in the leading shops of 30 cities, unprejudiced inquiry reveals that Ivory is outstandingly first choice as the safest soap for fine silks and woolens.)

**When you ask the saleswoman yourself—**  
Let several examples of actual recommendations given recently to customers in hun-

dreds of the finest and largest stores of the country tell you *why* salespeople everywhere advise Ivory:

For silk underwear: “Use Ivory Flakes. It is very mild and won’t fade the garment. Unfortunately some other soaps cut and rot silk in time.” (*Chicago*—a leading department store)

For printed frocks: “Ivory is the purest soap you can buy and if I were you, I shouldn’t take a chance with anything else.” (*Boston*)

For gloves: “Use Ivory. Other soaps are likely to be too drying for the suede.” (*Philadelphia*)

For delicate sweaters: “Ivory is pure and

mild and will not harm fabrics.” (*New York*)

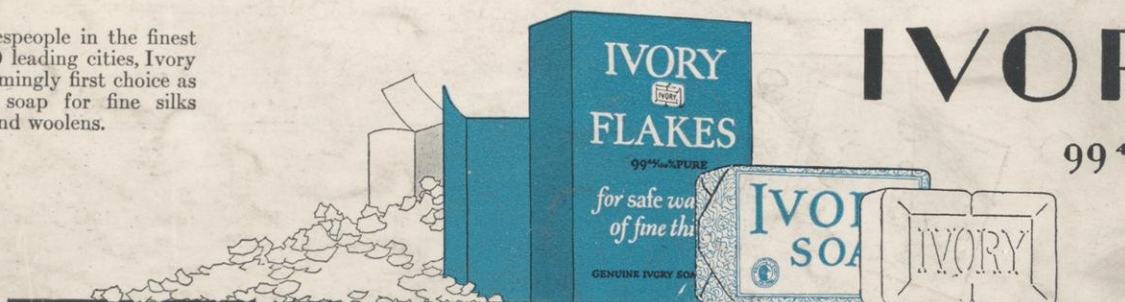
For baby woolens: “Use Ivory—many other soaps make woolens harsh.” (*Memphis*)

Naturally a soap that is used to bathe tiny babies in leading hospitals is *extra* safe for fine silks and woolens . . . So—unless a fabric will run or shrink in pure water alone, salespeople say with confidence, “You can wash it safely with Ivory.”

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Among salespeople in the finest stores of 30 leading cities, Ivory is overwhelmingly first choice as the safest soap for fine silks and woolens.



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