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MAY 1931

NOW 10 CENTS



DELINTEATOR

LLOYD J. MEMBERS
23 WA. CITY, IOWA
170984 COLLECTOR



TWO OUTSTANDING NOVELS, BY GRACE HEGGER LEWIS AND
G. B. STERN • DISTINCTIVE STORIES • NEW SMART FASHIONS

NO WOMAN SHOULD BE DOING WORK THAT doesn't do any good!



You'll be through forever with scrubbing and mopping when you learn this time-saving method . .



Can you have shining polished floors, bright *protected* linoleum, with no more work than you're now doing? Of course you can. There is no use for any woman to keep on doing work on floors that doesn't do any good. With this special blended wax you make every working minute count—in results!

- Compare the two methods. Now you scrub a floor clean—and in no time it's dirty again. Isn't that true? Two or three times a week you go over the floor to keep it nice, and what do you see? Here and there a worn spot—that's going to grow—because it's unprotected.
- Then at last perhaps you try this special blended wax and you find—the wax goes on easily—much more easily than you thought. You polish it by machine. That takes the place of hard scrubbing. And your floors are a revelation! The dry smooth wax finish makes your dusting easier. The wax fills every crack and pocket where dust and dirt now collect. Worn spots are a thing of the past. You never give a thought to them.
- For Johnson's Liquid Wax isn't just a polish, lovely as it is. It is a labor-saving method of *improving, cleaning and preserving* your floors.

Paste or Liquid form

Polishing is easy—and when you do it by machine, there is no labor or fuss. Thousands of women use these new Johnson Polishers every month, renting them from their dealers. If you're still doing work that doesn't do any good, try this method and compare the results.

JOHNSON'S WAX • for homes and automobiles

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. D5, RACINE, WIS. Please send me the new Floor Duster (\$1.25) and ½ pint of Johnson's Wax Polish (50c) at special price of \$1.25 for both. Enclosed is ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ stamps.

Name _____

PLEASE PRINT

Address _____



New Johnson Floor Duster for daily care of floors • Price \$1.25

A STAR OF THE STAGE AND SCREEN DISCOVERS

.. "pink tooth brush!"

"I DON'T like it—I don't like it at all! Of course I've noticed it before, but then there was only the faintest *trace* of 'pink' on my tooth brush. I should have done something about it—then—right at the very beginning.

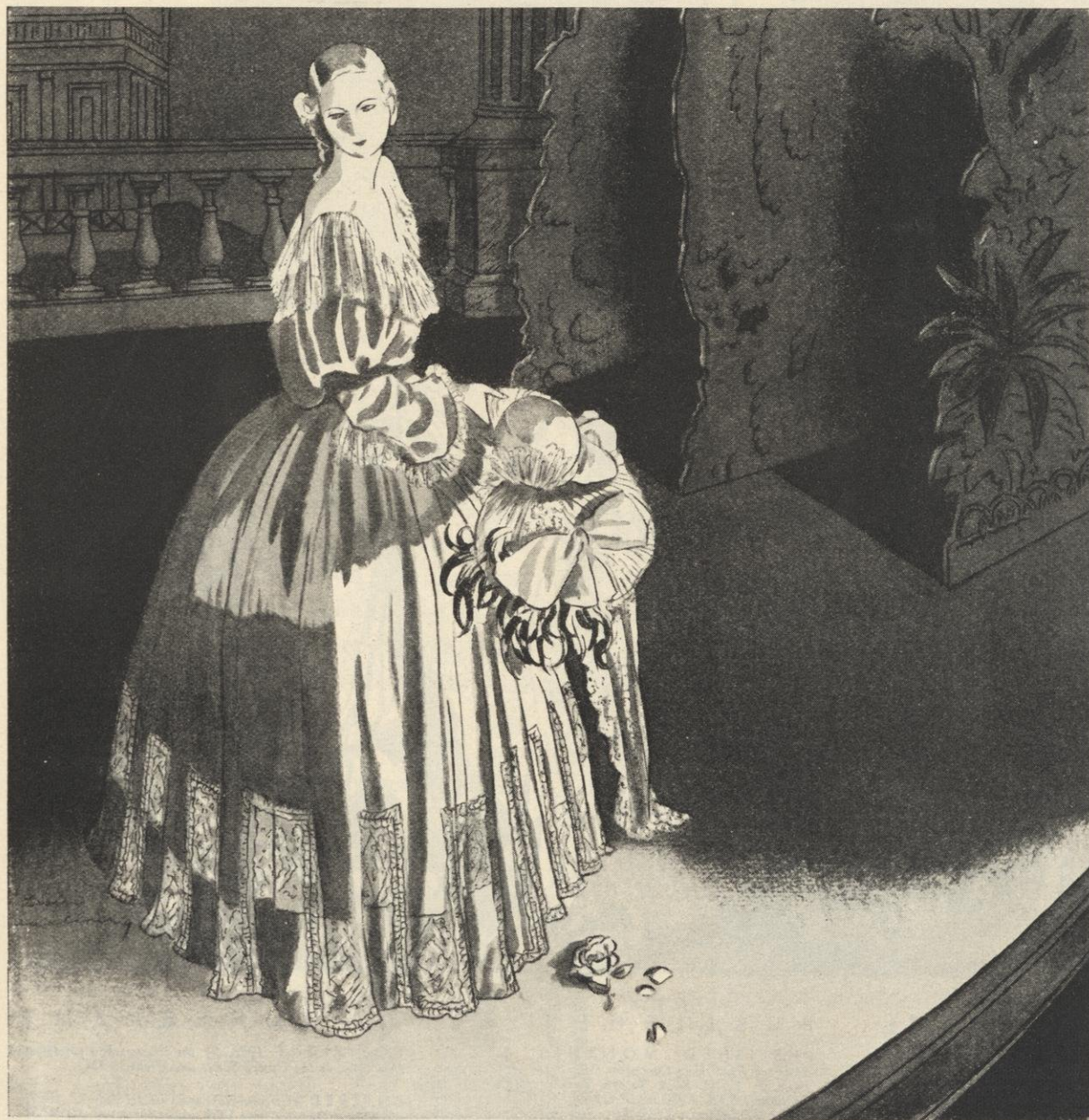
"My teeth haven't the *slightest* sparkle any more. They're dull—sort of *gray*. Probably nobody will ever say nice things about them again. And 'pink

tooth brush' may have something to do with *that*.

"But haven't I heard, somewhere, that you can put a stop to this 'pink tooth brush' business? Something about massaging the gums—with tooth paste. Ipana. That was it. With Ipana. And right now, before I start rehearsals, would be a pretty good time to begin. I'll start in right now saying goodbye to old 'pink tooth brush'!"...



"I don't like it
—'pink tooth brush'
—I don't like it at all!"



Better do more than look *worried* when there's "pink" on your tooth brush! If you ate coarse foods, your gums would probably get all the exercise they need. But like all the world, you eat delicious modern foods that fairly melt in your mouth, and your gums get almost none of the stimulation they need for healthy firmness. Circulation slows up day by day, until your gums are so "touchy," so tender, that they begin to bleed on the slightest provocation.

And while the first trace of "pink" on your brush needn't send you into a panic, you must remember that gums which continue to bleed present themselves as easy prey to many gum troubles—to gingivitis, to Vincent's disease, even to the far less frequent but dread pyorrhea.

Too, "pink tooth brush" neglected may lead to the loss of the teeth's natural polish. In time it may even lead to infection at the roots. Then, of course, the dentist may find it necessary to extract teeth which today are among your soundest.

Yet there is a simple, inexpensive way to check "pink tooth brush." You have only to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste, clean your teeth with it in the regular way—and then put some *fresh* Ipana on your brush or fingertips and *lightly massage it into those flabby, tender gums of yours*. Twice each day.

Within a few days your teeth will be cleaner and more sparkling. It may take longer before your gums show a *decided* improvement. But within the month they'll be less lazy and far firmer. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and they'll soon be really hard and healthy!

IPANA tooth paste

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

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-51
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

Name

Street

City State

MAY DELINEATOR

VOL. 118 NO. 5

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JUNE RINGS THE BELL WITH:

THESE STORIES: "Courier of Cripple Creek," by Margaret Craven, a humorous love story that takes place on a dude ranch; "Widow's Evening," by I. A. R. Wylie, the story of an American woman abroad who encounters that most pathetic of creatures, a gigolo; also stories by Anna Brand and Adela Rogers St. Johns as well as the astonishing novel by Grace Hegger Lewis—it becomes constantly more interesting—and the mystery story by G. B. Stern, set amidst the blue and gold glamour of the French Riviera.

IDA M. TARBELL contributes the most important article to June—"Marriage Is Worth Fighting For"—which contains controversial new ideas on the old, old subject of the double standard of morality; while Vera Connolly contributes the jolliest article in months and Frances Parkinson Keyes gives sound and worthwhile advice not to graduates (they get enough) but to their parents. And you will find all your favorite departments.

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

"Should be in every home in America"

Royal S. Copeland

U. S. SENATOR

AND FORMER COMMISSIONER OF HEALTH
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



Dr. Copeland's daily newspaper column in over 200 newspapers has been for years a powerful influence for healthful living in the lives of America's millions.

DR. Royal S. Copeland has long been recognized as an authority on matters of public health. From his experience as public health commissioner, he knows the important part a reliable antiseptic should play in the life of a great city—in the prevention of epidemics and as a daily safeguard against infection.

"Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37," says Dr. Copeland, "deserves a place in every American home. I consider that its discovery marks a long step forward in the field of antiseptics."

This powerful non-poisonous antiseptic has, in truth, "marked a long step forward." Although its active ingredient is 70 times stronger than carbolic acid, you can gargle with Solution S. T. 37, full strength, without the slightest danger to the delicate tissues of the oral passages. It kills harmful

bacteria faster than science can time it. Yet it is so safe, it can be used freely in the home by children.

You can be sure you are using a safe and powerful antiseptic when you use Solution S. T. 37. It is prepared by a reliable pharmaceutical house that has been closely identified with the medical profession for 85 years.

You should use Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 at the first sign of irritation in nose or throat. In spite of its great power, it does not burn or sting. It is odorless, colorless, and has a mild, pleasant taste.



It should also be poured full strength into all cuts and wounds . . . it is actually soothing! Keep it where the children can reach it and use it.

It sets a new and higher standard for antiseptic care of mouth, throat and all open wounds. Get a bottle at your druggist today. 50¢ and \$1.25.



HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION S.T.37

MADE BY SHARP & DOHME

THE LIVING DELINEATOR



Esther Lord Batchelder,
the nutrition specialist



Joseph B. Platt, Director
of the Institute Interiors



Ann Batchelder, a poet in
the fine art of cooking



Helen Ufford, who is the
gracious Hostess Editor



Grace L. Pennock, the
able household engineer

HERE IS THE VERY HUMAN SIDE OF DELINEATOR INSTITUTE

Photographed in Delineator Institute by Hal Phylfe



C. Eugene Stephenson, the
draughtsman of Interiors



Millicent M. Jones, assistant
to Mr. Platt in decoration



Gertrude L. Smith, expert
in household chemistry



William Wehrenberg, E. E.
and laboratory engineer

EVERY day the same thing happens. Every visitor to Delineator Institute says the same thing. "Why, I had no idea," she exclaims, whether she be fair or dark, young or middle-aged, "of the extent of your Institute, of the wonderful work it is doing! Why don't you tell about it in DELINEATOR?"

And all of these remarks, it seems, come back upon my defenseless head. "Why don't you tell about it?" I'm asked in indignant tones by the Institute staff.

Well, I do tell about it. I have told about it. I've become ecstatic more than once over Ann Batchelder's superb rolls. I've almost reached the point of tears, lamenting the departure of one of Mr. Platt's beautiful interiors, torn down to make way for a new one. In this very page I've shown photographs of the laundry, the laboratory, the dining-room, the kitchen, and other rooms that go to make up our workshop—our complete "home" right here on the fifteenth floor of the Butterick Building. Yet they tell me I've failed to give any adequate idea of the Institute itself.

So this month I'm trying a new scheme. I'm showing you the human side of Delineator Institute—some of the actual men and women who plan and build up there on

the fifteenth floor, who spend all day and every day (except Sunday) in discovering for you, for instance, the best way of laundering certain fabrics, of getting the best results from a mechanical refrigerator, of using new food-stuffs most deliciously or combining old flavors with new in some irresistibly piquant manner. Of building a charming sun porch inexpensively or selecting the floor covering that will most happily combine beauty with utility. Of selecting a well-balanced meal for the children. Of—well, of a thousand-and-one things.

And to go a step further than all this, we've just published a little book about Delineator Institute that will be sent free to every reader who requests a copy. Its title is: "Mrs. Jones Discovers the Most Interesting Home in the World." And if you want a copy, all you have to do is write and ask for it.

THIS is my day of trial and tribulation. Here's a letter that greeted me this morning: "Dear Sir: The way that you attempt to pat yourself on the back for unearthing what you think is a good story almost makes me laugh. You certainly voiced the opinion of a large number of readers when you say it is difficult to find a good

story. The great majority of stories published are nothing else than silly, idiotic drivel, not worth reading." This letter is from A. B. M. of Tacoma, Washington.

Well, well, well! Perversely enough, that letter cheers me up. With renewed faith I sail ahead to tell you I think there are some excellent stories in this issue. Two new writers—new for DELINEATOR—are represented, Olga Moore and Elizabeth England. And it seems to me E. Barrington's story, "Adelais the Lovely," glows with all the color and beauty of a medieval tapestry. Personally, too, I was especially delighted with Helen Spinola's true story of Hollywood, "That Terrible Talkie Test."

And next month, there'll be a story by Margaret Craven whose story in February, "The World is Mine," made such a hit. Besides, that amazingly good writer, I. A. R. Wylie, will have a short story—also Anna Brand and Adela Rogers St. Johns. Particularly to A. B. M., I recommend Vera Connolly's article, "Out Where the Green Begins"—which gives her serio-comic adventures in buying a house in the country. If that doesn't cheer up the man from Tacoma I don't know what will.

OSCAR GRAEVE, Editor

*The largest
selling bacon
in the world*

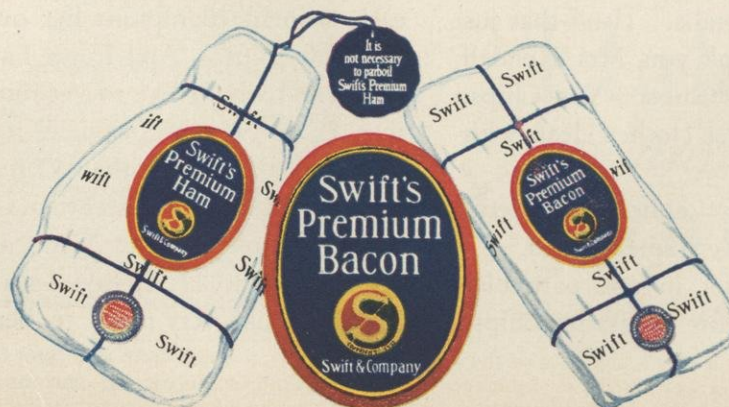


One taste tells you!
Marvelous mild savor, lean
and fat in even proportions
... that's Swift's Premium.
And its goodness is uniform,
unvarying. No wonder more
people choose Premium than
any other bacon. ✓

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

✓ Let the children enjoy Premium Bacon, too—it's good for them! Premium contains Vitamin B, the appetite vitamin that makes them relish their food. And its high protein content makes Premium a concentrated energy food, excellent for active youngsters. Broiled—crisp—it's easily digested. Even the one-year-old may eat Premium Bacon.

Swift & Company
Purveyors of Fine Foods



Chipso flakes *or* granules?

[Which do *you* prefer?]

■ ■ ■

You'll have plenty of company whichever form you use. Chipso is used by more women than any other packaged soap in America, and these little stories from my mail-box tell you some of the reasons why.

■ ■ ■



I WANT to thank all of you who have written to me about Chipso. Such interesting letters as they are, too. So human.

Why, I feel as though I knew many of you personally, and your problems and your families . . . Mrs. Baldwin, for example, whose little Molly says coaxingly every now and then, "Mother, we've used up all our Chipso Granules, so *let's stack the dishes tonight.*" I know a little Molly like that. There's one in my family.

A proud husband

And Mr. Kendall, who comes home feeling quite cocky and says to Mrs. Kendall, "Well, Mrs. K., the men at the works were asking me how I got my wife to do such a good job on my work-shirts and overalls." (Isn't that just like a man?) And thank you, Mrs. Kendall, for giving the credit to Chipso. Yes, Chipso does get even the dirtiest clothes clean without fading colors.

And so my mail goes—almost every letter contains its friendly little human touch.

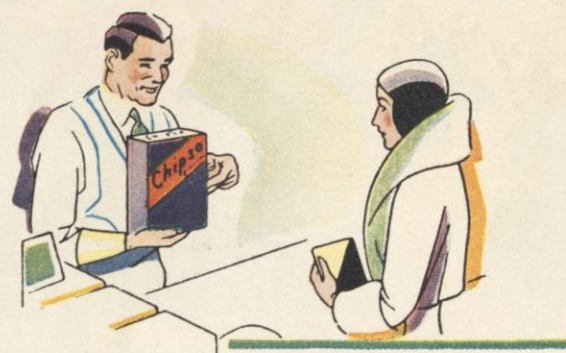
But these letters differ in one particular. One group of women just swears by Chipso

Flakes. These women say in effect, "We've never used a soap as good as Chipso Flakes; we've used them for years and we don't think that anything else can be as good. So we won't change, thank you."

New Granules win praise

But the other group says, "These new Chipso Granules! They're marvelous! As one woman wrote, "Such marvelous suds. So quick! So handy! Such a *mountain* of suds even in luke-warm water. You just wait and see—women are going to like Chipso Granules much better than any soap they've ever used."

Well, I'm going to let some of these letters talk for themselves. You'll see how eagerly each woman champions her own particular form of Chipso. And if *you* haven't written to me and would like to get into this discussion as to whether women really do like Chipso Flakes better than Chipso Granules, or Chipso Granules better than Chipso Flakes—do write me a letter. Just send it to Ruth Turner, Dept. CD-51, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio. I'd like very much to hear from you.



Mrs. Koch thinks this grocer did a good deed

"Now I'm the first to hang out my wash—thanks to my grocer and Chipso Granules."

I used to be the last one in our neighborhood to hang out my wash on Monday morning, just because I didn't have the right kind of suds. One day I was so disgusted, I just stopped my washing machine and went to the store and asked for a good powder.

Instead, the grocer gave me Chipso Granules. What a change! I was delighted at the quick, rich, lasting suds I got. Now I'm the first to get my wash out and my clothes as well as my hands are whiter.

I think practically everybody will soon be using Chipso Granules because all women are looking for a quick-dissolving soap which gives rich, safe suds.

Mrs. Clarence Koch
Northampton, Pennsylvania



Miss Clark's friend told her how to save rubbing

"Goodbye to aching back and sore hands"

Dear Mrs. Turner: I think that Chipso Flakes will always be more popular than any other flaked or powdered or puffed soap. And I believe any woman will admit that, once having used Chipso Flakes and finding out what a difference these little flakes make, she isn't likely to take a chance with another soap.

Take my case as an example. Not being used to washing, I had a terrible time when I started keeping house for my father and brother. Every washday I rubbed and rubbed until my back ached and my knuckles were sore. One day my friend stopped in and I showed her some oil-stained shirts I just couldn't get clean—and she told me about Chipso.

Since then, I've used Chipso Flakes. And you just ought to see my clothes! They're immaculate with much less rubbing. I'm through in much less time. There's something about these flakes that is different from other soaps, and I'd never risk changing.

Miss Catherine Clark
Trenton, New Jersey

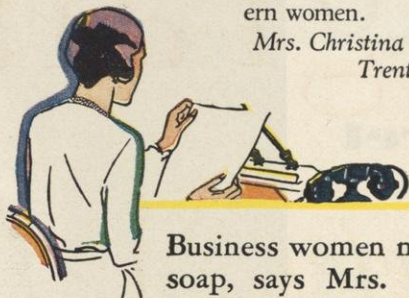
"Chipso Granules help me do my work in half time"

I work in an office three days a week. So you see I do my housework on a half-time basis, and I look for the most useful time-saving devices to help me in keeping my home clean and cheerful. And Chipso Granules are one of my greatest aids.

In lukewarm water Chipso Granules instantly make the water soft with foamy suds that stay foamy until

you throw them out. They're wonderful for clothes, dishes, white woodwork, and do their work in a quick and pleasant way! They don't hurt colors and they don't hurt your hands. They're a modern form of soap for modern women.

Mrs. Christina McManus
Trenton, New Jersey



Business women need quick soap, says Mrs. McManus

"My neighbor's clothes used to be so much whiter—now mine are lovely, too"

My washday was a task I always dreaded. I had to boil my clothes and rub a great many, and even then the children's clothes were not pretty and white.

My neighbor's clothes always looked just like



Mrs. Hilfrick's neighbor told her how to get white clothes without boiling

snow and I was ashamed to hang mine out with hers. I told her once there was so much contrast that I would wait until she took hers down. She asked me what kind of soap I used and suggested that I try Chipso Flakes.

So I did—with the best results. Now I just soak my clothes for a little while, run them through the washer, rinse them, and I have lovely white clothes. I've never even thought of using any other soap.

Mrs. Harry Hilfrick
Springfield, Ohio



"Swish, swish, what lovely suds"

"Chipso Granules a joy to use"

For me, there's a flash of satisfaction when I dash some of those Chipso Granules into my dishpan. I know I only have to go swish, swish with my hands and my suds are just right at once and will last beautifully. Glass comes out sparkling bright, and grease just disappears off the plates. And when the dishes are finished, even the dishcloth will be nice and clean. I find Chipso Granules a joy and a pleasure to use.

Miss Laura Shewalter, Springfield, Ohio

© 1931, P. & G. Co.



White clothes? Of course you want them. But you want to use a soap that's safe for colors too. Chipso works on dirt—not colors, because Chipso suds are rich, not strong.

Important!
Chipso
now in **2** forms
Flakes
and
Granules



A summer away from mirrors . . .

**taught this Colorado girl
the same complexion secret
I learned from
73 eminent dermatologists**

If you spent a summer out on a ranch with no mirrors to tell you what was happening to your sensitive complexion, wouldn't you be surprised and happy if you went back to town and your friends all began admiring your lovely skin?

That's exactly what happened to this Colorado girl. But let her tell the story as she told it to me in a letter:

"My best friend, Dot, who does have the *loveliest* skin, told me she never used anything but Camay. But I wouldn't risk it. I'd always had such a silly skin—hadn't touched my face with soap for years. I always had a slightly greasy look and I never felt really clean, but I thought that was better than blotches."

Last summer this girl went to her brother's ranch. She was in the saddle most of the time and she says that at the end of a day's riding her face used to be covered with dust.

She found that using cold cream in such circumstances was like rubbing sand into her skin. "So," as she writes, "I took courage and made a fine lather of Dot's favorite Camay. It felt so good to be clean that I rubbed it in well and then rinsed and rinsed with clear warm water."

"We spend no time at mirrors on the ranch, so I took little notice of my face. I only felt the grateful cleanliness of it and used Camay every night and morning and whenever I came in from a ride."

"When I came back to town, my friends began to call attention to my lovely skin. I was so puzzled that one

day I took a hand-mirror and studied my face carefully." My correspondent writes she was amazed at what she saw. Her skin was clear and creamy. And it seemed to have that *underneath* cleanliness she had admired so much in her friend's complexion.

So you won't be surprised at her final decision. She says: "I am a true convert, for I realize that, through Camay cleanliness, I am, for the first time, enjoying the blessings of a delicate skin."

Of course, there's every good scientific reason in the world why Camay was gentle enough for this Colorado girl's sensitive skin.

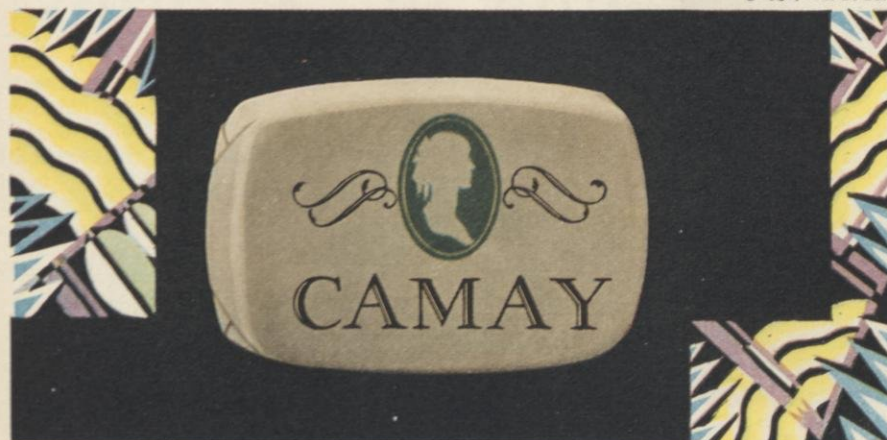
The 73 eminent dermatologists who examined an analysis of Camay's formula and made careful tests of Camay's effect on all the various types of skin, gave Camay their unanimous approval as an unusually mild complexion soap, gentle enough for *even the most delicate complexions*.

But I don't want to dwell too long on how good Camay is for our complexions. Camay is so creamy, so delicately fragrant and so exquisitely sculptured that I feel sure you're bound to think it's the loveliest soap that ever was, as well as the best for your complexion.

Helen Chase

Face Your World with Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YD-51, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

© 1931, P. & G. Co.



Camay [called Calay in Canada] is a Procter & Gamble soap—10¢ a cake



Camay has been tested and approved by 73 eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval.

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatolo-

gists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

John Allen Pusey
M. D.

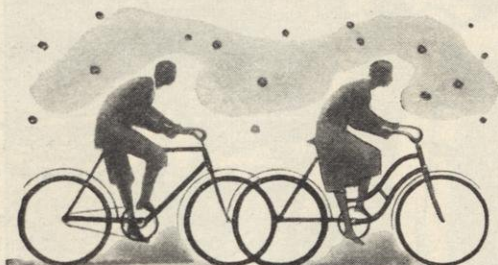
(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)



DON'T SLEEP THROUGH THE SUMMER

by
**WILLIAM
LYON PHELPS**

DECORATIONS BY EVERETT HENRY



WHEN I was a boy, I remember seeing, in a comic paper, a picture of a family at a railway station, with their bags and traveling equipment, about to board a train. The smallest member of the group, a boy, was waving his hand at the sky, and calling out, "Goodbye, God! We're going away for the summer!" And at about the same time, I saw another cartoon. This represented a city church, with the main portal locked. Over the door was the legend, *Closed for the Summer*. And on the front steps stood the Devil himself, grinning at having command of the situation.

The majority of people, either consciously or unconsciously, associate both intellectual and spiritual activity with the thermometer. Opera and symphony concerts begin with the first frosts in October, and cease in the first honey breath of April; most schools and colleges open their doors early in autumn, and close them in June; in evangelical churches and communities, "revivals," if they still have them, usually begin in January. Whoever heard of a revival beginning in June? When the earth revives in May and puts on newness of life, mind and spirit in men and women seem to lose vigor. Here is one more of many differences that separate man from the lower animals: the lower animals sleep through the winter and we sleep through the summer.

There is no doubt the human body needs every now and then a vacation; yet the late Russell Sage declared he never had taken a day's vacation in his life. He lived to be over eighty years of age, and at his death had accumulated one million dollars for every year he had

lived. We are familiar with the proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"; but a contributor to F. P. A.'s column in the *New York World* suggested a revised version, which is perhaps nearer to the actual facts, and which would have pleased Russell Sage, if he had once in his life read a humorous article. This is the proverb as amended: "All work and no play makes a lot of jack."

Granted that the revised version is true, as I am afraid it is; doesn't it illustrate a deeper and more important truth, that money itself sometimes does not pay? There is no doubt that Russell Sage enjoyed saving money as much as the average man enjoys spending it; as much, yes, but was it the same quality of enjoyment?

The chief point I wish to make is this: whether we do or do not plan to have a vacation this summer, why should we check all mental growth—why should we arrest development? Why not, even if we travel abroad, or go into the Canadian woods, or camp in Wyoming, or stay at home, why not continue to enjoy mental activity?

For my part, I am just as religious in July as I am in February; the music of Beethoven is just as inspiring to me in August as it is in December; a good book is just as acceptable to me in June as it is in March.

Everybody should have a *hospitable* mind. The human mind should be like a good hotel, open every day in the year to all guests except criminals. The minds of many people become hermetically closed after they are fifty; no new idea can get in; and if a new idea appears in the neighborhood, it is viewed with suspicion. Such persons, after they are fifty, live on their own intellectual fat.

Other people check their minds with their overcoats on entering the theater; on taking a train; especially on taking a steamer; and still more people close their minds when they close their houses for the summer.

NOW let us suppose you have the money and the leisure to take a vacation of two or three months this summer. Pleasant as such a supposition is, it is certainly no iridescent dream. Hundreds of thousands of Americans will be traveling in Europe this summer; if there is any commoner sight than an American on the Strand in London or on the Avenue de l'Opera in Paris, I don't know where to find it. Just as it is now often remarked that if a preacher wishes to preach to Harvard or Yale or Princeton undergraduates on Sunday, he should preach at a woman's college, so it is true that if you wish to

behold unmistakable Americans, a sure place to find them in July, August, September, is in Europe.

Although I hate to advise anything that leads to the separation of families, I think it is best, in taking a vacation, for young people to be together and for old people to be together, and not to attempt the unsuccessful experiment of mixing age and youth. Boys and girls, young men and women, require a different kind of vacation from that better adapted to maturity. To put it bluntly, what is sport for youth is death to age.

I AM about to advise a bicycle trip in Europe. It is the cheapest, most healthful, most thorough, most rewarding way to see England and the Continent. Young people who take this method of transportation will be soaked to the skin by rain, they will put up at primitive hotels where there are no luxuries and almost no conveniences, they will have occasional punctures and unlimited annoyances, they will on certain days become physically exhausted, they will eat indigestible food and drink water filled with germs; and they will have a *gorgeous time*. When they think it over afterwards, the inconveniences and annoyances will be forgotten, and the whole expedition will shine in a golden glow of reminiscence.

This is because they are young and healthy, so that exposure to the inclemencies of the weather, unpleasant hotel bedrooms, cheap food and strange water, can hurt them not at all; and fatigue at night is forgotten in the morning. But old people who set out to accompany the young on bicycle journeys . . . !

Young men should go in parties not larger than four; four is better than five, and two is better than three. Occasionally it is a good plan for them to separate, and *bicycle alone* through certain districts, with the agreement to meet later. When I was twenty-five years old, we bicycled as a party of five along the Rhine from Cologne to Switzerland, as a party of three through Switzerland, and two from Geneva across France to Dieppe. When my classmate and I reached London, he wished to wheel up the Great North Road to Edinburgh, and I refused to leave England without seeing Stratford-on-Avon; so we agreed to separate, and to meet two weeks later at Liverpool. Well, the first day I was unspeakably lonesome; but after the first day I rejoiced in my liberty. I picked up English acquaintances everywhere, and I shall never forget running accidentally into Billy (Turn to page 101)

B Y E . B A R R I N G T O N

I L L U S T R A T E D B Y L E S L I E S A A L B U R G



"My lord King," said the young knight, "I love her—do with me what you will. But spare the Queen"

A D E L A I S

[illegible]

THE LOVELY

The pageantry, the blare of golden trumpets and the flash of scarlet banners, live again in this romantic love story of a young queen of medieval England

THE name Adelais with its four liquid syllables is beauty itself and so expresses her, and it was the delight of the poets and troubadours who never wearied of singing the perfections of the Fair Maid of Brabant. And the christening of the poets sticks and the women of their praise are immortal. Yet, because the Normans so willed it, she survives in history chiefly by the precise yet delicious name of Adelia.

The Princess Adelais was of the noblest blood in Europe; a direct descendant of the mighty Charlemagne. But that was not what really mattered. She was so beautiful that it did not in the least matter that her father was reigning Duke of Brabant and Lorraine, a kingdom larger than present-day Belgium, or that he was a worthy ruler. But it mattered enormously that he was known through Europe as Godfrey the Bearded, because the incident which gave him that venerable nickname gave him also enormous prestige as a man of brilliant good luck and one under the special protection of heaven. The sort of man to be eminently desirable as a father-in-law.

He had vowed, as a young man, to leave his golden beard virgin of shears or razor until he had recovered his lost duchy of Lower Lorraine, and that feat took so long and looked at one time so desperately impossible that the beard swept his waist before he could invoke the barber. But his triumph was complete and when he appeared at last, clean-shaven and victorious, all Europe laid its veneration at his feet. That beard would never be forgotten to him, and it gave Adelais a unique position as the daughter of a saint. It handicapped her rivals most unfairly.

"Look at her!" said Maud, the young Empress of the Holy Roman Empire, to Clotilde of France. "That wretched girl has everything! Such hair, the ends brush the calves of her legs! Pure gold, mind you! And her eyes are so deep a green that the people of Brabant say it comes of her mother's presenting our Blessed Lady with the great emeralds she inherited from Gerberg, the daughter of the Emperor Charlemagne."

"For my part I do not like green eyes and what men can see in them I cannot tell," said Clotilde of France.

They were running over the European princesses with the affection shown by young women in discussing the merits of rivals in the European marriage market where kings and princes are the bidders.

"But her father is her best suit," pursued the handsome bitter-tongued young Empress. "He simply lives on the fuss made about his horrid old beard. Since it happened they say nothing can stand against his luck. Why should a beard win such blessings? Why should they believe all Adelia touches turns to gold—even her hair, simply because her father is Godfrey the Bearded and his beard lies in a gold box in the church of Louvain? Oh, that old humbug has made good merchandise out of this, and you will see—Adelia will marry better than any woman in Europe but myself."

That prophecy was to be unimaginably fulfilled. How could the Empress foreknow that her own mother, Queen Mary of England, would die early; that her brother, the heir, was to be drowned in crossing the Channel, and that her father, Henry the First of England, (nicknamed Beauclerc for his learning) would be in want of a wife to bring him an heir and so carry on

the glorious lineage of his father, William the Conqueror?

Yet this all happened, and the great lords about King Henry saw the urgency of the case because it pressed so hardly on themselves. Since his wife's death and his son's drowning, life had been no easy matter for those who lived beside him, for furious outbursts of temper alternated with days of deep brooding melancholy and how to meet the case they did not know. What they really wanted was a buffer; someone to absorb the first shocks of fury they had all endured since the death of Queen Maud.

All minds turned at once to the fortunate family of Godfrey the Bearded. How they praised the beauty of Adelais! How tenderly they depicted her slim grace and innocent youthfulness her emerald eyes and rivers of shining hair! And as Henry, now well over fifty-six, listened, the old fire blazed up fitfully in him, for he had been a lover of many women, and, if beauty did not very greatly concern him now, he could also meditate on the celestial good fortune of Godfrey the Bearded.

He sent an embassy to Louvain and the reports of the royal girl dazzled the King into realization of the truth that if a bridegroom of his age wishes to catch a beauty of eighteen he must put his best foot foremost and allow no grass to grow under it. He did two decisive things instantly.

First, he offered to dower her in proportion to the value of her eyes and hair, and allow Godfrey the Bearded to estimate them in acres and coins.

Secondly, Henry announced that he would himself come to fetch the girl. King Arthur had suffered for sending the handsome Sir Lancelot to fetch the lovely Guinevere to be Queen of Britain, and he himself would take no risks. Therefore the old King, gray and wrinkled and beautiful with the sorrowful beauty of royal old age, came in person and, when he saw her sweet submissive loveliness, sighed for past youth.

SO HE brought her to England and the great marriage was made at Windsor. But as Adelais looked upon the silver-winding Thames and the surrounding woods and meadows she saw a white waste of snow under a howling January gale edged with bitter sleet, and it chilled her heart and curdled her blood until her very lips were pale with fear of the wintry bridegroom.

Fifty-seven. Eighteen. The words tolled a knell in her ears as she moved slowly, shuddering with the mortal cold of the spirit to the altar where the Archbishop waited to make her Queen of England. It was not until the vows were vowed and the work done that Queen Adelais lifted her eyes and looked about her like a lost child.

They met the eyes of a most noble young man who stood behind the King by right of his office, leaning upon a tall cross-handled sword. He was possibly only eight years older than herself, but the calm reflective gaze which he fixed upon what interested him had a quality of quiet self-control, almost sternness, which mingled her first impression of pleasure with a kind of awe of such serene young manhood. This took her thoughts off herself and unconsciously she fixed her gaze on him for what seemed a long moment to both, and for the first time he really saw the loveliness famed throughout Europe: ocean-deep eyes rayed with darkness golden hair braided with pearls falling over the royal crimson



of her velvet robe; the young Queen of Romance coming like spring to the English Court to awake it from its frozen darkness and despair.

His eyes said, and with disapproval:

"You, young loveliness, how came you here with this withered old man? And have you sold all your harvest of beauty for a crown—you that are crowned with God's gold? Oh miserable huckstering!"

And hers pleaded:

"Forgive me. What could I do? Princesses are their country's merchandise."

Afterwards he stood beside the throne where she sat with her King, while Henry of Huntingdon recited before her the verses he had made in her praise, and the barons punctuated them with deep-toned murmurs or shouts of applause.

She listened with a smile like a child's, so innocent was it, so wondering at the praise. They had kept her very simple at Louvain and she knew nothing of her strength.

But William d'Albini, known as He with the Strong Arm, did not smile. For him suddenly the world was struck into sunshine. Love had loosed. (Turn to page 63)

Seeing that noble manhood stricken,
how could Adelais hide her heart?



HALF A LOAF

BY

GRACE HEGGER LEWIS

the former MRS. SINCLAIR LEWIS



"Oh my baby, my very own baby, if anything should happen to you!" she cried

All literary America is humming with talk about this courageous new novel of marriage and divorce by the former wife of one of our greatest novelists

SUSAN BROOKE, a fashion editor, met Timothy Hale, a struggling author, and—somewhat to her surprise—she married him. There was between them a difference—typified, let us say, by what each would wear to a picnic: she, smart tweeds, with every proper sports accessory; and he, a shapeless and worn out suit with a rucksack on his back.

But they were deeply, joyfully happy together in their cottage near New York. Timothy, on the train to and from the city, worked away at his writing. When he sold his first story he and Susan felt they had conquered the world. Flinging aside his job, they dashed to Florida. And in a cottage on the edge of a tranquil ocean, Tim's writing gave indications of the strength and popularity that were some day to make him world famous.

But at length this gypsy pair wearied of palm trees and a tropic sun. Tim's mother and father had not yet met the bride—so off they dashed to Bannerman, Ohio. The townspeople welcomed Susan. Tim proudly introduced his wife to all his old friends and neighbors. And Mrs. Hale, senior, gave a triumphant party in her honor. *Here the story continues:*

Socially launched now in Bannerman, Tim and Sue went to many other parties, all of a sameness as to

food and conversation and guests—Bannerman, like Hartford and Seattle and Sauk Center, in fact like any but the great metropolises, was timorous of adventuring outside its own small circle.

But the town never quite got used to them. If Timmy Hale had been a queer kid, he certainly was lots queerer now, and marrying that New York girl with the affected accent and the freaky clothes hadn't helped. ("Indecent I call them. I heard that black party dress of hers was so low you could count every joint in her spine!") And seemingly Susan flouted the town, though actually it was because she had only lived in the privacy of great cities and did not know what espionage meant.

HER first offense was about a silver dollar. She had never seen one before, in fact there were not many left now in Ohio, and she was delighted by its novelty.

It was a morning affirming that spring was no longer a sniff in the air but an accomplished fact. Sue and Tim were off for a long walk in the country with a thermos bottle and some sandwiches.

"If you're a good girl and don't whine for lunch, after one mile you shall have this silver dollar," promised Tim. "I want it now," and she grabbed it from him. "I

say!—have you got another one of those cartwheels? Let's start even and see which rolls farthest down this hill. The winner gets both dollars."

"Seeing as the dollars are both mine? Well, here goes!" The pavement was smooth and the dollars rolled some distance before they careened off into the grass.

"I win! I win!" screamed Susan, dancing up and down. She snatched up the dollars but as she straightened herself she saw several cream scrim curtains being dropped back into place in the neighbors' windows.

"Tim! How awful! We were being watched, and heaven knows what they think we were doing. I feel as if I were living in a fish bowl. Will it be like this all the time we are here, or will they get used to us?"

"I doubt it," replied Tim grimly. "I had forgotten the spying which is inevitable in every small town simply because it is so small. We'll just have to watch our step, for father's and mother's sake."

That afternoon all Bannerman talked of the silver dollar and how those young Hales showed off. But years later the story of the silver dollar race became a Bannerman folk tale, tenderly recounted of a famous son.

AFTER two weeks under the parental roof:

"Mrs. Timothy Hale, are you awake? If you aren't you'd better be. My father has cleared his larynx nine times by actual count, and eight of those were hints for us to get up."

Susan was still snoozing; but Tim sat suddenly upright.

"I've had enough of Bannerman—outgrown the town. Let's go some place else." The hobo spirit was flowering in Tim.

"Let's! Let's go today. Tee-rains, travelin'!" Sue squealed their family war-cry—but a tiny soft squeal.

"I haven't done a lick of work since I've been here, except think a lot about the new novel. They say every human being has at least one novel in him, and though I've written two they haven't been *that* novel. This visit has re-created my boyhood so vividly that I've got to write about it or die. And having you along, a stranger to it all, has helped me to see the place through your eyes as well as mine. I'm sick to death of this romanticizing of the small town, this holding on to log-cabin tradition in an actuality of firebrick and arty bungalows, of victrolas and autos; this fancying ourselves still hardy pioneers galloping about in hairy pants all over the great open spaces of Main Street and Fourth. Doggone it, it won't be a popular book but I got to write it all the same. And it may take two years. I've never been farther west than Chicago, and you, you poor effete easterner, haven't even been there, and before I write this book I got to see more of these here United States, so . . . What do you say to . . ."

"Tee-rains!" repeated Susan.

"Tee-rains nothin'!" contradicted Tim. "A Ford!" Susan stared at him. "A motor car?"

"No, a Ford."

"But can we afford one?"

"We shall, and what's more we buy it today—here in Bannerman." He was out of bed and fumbling for his slippers and bathrobe. "Hurry up, we'll go down to Liebermann's garage and buy one right after breakfast. But not a word to father or mother. We'll drive up to the door and surprise them."

SUSAN was overwhelmed by the ease with which it was possible to buy so revolutionary a purchase. Having decided on the five-passenger as the most practical, there was no further complication—all the cars were exactly alike. Liebermann himself promised to give them a lesson between five and six that very day. Tim wrote him a check, confided to him their plan to surprise the senior Hales, which delighted his sentimental German soul, and they were out in the street.

"Do we really own a car?" asked Susan. "It was as simple as buying a bunch of radishes."

That afternoon on a country road Liebermann was disgusted to discover that neither of them had any mechanical sense or very much coordination. Both were obviously terrified when they took the wheel, and backed more often than they went forward.

The worst moment was when Tim found himself making for a telegraph pole and instead of turning the wheel he violently honked the horn for the pole to get out of the way. Liebermann seized the wheel just in time. "I think you both had enough for one day. We try again tomorrow."

Two more lessons and Tim, with Susan beside him, was driving up to the portal of Jeremiah Eliphalet Hale, hoping to heaven he wouldn't stall on the hill. They stopped neatly in front of the old stone carriage step and Tim applied the brake with such force that he almost tossed Susan out on the curb. He sounded the horn with shrill peremptoriness. Marta, setting the table for supper, came to the dining-room window. Again the horn. The front door was flung back and father and mother

Hale, with Marta close behind, displayed all the astonishment, and more, that Tim had hoped for. Down the walk the older people hurried.

"How about a little ride after supper this evening?" Tim asked airily.

"Is it yours? When did you buy it?" questioned Mrs. Hale.

"Who did you buy it from and what did he charge you?" demanded Mr. Hale.

All through what Susan thought was the nicest meal in the Hale day—this particular evening, cold meat loaf and creamed potatoes, lettuce always shredded and rather vinegary, hot muffins and tea, grand home-made pickles and jams and cakes and stewed fruits, served in a spring twilight which fell softly on the white painted woodwork and pleasantly faded flowered wallpaper—the car and its purchase were discussed to the last detail. Mr. Hale was shocked that Timothy had paid for the car in a lump sum.

"But if I had the money, why not?"

After supper Tim began to regret his offer. Suppose it became dark before they got home. But there was mother tying a chiffon veil around her hat and father putting on an overcoat and a cap.

With sick fear lest he break his wrist Susan watched Tim spin the starter. After two failures the spark caught and she advanced the lever until the engine roared. The occupants of the back seat stiffened with alarm. Tim managed to coil his long legs in the tiny front space, and with a neck-snapping jerk they were off. At fifteen cautious miles an hour they made for the country, clinging close to the right-hand side of the road. After twenty minutes Tim began to look for a broad crossroad in which to turn without backing.

"Getting kinda dark, father, don't you think?" and without waiting for confirmation Tim swerved the car in a wide arc and headed its bread-box hood back to town.

They were safely home again.

"How many times did you say you had driven, Tim?" asked his father.

"This evening's the fourth time," Tim answered overcasually.

"Well, you certainly managed her pretty nicely." The paternal voice was admiring. Story-writing was one thing, but driving a car was something else again.

ANOTHER week to let the town digest the wonder of the younger Hales' purchase, and they sprang their next surprise. They were leaving, after only a month's visit, to the folks, for an automobile trip to the Coast!

In 1916 such trips had elements of a voyage of discovery. Every village had its garage, but the villages were wide apart, the garages converted stables, and the mechanics half-converted stablemen.

The hegira of the Timothy Hales lasted six months, from Ohio to Washington and down to California, staying a few hours here and two weeks there, in fifty-cent a night barracks and five-dollar-a-day palaces.

From a Harvard classmate, Timothy had heard of the charms of Carmel, California. Here Jack London and George Sterling, around beach fires of driftwood, had sung songs of the Philippine soldier and told tales of their excursions into strange seas and socialism. It had been a long time since Tim had talked books as "shop" and the prospect of living among a group of writers excited him. Why not Carmel for the winter?

Carmel among the pines was luke-warm in its reception. The Hales were not native sons. The Hales were neither defensively poor nor snobbishly rich. If after-dinner talk in Bannerman had bored them, here they were rendered uneasy by the jealous literary gossip, bitter enough to sour the nightly ration of mulled wine.

But the Hales had a bungalow that was a model of domestic electrical appliances and redwood and wicker comfort. They had their first Chinese servant, whose lacquered hair and spotless linen, whose economical and epicurean use of fish fins and cock's combs was a daily delight to eye and palate. At their very door they had the sea and the hills, the rubbery plant called "hen and chickens" that crawled over the dunes, the fields of yellowest poppies; and over all a flying confusion of white gulls and black crows.

And—they had a baby coming.

So each chill November morning Susan was sick, and Timothy built a fire in the living-room and set up the card-table in front of it for breakfast, and started the coffee percolator, and Susan drank her first cup, and felt much better; and Timothy typed faster and faster and longer and longer each day. Sometimes the magazines delayed payment, and he would lie awake at night and listen to the pounding surf or the drip of the fog on the screens, and wonder if perhaps he was not caught in the very trap he had so deftly escaped in a Long Island suburb. A baby! Susan no longer free to play with him, to take tee-rains at a moment's notice, Susan tired, be-draggled, nagging, nursing a smelly, whining little bundle.

After a while Susan grew prettier and rounder than she had ever been before, and they began to discover another Carmel, jolly people who did not write and whom they packed into the Ford for picnics down the Carmel Valley.

Between short stories the new novel was taking shape. In the next two years of writing Tim was to change the scaffolding a dozen times, but scarce a day passed that he did not add to his supply of bricks and mortar. He had bought his first gray canvas notebook, such as students use, with loose leaves which were constantly being removed from their shiney rings to be recorded with strange proper names, with curious statistics and street corner witticisms. Susan was especially good at catching talk at restaurant tables behind her or Pullman chairs two down the aisle.

"What are they saying, Elephant Ears?" Tim would whisper to her.

Perhaps it was something the butcher had said at the market or some tit-bit she had overheard at the stationery shop. Home then she would trot, as pleased as a bird-dog with her prize, and would drop it at Tim's feet in the form of a typewritten slip.

The title for the new novel came to him rather early. It was an excellent title, so excellent they hardly dared let themselves think about it lest this sneaky thing called

"thought transference" convey it to some stranger before Tim's book was ready.

LIKE the new novel, one might say the baby, too, was taking shape. Susan had a lot of ideas about babies, mostly absorbed from her magazine experience. She obeyed implicitly the doctor's orders, because she was taking care of a life not her own. She wore sensible shoes, but not sensible clothes—none of those dreary brown and navy blue crêpe de chînes with elastic waistlines that shrieked their mission. She wore broad hats and a fur-collar cape, and gay colors. At home the smock was her day uniform, with a tea-gown for dinner. She found she liked men's, especially bachelors', forthright attitude toward pregnancy better than the sentimental drooling of women.

Tim was infinitely tender toward her, but his care was for her—not for the baby. She watched for some sign of the proud father, the concern for an heir, even the smug satisfaction in this expression of his manhood, but no the baby did not exist for him. She loved him for loving her so much, but she wanted him to love the baby, too. It was coming at just the right time, and a welcome baby is sure to be a happy baby, a beautiful baby, the old wives told. Perhaps—Susan dared to hope—when Tim held the little thing in his arms . . . (Turn to page 38)

"Tim, shame on you! I'm tired too. Get up right now and unpack your typewriter!"



Illustrated by **W. EMERTON HEITLAND**

DRUMS AND DANCERS

by CAROLINE SINGER

With illustrations by
the author's husband

CYRUS LEROY BALDRIDGE



THREE months ago in Ca-Matidi—a huddle of thatched round huts lying between stark buttes of the Sierra Leone hinterland—Kunlungki died.

Father of the Village Chief, he was influential. A thrifty farmer and astute trader, he was rich, possessing a herd of six cows. But neither influence nor wealth was of avail against the Evil One who, despite the many sacrifices of chickens, remained implacable. To the incantations and spells of the Medicine Man he was also immune. With the Evil One, Kunlungki, lying upon the mud platform which served him as a bed, struggled valiantly. But being old he wearied of the battle and eventually his soul passed from the visible to the invisible world. Thus do people die in Africa . . .

Wrapped in his finest sleeping mats of woven grass, the body of Kunlungki was lowered into a leaf-lined grave, covered over with leaves, the boughs of trees, and earth. Before the empty hut his widows wailed. One of his best cows was sacrificed and its flesh shared with the neighbors.

But the period of mourning was brief, for it was then the rainy season. The dancing space before the Chief's compound was a muck of wet clay. And for the ceremonials due a respected and mighty man, folk unclad except for cotton skirts require burning days and moonlit nights with dry dancing spaces, hard and smooth as ball-room floors.

IT IS the dry season. The gilded days, the silvered nights are here. Throughout the hinterland, word has passed that on the morrow honor will be paid the soul of Kunlungki in order to give him prestige and happiness in the invisible world. On the morrow will begin the "big wail," as such a second funeral is called.

And so, from Ca-Mabai to Ca-Matidi we have come on foot guided by Boumba, our "boy," who is usually employed by American missionaries and therefore speaks a little English. He is a Christian. Precisely what this means to him, I can not say. However, while all about him pagan men maintain polygamous households—he is sternly monogamous. There is not another woman hereabouts who enjoys the idleness, the luxurious isolation known to Mrs. Boumba, wife of the Christian. Having



In many countries Caroline Singer and her husband wander in search of material for pen and pencil. Here's an African adventure of theirs

a wage-earning husband able to purchase foodstuffs, she need not farm. She does not carry loads as other women do. Her aristocratic distaste for work is very evident. Officially our laundress, she is to be found, on wash-days, lolling upon a convenient boulder, directing, but never assisting, the soap-and-water activities of a younger sister, a puny thing of twelve. And the ironing is done by Boumba. For ironing, like sewing, is thought by black men-servants to require intelligence and manual skill beyond the capacities of black women-folk.

A Christian's wife, Mrs. Boumba wears thrice the number of garments owned by any pagan woman, including all-enveloping blouses devised by Boumba. And evidently she may not travel—not even to a funeral! For when I suggested that the decorative minx might accompany us, Boumba objected with a fervor unusual in one who is so uniformly passive. Therefore at dawn when we joined the processions advancing upon Ca-Matidi we left her in their hut, which stands at some distance from the village—of which the Boumbas are not natives—and is so placed that its one entrance is visible not only to every other mission dependent, but also to the two white missionary women. Safe indeed, we left Mrs. Boumba.

WHEN the sun swept upwards, routing the spirits which inhabit darkness, bare black feet—never really black but brown, with soles clean and yellow like the bellies of salamanders—began to move swiftly, silently along the bush paths. Since daybreak Biriwa-Limba men and women, their naked bodies freshly oiled, their cottons freshly laundered, have been marching, stopping only to wash their feet in every wayside pool; the women, many with babes upon their backs, carrying upon their heads rolled sleeping mats and bundles of provisions. Not all the Biriwa-Limba folk have come to Ca-Matidi, for the tribe scattered throughout a sprawling hinterland numbers twelve thousand. Those of far-away villages never knew Kunlungki. But his scores of relatives, their scores of relatives, folk of nearby villages and his lifelong friend, the aged Paramount Chief, have come.

Truly regal was this over-lord's entry. Apprised of his approach, youths of Ca-Matidi went forth. With their machetes they slashed away overhanging boughs and tall grass-blades, widening the path so that his caravan would not be raked. And then (Turn to page 48)



WITH LOVE . . .

from ANNE

Light-hearted, exciting, full of charm,
is this love story of a young man from
Wyoming and a girl from Maryland

By **OLGA MOORE**

May 8.

DEAREST POLLY: He's really a brute and I'm practically enslaved.

You've no idea how weak I am about him! I can hardly wait until September when I intend to drag him howling to the altar and start cooking frightful messes for him. Don't you think I'll look sweet, plowing around the ranch house kitchen with an angel food cake in one hand and an Irish stew in the other? I shall always wear starched red aprons and riding boots, because I simply adore riding boots.

But in the meantime I shall forget I'm practically enslaved and go whiffing up the Atlantic seaboard with the maddest abandon. I'm going to have a gaudy, gaudy summer in spite of my weakness for a tall ranchman in Wyoming. Really, Polly, he's got a slow, deep smile that positively makes my head swim!

Just one more week and the West's Wildest School Teacher will be at large.

Just one more week and the students of Yorkee Gap will have to read French novel's or get the mumps or something, for entertainment. They won't have me there to confide the juicy details of Benedict Arnold's little indiscretion at West Point, or explain why the paternity of this country is usually laid at George Washington's door.

And I could make snooty remarks in a cold, hard voice when I think you and Pat won't be in Waynestown to welcome me. Why do you have to go prowling off to Bermuda on your honeymoon?

I'm thrilled to death at the thought of getting home. Don't be alarmed if you read in the papers about a wild young woman running amuck in the Waynestown station and kissing all the innocent bystanders.

Just murmur mistily to yourself, "Why, it must be Anne! She ain't changed a mite!"

Of course, I've gotten frightfully fond of Wyoming, and it will seem queer not to have a mountain nudging me in the ribs every few minutes, but after all, I was once a civilized soul and I seem to remember something about long, luscious, stream-line bathtubs and manicurists and tea dances and speed boats. I seem to recall art exhibits and night clubs and bathing beaches. And shops! Oh, my dear, shops! I'm going to spend one whole day buying one pair of gloves; I'm going to buy me lots and lots of hose, and get me an exotic new hair-comb that will make me look sweet and sinister.

I'm going to sail across the bay in Marston's yacht, and sip a sip of something in a tall glass, and act a little scandalous at the country club and look over the man Peggy Chandler's engaged to, and flirt a bit with that ardent trifter, Perry Norton, who is practically worthless and completely delightful, the idol of my prep school days, though of course I'll be faithful to Lewis.

Really, I'm sinfully infatuated with the man. Lewis, I mean. There's something awfully cold and grim and sort of Nordic about him, if you know what I mean. Do you remember when we were chattering infants how we used to babble about "Masterful Men"? Well, that's him. And how we used to gasp in delicious terror over being "Throttled and Conquered"? Well, that's me. Practically throttled, I mean. He says the most awful

things to me and I simply lap them up. Lap them up and pant for more.

There's only one item worrying me: can he play? You know, Polly, it may never have occurred to you, but I'm really a frivolous soul. I like to bound around and frisk a bit. And Lewis may have some idea Life is Earnest. He is the sort who Accomplishes Things. I feel it in my bones he looks toward the future, and believes in Making Something of One's Self. Not that he doesn't have a sense of humor. An adorable one! And not that he doesn't know how to treat a girl when there's a mess of moonlight about. But I don't know that he's really saturated with the jolly old Spirit of Play. I've been so busy admiring his Character, I've never explored his peckadilloes. (I can't mean armadilloes, can I?)

I'm a little worried over leaving him here this summer. The hired girl at the Bar X has a terrific crush on him, and she's one of these soft domestic women who mean you no good. I'm too puritanical to exactly like the thought of poisoning her, and yet if I don't I shall always feel I've been a little careless. It's a terrible problem.

WE ARE ending the school year with a program, one of Yorkee Gap's great social events. Lewis's brother, Howard, is going to deliver Patrick Henry's oration about "Give me Liberty or what-not." Gladys Cook is going to play the piano. I have remonstrated with her, telling her there is a strong feeling today against the mutilation of pianos, but she is determined and her father is powerful politically.

Mr. Churchill as president of the school board is going to make a speech and present the eighth grade their diplomas. They're very excited over their impending amputation from the Yorkee Gap halls of learning. You would simply faint if you could hear all the sweet, womanly advice I've given them about the Wicked World.

Mrs. Churchill is going to bring several odd tons of angel food cake, while the five cowhands are going to freeze some assorted ice cream. The local orchestra will be on hand with its violin and cornet, and following the literary debauch there will be whoopee. Our neighborhood gives Education a big hand.

And the *next* day, the thunder of my horse's feet will be heard through the quiet hills as I dash for the railroad station. That is, if I can make Whitey thunder. He isn't, strictly speaking, a thundering sort of horse. His chief claim to fame is that he never bit anybody.

I might add that spring in Wyoming is lovely, all blue and rose and silver-spangled. The prairies are pale green velvet brocaded with amethyst, the quaking asp groves are shaking out their crisp little organdie leaves, though snowbanks curl like discarded clothes about their feet.

Am having a ghastly time packing. My spurs have ripped the lace half off my negligee; I have spilled perfume on my sombrero and my jewel case is full of rattle-snake rattles Benny Churchill picked especially for me off some indignant snakes. Perhaps I'll send them to you for a wedding present. But on second thought, that might seem rather coarse. Incidentally, how did you like the wash-rag I embroidered for you? Or were you able to use it for a luncheon set after all?

I frightfully craved to bring my Mexican saddle home with me, but after long thought I decided to leave it with Lewis.

"To remember me by," I told him.

"It will help," he admitted.

Really darling, I think I would be quite shot up over leaving if I didn't know that I was coming back in the fall. But in three months Wyoming will see me capering once more in its midst, all bridal and bedazzled, with only pie-crust on my mind. In the meantime, I shall explore the bathtubs of Maryland. The first thing I'll do on



Illustrated by **Mario Cooper**

arriving home will be to tear upstairs and take three baths in terrific succession. You'd never dream what an ordeal a Wyoming bath is. You have two choices. You can leap into an ice-cold trout stream and become rapidly refrigerated, or you can haul heavy buckets of water up the slope to Churchill's house, heat them on the cook-stove, haul them to your bedroom, dump them into a galvanized iron wash-tub and crouch in it like a rattlesnake coiled to strike, your chin on your knees, your elbows wedged tightly against the side of the tub. When you emerge you are practically corrugated.

You must admit I'm in love, or I could never contemplate a lifetime of galvanized baths.

I hope you swelter in Bermuda. Give Pat my enthusiastic but discreet affections,
ANNE.

June 1.

DEAREST POLLY: Have just climbed languorously from my fifth bath today. Everything is gorgeous, and it's swell to be home. Perry Norton is giving me a rush, just exactly as I thought he probably might. It's elegant to have someone to romp with again! Perry is the most consistently frivolous person I've ever known and he's balm to my soul.

Also there's a new man in the crowd, a rather gaudy bloke from Florida simply *foul* with money. Aunt Hannah regarded him with a cold and clammy eye until she learned he was related to the Florida Frothinghams, had once been seen by somebody at Princeton, and had a cousin who went to Miss Blair's school in 1919, so she has forgiven him some of his foibles and lets him catch a glimpse of me now and then. And I must admit he seems quite a glimpse-hunter. He glimpsed me very thoroughly on the beach yesterday and devoted most of his time at the country club to hard and steady glancing.

"You should have been a surveyor," I told him.

My departure from Yorkee Gap was very touching. Didn't go hurtling through space on Whitey after all, for Lewis saw me off in his emaciated Ford, a capable little car which swore quietly to itself on all the steep grades. We passed the Bar Four boys on the Paint Creek flats and they gave me a rousing send-off.

I stood up in the seat just like Lindbergh and Aimee Semple MacPherson, and bowed and smiled and threw kisses, scandalizing the eight hundred wide-eyed steers present, and practically paralyzing the cowpunchers.

"I wonder what they would do if I should really kiss them," I speculated.

"Die in their tracks," predicted Lewis. "I can still shoot."

"And while you were languishing in the penitentiary," I said, "I would come every day and cast a single white rose into your cell."

"And," he took up, "when my forty-year sentence was up, I could claim you for my own, providing I hadn't died of hay-fever."

So you see he's really a strong moral type, the kind who would be faithful even in prison.

Aunt Hannah is outraged at my complexion, scandalized at my hands, apoplectic at my vocabulary and prostrated at the state of my clothes. The only hopeful thing she can say is that I haven't lost my figure. Cousin Nellie came up from Charlottesville, and both Aunt Candace and Aunt Sarah were on deck. Lewis, of course. What was he like? What were his prospects? Was his mother descended from the Richmond Marshalls or the Staunton Marshalls? Was I sure he had gone to Princeton and did he know the Childress boys there? Was he a cowpuncher or a gentleman farmer?

"He's no gentleman," I grinned and Aunt Hannah turned pale.

"But what is a cowpuncher?" pursued Cousin Nellie. "It seems awfully strange employment for a man, poking cows."

"What do you mean," asked Aunt Hannah in a hollow voice, "saying he's no gentleman?"

"I mean," I said, suddenly getting a little sick of the sweet home scene, "I mean he's strong and clever and ambitious. He doesn't live off other people's money, he doesn't talk forever about the clubs he belongs to, or what his ancestors did, or play golf all day or bridge all night. He doesn't spend all his time making contacts or knowing the right sort of people. I mean he's perfectly swell!"

Then I fired them from the room and took a bath. What a bath was there, my countrymen! Probably one of the great baths of history. I snuggled down into the luscious depths of it and lay for hours quietly simmering and thinking what fools cats are for not liking water. Thinking of cats made me think of my relatives and pretty soon I quit hating them so hard. Poor lambs, they do stew around, and so did I not so very long ago.

Be good, dearest, and come back. Maryland needs you.

Love to Pat,

ANNE.

LOST DOG



BY

MARGARET SANGSTER

I saw a little dog today,

And, oh, that dog was lost;

He risked his anguished puppy life

With every street he crossed.

He shrank away from outstretched hands,

He winced at every hail—

Against the city's bigness he

Looked very small and frail.

Distrust lay in his tortured eyes,

His body shook with fright;

(I wondered when he'd eaten last—

And where he'd slept at night!)

I whistled, and I followed him,

And hoped that he might guess

That all my soul reached out to him,

And offered friendliness!

So many times I have been lost,

And lonely and afraid!

I followed through the crowded streets,

I followed—and I prayed.

And then the God of little things,

Who knows when sparrows fall,

Put trust into the puppy's heart

And made him heed my call . . .



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

June 2.

LEWIS, MY DEAR I never dreamed I could miss any one simple man so much! But I do, darling. Frightfully. When you put me on the train and kissed me goodbye, I was so shaken I nearly followed you right off again. Do you suppose I am really a little foolish about you?

And what do you mean by making other men look feeble? You're interfering with all the valuable summer flirtations I'd planned on.

But in spite of my weakness for you, I managed to have a reasonably exciting time on the train. At Cheyenne, I fell in with a sheriff taking his prisoner, a stylish hold-up man, to Kansas City for trial. The hold-up man was a lean, clean-cut, clear-eyed chap while the sheriff was an oily, puffy, furtive, rat-eyed old person with dyed hair.

How is a young girl to know? You look so sterling and American-Man-ish, there must be something awfully weird about your past.

Then there was Wilma Wild, the movie actress, on her way east to make personal appearances. Her press agent took me in to dinner and told me the most fascinating things about her. I was simply in stitches. And there was a frightfully nice young man from Utah who also seemed to take me to dinner.

Most of the crowd were down at the station to welcome me home; Perry Norton whom I've told you about, and a Florida Frothingham creature, and Peggy Chandler with a gaudy youth from Yale she's flaunting this year, and Mary Carew and Tommy Linton and Janice Allen and the Kennicott girls.

They were all full of questions about cowboys and chinooks and hot tamales. Peggy Chandler's man, who we fondly call the "Yale bird," asked what the cowboy does with his cow at night. And Mary Carew wanted to know if I had met Gary Cooper and was he related to the Charlesten Coopers.

But I miss you awfully.

This Perry Norton person is awfully nice and is being very sweet to me. I've known him ever since I was born. We sailed boats in the same pond and went to the same dancing school and stuck out our tongues at the same kindergarten teacher. We're addicted to the same nonsense and do the same idiotic things. Except that he, as far as I know, has never been in love with a Wyoming ranchman.

We spent all Tuesday together on the golf links. But it wasn't half as much fun as that absurd course you've laid out on the south meadow, where the balls are forever dropping down gopher holes or being adopted by meadow larks. Do you remember the time we found a rattlesnake coiled around one, and I fainted—prudently waiting, of course, until you had killed the snake? You were darling to me that afternoon, dear. I like to think of the way you looked.

In fact, I like to think about you nearly all the time.

Goodbye, my lamb. Perry is taking me to the country club dance tonight and I am all agog, for I have the most immoral-looking dress to wear. It is terribly becoming and you would despise me in it. One glance and you would fly shrieking to the Bar X cook. Incidentally, she is knock-kneed. I feel it is only right that you should know.

Practically all yours,

ANNE.

P. S. I adore you. Had you suspected it?

P. P. S. I stole downstairs this afternoon and took a pie-crust lesson from the cook, but the pie-crust was not strictly successful. I pummeled it and pounded it and smacked it and rolled it, but the only result was to get it dirty.

Perry Norton and the Florida Frothingham cruised in to watch me and were simply convulsed. And I ruined my dress. The next lesson is pot roast and I shall wear a bathing suit. It's a sweet bathing suit. Bright green. When I have moved into your kitchen I shall put up green curtains to match it. I had first thought of red aprons and riding boots, but they're too ponderous. You have to be fleet of limb and light on your feet to succeed in this here now cooking business.

P. P. P. S. I must quit babbling on to you and get ready for the dance. Perry has just sent gardenias. Affable of him, I think. Yours continuously,

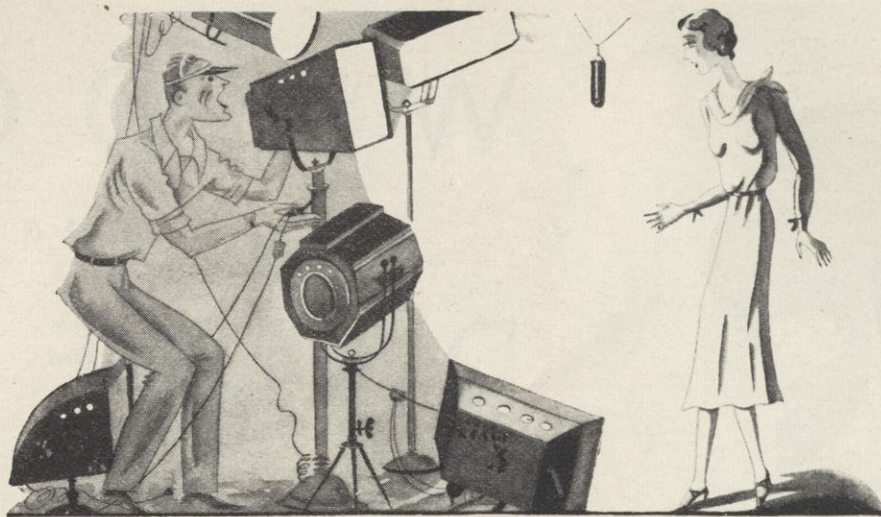
ANNE.

June 18.

DARLING, DARLING LEWIS! Steers have dropped a point and still you send me roses!

I think you're elegant.

Imagine riding thirty miles to the telegraph station—I happen to know you did—just to order some flowers sent to a rather trifling female! I got all choked up and homesick when I thought of you riding down Paint Creek Canyon to Antelope, with the river thrashing hundreds of feet below you and dim pines whispering above. I thought of the first ghastly (Turn to page 42)

Illustrations by
BARNEY TOBEY

THAT TERRIBLE TALKIE TEST



Perhaps I did seem sinister among them

Here is one of the merriest descriptions
of goings-on in Hollywood that has ever
come from that mad and magical place

by

HELEN SPINOLA

FIFTEEN years ago I wrote an article in which Mr. Bernard Shaw figured.

"If you can do as well with less amusing material," ran his kindly criticism, "you ought to be able to make quite a little pocket-money by your pen."

Since that day I've searched the world over for as good a subject as Mr. Shaw, but not till I came to Hollywood have I felt inspired to do anything more about that pocket-money.

The difficulty in Hollywood is to know where to begin and when to stop. Even the stars have their little privacies.

Would Mei Lan Fang, I wonder, like to have me describe the expression on his mask-like (?) face when a plate of tepid griddle-cakes drenched in maple syrup was put down before him at a meeting of the Los Angeles Breakfast Club? I'm certain he wouldn't!

Next comes to mind that agreeable moment at the Louis Bromfields when I discovered that the author of "A Good Woman" does not wear the long, white beard of a patriarch. How ever did he learn so much about our sex in the comparatively short time at his disposal? The next question is, would he and Mrs. Bromfield care to have me discussing their youth in the press or telling you how extremely attractive they are? Certainly not!

Then take John Gilbert. How many women could twice "sit next to Jack" in as many days and not burst into poetry, to say nothing of prose? I've stayed away from "Redemption" up to now because he begged me not to go and see how badly he'd played it—and it's taken all the staying power I have. But when one of the guests at lunch described herself, in a try-out on the talking screen, as having "a voice like Demosthenes gargling pebbles and a face like Mahatma Gandhi without his spectacles," it's really too much to expect me not to tell you that John murmured into his soup plate, "D'Emos and G'Andy."

Oh, dear! If you'd only seen that nice young actor being "drowned" by Otis Skinner during the filming of a big scene from "Kismet" you'd not need to be told how near I came to omitting the quotation marks round the word "drowned." Think of my joy at being allowed in at all to see it. And then picture my ecstasy when the corpse had been, with difficulty, revived, and it was decided that, through a faulty rendering of his last and



Natural? I looked like an unfledged ostrich

best gurglings, he'd have to be drowned all over again—which he was. I could have sat there quite happily all the afternoon watching them make a Roman holiday of that young man, but when it comes to making his last moments public, I feel, as does Mr. Moran, that "maybe I shouldn't 'uv mentioned it."

As far as I can see, the only personality that my conscience permits me to treat with complete frankness is myself. The difficulty is, perhaps, that you're not as interested in the subject as I am. But there must be some among you who feel that they have every qualification for the talkies and would like to know exactly what it's like to have a "test" or "try-out" made. What follows below is written for the above.

THE TEST of the pudding is, as you know, in the heating, so it seemed singularly appropriate that the day chosen for my "try-out" before camera and microphone should have been the hottest July fifteenth ever recorded by the Meteorological Bureau of Southern California. It's no use my trying to explain how it came about that I, the middle-aged, stage-struck novice, should have been given this miraculous opportunity of showing what I could do. It was clearly a case of what is called in Hollywood "getting a break." Between you and me, Will Cameron arranged it for me, so I advise

you to go straight to him when you arrive out here. "It's lucky that heat only makes me hot," I decided, as I watched the quivering spirals of ether rising from an adjoining roof. My test was set for half-past two, so I must catch the eleven-thirty bus from Pasadena—where I happened to be staying. That would give me just time to get a bite to eat in Hollywood before going on to Max Factor's for my make-up appointment at one o'clock.

I began getting together the things necessary for the aftermath—not being one of those "Oh—just soap-and-water!" girls. I took cleansing cream and tissue, a towel, vanishing cream, rouge, powder and what not. (I'd be a fright without my what not.) Try as I would, the resulting package was unpleasantly like a day-laborer's lunch-box.

"Never mind!" I thought. "If my test is any good I shall soon be buying one of those nice little square make-up cases they all seem to carry over there."

Let me see. What was it Will had said? "Try to look as much like Ruth Chatterton as you can. You know, quiet and lady-like. A black dress, neat little black hat and a fur."

Heavens! A fur.

My black georgette frock was a good cut and the little Agnès turban of shiny black (Turn to page 58)



Was this gorgeous creature really myself?

WISDOM OF THE DESERT



"When will you decide?"
Ali asked. And Raitha
answered sadly, "Alas,
my heart has not spoken"

BY

KONRAD
BERCOVICI

A story of one of the far places
of the earth where, fierce as a storm
of blinding sand, rages war while
two men fight for a woman's love

IN THE oasis of the Wadi Assi, the Valley of Springs, on the road leading to Aleppo and Medina, there lived an Arab Hakim, a doctor, and his daughter. Hakim Hussein, the doctor, and his daughter Raitha, belonged to none of the desert tribes, yet they traveled freely from one village to another, from one oasis to another, visiting the sick and the wounded of friend and foe. For it is written in the Koran:

"Who interferes with those going to the relief of the sick shall perish."

Hakim Hussein accepted no payment, in coin, for his services; but the people of his own village and the tent-living, roaming Bedouin tribes brought to his hut, of their own free will, dates, the finest rice, and their youngest lambs.

"Hakim Hussein, Allah has been good to me and you have been kind."

A small, white-haired, shriveled old man, perched high between the humps of a camel, Hakim Hussein rode from village to village, through lakes of soft mud during the rainy season, and over shifting yellow mountains of sand in the summer-time, to bring relief to some old man who had overeaten, to a youngster who had been wounded in a raid, or to some child screaming in the desert.

Raitha was only twelve years old when her father began to take her along on his errands. The Hakim's daughter watched her father minister to the sick and the wounded. It was understood that Raitha was to take her father's place eventually. When not on his errands, Hakim Hussein taught his daughter how to brew the few simple remedies he used in his profession, and also explained to her what he knew of the healing qualities of certain herbs and powders that he received from the apothecaries of Aleppo and Damascus.

Long before she had reached her sixteenth year, Raitha would set out alone on an errand of mercy when her father had to go elsewhere, or when he was himself too weak to brave the sand storms or the rains of the desert. The wildest Bedouins stepped out of her way, and followed only with their eyes, the girl whose hair floated in the wind, as she galloped over the road. They would watch the road to see her return; to inquire who was ill, or to ask her to look into sand-bitten eyes, or an old sore that had opened again on the limb of some warrior.

That black-eyed, black-haired little Arab girl was loved and respected by these desert people who knew that she, like her father, took no sides in their enmities and quarrels. She ministered to them without inquiring who had inflicted the wounds. A fight between two tribes, or a raid, was no sooner over than she was seen passing at top speed on her black horse, or on her father's camel, going from one village to the other.

The old doctor, Hakim Hussein, still visited the sick, but only such as lived near his home, or when Raitha doubted her own ability.

She was on the camel early one morning on the road to Sulam-li, the village of peace, when her mount stumbled, fell, and broke both forelegs.

The hot wind of the desert blew and whirled. The *sumun*, the desert storm, had risen from the west. The moaning camel was being buried under a blanket of fine sand. Helpless, bewildered, Raitha raged at not being able to succor the beast that had served her and her father so well.

Suddenly she heard the muffled tramp of horsehoofs, that came nearer and nearer. The rider, whose head was wrapped in a white woolen desert shawl, dismounted. Raitha lowered the shawl from her face.

"Raitha!" the young man called out.

"Zimla! Allah be thanked."

She led him to the moaning camel.

"On my horse," he ordered sharply. "The storm is on. We shall barely have time to get to Chadar."

He helped her to the saddle and turned to the wounded animal. A cloud of sand curtained him from her eyes. When he had vaulted himself near her, she knew, from the grieved look in his eyes, that he had done what every desert man would have done in similar circumstances. Her eyes filled with tears. It had been a faithful camel.

Zimla was the oldest son of the Sheik of Tanli, a Bedouin village near Wadi Assi, Raitha's home. Whenever Zimla had returned from a raid he had come to bring dates and lambs and rice and spices to the Hakim, her father, and beads and perfumes and shawls of hand-woven silk to Raitha. He loved her.

Everybody in Wadi Assi, in Tanli, and even people at the other end of the desert, knew that Zimla loved the Hakim's daughter. He had paid a hundred pieces of silver to the *zimran*, the poet of Aleppo, to write a poem in her honor; and that song was sung in every village whenever youngsters gathered around a fire. Yet when Zimla had asked her to marry him, Raitha had answered truly that her heart had not spoken, that she belonged to the sick and the wounded.

But now it seemed to her that the horse was riding too fast; that they would arrive too soon at Chadar. The loneliness of the desert during a sand storm, and the death of the camel had terrified her. She had felt so strong before, but now she realized she would never again feel as strong when alone.

The sun had already glided down half the semicircle when they stopped at Chadar. Half a dozen men astride their horses greeted them at the entrance to the black tent village. The people of Chadar were friendly to Zimla, the son of the Sheik of Tanli.

"What brings you here?"

"The Hakim's daughter is on her way to Sulam-li. Mechmet Burdun is ill," Zimla announced. "Her camel died on the way. She will ride my horse there."

"May Allah bring her in time," said Ali Ahmet, though the sick man was one of his enemies. "But would it not be better that she wait until the storm had died?"

Zimla dismounted and looked pleadingly at the girl. She smiled at him, threw her head back and, veering her horse, she answered over her shoulder to the men:

"Even the *sumun* cannot stop me to go where Allah calls me."

A veil of sand was between her and the men of Chadar before she was a hundred feet away from them.

"By Allah, she is her father's daughter," the men said, patting Zimla on the shoulders as they led him towards the chief's tent.

THREE hours later Raitha galloped into Sulam-li; thinking of Zimla, and wondering whether he had turned around to look after her when she was gone. She was sixteen. Women of the desert were mothers at that age. For three hours Zimla had sat behind her, with his arms clasped about her waist. He had paid a hundred silver pieces for a poem in her honor. He was tall and strong; but so was Ali, Ali from Wad Gibor. Ali would have been bold, Ali would have spoken to her. What would he have said?

The whole village was around the tent of the sick man when the Hakim's daughter arrived. They had expected her there before high noon, and when the sun had spread its last blood-red rays along the sand of the desert and Raitha had not arrived, they had become uneasy. Surely no one would have dared to bar her way! The desert was her domain. She was free to go and come. But there had been a *sumun*. What had happened? They questioned her. Where was the *telul*, the she-camel, that the village had given her father? Why was she riding a horse? Whose horse was it?

In a few words Raitha informed them of what had happened. The people of Sulam-li were no friends of Zimla, and they hated the people of Chadar. It displeased them to be under obligation to people they did



Unmolested by the wildest Bedouins, the girl traveled the desert on errands of mercy

not like. It was an ill omen that the camel should have died on the way.

Raitha looked at the wound of the old man.

"Be quiet, father Mechmet."

"Oh," moaned the old man, "if you had not come I would have died."

"Not so, father. Allah the merciful, the compassionate, has been here before me. The wound is healing."

The women of Mechmet Burdun, old and young, took possession of Raitha and took her to their portion of the tent which adjoined that of the master. Lamb meat boiled in rice, camel's milk and new dates from Hayil,

dates as yellow as golden wax and as sweet as honey, were put before her. When she had finished eating, the women wanted to know whether anybody had brought to her village new cloth from Damascus. A Syrian desert peddler had sold them green and yellow beads. Had he been at Raitha's village? No. The water in the well had soured. Did she or her father know how to sweeten it? She had better ask. Hakim Hussein knew so many things!

The sudden night of the desert spread its deep brown veil on the sand before Raitha had finished talking to the women. She could not return home that night. She would sleep in the women's tent. Zimla would inform her father of what had happened.

A half hour later the young men of Sulam-li were caracoling on their horses in the open space left by the tents that were spread in a circle. They had lit a dozen small camp fires and were shooting their guns in the air, galloping at top speed, running in circles in opposite directions, yelling and screaming. The older men sat around the fires of blazing dry weeds, and sang raucous songs that have echoed in the desert for thousands of years.

Raitha watched the younger men. She knew each one of them by name. She compared them to Zimla and to Ali, Ali from Wad Gibor. Where was Ali? She had never felt so alone, so anxious to be near Ali, or Zimla.

Ali and Zimla were friends. Some day she would choose between these two. Which one would it be? What would Ali have done if he had found her in the desert as Zimla had? The same thing, undoubtedly. He, too, would have ridden for hours with his hands clasped about her waist. Perhaps he would have accompanied her to Sulam-li! Ali was bolder than Zimla. She thought of Ali thus while the youngsters were galloping their horses about the fires and the older men sang songs to the glory of Allah.

An old man brought a brass coffee pot to the fire and soon the little cups not larger than a thimble were being passed around.

The ecstatic songs melted into those of war and victory and hatred. Raitha was a child of the desert. These songs told her that the people of Sulam-li would soon ride unexpectedly upon the village of Chadar to carry off the cattle and horses of people who had been

kind to her. Yet, she would not say a word to them of what she knew. It was the law of the desert. The lips of those free to go everywhere must remain sealed. The Hakim, her father, had taught her that law before he had taken her on the first errand of mercy. It was a great law; holier than all the laws of the desert:

"Who betrays the faith of the desert is a traitor to life; worse than an infidel."

AT DAWN Raitha rose to go. Her horse was laden with skins of freshly churned camel butter and bags of dates and rice. The wind had died down. The sand glittered. The sky was of the deepest blue. Young gazelles crossed her path and ran to hide in the ruins of stone fortresses that had been built by the Crusaders a thousand years before.

Her father was at the door when she arrived. Raitha fell into his arms and cried. The Hakim did not question her, and his daughter knew better than to burden him with dangerous knowledge. He, too, had cried frequently in his youth. But he was old now. The ways of men were as mysterious as the ways of God. She would soon know that and cease to despair.

Towards midday, as she was still very sad, he asked her:

"Does Raitha cry because of other things?"

Raitha looked at him and said:

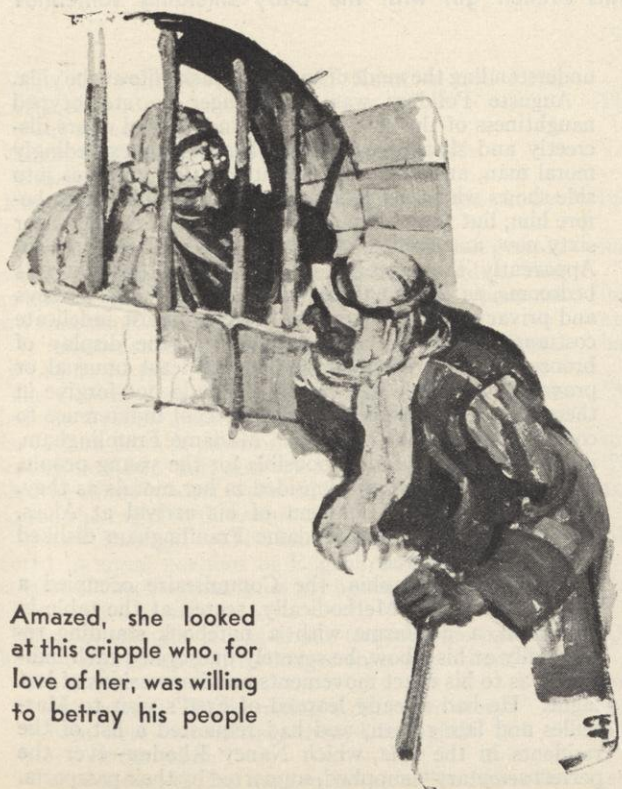
"The desert was terrifying yesterday."

The Hakim patted her hands, kissed her, and turned around so that she could not see his tear-filled eyes.

At sundown Zimla and Ali rode up to the Hakim's tent. They were accompanied by two groups of youngsters. Ali had paid a hundred silver pieces to a *zimran* for a song to Raitha which he wanted her to hear. Though Ali and Zimla were the best of friends, they both had an equal right to court her, since she was still free to choose.

The two groups of youngsters sang separately the two songs in front of the Hakim's hut. Midnight found them still singing, while the people strolled about and applauded and encouraged them.

Raitha had but little pleasure from the song, and still less from the general gaiety of the people of her village. She knew that behind that friendly rivalry, which Zimla and Ali exhibited publicly, there (Turn to page 54)



Amazed, she looked at this cripple who, for love of her, was willing to betray his people

Illustrated by Clark Fay

THE SHORTEST



The Commissaire fixed a suspicious eye on these mad English people. What were they hiding? And was this French girl with the baby shielding someone?

AT ALOËS, a villa on the French Riviera, Sophia Framlingham has gathered around her a house party of bright young people. There are three girls. They are Nancy Rhodes who is Mrs. Framlingham's secretary, Prunella Quentin, and Ruth Jackson—called Rumples by her intimates. The young men are Joe Quentin (Prunella's brother) and Paul Slade. Another member of the party is the famous London comedian, Fred Poole, who, however, is absent. He has gone to Marseilles, intimating a romantic rendezvous.

Poor Fred is not popular with the other members of the party. They are having a perfect time in and out of the bathing pool near the villa, when Nancy arrives with a telegram from Fred Poole announcing he will return that night. This provokes such a disgusted uproar that the hostess, Mrs. Framlingham, is annoyed. In contrition, the young people plan to give Fred a hearty welcome.

But that night after dinner they wait in vain for Fred. The custom of the villa is to retire early and at ten o'clock they saunter off to bed, postponing Fred's welcome till morning. He may, they think, arrive on the midnight train. This is after Rumples has prepared them herb tea which they drink every night because Rumples insists it is soothing to the nerves.

Finally only Prunella is left in the living-room. Once alone, however, she slips out into the garden and meets a strange man who threatens to kill himself unless she helps him. Disgusted, she calls upon Paul Slade to come to her assistance.

The next morning at breakfast they meet serenely

again, wondering whether or not Fred Poole did return late. In the midst of this, the telephone rings. It is from Sophia Framlingham's friend Lady Humber who has a house party of her own at St. Raphael, a few miles away. This party includes Prince Louis of Lemberg-Boissy; Heriot Bannister, a member of Parliament; Juniper Gregg, the millionaire speed boat king; and Lady Humber's young nephew, Lal Clifford. Now Lady Humber wishes to know if Mrs. Framlingham can put up Lal Clifford. In some way he has offended the prince. They're delighted to do it—especially delighted is Nancy.

Juniper Gregg brings Lal over in his motor-boat and then they determine to see whether Fred Poole is in his room or not.

Shouting their cries of welcome, they burst into his room.

Fred is there—in the bed—but he doesn't move. Beside him is a cup of the herb tea. It wasn't there the night before. Is he ill? No! They suddenly all realize it—he's dead! And the stupefying knowledge creeps upon them that he's not only dead but has been murdered.

The story now continues with the Commissioner of Police questioning various members of the house party:

THE Commissaire from the Gendarmerie found himself faced with a stupendous task when he began his interrogation of the party at Aloës. To examine Fred Poole's bedroom, take the necessary photographs, and then arrange for the instant removal of the body to the local morgue, was simple, compared with the difficulty of

understanding the mode of happy-go-lucky life at the villa.

Auguste Polidore was no stranger to stereotyped naughtiness of the old-fashioned kind: locked doors discreetly and silently unlocked. He was an exceedingly moral man, and deplored the intoxicating glimpses into side-shows which his profession was always bringing before him, but they did not shock him. He was well over sixty now, and used to it all. But really, these English! Apparently they strolled in and out of each other's bedrooms, as though there were no such things as keys and privacy. The young girls wore the most indelicate costumes without seeming aware that the display of bronzed leg and shoulder was in the least unusual or provocative. That was the sin he could not forgive in them—not their behavior, but their cool indifference to correct standards of behavior. Madame Framlingham, who should have been responsible for the young people, was fully as careless and lopsided in her morals as they. From the very first moment of his arrival at Aloës, Monsieur Polidore and Madame Framlingham disliked each other excessively.

Unluckily for Sophia, the Commissaire occupied a superior position. Methodically, seated at the table in the salon, a gendarme with a notebook standing respectfully at his elbow, he severely questioned each individual as to his exact movements and impressions of last night. He had already learned of Fred's visit to Marseilles and late return, and had requested a list of the residents in the villa, which Nancy Rhodes—ever the perfect secretary—supplied, supported by their passports.

A group of amusing young people in a house party on the Riviera and then in the midst of their love and laughter—a murder! Here's an unusual mystery story

by G. B. STERN



Illustration by WALLACE MORGAN

Monsieur Polidore began with Rumples and Paul, because their rooms adjoined Fred's.

"Your name, madame?"

"Ruth Jackson, but they call me Rumples."

"Pourquoi?"

Rumples shook her curls and looked at him winsomely.

"It's just a wee pet name."

"*Bien*. Then you slept in this room—" with a gesture towards her door—"and the door into the salon, that was open? Yes. And the door into the room where the dead man slept, that was locked?"

"It may have been," Rumples said serenely. "But I don't think it was. Why should it be?"

The Commissaire, beginning to dislike her as well as Madame Framlingham, suggested modesty. Rumples, who had an ecstatic philosophy all her own, immediately contradicted him flat, and tried to start an argument. What he called modesty, she called Evil Matter. If he allowed the Light to filter through—

"*Assez!* Enough!" (The interrogation was being conducted in equal portions of English and French.) "If madame is volatile, that is not my business. At what time did you retire to bed?"

Rumples thought it was about ten minutes past ten. She had stayed up a little longer than the others.

"Why?"

"I was writing. I am writing a detective story."

"Where were you writing, then, last night?"

"Here, in the salon."

"Then you were the last to leave the salon?" he demanded.

"No, Prunella was still there when I went to bed. That's Prunella—Miss Quentin."

"Ah! Already, then, you have made a misstatement. You said you sat up after all the others?"

Rumples beamed at him. "I think it's perfectly wonderful to be able to remember details like that. I never can!"

"Did you couch yourself at once?" M. Polidore was not going to let himself be troubled by dimples or flattery.

Rumples, it appeared, had gone to bed, fallen asleep immediately, slept soundly all night, and heard nothing at all until she woke in the usual way next morning, about half-past eight.

"YOU heard nothing at all?"

"Not a thing. I always sleep beautifully. I swing myself into a communication with the Circle of Unbroken Thought, which means that no little nibbling worries can come near me. One swings faster and faster, until—"

This, too, the Commissaire checked. He turned to Paul Slade, who appeared on the surface to be a man of the world, with courteous manners and no eccentricities. "And did monsieur also enjoy an unbroken sleep?"

"No," replied Paul frankly. "After I was in bed, Miss Quentin came in to talk to me."

The Commissaire looked round. No one was showing any signs of horror, except the gendarme, whose pencil quivered once and then scribbled elatedly. He was young in the service.

"At what time was this?" The Commissaire looked severe.

"About eleven. I don't know exactly. It might have been a bit earlier."

"Why did she come in to talk to you? Think well before you reply, monsieur."

This was meant to be formidable. But Paul had thought well already, and had not left it until as late as this.

"She was feeling depressed."

"Has this ever happened before last night?"

Sophia put in: "Very often indeed. My house party consists almost entirely of artists, who are in very sensitive accord with each other's moods. When they are downcast it is absolutely natural that they should appeal to a fellow-artist."

"In the middle of the night?" asked the Commissaire, sardonically.

Sophia indicated that to the artistic temperament the night was as the day.

"No doubt—to you, madame." This was meant to be withering. "So Monsieur Slade—" consulting the list of names of the guests at the villa—"is an artist?"

Paul explained his profession: a chartered accountant. The Commissaire's eyebrows indicated that he saw no reason—except the worst—why an accountant should have vibrations of sympathy with Miss Quentin at eleven o'clock at night.

"Which way did she enter your bedroom?" Already in his mind the villa's interior was clearly mapped. He was good at that sort of thing.

"Through Mr. Poole's bedroom."

(Turn to page 86)

HOW SHALL WE FURNISH OUR SUN ROOM?



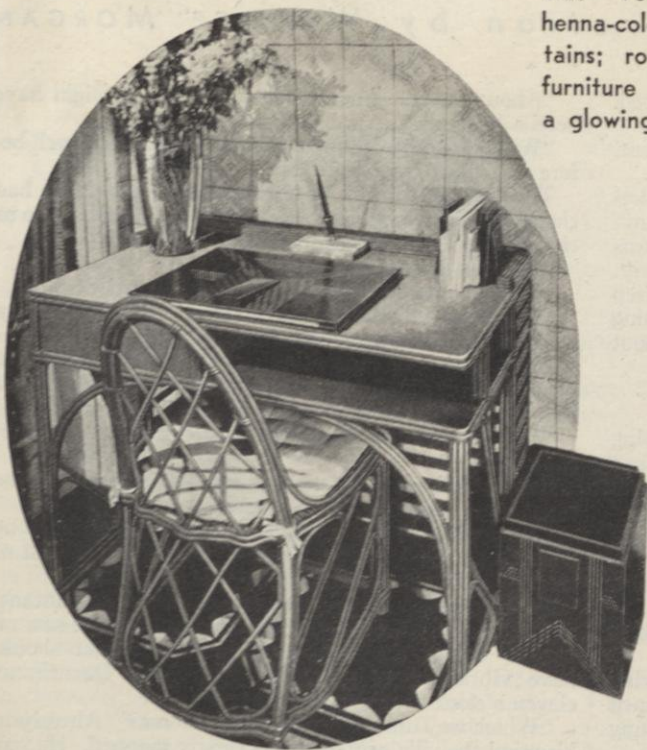
This room might be in a sunny corner of this house



Black linoleum floor with red and gold pattern; blue and ivory tile walls; blue Venetian blinds; henna-colored gauze curtains; royal blue reed furniture upholstered in a glowing beige mohair



Low tables set with yellow trays for an informal luncheon



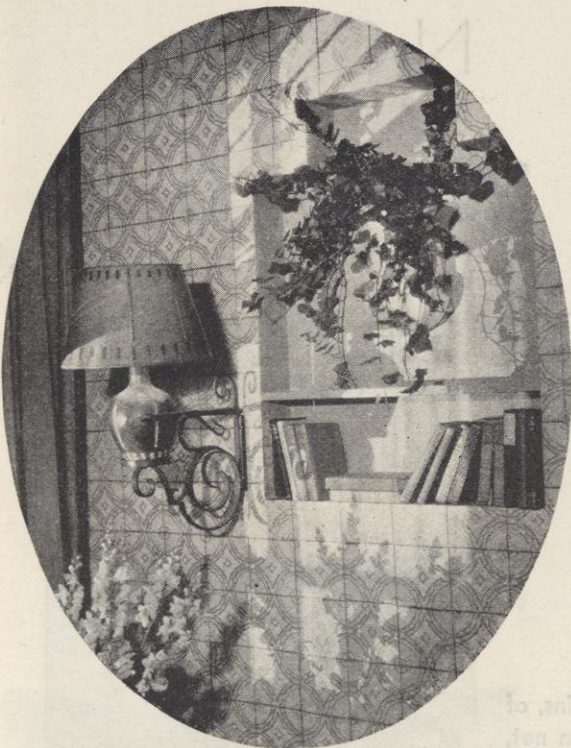
Actually constructed, furnished and photographed in Delineator Institute of Interiors workshop on the fifteenth floor of the Butterick Building in New York. You can duplicate every item from woodwork to accessories

LADDERS of sunlight flash across the floor and up the walls. Sun streams through Venetian blinds, floods the room with radiant light; strikes glittering, jewel-like notes on quaint tiled walls, on a gay linoleum floor, on vivid yellow pottery and sparkling topaz glass, on glowing polished wood, and on smart reed furniture lacquered a deep, rich, royal blue.

That's our sun room. That's the room that Delineator Institute of Interiors has built, decorated, furnished, and photographed on the fifteenth floor of the Butterick Building in New York. There are so many interesting things to tell you about it that we scarcely know where to begin.

Our handling of scale seems to be the thing that causes most of our visitors to exclaim. Nearly all of them think that the room is much larger than it is. No doubt you did too, when you looked at the photographs.

Really it is a very small room—quite as small as you are likely to find in an ordinary dwelling. It measures only ten by ten. But every thing we used in it is small too. So you get no sense of being crowded, but receive,



Ideas and some more ideas,
furniture and more furniture.
Sun rooms in which to live,
and enjoy the coming months

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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

THE BACKGROUND: Windows, doors, and trim, Curtis Companies, Inc., Clinton, Iowa, manufacturers of Curtis Woodwork.—Tiles on walls, the Stonetone Company, New York.—Embossed inlaid linoleum, Armstrong's Linoleum Floors, Armstrong Cork Company, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. THE DRAPERIES: Venetian blinds, Burlington Venetian Blind Company, Burlington, Vermont.—Curtains of Chunda gauze, Andrew McLean Company, New York.—Blue wool fringe trimming, Consolidated Trimming Corporation, New York. THE MECHANICAL EQUIPMENT: Phantom radiators, American Radiator Company, New York. WR-10 Radio, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Radio Department, New York.—THE FURNITURE: Stick reed furniture—arm chairs, settee, desk, side chair, round table, coffee tables—Heywood-Wakefield Company, New York.—Beige mohair upholstery, Leshner Whitman and Co., Inc., New York. French provincial maple furniture shown in same background, top of this page: Sofa, arm chairs, S. Karpen and Bros., Chicago. THE EQUIPMENT FOR TRAYS ON COFFEE TABLES: Square-base tumblers, water pitcher, and large glass tray, Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, West Virginia.—Flatware, ("Charm" pattern) Holmes and Edwards Inlaid, International Silver Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.—Trays, B. Altman and Company, New York. THE ACCESSORIES: Black calf desk pad, book ends, waste basket, cigar box, The Star Case Company, New York.—Desk pen set, The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.—Letter-paper, Eaton, Crane and Pike Company, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.—Capri wall pocket and lamp base, iron bracket, lamp and shades, Carbone, Inc., Boston.—Triple flower stand, watering can, Chase Brass and Copper Company, New York.—Cigar box, ash trays, vases, Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, West Virginia.—Hardware on the doors of this sun room, P. & F. Corbin, New Britain, Connecticut.

rather, an impression of spaciousness, and a feeling of genuine comfort.
We built the room according to the plans for the sun room in the Mediterranean house illustrated on the opposite page. It is a Curtis house, and is called "Nogales."
You should know about Curtis houses. They are all cleverly planned to suit the needs of modern families. Not only is the architecture in excellent taste, but all the detail is carefully thought out. All the doors, windows, mouldings, and the like, are specially designed to suit the type and proportions of each house, and of each room in it. And all this woodwork is carried in stock! No need now to go to the expense of special milling to get exactly the kind of woodwork that is appropriate for your house.
The gentle, graceful arch with its glass-paneled doors is an example of what we mean. Think of the cost of having this made to order! Though why should you think of it, since you know that you can buy it complete, all ready to install, directly from a lumber dealer?
The rest of the woodwork in our sun room lives up to the standard set by the arch. The windows with their thin



Above, left: A wall lamp on a wrought iron bracket beside a niche which has a yellow pottery wall pocket

An ivy stand of copper and brass, and a cigar box of black calf, furnish the low table, right

The phantom radiator, set flush with the window sill and painted a warm ivory, is discreetly decorative

ATTRACTIVE ALTERNATIVES BOTH NEW AND SMART:
REED FURNITURE OR FRENCH PROVINCIAL MAPLE



Photographs by the Goold Studios

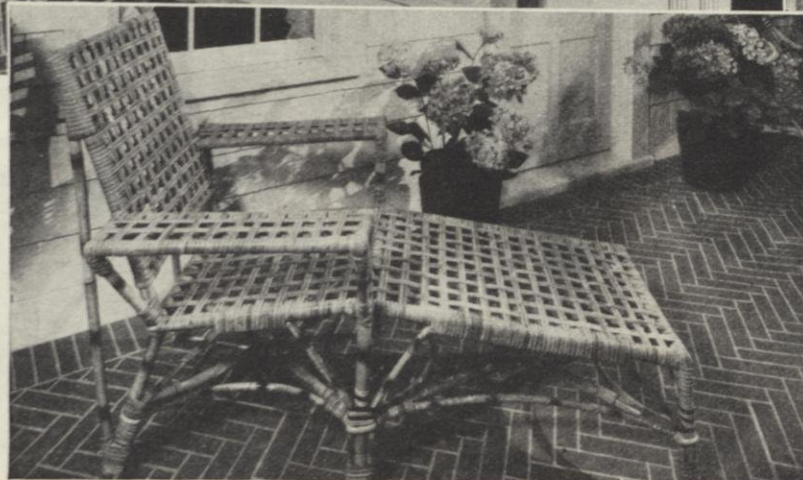
mullions, the other door, and even the narrow blue moulding that joins the ceiling to the walls, are all in just proportion.
The mood of a sun room must be jolly. It is a place for laughter, gaiety, high spirits, and good fun. Don't you think that the linoleum sets a happy pace for the rest of the room to follow? It's bright simplicity makes it a suitable flooring for an informal American, French, Spanish, or modern interior. The background is black; on it, large octagons are defined by gold scallops enclosed with bright red lines.
The question of scale comes up again. The large pattern on the floor allowed us to use a smaller pattern on the walls. We used tiles with a design in blue on a deep cream ground.
These tiles are a story in themselves. They are made of plastic cement on a wall-board base! Always on the lookout for bright ideas that we can retail to you in this department, DELINEATOR's staff of decorators was happy to discover a firm that will copy any sort of a tile design that you send to it. Just fancy having wall tiles made to order!

We chose a cream and blue tile of which we are specially fond, and sent it to this manufacturer, together with accurate measurements of the entire room.
In no time, packages of finished tiles arrived. We couldn't wait to get them on the walls. When we did, the effect was even better than we had hoped.
These tiles can be applied to any wall by means of nails or cement. First, however, it is best to give the wall a coat of size, to seal up the pores. Then a lining paper should be applied to cover any cracks.
When the tiles were in place, we applied two coats of clear varnish to give them the proper glaze, and to insure durability.
Perhaps you have long treasured a beautiful old Spanish tile—or maybe it is a Persian one—and have dreamed of having a room lined with its fellows. The cost prohibited you. Now you can have the room of your dream, at a price that is small indeed.
Next we come to the windows. There are two groups of three out-swinging casements. Each group is treated as a single unit. Each has a single (Turn to page 70)



The woodwork and hardware recreate the fine spirit of the American tradition

Rattan furniture of a simple design is varnished to make it wholly waterproof



Would you believe that this quaintly formal terrace which looks

TO ENHANCE the newly rediscovered joys of outdoor living, Delineator Institute of Interiors has built this pleasant Colonial terrace, floored it with brick, furnished it with rattan, and flooded it with lambent sunlight—gently brilliant, softly radiant.

Of course you know the infinite pains we take with details, so that all the information we give you every month is accurate, complete, and of real, practical value to you, should you wish to duplicate the schemes. We use only manufactured products that are readily procurable in all parts of this country.

This terrace, though it recreates perfectly the American Georgian spirit—though it might, with composure, take its place in a quiet, elm-shaded street of a Connecticut town—is built entirely of units manufactured in this country at the present time.

The woodwork, for instance, is made by the Curtis Companies, Inc., Clinton, Iowa. Would you believe that it was less than a hundred years old? Look at the door with its nicely proportioned panels, (Turn to page 68)

as if it had welcomed the suns of at least a hundred summers, was really built in the busy workshop of Delineator Institute of Interiors?

NOW
WOULD
YOU BELIEVE
IT?

Ruffled curtains, of figured cream net, peep from small-paned windows

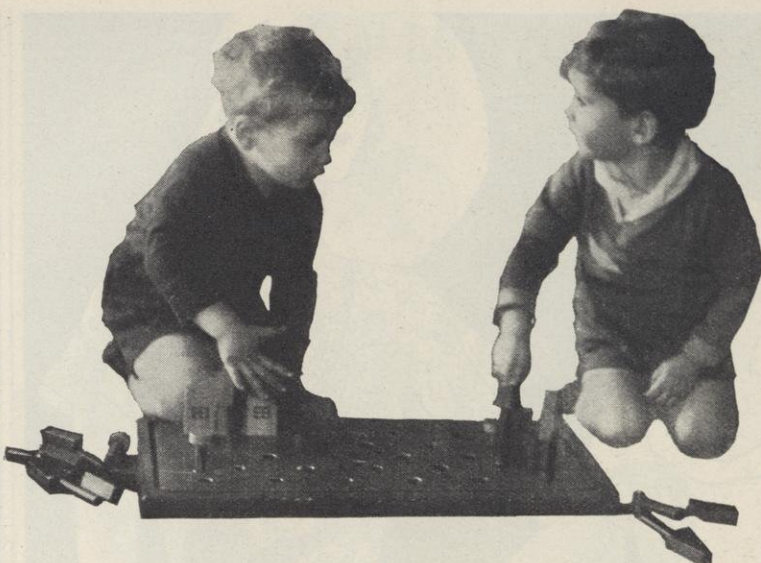
A table, set for a luncheon, is told about in tempting detail on page 40



Photographs by the Gould Studios

DELINEATOR INSTITUTE of INTERIORS

Children love to use their little hands, and it's fun to poke and fit



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
LENA G. TOWSLEY

PLAYTHINGS

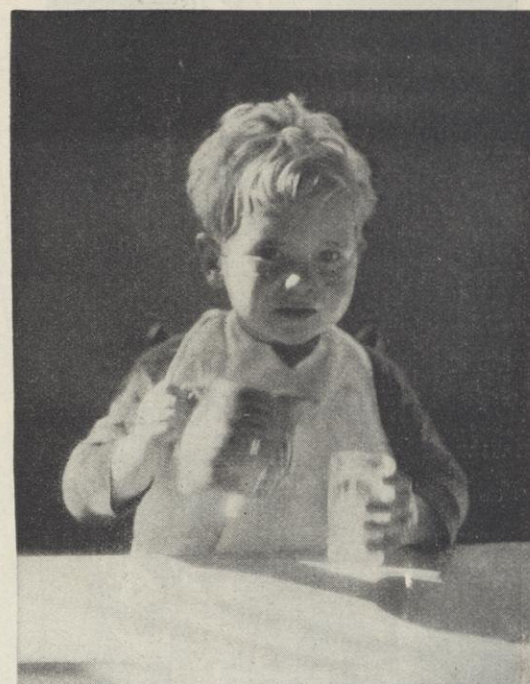
FOR CHILDREN

The director of the Child Development
Institute at Columbia University solves
an old problem: "What toys to buy?"

by

Dr. LOIS HAYDEN MEEK

The large muscles need exercise, and it's fun to slide down bannisters



Even the job of eating becomes a game when the child serves himself

FOR his birthday little four-year-old Billy got a mechanical donkey and cart which bucked and traveled in eccentric circles; an electric train from Uncle Stephen; a fragile airplane from Aunt Jane; grandfather brought him a watch; and Mr. George appeared with a motorboat two feet long, which actually went by steam.

There were other gifts—money for Billy's college, clothes, games, candy, books to read later on. And—oh! yes—Aunt Louise brought a rough looking box filled with some colored hunks of wood about the size of building bricks.

Billy's eyes were simply inadequate—the electric train, the bucking donkey, the motorboat—and the airplane. When daddy wound up the donkey and cleared the table for his monkey-shines, how amused Billy was. The big motorboat was so lovely; Billy actually patted it, caressingly. But he'd have to wait until summer, somebody said, to use it, when they went up to Lake Opcong in Maine.

Young Uncle Jim tried to fly the airplane for Billy's amusement. It sailed gracefully across the room, but the whirling propeller hit the mantel. They went outdoors, but a mild gust of springtime wind flip-flopped it to the ground.

The electric train wouldn't go. Daddy had been trying to set it up. But he didn't really know the difference between a rheostat and a screen-grid. He blew out a couple of fuses and created a cascade of sparks.

In the meantime, mother had put away grandfather's watch because she wanted him to have it when he was older and she knew that a boy Billy's age would be

interested in the click and the turn of the winding stem, making the hands turn round and round, opening it up to see what made it go—in short, learning much but destroying costly material which could only be appreciated later in life.

As she was putting it away, Billy came to her whining and pouting. With quick insight she saw that her child was tired, nervous, excited—and frustrated. He had been given a host of toys and gifts, yet it could almost truthfully be said that he had nothing to play with!

And it was then that they discovered Aunt Louise's blocks. Now, Aunt Louise knew that Billy needed blocks. She had gone to a carpenter's and told him exactly what she wanted. He made some curved, some very large—two feet; some smaller. Then he made a box to put them in, and put ball bearing rollers on the box, for it was heavy. At the last minute Aunt Louise thought it would be nicer if the blocks were painted. She could have bought ten cent store tins of bright-colored paint so Dad and Billy could have painted them together; but instead she enameled them herself.

Billy liked the blocks best. Not at first; they did not catch his eye; But day in and day out, month in and month out—indeed, for several years—one of his favorite toys was the box of blocks.

THIS story is so true that it might have happened in most any home, except that there isn't always an Aunt Louise in the background who understands the needs and desires of children. It is certainly true that electric trains do not always bring happiness, that airplanes are

a much better toy for a child of twelve than of four, that blocks have a lasting joy for five or seven years. Why are these things true? What playthings should children have and how can we decide what to provide?

Activity is the keynote of child life. No matter what age, children are always *doing* something. The relatively quiet days of infancy are soon passed. Before the first year is over a baby is sitting up, standing, rolling, crawling—moving, moving, moving—constantly during his waking hours. The world is always a joyous challenge to children. It is only the tired, busy adult who can walk around a mud puddle, miss seeing the steam shovel at work, or pass the alley cat unnoticed.

AND in all this constant activity children are, for their own ends, making use of whatever is around them. The infant feels the edge of the table, pats the top of it, waves a spoon; grasps the side of his crib, his mother's hair, or his father's eye-glasses; grasps, crumbles and waves a piece of paper. These are activities of manipulating, exploring, investigating, and he uses for his play anything within reach. The wise parent soon learns that precious objects must be put out of reach, for an infant knows not a Lalique bowl from a tin can and gives to each the unqualified interest of a manipulator and experimenter.

All this means that life for the normal, happy, healthy boy and girl consists of *doing* things (playing, if you will). The serious responsibility of determining what he will play with, where he will play, when he will play, and with whom, falls to the lot of the adult.

What are the very best playthings? (Turn to page 73)



3856

3838

3834

FOR LATE AFTERNOON
AND FOR DAYLIGHT EVENINGS

The informal ankle-length
frock has a new importance

SCALLOPS ARE IN

3856 And here you have them in a frock of one of the new printed chiffons of large design and soft French colorings. The flared peplum, applied in scallops breaks the "long-legged" line of this frock smartly. Picoted and scalloped hemline. The flower is made of the print. For 34 (size 16), 6½ yards 39-in. Designed for sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38.

ORGANDIE'S THE THING

3838 For youth. And here's a dance frock or late afternoon dress—as you like—in pale blue with narrow magenta velvet sash and flower. The kimono sleeve adds a frill to match those on the billowy skirt. Yoked skirt attached at waistline. For 34 (size 16), 6¼ yards 39-inch organdie are needed. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 38.

DAYLIGHT SAVING CHIC

3834 When the light still lingers you may trip off to the garden party or dance at the club in the gayest of moods in this lovely frock of white, eyelet embroidered in red, and a red patent leather belt and flower. The youthful double flared peplum conceals a yoke. For 36 (size 18), 5¼ yards 39-inch. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 40.



SOME SUMMER TRANSPARENCIES

IT'S BECOMING TO US ALL!

3877 This crossed-over effect. And in eyelet embroidery this will be a charming addition to the variety of informal afternoon dresses that one must have this season. Note the almost inevitable scalloped yoke line of the skirt. Long tie belt with bow. For 36 (size 18), 5½ yards 35-inch. It is designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

SHEER GREEN FOR SUMMER

3879 Somehow we can't see this in anything but soft green georgette worn with dark brown kid pumps! The tiny jabot-like frills of pleated chiffon are alluringly feminine and the diagonal line of the pleated flounces gives the one-sided note. One-piece frock. For 36 (size 18), 4½ yards 39-inch. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

FLOWERS AND FRILLS

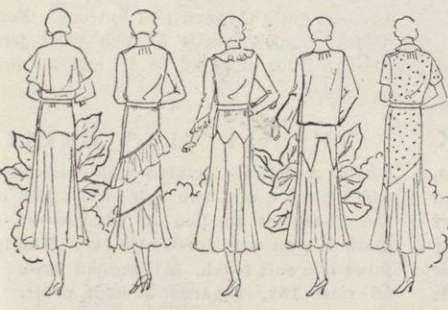
3862 Flowers are "in" again and one makes them of the print, or of plain color, or of a bright contrasting shade—and it's smart to wear them as sketched here. This frock is made very easily for all the edges are finished with picoting. Four-piece skirt. For 36 (size 18), 4¾ yards 35-inch celanese voile. For sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

FOR LITTLE LUNCHEONS

3863 This little jacket frock in printed georgette with matching jacket is ideal. For bridge later, slip off the short sleeved jacket, and you're chic and cool in a sleeveless frock with the flattering draped neck and dropped shoulder. The low flare is especially good. For 36 (size 18), 4½ yards 39-inch. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 40.

THE SCARF TOUCH

3873 Better be out of the world than without a scarf this season and in this frock it's always with you in the scarf-collar. What a chance too, for color contrast in the scarf, belt and cuff-bows! The low slanting flare of the two-piece skirt is good. For 36 (size 18), 4½ yards 35-inch print. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18; 32 to 44.





FASHIONED SLENDERLY

3883 It's all one-sided—as it should be this season. Following the line of the surplice, the scarf collar ends in a bow at the opposite shoulder and the low flare of the skirt is attached diagonally. For 36 (size 18), 4¼ yards 39-inch printed silk crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

THE LIGHT TOP FROCK

3823 Short sleeves—of course! Also, of course, sharp color contrast. All these pointed lines make the frock interesting, and the revers-and-scarf collar is most chic. Yoked skirt. For 36 (size 18), 1½ yds. 39-in. crêpe, 3¼ yds. 39-in. contrast. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

BLACK AND WHITE CHIC

3880 The one-sidedness, which appears in so many new dresses, is found here in the girdle which is tied around snugly. The collar ties too, at the back. Lingerie touches of batiste with val lace. Six-gore skirt. For 36 (size 18), 2¾ yards 54-inch wool. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

THE SMARTEST LINES ARE PUT TO ONE SIDE

THE "DIFFERENT" LOOK

3831 One-sided neckline, one-sided bertha, one-sided pleated fulness, and the belt tied at one side. This is a new and smart fashion and, as you see, it makes a very good looking dress. Four-piece skirt. For 36 (size 18), 4¾ yards 32-inch print. It is designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

SOME NEW CONTRASTS

3844 This lettuce green jersey frock could have collar and sleeve bands of ultra blue crêpe for color contrast, or there is blue with raspberry. The soft collar ties at back, the belt pulls through and buttons. For 36 (size 18), 2½ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

THE "LITTLE" DRESS

3874 A delicate printed voile with all the edges picoted and two half circles laid over the shoulders in lieu of sleeves—so you know it's an easy frock to make. The bow-jabot is a soft touch. All around flare. For 36 (size 18), 4 yards 39-inch print. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

LOVELY
AT MIDDAY
RADIANT
AT MIDNIGHT

LUNCHEON FROCK

3827 We have seen a plaid georgette that would be perfect for this luncheon or afternoon dress. The side flared skirt, the puff sleeves in a plain color, and the yoke are all very smart. For 36 (size 18), 4¼ yards 39-inch printed triple georgette; ⅝ yard 35-inch plain. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 40.

AFTERNOON FROCK

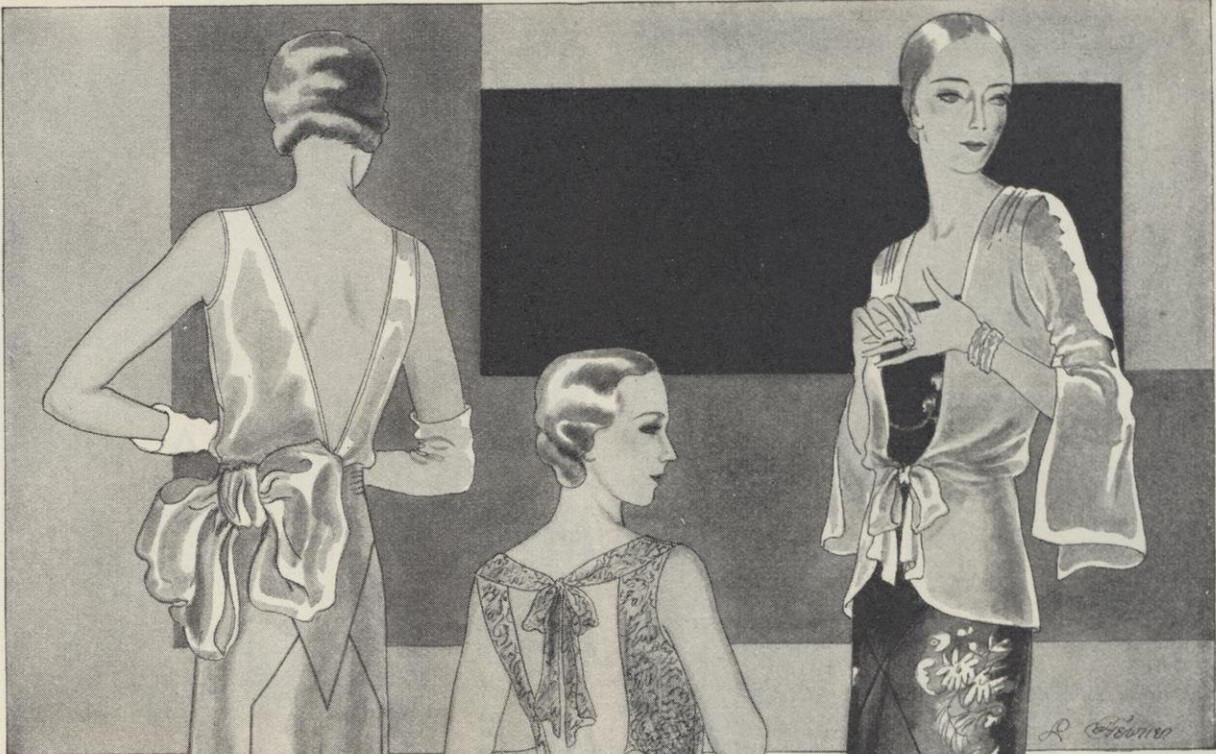
3829 This dress with shaped bertha-cape and simple gathered skirt has graceful lines. The picoted edges mean less work. One finds charming new touches in the tied-in-front belt, the uneven yoke line and the bertha, split on the shoulder. For 36 (size 18), 4¾ yards 39-inch. Designed for 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.



3827

3829

3875



3852

3871

FASHIONS
CONTINUED
ON PAGES
104-108

VOILE AFTERNOON FROCK

3875 This unusual cutting adds new interest to the bertha fashion. The flared skirt is attached in smart, scalloped outline and the belt tied in a soft bow at center front is a new feature. For 36 (size 18), 4¾ yards 39-inch printed cotton voile. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 32 to 44.

SATIN EVENING GOWN

3852 Sophisticated charm is the key-note of this frock and we think white angel-skin satin its best fabric. The flare of the skirt has a new pointed outline and the smashing bow at the side back adds a daring touch. For 36 (size 18), 4¾ yards 39-inch. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

LACE EVENING GOWN

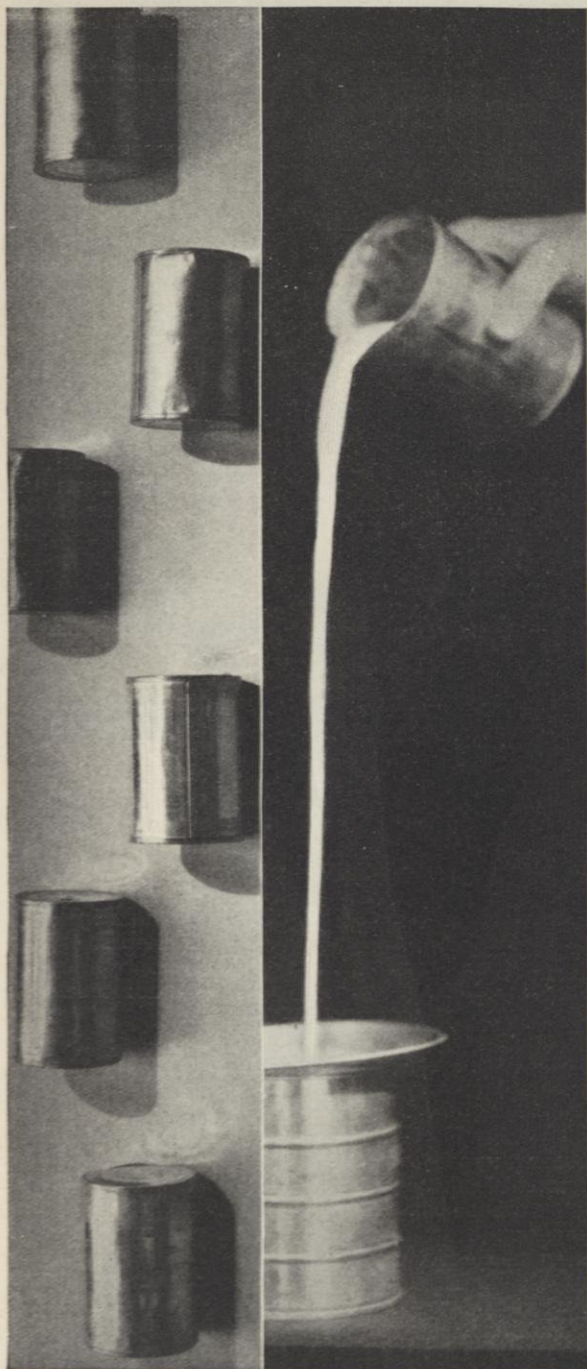
3871 A lovely frock of white lace. Flowers are used to unite the diagonal flounce to the waistline emphasizing the one-sided effect, and they may also serve for color contrast. The soft bow modifying the décolletage is charming. For 36 (size 18), 6¼ yards 35-inch. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

CRÊPE GOWN, VELVET WRAP

3819-3696 The gown has the criss-cross yoked skirt and square décolletage that are the season's newest. The jacket is white velvet—you'll see lots of these. Tie fastening and scarf at back. For 36 (size 18), 2¾ yds. 35-in. velvet; 4¾ yds. 39-in. crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

Jacket 3819
Frock 3696





M. M. M. MEANS MORE MILK IN THE MENU

anybody, but with much satisfaction to everybody.

First, dishes that are made with a goodly quantity of milk in them, are often just as unmilky in appearance as one can imagine. Know what I mean? There is baked Indian pudding, just to show you. My mother used to make this and I would rise to say that it was a good day when this particular dessert made its appearance. It is redolent of New England to be sure. And as simple and delicious as most of that cooking was—and is. The recipe I am giving you for that has been used for generations. And it requires a quart of milk. But it isn't milky when you eat it, only the rich smoothness says milk and that smoothness is extra smooth when it's done with evaporated milk. We always ate Indian pudding with cream and a touch of brown sugar. And here again evaporated milk, undiluted, is the accompaniment extraordinary to this splendid old-fashioned dessert, beloved by all who know its spicy grandeur.

I have eaten rice puddings and rice puddings. They are as diverse as things of the same name often are. And because I want you to know of a rice pudding

MORE of that anon. It uses a quart of milk, by the way, and it is best of all made with this pure, rich, evaporated product. Remind me to tell you how to make a lemon cream sauce for your rice or steamed pudding, too. Never for Indian. Just cream for that, and when I say cream it may well be undiluted evaporated milk.

Now to another item of the menu. This is going to be a hot summer, and all the signs point to it. So cold dishes are pretty seasonable. Therefore, I shall try to tell you how I make one or two good frozen things, so smooth and creamy and delicate that you'll want them often. And these dishes take enough milk to account for a good large part of the daily quota. So subtly, too, that one never thinks of the "good for you" talk, but just of the "how good it tastes."

Fish is a nice food to do things with. And most kinds of fish can be had in cans or frosted, as I have so often said. And you can make delicious entrées with it, not forgetting that you are getting more milk into the menu. I hope you will try the molded fish I am putting in a recipe, for you will, in fish and sauce together, use a good deal of milk. And undiluted evaporated milk works a perfect miracle of goodness in this dish.

Lots of people might not think that baked ham offers much of a chance to get milk into the diet. Still, such is the way of it that baked ham in milk is another dish—and it's a splendid one—where a quart of milk does just what we expect it to, and graciously. So I'll add that to my recipes.

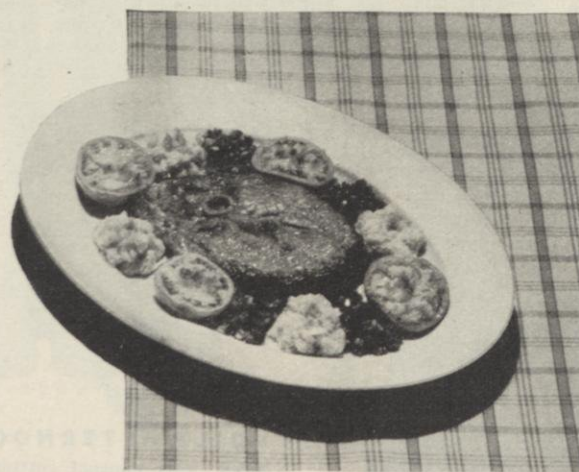
I won't say anything about cream soups. You all know about them, how good they are and tasty, and how quickly and easily they are made with evaporated milk.

But I am going to say *one* word about all these dishes. When you use evaporated milk, keep an eye on your seasonings and flavorings. I always think combined instead of single flavorings are best. And (Turn to page 96)



Baked Indian Pudding uses four cups of milk

Photographs by
Steiner • Delineator



Ham, sliced and baked, uses four cups of milk

SOMETIMES it does seem, what with all this talk about getting the quart a day and the pint a day every day in every way, that it's hard honestly to do it. Oh, surely, we know we ought to be getting more milk into the menu; that not only for children but for grown-up folk, milk must and should be had. It's a quart a day for a child, a pint a day for you. And that's the rule to go by. Johnny doesn't want to drink it all, Mary follows suit. Bob is home from college and gives the quart a day a big laugh. Father won't set the good example and what to do!

Then it is startling to see the array of milk bottles lined up on the back steps every day, and the milk man is the only one I ever heard of who got any glad excitement over the milk and cream bill. Apt to be big, those, but we've got a plan. And here it is:

You can buy milk along with your groceries. When you order all your canned goods and your dry groceries and fresh fruit and vegetables, order a dozen cans or so of evaporated milk, and not only have pure, always ready milk on hand all the time, but, lost in the mazes of the grocery bill, the milk won't stand out like a sore thumb, and you'll have one less bother when pay day comes around.

Also, you'll have milk for every milk and cream use, right on the shelves of pantry and refrigerator. And you will (because I'm going to give you a few hints) get the quota into your menus, with no kick from

above reproach, I am handing it on to you, with my blessing.

When I think of rice I always grow a little exuberant. It is capable of so many lovely dishes. On second thought, I think I'll give you some other rice recipes, too, using milk, of course, and so I'll be a real help to you in getting more milk, not to say more rice, into your menus. That seems fair, for you have got to have the best things to use the milk with, and rice is one of them.

You will think I have devoted my life to puddings, but really, I just want to say this: that I know a perfect pudding—and that's what I call it: Perfect Pudding.



Asparagus with sauce uses two cups of milk

SHAKE AND SERVE



by ANN BATCHELDER



One of the finest of appetizers: tomato juice served very cold in the last word in glasses. Little retaining walls inside the ice container hold the ice from slipping when the cocktail glass is removed. Now we can sit and sip in comfort. Glass, courtesy of Fostoria

WE ARE all set for a good summer, I should say. Probably the best one yet, for never has the air been softer or the countryside more seductive. Soon we shall be picnicking and faring forth to country clubs and summer houses, and the porch will be done up with willow and wicker and cushiony comforts.

And all these things spell coolness in things to eat and drink. All summer long we shall be in love with the tinkle of ice and the sparkle of glass. For by these are our spirits kept to a zest and interest that nothing else can possibly impart.

We say "Shake and Serve." But before shaking is worth while or the serving made best, we have got to consider what's in the shaker and why. Pretty important, that. But we are blessed with so many lovely things to make our cold beverages from, and there are so many and various combinations to achieve, that we shouldn't lack,

all through the hot months, delicious and divine liquid comfort.

Maybe it's a misnomer to call these beverages cocktails. Still, the name sticks and the very word suggests a refreshing something that makes even the thirstiest throat feel better. As I've said, you don't really need to serve the same thing over and over, there are so many to choose from, but maybe you'll strike a prime favorite among the lot, and then, of course, you'll be in a position to make this one your bright particular star in the galaxy of summer beverages.

Let's begin with tomato juice. We've got to begin somewhere. Take tomato juice, which comes all ready for us in cans, or bottled as a seasoned cocktail, ready to shake and serve! Somewhere in the progress of man, tomato juice became a great discovery. I think it has done as much towards civilization as anything I can name, offhand. The color is so beautiful, and the taste bears out the rich promise of the lacquer red hue. Then it does set one up, and everywhere you go you find folks taking to tomato juice as naturally as Eve to the apple.

Of course if you buy the ready made tomato cocktail, all you have to do is add ice, shake and serve in small glasses. If you open a can of the pure tomato juice, add a little lemon juice, a bit of grated rind, a touch of sugar, salt and pepper to taste and, if it's a very tangy cocktail you're after, add a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Whatever you do, serve them icy cold. Good for a first course at luncheon or dinner, for a pick me up any time of the day or night, for breakfast, at picnics or supper or whenever you care to serve them. Sort of fits in anywhere, this rare beverage, taken from the sun-ripened and rain-mellowed fruit they used to call "love apples"—but which a more prosaic world named tomato!

Then there is the tomato juice and clam cocktail, made half and half. Seasoned same as the regular tomato, but giving a very delicate and invigorating change, when change is in the air.

Clam juice by itself, too, now we are on the subject, makes a splendid cocktail. Add seasonings and lemon juice and serve it in glasses, surrounded with cracked ice. That reminds me to call your attention to the handy and smart services we have pictured for you. And these can be used, some of them, for fruit and crab, shrimp and clam, as well as straight beverage service. You know these fruity, fishy cocktails are nice. But let's not go into that here. Another time and place for those, maybe.

I USED to wish, a long time ago, that there was a ready-to-use pineapple juice. Of course I could get the juice from a can of pineapple or extract it from the fresh fruit with great labor, but it seemed as if a can of pineapple juice, not too sweet and ready to do things with, would be such a nice thing to have. I held the thought, and now we have it.

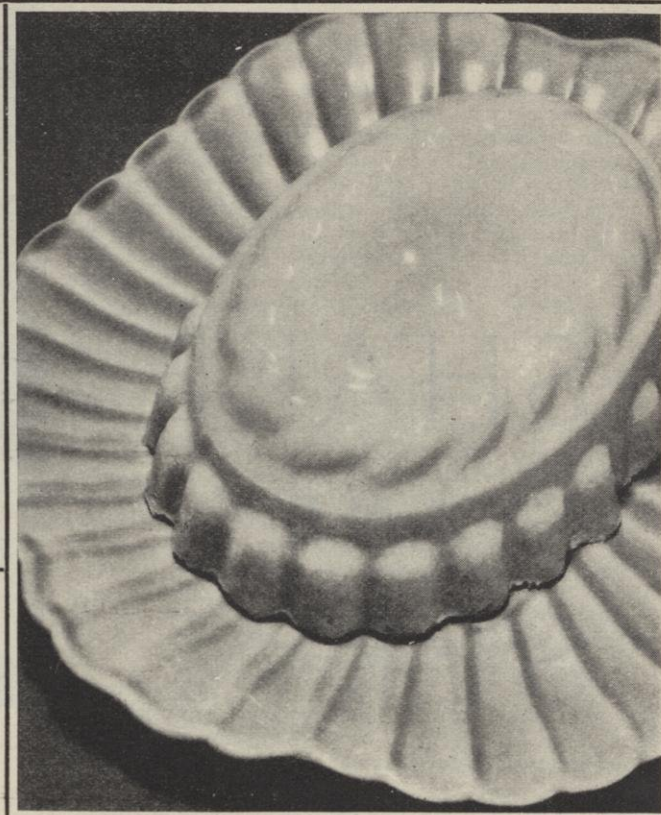
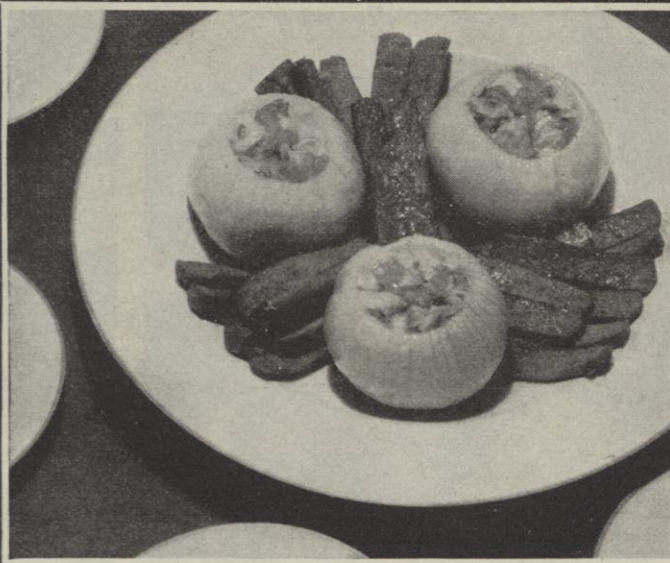
And pineapple is one of the best fruit juices in the list when you are on the cocktail subject. It goes so well with

all the other fruits. I like to take a can of it and add the juice of a lime, one or two oranges, and a lemon or two. Put in a little sugar—or honey is grand—and add cracked ice, not too much. Shake it well and there you are. So simple, so good, so refreshing. If you want to be very stylish, serve a few skinned white grapes in the glass, or add some tiny shreds of minted or grenadined pineapple as a dressy touch. And have it so cold that it's practically frosty.

Is the sun hot and the road dusty? Thirsts fall before such a pineapple cocktail and are forgotten in the sharp delight of the pale amber, lightly tinged with frost in the glass. Almost, yes, quite worth getting all steamed up about on a day in summer when all the shade trees in the world seem to have folded up and departed!

WHEN you start out devising fruit juice cocktails, don't forget to lay in a supply of grapefruit juice as well as the rest of the fruit ingredients. In cans, full flavored, tart and appetizing, grapefruit juice can be kept along with the rest, chilled to a degree in the refrigerator—and it is a grand addition to the cocktail ingredients. You can empty a can or two of any of these fruit juices into the freezing tray of your automatic refrigerator and let it freeze to a mushy stage, then add it to the mixture you are making and it will give that (Turn to page 93)





ANOTHER PAGE FROM OUR FOOD DIARY

May, 1931

by ANN BATCHELDER

MONDAY:

Well, looking over this Food Diary certainly does remind a body of this and that, and one thing I've come across has to do with a promise I made to tell about a fruit and cheese omelet. Make a plain omelet and just before you fold it, add a liberal amount of apricot purée or jam and cover this with grated cheese. Fold, sprinkle more cheese on it and run under the broiler a minute or two. This makes a grand supper dish, with a salad and rolls and coffee. Shredded pineapple is delicious in these fruit and cheese affairs, and I have done them with green gage plum jam and haven't been exactly disappointed. Orange marmalade with cheese in these fruit omelets is surprisingly delicious. And, as this is May, such may serve as perfect luncheon main dishes. I believe, for summer, in the simple luncheon and as few frills as possible.

TUESDAY:

This was one of those days when it just seemed as if I must do the easiest thing I could in the way of a dessert. I planned lamb chops, and to get by with such uninspired fare I dressed each chop with prepared mustard and spread them with a little ham paste. And broiled them, as usual. With green peas and salad—delicious. Dessert: took that bowl of cold boiled rice and beat into two cups of the rice an equal amount of whipped cream. Flavored it with cherry cordial. Then I added half a can of luscious red raspberries and chilled it all. Served it with raspberry juice boiled down with sugar to a syrup. Shall do this again. Maybe with apricots. I must remember to order some apples. Promised the family fried pies tomorrow, so out comes the fat kettle and can't say I'm sorry. I'd rather fry than not if I speak the truth. And in a diary, truth *will* out!

WEDNESDAY:

I don't know why all my friends seem to drop in whenever I make fried pies. Maybe it's because fried pies are so old fashioned and New Englandy, that the idea gets them. But it is hard to keep ahead when I start to fry these little pastries. Simple they are, too. Anyone can do them. Just make a good pie-crust, not too rich. Roll it out thin and cut out large rounds with a cutter. I made some spiced apple sauce for these and thought it would see me through. But I had to finish up with raspberry jam. And that is good, or any jam will make delicious pies. Put a spoonful of the filling on the round of crust, brush the edges with cold water, fold, and press together. Fry them in deep, hot fat, drain and dust with powdered sugar. I managed to save a few for tea this afternoon! Keeping up my tea hour every afternoon—A new year resolution.

THURSDAY:

Bob called up this noon to say he was bringing out one of the boys for dinner and could we have stuffed onions! Of course we could and did. I took some big Spanish onions and parboiled them in salted water. Then I removed a good part of the center and set them in a baking dish. Chopped a cup of cold chicken and some boiled ham, added two or three fried sausages, and seasoned it all with salt, pepper and a bit of cayenne. Filled the hollows in the

onions and put a piece of butter on each top, after sprinkling the filling with crumbs. Baked them about half an hour. I had a can of Vienna sausages, so split them, touched 'em up with prepared mustard and broiled them to go with the onions. How those boys raved. And they *were* mighty good. I liked them myself! These are good for almost any hearty meal. I knew they hoped for pie, too, but gave them a three-decker peach short cake and iced coffee. Heard no objections from anybody. It's such a popular dessert

FRIDAY:

Someone ought to write a book instead of a diary to sing the praises of shad roe. You can do so many things with it. I buy it in cans, and so I never have to wait for shad season. And it's as firm and delicious as any fresh roe I ever saw. Had it for luncheon today. Split the roe from two cans and sautéed it in bacon fat. Curled the bacon to go with it. Then I made lemon butter by adding lemon juice to melted butter, beating it up and pouring over the roe. Served it garnished with the bacon, lemon and cress. With it I served crisp brown bread toast and fried bananas. Did those by cutting the bananas in two crosswise, marinating in lemon and grenadine, dipped them in crumbs, then egg, then crumbs, and fried them in deep, hot fat. A marvelous combination all 'round. And they can be stuffed with peanut butter and sautéed

SATURDAY:

This turned out to be just one of those days! Busy marketing and seeing to this and that all morning, then out to luncheon, then a round of golf, and back again to see to dinner. Already had some dandelion greens cooked with a ham bone, so planned to use those for salad. With a touch of garlic and a snappy dressing, one of the best. A nice fruit cocktail iced and flavored with lime made a lovely first course. And then I opened a tin of whole cooked chicken, put it in a casserole with the broth, added a can of tomato juice, some little new potatoes and an onion, and cooked in a wonderful sauce until it was perfectly done. For dessert we had pears preserved in mint syrup, and a spot of cheese. Coffee, of course. So I didn't do so badly, after all. These unusual fruits in mint and grenadine *are* a help!

SUNDAY:

Fortunately I was about ready for Sunday, and glad, for it turned out hot. Hottest day so far this year. The lilacs are coming along fast, and Bob got an armful of syringa this morning. Summer at last! I made a coffee Spanish cream and served it with almond flavored whipped cream, and received much praise thereby. Had a jellied tongue for the meat. Garnished it with spiced cantaloupe. For my Spanish cream I scalded three cups of milk with one cup of very black coffee. Beat the yolks of five eggs with one cup sugar and added to the milk to make a custard. Cooked to a cream in the double boiler. Added two tablespoons dissolved gelatine and the beaten whites of three eggs. One teaspoon vanilla. Molded and chilled over night. Piled the whipped cream on and around and served it with almond macaroons. Delicious indeed.

21 SOUPS FOR YOUR CHOICE

BY CAMPBELL'S
FAMOUS FRENCH
CHEFS

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Asparagus

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

Bean

The old home favorite even more delicious and more satisfying.

Beef

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

Bouillon

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

Celery

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

Chicken

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

Chicken-Gumbo

Chicken soup with okra, in the Louisiana Creole style.

Clam Chowder

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

Consommé

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

Julienne

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

Mock Turtle

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

Mulligatawny

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

Mutton

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

Ox Tail

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

Pea

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

Pepper Pot

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

Printanier

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

Tomato

The glory of the tomato, in the most popular soup in all the world.

Strictly vegetable. Pure tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" in a puree enriched with golden creamery butter. Especially delicious prepared as Cream of Tomato.

Vegetable

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

Vegetable-Beef

Substantial vegetable soup with tempting pieces of meat—a meal.

Vermicelli-Tomato

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

HEAR THE SPARKLING CAMPBELL'S SOUPS ORCHESTRA EVERY MORNING—NBC CHAIN (9:15 E. S. T.) (8:15 C. S. T.)

Back from the bounding main— with a fine cooking catch!

When the slim racing yawl *Bonita* was slipped out of tarpaulin for her first spring dance on the waves, I was invited aboard. I thought it was for the pleasure of my company . . . but, no, the skipper insisted on all hands turning to!

Soon I found myself in a tiny galley, facing a healthy mackerel that looked as big as the stove.

"Here's the skillet," said the skipper, "and here's the Crisco! Make yourself at home!"

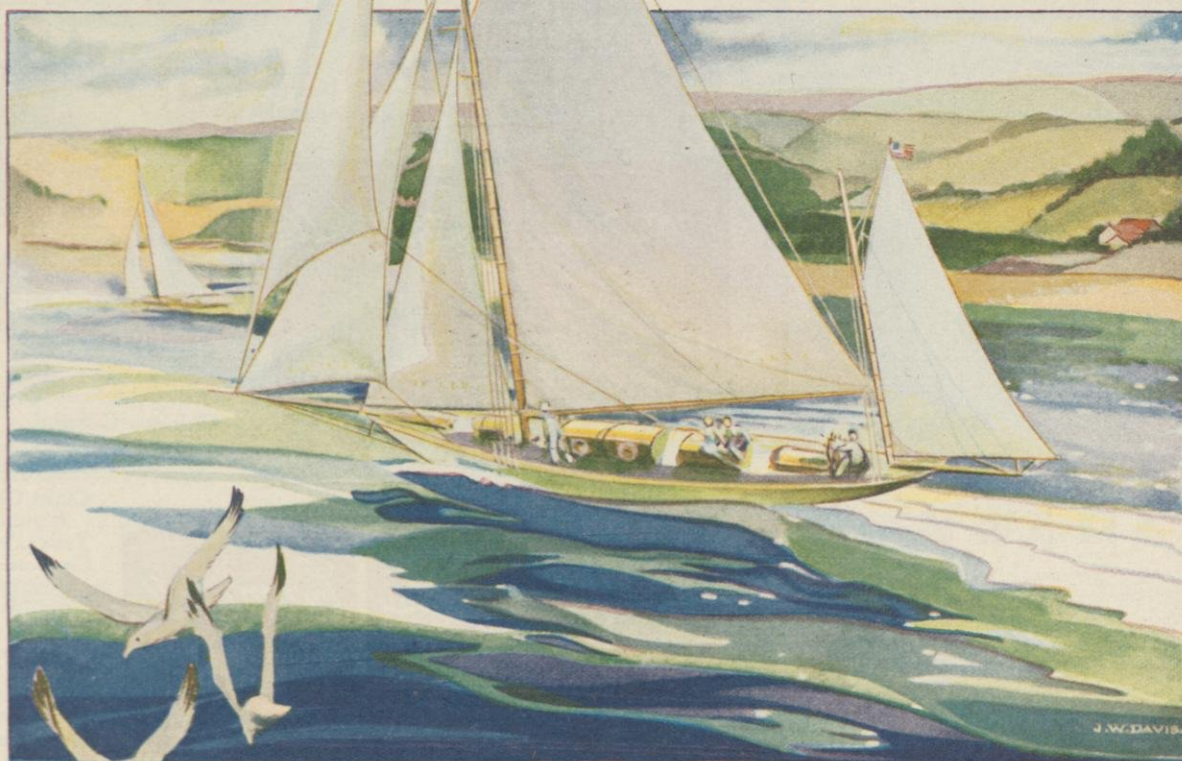
"Tactful man," I said, trying to find my cooking legs as the *Bonita* dipped into the waves of the Sound, "How did you know I always cook with Crisco?"

"Tactful—nothing!" he snorted, "I always use it. This galley gets hot as blazes in the summer. Crisco's the only fat that won't melt or get rancid. Besides, I don't want the cabin full of smells and smoke!"

Well, every one of his reasons is good for our land-locked kitchens, too. But the all-year-round reason why I fry with Crisco is a matter of *taste* . . . Crisco is so sweet and fresh-flavored by itself that it brings out the true flavor of foods cooked with it.

Two cooking discoveries in port . . .

As we skirted the shore, I insisted upon the *Bonita* coming to anchor almost at Mrs. B——'s front door. Mrs. B—— is a prime cook, who runs a seaside tea room during the summer. And I do believe she spends



POTATO CUPS

6 medium-sized potatoes Crisco for deep frying Salted boiling water

Select oval potatoes. Pare. Cut off a lengthwise slice and hollow out center to make boat shapes. Parboil 10 minutes. Drain and dry and deep fry in hot Crisco, 395° F., that browns inch cube of bread in 40 seconds. (Use ordinary saucepan and enough Crisco to cover potatoes.) When well browned, drain on unglazed paper. Fill with creamed green vegetables, or creamed meat or fish. (Strain Crisco through cheese-cloth or fine sieve, back into can—Crisco can be used again and again as it never carries the taste of one fried food to another.)

the winter thinking up grand recipes!

"Do stop for dinner," she said bustling around hospitably, "if you'd like to try your taste on potato cups and strawberry meringue cake."

Did we stay? We *did*! We demolished deep-fried potato cups, filled to the brim with sugar-sweet peas. Those potatoes were so white and mealy inside, so brown and crisp outside, because Mrs. B—— baptized them in a kettle of hot Crisco.

And the strawberry meringue cake? Just the thing to help a cupful of strawberries give *twice* as much delicious strawberry taste! Strawberry meringue perched like a rosy cloud on a square of tea cake is the nicest way I know to start off the strawberry season.

This delicate little tea cake takes only 10 minutes if you use the quick Crisco way. You beat the fluffy Crisco, sugar and eggs into a foamy froth in *one* brisk stirring. Crisco comes to you already creamed, ready to save $\frac{1}{2}$ of your cake-mixing time!

Or, there's probably just such a cake at your baker's, waiting for a fluff of strawberry meringue. Good bakers, you know, are particular to use good-tasting ingredients . . . so they use Crisco, which tastes as sweet and fresh as new-churned, unsalted butter!

If you're interested in new kinds of cakes, why don't you send for my booklet called "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes." Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XD-51, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

© 1931, P. & G. Co.



STRAWBERRY MERINGUE CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 cup sugar 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt 3 teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Blend fluffy Crisco (which comes already creamed) with sugar and eggs. Beat until light and frothy. Sift flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with the milk. Add vanilla. Mix well. Turn into Criscoed shallow cake pan (8"x10") and bake in a hot oven (375° F.) 30 minutes. Cool and cut in 3" squares. Hollow out centers. Fill with vanilla ice cream and top with strawberry meringue. (Or serve only with strawberry meringue.)

Strawberry Meringue: 1 cup crushed strawberries, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup granulated sugar, 1 egg white, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Put crushed strawberries, sugar, lemon juice and egg white in large mixing bowl. Beat with Dover beater until light and stiff.

SUCCESS SECRETS WITH FISH

Most fish are deficient in fat. They *need* the sweet richness of Crisco. In baking, dot fish with Crisco to keep it tender. In broiling, dot fish with Crisco—rub pan with Crisco to prevent sticking. In pan- or deep-frying, use Crisco to *seal* the flavor and juices inside a crisp digestible crust.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.



**Taste Crisco—then any
other shortening. Crisco's sweet,
fresh flavor will tell you why
things made with Crisco taste so
much better.**

BUYING SATISFACTION IN YOUR REFRIGERATOR

by

GRACE L. PENNOCK



The distance between shelves is just as important as total shelf area in a refrigerator

Photograph by Steiner • Delineator

THAT you will buy satisfaction when you buy a refrigerator seems like a foregone conclusion. Surely, you say to yourself, satisfaction will be forthcoming with a new refrigerator and certainly if it's an automatic one. A certain degree of satisfaction—yes—if it is a good one—but not a full measure, unless you give this important purchase your deepest consideration and then also apply the same amount of consideration in making sure that this important household servant does for you all that it is capable of. For good refrigerators differ in their details as well as in their major essentials, and what one refrigerator has that makes particularly for your convenience and satisfaction, an equally good but different refrigerator may lack. The choice of a refrigerator, like the choice of a washing machine, a range, or any of the smaller kitchen devices, becomes an individual matter to a certain extent. From a group of good refrigerators you want the one that particularly “fills the bill” for you.

All refrigerators of proved merit have points in common; and you can expect any one of these to:

1. Maintain a constant refrigerating temperature averaging below 50 degrees F. in rooms as warm as 100 degrees F.
2. Be simply and well built of good quality materials and be well insulated and well finished throughout.
3. Have ample circulation of air so that there will be little variation in temperature in different parts.
4. Operate at a reasonable cost.
5. If automatic, require a minimum of servicing and this service be readily available.
6. Have ample, conveniently arranged storage space.
7. Be easy to keep clean.
8. Be attractive in appearance.
9. If automatic, freeze desserts and ice cubes in a satisfactory time.
10. If automatic, operate quietly.

But in addition to these virtues common to the race of refrigerators, there are individual accomplishments to meet your individual needs. Some one refrigerator is likely to be more satisfactory to you than another. Before you invest in a refrigerator, ask yourself certain questions, to clarify your own particular situation.

1. What is the price of gas, electricity, water and ice in your locality? These may be determining factors in the type of refrigeration you will use. If cost is not a prime factor this question will be less important.

2. How reliable are ice deliveries and the gas and water and electric services?

3. If cost is a limiting factor, just how much can be spent for a refrigerator?

4. Must the refrigerator fit into a certain space? If so, what are its exact dimensions?

5. Which way should the refrigerator door open?

6. How large a refrigerator do you need? It should be ample. Just how large will depend largely upon the size of the family to be served, how much entertaining is to be done; how frequently marketing is done. Special needs such as those of small children, invalids and special cooking will be other factors to consider. The increase in expense in using a large sized automatic refrigerator is almost entirely in the original cost. A 5 cubic foot box will usually be large enough for a family of 2 or 3, a 7 cubic foot box for a family of 4 or 5, and a 9 or 10 cubic foot box for a family of 6 or 8. The operating cost of the larger refrigerators is little if any more than that of operating the smaller refrigerators.

7. Who are the reliable refrigerator manufacturers and which ones give service in your locality, in the case of an automatic refrigerator?

In answering these questions you will gradually find your way to the refrigerator which is best above all others for you, or as “best” as it can be, for sometimes one must sacrifice one good point for another that is even more essential.

WHILE these are the major points to consider there are still others which should have due consideration and a reasonable amount of influence. The availability of storage space mentioned before, pretty much brings itself down to the question of cubic capacity and the distance between shelves. Shelf area is of course important, but the shelves must be far enough apart so that the space on them can be used to good advantage. Tall bottles have to be stored and it is usually convenient to stack refrigerator dishes one on top of the other. This should be possible. We recently measured the distance between the shelves of a number of refrigerators that were in use in the Institute. Every refrigerator has a certain amount of space for storing milk bottles and other tall bottles. This space was from nine and one-half to twelve inches in height. Its area varied with the size of the refrigerator, as is right and proper.

In some of the refrigerators this space was hardly enough to accommodate even one ginger ale bottle when

the number of milk bottles probably needed were in place. In others it was ample. Ten inches in height is enough to allow for milk bottles but two inches more is better to allow for the occasional taller bottles.

THE space between the other shelves in the refrigerators which we measured varied from four and three-fourths to seven inches, with most of the shelves in the refrigerators of medium size being five and one-half to six and one-half inches apart. Refrigerator dishes, of which we had quite a collection, measured two and one-half to four inches in height.

Of course it isn't necessary to be able to stack all dishes used in the refrigerator. Butter, for instance, can very well be placed in a deep, narrow dish. But when you do want to stack dishes—and it usually happens that this is convenient and necessary to do at least on two or three out of four shelves—the space has to be six and one-half or seven inches. If you do have this distance between shelves you can accommodate the occasional larger articles that need temporary places in the refrigerator. One small refrigerator that we have used here has one shelf placed so near the bottom that it had to be discarded entirely; the space below it was of so little value.

While we are thinking of shelves—if you still have your refrigerator to choose—consider the wire these shelves are made of. Is the material strong enough so that the shelf is firm? Will dishes slide over it easily? And can you wipe it quickly and easily?

These are minor matters but are well worth a thought in passing.

If you already have a refrigerator you can't very well alter its shelf arrangement. Not in most refrigerators, at least. But one manufacturer of high standing has thought of this and has provided adjustable shelves in an automatic refrigerator. But mostly it is a case of leave the shelf where the manufacturer decided it belonged, or just don't use it. If this is (Turn to page 82)

A story of social ambitions and love and jealousy, its scene laid far above the housetops of an older New York

Illustration by
HARVE STEIN



This was the success she had planned. The great ones of the city were here to pay her their homage

PENTHOUSE

BY
ELIZABETH
ENGLAND

DOWN the hot length of Park Avenue the tires of the Minerva had sung like giant wasps, and now as they drew up at the curb, Nina sighed with relief. She wanted her cool apartment. The doorman's deferentially eager welcome might have been a murmured "Your Majesty." The elevator boy bowed from the waist, as though to royalty.

As the elevator whispered upward, Nina, under her lashes, examined herself in the mirror. The reflection reassured her, for it showed a charming face under a French hat, a face whose eyes in the glowing tan of her skin, were a vivid blue, the lips a shining red. Impersonally, she liked the short, slender nose, the young, unblurred chin-line, the long, gracious curve of her throat. She ran a finger under her eyes. There were no circles. That was nice but surprising. She felt that her eyes must show some of the little, worrying, elusive uneasiness that had been back of everything she did for months.

She turned away, wishing childishly that she could look at Jock as she had looked at her reflection in the glass, and reassure herself about him. She wanted to tell herself that she had imagined his preoccupation, his gathering remoteness. It made her feel sometimes as though they were speaking through a veil that made them indistinct to each other.

The elevator door clanged open and as she stepped into the tiny foyer, her spirits rose. The anticipation of the penthouse excited her as it always did; today she was excited about the party, too. There had been something thrilling about giving a party ever since her sixth birthday.

The entrance hall was amazingly cool after the hot street. She went through the darkened library, smelling of books and flowers and old, well-kept furniture, out on to the terrace. Over her head was the blue-green awning. The border of evergreen shrubs almost hid the parapet. At the other end were some piled-up wicker chairs and a house-boy, mopping the tiles. It was heavenly, being able to look out over the city, down on to other people's house-tops.

BACK in the library, she rang for Evans, her house-keeper. Evans was discreetly welcoming. She never forgot that she was a British subject and therefore superior to American servants. Nina smiled at her briefly.

"Is everything all right?"
"Quite right, madam." Evans never said ma'am. "Miss Nancy's come. I put her in the east bedroom." Evans' voice went on, respectfully monotonous. The caterers would be here at four . . . the woman from the *Times* had phoned for the list of guests . . . the yellow orchids had not come . . . and would she please

tell her where the professional dancers were to dress?

For the first time, Nina was bored with her own entertaining. She wanted to be sharp with Evans. There were too many things . . .

"Ask Miss Nancy to come to my room, please."

She went up the curving white staircase; the house was glad to see her. It welcomed her back. In her own blue and violet room, she pulled off her hat and gave it absently to Suzanne, who was as expected a part of the room as the walls or the floor. There was something about the clear, even sallowness of Suzanne's French face that made one think of Paris. It was refreshing. Suzanne helped her out of her frock into a negligee.

Nancy followed her own brief knock into the room.

"Darling!" She put her cheek next to Nina's and kissed the air two inches to the right. This kept her lipstick and Nina's cheek unmixed. "How are you? How's my nephew?"

It always startled Nina to see anyone who looked quite so much like herself. Nancy had Nina's loveliness, without the sharpness of maturity which was Nina's accent. She took a cigaret from the turquoise box on Nina's bed table, lit it, and immediately afterward collapsed like a pricked balloon into a large soft chair. Miraculously, she fell into a graceful position. Nina smiled at her.

"Your nephew is splendid. You look marvelous, yourself. How was Cleveland?"

"Hotter than the hinges." Nancy dragged on the cigaret avidly. As she never inhaled, this gesture was purely local color. "Mother and I fought (Turn to page 76)

Troubles usually blamed on Coffee now traced to Rancid Oil in Stale Coffee

...when fresh from the roasters coffee contains no rancid oil



How do you know the coffee you're using is fresh? The photograph above shows a Virginia grocery store in which coffee more than six months old was purchased. The photographer's affidavit is on file. Even though you go to the inconvenience and trouble of grinding your own coffee, you have no assurance of freshness. For there is no way of telling how long the coffee beans are stored after roasting. So insist on Chase & Sanborn's, the coffee that's always fresh.



Determining the acidity of rancid coffee oil by electrometric titration

SCIENTISTS say *drink fresh coffee*... Fresh coffee is a wholesome, refreshing drink. But *watch out for stale coffee*. It contains rancid oil, which is a cause of indigestion, headaches, sleeplessness... the troubles you have always blamed on coffee itself.

All coffee contains oil... approximately a half cup to every pound. When the coffee is fresh this oil is as sweet as fresh butter, and contains the delicious flavor and aroma that we all love!

But when coffee gets stale, when it is stored too long after roasting, (either ground or in the bean), this oil turns rancid, spoils, becomes actu-

ally poisonous. Then, and then only, it is harmful! Of course, this rancid oil also spoils the flavor and aroma of the coffee... makes it taste bitter and flat.

This is marvelously reassuring news to the millions of coffee lovers... because it just means that you must be sure the coffee you drink is *fresh!*

And it's easy to be sure... Use Chase & Sanborn's. It's guaranteed fresh! This coffee is rushed to your grocer fresh from our roasters, every can plainly marked with the date your grocer receives it. Regularly our inspectors visit your grocer and make

a check-up. If they find any can more than ten days old, they immediately replace it with a fresh one. As a matter of fact, there is very little to replace, because our deliveries are so frequent and your grocer's needs so carefully analyzed.

But, in any event, it is impossible for you to buy a stale can of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

Just try Chase & Sanborn's... see how much better it is! How much difference absolute freshness makes in flavor and aroma! You will find this delicious quality blend reasonably priced... no higher than the ordinary packaged coffees.

*Guaranteed fresh...
Look for the date
on every can!*



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CHASE & SANBORN'S COFFEE - Dated



Mysterious as the moon,
glamorous and remote:
the Marquise Spinola.
See article on page 17

THE MYSTERY ABOUT US

Who knows why beauty
can heal the heart? But
there's no mystery about
these pick-up treatments
that our beauty editor now
orders for us, for this
revealing month of May

BY

CELIA

CAROLINE COLE

WHY does only one woman in a thousand (probably in a million) look and act as if she had some idea what life is about—gay, understanding, gallant and amused; tender, jolly, chic and oh, so secure—like a star swinging radiantly in its sky! A frightfully attractive woman! And all the rest of us stumble and scuttle along, looking used and nondescript. Why?

Why do we make the same mistakes over and over? Why do we have to get so bumped before we grow up inside? Why does it take so long for life and you (me too) to find each other? Why, why, why?

Well, that's the mystery about us—why we have had to evolve instead of manifesting perfection in the first place.

Probably that one woman out of the nine hundred and ninety-nine has a better grade of ancestors; or maybe she pays more attention to what life is all about; maybe she *cares* more about the kind of a person she is, outside as well as in (you have to care, you know, quite sharply—or that outside you will skid every time); perhaps she has a better "line" than we have—we try to be thoughtful and unselfish and constructive and decent and she goes us one better—goes that important inch further and remembers that a world (like a house or a life) needs color and lightness as well as grandeur and peace. It's a great art—living!

I never go peering in and out of salons that I don't marvel at the delightful mystery of the way we are made. I see us go in, frightened gray at bills and family worries and personal heartaches (nobody ever really gets over crying for the moon, does she?) and an hour or so later out we come with a gallant tip to our head and shoulders, our eyes sparkling, expecting life to come along with some adventure, and courage right down to our finger tips to tackle all those things that scared us so an hour ago.

There is a marvelous relationship between a woman and her attractiveness—the way the sense of well-being, of power, emanates from a woman who has been lifted out of nondescriptness into beauty or at least something akin

to it. Why aren't we strong enough to be independent of our "looks"—why can't we behave just as charmingly, looking like an old postage stamp, as we do when we know that we are a little bit glamorous! Ask the scientists, ask the psychologists, ask the stars. The inscrutable wisdom of Whatever-Made-Us made us that way—that's why.

I don't know why the skins of oranges rubbed on the arms and neck give such a velvety quality and lustre. But they do. I don't know why certain things in certain salons work unfailingly, like magic—such as those pick-up treatments that take a jaded face and make it sparkle. But they do.

The month of May has ever so many endearing qualities but it is a terribly revealing month. The sunshine is so blithe—it's like youth—enchanting but merciless. One needs such perfect grooming in this sunny, idealistic month. The world is like a Ziegfeld stage—so crisply fresh and lavish—not one note of tawdriness, of shabbiness, can abide there. Fortunately, there are ways of getting that way—fresh and lavish, like Nature.

In every salon, there is some one special treatment or special combination of creams that makes the head of that salon sparkle when she talks about it. Any one of them may be the exactly right one for you, maybe all of them will be, but in this season of change—winter sloughing off and summer merging in—make a habit (for just this one month, if never again) of taking them.

If you are tired, if you are moody, pull a half hour off the calendar and "pick up."

An especially effective—and needed—pick-up treatment in May is the circulation cream or ointment pick-up. It's a speeder-up, and that's what we need in this gay, heartless month.

IT'S not much to look at—this treatment—no perfume, no dash, just a brown and sticky looking cream; but you put it on and up surges—or creeps—(that depends on your condition) that youth-carrying mysterious stream—your blood—driving away the sallowness, banishing

DELINEATOR INSTITUTE

those bad little spring eruptions, bringing your face alive and firm. It feels like fire and brings fire to the skin, kindling the look of youth; it bleaches too, just a bit, quickens the life in you; it smooths away the tiny temporary wrinkles that come from being over-tired; it strengthens the muscles—this healing flow of blood. Wherever it goes, it normalizes conditions. Nothing but the soul—or maybe the mind—is more wonderfully mysterious than this red stream of life flowing so intricately through you.

THIS circulation treatment should be taken two or three times a week during the spring; winter and autumn too, but especially in the spring. If you are very full-blooded, then not over twice a week; if your circulation is sluggish, then three times or every other day. And always take it at least an hour before you wish to be seen—as it leaves the face high in color and usually the color not evenly distributed.

Cleanse, first—with mild soap and water. Or with cream. And remember—cream cleansing is a three movement process—*always*. (One of the mysteries of this beauty business is that it has taken so long for women to understand that that is so.) Cleansing with cream and removing with tissues is only half of it; you are not really cleansed unless you follow that with the damp absorbent cotton pad wrung out in cold water and then in tonic, and go all over the face and neck, in close to the nose where enlarged pores are so apt to come. Then and then only are you clean. When you wash with soap and water, you do not stop until you have rinsed the face well in cold water.

Then apply a thin layer of skin (Turn to page 74)

Four wise ways to Loveliness that famous women use

Distinguished for their beauty . . . for the irresistible grace with which they carry on an aristocratic tradition . . . the world's social leaders follow the Pond's way to personal loveliness.

Wherever their brilliant pursuits may take them, they give to exquisite skins this

Lady Violet Astor
Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
The Countess Howe
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr.
Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton
Mrs. Alfred Victor du Pont

same special care . . . and face an admiring world with radiant loveliness.

Follow their example. Equip your dressing table with these Two famous Creams, these softer Tissues, this marvelous Skin Freshener. And then watch for the soft new beauty that *must* glow in your skin!



1-For immaculate cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously over your face and neck. Pat in with quick, caressing upward and outward strokes, waiting to let the fine, light oils sink deep down into the pores and float the dirt up to the surface.

2-With Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away all the cream, and with it every vestige of dirt, make-up and powder. These fleecy-soft Tissues are 52% more absorbent than ordinary tissues, and they now come in lovely Parisian peach color as well as white.

3-With Pond's Skin Freshener, which cannot dry your skin, briskly pat your skin until it is pleasantly aglow—to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm, keep contours young, bring fresh, lovely, natural color to faded, sallow cheeks.

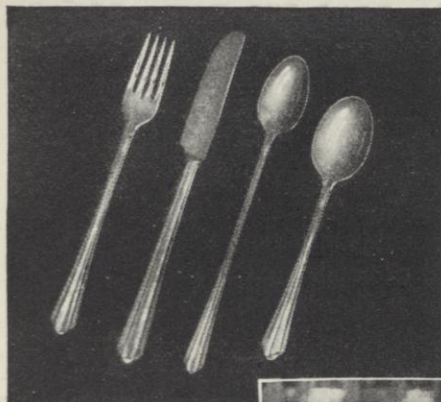
4-Now a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, to form a powder base, a protection from sun and wind—an exquisite finish. Use it on your neck, shoulders and arms—wherever you powder. It's marvelous, too, for your hands, to keep them smooth and white.

TUNE IN on Pond's Afternoon Tea Tuesdays at 5 P.M., E.S.T. Reisman's Orchestra, Leading Society Women. W.E.A.F. and N.B.C. Network.

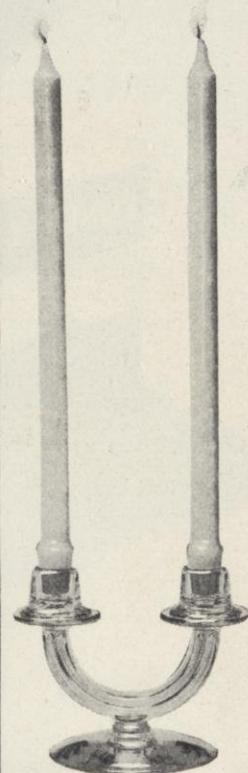
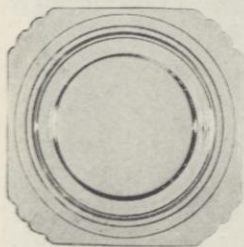
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T A B L E N E W S

by
**HELEN
UFFORD**



Two interesting designs in silver plate: above, is "Charm"; diagonally below, "Napoleon." Holmes and Edwards Inlaid



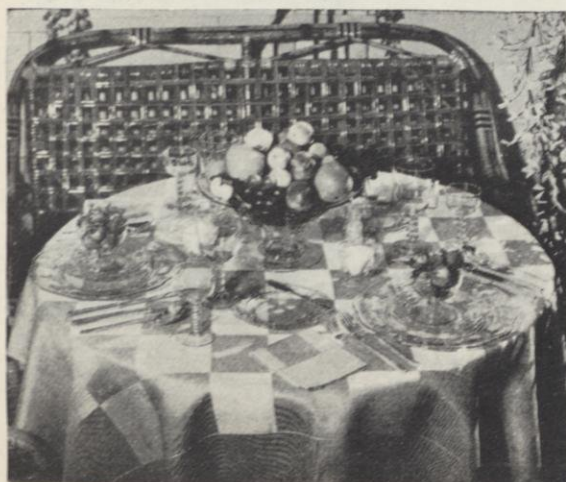
Fostoria's new Wisteria glass sparkles in sunlight shining through the lovely blossoms from which it takes its name

(This table is set on the terrace shown on page 24)



Photographs
by the
Goold Studios

A N D N O W W I S T E R I A G L A S S



FROM sea to shining sea June brides are planning the table ensembles for their new homes. And never have they been offered such delightful things—in glass, in silver, in china, in linen—for this glamorous adventure.

In our *Table News* this month we show a few of these lovelinesses—on the luncheon table we set on the hospitable terrace Mr. Joseph B. Platt built in Delineator Interiors. We also show on this page close-ups of the silver and glass used on the trays set in the sun room.

Many's the hostess—and the hostess-to-be—who will make her table sing with the sparkling Wisteria glass that we used in our setting on this page—a happy, radiant shade, of a personality quite different from the colors in glass to which we are accustomed.

On such a gay, sunny terrace it seemed especially

appropriate to set our May luncheon table with an all-glass service—and this is another idea that is intriguing the interest and imagination of the woman-in-the-home. Especially since she realizes that now glass is made so that it withstands heat and cold exactly as china does.

Handsome new patterns the bride will find too in silver and silver plate. We show two here, in excellent silver plate, and fortified—"inlaid"—in the places that wear.

New linens, too—lovely designs in linen damasks, and informal ones, like the "Alice in Wonderland" pattern used here.

For the table-settings used on this page, and on pages 22 and 23: Glass, Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, West Virginia. Silverware, Holmes and Edwards Inlaid, International Silver Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut. Linens, Mosse, Inc., New York. Candles, Will and Baumer, Syracuse, N. Y.

Celebrated as beauty adviser to Vienna's Aristocracy
for many years ~ the famous specialist ~

S. PESSL *tells the way* to keep that schoolgirl complexion



"THAT Schoolgirl Complexion"—how we envy it! And needlessly, so the great beauty experts tell us. For it all depends on certain well-defined rules of skin care and quite the most important of these is the daily use of Palmolive.

That is Pessl's opinion. The famous Pessl, who is known to every court circle in Middle Europe. Whose charming old establishment has been graced by royal patronage for over 100 years now.

Pessl—and over 20,000 others

If you prefer Parisian authority, there are the seven leading Paris experts, who feel just as Pessl does. And in London, Berlin, Rome—well, practically any city of consequence—the advice is the same. Glamorous, youthful freshness of skin is attainable only when you keep the complexion perfectly clean. And that, more than 20,000 experts agree, can best be done with Palmolive.

The pores gather dust, dirt, oil, powder. These things simply *must* be cleaned out every day if the skin is to retain its clear color, its firm texture. Left in the pores, impurities form into solid, stubborn masses . . . they become blackheads, pimples, dreaded blemishes that destroy skin beauty. Soap and water are absolutely necessary.

But many soaps irritate. Some are not efficient. Palmolive, with its delicately blended olive and palm oils, is a marvel of efficiency and gentleness. It is safe for the most sensitive skin.

*Just do this—
it takes 2 minutes*

Massage a delicate lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water gently into face and throat. (Hint: never use hot water, luke-warm is best.) Rinse, with both warm and cold water. Now any extra touches you want to accent your particular beauty. There's the way, beauty experts tell you, "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."



The delicate flower-tinted skin of the typical Viennese beauty owes much of its youth to Pessl's advice on how to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Retail Price
10c



"No skin can remain beautiful if it is not regularly cleaned with soap and water. But to say, 'use any soap' is dangerous. You should be particular in choosing a soap for your face. Only a pure soap—a soap made of fine soothing cosmetic oils—will do. This is why I recommend only Palmolive."

L. Pessl.

Let Your Beauty Expert Help to Develop Your Natural Charm

Beauty specialists . . . skilful, well-trained artists . . . are doing wonders these days in bringing out and enhancing natural loveliness.

They know so many things you don't know about good looks.

Select an expert in whom you have perfect confidence and let her help you to be as beautiful as nature intended you to be.



ECHTEN, of Budapest, says: "Dull, muddy-looking skin? You are using the wrong soap. You should wash the face twice daily with Palmolive Soap and warm water, then rinse with cold. The result will delight you, I know."



DAHLSTRAND, of Stockholm whose salon is one of the most beautiful in all Sweden. Of course, she recommends Palmolive Soap.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time — over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Waiting for the Stork

WITH LOVE FROM ANNE

Continued from page 16



Life Publishing Company has graciously permitted this reproduction of William Balfour Ker's "The Hurry Call", first printed in LIFE, December 3rd, 1904.

time we crept along that breathless road together, just after taking a violent dislike to each other in the Antelope railroad station when you put me down as a light minded flirt and I classified you as a stuck-up bully.

I remember how terrified I was at the grinning gorge, and how I clutched you around the neck when the car skimmed along the brink. Your neck looked so interesting. But you were very snooty and simply asked if you could button your collar when I was through.

And darling, I remember other rides along that canyon, cold, starry, magic rides, when you didn't hate me quite so much and were beginning to kiss me in a really constructive way.

I'm sorry the market is acting wobbly, but markets are too hopelessly mercurial. You should pin your faith to women. They are the only steadfast creatures in a reeling world, sophomores and columnists to the contrary. Don't you suppose maybe beef prices will go up before you ship? I've told everybody what luscious steers you raise, and they've all promised to eat beef this winter. It ought to help.

"Not a steak will come into this house," vowed Perry Norton, "but your fair face will float before me!"

"Wreathed in gravy," I added, "with mushrooms behind my ear!"

"Lovely picture!" he sighed. "Sidney Carton was a piker. He only went to the guillotine for his loved and lost. He never spent a lifetime gnawing sirloin so another man could buy her little frumpies and tutti-frutti."

Perry really is priceless, probably the greatest nonsense spinner of all time. I wonder why he never married. He's simply filthy with money, comes from a frightfully upstage family, judges and generals and all that sort of thing, is debonair, has a yacht, sad eyes, and a shady reputation—all the things that girls adore. The flappers are frantic about him and ambitious mammas pant in his wake. But he's a canny soul, not too easily caught. Anyway, it's sweet of him to give me a rush and if I'm found murdered some dark night in a lonely alley, you'll know the Debutantes Relief Corps has been at work.

Darling, I want to repeat how much I loved those roses, great, glowing, golden-hearted ones, with apricot petals and a tinge of copper some place.

You are marvelous to me, and I don't deserve you. (But let's pretend I do.)

The party was a panic. Not really wild, you understand—just a panic. A good, clean panic. The crowd was out in a body. We started at the Nortons with a few refined cocktails, drifted on to the Lintons where Tommy's uncle had thoughtfully accumulated some applejack, and floated on to the country club where my reprehensible new dress caused quite a slaughter. The Florida Frothingham practically proposed, Perry looked at me as rapturously as if he hadn't helped me make mud pies at the age of four and even Peggy Chandler's Yale bird did some plain and fancy ogling. But he was no match for the chaperones. They out-ogled everybody.

The music was delicious, honeysuckle fragrance quivered on the air, and far out in the bay, ships' lanterns dangled little tinsel streamers of light in the dark water.

Maryland is really a lovely place, dear. Sometimes the thought of leaving it has a sort of poignant pain. I was brought up here and I understand it, understand its trivial, gentle people, its peaceful, pleasant, purposeless ways.

Darling, do you suppose I'll be a successful pioneer? I'm sometimes terrified when I think of it. Wyoming demands so much of a person, courage, strength, loyalty, a sort of grim and ruthless optimism, a lust for danger and a sardonic gift of laughter. It asks for a lioness and I may be only a butterfly. I don't know. You see, I've never really tested myself. Oh, I loved last winter, but it was all an adventure, a lark, an amusing interlude with the snug thought of coming home in the spring to bear me up.

I sometimes lie awake nights thinking of Mrs. Churchill. She was a plump pink and white bride, they tell me, with soft hands and fluffy hair when she followed her Peter to Wyoming. She made her home in a log cabin with rough floors and crude furniture.

She rode horseback through a blizzard to get the doctor when Peter was hurt, and took his place forking hay to the cattle when he lay helpless. She bore her children in awful loneliness and agony with only the crudest remedies to relieve her pain; she took a hand in the hayfield when men were scarce and lost her apple-blossom skin beneath a blazing sun. She drove half-tamed horses, lived for months without seeing another feminine face, or hearing a word of frivolous chatter, cooked for cowhands and trappers and tenderfeet. She got hard and grizzled and as brown as saddle leather, with horny hands and sun-bitten lips.

I don't feel sorry for her. She's loved it all, I think, and she's a happier woman than many I know here. But she was made of sterner stuff than I am. She had a sort of windy courage that was stronger than the country itself. Perhaps I'm just a trifling, shallow thing. Don't expect too much of me, Lewis. You are so fine and free and unharassed by complexities, you can't imagine what it means to be frivolous, luxury-loving and lazy. Be patient with me, dear. And always remember that I really, really love you—in my weak way!

But, lud, lud. What an editorial writer I've turned out to be! To return to the party, it really was a riot. After the dance we went over to the Kennicotts' swimming pool and frolicked in its slippery depths like a swarm of light-minded fish. Then someone suggested a road-house down on the beach and after that I think we ran into a fruit cart. At least I arrived home with half a watermelon under my arm.

The next afternoon I did penance by going antique-hunting with Aunt Hannah. The way she pounces on a poor farmer's wife and jerks her ladder-back chair right out from under her would curdle your blood.

Dearest, those roses are beautiful and I thank you millions. When they arrived I gave Perry's gardenias to the cook and the Frothingham's orchids to Aunt Hannah, who hates orchids. She thinks they are a sign of loose living.

You are the grandest gent I have ever known, and I admire you almost to death. Don't worry about the steers or the silly market. I'm sure prices will go scrambling up again, and you'll be disgustingly rich.

Please sir, I beg to remain,
Your sincere admirer,

ANNE RANDALL.

June 27

NOW my dear Lewis, you're being very unreasonable and the next time I see you I shall stick out my tongue. Possibly I'll even make gestures. I'm elegant at gestures. I think you're just trying to wriggle out of our little engagement this fall, trying to let me down without benefit of elevator, as Chaucer or somebody so nicely puts it.

I'm almost afraid to come to Antelope now. Imagine my embarrassment if you should simply tip your hat and say,

"No, thank you, I don't seem to care for any marriage today."

I know what's happened. You've gone and got yourself infatuated with the Bar X cook. I should have poisoned her before I left! I felt I'd neglected something. But she'll never make you happy, my boy! Not she. I've a terrible suspicion she chews snuff in private.

Darling, I really do think your letter was pretty rotten. I may be awfully frivolous, but I'm not so bad I'd back out of an engagement just because the market did a tail-spin. I'm sorry the poor, dear steers didn't get their just deserts, of course, and it was sweet of you to want to buy me a bathroom out of them. But, dearest, my horizon isn't altogether bounded by bathrooms! I wouldn't renig on a marriage just because it seemed to lack a few acres of white tile. It's awfully low-down of you to even think I would. You're stupid and cruel and Dumb in the Dome, and I don't think you're the sort of person I care to know. You're too suspicious. You've worked too hard and played too little. You've shut out the world too much, been too wrapped up in your own problems. You've forgotten how to be light and pleasure-loving and irresponsible. You think just because I chatter on about evening dresses and road-houses and bath- (Turn to page 45)

THE nation will pay a special honor to its mothers on May tenth. Presents and tokens of family love will make Mother's Day memorable.

But while more than 2,000,000 women passed safely through childbirth last year, 16,000 died. More than 10,000 of these women might have been saved if they had received proper prenatal and maternity care and skilful assistance. What was not done for them, however, can be done for prospective mothers.

The one way and the only way that a woman can escape some of the hazards of motherhood is to consult a doctor skilled in maternity cases immediately after she receives her first message from the stork, promising a most precious gift.

Or if, for financial reasons, she is unable to consult a physician, she will probably find in most progressive communities a Maternity Center where she will be given sympathetic and expert guidance. She may be told that she should have a change of diet, or should take more rest. She may require immediate medical or surgical care.

Her doctor or the Center will explain the laws of nature which she must obey to avoid needless suffering—perhaps tragedy. And she will be given instructions for safeguarding her baby as well as herself.

Every woman who is to become a mother should have an early physical examination, including a blood pressure test and other tests invariably given in the great institutions which are teaching the world how to avoid dangers and anxieties formerly considered inevitable. These institutions have proved that modern scientific attention will reduce the deathrate among mothers more than two-thirds.

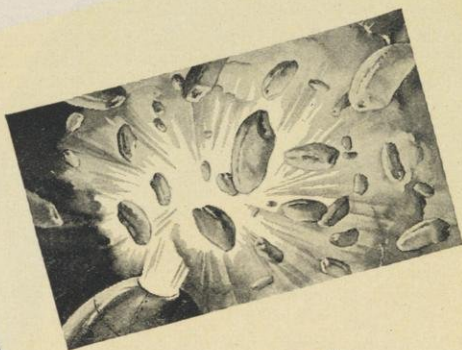
The mother-to-be should remain under her doctor's care, or under the guidance of the Maternity Center, until the stork has kept his promise and this happy message can be sent out—"Mother and child are doing well."

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail free, "Information for Expectant Mothers", and a booklet describing the work done at a well-conducted Maternity Center. Ask for Booklets 531-D.



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

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**Different because
Shot from Guns**

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—different from any cereal you know. Rich, nourishing grains—sealed in huge guns—kept under fiery temperatures—then—*shot from guns*. That's what explodes every tiny food cell—makes every particle so easily digestible—so quickly nourishing.



Now “twice-crisped”..to more than ever tempt wayward childish appetites

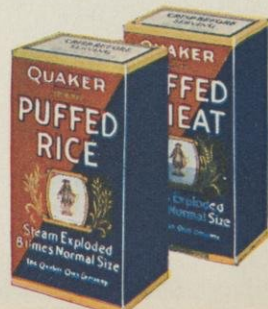
WHAT youngster does not adore Puffed Grains, those crunchy, toasty morsels of wheat and rice? Last year a poll in 42 states showed that, when given their choice, children always put Puffed Rice and Wheat first on their list of favorite cereals. That was good news to mothers... confronted with the often difficult problem of child feeding. These delicious foods, they learned, are highly nourishing. Nourishing? You ask, surprised perhaps that these

Delectable as toasted nutmeats. These Puffed Grains are richly nourishing, too, because they're shot from guns.

tempting foods should be good for you as well as good to eat. Well, consider: these are rich wheat grains, selected, plump white grains of rice, steam-exploded to 8 times their normal size. Thus, every ounce of their food value is made readily, immediately digestible. Now comes more good news! A new process seals in every ounce of freshness. Keeps Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice absolutely oven-crisp till they reach your table. Twice as crisp. Doubly good. More than

ever a temptation for wayward breakfast appetites. It's not only the children who vote for Puffed Grains. Grown-ups like them, too. With milk or cream, sugar, fruit—you have a wholesome, well-balanced meal. Do, for variety, for deliciousness, serve Puffed Grains tomorrow. Be sure you get the new seal-crisp package. It's so different it's like a new cereal coming from this new box! The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

* A new process, greatly increasing the crispness, makes Puffed Grains a really new cereal.



Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat

Listen in to the Quaker Oats radio programs of fun... over N. B. C. and affiliated stations. Consult the radio program in your paper.

The Quaker Oats Company also makes Mother's Oats... a delicious savory oatmeal that cooks done in 2½ minutes.



why do *Brides* make biscuits

BISCUITS are care and devotion expressed in something delightfully good to eat. If it wasn't that you like to take special pains for someone you love there wouldn't be a biscuit in the world. There's nothing that says you *must* make them.

Neither is there anything that says you must use Snowdrift. You use it for just the same reason you make biscuits...to have things nicer and better to eat. Better to eat because when the recipe calls for shortening, the shortening goes into the biscuits. And when you eat the biscuits you eat the shortening.

The *Wesson Oil* people make Snowdrift for women who like to have things a little nicer to eat. They cream it from an oil as pure and delicious as a choice salad oil... *and nothing else*. It comes to you in sealed pails as sweet and fresh as the day it was made.



WITH LOVE FROM ANNE

Continued from page 42

tubs I must be heartless. You aren't gentle man enough to give me benefit of the doubt.

I know you meant to be chivalrous by offering me my freedom, but you weren't chivalrous. You were mean-minded.

I'm sorry to make this letter sound so short and curt and generally snooty, but I've got to play golf with Perry. He doesn't seem to find me such a lost soul as you do.

Very indignantly,

ANNE.

P. S. Let *this* rankle in your soul: I made a perfect pie today!

Crustily,

ANNE.

July 5, 1930

DARLING! You *are* swell, and I adore you.

When your telegram came I was so relieved I went into strict seclusion and wept for an hour. I *told* you I was weak about you!

I'm sorry I wrote you such a loathesome letter, though you really deserved it. You *are* much too serious-minded you know.

Did you see my lovely face leering out of the rotogravure sections Sunday? And all those hot headlines: "Society Girl Saves Sinking Excursionists, While Swain Rescues Her." "Members of Young Smart Set Risk Lives to Save Colored Revelers." "Exclusive Snapshot of Miss Anne Randall, Waynes-town social favorite, and her fiancé, Perry Norton, popular clubman, whose prompt action rescued colored picnickers Sunday when their boat was rammed by coal barge." Et cetera and ad nauseam.

Aunt Hannah is prostrated and Perry is frightfully embarrassed. You see, he isn't my fiancé at all! Another man has that eccentric honor. Man name of Lewis Holmes. Lives in Wyoming, they tell me. Fascinating but has terrible taste. Alleged to prefer knock-kneed, snuff-dipping ranch cook to elegant school teacher.

The rescue, I must admit, really was thrilling, though the publicity has been a little overdone. Reporters have been wriggling and ogling around until I feel like a trans-Atlantic flier or a tree-sitter.

You see, we went out in the river in Perry's boat Sunday, Perry and I. Of course, Tommy Linton and Janice Allen were supposed to go along but they got roped in on a golf tournament or something, so Perry and I cruised off without them. We just lazed along, sort of vaguely eating clams and discussing Sherwood Anderson, ourselves, polo, Alice in Wonderland, jazz, juleps, ourselves, sex, saxophones and ourselves. Would you believe it, Perry thinks I have a warm, primitive nature? Says this fluff and frivol I assume is a hollow mask to hide the real woman. Sounds cute, don't you think?

Well, just after he had made this hair-raising discovery, we heard shouts of jubilee and general jollification as a colored excursion boat rounded the river bend, banjos tinkling, white teeth flashing, dark eyes rolling. It was a brilliant sight, tomato-tinted frocks with hats of emerald and blue; sleek brown girls standing with satin arms akimbo, young bucks jiggling and prancing before them; fat old mammies with soft hips and deep, chuckling laughs, fuzzy-headed pickaninnies with enormous eyes and velvet skins.

"I love darkies," I said idly, "I love the way they laugh. It must be fun."

"I love the way *you* laugh," murmured Perry. "It makes a fellow forget what a heartless pirate you really are. Anne, don't you ever — Good God!"

"No, I never," I said primly, and then noticed that his face was white and staring, his eyes fixed on a point downstream. Horrified, I saw a great, black, blunt-nosed coal barge plow into the excursion boat, ramming its sluggish snout straight into the little side-wheeler's abdomen. The crippled pleasure craft spun around in midstream like a wounded animal; lurched, tipped, righted itself, whirled slowly and helplessly in the current, all its gaudy freight screaming and moaning, pickaninnies opening their little pink mouths in terror.

The boat settled lower and started drifting, sucked along by the sleek green water, slipping by so tranquilly and gently. A cold sickness clutched me. Just around the bend are rapids, swift, sucking rapids with the sharp black teeth of rocks thrusting up. The deep channel for vessels skirts deftly to one

side, but a battered little excursion boat with half its innards torn away would have scant chance of making that swerve.

All those warm, dark, soft-voiced persons, all those little pansy pickaninnies, would be snuffed out on the rocks.

There was one possible chance: I remembered an old black snag rearing from the current, the lone remaining pier of an abandoned bridge. If I could make that! I didn't dare think. I just jumped. Beach pajamas and all, I hopped in, prudently keeping my mouth closed, for our river has a nasty taste, quite the vilest river I ever sampled in my life. I made a gorgeous splash, and another splash sounded almost simultaneously. Without looking around I knew that Perry had leaped with me. I used to be quite a young swimmer around town, brought up on the bay, as it were, but that was the stiffest water marathon I ever did. A fast overhead crawl and all steam ahead.

Behind me I heard the long even strokes of Perry, the old peach, thinking I was crazy, but following blindly. It was a mad race and a gruelling one, but slowly, foot by foot, yard by yard, we crept up on the ship, once just missing a small catboat idling on the stream, once brushing something cold and soft and terribly slimy, once striking my leg against a floating barrel. I could see the shores of the river beginning to curve for the bend, beginning to sweep grandly and beautifully toward those gruesome rocks. Panting and puffing like a small but ambitious whale, I forged nearer the boat, praying they had a painter.

And glory be to the United States Senate—they had! As we drew abreast I could just make out rough rope ends curling and bobbing on the water. Wildly I reached for them and missed; took a slow stroke, reached again—and missed. Something awfully strange was happening to my arm, a stiffness, a numbness, a queer bound feeling. A shadow cut between the boat and me, and I saw the wet, fine face of Perry.

"The rope!" I gasped. "Get the rope!"

With a powerful forward lunge he slit the water smoothly, and I saw the painter jerk sharply in his grasp, as he wheeled and came back to me.

"The stump!" I managed to sputter again, funny little bubbles licking about my face. "We gotta—make—the stump!"

Things were beginning to spin before my eyes, my heart seemed to be bursting, and my legs were long white poles I was trying to drag through the water, but somehow we reached the stump, thanking a thousand heavens the boat hadn't passed it before we caught up.

And Lewis darling, it was the strangest thing—it was really *you* who saved that excursion party! Your lean, clever hands came before me and I knew exactly what to do. Reaching the post, I took the rope from Perry and flung it around the snag in the double half-hitch, just as I saw you do that day on the Wyoming range, when you threw and hog-tied the outlaw steer, and I nearly fell off my horse in sheer admiration. The double half-hitch—the cowpuncher's gift to civilization!

The helpless side-wheeler came to a bobbing stop, and swung gently into the shore, toward an old wharf where boys were fishing. A crowd had collected by this time and somebody threw out a line, making the other end of the boat fast to the pier.

I had one glimpse of radiant, incredulous black faces before I went under. I was tired, I guess, or maybe it was my love of the dramatic, or perhaps a perverse desire to be waited on, but anyway, several of my arms and quite a few legs went blotto, and my head started for the bottom of the river. I distinctly heard a canary sing, and I always hear canaries sing when I pass out. I was a moist mass, and poor, dear Perry had to tow me ashore. It was darned grand of him, for I was utterly helpless and he was badly exhausted himself from all the aquatic sports. Weak as he was he managed to turn me over on my back and propel me firmly through the soup, though there was danger of every breath being his last.

Of course, there was an awful clamor and to-do when we were hauled dripping from our liquid race track, though I really don't see why, for I never looked (Turn to page 46)



The Perfect Pair for washing woolens — IVORY SNOW and lukewarm water

Ivory Snow—tiny fairy-thin pearls of pure Ivory Soap—gives extra protection to all fine fabrics. Every tiny pearl is so very thin that it turns into gentle Ivory suds the moment water touches it. Even *lukewarm water*!

No waiting for hot water. No fussing with suds. No cooling to the safe faintly warm temperature. Now you start with lukewarm water, add Ivory Snow, and you'll have foamy suds in a single swish. No unmelted soap left to cling to your silks and woolens.

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WITH LOVE FROM ANNE

Continued from page 45

worse, glistening and purplish, you know, with my mouth open and my eyes squigged up. It's very silly and the crowd razzes me terribly about going tabloid. Aunt Hannah is ashamed to be seen with me on the street. But some of the reporters are rather sweet—there was one especially—but you wouldn't be interested.

But Perry was the hero of the hour, great old egg that he is! I'll never be so flippant about our wild young set any more. There's swell blood in him. I remembered, as I went under, that his family had sent its young men to fight in five wars. There's something swanky about his daring; something fine and nonchalant.

"Take this animated cake of floating soap," he panted when they pulled us out. "She was headed for Norway, but I managed to trip her up!" And promptly collapsed, himself. Grinning through it all. Making a joke at the last. He's pretty fine, Perry is.

Well, darling, it's good to be alive and not something cold and clammy at the bottom of a river. Good to be alive and receiving telegrams from a fascinating cow-person who delicately indicates he is interested in me.

Goodbye, my darling. Have to go and show some low-lives how to play golf.

Yours fervently,

ANNE.

P. S. The sweetest thing. The colored people from the boat sent a committee around to make Perry and me honorary members of the Children of Gabriel. All the crowd is coming down to see us initiated. Perhaps I can organize a chapter at Yorkee Gap.

July 18

DEAR LEWIS: Really, your persistent efforts to jilt me are getting rather tiresome! I don't know that I care for your behavior. Just politely handing me over to Perry as if I were a cigar or something.

I suppose I have raved about him quite a bit in my letters, but it doesn't necessarily mean I'm in love with him. He is nice. He is amusing, and clever. He is congenial. But why shouldn't he be? And why do I have to fall into his arms because he is?

However, since you are so determined to have done with me, I am enclosing a ring you once gave me.

Very sincerely,

ANNE.

July 22

DEAREST POLLY: Do you know any place in Bermuda where a genuine man-hating spinster can find work? Something quiet and soothing preferred, such as an insane asylum or a home for indigent old ladies? Any place where men are not permitted?

Darling, I've had the most ghastly break with Lewis. He suddenly got terribly uppish and snooty, and I had to discipline him. I sent his ring back with a few carefully chosen words of poison. All other men I tried that on promptly got penitent and came wagging back, ready to kiss the hand that smacked them. But not so Lewis. I'm afraid he's practically too high-minded. Anyway, it's all for the best. We never could have gotten on together. We quarreled the first time we ever met and if we'd been married, we'd have quarreled on the way home from church.

Lewis thinks I'm in love with Perry. And Perry thinks so, too. At least, he's getting terribly unpleasant. Isn't it amazing how unpleasant young men get when their well-known fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love? Quarrelsome and jealous and demanding. I think they're vile. Of course, not being blind, or even feeble-minded, I've seen for some time that Perry was getting a bit excited over me. But he's been in love so often I didn't think it mattered much. There's nothing more resilient than a bachelor's heart these days. Besides, I truly didn't encourage him—wouldn't listen to a syllable of sentiment and permitted only the most platonic petting. It was because he felt so safe with me he started flirting. And you know, Polly, I never could resist a challenge.

But I don't know, perhaps Perry's my best bet, after all. We understand each other pretty thoroughly. We were brought up together. We're the same kind of folks. And I do like him. Lots. We have fun. Don't you suppose that's enough? Fun, friendship and understanding? All this wild thrill stuff—cave men and virile conquerors, that's not

essential. Especially when you don't have the remotest idea of what to do with your cave man, after you've got him. Lewis was a fascinating experiment, but too weird to work. Anyhow, I'm tired of men and I hope you find me a good, safe place where I can't get at them.

So glad you liked the wash-rag. *Thought* it would be serviceable. Have you tried using it for a rug?

Wish to heavens you would come hurtling back to Maryland. It's all very well for you to say you'll visit me in Wyoming this fall. Won't you feel silly if I'm not there? Besides, I detest Wyoming. And I hope its inhabitants choke.

Goodbye, lamb. Give my love to Pat and tell him I think you picked the only palatable member of his sex.

Yours for homicide,

ANNE.

August 3

DEAREST POLLY: You remember how I look, don't you?

Well, which do you think would make me the least repulsive, blue chiffon or white satin? Personally, I sort of lean toward black velvet and pearls. Something gloomy and grand-operatic about it. But cousin Nellie says she never heard of anybody being married in black.

Me married? Well, I think so! At least, a gent has threatened to strangle me if I don't marry him, and I think that's grounds for hope, don't you?

It happened this way. The Kennicott girls slung a party, a real party with all the scions of old families present. Some of the scions were feeling rather gay, and some of the scionesses were downright giddy. I seem to remember exuding a general atmosphere of sizzle and sparkle myself.

I had just arrived at a sort of tacit understanding with Perry, but to keep him on his toes I was loosening the check-rein on the Florida Frothingham, who really is an accomplished flirt and philanderer of the first water. I was feeling frightfully devilish and woman-with-a-past-ish, playing first one and then the other. Not exactly nice of me, I know, but then I had lost interest in being nice. And I was wearing a black chiffon dress with practically no back. You know how it is, no back, no scruples.

The party was beyond a doubt gay. Tommy, Perry, the Kennicotts and Janice have rented an abandoned farmhouse which they have fitted up as a club-room de luxe. They tell their families it's a reading room. One of the rules of the club is that anyone caught reading will be fined ten dollars.

Peggy Chandler did her usual Spanish dance, Tommy Linton gave a screaming take-off of Rudy Vallée, and five colored boys from town turned out the hottest brand of jazz music I ever hope to hear. The Kennicotts dashed around handing everybody sandwiches and frosty tall green glasses.

Suddenly Perry conceived the bright idea of playing croquet à la Alice in Wonderland. He and Frothingham were the players, Tommy and Toots Benjamin were the wickets, Janice and Peggy were the balls, while Mary Kennicott was Perry's mallet and I was the Frothingham's.

The game didn't prove to be strictly practical. Both the balls and wickets had a disconcerting way of strolling off to light a cigaret, just when you needed them most. And Mary and I had our eccentricities as mallets.

"You probably have more lure than a flamingo, Anne," said the Frothingham, getting a good grip on me, "but you present some of the same difficulties. Hey, where'd Peggy go? Why can't we have caddies in this game?"

But in spite of all the hazards we continued doggedly playing, because it seemed like such a good idea. Things were at the hottest and girls were hurtling through the air like bullets when suddenly my heart stopped beating, and all the blood in my body congealed in one large icicle.

Standing in the doorway was Aunt Hannah, a picture of utter horror, and beside her, tall, silent, grim, with gray level eyes was *Lewis Holmes*, a stunning figure in his dusty traveling clothes. My knees turned to water and I clutched at the Frothingham who was just aiming me carefully at Peggy.

He tucked me under his arm and turned to see what was so startling.

"Holmes!" he shouted, and dropped me unceremoniously as he raced for the door. My mouth fell open, and I think I gibbered.

He and Lewis shook hands in a great, rough, gusty way and began babbling about a torchlight parade and stealing somebody's clothes.

"Hello, Anne," said Lewis kindly, when I staggered to the scene, "imagine finding you here!"

"I thought you were reading!" moaned Aunt Hannah in pitiful bewilderment. "I thought you'd crept off to spend an evening with your books! Mr. Holmes wanted to see you immediately, so I brought him over. And I must say, Anne, it seems to me—"

Just then some imbecile started the music, and Tommy dragged me off to dance, though I struggled and stamped and said things, and kicked him genteelly on the shin.

As I glanced despairingly back at the doorway, I saw Aunt Hannah say something to Lewis, saw him bow his head politely, take

her arm and leave. Leave without another word or look for me. And suddenly I knew that everything in the world I loved went with him through that door. Everything sweet and sacred and safe. There was a cold, acrid taste in my mouth. There was an ashy feeling around my heart.

"It must have been your desert lover," said Perry, coming up smoothly. "Quite a bit of the desert still on him, wasn't there? But it'll come off with a good whisk broom."

"You don't know a man when you see one!" I lashed out. "You can't see how fine and genuine he is. Why, he's the only real thing I've ever had in my life. He's worth two of you gilded play-boys—five of you—ten of you. Also twenty, thirty and forty. Just because he's strong and fine and serious—"

"I beg your pardon," said the Frothingham, "what was that last word?"

"Serious!" I snapped.

He shook his head gently, "I didn't quite get it," he murmured, "my left ear's never been the same since I (Turn to page 48)

FROM A

MIDDLE-WESTERN WINDOW



Purple Cabbages • by ELIZABETH COOK

IT'S great to be discontented. Don't let any one fool you into being resigned. There isn't anything noble about resignation—it's just another way of dying ahead of time. Our discontents are healthy disorders, like the ground breaking apart above a bean sprout.

The real reason for discontent is rather beautiful. We fret on account of the inner flutterings of our wings. Lying around in the storehouses of our hearts and souls are great desires, and great abilities, too. If the human race has any tragedy at all, barring the eternal separation of loved ones, it is the universal waste of the richness of the human spirit.

The dissatisfaction, the mental itch, is a sign of an overlooked power. We hear the call. We have urges to do this and to do that. But we are afraid, or ashamed, or bewildered. So we strenuously add up our blessings, pin our smiles on neatly and hang up mottoes about brightening the nearest corner. Personally, the most reliable way I know to brighten up a corner is to scrub and paint it and hang a light in it.

Optimism is a good thing in its place but it should never be used as a blanket to smother our hidden dreams. For let no one fool you—a good live discontent is as valuable as a college education.

The smart thing is to take that discontent out into the open and harness it up to something. For instance, if we feel an all-conquering urge to raise purple cabbages, let us raise them.

The important thing is to trust ourselves to the power we feel rising within us. It can be done. It is seldom necessary to upset our established lives or those of other people in order to follow out a few of our inner urges. A home woman with a verse in her head doesn't need an office, desk, telephone, stenographer and a shush shush atmosphere. She merely needs to borrow her knee from her youngest child, balance a book on it and chew her pencil a time or two. Wasn't Uncle Tom's Cabin written on sheets of wrapping paper while the roast cooked?

No matter how busy the life, there is always a half hour here and there. If there isn't, we must lay back our ears and take it. These half hours should be our adventure hours. Maybe it isn't purple cabbages we want, maybe it's taking clocks apart, or dancing in the moonlight, or planning church suppers, or playing Chopin; maybe it's just sitting in the sun. But whatever it is, if it soothes a little of that human discontent which has rightly been termed "divine discontent," we have progressed in the art of living more abundantly. And after all, that is what life is for, isn't it?

DECORATION BY MAUDE LANGTREE

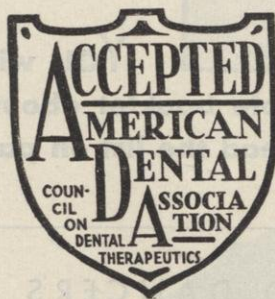
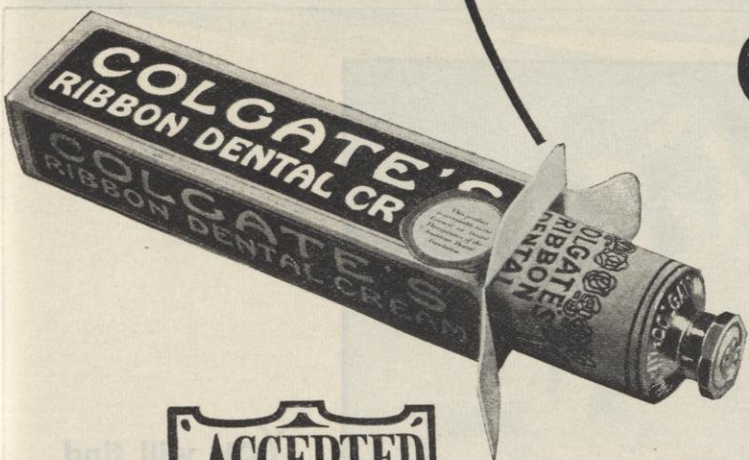
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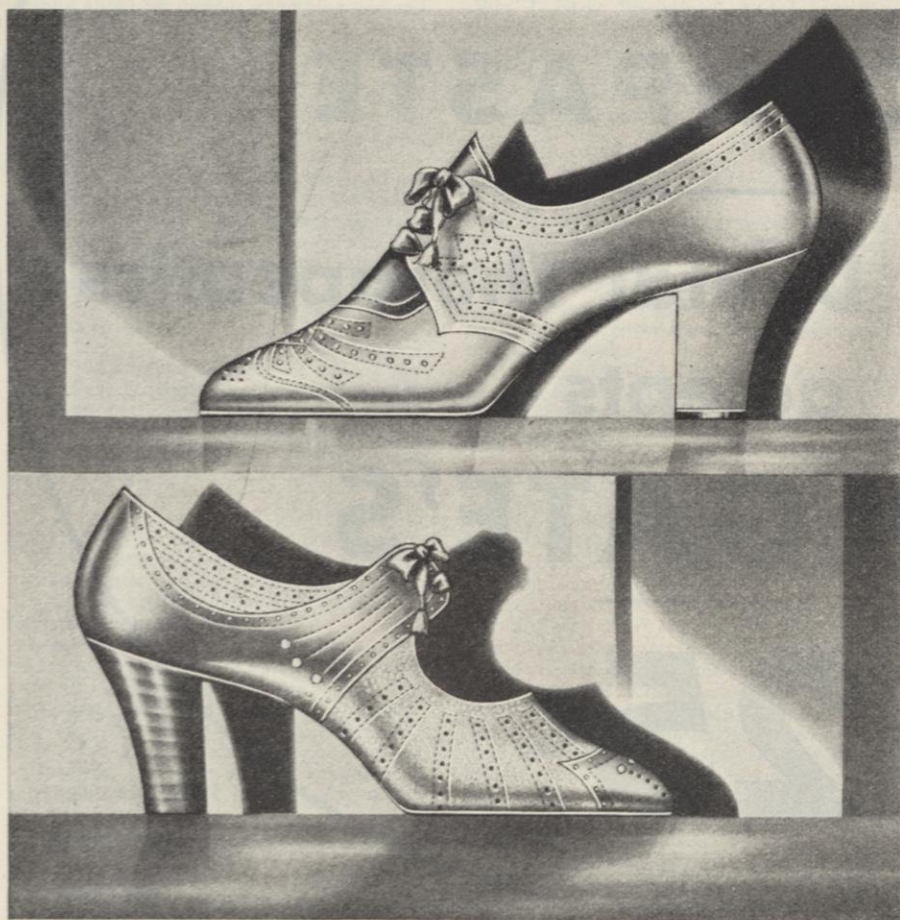
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WITH LOVE FROM ANNE

Continued from page 46

had scarlet fever. Would you mind saying it again?"

"Serious!" I said shortly, "s-e-r-i-o-u-s."

"You know, it's the funniest thing," he confided, "I could have sworn you said 'serious.'"

"It's a word you probably never heard!" I flared. "Naturally you couldn't understand it. None of you could. And you couldn't understand such words as 'sincere' or 'loyal' or 'energetic.' You think they're just words to fill out the blanks in a cross-word puzzle. It never occurs to you a person might be really, honest-to-God *serious*. Well, I like people that way! I like people perfectly serious. I want to marry someone serious and have nothing but earnest thoughts all the rest of my life. Why, Lewis is marvelous—he's swell! I mean he's practically *perfect*!"

Suddenly I realized that I was crying, great, wet, smeary tears rolling down my face, so I gave one last furious gulp and dashed for the dressing-room. Tactfully they let me blaze away until the storm had subsided and I'd had time to powder my nose. Then Perry came in.

"Awfully sorry, Anne," he said. "We're just a bunch of bums. And it was pretty grand the way you stood by your guns. I only wish I'd been the man."

So I squeezed his hand, slapped on some lipstick and went back to the brawl. And stopped dead. For once more Lewis stood in the doorway, a Lewis I have never seen, a dazzling Lewis in smart black and white, a

suave Lewis in faultless dinner coat, his gray eyes vivid with unsuspected mischief.

He held out his arms to me and grinned. "Let's dance," he said. "Let's dance till we fall in our tracks like a couple of winded yearlings. Lord! It does seem good to be stepping out!"

"Lewis!" I gasped, clutching vaguely at something. "I thought you were furious. Walking out in that snooty way!"

"Went up to Frothingham's room," he said, "and put on his spare dress suit. It's the first time Frothy and I have swapped pants since we roomed together at Wither-spoon Hall. I left suddenly because I was in a thundering hurry to get back. It looked like such a peach of a party. But you couldn't expect me to jump up and down and clap my hands in front of Aunt Hannah!"

"How did you get here?" I murmured.

"The train," he said. "Not as fast as an airplane, but the best I could do. You didn't expect me to just sit on my heels, did you, after your last note? That missive asked for action. And as soon as we finish this dance we're going outdoors and have quite a lot more action. Gee, Anne, you looked cute in that fool game you were playing. We'll have to introduce it at the next Yorkee Gap dance!"

"But," I bumbled, "I always thought you were so sort of sober!"

His arm tightened about me.

"Well," he confessed, "practically sober!" Hoping you are the same, ANNE.



You will find
a whole booklet about us if
you read the list on page 116

DRUMS AND DANCERS

Continued from page 14

upon the Village Chief's great drum a fine salute was rolled.

Of the royal entourage the first to appear was a hook-nosed stranger with a face more yellow than brown or black. A nomad from the desert, a Moslem in flowing robes and covered with Moslem amulets, this man is a wandering minstrel who earns his keep by serving first one pagan ruler, then another, as a hired adulter. It is likely that he has thus served petty Emirs in far-off places.

The Paramount Chief, whose face is wrinkled as a dried prune, whose wise eyes twinkle above bulging pockets of flesh, followed by one of his elder wives on foot and several patriarchal cronies, came riding in a raffia hammock, canopied with an African homespun and slung from the shoulders of four magnificent men, naked except for narrow loin-cloths. To the accompaniment of hand-clapping these men danced from side to side without jolting their precious burden, swinging him gently as a cradled babe. The old man especially favored us with a wave of the hand. The gaze he cast upon us had the warmth of an embrace; the intimate and

deep quality of a look cast upon conspirators by a fellow plotter.

And so soon as he was comfortably secluded in his host's compound this affectionate greeting was followed by a shower of gifts. To our temporary camp one of his cronies came bearing rice for our porters and a live chicken for ourselves. Also he presented us with more than a dozen eggs—a food considered wholly abominable by pagans.

From Boumba we eventually learned that our presence in Ca-Matidi had served the old man well. Early today his preparations for the journey were interrupted by the arrival in his capital of a white official, returning from farther inland where he has been conducting investigations of slave-trading on the part of Moslemized tribes. Obviously it was the Paramount Chief's duty to remain at home, holding himself in readiness for endless palavers about Biriwa-Limba affairs. However, making his ceremonial call, he begged to be excused. He felt obliged, he claimed, to hasten thither, to hurry to the "wail," not on his own account but because two white strangers unacquainted (Turn to page 51)



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UNEEDA BAKERS dainties tempt you, and await

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varieties and familiar old friends, your grocer has

them for you—always fresh, always delicious—

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Seal. For instance, these Social Delights: tempting

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you want something extra dainty, extra good!



Better than cream for "Creamed" Vegetables

HOW DELICIOUS vegetables would be creamed with cream—but how expensive—and how dangerous to the slender lines of youth! You can have them just as fine in texture and taste—at less than a third the cost of cream—and they'll make your family "fit" instead of fat.

Here's the "how" and the "why"—Pet Milk is equal to cream in degree of richness. But it's the good richness of whole milk—that builds sound bones and teeth and tissue—that gives sturdy health and vigor. Cream is rich in fat alone. It is fat. It makes fat. And—Pet Milk, with the better richness, costs less than a third as much as cream.

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Have you a baby?—If you have a baby to feed, let us send you a beautiful book, "When Baby Needs Milk from a Bottle." It will tell you a thrilling story and bring happiness and health to your baby.

MONDAY SPECIAL

3 tablespoons shortening
1 tablespoon flour
1/2 cup Pet Milk diluted with
1/2 cup liquid off vegetables or water
2 cups left-over cooked vegetables, chopped
1 cup cooked ham, ground

Melt 1 tablespoon shortening, blend in flour and when smooth and bubbling, add diluted milk, stirring constantly to keep smooth. Add vegetables and ham and heat thoroughly. Melt remaining shortening in frying pan, turn mixture into it and brown. Serve hot on a platter garnished with toast points and celery, or use to stuff tomatoes.

GOLDEN SAUCE

1 cup Pet Milk diluted with
1 cup vegetable liquid or meat broth
3 tablespoons flour
1 egg yolk, beaten
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper

Add a little of the diluted milk to flour and stir until smooth. Add beaten egg yolk, seasonings and remaining milk. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Makes about 2 cups sauce. Serve on cooked cauliflower, asparagus tips, artichokes, broccoli, or various mixed vegetables.

FRENCH FRIED ONIONS

4 medium-sized Bermuda onions
1 egg
1/2 cup Pet Milk diluted with
1/2 cup water
1 cup pastry flour
1/2 teaspoon salt

Peel onions and cut into 1/4 inch slices. Separate into rings. Beat egg light, add remaining ingredients and beat well. Dip rings into batter one at a time and fry in deep hot fat until golden brown. Drain and serve hot. Serves 6.



There's Pet Milk in the
Tomato Stuffed with Monday Special
Creamed Peas (P. 78 loose-leaf cookbook)
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DRUMS AND DANCERS

Continued from page 48

with his people's ways were straying through his territory! He was released.

Tonight in Ca-Matidi there is the throb of wooden pestles plunged into the hollows of wooden mortars by village women milling rice for the morrow. But there is no drumming, no singing, and no laughter. This is a night of mourning. And according to Boumba it is also the night of the "big speaking," when relatives and friends, long separated, relate all that has befallen. Through hut doors, usually shut at eve, the occupants are visible, lying mat to mat, or sitting about indoor fires.

WHEN stars swoon in the graying sky, the peace of Ca-Matidi is shattered by a frightful sobbing. Two grotesques, men in goggle-eyed leathern masks, their clay-whitened bodies covered with garments of tangled grass and thongs from which innumerable objects depend, pass from hut to hut, from bonfire to bonfire where those who found no shelter huddled throughout the night. Ill-omened harbingers, they beat together crude iron castanets and wail, "A great and good man lies ill."

There is no more talking. The hush is shot through with insect sibilance, the rustling of vultures perched upon the huts, the drip and plop of dew rolling from thatched eaves, breaking away from the tips of leaves, and with the muffled movements of Biriwa-Limbasa rising from beside the fires, emerging from huts.

Dimly visible the figure of a man is to be discerned upon the roof of Kunlungki's hut. Scrambling and clutching, vultures wheeling and whimpering about his head, he climbs like a beetle to the very peak. For some signal he waits. Far away, unreal, comes the crowing of cocks caged behind mud walls. At once he casts down a clay pot. My nerves are bruised by the shock. Never again will rice be eaten from Kunlungki's bowl.

"A great and good man is dead," the man calls out. The grotesques howl. Desolately, as if their grief were new, the women of the dead man's house moan and shriek.

With sound Ca-Matidi reels. More than fifty drums resound. Outside the village the Chief's hunters discharge their flintlocks. From roof to roof the vultures swoop through air rank with gunpowder. My reason, pressed upon by so much sound, tips a little and I tremble uncontrollably.

Thus begins the second mourning of Kunlungki's death.

From everywhere drummers and dancers have been drawn. Before Kunlungki's compound twenty young men in wide knee-length kilts forming a ring, beat upon hollowed logs of differing lengths, closed at both ends and slit differently to produce a variety of tones. Within this ring the widows surge and turn. And so they must, with now and then a brief respite, until the "waily's" end, until the herd is eaten and the guests are gone.

Through the white dust which settles upon their bodies, the sweat courses in rivulets. Of the nine widows only one is young, and her upturned face flowers in that touching wistfulness common to so many pagans, particularly the women. Mingling with the widows and their women friends are two men fittingly dressed as women. One, an animated drummer, wears a wig of fibres dyed black and combed into a crest ornamented with cowries. The other man, a singer, whose head is wrapped woman-fashion in a cloth, gives the widows words to chant.

At my side there is a snicker. There stands beside me a traveler from the sea-coast. About him there are European touches. Over his nakedness he wears ragged tweeds. And his flesh has a sulphurous tinge. He is a half-caste.

Leering at the women, he laughs contemptuously and tells me that they sing: "Kunlungki was a good man. He served the Evil One. Every day of his long life he sacrificed to the Devil."

Without boldness the information is offered. The stranger preens himself. He assumes himself superior to folk who have not been exposed to the doubtful advantages of life upon the fringes of a white settlement. And very puzzling he finds my failure to respond. With impressive emphasis he

repeats, "These people worship Bad! Bad! Devils!"

This, I fear, has been called to his attention by earnest religious workers who are often apt to declare that "pagans worship Evil while Christians worship Good." It is useless to befuddle him by a dissertation upon the reasonableness of folk who, believing either in devils or a devil, treat them or him with meticulous courtesy.

A short distance away from Kunlungki's hut the high-pitched staccato of the drums, the droning of the widows become vague, scarcely audible. In a greater volume of sound these sounds are drowned.

Before the Chief's compound are more and yet more drummers ranged about a wide-spread cotton tree. Within the large ring that they form is a male dancer accompanied by a slender youth, a jungle sprite tooting upon a carved cow's horn, playing a melancholy tune. Thirty drummers, holding angular sticks in their right hands, strike simultaneously upon the taut drum-heads of instruments possessing a powerful resonance. Fastened to the left wrist each of the drummers wears an iron cylinder against which he clatters iron thimbles weaving metallic syncopations in and about the drumming's monotony. And upon the fabric of the resonant bass are imposed other rhythmic patterns by eight kilted drummers with hollowed and slit logs like those played upon before Kunlungki's hut.

Twenty dancing men, old and young, there are. Fantastic scarecrows with whitened faces, they wear leopard-pelts and thrust through their kinky hair, vultures' quills. Unlike the drumming the dancing is elementary. Devoid of astonishing feats of strength or grace, devoid of sinuosity, it is confined to jerking, grimacing and cumbersome prancing. So earnestly horrible is each dancer that I suspect them all of being intent upon ridding Ca-Matidi of some lingering menace connected with Kunlungki's death by surpassing in frightfulness the most frightful demons. This speculation on my part is somewhat strengthened by the sustained solemnity of the bystanders.

Upon affairs beneath the cotton tree, rather than upon the widows, general attention is focussed. With each passing hour the mass of humanity, ever in motion, thickens about the ring of drummers who, like the dancers, are constantly attended by wives and apprentices.

Aloof from the crowd and remaining always together are a dozen boys. Upon their heads they wear caps of women's kerchiefs knotted at the corners. With such a cap a sick man sometimes covers his head, thus proclaiming that he does not desire the company of his fellows, or of women. These lads are soon to be removed from village life to a bush camp for initiation into the tribal secret society composed only of adult males, and for tutoring by the tribe's wise men. They are taboo. None may address them. And they speak only to each other. From the endurance tests, which sometimes take the form of floggings, one or two may die. Those who return will be welcomed for the first time as men.

MORE conspicuous than the lads are a dozen girls, clinging together. This year's debutantes, they have just emerged from initiation rites peculiar to womanhood. As a token of their new status they wear head kerchiefs and also bands of white cotton, extremely becoming, above their brows. And while it is customary for Biriwa-Limba women to leave their breasts exposed, these comely and eligible damsels are draped with colored handkerchiefs worn like bibs, and which are more deliberately revealing than outright nakedness.

It is long past mid-day when the last dancer drops upon his mat beneath the cotton tree. The mounting heat has reached that fearful intensity, sickening to whites. Only momentary rests have the drummers had since their right hands first fell upon the drum-heads at dawn. They too sag upon the ground, their bodies drenched with sweat.

Among dancers and drummers the Chief's many women and the widows pass, dispensing packets of powdered tobacco, salt wrapped in cassava leaves, and also kola nuts—several for each man. Ample and lavish are these rewards, especially the nuts. (Turn to page 52)



'Absorbent ... to remove dangerous dirt'

That's why Jean Harlow insists on
Kleenex to remove cold cream

She made one of the most rapid climbs to stardom in all Hollywood's amazing history! . . . this dashing beauty who has something of value to tell us other beauty seekers.

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"Too bad everyone doesn't understand about Kleenex!" Miss Harlow continues. "These wonderful tissues are so sanitary in themselves, and so absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!"

"So absorbent to remove dangerous dirt." The dirt that lurks deep in pores. The dirt in which the germs of acne thrive. The dirt which harsh cloths, unabsorbent towels, often slide right over.

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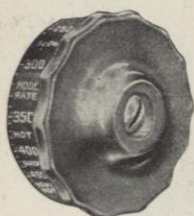
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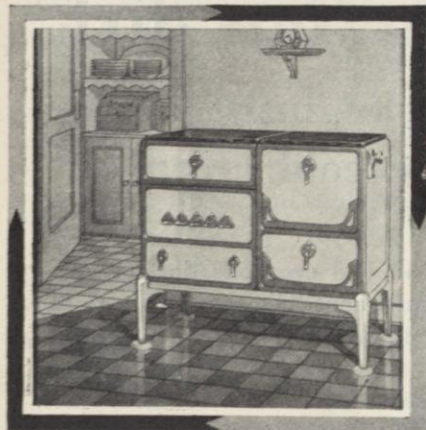
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Patents Pending

MAGIC CHEF

The Gas Range of TODAY



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MAGIC CHEF *Jonquil Model*

Cabinet type with spring balanced cooking top cover. Porcelain enameled in Old Ivory with Peacock Green trim and marble finish top. Handles of Onyx Green bakelite. Fully insulated. Large service drawer. Safety type gas cocks.

Cash Price
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DRUMS AND DANCERS

Continued from page 51

Never plentiful, here they sometimes fetch threepence each in Ca-Mabai's market, one-third the daily wage received by a Biriwa-Limba road-worker from his white governors. But the Biriwa-Limbas—excepting the drummers and the Paramount Chief whose teeth are orange-streaked from years of chewing—are not, apparently, addicted to the use of kola as are the Moslem nomads. About to embark upon a caravan trip these folk are said to pay, at the desert's rim, a shilling for a single nut. Upon the potency of kola the drummers must depend during days and nights, nights and days of drumming.

The relaxed drummers, dancers and the bystanders are diverted by the terrified bellowing of an animal. Another of the dead man's herd is slaughtered. Beside the huts the cooking fires are already lighted, the pots made ready. Into the mortars women throw the portions of fresh meat, crushing its fibres with their heavy pestles. No part of the animal is wasted. Ravenously the vultures peck and claw at blood-spots on the dust.

Few people will actually partake of meat. But before night-fall all will have had rice or cassava dressed, not with the usual palm-oil and pepper sauce, but with that rare delicacy—meat stew. And if there is not beef for everybody there is a litter of puppies, not very fat but undeniably young and tender. The butchering of the cow, intolerably slow and clumsy, I found disgusting, yet I was not wrenched emotionally. But at the thought of devouring puppies, I am filled with sentimental agonies impossible for Boumba, the realist, or his friends to comprehend.

As the pleasant odors of finely-flavored meat stews rise from cooking pots, the grave and solemn mood of Ca-Matidi subtly alters. Ceasing their mournful round the widows attend to the guests of Kunlungki's household. Housewives pass to and fro bearing upon their heads bowls of rice ready for cooking, or small bundles of wood with which to feed their fires. Conversations of the night before are resumed with animation. And there is laughter.

Flourishing antiquated flintlocks and machetes, the Chief's Hunters, led by the Chief's Executioner carrying a cutlass, penetrate the village. Surviving in the spirited buffoonery are traces, I believe, of rites belonging to some dimly remembered era when the death of a great man was avenged by a savage massacre of men and women suspected of connivance with the Evil One.

The Executioner, who throughout his career has never beheaded anybody, whose duties are confined to lashings of offenders against tribal law, now passes through the village pretending to lop off the heads of all whom he encounters. His "victims," always responsive to clowning, are delighted. I bow my head and sense, rather than feel, the breath of his sword's swish upon my neck, while my husband, applauded by the village, humbly kneels, purchasing his immunity with pennies.

No longer symphonic, the drumming is confined to individual performances, scattered throughout the village. The rhythms, simple, repetitious, are those to which West Africans surrender themselves so readily, so completely, evoking from their monotony mysterious excitements as exquisite as the dreams of opium-eaters.

Singly, by twos, in groups, men, women and children sway, shifting their weight, swinging their hips. In Ca-Matidi only the old, squatting in the shade, ourselves, pale-fleshed and decorously rigid, and Boumba, the Christian, do not bend like reeds before a wind, do not pulse or undulate. Deeply, old women dip their promising glances into the eyes of half-grown lads. From the scene Paramount Chief and Village Chief withdraw. The debutantes, tittering and writhing, pass from view.

At last, even Boumba is affected. Moving restlessly he is sucked into the masses which melt into orderly circles of dancers pressing tightly against one another; half-circles of women with downcast eyes opposed to half-circles of laughing men, swinging, swaying, and revolving about each of the drummers. With new arrivals circles expand. They contract again with the departures of men and women between whom some signal has passed.

Detaching themselves from the dancers, women await their lovers whom, without speaking or caressing, they lead away. Across hut doors mats drop and the windowless yellow buildings turn upon the blazing day a closed, secretive look. Benignly, and to some purpose, the nearby forest is carpeted with shadows.

In Kunlungki's honor, Ca-Matidi's Dance of Death resolves into a Dance of Life.

Not led but followed by a handsome woman wearing many necklaces of imported glass beads and bracelets of telegraph wire, Boumba appears. The woman's one garment, hanging from plump hips, is tie-dyed with native Indigo after the Nigerian fashion and therefore more costly than a cotton chemically colored in Manchester. Fearful of seeming to supervise, we tactfully withdraw to the thatched pavillion loaned us by the Village Chief.

Companied by the sidling woman, Boumba proceeds uncertainly. Each time he falters she slips before him, stretching her spine languorously like a waking cat. But with what seems to be a tremendous effort of will Boumba brushes past her and arrives beside us in the shelter. Unabashed and urgent, the woman stands upon the threshold, her brilliant gaze fixed upon Boumba. I learn that she is a widow who, since her bereavement, has moved from village to village according to her whim. Having given this information Boumba pretentiously busies himself with our cooking-utensils, provisions, water-bottles and blankets. This activity is very odd. For the young man is systematically packing up!

Does he suggest our—and his—departure? Does he thus silently implore us to save him from the handsome widow?

From the outset it has been our plan to remain until the "wailly's" end, two days or three. The merciless sun rides high. Beneath its intensity the colors of the landscape blench, grow dull. This is not an hour for walking. And yet, confronted with an opportunity for immediate departure I find the idea remarkably welcome. The truth, the foolish truth is that, despite the flawless courtesy of Biriwa-Limba folk, I am so squeamish, so inhibited, that their pagan holiday is filling me with a diffidence, with an embarrassment difficult to describe, but akin to that experienced by one who inopportunely and by accident steps into a wrong room. For surely we are intruders not only from another race, another country, but from another century. In time our pallid, unyielding decorum will, I fear, become oppressive to Ca-Matidi.

"Shall we go?" I ask Boumba.

"Please, Missie," he responds, his flat face shining with acquiescence. Before I can speak again he has already stumbled by the woman and from hut interiors and shadows is rallying reluctant porters.

To go without paying our respects in words and shillings to the Paramount Chief and the Village Chief would be unthinkable. And so into the Chief's compound we follow Boumba, followed by the determined widow. Here, within an inner stockade, beneath a roof of palm-thatch are the virgins, divested now of their draped kerchiefs. Bent almost double so that their faces are scarcely visible, they mark time with stamping feet and clapping hands while above the curves of their lovely backs the grizzled Executioner, flaming with excitement, his rheumy eyes afire, cracks a long-lashed whip. With every flick which stings but does not harm their flesh, the maids cry out, their cries breaking into trills of laughter that is echoed by the Village Chief. Overlooking this strange spectacle this aging man, Kunlungki's son, his turban askew, lolls upon a mud dais. To him only does Boumba make our farewells. For the only evidence of the Paramount Chief's recent presence is a pair of shabby red leather sandals which stand beside a half-empty gourd of actively frothing palm-wine.

Not until the loads are balanced on the sulky porters' heads does the woman remove her eyes from Boumba who, with a set look turns his face towards Ca-Mabai. So far as he is concerned Kunlungki's soul must now shift for itself in the After World. For walking at a pace we can not hope to match he vanishes from view. Boumba is racing home to safety and Mrs. Boumba.

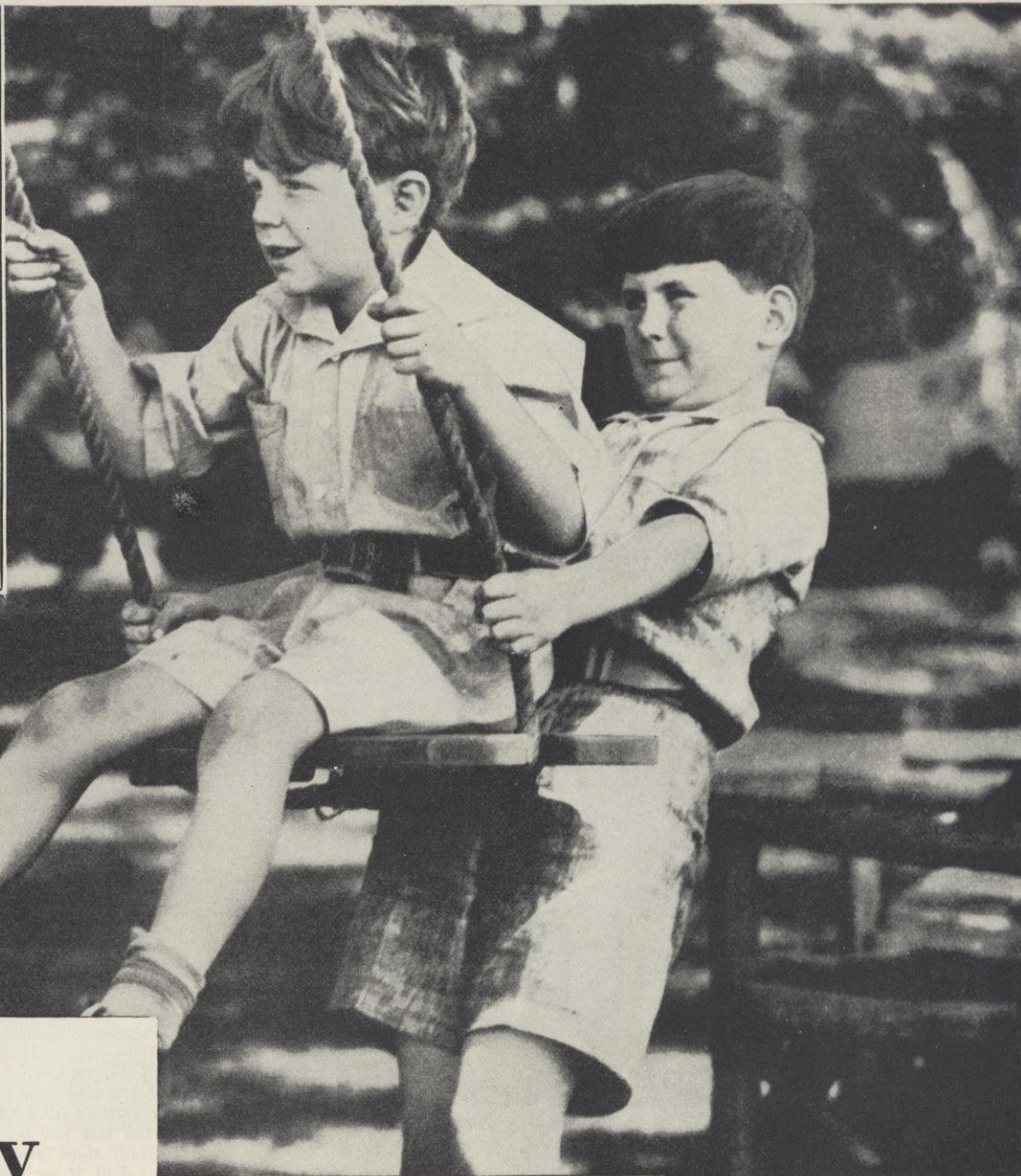
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Bright April Beauty need never... never fade

*For the Saline Method brings new youth
to the body, new beauty to the skin*

MAKERS of lotions and creams—how essential you are! Your delicate blends, your pure and lovely products are vital to the loveliness of women.

But in spite of all the good your products do, there is a radiance—a clarity of complexion, that can only come from within. For all the good of creams and lotions is undone unless the woman who uses them keeps herself internally clean.

She who would guard her complexion, who would retain her youth, her sparkle and her charm, should turn to salines to assist her creams and lotions. She should know Sal Hepatica. For Sal Hepatica insures that internal cleanliness which is the source of health and fine complexions.

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For saline waters sweep away impurities from the blood. Headaches, rheumatism, colds—acidity, digestive troubles—yield to this new cleanliness within. Sallowiness and blemishes disappear. Youthful sparkle and loveliness come back again.

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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WISDOM OF THE DESERT

Continued from page 19

lurked other motives for their coming. When the song was stilled, the youth of Wadi Assi gathered about the two serenaders and their friends and rode out with them beyond the boundaries of the oasis. The desert wind brought their voices to Raitha's ears.

Unable to sleep, she sat in front of her hut and listened to Ali and Zimla asking them to fight against the Bedouins of Sulam-li.

When Zimla had spoken, Ali took up the cudgels against the Sulam-lis.

"How long are we to watch the black tent people rob and murder Arabs of other tribes? Why should we wait until the older people give the word? The edges of our swords are getting dull. The locks of our guns are rusting!"

It was better to take the Sulam-lis by surprise, for they were the most numerous tribe in that part of the desert, Ali advised. They should organize quietly and fall upon them unexpectedly the fourth morning at sunrise.

Ali's proposal was greeted by loud shouts of approval. Raitha heard them. She stuffed her ears. Ali and Zimla planning to surprise the people of Sulam-li did not know how ready those Bedouins were. She knew. The locks of their guns were oiled. The edges of their swords were as keen as razors. She wanted to go out and tell them to abandon their foolhardy plans. A vivid picture of the two youngsters bleeding and wounded flashed through her mind. But she was the Hakim's daughter. Her lips must be closed over what her open eyes had seen. It was the law of the desert.

A moment later Hakim Hussein was awakened by his daughter's voice.

"Allah have mercy on my soul!" she cried, rocking to and fro on her bed.

"Most blessings come to us in our sleep," he advised Raitha as he closed his eyes again.

THE people of Sulam-li were ready for the raid upon the people of Chadar. Their camels and horses had been fed grain for the last few days and the men had eaten daily their fill of broiled lamb.

And it so happened that amongst the Sulam-lis was one Kudosh by name, blind of one eye and a little lame, who loved a rich and beautiful young widow of Chadar. He had gone to see her many times, brought her silks and spices and begged her to come to his village, but she had always refused him and his gifts and bidden him not to return again. Kudosh was persistent. If only he were rich enough! If only he had more to offer her!

When the raid against Chadar was being planned he was the happiest of men. He would fight beside his people. He would ride straight to her hut and take her to his tent a captive. But as night followed night, his plans changed. He remembered he was lame. Some one else might take her captive; a man younger than he.

And so, one night he stole out of his village and did not stop until he reached the widow's hut in Chadar. He knocked at her window and his heart almost stopped beating when she answered immediately. She must have been waiting for somebody else.

She was beside herself with anger when she saw him.

"Hazi," he said, "Hazi, hide your cattle and yourself. The Sulam-lis are coming on a raid."

She looked at him, amazed that a man could love a woman so much as to betray his own people, then she threw her arms about his neck and kissed his cold lips. A moment later Kudosh was gone. And a moment later the man whom the widow expected was at her door.

Long before sunrise the whole village of Chadar was in arms. Instead of waiting about their own tents the Chadarites rode out at dusk. Before dawn they were only a few miles away from Sulam-li, hidden behind an old ruin.

When the wind turned, they heard the voices of the women bidding the men God-speed, the neighing of the horses and even the creaking of the joints of the camels that were rising to their feet. At a signal from the Sheikh of Chadar his men rose and stood by their horses and camels.

They did not have long to wait. The first

long shadows of the riders coming over the plateau threw themselves fantastically on the glittering road. The Chadar people sprang at them from all sides, and gave the Sulam-lis no time to organize their defense.

Surprised, disorganized, the Sulam-lis turned around and sped back to their own village, pursued and pressed closely by the enemy.

The battle lasted but a short hour. The Chadarites withdrew as suddenly as they had appeared, carrying along many of the best camels and horses, and were miles away before the Sulam-lis realized what had happened.

Twenty dead and a hundred seriously wounded were strewn on the desert, and a hundred camels and stallions lay lifeless in the sand. Suddenly a woman, a widow of an hour, cried out in her agony:

"We have been betrayed. Someone has betrayed us. The Hakim's daughter has betrayed us."

And now all the women cried out:

"Raitha, the Hakim's daughter, has betrayed us."

The men at first refused to believe that Raitha had been faithless to the old law, but the women were so insistent that they began to sway. She was the only stranger that had been in their village. And she had been in Chadar that very same day. Now they also remembered that she had come on Zimla's horse, and that Zimla was a friend of the Chadarites. And they also remembered the song in her honor for which Zimla had paid a hundred silver pieces.

She had been false to the holy tradition of the desert. She and her father had been privileged to come and go as they pleased from tribe to tribe. That the Hakim's daughter should have betrayed them was an even greater calamity than to have been defeated so ignominiously. The desert had been betrayed.

That very night the people of Wadi Assi, Raitha's village, knew that the Sulam-lis had been badly beaten by the Chadarites. Zimla had come to see the Hakim's daughter. She had never been so happy to see him.

"Where is Ali?" she asked.

"Eating his heart out that the Sulam-lis already have been beaten," Zimla answered.

She remembered the vision she had had of both of them, and in her joy that Zimla was there before her, sound and alive, she pressed her head against his shoulder. Encouraged, Zimla rose to speak to her of his love, but Raitha was on her feet, and was pointing towards the road.

"There goes Ali!"

When Ali had dismounted and greeted his friend he spoke to the girl.

"When will you decide between me and my friend? He is afraid to ask, but I shall bear my unhappiness—if you choose him—better than the doubt."

Raitha closed her eyes for a moment, then she answered:

"My heart has not yet spoken."

That night Hakim Hussein heard again his daughter's cry, "Allah have mercy on my soul!"

AT NOON the following day Raitha rode into Sulam-li to minister to the wounded. She had come unasked. Instead of being met with open arms by the wives, mothers and sisters of the wounded warriors, the women turned away from her as from one polluted.

The old Sheikh Ibn Ibrahim, whose wound she had cleaned only a few days before, looked at her threateningly and called her an infidel. And how they all cried out:

"Infidel! Traitor! Traitor to the law of the desert!"

Raitha tried to speak to them. She told them that she had never said a word. She was Hakim Hussein's daughter! Had they forgotten that they had known her since she was a child?

But they would not listen. "Traitor! Traitor!"

A rope was thrown about her. She was tied to a stake in the center of the village of black tents. Women and children spat at her and covered her with mud.

Before the day was over the whole desert knew that the Hakim's (Turn to page 57)



**QUICKLY MADE
AND DELICIOUSLY TEMPTING**

STRAWBERRY AND BANANA ROYAL—Dissolve 1 package Royal Quick Setting Gelatin (strawberry flavor) in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 cup cold water. Pour into mould and chill until firm. To serve, unmould on plate and garnish with thin slices of banana and fresh strawberries.

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WISDOM OF THE DESERT

Continued from page 54

daughter had betrayed the people of Sulam-li to the people of Chadar. Sheiks of a dozen tribes who had never been on friendly terms with the people of Sulam-li met at wells and oases and sat down to small brass coffee pots to tell one another what had happened. It was unbelievable! Brother betraying brother could not have shaken their faith in mankind as much as the betrayal of the Hakim's daughter.

From every well and oasis old sheiks rode out to Sulam-li to see the guilty one punished in a manner that should reverberate over the desert. It was not only the affair of one village. It concerned the whole desert. And the village of Chadar and its people should be outlawed for ever and ever for having profited by the betrayal.

Watched by silent women, Raitha understood the enormity of the accusation against her. How could they believe such a thing of her? She was not guilty; not even of a careless gesture, a word or an intonation. She had been ready to see Ali and Zimla killed rather than warn them and betray the desert.

She called upon her torturers to prove her guilt. What proof had they? No one answered.

The widows sat about her, wailed for their dead, and spat upon her.

"Proof she wants! The dead are our proof."

Sheik Ibn Ibrahim ordered the women away and talked to her.

"It is better thou hast mercy on thyself and confess."

She looked at him. She was not afraid of death. She had nothing to confess. Her lips had been sealed. It was a religion with her.

"I have nothing to confess, Ibn Ibrahim."

"Neither thy beauty nor thy youth will be of any aid to thee. Confess. It is pity for thy youth that makes me ask thee to have mercy on thy soul."

"For innocents who confess to crimes they have not committed, Allah reserves the same punishment as for the guilty ones who protest their innocence," she answered.

Ibn Ibrahim looked at her, and doubted for a moment. Her clothes had been torn off her body. Raitha, the Hakim's beautiful daughter, was covered with dirt and mud from head to foot.

At that moment several Sulam-li riders drove at top speed to the center of the village to speak to their Sheik. Two parties of horsemen, three hundred strong each, one headed by Zimla and the other by Ali, were near the village.

At the mention of Zimla's and Ali's names Raitha straightened her tortured body.

"Kill me now before they see me in this state," she begged Ibrahim.

"Let them come to see the guilty one punished," the Sheik answered.

The messengers returned.

"They are six hundred strong. They have surrounded us. They have come to demand the release of the Hakim's daughter."

Ibn Ibrahim needed no answer from his own people. The men of Sulam-li ran to their huts and tents and came out with their swords unsheathed. Better, far better to die than to submit to such an indignity. No power on earth could dictate to them and demand the freedom of a traitor. The Hakim's daughter was guilty of treason.

The women shrieked and encouraged their men: "Go. Fight. Kill."

"Go, tell them that we are Bedouins," Ibn Ibrahim ordered to the oldest of the tribe.

The messengers returned with bowed heads. "They will not parley. They will discharge their weapons once in the air and then recite aloud thrice the great prayer to Allah. If by that time the Hakim's daughter has not been delivered to them they will fight to the end."

Raitha looked on bewildered, and hoped that someone would kill her out of pity. Another few minutes and blood would flow. The dead would be strewn on the field. Huts and tents would go up in flames. She would be dying a thousand deaths. The whole desert would be changed into a charnel-house. What would Ali think? What would Zimla think? And her father... What would he believe? What would happen to

him? No. She could not lie even to save the lives of a thousand men.

The law of the desert, the first law her father had taught her, was above the laws of men. It was the law of Allah.

AT THAT moment six hundred rifles were discharged into the air. The people of Sulam-li jumped on their horses. They were ready to die affirming their freedom. Outside, the riders had narrowed the circle about the village and were beginning to intone the prayer to Allah. Zimla's voice rose above the other voices. The people of Sulam-li also intoned the prayer to Allah, the merciful and compassionate one. Six hundred voices rose without the village, and three hundred within scanned every word of the great prayer, fervently, loudly...

"... La illaha Allah Mahomet Rassul Allah, God is the only God and Mahomet is His prophet."

They were in the middle of the third prayer when Kudosh, the Sulam-li who had betrayed the raid to the widow of Chadar, cried:

"Stop! Stop!" and threw himself at the feet of Ibn Ibrahim.

The prayer was interrupted. The Sulam-lis surrounded the little man groveling in the dirt.

"Allah have mercy on my soul. I am the guilty one. It is I, who, to endear myself to the woman I love, have gone to Chadar to tell her to hide her cattle. Raitha is innocent."

Even as the guilty one spoke, the Sheik cut the rope which held Raitha to the stake and threw his coat over her naked body. A miracle had happened. Praised be Allah.

The men from Sulam-li called to the besiegers to enter the village. The women threw themselves on the ground before Raitha who had not yet fully realized what had happened. She trembled like a leaf but looked at them with eyes full of pity.

The joy of besieger and besieged was indescribable. The Sheik raised the guilty man to his feet. Surely Allah himself had inspired him to tell the truth at the last moment. Blessed be he who repents.

"Water! Water! That I wash Raitha's feet and dry them with my beard."

Zimla and Ali entered the village at the head of their horsemen.

"Raitha," Ali said, "before the day is over the whole desert shall know that the Hakim's daughter has not betrayed the faith of the people."

Raitha looked at the two young men. The people about stood silent and ashamed, their heads hanging on their breasts, as if awaiting punishment.

"Zimla," she said, "tell me the truth. Did you, even for a moment, believe me guilty?"

"Had I believed that," Zimla answered fervently, "I could not have come to your rescue."

Raitha turned to Ali, "And you?"

"My heart was full of doubts, Raitha, but I came to help you," Ali said, though he knew that he was losing Raitha to Zimla; to a purer man than he was.

Raitha stood still for a moment. She still loved them both; one for his faith and the other for his devotion. But it was a different kind of love. She felt like a sister and a mother to them, and even to the people who had tortured her; as if all the dirt and mud they had thrown on her had suddenly been changed into sainted oils by a divine hand. She was no longer ashamed of her nakedness under the cloak. She was no longer repelled by the dirt and the mud on her body. What was it that had washed her so clean?

Her mind had never before been so clear. She had to choose between the two men. Zimla had come to her rescue because he was convinced of her innocence. He would not have come if he had doubted her! She looked at Ali... he had already proved himself. He had come when she had needed him. That was it. There was no question of right or wrong in love. Ali alone loved her really. She wondered why she had not known that all along. She did not have to choose. He was the only one.

"Zimla," she called, "ride to fetch my father to Ibn Ibrahim. I am afraid his wound will open again." And turning to Ali she laid her hand on his dagger, looked into his eyes, and added: "I go with Ali to his village. Tell that to my father, Zimla."

DOROTHY GRAY



AGE COMES ON TIPTOE... BUT HE CASTS THREE WARNING SHADOWS

Age tries to creep upon you steadily, slowly, then snatch away your beauty. But this he cannot do if you will heed the warnings which foretell his approach. Search carefully in your mirror. Can you detect tiny criss-cross lines in your throat? Has your chin the faintest droop, or are there tiny lines at the corners of your eyes and mouth?

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THAT TERRIBLE TALKIE TEST

Continued from page 17

straw was, at least, "off the face," which I'd been told was an essential. Black gloves were a finishing touch of gloom. If it were only one of the Two Black Crows now, instead of Ruth Chatterton—

I picked up my fur resignedly by two paws and, carrying it well away from me and in such a way as artfully to conceal the dinner-pail, I set out in tearing spirits.

Was I wrong or did the driver of the bus look me over appraisingly as I dropped my thirty cents into his fare-box and asked for a ticket to Hollywood? To my sensitized imagination "Some vamp!" was written all over his face. Perhaps I did look rather sinister among all those fat, hot shoppers in short, "modernistic" patterned cottons, rolled stockings and contour bobs who sprawled, relaxed, among their bundles on the hot leather seats, fanning themselves with their hats.

Hollywood Boulevard! Vine Street! Las Palmas! Highland Avenue! Glamour incarnate! I rang the bell and alighted.

Max Factor's Make-up Studio was only a step away and, to my delight, I encountered on the threshold Hunt Winters, the brilliant young English actor who has just finished a successful tour in "Journey's End."

"DON'T tell me you're going to have a test today, too?" I greeted him, nonchalantly.

"They're trying me out for Charley in 'Charley's Aunt.' I don't suppose I have a chance in the world."

I followed him into the make-up studio after a moment, certain that if he were not instantly engaged to play Charley it would mean that genius goes completely unrecognized in Hollywood and that even I wouldn't have a chance.

Inside the shop I found a very pretty girl in a green smock.

"May I leave my fur and this package here?" I asked. "I have an appointment to be made up at one o'clock."

"Why, sure!" she reassured me, cordially. Feeling ten degrees cooler I now morbidly set forth for some lunch.

Back once more! How thrilling everything in the make-up studio was; above all, the fragrance! I drew a deep, voluptuous breath and seated myself at a dressing-table.

A huge, partly-excavated tin of cold cream was put before me.

"You might take off your own make-up with that, if you will."

Next, my hair was dragged back from my (protruding) ears and pinned securely, a rough towel was forced into the neck of my frock and, as a finishing touch, a rubber apron was swathed over every inch of my person and buttoned securely in place.

What is there so trying to the face about an unrelieved expanse of battleship-gray rubber? I really couldn't blame my own special maker-upper for calling a consultation. Three green smocks assembled, each prettier than the last, and grouped themselves round me, eyeing me pitilessly with their heads on one side. Stripped of every artifice, I really did look more like an unfledged ostrich than anything else.

"Did you want a straight make-up?" demanded Smock One, "and was it for—the pictures or the stage?"

"Ah-er, the pictures!" I stammered. "If you think a straight make-up would do any good—I mean, if you think it would be strong enough—I believe that's the kind I was told to get."

Smock One squared her shoulders and gave a few brisk, architectural orders.

"Fill in her temples and do something to her bridge. It's much too narrow just there. And all those hollows, too. I think number 23 grease will do. Say, did you-all see that young fellow's eyelashes who was just in here? Hunt Winters. There positively wasn't room in his face for anything else so I couldn't even put on mascara."

"Yes, he's a friend of mine," I boasted. "What would you think about some false eyelashes for me? I brought two pairs with me, blond and brunette, whichever you think I'd look nicest in."

"Fine!" encouraged Smock One. "The brunette, I'd say. You do her, Addie . . . Yes, I'm coming right away now!" And she hurried across the room.

My spirits rose. Certainly that white

grease-paint did wonders when it was skillfully blended.

"If you get any powder in my eyes I'll murder you," I cautioned Addie. "Can't we put on the eyelashes now?"

"Close tight!"

A strong smell of gum arabic.

"Open!"

I struggled vainly to drag my lids apart.

"But I can't open!" I cried, in a panic. "It's like waking up in the morning with acute conjunctivitis! What shall I do? . . . No, I'm not winking at you! I've managed to get one open, that's all. I really mean that the other is done for . . . Ah! Thank goodness! Now I can! . . . Oh, lovely!"

I flashed a triumphant glance in the mirror. "I may have seen someone more dazzlingly lovely than I am," I ventured, "but I can't seem to remember when or where . . . Why, Mildred! What are you doing here?"

Mildred is the only woman good enough for Will Cameron and luckily they are man and wife. She slipped into a seat beside me.

"Will had to go away today, so he couldn't come and take you over to the studios as he'd planned. He rang me up about an hour ago and asked if I'd come instead. The car's outside and we've just time to get there. Really, I never saw such eyelashes in my life!"

"Do you like them? Mother used to put vaseline on them every night when I was a baby and it worked so well that I even have an extra set to give away . . . Here you both are, and thank you a thousand times!"

One last smile from the two smocks and then the pitiless glare of Highland Avenue.

"Don't tell me it's to be in one of Harold Lloyd's studios! This really is . . . And not Christie Comedies! Do you mean to say that I may see Our Gang running an engine backwards downhill, with a bag of flour being emptied over the fat boy's head? How did Will ever manage this for me, of all people? . . . Sound stage number three, they said, didn't they?"

"Hurry!" cried Mildred. "If they turn on the red light over the sound stage door we shan't be allowed in."

An English friend of mine always spells it Hollywood. Well, here I was in the holy of holies.

A HUGE, barnlike structure, ventilated entirely by a tiny iron pipe let into the roof in the middle of an acre of red-hot tiles. A wilderness of beams and rafters; great movable screens, "sets" for different plays; enormous crouching cameras like one-legged tarantulas; lamps like colossal kettle-drums, more lamps at every elevation; plush sofas placed invitingly where no one but a star would ever dare to sit down; microphones suspended from gibbets; a milling group of shirt-sleeved mechanics; and finally, standing unconcernedly in the middle of a makeshift stage, composed of a "backdrop" and two "wings" made of screens, illuminated by the searing rays of a dozen ten-thousand-candle-power lamps, Hunt Winters, about to begin his test.

"He mustn't see me!" I breathed at Mildred, hurriedly drawing her with me into the shelter of a discarded newspaper kiosk from the Paris boulevards. Mildred looked at me with some surprise.

"Don't misunderstand me," I exhaled reassuringly into the depths of her ear-drum. "No guilty secrets. He's twenty years younger than I am and has a beautiful wife. I only meant that no man could see these eyelashes for the first time without either swooning or registering surprise."

Mildred looked unconvinced. "But he's a professional, isn't he? Surely—"

"Well, if you think it's safe . . ." I emerged doubtfully from behind the kiosk, straight into a spotlight.

"Recording!" bellowed a voice and I froze into immobility, just as "Charley," about to open his mouth, turned his head for the fraction of a second and caught sight of me. A sickening pause, then the words:

"I've just seen my aunt and it's rather upset me."

An incoherent mumble followed, he fluttered his handkerchief weakly in front of his face and then turned and stumbled in my direction, beating the air with his arms.

"What did I tell you?" (Turn to page 60)



You feel so much more at ease
because Kotex is *adjustable* and shaped to fit



Then, too, Kotex absorbs scientifically, giving
greater comfort, more secure protection.

WHEN you realize how individual a problem sanitary protection is, you appreciate the fact that Kotex is so made that you can adjust it to your changing needs.

That, of course, is only one of the advantages of Kotex. It is shaped to fit inconspicuously under any frock, no matter how close fitting. It is treated to deodorize—keeps one feeling dainty and immaculate at times when that is more than ever necessary. It is soft—not only at first, but during hours of use.

Why Kotex stays soft

Kotex filler—Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding—takes up five times its weight in moisture—is so amazingly efficient that 85% of our great hospitals now use it for all kinds of surgical dressings. Their approval should mean a great deal to you in choosing sanitary protection—which must be hygienically safe.

The comfort and the safety of a sanitary pad are dependent not only on the quantity of absorption but also—and this to a great degree, too—on the method of absorption.

The soft, delicate fibers of which Kotex is made carry moisture rapidly away from the surface, leaving the pad soft and delicate despite its amazing efficiency, leaving the sides unpenetrated, which prevents chafing and irritation.

Kotex can be worn on either side. It will serve with equal comfort, with no possibility of embarrassment. Adjust it (you can, you see, because of the layer construction) to meet changing requirements. Dispose of it quickly, easily. Buy it at any drug, dry goods or department store. Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

IN HOSPITALS...

- 1 the Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 2 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
- 3 *Kotex is soft...* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 4 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 5 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

The new Kotex Belt, 50¢

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting. (U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Those lines
that foot-aches leave
on lovely faces . . .
now you can erase them fashionably



LOYOLA—Smartly combines black with a lighter colored leather—lizard. Center buckle. Note comfortable walking heel.



NONA—Fine beige strippings are a smart feature of this brown oxford for street and afternoon wear. Notice the small cut-out.



CIRCE—The graceful center-buckle strap and the small cut-out make this a very feminine—and fashionable—afternoon shoe.

There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe. Look for trade-mark on sole and lining. Not genuine without it. Made for women, misses and children by the Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O. For men and boys by E. T. Wright Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.



ACHING feet cannot be hidden. They write their story plainly . . . in age-lines . . . on your face. But now there's no fashion excuse for tired feet. You no longer need to sacrifice smartness to escape, entirely, the heart-aches that begin with foot-aches.

You would never guess that the new Arch Preserver Shoes for Spring and early Summer are corrective shoes. They are accurately in step with fashion . . . as smart as any shoes on smart Fifth Avenue.

Yet their patented construction . . . found only in Selby Arch Preservers . . . removes every cause of foot-aches . . . irritated nerves, strained arches, distortion.

Easy to buy . . . NOW! Dealers everywhere . . . shoe fashion specialists all . . . chosen for their convenience, reliability, service . . . are ready now with the new Arch Preserver fashions for daytime and evening. See them now and wear them now! Feel their soothing, invisible comfort! Walk again . . . smartly, again . . . youthfully, again . . . these brisk Maytime days!

Most styles \$10—\$10.50 and \$12.50. Others up to \$16.50. And there's a new price—\$8.50! Slightly higher prices West of the Rockies

Selby ARCH PRESERVERS

The Selby Shoe Co., 582 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send free copy of "Faces and Feet" and name of dealer. Also send "What I Should Know About Shoe Fashions Right Now."

Name
Address
City State

THAT TERRIBLE TALKIE TEST

Continued from page 58

I groaned, certain now that a great career lay blasted.

In a second all was confusion about the cameras. Charley's place was taken at top speed by a young man with a broom who began sweeping the air about him with vicious intensity. The lights were hastily extinguished and the darkness only added to the general panic.

Charley joined us cheerfully.

"A fly lit on the end of my nose," he explained, briefly. "It's the second time it's happened."

With a sigh of relief I introduced him to Mildred and he sank down on a saw-horse.

"You're next!"

Hardly believing my ears, I rose in a dream and stood, like an aged war-horse scenting powder, awaiting orders. None came, however, so I picked my way cautiously through the network of electric tubing with which the floor was covered until I stood in front of the cameras. The pleasant twilight was too good to last.

"Lights!"

In a twinkling the doors of a dozen smelting furnaces were thrown open on every side of me, the farthest not more than six feet away. Shadowy forms ran back and forth outside my circle of vision—I could see nothing but glare—and a courteous young man said something which I don't suppose any young man has ever had to say to me before:

"Would you mind going back and powdering your face again?"

I returned to my make-up box which I'd left on Mildred's lap, then I threaded my way back to the cameras and stood waiting, trying to recall what I'd meant to say.

A handsome director, whom I'd particularly noticed as he leaned against a "Positively No Smoking" sign puffing a cigar, now knelt gallantly at my feet and drew a line round my toes on the carpet.

"Don't move!" he cautioned.

But I had to. Hoping that his command held good only from the ankles down, I swayed sideways like a firmly-rooted lily on its stalk and hurled my fur with all my force in Mildred's direction. It struck a lamp a few feet from me and collapsed, limp and reproachful, to the floor.

I glanced up at the microphone, suspended above my head like a fish over the open mouth of a trained seal.

"Do you know what you got to say?" a menacing voice inquired. "You can't talk more than a minute and a half, you know. You only got a hundred and fifty feet of film."

"Oh, yes, I've timed what I want to say and I think it will take just that long."

"Better run it over first," suggested the director.

"No, that won't be necessary," I assured him. I ask you, could anything be worse than the repetition of a speech that's meant to sound impromptu?

"Well, O. K. then—but get back in the marks, please." Unconsciously I had strayed several millimeters aside. Hastily I inserted my feet into their chalks, much as a Mohammedan would resume his shoes outside a Mosque.

"Roll her over!"

Stifling a convulsive giggle and wondering why on earth I wasn't nervous, I began to speak, in a low, melodious voice:

"I'm told that I have exactly one minute and a half in which to—"

"Start again, please!"

"Oh, yahyahyahyah . . ." My voice trailed off, despairingly. I was doing so nicely. "Why? What's the matter?" No explanation was forthcoming from the stilly night behind the lamps so, with a martyred upward sweep of the eyelashes, I was off again like a skylark.

"I'm told that I have exactly one minute and a half in which to express my entire personality. Now, unfortunately I have a great deal of personality and it takes rather a lot of expressing. But if you will let me recite to you a little poem which was undoubtedly written about me, I think it will show you, in the fewest possible words, the sort of person that I'm supposed to be. The poem is called 'The Bent Twig,' which is a very good title for it.

*"When I was young and foolish
And didn't know my mind,
I chose the straight and narrow
And left all sin behind."*

*"Though I have changed my outlook
Since years have made me wise,
And I now look at virtue
Through slightly different eyes,"*

*"Alas! So strong is habit,
I rather doubt if I'd
Be able to be sinful now
Or wicked if I tried!"*

"Now of course, if I were really that sort of a person, you know that I would never have had the courage to come to Hollywood—of all places," I added on a generous impulse, though I felt sure that my film had long since run its course. However, no one seemed inclined to break up the party by making the first move to go. The thick silence, broken only when a few grains of dust settled to the floor beside me, continued.

"What is the matter?" I asked finally, in desperation. "I've been talking for hours. Surely you've got the film they've been saving up for 'Strange Interlude,' haven't you? I—"

"Here! Get back there! You've got another fifty seconds to go yet!"

I darted back into focus and toed the mark frantically, racking my brains for something else to say. A few pages of Macaulay, possibly. Time was evidently no object here.

"I've been told that one never regrets having said too little," I began, "but it seems to me—"

"Lights!"

I was ignominiously "blacked out." Nobody spoke to me again or glanced in my direction. I crept humbly back to Mildred who was talking animatedly to Hunt Winters.

A WEEK of interested anticipation and then a telephone call from Will Cameron.

"Hello! Is that you, Helen? Can you come round to the office this afternoon at four o'clock to hear your test? . . . They've been making it into a Movietone for you . . . That's fine! Four o'clock, then!"

We three, Will, Mildred and I, drew up our chairs before the white curtain in the darkened projection room. Something flickered twice across the screen—then an apparition, wearing a frock and hat that looked vaguely familiar to me, shot into view and stood blinking owlishly at us. I looked hastily away but my eyes were dragged back to the spectacle, in spite of me.

This werewolf—I never knew before just what a werewolf was—had perhaps the largest face in the world, not excepting that of General Lee carved on the side of Stone Mountain. The lower half was hung with chains of assorted sizes and shapes.

But after all, if one studied the whole with eyes inspired by a genuine love and interest, it is possible that traces of a faded dignity could still be discerned therein, and undoubtedly the face was "redeemed from actual plainness," as the saying goes, by two rows of the most startlingly magnificent eyelashes ever seen.

I was about to force a smile and relax a little in my chair when a sound split the stillness—a sound incredibly raucous and metallic, interspersed with whistles, hisses and teeth—lots of teeth.

"I'm told that I have exactly one minute and a half in which to . . . Oh, yahyahyahyahyah! . . . Why? . . . What's the matter? . . . I'm told that I have exactly one minute and a half . . ."

I bore it as long as I could, then rose and held out a graciously restraining hand to the operator.

"That will do," I said kindly. "Thank you so much!" Then I turned to the others. Neither seemed to know just where to look.

"I wanted to tell them at the time that there were a few too many lamps about, but I naturally supposed they knew better than I did. And didn't you tell me, Will—or was it Mr. Goldwyn?—that they have special microphones made now for—unusual voices? George Arliss has had to have one too, I understand . . ."

Where will you find two easier ways to make them hungry?

Asparagus.... so tender it almost melts in your mouth!

Wouldn't it taste good? Wouldn't it be just the "special" touch for luncheon or dinner?

Only remember—it's really *tenderness* and *flavor* that make asparagus so welcome. The kind of tenderness and flavor you find only in asparagus that's fresh-cut—fresh-packed!

That's why DEL MONTE is willing to go so far beyond ordinary canning requirements—even to owning its own rich asparagus lands—growing special varieties—building its canneries right in the fields themselves. It *takes* such pains and care to *guarantee* the quality DEL MONTE always brings you!

Why not see that you get it? Not once—but every time you buy! It costs you nothing extra—except the time to say "DEL MONTE." The same dependable quality name—for over a hundred tempting foods.



Luscious juicy peaches...the pick of California's finest orchards!

Put a sparkling bowlful on the table—chilled, in their own delicious syrup.

Here's a dessert you *know* is always welcome—that's always *sure* to "turn out right"—if you're careful to get DEL MONTE Peaches, every time!

For DEL MONTE makes it a very special point to bring you something *out of the ordinary* in peaches, too. Flavor—that can only be developed by Nature herself, through full ripening on the trees. Tenderness—secured by selecting only a part, the best, of the crop. Quality—guarded and watched from the time the fruit is picked until the gleaming cans are sealed.

In short, the one, uniform, dependable goodness DEL MONTE offers your table—in every food it packs.



Try Del Monte Coffee, too! a modern coffee with all the finer flavor this label always guarantees

Just be sure you get

DEL MONTE

A whole meal in itself

delightfully good

... so inexpensive

Just taste this Heinz *Cooked Spaghetti*! Such *flavor*—so rich, so piquant, so satisfying! That nourishing *goodness* is the Heinz-made dry Spaghetti, made from the finest Durum wheat; that delicious *piquancy* is the tomato sauce, a rich, thick, zestful tomato sauce made from plump, ripe, garden-fresh tomatoes grown from Heinz' own pedigreed seed; that little *tang* is the special cheese. All these delightful things cooked and blended by Heinz chefs according to a famous recipe of a famous Italian chef. What a happy blend of flavors!

You'll never know how welcome spaghetti can be to your table until you try this *Cooked Spaghetti* made by Heinz. Steeped in its rich tomato sauce, taking much of its appetizing flavor from this unmatched sauce that only Heinz can make, it's unlike any other spaghetti you've ever tasted—so unusually rich, so zestful. Let your family enjoy it often. It's economical—a whole meal in itself... Heinz makes convenient-sized packages to fit every size of family and purse. And remember that all the famous 57 Varieties are reasonable in price.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

There are many interesting ways of serving Heinz Cooked Spaghetti, though it is delightful just as it comes from the can. This recipe is particularly savory.

Spaghetti with sausages • Brown sausages in skillet. Drain off excess fat and pour Heinz *Cooked Spaghetti* over sausages. Stir constantly until spaghetti is thoroughly heated. Serve two sausages and a generous amount of spaghetti to each person. Rich—nourishing—tasty!



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ONE OF THE
57

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HEINZ

COOKED SPAGHETTI

IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

ADELAIS THE LOVELY

Continued from page 11

an arrow smartly from his bow as he heard the fair young maid vow troth to his King. Nor was it in his nature to break his own, for he too had sworn to the King.

"It will be hard—hard as death!" he said within himself, struggling to look away from her, white against the royal crimson draperies of the throne; and even before he could withdraw his gaze he had drawn hers again and he stood so near, in duty bound, that he saw the kindred flame spring in her eyes before she hid them with a slim white hand where shone the King's ring.

But as time went by the crowned wife was lovelier and her sweetness tortured him. Only the great central keep of Windsor remains now of all that looked upon d'Albini's passion and if those stones could speak they would tell the story of a very brave man hiding his suffering under an air of non-chalance. His high rank and importance kept him about the King when he would have fled to the ends of the earth. And yet—would he? Even he could not answer that question.

For he loved not only to watch her but also to watch the amazing change she wrought in the Court and the King. Manners had grown rude, men jesting or snapping at one another's heels like angry dogs, swords drawn at a word, and the King's tempests of fury making all sullen and with a wary eye on him and their neighbors.

But Adelais, the Queen who never rebuked, had changed all this. She sat at banquets by the King, speaking softly, laughing softly, and before her a mighty bowl of hammered silver, made by Vikings in the North; and she would have this filled with flowers of every season as it went by. And when the flowers failed the young knights would fill them with golden ash boughs loaded with scarlet berries, and in winter with glossy boughs.

It was d'Albini who swore to himself and the rest that the flowers should not fail until they must, and he set the King's foresters to make a sheltered garden under the keep. He took his reward in sitting when he could in a window commanding the small paradise and seeing her wander there with her girls like a flock of doves. Sometimes the King's great chair was brought out under the bowers and he sat like a king in a picture; a stern, high-featured old man in his dress of dark blue cloth with a scarlet mantle and a gold band about his white hair, and she on a silken cushion at his feet, young enough to be his grandchild, looking up and talking of his strange beasts and his hunting and everything to please him, with her hair living gold upon his scarlet mantle as she clasped her hands upon his knee.

Sight strange and terrible to her lover, for it could not but be terrible to see glowing youth and beauty shape its needs to the other, old and gray as a sea-washed crag. And yet, heart-moving for the man who loved her, to see with what submissive grace she won the King and made the Court a place of peace.

But her life was terrible and d'Albini knew it. Henry had been called Beauclerc as a young man for his learning and delight in music and in poetry. The rude necessities of the kingdom had caused forgetfulness of these and in their stead horrors had seized him; horrors of remorse for the cruelties his father had done and he also in England before his first marriage and after his wife's death.

THE King's doctor—the Saxon Grimbald—had told d'Albini that the King's nights were dreadful, haunted by the ghosts of the Saxon husbands whom he and his Norman lords had driven from their homes to die that he might make great empty forests for his deer.

"And as for the Queen, her nights are nights of terror," said Grimbald the Saxon, "for she may never leave him, he thinking that her innocent presence keeps the ghosts at bay. And how she bears it, I cannot tell. Very mighty is the strength of a pure woman."

All had seen her grow paler and thinner and d'Albini's heart tormented him with her patience under this great burden and the worse burden of her barrenness for, to the King's grief and uncontrolled anger, she

brought him no children to replace his dead son.

It happened that one day in early June the Queen sat in the garden alone and it had now, in the years since her coming, blossomed into great beauty. They had made a pool for waterlilies where the blue sky looked down and white clouds drifted. Birds had grown very tame and would come about the Queen's feet in the grass, feeding gladly out of her hand. She had won many wood-pigeons from their natural fear, and they mingled with her gray doves.

D'Albini was not the only man who thought it a vision from the monks' books of the saints when he saw her with her doves about her, they clinging to her shoulders and hands, beautiful as pure thoughts made visible. In those years he had come and gone from the Court on the King's service in Normandy and England. He had gone when he could to his own lands to build up English and Normans into nationhood. But though he thus did a man's service his heart clung always about Queen Adelais.

NOW as he stood watching her a strange thing happened. He stood beneath an elm heavy with leafage and suddenly a great limb broke from the tree without any warning and struck him and he lay for dead.

He opened his eyes once more upon the sunlight, and, still half stunned with pain, he saw that his head lay on the Queen's knees and her tears fell on his face like rain in spring and her hair falling about them made a bower of joy, for paradise it was though his blood stained her hands and her face was ash-white with grief and fear.

At last, he said, "You love me." Not as one who questions, but rather repeating in amazement a truth just revealed.

Seeing that noble manhood stricken in her arms how could she hide her heart? Trembling in every limb she answered, "I have loved you since the day I first saw your face."

And they looked into each other's eyes as Eve and Adam must have looked, each a marvel to the other yet known from the world's beginning. And in their ears was a song of the bird "that once went singing southward when all the world was young."

As consciousness struggled back to d'Albini the first thought in his mind was to safeguard the Queen and King through his passionate loyalty to both: to the king-ideal that he had set above him all his life, and to the woman-ideal that Adelais had shaped in his soul. For one last instant he lay with closed eyes in her embrace, and then struggled to his feet and looked at her. She stood with clasped hands as though she had wrung them in some agony, and eyes that questioned his face for a doom of life or death.

"We have awakened from a dream," he said, "and now face to face with truth I ask my Lady's leave to tell her my heart when I have taken time to know it, for this is a great matter."

Speechless, she watched him stumble away, half stupid still from the blow, and all her heart went with him. Trained in long and bitter endurance she made no sound.

For three days she heard nothing, but on the fourth he came to the tree where she sat in a green bower as on the day of revelation, and she rose to meet him, slender as a daffodil with her bare golden head and long green draperies. He spoke first.

"My Lady and Queen, since I last saw you I have considered many things and it was as though we walked hand in hand through a forest in black midnight with fearful shapes hidden about us. But suddenly the moon looked in through the trees and I saw a clean path on which we might walk to safety—narrow and beset with thorns, but safe."

Silent and pale she waited and her heart yearned to him with love unspeakable and a child's trust that he would be her shield and sword. He could not leave her!

"I looked, and about me saw England. My lord the King is not fault-free, but he has done his part to fulfil the great hope welding Englishman and Norman into one strength. So, I ask myself, can I, a great man in the land, flay his work and break his heart, fling us back into the pit of discord?"

She gathered her voice to speak, her voice low and most womanly but to him sweeter than all the harps of heaven. (Turn to page 64)

Baked Alike

but look at the difference!



*In both cakes the same recipe was used
...except the Baking Powder*

YOU couldn't tell one from the other... before they were cut! But afterward—what a contrast!

No. 1 was coarse, uneven, crumbly... and full of big "air holes."

But No. 2! Light as a feather... with a velvet-fine texture that put it at once in the prize-winning class.

Yet both cakes were baked alike... with the same ingredients—except the *baking powder*.

No. 1 was made with an ordinary, cheap baking powder... No. 2 with Royal, the fine Cream of Tartar baking powder.

And that's what made the difference! For baking powders, you know, are far from being "just the same." They act quite differently—as you can see in the above photographs of cake batter.

See the big gas bubbles that spread all through the batter of the cake made with the cheaper baking powder? These bubbles cause "air holes"... coarse-grained,

uneven texture... cake that crumbles and quickly becomes stale.

But in the batter made with Royal Baking Powder thousands of tiny bubbles, all the same size, are building up a fine velvet-textured cake. A cake that will keep fresh and moist for days!

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Royal means no failures... no wasted ingredients. Yet enough Royal for a gorgeous big layer cake costs only 2 cents. A small price to pay for the best, isn't it?

Use Royal in the very next cake you bake at home. See if it doesn't give an extra goodness... an extra fineness of texture... that you simply can't get with ordinary baking powders.

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THREE INVESTMENT PROBLEMS

Women's investment problems, like those of men, vary greatly. A careful investment house always considers each problem individually. For example:

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■ Mrs. S... has inherited an estate sufficiently large to provide a comfortable income if wisely invested. She does not care to school herself in the fine points of finance, yet she wishes to control and invest her funds intelligently. What should she do?



■ Mrs. T... manages the financial affairs of her home. With her husband's co-operation, she budgets expenditures, sets aside savings. She looks forward hopefully to the day when they will be financially independent. How can she set a financial objective and attain it?



Questions such as these are discussed in *Problems of the Woman Investor*, an interesting booklet published by Halsey, Stuart & Co., one-fifth of whose customers are women. Very likely it contains the answer to the problem in which you are most in need of advice. May we send you a copy?

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BONDS TO FIT THE INVESTOR

ADELAIS THE LOVELY

Continued from page 63

"But what of me?" she asked, standing with clasped hands and lowered eyelids.

"Your work to you, as mine to me," he answered strongly. "How can we wreck the land in which we were made rulers? It is for us to endure."

She answered lower still, "I am a weak woman," but made no other plea.

There was a silence filled with the sweetness of spring and doves' cooing. He stood looking at the ground; but presently, feeling her eyes upon him, he met them but could not read the secret hidden in their depth, and again there was silence while he measured his strength against the coming years. She spoke, but this time as one whose hope is broken:

"I have waited that I may know all your mind and now I know it. Let us go to the King."

If her last words amazed him he did not show it, yet none knew better than he the high-hearted loathing of deceit (for so he read it) that led her to death's danger.

THERE was a stir at the narrow door in the castle wall. Leaning on a man's arm, propped otherwise by his staff, came the old King wrapped in his crimson mantle with a golden band about his white hair. Two men carried his oaken chair behind him and another the blue cushion upon which the Queen sat, often leaning her head against his knee.

They set the chair beneath a blossoming elder, and folded the mantle about him, for the age in him chilled quickly, and Adelais stood beside him and D'Albini in front.

A strange and noble sight with his white hair, snow in sunshine, and the crimson of his great mantle flowing blood-red about him; D'Albini's heart loved him as a son, remembering his long years of kingly toil. He stepped forward, but the Queen prevented him, falling on her knees before the King.

He laid his hand on her head as she knelt and it bowed lower upon his knee.

"My lord King! My heart has strayed. A man stood by me in this garden four days since and that great bough fell from the elm and as I thought killed him. And suddenly I knew my own heart—that I loved him better than my life. And I took him in my arms and laid his head upon my knee."

William d'Albini stood as in a dream. He could not speak or intervene. Husband and wife spoke as though alone. But he saw that the aged hand still lay on the bowed young head.

Said the King:

"And was that love stronger than all others, wife?"

She answered from the shelter of his mantle:

"My lord King, how can I tell?"

"If now you were free to seek him would you go?"

A moment's silence. Then her low voice: "Four days since I would have answered yes. Now I say—no. I would not seek him. And I am not free."

"Do you desire that freedom?"

She raised her head and looked at him. Her gray doves came whirling downward in a storm of wings as if to hide her. She answered more clearly now.

"I desire no such freedom. Kings and Queens are day-laborers; how can we take our wage unearned? This thing happened as I tell it, but it is gone—a cloud that drifts across blue sky. Now deal with me as you will, for I have broken trust."

The King turning his head looked at d'Albini. The man came forward, leaning upon his sword.

"My lord King, I am the man. Nor can I say I did not know my heart, for since first I saw our Queen I have loved her. And what she says I swear, for it is God's truth. And now, do with me what you will, for I am yours and to me you are as God to spill or save. But spare the Queen, for she is God's lily."

The doves, reassured by the quiet, cooed to one another, careless of the human grief and fear. The Queen heard and loved them and quiet stole into her heart and the hope of good. The King's great deer-hound, Bran, pushed his head beneath her hand that hung beside her and the warm woodland scent of fern and earth came from the strength of his noble body and strengthened her.

"Children," said the King at last, "child, look up! In the garden that day was a base fellow hidden who came creeping like a snake to tell me what he had seen. He looked for his reward and has had it. At first the thing was bitter to me; I dare not deny it, for here we speak before God. Wrath and tempest shook me. And then I thought, 'But if they trust me?' Men do not easily speak of these things—let your hearts read me, for I read yours. William d'Albini, you have served me loyally. Choose now how I shall deal with you. Choose freely."

The man's face was as granite, but his eyes spoke for him. The Queen looked up for the first time. Her eyes searched his face but speechlessly, her hands clasped in one another till the nails bit the flesh. D'Albini answered, looking steadfastly at the King and not at her.

"I choose to serve my liege beyond the narrow seas in his duchy of Normandy, there to hold his peace and do his justice as true man and sworn knight."

Putting his hand beneath her chin the King lifted the Queen's face to meet his eyes, "And you?"

"I choose to serve my lord and husband all my life, having given myself wholly to him."

Henry drew her closer and sat holding her hand. He spoke slowly, deliberately.

"It is well. Go, d'Albini."

"May I ride for Dover tonight?"

"That too is well. Kiss the Queen's hand and mine and go."

He himself held out her hand to the lover's lips. She felt them clay-cold. In that moment he was not a lover, and the King knew this. There are other consecrations.

He turned at the narrow door and looked back for a sign to carry in his soul.

The King sat stiff in his high chair against the green and white of the elder-flowers and the Queen knelt beside him with her head upon his breast and one slender arm about his neck. About them hovered a cloud of gray doves.

SOMETIMES

the King came to see how the world went in his stormy duchy of Normandy and always d'Albini rode or sat beside him to lay its affairs before him and take his command. Never a word of that day at Windsor did Henry speak nor any look in his eye reveal that he knew Adelais was more than another woman to his true servant. But still he gave word of her health as to any other loyal subject.

"The Queen is well. My widowed daughter, the Empress Maud, lives much in her company. She is proud as fire to others, but with the Queen she lives like a dove. It is a great joy of my old age to see my daughter and wife so well together."

So he would speak and William d'Albini listen thoughtfully, for he knew the fury of pride of the Empress Maud that would yet ruin her in England where the people hated "the proud Norman woman." He was thinking that if Adelais should lift her hand over the roaring waves of the Channel storming England and France apart, they would be stilled before the moonlight loveliness, and why not the tigerish Empress? Surely in his own heart she had breathed "Peace, be still," and the waves of passion obeyed her.

And again the years went by.

Then for the last time Henry crossed the narrow seas to Normandy, and, work done, a great hunting was called and the old King rode, as all the princes of his House rode, to kill the tall deer. D'Albini rode beside him, and this time he had not spoken of Adelais. But William noted how feebly he sat his horse, how ragged his white hair streamed from his cap, how tremulous and weak his hands on bow and arrows, and he

kept close beside him, and as they turned back to the town of Saint Denis le Froment, Henry's brain swam and he muttered:

"The King of England, my father, William the Conqueror, died in Normandy and so shall I! Our roots are in Normandy and what is England?" And he turned to William and said:

"Ride fast, William d'Albini, and cross the narrow sea and take your high reward from God's hand and mine."

But still the man rode beside him, and now he passed his great arm about the old King, for he swayed in his saddle like one heavy with sleep, and so he brought him to Saint Denis le Froment.

And there his old spirit and obstinacy flared up before death and he called for a great supper of wines and meats. With his hunting lords about him, he sat in his high chair wrapped in crimson, and drank from his golden cup and cried the Queen's health and the men drank it standing and clashed their swords above their heads till the groined roof rang. And he called for lamprey stewed in wine and his physicians standing behind him said:

"Sire, sire, do not eat! Lampreys are a rich food fit to nourish only strong young men. Forbear for the sake of Queen and kingdom."

But he thrust them aside and ate greedily and pushed the silver dish from him and drank hot red wine and fell asleep in his chair, the gold circlet about his head dropping from it and rolling on the stone floor, a thing men thought the worst of omens, and at last, at a word from the physicians, William gathered the King in his arms and carried him to the bed from which he never rose again.

And there d'Albini tended him like a son for seven days, and his mind wandered through thick clouds but sometimes with sudden flashes like lightnings of prophecy, as when he started up crying aloud: "My daughter Maud will never reign in England. She is too proud for the proud English. And I have no son, no son! God cursed us for my father's cruelties to the English and mine. For I have no son!"

And indeed d'Albini's heart was wrung in him to hear this great man mourn and he dying, and all too late.

On the day he died (and it was then twilight) he raised himself slowly in bed and looked to where a great curtain hung against the arch to keep out the wind and stared at it as though to see it drawn aside and one enter, and he said softly to himself:

"So still she walks, you may not hear a footfall, and her dress drifts like a cloud. And when I look at her she smiles but never laughs. You should have come long ago, William. Today it is too late. You cannot take her from me now—and I am Age and Death."

And again d'Albini could not know the King's meaning but his heart was leaden within him.

The December moon came out through the frostily glittering branches of the trees, small and silver and infinitely remote, and as she looked in through the great arched window the King opened his eyes and said:

"Little feet to come so far through snow-drifts and ruts edged with ice! They bleed, but who could stay them? Lie here, sweet-heart!"

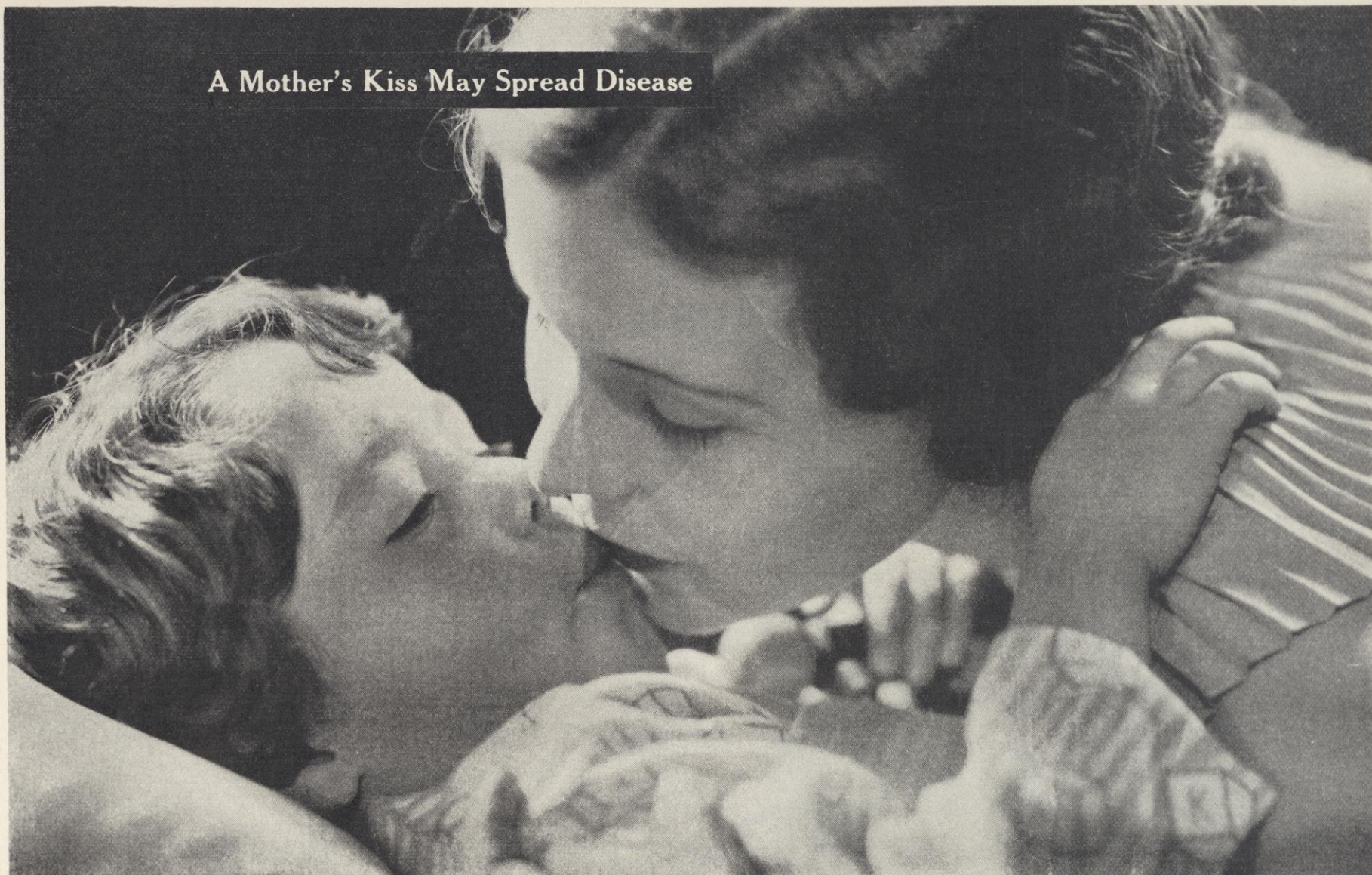
With a feeble hand he smoothed a place on his pillow for a fair unseen head (but he saw it) and laying his cheek upon it, he slept and died.

Many weeks later (for storms raged along the Channel) the nobles and d'Albini with them brought back the King's body, and with dirge and solemn masses they buried him in his own Abbey (Turn to page 66)

OUT WHERE THE GREEN BEGINS

One of those very human articles that people—including ourselves—so love to read will be in next month's Delineator: "Out Where the Green Begins" by Vera Connolly. In this, Miss Connolly tells her hilarious and tragic adventures in buying a house in the country. It's a story that is fun to read

A Mother's Kiss May Spread Disease



Newly discovered! Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash 3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than other leading antiseptics!! Checks bad breath far longer!!!

THIS new and revolutionary discovery by Pepsodent proves how far science has advanced, in the past decade, in its fight against dangerous germs. Fifty years ago little was known about bacteria, hence little could be done in our effort to destroy them. Today, we stand far better equipped with the discovery of the powerful Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash."

Those are the words of a distinguished scientist after completing laboratory tests on this far-reaching new discovery. Some of America's leading bacteriological laboratories duplicate his work and find the same phenomenal results. That is impressive proof of its superiority.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats bad breath immediately.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than pure carbolic acid, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, safe and soothing.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time—that is far longer acting than other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in 10 seconds—faster than is even claimed for

other leading mouth washes." Tests prove that it kills in 10 seconds germs associated with pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and many others.

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health, plus this new and greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Consult Your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth, tooth decay, slight infections of nose and throat, excessive smoking. If, after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash, bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.



*Most people add water before using a mouth wash. Hence, dilutions of Pepsodent Mouth Wash are compared with other antiseptics tested either at full strength or in the dilution recommended by the manufacturer. It goes many times as far as mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective.

COSTS MUCH LESS

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories



Whitest washes you ever saw — safely

This way saves work... clothes... money!

"CLOTHES come like new!" writes Mrs. Louis Wolf of Akron, Ohio. "No hard work—time for other things," writes Mrs. C. C. Ira of Denver, Colo.

That's what thousands of women write. They say they never saw such lively, lasting suds. Rinso gives twice as much suds, cup for cup, as lightweight, puffed-up soaps, even in hardest water. No softener needed.

How those rich suds soak out dirt! Rinse... and your linens are whiter than ever,

your colored clothes brighter. This way is easy on you, and on the clothes!

The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso, for safety and whiter washes. Great for dishwashing, too. Get the BIG, thrifty, household package.

Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

ADELAIS THE LOVELY

Continued from page 64

Church at Reading and d'Albini heard the monks say that Queen Adelais had set a lamp to burn in perpetuity at his tomb.

Every day he thought, "Today she will send for me and I shall see that face of faces and my love of loves."

BUT she did not send. The months slipped by. And when the December day on which the King died came round again, d'Albini heard that the Queen would visit the Abbey of Reading to make an oblation for her husband's soul by presenting her noble manor of Easton to the Abbey that the monks should pray continually for him. And hearing this he resolved to attend that service that he might see her, not putting himself forward but to know her mind if her eyes should bless him. So he stood in the shadows within the great door of the Abbey, and outside the Thames flowed iron-gray through a day of iron frost, and there was silence within and without the Church.

And now came footsteps marching to rhythm. Her priests and chaplains went first, and then followed the great officers of her household. And then a band of knights, and then the Queen led by her brother Joscelin of Louvain.

But, her face! Paler than he remembered, but most lovely. With lashes sealed on her white cheek and great eyes hidden, she went softly as a lady in a dream and looked neither to the right nor left but passed him by as if he were but one of the train of barons who stood to meet her majesty. And for mere love of her that rent his heart in two, the tears rose in his eyes as she knelt before the high altar. Taking an embroidered pall in her hands, she held it up to heaven, before she laid it upon the great altar in token that so she laid there also her manor of Easton for the repose of the King's soul.

Coming down through the church she had dropped a black veil before her face and it could only be seen like a cloud-driven moon, and so veiled she went by him.

The monks showed him her charter:

Be it known to all faithful of Holy Church in all England and Normandy that I, Queen Adelais, wife of the most noble King Henry, have granted and given forever to God and the Church of St. Mary at Reading for the health and redemption of the soul of my lord, my manor of Easton which my lord the most noble King Henry gave to me as his Queen. And this gift have I made by the offering of a pall which I placed upon the altar.

He sighed patiently in reading. He would wait. He thought he knew the generous soul that would redouble observance before she turned to earth and its joys again. It was perhaps more beautiful that in her wifely piety she sent no word. Could not they understand each other without words?

Again he waited and next he heard that she lived in her great castle of Arundel where silver-flowing Arun runs out of Saint Leonard's forest and that there (having given the manor of Stanton Harcourt also for Henry's soul's welfare) she devoted herself to making a story of his life written by the hand of a troubadour known as David, with her royal help. And when he heard that, William of the Strong Arm mounted his horse and rode down to Arundel in Sussex.

Arundel stands high in waving woods over Arun, a most fair and royal castle, the very home for a young queen. And still if you go you may see the strong gray keep upon which Adelais sat to see the troop of his men come winding in and out of deep forest with the sun flashing lightnings from their lances.

She consented to see him and he came, his iron-bound feet clashing on the stone stairs, to the little stone room with the one window where she sat with a fair maid standing on each side of her chair, and still her black robes fell about her like night and her maids also were in black from head to foot.

He came in and stood for a second by the door and said in a low voice:

"Madam, I ask justice. I demand that these ladies wait outside while I speak with you of great matters."

She lifted one fair hand and they went

out in silence, and now at long last these two who had so loved, so lost one another, were alone and still not a word was spoken.

He went forward swiftly and knelt before her and bowed his head upon her knees and with his hands held hers cold and small, and she did not withdraw them but sat like a queen in a tapestry, fair, crowned, and silent. And at last he said:

"Heart of my heart, when I gave you to the King it was to do his will in life. But death has taken him and I have been utterly loyal since that day and I also have done his will in loyalty. Now for love's own sake I claim you, for love is a mighty master, and I command you to affront him no longer, for you and I are his servants."

And he rose and stood before her, tall and strong in all the splendor of manhood, and time had laid only glory upon him and she knew men called him the greatest man in England. And yet no answering flame lit in her eyes as they rested upon him.

"Love is a hard master and who can know his ways in the great deep?" she said very low. "Not I. When you gave me to my lord the King, I was yours to give or take. Now I am my own and his. Heart and soul and body I served him with prayers in hard days and sleepless nights that I might fail in nothing. And my prayer was heard and I endured the terror of my life to the end. But I am a dead woman. I died with Henry. Do the dead love any man? No, they lie at rest and careless. You gave me away. I love none. Not you, not Henry. I am dead."

Amazement and fear seized him. Indeed love is a strange lord. Shall a man be reproached because to his own bitter hurt he leaves the woman he loves for loyalty and honor and to fulfil God's will? He rose to his feet and leaned upon his sword-handle so that the cross supported him, and repeated those two words:

"Loyalty. Honor." As if they must move her to pity.

She answered swiftly, looking down upon her crossed hands in her lap:

"You made your soul safe. You risked no sin that should lose you God's favor. But me you handed over to hell to be your ransom. Did I say a word to hinder? Not one. A man's soul is his own to save or lose. But, as for me I was young and you thrust me out of love's arms and from beside his fire to freeze in a winter's night. You condemned my soul to the hell of ice that you might sit in heaven, and you blame me now because it freezes me to the bare bone. What heart has the wife of Henry to give? I who lay shuddering night after night because in his madness of fear and shame he thrust with his sword at the ghosts that thronged about him for vengeance? Look here! Terrible days and nights! Look here!"

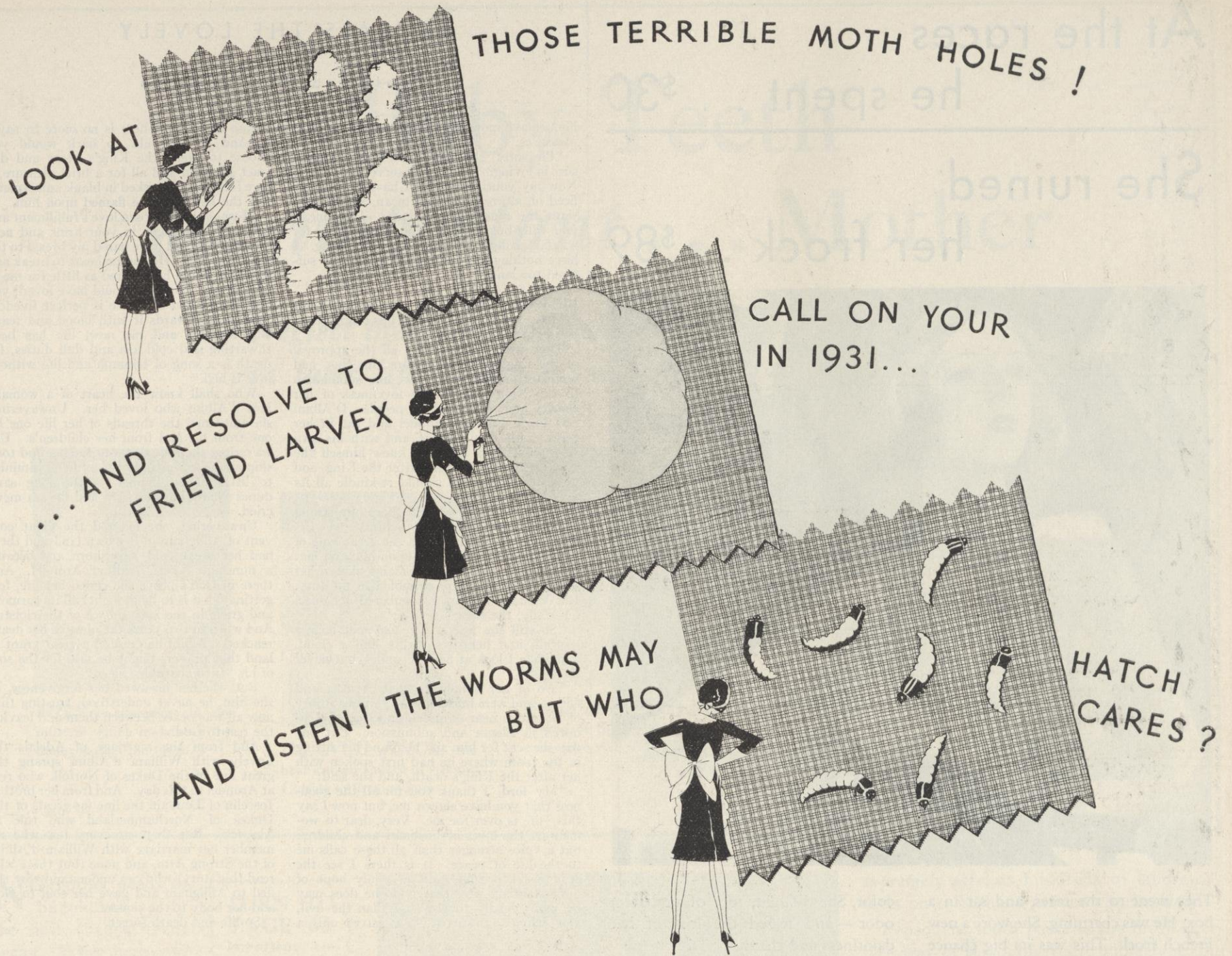
She dragged up her wide black sleeve, and showed him on the white slenderness of her arm a cruel scar seaming it.

"He struck at me in his blind fear and did not know. He called me by the names of many women he had loved, and forsaken. You took my youth and poured it out for an offering to your own pride of loyalty. Of the two the King was the better man to me, for you murdered my youth and that was the reward you gave my love, and he took only his right. And now I am dead, and done with it, and safe. What more is there to say?"

She had risen too and stood on the step of her chair above him, her robe falling to the ground, and he saw that a great rosary of beads hung at her waist like a nun's.

D'ALBINI writhed beneath her words. Who could look at her and doubt their truth. He had destroyed her life. Even from her loveliness something had evaporated as the perfume leaves a dying flower. The thing was incredible. It seemed to him that even God had betrayed him and that there was no place for faith and loyalty any more in the world, and yet he loved her and every fibre of his heart was woven warp and woof with hers and the very thought of leaving her was death. With all his man's heat and fire he wooed, believing even now that the flame might be re-lit.

"You love me, it could not die. Be my wife and I will warm your frozen heart, and teach you that faith and (Turn to page 68)



STARVE THE MOTHWORMS TO DEATH

... without hunting, or "finding," or even seeing them

THE mothworm is born on earth for the single purpose of eating wool. Some people try to stop him with disagreeable smells, but *he can't smell!* Others try to lock him out, but sometimes they lock him inside their boxes or bags, because he gets there first. Still others hunt him with insecticide sprays, but nobody can be sure of finding *every* worm. And how about the eggs? Even with a microscope they are hard to find—one or two are enough to cause ruin.

Don't make these mistakes. You needn't wrap or pack things away. Let them hang where they're handy. But first *mothproof* the cloth with Larvex. Then let the worms hatch. They can't do any harm, for Larvex makes the wool *uneatable* and the mothworms die right on the cloth.

That's how Larvex differs from moth balls and other smelly devices, and also from moth bags, etc. It really ignores the mothworm but treats the cloth itself.

Larvex is simply *sprayed* on coats, suits, rugs and upholstery. It is odorless, non-injurious, non-inflammable. It is very economical, only \$1 for a full pint. A whole year's mothproofing of a suit costs less than a single pressing.

There is a special powder form, too, for mothproofing blankets, sweaters, stockings, baby clothes, etc. It is called "Rinsing Larvex" and you just dissolve it in water. Both the spraying and rinsing kinds are sold everywhere by drug and department stores. The Larvex Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

LARVEX



One spraying lasts a whole year—

At the races
he spent . . \$30

She ruined
her frock . . \$89



They went to the races, and sat in a box. He was charming. She wore a new French frock. This was its big chance to do good where good was needed.

The day grew warmer. The excitement increased. From one or the other, or both, she began to perspire—under the arms. Soon her dress became circled and damp. So *gauche*! She knew the French frock was ruined, for the perspiration stains were sure to fade the

color. She thought, too, of underarm odor—and feared the loss of her daintiness and charm.

Why did she put her trust in an ineffective preparation! Why did she sacrifice her charm and her gown, when all the world knows that Odorono, a *liquid*, keeps the underarm absolutely dry, non-greasy and odorless, and leaves no tell-tale odor of its own! It would have saved dresses and disasters!

THERE ARE 2 KINDS OF ODO·RO·NO

ODORONO REGULAR

Odorono Regular (*ruby colored*) provides the most lasting protection of all preparations for use in preventing underarm odor and perspiration—3 to 7 days. It preserves daintiness and saves clothing. Apply before retiring.

ODORONO COLORLESS

Odorono Colorless—instantly effective and quick-drying, is for those who like to use Odorono quickly. Apply it any time you like . . . day or night. It gives you complete protection against perspiration from 1 to 3 days.



RUTH MILLER, THE ODORONO CO., Inc.
Dept. 5D1, 191 Hudson St., New York City
I enclose 10c. Please send me samples of Odorono Regular, Odorono Colorless, and Odorono Cream Depilatory. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

ADELAIS THE LOVELY

Continued from page 66

honor have more joy than snatching at false pleasures."

"Pleasure!" she said. "Did I ask for pleasure in loving? No—but to serve you always. Now my youth is gone. I have been sacrificed on altars many and mean, and do you want the rags and remnants? Take me if you will, but I can be no man's wife, for what is a dead woman? I care nothing. I have nothing left to care with. I have suffered too long."

HE WOULD not believe her; he would not have believed love's own lips though they had sworn it.

They were married with all the approval of the English and Normans, for they had seen her patience and dove-like submission to the King and all the loveliness of her charity and service to the people. D'Albini was made Earl of Arundel and sat in her great castle above Arun, and with his own vast possessions and hers knew himself the greatest man in England after the King, and he swore that youth should re-kindle all its fires for her as for him.

But it could not be. She bore him strong sons and most beautiful daughters—true descendants of Charlemagne, the great king of kings. Wealth poured in upon him and her. The serfs on their great domains blessed her as she went by. She stumbled in no duty. But William d'Albini remembered not once, but daily, the King's saying:

"So still she walks, you may not hear a footfall, and her dress drifts like a cloud, and when I look at her she smiles, but never laughs."

Two of her daughters died, Agatha and Olivia, and were buried in the glorious Priory of Boxgrove near Arundel, and that she endured in silence and submission. But one day she sent for him and he found her sitting in the room where he had first spoken with her after the King's death, and she said:

"My lord, I thank you for all the goodness that you have shown me, but now I say this—life is over for me. Very dear to women are the loves of husband and children but a voice stronger than all these calls me to the life of peace. It is there I see the only peace possible and my only hope of understanding why the good one does may be more deadly to the soul than the evil, and why a thwarted love leaves only a

corpse to God. There is no more to say."

"And if we could go back would you choose to break the King's heart and distract England and all for a brief pleasure of love fulfilled?" he asked in blank amazement. For the last time she flamed upon him.

"I would have chosen love's fulfillment and to lie for one night in your arms and next morning I would have bared my breast to the King's sword. He had no heart to break and England would have cared as little for me as a dead dog. But we should have loved, you and I, and love's service is perfect freedom though he rewards it with blood and tears. But for you and me now, life has been thwarting and cold ash and dull duties, for death is a song of triumph and life without love is hell."

Who shall know the heart of a woman? Not d'Albini who loved her. Unwavering, she untwined the threads of her life one by one from his and from her children's. Unwavering, she rode down to the sea and took ship and saw him and his (not hers) diminish to little lonely figures on the long sand dunes where the wind blew and the sea-mews cried.

Unwavering, she entered the great convent of Affligham in her own land and there had her great gold hair shorn and became a nun and dead to all at Arundel. And there in God's peace she ended her life, forgetting (as it is to be thought) all its turmoils and griefs in the holy silence of the cloister. And when in two years the news of her death reached d'Albini he granted a great grant of land that prayers might be said for the soul of his "Incomparable Queen."

But whether he owed her forgiveness, or she him, he never understood, trusting that now all was peace between them and leaving the rest to God.

And from the marriage of Adelaide the Lovely with William d'Albini sprang the great line of the Dukes of Norfolk who rule at Arundel to this day. And from her brother Joscelin of Louvain the line (as great) of the Dukes of Northumberland who rule at Alnwick. But there are very few who remember her marriage with William d'Albini of the Strong Arm, and none (but those who read this story) who can understand why she fled to Affligham and gave her soul to God and her body to the cloister.

So life and death forget.

NOW WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Continued from page 24

the pilasters with their fine, simple flutings, the wooden transom that fans out to meet the subtle, perfect curve of a beautifully balanced arch.

We, as a nation, are beginning to appreciate again the importance of good detail. Our ancestors built up a fine tradition that was lost in those exciting days when machine-work was replacing hand-craft. Lately manufacturers have brought their machine-made products to such a degree of refinement that they are becoming worthy successors to the lovely things our ancestors made by hand.

The hardware on this terrace is another feather in the cap of the American manufacturer. Knocker, handle, escutcheon plate and key-lock are all of solid brass, cast in Colonial moulds. They are made by P. & F. Corbin, New Britain, Connecticut. Simple, suitable, beautifully proportioned, of course they work better than the old hardware ever did.

While we are on this subject, we may as well speak our minds concerning the false economy of installing cheap hardware. Invariably, it has to be replaced in a few years. Meanwhile doors get rickety and won't stay closed, knobs come off, and windows can't be locked. Good solid brass hardware, such as we have used, lasts a lifetime and is always a joy to behold.

When we came to choosing the furniture for this terrace, the ideas uppermost in our minds were first, that it should be of a quiet,

simple design, and second, that it should be able to withstand the vagaries of summer weather. Our terrace has no roof, and we didn't want the trouble of having to drag the furniture inside every time there was a shower.

At the Ypsilanti Co., New York, we found excellent rattan furniture (of a good design that harmonizes with the out-of-doors) which has been varnished to make it thoroughly waterproof. A big point in its favor is that the chairs require no cushions to make them comfortable—although one might add them if desired.

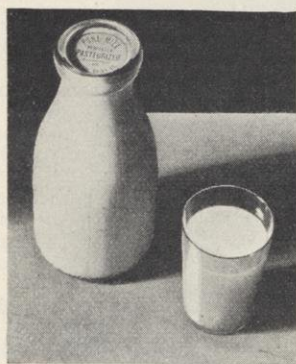
In one corner, under a bower of wisteria, is a table set for luncheon with wisteria glass. But we are not going to dwell on that, because you'll find a complete description of it, with close-up pictures and everything, on page 40 of this issue.

We must, however, call your attention to the ruffled curtains that peek through the small-paned windows. They are cream colored net, patterned with a small bow-knot figure. They come all ready made, with ruffles down the sides and across the bottoms, from the Scranton Lace Co., Scranton, Pa.

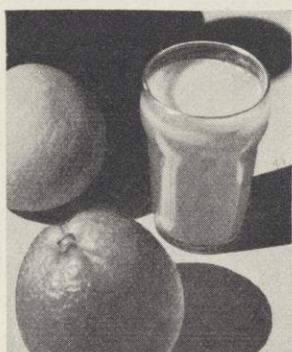
Since our workroom provides no means of growing shrubs, we went to the Decorative Plant Co., New York, to obtain the luxuriant wisteria, the sprightly apple blossoms, the formal trees in their small green tubs that give a note of dignity; and the blue and pink hydrangeas, also in tubs, which give the terrace a final touch of gaiety and color.

Baby Teeth are *important* . . . Mother

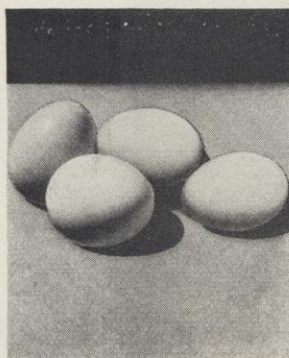
Neglect them and your child may pay the penalty in later life. Here is some helpful information.



MILK is abundant in the mineral which makes up the major part of the tooth.



ORANGE JUICE, the best known source of vitamin C; aids in firming gums.



EGGS, the best natural food source of the sunshine vitamin—also rich in iron.

Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth

1. At the left are some suggestions of what is good for you. 2. Use Pepsodent twice a day. 3. See your dentist twice a year (children oftener).



NO mother needs to be told how easily the first (baby) teeth decay. What many do not know is the trouble these teeth, when neglected, may cause in later years.

TURN TO PAGE 65

Important announcement of a remarkable new discovery in this magazine! (not a tooth paste)

Backwardness in school, irritability, loss of appetite are immediate results. Imperfect permanent teeth, heart trouble, rheumatism, are often consequences to come.

To avoid these is so simple. Take your child to your dentist every few months — *immediately*, should you notice the slightest sign of decay or other trouble. Between times make sure your child uses Pepsodent tooth paste night and morning.

Pepsodent — especially for children

There are many tooth pastes you may hesitate to risk on children's soft teeth—but with Pepsodent—rest assured.

The cleansing agent in Pepsodent tooth paste was developed after thousands of experiments and many years of research. It polishes enamel to a brilliant lustre. It is *twice* as soft as the polishing agent commonly used in tooth pastes. *Pepsodent* is



Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

supremely safe, as hundreds of laboratory tests on teeth have proved conclusively.

Pepsodent tooth paste is the most effective way of removing the troublesome film from teeth, which is the major cause of decay and other serious troubles.

Film holds germs of decay against the teeth. To remove germs you must remove this dangerous germ-laden film.

Film is the cause of teeth becoming dull, discolored, because film absorbs the stains from foods and fruits. Removing film frees teeth of stains and makes them gleam and sparkle.

Pepsodent—the special film-removing dentifrice—is the scientific way to lovely, healthy teeth through life.



Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:00 p. m., Pacific time.

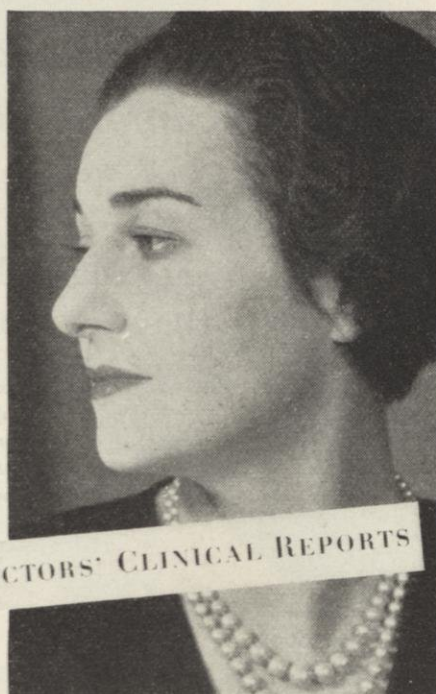


Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste

TWO TYPICAL Case Histories



CASE NO. 11 . . . New York City. Age 24. Dryness and scaliness. Woodbury's Facial Soap brought natural lubrication and restored moisture. On 30th day dryness had entirely disappeared.



CASE NO. 250 . . . Baltimore, Md. Age 37. Bothered with conspicuous pores, oiliness. Noticeable improvement 4th day. On 30th day oiliness had nearly disappeared and pores were smaller.

TAKEN RIGHT FROM THE DOCTORS' CLINICAL REPORTS

Particularly Interesting to Women with

ENLARGED PORES—BLACKHEADS—BLEMISHES—DRY SKIN—OILY SKIN

In the recent Nation-Wide Beauty Clinic nearly every type and condition of skin was represented.

And in side-by-side comparison on the same faces, Woodbury's demonstrated that it could do more to correct faulty complexions and improve normal ones than any other method of daily skin care.

The test was conclusively simple. Leading dermatologists asked 612 women to use their usual cleansing method on the left side of their faces, and Woodbury's on the right side.

113 women began the treatment with enlarged pores, and ended the test with the problem either entirely or largely solved. Acne was helped 106 times . . . blackhead conditions improved on 103 faces. Excessive oiliness was corrected in 115 instances . . . dry, scaly skin for 81 patients.

And even those rare normal skins were

often made finer in texture, smoother, clearer, more softly petal-like . . . under the faithful use of Woodbury's.

Make a thorough test of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Try it, if you like, in comparison with your present skin care method.

If Woodbury's Facial Soap cost a dollar a cake instead of only 25¢, it would still be the most economical and surest way to skin loveliness. Woodbury's may be had at all drug stores and toilet goods counters, or mail the coupon.

STATEMENT FROM W. J. HIGHMAN, M. D.
(One of the Country's Leading Dermatologists)

"I have examined the statements made in this advertisement. They are correct and in accord with the reports of 15 dermatologists who conducted the comparative tests . . . These dermatologists are known to me as skin specialists of the highest professional standing."

(Signed)

W. J. Highman, M.D.

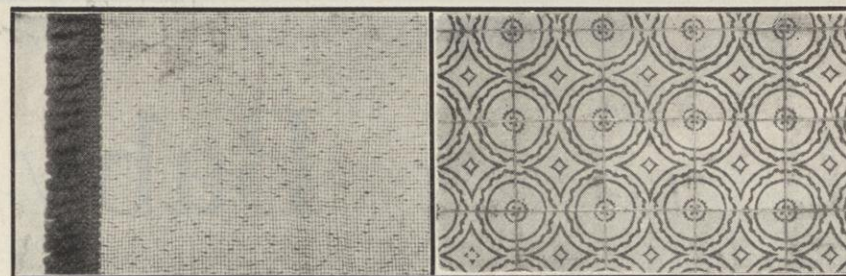
MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?
JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.

605 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont. I would like advice on my skin condition as checked below, also trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams and Facial Powder. I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily skin ☐ Flabby skin ☐ Sallow skin ☐
Dry skin ☐ Coarse pores ☐ Pimples ☐
Wrinkles ☐ Blackheads ☐

Name _____

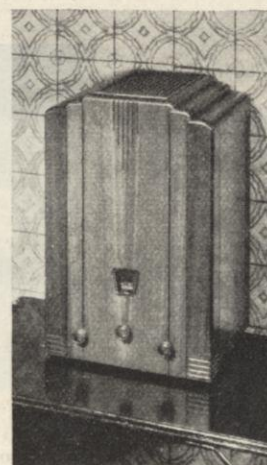
Address _____



Henna gauze curtains are trimmed with blue wool fringe. Tiles of plastic cement have a blue design on a cream background

HOW SHALL

WE FURNISH OUR SUN ROOM?



The radio is modern, self-contained. It is efficient

Continued from page 23

Venetian blind, painted French blue to match the woodwork.

We used curtains of henna gauze because gauze gives an atmosphere of gentle cosiness without excluding light. Generously full and bound on all four sides with blue wool fringe, they have more weight and dignity than you'd expect from gauze. Think how these henna curtains would transform a dismal day outside, to one of cheery comfort within!

Under one window group, a phantom radiator, set flush with the sill, is discreetly decorative, and assures comfortable warmth during those bright winter days when we are most grateful for the sun.

ARE you in doubt about which is the best sort of furniture to use in a sun room—wooden or reed? Have you been asking yourself, over and over, "Which is more suitable? Which is the more practical? Which is smarter?"

DELINEATOR's answer is: "Whichever you prefer. Reed and wood are equally practical and equally smart. The things to remember about sun room furniture are that it should be simple, sturdy, and gaily informal. It shouldn't be exactly rustic, because this is a room, not a porch."

To prove that we were not merely begging the question, we furnished our sun room in both ways. You'll have to choose which you like the best, because we can't make up our minds.

Great care was used in selecting furniture that was small in scale, and would not crowd our room. The wooden furniture reproduces French provincial designs with amazing charm; it is upholstered in a lively red and white toile that is the essence of the Gallic spirit.

The reed furniture—stick reed, they call it—is an especially fine example of modern design. It is small in size, light in weight, and yet is thoroughly comfortable. It is finished with waterproof Duco in a deep royal blue. The cushions are covered with mohair which has broad, vague stripes in tones of beige. The tops of the desk and of the round table are painted beige. We were so glad to discover these charming pieces, which fit in so perfectly with the scheme of our sun room, that we are ready to declare

another triumph for the American manufacturer.

All the joy of a good room is living in it—discovering things you can do in it. We think you'll agree that a friendly, sun-blessed atmosphere makes our room a charming place to relax in, to play in, to eat in.

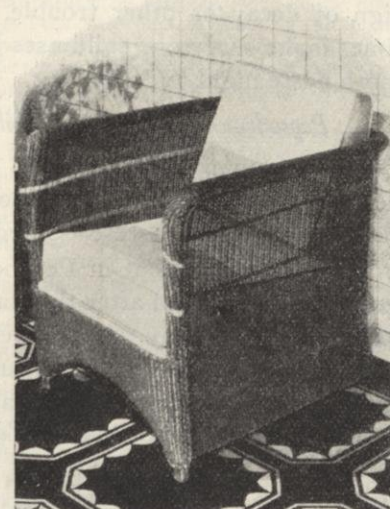
We have arranged for that last function in a novel way, as you can see if you glance at the photograph on page 22. Low reed tables were set in front of two armchairs and the sofa. Then, from the kitchen, we brought in daffodil-yellow trays of a good size, set with china, glass, and silver exactly as if each was a place at a table.

The silver is a new pattern that deserves its name of Charm. Notice the Viande knife and fork, with their long, usable handles. The suave, slender, iced-tea spoons are a summer-time indispensable, if you like iced tea or some other chilled beverage with your meals.

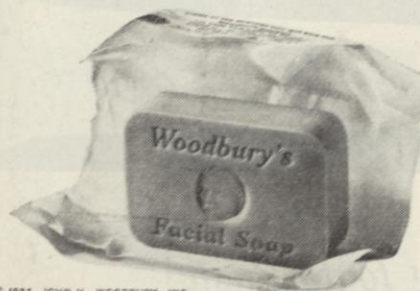
Sugar bowl, milk pitcher, and the salt and pepper shakers are made of clearest crystal. Twin goblets—one for water and one for iced tea or coffee—are etched with a delicate lattice design; they have square bases colored a lush, transparent green.

The round table in the corner is prepared for the afternoon's refreshments, once the bridge begins in earnest. A pitcher and four footed-tumblers of clear glass, each adorned with rings of sparkling green, are set on a round glass tray that depends on the sheer beauty of its proportions, to make it one of the loveliest trays we have ever seen.

When you turn back to examine the photographs again, we ask you to take particular notice of the accessories—the things that give our room its intimate, lived-in quality. Look at the wall lamp on its wrought iron base, the flowers in their tall vases of green and topaz glass, the ivy stand of copper and brass, and the amusing little watering can that matches it, the fountain pen standing upright in a socket on an onyx base. Above all, we wish to call your attention to the blotter pad covered in black calf and tooled with thin gold lines. Book-ends, a waste paper basket, and a box for cigars and cigarettes are made to match it. We used the whole set in this room because we think it is one of the outstanding achievements of modern craftsmen.



Reed furniture upholstered in a striped beige mohair



WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



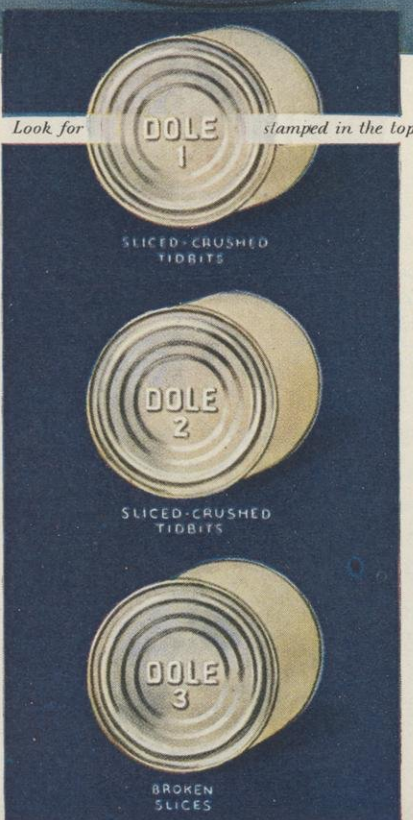
A color photograph

It's a wise shopper who insists on DOLE pineapple

Wise—because when you see DOLE stamped in the top of the can, you are certain to get only the finest Hawaiian Pineapple—plant-ripened, fresh-picked fruit from glorious sunlit fields of Hawaii. Wise, too, because the number stamped beneath DOLE in the can-top tells you exactly what grade you are getting for the particular recipe you wish to serve.

Sliced, Crushed, Tidbits—each comes in different grades. Whichever grade of these delicious styles you choose, buy by the one word DOLE and the DOLE grade-marks (explained in the column on the right).

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY
Honolulu HAWAII
Sales Office:
215 Market Street, San Francisco



Here's a full explanation of the DOLE grade numbers

DOLE 1 Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup.

Tidbits (Salad Cuts)—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

DOLE 2 Grade 2

Also in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. The syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

DOLE 3 Grade 3

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

© 1931. H. P. Co.

Mail to:
HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY, (Dept. D-31)
215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Please send me a free copy of "The Kingdom That Grew out of a Little Boy's Garden" with its 39 new recipes.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....D-31

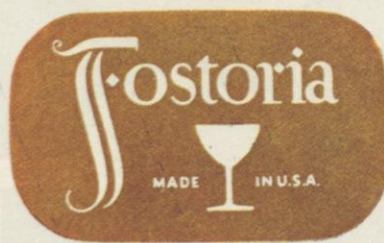




Mock oranges make an unusual and appropriate centerpiece for breakfast, contrasting effectively with the Topaz glass used in this setting. Lower left illustrates the new Fostoria pitcher; lower right, a new vase.

Fostoria is gay at breakfast

SET with glass, the breakfast table has a high-spirited charm, amazingly infectious. That wise creature, the modern woman, who takes such keen delight in perfecting all phases of living, finds in Fostoria particular cause for rejoicing. Here is a glass that lends itself to imaginative and vivid table setting. It is practical to use, withstanding the bumps and upsets of every-day life as readily as china. It will hold hot and cold foods . . . an almost unbelievable thing of glass, that only a few short years ago was a

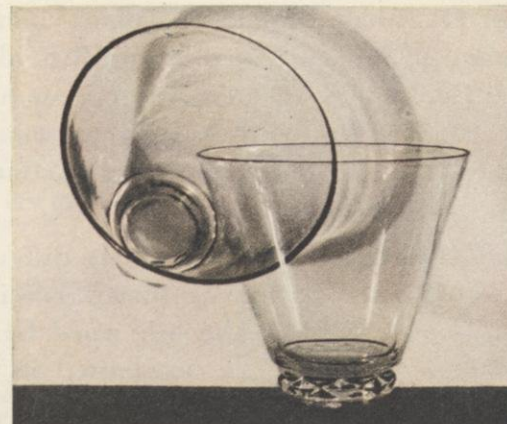


fragile bauble. One can add to one's treasure constantly, piece by piece . . . for Fostoria is sold on the OPEN-STOCK PLAN . . . and Fostoria designs are many and beautiful.

Fostoria comes in many breathless colors. Each color the key to many moods. Topaz can be brilliant with austerity and elegance . . . or charmingly carefree and gay. Crystal, rich in simplicity, or heavy with sophistication. Green, Azure, Amber, Wistaria, Rose . . . in each of their moods can be captured a beauty, a significance that lends charm to living.



Fostoria can be purchased for moderate prices at the best shops throughout the country. There is a wide and varied line of stemware and giftware. Fostoria comes etched, cut, or plain. The label, shown above, comes on every piece of genuine Fostoria. It's a little thing to look for, and a big thing to find. • Send for "The Glass of Fashion," the new book on correct and charming table settings. It is replete with suggestions. The Fostoria Glass Company, Dept. D-5, Moundsville, W. Va.



PLAYTHINGS FOR CHILDREN

Continued from page 25

FOR THE INFANT:

AT THIS time a baby is interested in getting acquainted with his immediate world—feeling, seeing, hearing, tasting; and he is interested in trying out his own repertoire of tricks—grasping, pushing, pulling, sucking, babbling, kicking, moving. What he needs is the opportunity to do these things and a place where he can play unmolested and unmolested.

At first the crib will do, but by four or five months a coop with a soft, warm covering on the floor is better. Each day he should have a time (before bath or before going to bed at night) when he can kick and move and squirm without his clothes. A string of wooden beads or spools, a rattle, a bell, a spoon, a cup, old magazines to shake and tear, floating celluloid toys for the bath are his playthings. Baby's toys should be large enough so that if he puts them in his mouth he cannot swallow them.

Towards the end of the first year the baby will like aluminum molds or cups that easily fit inside of one another, nests of small blocks, a ball to roll back and forth, boxes with lids that can be opened and shut or taken off easily.

FOR THE TODDLER:

WITH the advent of walking, a vast new world is opened up. Play space indoors and out must be provided. The wise mother will be sure to have this space adequately fenced in, so that the toddler may be protected from harm; precious possessions like flowers, furniture, etc., may be kept safe; and the mother herself relieved of chasing and anxiety. Where it is impossible to fence in an outdoor play space, some adult must always be there to supervise—at least until the child is four or five years old.

A toddler enjoys something on a string or stick that he can push or pull around. If it is a wagon or box or basket that he can fill with things, so much the better. Small wooden animals, a doll, blocks, a ball all may be piled in the wagon and pulled about and unloaded.

From about eighteen months on, the sand-pile offers a lasting joy. Boys as old as nine and ten have been seen to engage in complicated play in a sand-pile.

By three years children begin to be interested in playthings which represent the things they see about them: a bed big enough to lie in, a chair and table, dishes that can be used, a broom, dust pan and brush, a floor mop. These latter are not only used in play but can really be used to clean and do one's bit in household tasks.

Nursery schools are finding that many of the routine activities of adults such as dressing and toileting are play activities for a little child. If the proper facilities are provided and careful guidance given, children like to learn to care for themselves and their belongings. In the bathroom a firm, broad stool allows the two-year-old to reach basin or toilet without help, and care for himself adequately. Low hooks for towel, wash cloth and tooth brush are likewise a help. Low hooks for clothes and low shelves for shoes, hats and scarfs in the closet with light, spacious and accessible shelves for toys and playthings in the playroom are aids for building good habits at the age when the toddler takes joy in doing for himself.

The toddler must also have equipment which gives an opportunity to develop the larger body muscles through climbing, balancing, sliding and swinging. There are many ways for the clever father to provide without large cost for these activities. Substantial wooden horses with boards which can be used across them, ladders, short chiping poles, packing boxes smoothed, reinforced and stained or painted, all combine to excellent advantage. Even a sliding board can be made by a carpenter and attached to the stairs of the back porch. A rope swing securely fastened or a child's self-propelling swing are simple and give joy and good exercise to the toddler. A description with working drawings of some of this simple home-made apparatus can be secured from the United States Office of Education in Washington, District of Columbia, for five cents.

And then there are blocks. Blocks for indoors and outdoors. Children begin to play

with them at six or eight months and keep on until nine or ten years. During infancy a few small cubes are enough, but by three years blocks of varying sizes and in quantity are needed. Today there are some good blocks on the market but any industrious father or any carpenter can make an adequate set. A suggested set for a toddler would include from ten to twenty, two or three inch cubes; or brick-shaped, solid blocks; a dozen hollow blocks five by eight by ten inches. If the hollow blocks have a hole in one side large enough for a child to get hold of the block it facilitates carrying.

FOR THE CHILD FROM FIVE TO SEVEN:

WITH school comes a broadening of interests, an increase in activities, a demand for more social play. Many of the playthings discussed in the foregoing still retain their interest, but the play becomes more complex and carries more group activities. Climbing apparatus, swings, slides, ladders, and the like will still be popular, and early equipment can be used with adjustments if the clever father has had foresight in the first place to build substantially and to allow for the growing physical size of the child. House-keeping toys may be increased to include stoves, pots and pans, ironing board, iron, bureau, sideboard—in fact, any miniature replica of the things in the home. They should all be substantial and usable—an iron that cannot iron is no iron at all to a six-year-old. Small blocks are still of interest, but by five children should have blocks large enough to build rooms and houses and garages and stores in which they can really enter and play. The Patty Hill blocks are excellent for this, but can only be used in a home where there is a large playroom. To add to the blocks of the toddler from twenty to forty blocks of five by eight by ten inches with several boards ten feet by twenty inches by one inch, will be best for the average home. Additional smaller blocks should be also accumulated.

It is during this age that children have such keen interest in automobiles, trains, airplanes. For the toddler there should be wooden trains and automobiles that can be pulled along, but by five children want to do other things with these toys; to hook and unhook, to build railway stations, garages and air-domes; to transport passengers and freight. It is just about this age when adults begin to buy mechanical toys for children. Such toys are usually short-lived in interest. If toys are to satisfy the child's needs for activity then a flimsy toy which must be taken care of is no good and neither is a complicated one which must be run and managed by adults. Save the electric train for his eighth birthday when son as well as father can get the joy of activity and control.

Beginning at three or four and gathering great momentum at five and six, children like to make—to create. Hammer and short nails and wood are desirable for a three-year-old to pound with, but a vise, a saw and a plane may be added with a substantial work bench for the child of five. Here will be made boats and trains and airplanes and houses and chairs and tables; simple at first, increasingly complex, substantial and beautiful as the years go on. A work bench with tools and wood which won't split but is soft enough to work with should be the possession of every child. He will use it until he outgrows it and falls heir to a share of his father's.

Other materials which lend themselves to creative activities of young and older children are plasticine, paints, crayons. Here as in other creative acts there is interest in manipulation and exploring the possibilities of the materials at first, leading on gradually to definite creative products. It should be remembered that a simple, substantial easel, unprinted newspaper, large brushes and jars of red, blue and yellow show-card paint are the best materials for children. An over-all waterproof apron will increase mother's joy in the activity!

GUIDING PRINCIPLES:

IN SUCH a brief article it has been possible only to sketch the types of toys and play materials which children should have during early childhood. For those who would read further, much more adequate lists have been prepared and can be (Turn to page 74)

Enduring Sheerness in Exquisite Hose

Lovely summery shades . . . overcasts and tones and tints to go with everything you wear. Hosiery, full-fashioned in the Munsingwear manner for that slender flattering fit. And sheer! Munsingwear stockings are the sheerest, clearest, most transparent things believable. A contrast of contradictions! For with all their fragile beauty, they have amazing strength and endurance. And with all their expensive appearance they are most inexpensively priced! You'll find Munsingwear Hosiery in a good store conveniently close.

MUNSING
Wear
MINNEAPOLIS

A SERVICE FOR INSURED PROTECTION AGAINST MOTH DAMAGE



That shadowy menace MOTH DAMAGE is gone! » » »

Fearlessly she puts on the slip covers—if there are any moth-worms lurking in the upholstery underneath, they will starve to death!

Moths will not—cannot—eat fabrics impregnated with Konate.

Konate is a modern scientific discovery developed and tested in the Mellon Institute for years before it was placed on the market.

The process is very simple indeed—you need only go to the telephone—call your furniture storage warehouseman or dry cleaner—he does the rest—scientifically treats your rugs, upholstery, clothing, so that moths will not eat them—no, not for three years! Gives you an insurance policy to guarantee the results!

Many furniture dealers are now equipped to Konate new furniture for you, before they send it home.

If Konate service is not readily available send coupon for descriptive booklet and name of representative nearest you.

AMERICAN CYANAMID SALES COMPANY, INCORPORATED
535 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Konate

A SERVICE FOR INSURED
PROTECTION AGAINST MOTH DAMAGE

American Cyanamid Sales Company, Incorporated
535 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Without obligation send your descriptive booklet and name of nearest Konate service representative.

Name _____

Address _____ City _____



THE MYSTERY ABOUT US

Continued from page 38

food over your face and neck—thicker around your eyes and near your nose where the skin is thin and sensitive. Thick also over your cheek bones if the little veins are near the surface. Now spread your circulation cream—not beautiful but it is dramatic—well over the neck, thick under the chin, thick on the chin, up over the cheeks and forehead and bridge of the nose—none around the eyes. Leave it from two to five minutes, or longer, it depends upon how long it takes you to *sting*—keep it on until it is stinging sharply. Remove with cleansing cream or oil, wipe all off with tissues. Necks and under chins need a longer time than the face. Now put on slathers of skin food—the dryer the skin, the more nourishing cream. Leave on five or ten minutes. Remove and pat with a cold astringent, or tonic.

It's a gorgeous rejuvenating treatment, and above all, a miracle for coarse, sallow skins. (Sensitive skins must take this treatment carefully or not at all. Very sensitive skins might better choose less vigorous treatments.)

AND here is a lovely twenty-minute pick-up treatment—after you have been working all day either at some work or pursuing joy, and you have only a half-hour to dress and go to a dinner; undress, put on a flattering negligee to give your spirit a little boost, sit down before your mirror—and sit down; standing up to it is devastating—cleanse with that very special cream that is both a cleanser and a nourishing cream, take off with tissues, use tonic, put a little more of the cream on, and over that, that fascinating emulsion which is made to complete this special cream—cool and soothing as a wind at twilight after a hot day; then over that a stimulating oil. Lie in your bath for ten minutes relaxation. The fragrance of pine salts—or any pet bath salts, or bath oil—lulling you. Dry, and dust on bath powder (star dust—makes you feel so cared-for). Remove the cream and spray your face with soothing almond lotion. You look almost new, as if the world had scarcely used you at all!

Another ultra-pleasant pick-up treatment is mixing pore-cream and muscle oil with a certain gorgeous golden cream. Mix them together in your palm into a soft paste, then after cleansing (tonic, too, please) apply the mixture all over face and neck, close up around the eyes, as well. Then make pads of tissue or cotton, wet them with tonic, tie a strip of gauze bandage under your chin and

over your head to hold the pads in place, rub ice over the whole and lie down for half an hour. Remove and cleanse with tonic. No nourishing cream after this treatment, as it will relax the skin which is so nicely toned up, but dry skins need a softening powder base before the make-up—a base with a little oil in it; then your face will have a silky, fine look. This is not only a pick-up but a refining treatment as well.

Still another cream which picks up your face in the same mysterious way music picks up your jaded soul is a strawberry cream. Put a thick coat of it all over the face and neck. Lie down for half an hour if possible, but if not, put it on before you take your bath and leave it on as long as you can. Remove with tissue. Pat in facial oil, preferably warm, remove oil and pat with astringent or tonic. Wipe the skin nearly dry, and then put on your foundation cream or lotion. And by the way, a foundation cream is always better applied over a slightly damp skin.

In the class of the miraculous is a pick-up for hair—out just recently. It's a lovely blue in color, and you apply it with a spray. In no time at all, your hair is fluffy and, if at all inclined to curl, curly or at least curlier than it was. While it is damp, arrange it and it will stay that way.

I haven't begun to tell you about all the mysteries I know! The universe is full of them—and that's splendid—who wants a thin little universe that one can understand? But this we do understand—that the mysteries of life are not full of fears but full of marvels. Wherever a natural mystery has been cleared up—the shape of the earth, what matter is, what the stars are doing, what's going on off there in space millions of light years away, why man is what he is—all that is turning out to be much more marvelous and breath-taking than the mystery of them was. And some day, we'll know why beauty has such power over us all, why having it and seeing it can heal the heart when nothing else can, why not having it or seeing it nicks our courage and makes us feel lonely and sort of lost.

Everybody ought to stand for something—have something clear in his heart and life that he is standing for—that he fights for and would die for if need be—that's what gives purpose and meaning to life.

Mine is beauty—every kind of beauty—what's yours?

Come on and tell me.

IDA M. TARBELL

who is contributing regularly to Delineator now will have a particularly fine article in next month's issue. It is called "Marriage Is Worth Fighting For," and it contains new ideas on the old, old subject of the double standard of morality. Never have we read wiser or more sound and sensible advice on the subject of marriage

PLAYTHINGS FOR CHILDREN

Continued from page 73

secured. Here is a brief reading list:

Jessie Fenton: "Psychology of Babyhood." Minetta Leonard: "Best Toys for Children." Charlotte Garrison: "Permanent Play Materials for Young Children." Harriet Johnson: "Children in the Nursery School." Grace Langdon: "The Parents' Handbook."

These guiding principles let us remember when next we buy toys for our children:

1. Playthings should be selected on the basis of what a child can do with them.
2. This will depend in large measure upon his age and development.
3. Those toys are good investments which

are used by children over a long period of time and which have varied uses depending upon the maturity of the child.

4. At any age a child needs playthings which encourage different types of play—such as large muscular play, creative play, social play, dramatic play, experimentation, and so on.

5. Toys should be durable, simple and aesthetic. For infants they should be hygienic as well.

And remember that the intelligent buyer will select a toy because of its intrinsic value, not because of its emotional appeal of color, design, humor, or "cuteness."

Marion M. Miller, who is the editor of Delineator Institute's Department of Child Training, answers questions. But be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelop if you want to ask her for advice

FALSE TEETH ARE A
GREAT INVENTION
BUT KEEP YOUR OWN
AS LONG AS YOU CAN



False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four
people out of every five past the age of 40



Ten years too late... *Most People* *Seek Protection*

FALSE teeth are better than none, but if you prefer to keep your own don't wait for pyorrhea to make your gums spongy and swollen before giving your mouth the care it deserves.

A great British doctor is authority for the statement that many people actually have a pyorrhea condition in their mouths as long as ten years before the real havoc of this disease begins to tell.

As it progresses the gums soften, the teeth may loosen in their very sockets until extraction and false teeth are the last resort. Don't wait another day before taking protective action.

Go to your dentist twice a year

Everyone should pay a visit to his dentist at least once in every six months for teeth inspection. Between such visits start the habit now of brushing your teeth regularly twice a day with Forhan's Toothpaste. This marvelous dentifrice was originated by R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who for years specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea.

This toothpaste is unique in that it contains Forhan's Astringent, an ethical preparation developed by Dr. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use today in the treatment of pyorrhea.

A fine dentifrice for children

Even when gums are in the best of condition, Forhan's is a fine precaution. It is so pure, so mild, so free from harsh abrasives that it cannot do the slightest harm, even to the delicate tooth enamel of children.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢ the tube. A little more than ordinary toothpaste. But after all, what could you buy with the small difference that is a fitting substitute for your teeth? Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

WEALTH! ROMANCE! HEALTH! How well do you know your own strength and weakness as revealed by the stars? Tune in Miss EVANGELINE ADAMS, world-famous astrologer, on your radio, or send for your horoscope. Just sign your name, address and date of birth on the box in which you buy your Forhan's toothpaste, and mail to Evangeline Adams, c/o Forhan Company, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Monday and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia network.

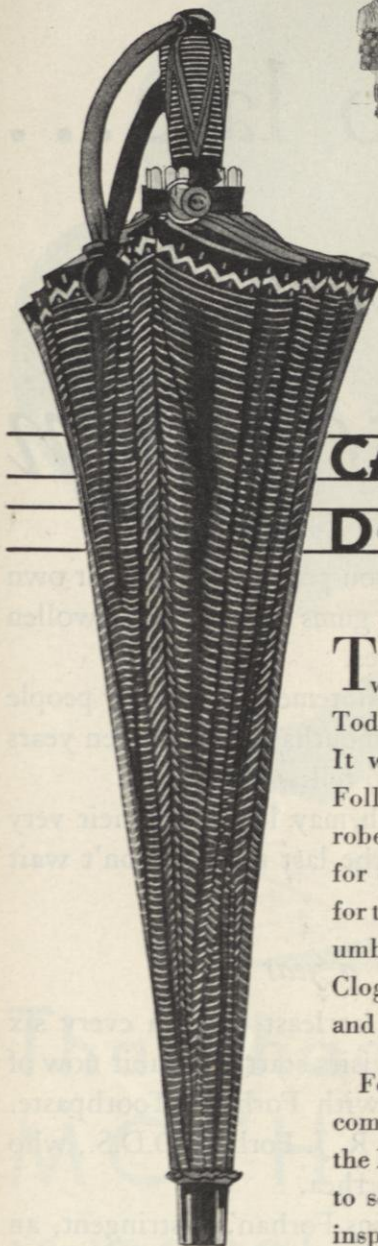
Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

FOLLMER. CLOGG UMBRELLAS

PENTHOUSE

Continued from page 36



Dress-up things for dress-up functions. Vanity Fair's pin-striped length under the arm completes the afternoon costume in the most beguiling way.

To CARRY OUT THAT DRESSY FEELING

THE old family umbrella just won't do when you're all dressed up, going places. Today's doings demand the *right* umbrella. It was this fashion awareness that led Follmer, Clogg to create the umbrella wardrobe. Dress umbrellas by all means, said they, for dress occasions. Likewise, sports styles for the racier, sportier costumes... By styling umbrellas according to their uses, Follmer, Clogg have linked the umbrella—correctly and happily—into the ensemble picture.

Follmer, Clogg umbrellas make grand companions. Their silk covers, fresh from the Follmer, Clogg silk looms, are a delight to see, to feel, to take refuge under. Every inspired detail of their making is based on a history of fine workmanship which dates back almost half a century.

FOR YOU—A FOLDER

New...informative...on Choosing an Umbrella Wardrobe. Address Follmer, Clogg & Co., Lancaster, Pa. Other Offices: New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

At leading stores everywhere, for men, women, children. Women's models illustrated range from \$5.00 to \$10.00. Ask for Follmer, Clogg by name.

HEAR THE FOLLMER, CLOGG RAINMAKERS—Music, fun and authentic style tips over WEA and sixteen other radio stations of the N. B. C. Red Network, Fridays, 10:15 A. M. (E. S. T.). Choice bits of "overhead" news.

SELECT AN UMBRELLA WARDROBE EXACTLY SUITED TO YOUR NEEDS

TAILORED

FOR TAILORED WEAR—*Acorn Top*—brings a breath of wooded stretches to the town costume. Cover of ombre design.

FOR DRESS WEAR—*Mayfair*—reveals a formal elegance in its self-bordered silk and aristocratic handle.

FOR SPORTS—*Backgammon*—challenges all comers with a jaunty, sporty handle developed in two sprightly colors.

FOR THE SUITCASE—*Times Square*—brings its owner as modern-minded—when called to duty from the traveling bag.

FOR THE MOTOR—*Follmer Motor*—lives right in the car—in constant expectation of a sudden shower. Leatherette case.

DRESS

SPORTS

SUITS

MOTOR

FOLLMER, CLOGG UMBRELLAS

ALL GENUINE HAVE F. C. ON THE BUTTON, OR FOLLMER, CLOGG ON THE RIB

practically every day, and she had four chauffeurs in six weeks. Gosh, I'm glad to be here!"

"When did you arrive?"
"Noon. I had lunch with Douglas. He met the train. He *does* look so divine all sun-burnt!" She smiled at the huge, square emerald on her left hand. "He's so cute," she murmured to herself. "And listen, what is this party? I'm all excited about it."

"It's for the Chisholms," Nina stretched out her long legs luxuriously. "They're landing this afternoon. Everybody in the world is coming."

"I believe you," said Nancy. "Honestly, Nina, I think you're marvelous. Is there anybody worth knowing that you don't know?"

Nina laughed. "You flatter me, darling."
"I do not," said Nancy. "Look at the coming-out party you gave me. Look at the dinner you gave last spring for us. Look what they put under your picture in *Spur* last month. Doug says you're considered New York's smartest hostess. He says people do anything to get invited to your parties. Gosh," Nancy sighed, "it must be divine. I wish I could do it."

"Practice some this evening," Nina teased her. "What are you going to wear?"

"Oh, that reminds me!" Nancy leapt to her feet. "It's an elegant rag, but it needs to be taken in a bit. Could I have Suzanne for about half an hour?"

"Of course. Ring for her," Nina directed.

After Nancy had gone, Nina sat still, basking in that lovely admiration, the tribute Douglas Burr had paid her. Then she really had arrived! Her position was admitted! She looked at herself, a little disturbed. Why didn't it excite her? Why wasn't she thrilled? What was the matter with her? She was pleased, gratified; but somehow the tremendous kick she had expected to get was not there. I must be more tired than I think, she decided. I'll cut out everything for a week and rest. My mind feels tired. I keep worrying like a Russian play in full swing.

The little French telephone at her bed rang sharply and made her jump. She took up the receiver.

"Yes?" she said.

"Is Mr. McKinnon there? I'd like to speak to him if he is, please."

The voice was peremptory. Oddly, Nina had a vivid picture of a white hand, tapping impatiently with a silver pencil.

"Mr. McKinnon isn't here now," she said, hesitating. "May I take a message for him?"

There was an instant's complete silence. Then:

"Nina, my dear! It's Connie French. I didn't know your voice. How are you?"

Nina's heart contracted as though a cold hand had closed around it.

"Connie! Hello! I didn't know yours, either."

"I was just phoning to ask Jock what time he expected me this evening. I didn't realize you'd be in town before five or I'd have asked for you."

Nina could taste the chill of contempt on her tongue. Why lie? Do you take me for a fool?

"Dinner's at eight," she said.

"Thanks so much," Connie made no attempt to prolong the conversation. "I'll see you then."

NINA replaced the receiver, staring at nothing, like a sleep-walker. One of the many turning facets of her uneasiness lay still in her mind, shining up at her, blinding her. Connie French and Jock! Was she imagining it? She stood and stared at the thought, waiting to see it melt away into impossibility. But it lay at the bottom of her mind and stared back at her...

"The caterer is here, madam. Will you speak to him?"

"I'll be right there, Benjamin."

Connie French and Jock. Her feet pressed it into the soft rugs, her gown whispered it as she walked. The sunshine which lay on the old French paneling of the drawing-room wasn't real sunshine. It was only laid there, thinly, to hide the blackness of the day so that the servants wouldn't notice.

"Yes, tables all around the terrace. Leave plenty of room in the center. That's right."

What value had anything in the world if some other woman had Jock? For a ghastly

moment she saw herself and little Billy, back in Cleveland perhaps, or going from one smart resort to another, places where Jock might be, but never would be.

"The manicurist is downstairs, madam."

"Have her come up, Evans."

"Where would you like the yellow orchids?"

"Two on each table, Benjamin."

People said that orchids weren't decorative, but that wasn't true... Why hadn't she seen it happening? She sank into the deep chair by her window, and remembered the many times she had seen Connie in the past few months. She saw her suddenly, vividly, in the dining-room of the Southampton cottage, last month, a glass in her hand, her pretty blonde face turned up to Jock, the light on her hair... Of course, since Connie divorced Bert she had gone after every man she could see. Nina stared blankly ahead of her. What did one do?

"The manicurist is here, madam."

"Very well, Suzanne. Bring her in." She sat facing the window and stared out over the roofs.

"Do you want the light or the dark polish today, Mrs. McKinnon?"

"The light, please."

WAS all her work to go for this? This perfect life she had built for herself and Jock; was it all to go? Jock would miss it as much as she would. Somehow she couldn't imagine Connie here. She wouldn't know how to carry on this popularity, this success that was Nina's and Jock's, that they both loved so much and knew so well how to manage. For Nina did love this life. It was in her blood. She had been brought up to it.

She saw their six years of married life stretched out before her like the slope of a steep and difficult hill. Down there at the foot was the place on Eighty-third Street, with an occasional dinner—smart even then—never enough evening dresses... the little roadster... the girls she had been with in school, born in New York, had known more about it then than she had.

Then she saw herself and Jock coming up the hill. She had known whom to invite to her parties. She had numbered actresses, prize-fighters, artists and nobility among her guests, but she had made her intimate friends in her own set.

Thus they had come up. She saw all this, sitting, as it were, on the peak. She could look down from her rooftop in every sense... And now it was all being snatched away from her, just as her fingers were getting used to the feeling of it...

"Goodbye, Mrs. McKinnon."

"Goodbye, Miss Mulvine."

Benjamin was at the door. "Mr. McKinnon wishes to see you, madam."

Her hand, moving about on the dressing table, stopped. "Ask him to come in, Benjamin."

She saw herself three times in the triple glass before her. Then she saw Jock.

"Hello, dear," she said, and her voice was quite natural.

He came over and kissed her.

"Hello," he said. "How've you been? Nice trip down?"

He thrust his hands in his pockets and stood looking down at her. She had a feeling he didn't really see her. His hands in his pockets were fidgeting with keys and change.

"Nancy's here," she said.

"She is? How's the kid?"

He was still not seeing her. She wanted to make him see her. She wanted to say, Jock, Connie French telephoned and asked for you. But that was so silly! It was done millions of times a day.

"She's all right," she said, easily. And then she looked at him and saw the sunlight slant across his cheekbones and bring soft hairs into silhouette. There was something about it that made her heart shake. He had circles under his eyes that she should have had.

"Nina," he said, "I want to tell you something."

"No," she said, before she thought. "No, Jock. Please!"

He was really looking at her now, startled, and—what was the other expression in his brown eyes?

"Don't tell me," she said, a little ashamed of that unconsciously (Turn to page 79)

Choose **COLORS** that make your

Hair

gleam with

BEAUTY

says

DOROTHY DIX



The beloved confidante and sympathetic advisor of millions of girls, and probably the most widely read writer in the world.

"SO many letters from girls—all wishing to be beautiful. Longing for loveliness that will awaken the wonder of romance! Dear, eager girls, let me tell you this:

"Nowadays no girl needs to be 'plain.'

"Any girl who studies her own type and wears the right COLORS can give an effect of such radiant charm that the men simply flock around—for men love color.

A Shining Halo

"For example—is your hair just ordinary—not the shining halo of loveliness that you wish for? The right color in your frock will make your hair gleam with beauty (and men will be quick to tell you so)! Color can *flatter* all your good points, subdue all your bad ones.

"Once you've chosen your best colors—take care not to risk fading. For two reasons:

1. Fading diminishes the emotional thrill of the color.
2. Fading—even slight fading—may make a color 'off' for YOU.

"You'll have no trouble about fading, however, if you wash all your colorful frocks, gay blouses, scarfs, in Lux. This wonderful product is especially made to preserve the allure and the true tone of color.

"Ordinary 'good' soaps often do take away a little color as they cleanse, but Lux is absolutely safe.

"You know they have a slogan, 'If it's safe in water, it's just as safe in Lux'—and that's absolutely true.

In Your Home, Too

"And remember: Not only in your clothes, but in your HOME, fresh, lovely color adds charm and glamour to YOU. Dainty curtains, sofa pillows, table linens—keep them all colorful as new with Lux!" *Dorothy Dix*

This very lovely printed chiffon, washed 10 times in ordinary "good" soap, has faded and run, lost all charm of coloring. The brilliant distinction of the pattern is lost, too, in the change of color tone. No longer appealingly lovely!

Another piece of the same lovely chiffon, washed 10 times in Lux, is unfaded; the colors are absolutely true and the fabric unchanged in any way. All the distinguished beauty and charm it had when new are retained by Lux washing.

"What a magical power color has," writes Dorothy Dix. "The right colors can flatter you and give you such a radiant charm that the men simply flock around, for men love color!"



*If a color is safe
in water alone...
it's just as safe in
LUX*

Gives Your Hair an Alluring

Loveliness—unobtainable by ordinary washing

Why proper shampooing gives your hair added charm—and leaves it soft and silky, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre.



The attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the appearance of the hair.

THERE is nothing so captivating as beautiful hair. Soft, lovely, alluring hair has always been IRRESISTIBLE.

Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

Why Ordinary Washing Fails

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it

every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

You will notice the difference in your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a "Mulsified Shampoo" and see how your hair will sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre. See how easy it will be to manage and how lovely and alluring your hair will look.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world.

Sets Hair Quickly—Makes Finger Waving Easy



To set your hair, or put in a finger wave, use a few drops of Glostora.

Put it on with your fingers, or add a few drops to a little water in your wash basin and comb it on. You can then press the waves in easily and they will set quickly and stay.

Waving your hair in this truly professional way, does not leave it stiff, sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.

FOR DRY HAIR—If your hair is inclined to be naturally dry, a few drops of Glostora, brushed through your hair after shampooing, restores the natural oil, leaves your hair easy to manage and gives that added gloss and lustre which is always so charming.



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

PENTHOUSE

Continued from page 76

dramatic gesture. "Wait till afterwards, please, Jock. Will you?"

He said nothing, only looked at her, and she recognized what she saw in his eyes. It was loneliness. A strange look for Jock. It disturbed her. Perhaps it was as much an agony for him not to tell her, and have it over with, as it would be for her to hear it. She opened her mouth to say "Tell me," and then he bent over, kissed the top of her head, and said,

"All right, lovely. After the party."

He ambled toward the door and she watched until it closed behind him.

Suzanne's massages were as good as her manicures were bad. They made Nina unutterably drowsy, so that time meant nothing, emotion was suspended. At the end of an hour she came slowly alive again, finding an exhilarating defiance burning within her. This was a situation worthy of the best she could give it. If this was her positively last appearance, then no one should know it.

"Suzanne," she said, "do my hair."

The frock from Norman Hartnell was a success. It was a queer, warm, glowing white as though there was gold shining through, and it fell in stiff, deep folds around her ankles. Jock's mother's rubies, reset, glowed to exactly the wine red of the slippers Perugia had made for her. She looked at herself in the mirror and smiled.

"*Madame est chic*," said Suzanne, whose praise came no higher.

THE little tables with their greeny-blue Italian linen covers looked charming on the red-tiled terrace. The dull red and black china, the gleaming silver, were gay. Nina went from table to table, making sure of names, counting ash-trays. It was still daylight and the lanterns, hanging from the awning's edge, were unlighted. The orchestra had come and was settling itself in the dining-room. She must go and get Nancy.

Nancy was giving herself a final pat. She looked up when Nina came in, her eyes round and shiny with excitement like a child's, her mouth worldly as a woman's.

"I went to sleep," she said. "Is Douglas here?"

"Probably," Nina replied. "You look adorable."

"Isn't this a silly dress?" Nancy looked down at the black organdie frock affectionately. "Come on, hurry up! I promised Douglas I'd be dressed early." Nancy shot from the room leaving a cloud of powder, jasmine, and silk underwear behind.

Nina followed, her chin high, feeling as though her nerves were fragile as hairs...

"Nina, my pearl! Darling, how are you?" Helen Chisholm seized her exuberantly.

Over Helen's shoulder, Nina had a brief glimpse of the party's beginning... a turn of the kaleidoscope, in which Nancy, dragging on her cigaret, was standing silhouetted against the light, with Douglas at her shoulder, and over in the corner, against the tall bookshelves, Jock superintended the little bar. Two or three slim bare backs and several pairs of heavy black shoulders stood round him.

"You were grand to give us this festival!" Helen reached out a hand and shrieked, "Mart! Nina!"

Nina smiled affectionately at big, solemn, black-haired Mart, and he kissed her, inaccurately.

Behind her, Benjamin was announcing more people. She turned... Mrs. Charles LeClerc... Princess Vallombrosi, whose high breast was decorated with a tight cluster of enormous purple violets... Colonel Vidale, with his beautiful ascetic priest's face, and his roving eyes...

"Hello, stunning!"

It was Rink Barnabas. Nina looked closely at him as she smiled. He was a little drunk already.

"I hear you've gotten Ricardo and Luisa for this barn dance," he said. "That's swell! I used to know Luisa when she was in vaudeville, and I was in Princeton. This is going to be Old Home Night for me!"

Nina laughed, too. "History can only record what it will be for Luisa!"

"Mrs. McKinnon, how charming to see you again!" Back of the soft, throaty purr was Mrs. Nat Meyer, and back of her was Mr. Nat Meyer. Nina greeted them both with a

gaiety which was there because she needed it. Of course, Nat Meyer was a crook, but he was crooked in such a big, interesting, important way... and politics did make a difference.

"For the Lord's sake, pay some attention to us, Nina!" Sara Taylor's husky voice cried at her elbow. "Of course, I would wear white satin and there are five others in this room right now. How are you? How is your swell child? Would you mind telling me why you asked Joe Fairbairn to this gathering? He's begun pinching arms already."

"He hasn't pinched you yet, Sara," Whitney Brown pointed out. "She's furious, Nina. Joe hasn't pinched her arm."

Nina needed only to laugh. The kaleidoscope was turning. Across the room brown backs framed narrowly in white satin and turquoise talked to sleek heads and square black shoulders. Everywhere hands held glasses, tapped cigarets, flashed bracelets.

The room was filled to the ceiling with the blur of talk, the staccato notes of laughter; an evening sound, it was, higher pitched than in the daytime. And through it Nina saw Connie French coming toward her.

Benjamin at the doorway, announced dinner. She saw him, and nodded.

"Am I late?" Connie kissed Nina's cheek.

"Almost," Nina smiled.

Gradually, they filled the terrace. There was the scrape of chairs, a vague laughing search for place cards.

"Where did you put me, Nina?"

"Here you are, next to me, fishface!"

"Oh, are you here? Swell!"

The little Barnes girl who came out last Christmas sat at the table next to Nina's.

"Oh, gawd," she moaned, "I've just gotten attached to these seductive black gloves and now I have to take them off to eat."

"Say you have poison ivy and keep them on," suggested someone.

"Why not wear rubber ones?" suggested someone else.

Lindsay Bement sat at Nina's left. Next to Jock, across the table, was Connie. Nina had put her there deliberately, and now she was sorry. It made it harder than it needed to be...

"You know, I never saw that painting on glass before," Lindsay told her. "The one in the drawing-room. It's a beauty."

"Jock got that in a shop in Hanover Square last time we were in London," Nina told him.

The table where Rink Barnabas was sitting burst into shrieks of laughter. The orchestra, as if taking it for a signal, burst into action. It was very good music. Joe Fairbairn, on her right, bent his shock of iron-gray hair toward her. "Dance, Nina?"

Sara Taylor and Hamlin, the portraitist, seized them as they danced by.

Sara's husky voice, "Nina, have you seen Caressa Howard's bathtub?"

"I didn't know she had a bathtub," said Joe.

"Has she a bathtub?" Hamlin was emphatic. "Caressa's the original Miss Turkish Toweling with a heart of sponge!"

"My dear," Sara shouted over the music, "it's glass! Rose-colored glass—that kind you use for baking, you know. She took me in and showed me—"

"Oh, she did, did she?" roared her partner.

"Go and see it, for heaven's sake!" commanded Sara, over his shoulder.

JOCK passed them, and against his shoulder was Connie's yellow hair. Her blue skirt clung to his trouser leg and fluttered.

"Let's sit down," said Nina. Someone bent over her again.

"I didn't have a chance to speak to you before dinner." It was Lucy Manell, the young English comedienne. "I just wanted to tell you that I've got in on the Canadian quota, permanently! Isn't it ripping?"

Connie and Jock were sitting down, too. She had never seen Jock look so tired. He glanced up at her once, and she tried not to meet his eyes. She mustn't watch them. The music washed over them relentlessly...

"I've picked up a marvelous Persian lustre plate," Lindsay was saying. "You must see it, the next time you're over. Not a day later than the twelfth century, I know."

Connie's head was very close to Jock's. She was saying something. Nina dragged her eyes away.

(Turn to page 89)

WRIGLEY'S

DOUBLE MINT

PEPPERMINT FLAVOR



ALL THE BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS

know that the fascination of looking appealingly youthful is a matter of year round concern. Spring isn't the only time when it is necessary to be young and charming. That's why the increase in the number of women that are chewing **DOUBLE MINT**. It keeps the contours of the face young and chases away wrinkles. A certain amount of exercise is as important to the face as to the body. Chewing is the **natural** facial exercise and supposedly duly provided for by the business of chewing food, but civilized food is too soft so substitute this namby-pamby rich and expensive diet with **DOUBLE MINT**. Chew it ten minutes twice every day. You will like it, too—soothing to the nerves and delightfully flavored with real peppermint.

L88



INEXPENSIVE • SATISFYING



WRIGLEY'S

HOURS of this..



and this....



WASTED

..by neglecting
a minute
for
THIS



Often all the efforts made to attain a dainty, lovely appearance are undone by ruinous, tell-tale moisture spots on a beautiful frock.

It's unnecessary, too, for just a minute devoted to DEW will keep excessive perspiration from accumulating and blemishing your charming ensemble.

This crystal-pure deodorant and instant non-perspirant may be used often and at any time of day. DEW will not irritate the most tender skin or injure the most fragile fabrics when the simple directions are followed. It stops perspiration instantly. It is colorless and unscented, and comes in a beautiful spill-proof flask for your dressing table.

At all drug and department stores; 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00.

(DEW instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads)

LAMBERT-FESLER, Inc., St. Louis

DEW

Crystal-pure Deodorant • Instant Non-perspirant

Can be used at any time. Stops perspiration instantly. Won't irritate the skin.

LAMBERT-FESLER, Inc.
Dept. B-19, Del Monte Way, St. Louis.
Inclosed is 10¢. Please send DEW sample to:

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

PENTHOUSE

Continued from page 79

"The most marvelous bronze color," said Lindsay.

"Want to dance some more?" said Joe. She shook her head smiling. "I'm so hot."

Inside her head the kaleidoscope was turning and breaking into new patterns, shifting and separating. I wish they'd all go home, she thought savagely. I wish someone would jump over the parapet and then we could stop this party... I hate all these people... The crooked Meyers... Vallombrosi who never spends a penny more than she has to and won't speak to anyone worth less than five million... this idiot talking about lustre plates... nasty, scheming little Connie French!

The lovely madonna face of Carlotta Ellis smiled at her over someone's shoulder. Nina smiled back, and waved.

NANCY and Douglas danced past, slowly, paying no attention to the music. She was laughing up at him, and he bumped into another couple. They only laughed more. Someone cut in on Nancy, and Douglas stood by the nearest table, hands in his pockets... Waiters slipped around the wall... Connie's skirt fluttered against the ankle of a man—not Jock. Suddenly, Nina stood up. Where was Jock?

With a dreadful, unreasoning terror in her heart, she went straight through the dancers, into the library, past the bar... She must hurry. She must reach him... Up the curving white staircase, along the corridor, running now. His dressing-room door was locked. She went through her bedroom, through their adjoining bath...

He was standing facing her. He had heard her coming. She leaned against the door-jamb, breathless, and looked at his white face.

"What's the matter?" he asked quietly.

"You wanted me, didn't you?" she said.

His mouth was set in a tight line, but his eyes were the eyes of a little boy who is determined not to cry. Then she noticed the pocket of his dinner coat, and his hand in it.

"Jock!" she said, and found that no more words would come.

He put his arm around her. "Stop shaking, darling," he said. "I'm not going to do it."

"What for, Jock?" she heard her voice, harsh.

She looked up into his face and there was a very long pause while she waited and things spun through her mind. Men didn't shoot themselves because they wanted a divorce from their wives...

"Nina," he said, "I'm honest. I'm not crooked. I'm just a fool. We're broke. Not broke," he said, holding her tighter, "in the sense that we're on the town—or your mother. Nothing picturesque about it. Just common, sordid poor... I was afraid to tell you. I know how you have to live... It was all my fault. I couldn't seem to stop... I didn't dare to. I was afraid you'd—" He stopped abruptly and buried his face in her hair.

"Jock, you great fool," she said.

He knew what she meant and kissed her.

They sat in the leather chair she could never make him give away, and for a long time they said nothing. She wanted to ask him how it had happened, what he had done; but there was plenty of time for that. She wondered why she wasn't more upset. It was odd, but the only phase of all this she didn't dare to contemplate was Jock going on, all alone, these months...

"It's a hell of a mess, Nina," he said. "We can't go on here, you know. Or with the people we know. We're out of their class completely... Are you crying?"

"No," said Nina, laughing weakly. "I'm having hysterics of a sort. It just occurred to me that you aren't going to elope with Connie French!"

Jock used a pungent phrase, followed by No! and an ungently flow of language, describing his opinion of all women who pursued men, Mrs. French in particular.

"Did you think I was, darling?"

"Well," said Nina, "for a while I did."

"For such a small, gentle-looking creature she's a clever wench," said Jock bitterly.

"I feel like a new woman," Nina said, and sighed. "I love to hear abuse. You know what we can do? We can go and live in the farmhouse in Stonington!"

He got up from the big chair suddenly, tipping her out.

"Lord, Nina, but you're a sport! Do you realize at all what it means?"

"I've realized it," she said, "ever since you told me with that idiotic gun in your pocket. Do you realize that we have a party going on here?"

"Yes," he said grimly, "I certainly do!"

"Then come on," she commanded, "and be convivial! It's the last chance you'll have for a long time."

"Are your knees all shaky?" she whispered as they went downstairs.

"Yes. Are yours? Do I look queer?" She shook her head.

"You look perfectly natural," she told him.

"I feel shot," he said. And they looked at each other with startled, horrified eyes, and then burst into helpless giggles.

She stood on the threshold of the library door. Out on the terrace the lanterns were lit. Helen Chisholm passed, dancing with Lindsay... And Sara Taylor, with her mind like a dockhand's and her family that traced themselves back to William the Conqueror... Nancy, dancing with handsome Whitney Brown... She tried to realize it. This was all over. Someone else would live in their lovely house. Someone else would give parties here. For an agonizing instant the comprehension of it swept over her in a flood... swept over and retreated...

This afternoon, she thought, I was contemplating giving it up alone. Now I'm not alone. Jock's still here. He's giving it up, too. It can't be so dreadful now. How will you like it, my girl, to be one of the herd again? How will you like living on the ground? No more looking down on other people's rooftops for you...

Gaily she put up her chin as Jock came over to her.

"Isn't it a shame," he said under his breath, "that I've just thought of the name of our house now?"

"What is it?"

"High Stakes," he said, and grinned at her. She laughed, but it wasn't a very good laugh. Nancy and Douglas were coming across the library toward her. Next week she would be in an old, heavy-beamed Connecticut farmhouse, with her brown child.

AND yet she wouldn't have changed places with Nancy for anything in the world. She and Nancy were at the foot of the hill, but Nancy's climb was ahead of her and her own was behind. Nancy would have the long struggle up, the years of reaching for success. Nina remembered vividly, and as though in farewell, the boredom, the excitement, the weariness and the elation that would all be Nancy's.

My dear, she called silently, I bequeath it all to you! I give you my triumphs and my disappointments. I hope you'll love them as much as I've loved them. I hope that some day a penthouse will be your backyard, too—the top of New York.

She laughed at herself. She had laid down her sceptre and given her crown to a young pretender, and no one knew it but herself. A sudden, terrifying thought seized her. Before Nancy and Douglas reached them she must find out.

"Jock!" She seized his arm. "Shall we be able to have a cook?"

"If she's black and cheap and doesn't stay all day," he said.

"Grand party, Nina," Douglas said. "I hear Ricardo and Luisa are going to dance."

"Yes," said Nina, and smiled at them. She could have a cook!



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LETTERS! Don't forget that we are eager to hear from our readers. If there's some feature of Delineator that you particularly like—or even some feature that you violently dislike—write and let us know. It is our ambition to have you consider Delineator a most friendly magazine

THE MAGIC RABBIT



Ever go visiting? Then you'll know just how Juliana felt in this story for children

by **PEGGY BACON**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PEGGY BACON

THE party was being given for the little girl in blue but nobody was paying much attention to her. All the other children knew each other, most of them went to school together, and there was much chatter and laughter, exploding of crackers, exchanging of paper hats and giggling over mottoes. The little girl in blue, Juliana by name, who was a stranger, sat alone at the head of the table and felt miserable.

Juliana was spending a week with her Aunt Emma who lived in the city; it was the first time she had been away from her family. Aunt Emma had planned the party in her honor and it was a truly splendid affair. What flowers, favors, toys, bonbons, and elegant molds of ice-cream! The cake was decorated with artful scrolls of frosting, and Juliana was made to cut the first slice. In her embarrassment, she carved a wobbly, crooked piece. Everyone laughed and Juliana felt more uncomfortable than ever.

Neither the thimble nor the ring nor the penny which were embedded in the cake fell to her lot; and from the grab-bag which supplied each child with a present she drew nothing but a penny whistle. When the children rose from the table, Juliana followed the others into the drawing-room where a professional magician had been engaged to entertain them.

Strange to say, this fact failed to cheer Juliana, and by this you must not suppose her to be a sulky child. It was unusual for her to feel neglected or forlorn. At home she was the center of a lively circle. How she wished Isabel were here, and her brothers, Timothy and Benjy! They had all longed to see a magician, and up to now none of them ever had. Right in the middle of this grand party, dressed in her new blue silk frock, and about to see a magician for the

first time, Juliana's eyes filled with homesick tears.

The magician was doing surprising things. From an empty—yes, an *empty*—box, he drew hundreds of colored silk handkerchiefs knotted together. Then suddenly they were no longer knotted together but fluttered loosely to the ground. He plucked curious things from all the boys' pockets, items they had never seen before and certainly would not expect to have turn up in their clothing. Card tricks followed, and then from his silk hat, which he had been shaking about and airily taking on and off his head, he produced a dear little fat white rabbit.

Whether or not the magician intended this to be his last trick will never be known; but at all events, it broke up the performance; for the children, to the magician's annoyance, crowded around him, eager to fondle the bunny. The creature was passed from hand to hand with tender but firm affection, till, finding itself in the blunt paws of a smallish girl near the door, it made a bolt for freedom, escaped into the hall, and disappeared in the most approved magic manner.

A frantic hunt followed. Upstairs and down, with cry and clatter, in and out of probable, improbable and quite impossible places, the children tore, shrieked and stamped. After half-an-hour's fruitless search, everyone came together in the drawing-room and admitted defeat.

When the magician realized that his rabbit could not be found, he was suddenly transformed from a suave gentleman with elaborate manners into a very angry man with no manners at all. To Juliana it seemed as though he had waved his wand over himself and become a different being altogether. In fact, he behaved like a (Turn to page 82)



The children crowded around the magician, eager to fondle the bunny



A Beauty Treatment by Harriet Hubbard Ayer

Nothing could be simpler or more satisfactory than a HARRIET HUBBARD AYER home treatment. It is a carefully balanced scheme of cleansing, nourishing and refining, to which your skin responds at once. Devote a few minutes each day to this rational and scientific method of skin care and you will soon see very definite results. First cleanse your face with LUXURIA to remove every atom of buried dust and grime from the pores. Massage with SKIN & TISSUE BUILDER, a rich, clear cream that feeds and rebuilds the underlying tissues and tones up the muscles. Then pat your face with EAU DE BEAUTE Skin Tonic to refresh and brighten it; and lastly, smooth in a film of BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM to whiten and refine the surface and give your complexion the final charm of transparency and delicacy of texture.

LUXURIA costs 40c, 75c, \$1.75, \$2.50. SKIN & TISSUE BUILDER and BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM each 75c, \$1.50, \$4.00, \$6.50. EAU DE BEAUTE 75c, \$1.50.

Full instructions for other home treatments are given in the booklet "All for Beauty," which goes into every detail that concerns one's looks. A copy will be sent you free on request to HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, New York.

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Balanced Cream

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Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream contains all the aids to skin perfection. It cleanses, smooths, beautifies. The pure ingredients are so carefully selected, so accurately balanced in blending, that an all-purpose cream is the result. If your dressing table has heretofore held a host of beauty aids, you'll find it more economical, convenient and doubtless more fruitful in the end to let this one, complete cream replace them all.

Here is the famous Daggett & Ramsdell treatment which millions of women give themselves daily. Apply Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream liberally to the face and work it in gently. Around the nose and chin, where there's danger of blackheads, massage with special care. Use tissues to remove the excretions, then apply more cream for nourishing. An upward stroke should be used over the

cheeks and forehead and a rotary one for the eyes. Knead in plenty of cream around the mouth where those little laughing lines are apt to gather. And remember to massage the throat thoroughly against the appearance of untimely creases. This routine, performed regularly, will soon improve the texture of your skin, stimulate circulation and give you a youthful, well-kept look.

This formula is the same one which has made Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream a favorite of women since the days of the gay nineties. As pioneers in the cosmetic field, Daggett & Ramsdell long ago established its high reputation when this delightful cream was sold in a little shop on Fifth Avenue across from the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Other equally popular creams and lotions have since been added to the well-known Daggett & Ramsdell line. All are made from the best and finest ingredients to be found and created to agree with the greatest number of skins. Better products cannot be had at any price.

A last-minute whisk of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream makes the powder adhere nicely and gives a lovely, smooth, finished look.

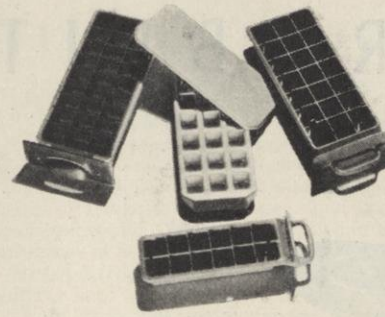
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YOUR REFRIGERATOR



Rubber trays and fast freezing trays aid in the use of ice cubes

Continued from page 35

your case you can do much toward convenience when you buy your refrigerator dishes. Measure the distance between the shelves and then measure the dishes you buy. This bit of planning will help out immensely when you are hurriedly putting away the makings or the remains of a meal, or the week's supplies.

The popularity of ice cubes has led to various schemes for hastening their freezing time. Temperature regulators or fast freezing trays have done their bit, and it is now possible to produce ice cubes in half, or less than half the time it required with the first

automatic refrigerators. One simple matter in this connection you may not always remember; when you are in a hurry for ice cubes, fill the tray only half full. You won't get full size cubes, naturally, but unless you want a great deal of ice you can get plenty this way and often the smaller pieces are more easily handled, especially in small glasses.

REMOVING the ice cubes from the pans seems an unnecessary burden to some, although I think it isn't such a task as it is sometimes represented. True, the entire tray must be taken out, turned over under a stream of warm water until the block of cubes drops out, then one or all may be removed as more water runs over them. Those not needed can be returned to the tray and more water put in or not as one wishes. But to answer the demand of those who think it a useless burden to remove ice cubes thusly, the rubber tray appears. Cubes may be removed one at a time more readily from this than from the metal tray. After one cube is started, the others follow quite easily without taking the entire tray from the refrigerator. But remember that it takes much longer to freeze the cubes in a tray of rubber than in the usual metal tray.

The new models of refrigerators are constantly showing certain refinements and aids to satisfaction in their use. Lights inside the cabinet, water tanks, frozen food storage, vegetable pans and satisfying exterior colors and cabinet designs, as well as mechanical improvements and removal of all the difficult-to-clean cracks and corners.

THE MAGIC RABBIT

Continued from page 81

very wicked magician indeed. He strode up and down, he shook his fists, he swore till all present began to feel frightened and guilty as if it were their particular fault that the rabbit had vanished. He spoke of the child who had let it escape as a "dunce." He declared that the rabbit was specially trained and worth its weight in gold, and that if the rabbit were not found, Juliana's aunt would have to pay him a great deal of money, and intimated that nothing less than one hundred dollars would be acceptable.

Aunt Emma endeavored to calm him with polite assurance that the rabbit would be found and returned to him. "It must be somewhere in the house," she said.

But he answered with such threatening words that when at last the front door closed behind him, Aunt Emma leaned against it smiling weakly; then she straightened herself up and suggested that they all play Musical Chairs.

"Everything goes wrong at this party," thought Juliana to herself, as she helped place the chairs in a row. She reflected sadly that Aunt Emma had taken a great deal of pains to arrange a party for her so that she might enjoy her visit, and here she was having a perfectly horrid time. None of the guests would so much as notice her, much less treat her as a friend. Wherever there was laughter or fun, she was out of it. And now this disagreeable scene with the magician had cast a gloom over everyone. In spite of Aunt Emma's spirited playing and effort to revive the gaiety, all frolicked half-heartedly.

The third time round Juliana found herself left without a chair. She seized the opportunity to escape to the library, for her heart was full of anxiety and she surmised that the wicked magician intended to make trouble for Aunt Emma with his black art. He would wave his wand and misfortune would befall.

Absently she stood by the window, twisting the penny whistle between her fingers and turning over in her mind the troubles of the day. But think as she might, no remedy occurred to her; so at last, she faced about, and with an impatient gesture, tossed the whistle into the waste-basket. It fell with a sharp ring, and simultaneously from the basket came a scuffling sound. Juliana pecked and perceived the rabbit trying hard to make itself invisible under a torn-up letter.

Juliana's heart bounded with joy. Here was magic indeed! In despair she had

thrown away the whistle and that chance action had disclosed what she sought. She listened. From the drawing-room came the strains of the piano, the babble of voices, the shuffle of children's feet. Without more ado, she swept the basket up in her arms and ran to the dining-room, where quickly she gathered up a litter of caps, crackers, favors and crêpe paper and dropped it in lightly on top of the bunny.

The game had just come to an end when Juliana appeared in the doorway, holding the waste-basket in both arms.

"Aunt Emma," she cried, "I know some magic tricks, too. May I do them now?" Her eyes sparkled with suppressed excitement and Aunt Emma looked startled.

"Why yes, dear, of course, but are you sure—" She broke off doubtfully.

"Oh please, please let me!" urged Juliana, and with determination she faced the crowd of hostile children. She did not know in the least what she was going to say.

"You'd be surprised," she commenced, taking a deep breath, "what a lot of funny things there are in this waste-basket. First, here is a pink paper cap, and this is a bonbon box." She drew them forth as she spoke, and several of the larger boys began to jeer and stamp their feet impatiently. There were cries of "Hear, hear!" and Juliana went on in a hurry. "And, see, here is a lot of crêpe paper and some flowers and—"

A little girl in the front row interrupted shrilly: "She thinks she's so smart but I don't think she's a *bit* smart, do you, Caroline?"

There were hoots and somebody threw a spit-ball. Aunt Emma looked nervous and Juliana's ears grew hot but she continued valiantly. "And here's a napkin—and a doily and my handkerchief and a lot more paper, and here's"—she fumbled for a second—"a rabbit!"—she yelled and held it up triumphantly by the ears.

There was a lull, a gasp from the crowd of children, then shouts of astonishment and amusement, of admiration and applause.

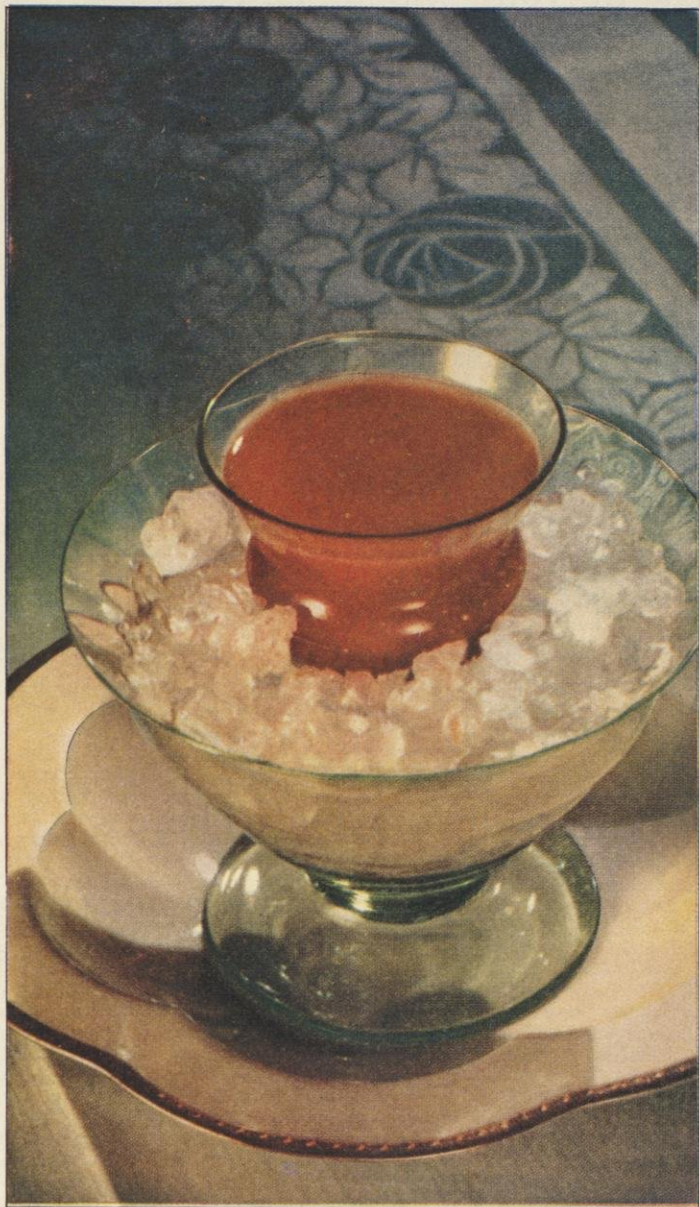
"Say, the kid's clever!" crowed a large, fresh boy who had been the first to jeer.

"She is so—smart!" called Caroline.

"I'll say she is!"

"Hooray for Juliana!" All joined in the cheer. The children closed in about her, with clapping hands, with smiling, friendly faces, and Juliana found herself swept into their midst on a wave of popularity.

A tomato juice that whispers of dewy dawns...



TO appreciate fully the virtues of tomato juice such as ours you should see the tomatoes that we select for it—great dew-damp marvels they are, fresh from the fragrant vines, fairly bursting out of their skins with lusciousness, flavor—and Vitamins!

First we wash them scrupulously, then we pulp them neatly and with finesse—extracting the last drop of their delectable substance—using *all* of the tomato except the skins, seeds and cores. Then we seal up the tins quickly with all their field-freshness intact.

Served icy cold as a prelude to breakfast, it makes even charred bacon and cremated toast seem like food for the gods. Imbibed three times a day it adds a roguish sparkle to the eye and buoyancy to the step. Children fed on our tomato juice become adorable — husbands become — bearable.

And while you're chortling over your first draught of our tomato juice—remember that there are a half-thousand other Richelieu and Fern-dell and Batavia foods, each one so fine that you instantly taste their superiority.

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Richelieu and Fern-dell and Batavia foods—each one identical no matter under which of these three labels you buy it. Each one is prepared from our own special recipe, using only the very finest varieties of each fruit and vegetable and ingredient.

Look for the grocer in your community who sells these finer foods. If you do not know where to find him we will gladly send his name and address, together with a copy of our new recipe book (use coupon below).

You'll want this new recipe book

Our new recipe book "Forty Miracles for Your Table" is packed with scores of new and delightful easy-to-make recipes and menus, also new ideas for table decoration and service for teas, luncheons, and dinners. Send the coupon with a dime for your copy.

A Little Visit to Our Canned Vegetable Department

Just as the rarest pearls (we suppose) arrive in time at Cartier's—so do the choicest and most succulent vegetables arrive inevitably, in tidy tins, in our vegetable department. They come from special selected gardens where they are watched over with tender solicitude until the moment of their supreme dew-dappled perfection—then they are snipped, plucked and whisked into neat kitchens right in the fields and sealed up so quickly that when the cans are opened their field-fresh fragrance greets you like an early morning breath of Spring. And their succulent flavors send little choruses of "oohs" and "ahs" coursing around your dinner table.

One would suppose that such vegetables should cost a lot—veritable champions of the horticultural kingdom that they are—but we sell them to our grateful public for practically what ordinary vegetables cost.

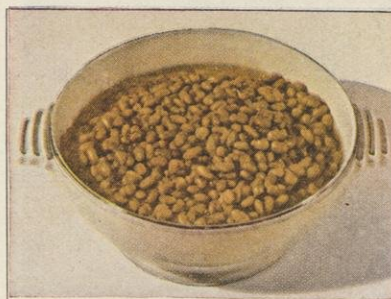
Betty Thomas



CHERRIES FOR SALAD: No other cherries have such tender skins—nor such sweetness and flavor—in fact they're the very quintessence of all that good cherries should be.



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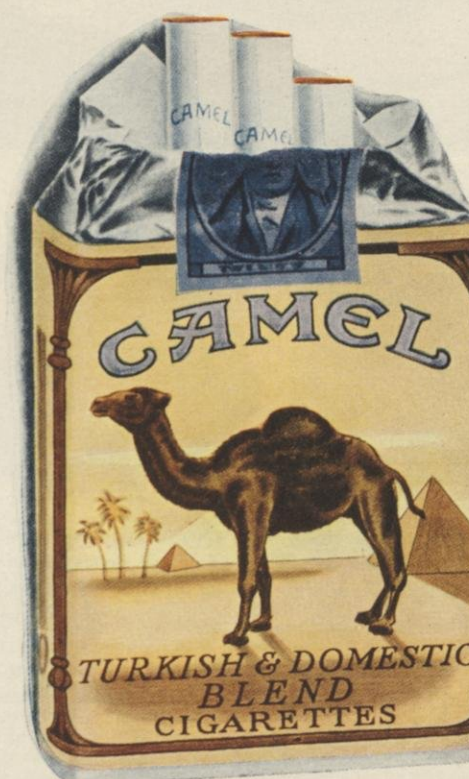
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It must be Spring!

When the song of a new season sings in your blood, and every ribbon of road that unwinds is a highway to adventure, then . . . follow new trails! And with the breath of returning spring, mingle the fragrance of a well-loved cigarette . . . a cigarette which is laden with sunshine, mellow with the choicest leaves of fine tobaccos . . . more satisfying than any other you will ever find. There's only one like that: It's Camel.





WATCH THE IRON IN CHILDREN'S FOOD

By Dr. Esther Lord Batchelder

HOW much iron does your child need? Dr. Mary Swartz Rose and her associates have recently published a report of the iron requirement of one little girl aged two years and seven months. This little girl used up more iron than we would have estimated by the standards we have been using, so that we realize that for children of her age, at least, and very likely at other ages, the standards for the amount of iron we need to eat are actually lower than they should be.

But many children are apparently getting less than they need, even according to these older standards. This is indicated by DELINEATOR readers who kept a careful record of their children's food for five days so that we might estimate whether they were getting everything they needed. According to the records, several children were getting too little iron. When we studied the diets, we could see that in more than half the cases these children were getting more sugar and less milk and grain foods than were present in diets known to be good. Apparently, when sugar was used extensively, foods containing iron were crowded out of the diet.

Now, the foods that were crowded out most frequently (milk and grain products) are not the ones that we think of first when we talk about iron. We are more apt to think of eggs, meat, dried fruits and green vegetables. But when we think a little longer, we realize that milk and the grain foods are taken in relatively larger quantities, especially in young children's diets. Thus the total amount of iron which they provide is important. For instance, milk contains far less iron in a given weight than does egg; but in a child's daily food:

1 quart of milk gives	4.8 shares of iron
1 egg gives	2.9 shares of iron

Similarly:	
2 slices whole wheat bread	3.4 shares of iron
½ cup dark cereal	2.2 shares of iron
½ cup green peas	2.2 shares of iron
2 slices white bread	0.9 shares of iron
½ cup white cereal	0.9 shares of iron

When you consider the amount of bread and cereal children eat each day, you can see why a change from dark bread and cereal to white bread and cereal might take away more iron from your child than he is receiving in his green vegetables. Thus we realize how much difference it makes what our diet as a whole includes. Instead of saying, "Oh, yes, he gets an egg and some green vegetables, so his iron is all right," we realize that when sugar, for instance, is high and milk low, a measurable difference in food iron will result, even though by ordinary ways of comparison milk could be classed as "poor" in iron.

Whole wheat, too, might be classed as poor while spinach is exceedingly rich in iron; yet although one-half cup of cooked spinach yields six shares of iron, we would need to eat spinach frequently and in large quantities to give us the equivalent of the iron we get by using whole wheat instead of white flour.

The measuring of our food iron in "shares" was devised by Mary Swartz Rose and her associates. Each "share" represents five thousandths of a gram of iron—a very small amount when measured by weight, but none the less important to our bodies. The number of shares of iron which we need is estimated according to our energy requirements (measured in calories). Thus we estimate that a three-year-old child weighing thirty-two pounds and using about twelve hundred calories, should receive twelve shares of iron according to our older standards and eighteen shares according to Dr. Rose's recent experiment. A grown man may need thirty shares or more of iron, and most women should get twenty-five shares at least.

We have already given the shares of iron in common measures of a few foods. Here are a few more which will interest you—particularly potatoes which, as you see, resemble the dark cereals, rather than rice and macaroni. That is one of the reasons why potatoes are a good staple to use in our homes.

1 potato, medium size	3.1 shares of iron
1 cup rice	0.7 shares of iron
1 cup macaroni	0.9 shares of iron
1 cup dark wheat cereal	3.7 shares of iron
1 orange	0.8 shares of iron
4 medium prunes	2.0 shares of iron
1 large banana	1.2 shares of iron
1 slice beef, 2 ¾ x 1 ½ x ¾ ins.	3.1 shares of iron
1 lamb chop	1.8 shares of iron
½ cup string beans	1.1 shares of iron
½ cup spinach	6.0 shares of iron
½ cup brussels sprouts	2.7 shares of iron
2 tbsps. molasses	6.6 shares of iron
2 tbsps. sugar	none

We can therefore see why iron, which is fairly widely distributed, and yet frequently removed from our staple supplies by refining, may be given too little attention when we buy our food supplies and plan our meals. Green vegetables, eggs, meats, and shell fish contain large amounts according to any basis of comparison. When they appear in comparatively large amounts (as in more expensive diets) combined with a liberal fruit supply, which also contributes considerable iron, the concern for iron from other sources need not be so great. But in diets where cereals and bread take a prominent place as they do in all children's diets, the iron from milk, dark breads and molasses instead of from white breads and sugar may easily make the difference between a good iron supply and a poor one.



"Can't we stretch our budget around two more Whittall Rugs?"

• Margaret asked her brand new husband.

"How big a stretch, darling?" "Oh! just enough to really complete the furnishing of our home."

"If you could only see the collection of Whittall rugs I saw today! They showed me just the one we need for our dining room. It was one of the new Whittall lustre rugs. Decorators recommend them especially to blend with the lighter woods... such as our maple table and chairs... then I want to get another one for the hall and the—"

"Just a minute," said Harry, assuming a good, stern, budget-shrinking look. "You can't have everything right away! Who d'you think you married—a millionaire?"

"Of course not, darling," answered Margaret sweetly... "but you men don't realize there's an art in selecting just the right rug for every room."

"Who said we don't?" said Harry gruffly. "Didn't I help pick out the Whittall rug your Mother and Dad gave us for a wedding present—and it's a peach, too!"

"Of course it is," said Margaret enthusiastically... "and I want you to help select our next Whittall rug, too. If every man took the interest in his home that you do... we might have better looking rugs in this world." (Clever girl.)

"Well, I don't know about that," continued Harry, warming to the subject, "but it's wear in a rug that comes first... remember what that salesman told us about the Whittall

sidewalk test? How they put an Anglo Persian out on the sidewalk and let people tramp over it... for a whole week? That's the kind of selling talk that appeals to me."

"Just what I wanted to tell you, dear! The Whittall lustre rugs have been given the same kind of a sidewalk test... which proves they're made with the same care as the famous Anglo Persians. Their patterns, too, are all copied from rare old antique Persian rugs... just like our Anglo Persian."

"Umm" (this from Harry), "just what colors did they have in these lustre rugs, anyway? Of course... it doesn't make any difference to me... still the room has got to look right, I suppose."

"They had all sorts of colors," answered Margaret, "and I saw a Whittall rug that was just right for the hall, too. But Harry... you're forgetting! You promised me you'd go over our budget and see—"

"If we could have some more Whittall rugs? Well... don't know... I'll think it over. But say... did they have anything especially nice in a rich, deep red rug... that's always been my favorite color... might have something like that in the hall... and then in the dining room..."

"I needn't worry about the budget, I guess," cooed Margaret, "it's stretched!"

• WHITTALL lustre rugs, Anglo Assyrian or Anglo Ramadan... recommended as a perfect setting for Margaret's maple furniture... are of the same high quality as the famous Anglo Persians. Like all Whittall rugs, they are easy on any budget... but better still... their wide variety assures you of the correct rug for any decorative scheme.

Note: This is the second story of a series about Margaret... her new home... and her rugs.

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THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 21

"And how long did she stay with you?"
"About twenty minutes."
"And then?"
"Then we went down to the rock-pool for a swim."

A sensation rippled through the salon. This was the first time either Paul or Prunella had mentioned that they had bathed last night. But Joe suddenly remembered Paul's wet bathing-costume, this morning.

"Swimming? At night? You and mademoiselle alone?"

"They often do," Sophia again interposed, to the Commissaire's fury. "Not necessarily Paul and Prunella, but anyone who feels like a moonlight bathe. Most agreeable on a hot night."

THEN she realized she had made another slip: nobody could call last night, with its tearing wind and crashing waves, a seductive temptation to slip a fevered body into the warm, moonlight water. She was surprised and not unworried that Paul and Prunella should have acted so idiotically.

"And after this so enjoyable swim, Monsieur Slade?"

"I took Miss Quentin back to her room, and stayed with her until she was more cheerful." It was horrible to have to betray Prunella in this fashion to that beastly policeman's obviously beastly thoughts . . . But there was no help for it.

"What time did you return to your own room?"

"About midnight."

"Did you notice anything which would indicate whether Mr. Poole had returned?"

"Yes."
"Ah! Proceed, monsieur. And remember—the truth."

Paul said: "I noticed that the door between my room and Mr. Poole's was closed. I had left it open when we went through to go down to the beach. I concluded that he had returned, and had entered his room by the balcony, closed the door between our rooms, and gone to bed."

"Would he not be surprised to see you were not in your room, and make some search?"

"Not necessarily," from Sophia.

"I must beg of you, madame, that you remain perfectly quiet whilst I perform my duty with the members of your most extraordinary ménage!" He sighed, and turned again to Paul. "Did you then look in to see if Monsieur Poole had returned from Marseilles?"

"No. I was tired, and didn't want to talk."

"Yes, but look here, Paul," interpolated Nancy, to everyone's surprise, "don't you think that the door between your rooms might have banged in the wind? There were doors banging all night. I heard one—"

"Yes, mademoiselle? Pray proceed."

"I fell asleep, and woke up, and heard it banging for a long time."

"You did not get up and close it?"

"No. I was too lazy."

"You sleep in the room behind Madame Framlingham?"

"Yes."

"Which door did you think it was that banged?"

"It was quite close. I think it might have been between the salon and the hall, but I can't be sure. Then it stopped, and I fell asleep again."

"You heard nothing else? Nothing else at all?"

"Yes. I heard a car on the road. There are always plenty, of course, but this one cranked up in front of the gate, so I imagined it must be the taxi which had brought Mr. Poole from St. Raphael. It cranked up and drove away."

"Drove away? You did not hear it arrive at the gate?"

"I don't think so. I can't be sure. The wind was so noisy."

"Did it not occur to you as unlikely that a taxi which merely brought monsieur and one suitcase to the gate of the villa, should stop its engine and have to start it again?"

"No, it didn't strike me. We don't mean to sound callous, honestly we don't, monsieur, but unless you suddenly find that one of you is suddenly dead, you don't worry about these things. And how can you know beforehand?"

But a water nymph cannot easily make friends with a boiled crayfish—and the

Commissaire did not like Nancy. He did not like Paul; he did not like Rumples. He definitely did not like Madame Framlingham, who received his next attention.

Sophia said that she went to bed at about ten, and lay half awake for some time because of a door which was fitfully banging in the draught. She, also, thought it was the door between the salon and the hall.

"Did you hear nothing else that could be of value to us? Monsieur and mademoiselle, for instance, when they went out to bathe?"

"Yes. I heard voices talking upstairs. I thought that probably Miss Quentin was talking to someone else in the villa."

"And you did not go upstairs and see who it was?"

"No. It was not my business."

Next the Commissaire questioned Prunella, who sulkily corroborated Paul's story.

"Did you not find it cold swimming last night with the mistral blowing?"

"Yes, horrid cold."

"Then why did you do it?"

"I'm that sort of fool."

"Tell me exactly what you did when your companions had gone to their couches."

"I was restless and couldn't work, so I went for a walk in the garden."

"Which way did you go out?"

"Through the front door."

"Then you unlocked it?"

"It wasn't locked. It never is."

"Eh bien, and then?"

"I felt so blue—I mean, miserable—that I thought I would wake Paul Slade and get him to cheer me with a little sense. I was on that side of the house at the moment, so I ran up the steps of the little balcony and through Monsieur Poole's room. It was quickest."

"The room was then empty?"

"Yes."

"And when you went out again for your bathe with Monsieur Slade?"

"Still empty."

Joe Quentin's description of the night's doings was the simplest and the most straightforward of them all. Nobody had disturbed him with their troubles in the night. He did not have any peculiar fancies, either to prowling round the garden or to bathe in a stormy wind and rough sea. The Commissaire was pleased with him; metaphorically patted him on the head.

"Now," he remarked in a better humor, "I will question the servants. One can say, then, if one assumes that you have told me all you know, and that nothing but the truth has been spoken, that not one of you saw Mr. Poole alive last night?"

Juniper Gregg, his huge bulk sprawling on the window-seat, half in, half out of the room, said: "I saw Mr. Poole alive last night."

THE Commissaire, on his way to the kitchen, swung round with a sharp interrogation: "You?"

"Yes, and Mr. Clifford. Mr. Poole came in to see us on his way back."

"And why did you not say so before?"

"I thought you'd come to me in time. I have not been concealing anything, monsieur"—blandly—"you requested that no interruption—"

Auguste Polidore scowled. He had already been told that the complete list of those resident in the villa last night did not include Juniper Gregg and Lal Clifford, who had arrived only that morning from St. Raphael, so he had not bothered with them; and now it looked as though that giant of a man could provide the police with more valuable information than, so far, the whole of the Aloës party—who were also thrilling to this unexpected disclosure. So Juniper had seen Fred last night—Juniper and the Balmors! Fred was dead—but Juniper had seen him. They waited in suspense.

"Your name, monsieur?"

"Gregg. Juniper."

"Your profession?"

"Speed-boats," laconically, "but I retired two years ago. Growing too old and heavy."

"Your address—where?"

"St. Raphael. Lady Humber's villa, Balmoral."

"Bal—?"

"Moral," added Juniper gently.

"Moral," the Commissaire passed it on to his subordinate. "And last night?"

"Last night at three (Turn to page 96)

"Individuals" . . . in brilliant pyrex ware



WHEN we designed the little 6-, 8-, 12- and 16-oz. Pyrex dishes we planned to cater to "dinners for two." So nice, said we in our innocent way, for baking meat pies, fruits and vegetables just for John and Mary!

Then . . . first thing we knew, families of good size were clamoring for our little twosome dishes. We wondered why . . . and asked them. Here's the answer . . .

"Father won't touch anything with onions." "Betty can't eat cheese." "Mother's food must be unsalted." So Pyrex Individuals step right up and cook the food to order . . . without creating discord in the kitchen.

These handy little diplomats come in two shapes, round and oval . . . three sizes in each shape. Their prices start at 20¢ . . . and stop at 45¢. In department stores and hardware shops nearby.

"Pyrex" is a trade-mark and indicates manufacture by Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York. Prices slightly higher in the West and Canada.

USE THEM FOR . . . Scalloped Oysters
Artichokes with Hollandaise
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Creamed Celery de Luxe
Bread Pudding Curried Veal
Potatoes au Gratin
Individual Baked Eggs
Gelatin Desserts
Shortcake

pyrex ovenware

FREE . . . BOOK OF 30 MENUS. Whole meals baked in 20, 30 or 45 minutes. We'll gladly send you this book and our illustrated price list if you will write name and address on corner of this page, tear off the corner and mail to Corning Glass Works, Dept. B-84, Corning, N.Y.

FOR AND AGAINST

More letters from our readers! They praise us and they blame us but as long as they don't forget us, we're happy

A NEW YORK HOLIDAY

DEAR MR. GRAVE: How delighted those New Englanders must have been to have found you on their door-step, after you had penetrated their "lady-of-the-house" defensiveness! Reading of your effort made me regret even more keenly that I did not run up to your office last summer and tell you what wonders we think you've done for DELINEATOR and chat just a moment about our nice magazine. But my New York friends quite discouraged me. "My dear! One doesn't do such things here!"

Why are New Yorkers so afraid of each other? Undoubtedly I gathered a set of illusions, when with my nice husband and two little sons, I had my first sight of your city. It was such an adventure. Though we have been from coast to coast, I was glad New York was saved for me to see not only through my own interests, but also through the glamour and adventure-seeking eyes of the boys. And everyone seemed so kindly and friendly. Some old school-mates, whom I saw briefly, smiled at this; and our young doctor, who was brought up there, frankly laughed. He called it our ecstatic holiday viewpoint. Well, at least through rose glasses you are very, very nice.

I love the personality or atmosphere (what does a magazine radiate?) that the new DELINEATOR has taken on. It is so real and friendly and sincere, and so obviously interested in the worthwhile of our own age. It's not preachy and yet looks things straight in the face. Having it arrive is like opening the door to a family of lovely friends, who we know have positive constructive interests and will share them with us, either merrily or seriously, in a most delightful manner.—C. M., Kenmore, New York.

THIS CHEERED US TOO

GENTLEMEN: Of course your magazine is not what the ordinary proletariat would call a regular he-man thriller, pulsating with red-blooded stories, but here is my opinion of it: Of your writers I like to digest Mr. William Lyon Phelps; of your articles I like the ones dealing with up-to-date nutrition and the ones that illuminate child behavior.

As a matter of fact, it is a magazine of inspiration, education, human interest, vitality, and tolerance. Child training and behavior are not only real but also of paramount importance. With your further help I hope to be able to penetrate the veil and the ever-present barrier that separates child and adult.—E. B., Indiana Harbor, Indiana.

BUT NOW HEAVEN HELP US

DEAR SIR: Arthur Train's "High Winds" was an indecent story. Peter Kyne's "Golden Dawn" was not so immoral, but was a propaganda for law-breaking. Then again you printed a hypocritical article by Ida Tarbell against the 18th Amendment. I notice Ida Tarbell writes again in the same hypocritical strain in the "Children's Crusade."

The story of "Forgotten Island" was not fit for a young person to read, and all of these things quite offset stories by Kathleen Norris and Dorothy Canfield.

I suspect you are being financed by the A.A.P.A. to incite people to become traitors to the country. I am glad to say that as yet other magazines are still such that we can love and admit them to our homes.—Mrs. C. E. G., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

WAGES FOR WIVES

DEAR EDITOR: I've just read that most interesting of articles entitled "Wages for Wives," in the March DELINEATOR.

My first reaction was to shout for joy that at last someone has expressed that inner feeling of us all. As soon as my husband arrived, I called his attention to it, and man-like he scoffed the very idea of such an arrangement. I began to figure all that I could do with a few dollars each week. (That is

about all most husbands think it is worth anyway to care for a household.) Any discussion of the subject brings out the fact that the wife can relax when she pleases, go where she pleases. But what about the work that always waits for her?

Nevertheless I began to look at the matter in another light. Suppose friend husband agrees to a little wage of three or four dollars a week—which seems generous to the man, I am sure, considering the board, room, and medical care he gives in case of sickness.

In my own case, after having taught school a number of years, I hardly think that that amount or any amount would ever make me real crazy about some parts of housework which include cooking, baking, dish-washing, sewing, washing, ironing, sweeping, dusting, window cleaning, scrubbing, marketing, mending, house cleaning, entertaining, aside from the many extras that come in the care of a household with children.

Besides these few duties the wife is expected to keep up the social end and get into outside things such as church work and other social contacts.

What then does this wage for wives mean? It means that the husband can become a very exacting employer. If he has been exacting as to meals and order, when the wife had no wages, how much more exacting may he become when he can say "I pay you to stay home and get your work done?"

For myself I am glad my husband scoffs the new idea, and if he should have a change of heart, I confess I would have to refuse the offer of a wage.—Mrs. E. M., Zanesville, Ohio.

PRAISING MOTHERS OF MEN

DEAR EDITOR: For many, many years I have been a reader of your magazine. I read the stories carefully, enjoying most of them and admiring many. But never before have I been so carried away as to reach for pen and paper to tell you how much one of them affected me.

The story I have just finished is "Mothers of Men" by Gordon Morris, in the February issue. It seems to me a perfect thing. I intend to put it in a glorified scrap book, all by itself—to pass on to others.—M. McG., San Francisco, California.

TOO MUCH DIVORCE

DEAR MR. GRAVE: I have just read your editorial page. So I thought I'd like to have a chat with you.

DELINEATOR has come to our home for many years—to my girlhood home in Florida and to my home in this beautiful Ontario for nearly all of my ten years here.

In that ten years, my dear sir, I have met one divorced person. Can you imagine how strange it seems to me to pick up a magazine where so many of the stories deal with that problem?

There are so many things I admire and love about DELINEATOR. But I am going to plead with you to keep it so that a girl of twelve can look through its pages.—Mrs. G. M., Paris, Ontario.

PRAISE FOR ELIZABETH COOK

DEAR EDITOR: I just finished reading the feature entitled "Are Husbands Necessary?" I think that it is great. You see, that was just what I was thinking. It is Sunday morning, a day of rest for everybody except mother. Since mother is just twenty-four, she rebels occasionally and throws things around: the kiddie car, for one thing; I've nearly broken my neck on it half a dozen times. And after the storm was all over I turned to DELINEATOR to pacify me. Elizabeth Cook's article helped ever so much.

I see mistakes in this letter but if I started to rewrite it, it would never reach you. For I must wash the spinach and the children's faces and set the table, etc. But I feel better and can avoid breaking dishes now.—Mrs. E. W., Globe, Arizona.



Before you get married .. read what this woman says!

"For months I had not been my usual healthy self. It was nothing that you could actually put your finger on, but I was cross and irritable. My marriage which had meant so much to me, seemed suddenly to go all wrong—yet there seemed to be nothing I could do about it.

"Then one day I came upon an advertisement for Postum. It spoke of caffeine-containing beverages, and I wondered if they could be the cause of my nervousness? I had been drinking them because they stimulated me for an hour or so—though when the effects wore off, I would go all to pieces again.

"Then and there, I decided to give up drinks containing caffeine, and try Postum. I was pleasantly surprised at its taste, and before many days had passed life once more began to look good to me. My nervousness disappeared and my spirits revived. Three cheers for Postum!"

MRS. MARGARET RIDGE

7 Edgewood Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.

drink Postum with your meals—for thirty days. At the end of that time, notice the difference in yourself. See how much better you look and feel. You'll want to give Postum a permanent place on your table!

There is no caffeine in Postum. It won't make you nervous—nor will it cause sleeplessness, headaches, and indigestion. Postum is made from roasted whole wheat and bran. Safe and delicious! Try a cup plain—or add cream, and see how the rich brown color turns to gold. Taste the flavor—and you'll know you've found a friend!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer—or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your thirty-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. © 1931, G. F. CORP.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation,
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Many a marriage that might be happy is spoiled by a wife's or husband's "nerves." There may seem to be nothing to do about it, and yet . . .

Time and time again, nervousness can be directly traced to caffeine-containing drinks. They may seem to stimulate and help you, of course. But don't be fooled!

Make the experiment that has helped millions of other men and women. Instead of caffeine-containing beverages,

HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 13



Telephone
your good wishes
to bride or groom
or graduate

*"We can't get away, Jane . . .
Tom's too busy . . . but we'll be
thinking of you both and wishing
you all sorts of happiness."*

THE open season for weddings and commencements is at hand. One can't be present at *all* the ceremonies . . . in various cities at various times.

Next best, is a telephone call to the bride or groom or graduate. It is convincing evidence of your interest. It is *personal*. Your voice carries a sincere and friendly warmth. And whether you call next door, the next city or the next state, telephoning is easy, quick and *inexpensive*.

For out-of-town calls to places 25 miles away, the day station-to-station rate is about 25 cents; 40 miles away, 35 cents; 75 miles, 50 cents; 125 miles, 75 cents; 150 miles, 80 cents. Many rates are lower during the evening and night periods.



They talked about it, of course. They wanted it born in New York with a very good doctor in a very good hospital. It wasn't to be a junior under any circumstances. Suppose Tim was to be the great success that half the time he felt sure he would be, then what a curse for a child to have the same name as his well-known father! Suppose the child turned out a writer—doubly cursed!

Susan could not sew. She could darn a sock lumpily and anchor buttons, but that was all. Young mother bending pretty face over gossamer mysteries of white batiste? Don't be silly. She'd buy the whole layette in half an hour in New York, and a modest one, too.

All of which did not mean that she was not thrilled at being a mother. The first time she felt the stirring of life her throat tightened and she cried and cried beyond reason. She read books on gynecology and pediatrics and would say cozily to Tim: "I think he must have his nails by this time. I expect he has eyelashes now."

Although it was to be a midsummer baby, Tim thought it best to get back east soon and rent a house within quick motoring distance of the hospital. First babies were unreliable. Also one of his stories had been turned down by three magazines with what seemed to him inadequate regret. He was too far away from his source of income. Yip, thought Tim, time to be getting back.

THREE babies had already been born in the old yellow frame house where Susan was expecting hers.

It was in Spuyten Duyvil, that hilltop village within the limits of New York City yet as isolated from it as a desert mesa. The house was a vicarage, of the Hudson River Bracketed era.

The rooms in this big house were airy, there was a sleeping porch, and above all a study book-lined and furnished with a broad desk, comfortable chairs, small tables upon which to pile things, and a pleasant sense of trees without—a perfect place to work. The clergyman's wife was charmed that another baby was to sleep beneath her roof and she loaned the Hales her bassinet.

Susan had read dozens of descriptions of child-birth but none had prepared her for her own sufferings. Indeed there is no way for a woman to tell a man what that special pain is like. With her it went on for hours and hours but she bore it until she heard herself make a cry like a wounded animal, so utterly un-human that she was terrified. And so they operated and it was a Caesarean baby.

* If Tim had not acted the expectant father, he certainly was the frantic young husband-with-wife-in-labor. Susan had refused to see him after the final hours had reduced her to a twisted rag. He prowled the hospital halls, drank whiskey out of a large bottle, and every time he heard a cry he would rush to Susan's door.

"Hale," said the doctor, "she will come through all right, I'm telling you, but it's going to be a long pull. There's nothing you can do. Go back to your hotel and write about your sensations. They'll be valuable some day."

Back in the hotel where he was staying while Susan was to be in the hospital, Timothy stripped to his B.V.D.'s, so hot was the July night, and with the perspiration falling from his chin onto his hands as he typed, his eyes wandering again and again to the telephone, he wrote a short story about a man whose whole life had been ruined by mother love. One of the best scenes was where the mother tells her son how she suffered to give him birth and how he can never repay her for that suffering. "What an understanding this young Hale has," said the editor who accepted the story.

AN ACTOR'S baby, a singer's baby, a painter's baby, an author's baby—the world views their arrival as something different from the advent of a butcher's or a broker's or even of a lawyer's child. In America the arts are still of relative unimportance, yet when Male Hale, No. 36759, was certified by the Department of Health to have been born, quite a number of people wrote pieces in the paper about it and prophecies were made, and a sculptress called at the

hospital and felt the child's bumps knowingly, and fellow writers and illustrators sent Susan jingles and sketches of yellow-haired infants in frilly dresses pecking with fat fingers at a typewriter.

On the first day when Susan was allowed to take a short walk down the corridor of the private ward, she cuddled her nurse's arm and wondered if it wouldn't be possible to see her baby lying in his crib.

"You know it's forbidden, Mrs. Hale."

"But just a peep in and a peep out won't contaminate the most sterile baby," she wheedled.

There they were—ten white iron baskets with a card tied to each. Susan looked them all over and was especially shocked by one fragment done up in wads of cotton batting.

"Incubator baby," said the nurse. "Weighs only two pounds."

"The size of a modest steak," remarked Susan. "Now *that's* a nice one," she exclaimed, as she paused in front of the sixth basket. "How jolly and strong, bigger than all the others!"

The nurses burst out laughing.

"He's yours! Didn't you know?"

FOR a month after Susan and the baby returned to the Spuyten Duyvil house Susan never passed a mirror without fresh delight in her slimness. She had brought back with her a trained baby nurse. And learning to care for the baby was the jolliest game she had ever played.

Lying in bed in the hospital with two electric fans blowing a draft across her to lift the burden of her pain and the heat of July nights; now lying in bed on the sleeping porch, Susan pondered her future.

With the arrival of the baby, she must sail her ship in a new direction, not just any port as heretofore, but a port that was a haven. Tim had been steering up to now, though when his hands were busy with the typewriter she took the helm. But they had a new passenger, who, speechless, demanded fresh milk and a peaceful backwater instead of tinned milk and the turbulent seas of adventure. Nor would she be averse to a home of her own—the Long Island bungalow had been hers such a short while. She was weary of living in hotels or caring for other women's possessions at so much a month . . . There was only one master's bathroom in this shabby old house. Susan had noted with wistful eyes the nicks in the door frame and opposite each nick the smudgy pencilings of the heights of the rectory children at various ages. How sweet if her child could look back on such a sentimental recording.

The nurse tiptoed to her bed with the baby for his early morning feeding; and as he lay in her arms she admired the beauty of his hands, the arching of eyebrows and the flatness of ears, and above all that appraising expression of his deep-set blue eyes.

The baby gone, she did not go back to sleep . . . Must she and Tim continue to live on the surface of life? They knew so many people but they had no friends. Lone wolves, lonely wolves.

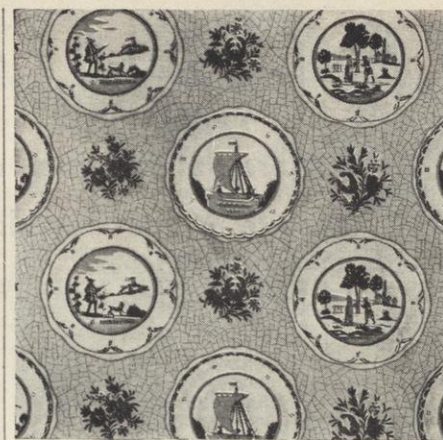
If they were not to have ancestors nor inherit ancestral estates, they had best become ancestors themselves. "As soon as we can afford it, and when we find a really good man, I think we ought to have our portraits painted," Susan thought, wrinkling her nose and smiling foolishly to herself.

"Just why are you making bunny-noses at yourself at the crack of dawn?" Tim wiggled the pillow behind his neck so he could see her better.

"Was I? I was thinking how silly and how nice it would be for us to start in right now being ancestors for the baby."

"Ancestors? We are babies ourselves. I don't want to be an ancestor. I want my breakfast."

"Fat chance until eight o'clock . . . Tim, I mean that about ancestors. We've both got good stock behind us, but we are living in a generation so new that we might as well be Adam and Eve. Let's start a new family for— By the way, hadn't we better do something about naming our little Cain or Abel? No Timothy Junior, nor Jeremiah Eliphalet II, and no literary names like David and Peter and Robin. Haven't you one wealthy relative who would be excited at having his name given (Turn to page 91)



*Make
Your*

**BREAKFAST
ROOM GAY**

*. . . with this amusing
"Quimper Plate" Chintz!*

NO fabric was ever more suited to the cozy breakfast room, the apartment dinette or the small, informal dining-room. Picture for yourself a table set with pewter and old glass . . . sunlight streaming on gay pottery . . . and at the windows, sprightly curtains of this Waverly Print which reproduces charmingly the famous Quimper ware of France. To either French Provincial or Early American interiors, this new Waverly Fabric will add bright interest and refreshing, decorative appeal. Consult your dealer or write for samples and our new booklet "Rooms of Colorful Charm." Most Waverly Fabrics are priced to retail from 50c to 1.50 per yard.

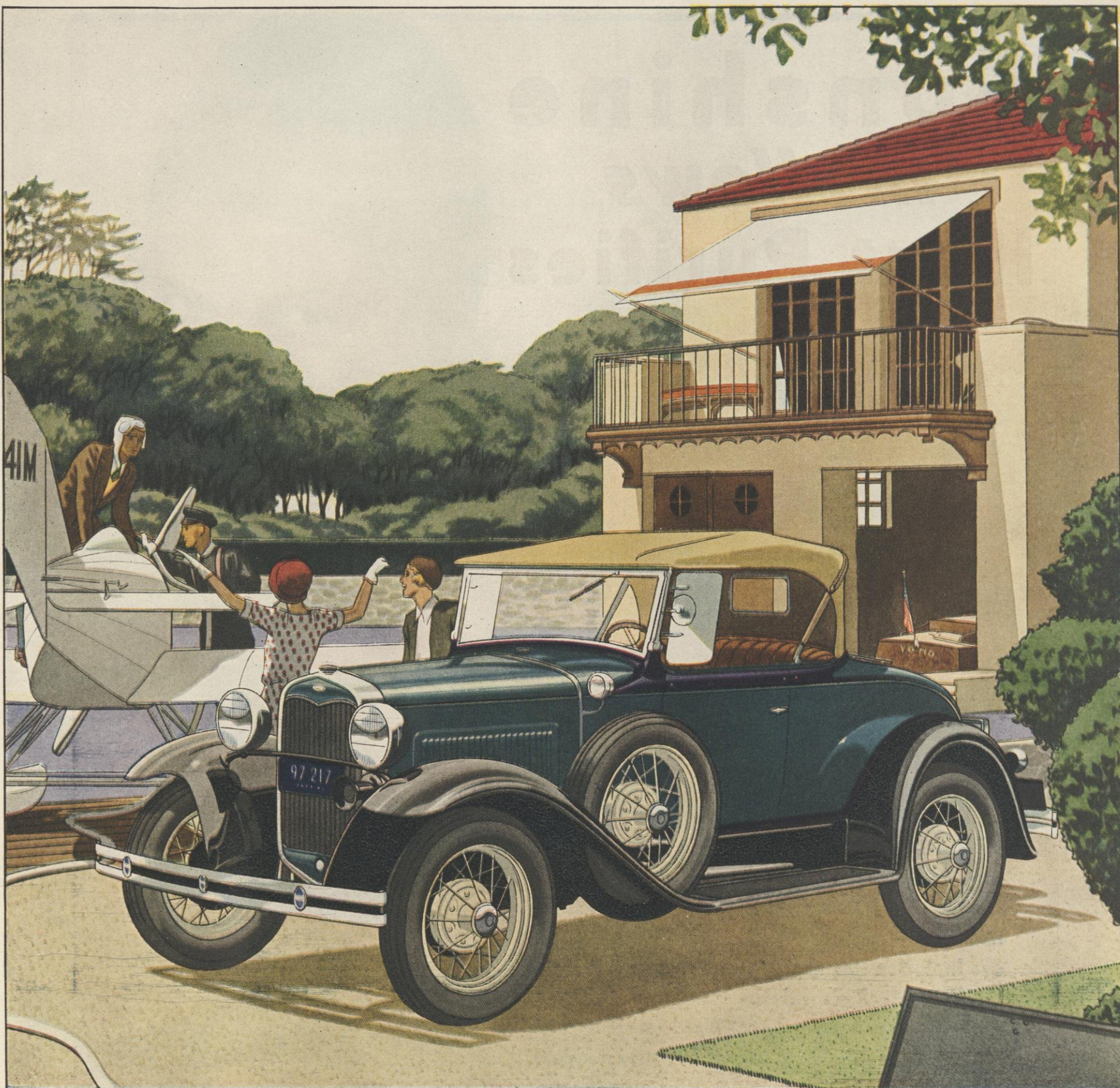
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Please send the new booklet you have just prepared "Rooms of Colorful Charm," containing solutions to 12 home decorating problems. Also send samples of Waverly Fabrics. I enclose 10c to cover mailing costs.

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A Dashing New Ford Roadster

THE words *de luxe* are a fitting description of the new Ford De Luxe Roadster. In lines, colors and appointments it reflects the latest mode in a dashing sport car.

The swagger top has natural wood bows and can be raised or lowered easily and quickly. The wide seat is upholstered in genuine Bedouin grain leather with narrow piping. The new sloping windshield folds flat and is made of Triplex shatter-proof

glass, as are the windshield wings. A comfortable rumble seat is provided as standard equipment. Many exterior metal parts are made of bright, gleaming Rustless Steel.

The new Ford De Luxe Roadster is available in a variety of body colors, with an additional harmonizing color for the steel-spoke wheels. You may purchase it on economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.



Sunshine *mellows* Heat Purifies

LUCKIES are always
kind to your throat

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows — that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE — made of the finest tobaccos — the Cream of the Crop — THEN — "IT'S TOASTED" — an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough



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The Lucky Strike
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evening over
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HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 88

to this peerless child?" Susan pleaded. "We-e-ll, there's Uncle Roger, who has a sheep ranch in Tasmania."

"Timmy, a grand name!" and Susan kicked up the bed-clothes at the bottom and wiggled her bare feet in the air. "Master Roger Hale! Don't you like it? Let's write the uncle this morning and maybe he'll send young Roger a woolly lamb fresh off the ranch or one of those silver food-pushers which, coming from Tasmania, ought to arrive in time to make an excellent wedding-present for him. What kind of sheep are Tasmanian sheep?"

"You know as well as I do there ain't no Uncle Roger," replied Tim.

"From now on there's going to be. Nothing upsets people more than to be told a child has been named after no one. Most unorthodox. Roger Hale, Roger Hale, Roger Hale—do you honestly like it? I do. Now that's settled, let's go on to what I've been worrying about for some time—a home for Roger Hale."

"What's the matter with this home?" inquired Timothy.

"Silly, it's only ours until October, and then what? Don't let's leap off into space as usual. Sir, remember, I have a chee-ild in me arms."

Timothy's face was grave. "I thought you said a baby wouldn't make any difference to our wanderings. Are you both trying to chain me up so soon?" Timothy's eyes were cold, his mouth tight and rebellious.

"Tim, old thing, don't look at me like that," and Susan was out of her bed and beside his, on her knees. "Tim, it isn't that the baby and I want to tie you down, I only feel that if we had a modest house somewhere all our own, in Connecticut or Westchester, not too far from New York, it would serve as a place to sally forth from and to return to when we were tired. If we had a few acres you could build that workroom you have always talked about with the L-shaped desk and a ten-foot couch and shelves and shelves. Your mind could relax—"

"I don't want my mind to relax. That's what's the matter with most successful authors. I want to travel, to see, to feel."

"But you don't feel, at least not enough. You see superbly, but to feel deeply you have to sit still occasionally. And sit still you never do—not even when you are sitting. That's why I thought a home—"

"My dear, your presence in a room is home enough for me—for some time to come. As for the baby—how do you know that babies don't like a change in nurseries? This one will, I can tell by the way he reaches for everything new he sees. How about some breakfast?"

Susan sighed. "I hear the lily maid of France clumping down the backstairs. I'll tell her to hurry the coffee."

Susan gone, Timothy picked up his pillow with two hands and thwacked it back on the bed, his head on top of it.

"I won't be caught," he muttered.

When Susan returned later with a cup of coffee he had fallen asleep.

MASTER Roger Hale had been an expensive baby, so that all summer long Timothy had felt a pot-boilerish quality creeping into the short stories he felt driven to write. To remain in good standing with himself, he would return to the novel, re-writing the opening chapter, juggling proper names, and buying more and more gray canvas notebooks to hold the vast accretion of material. He had just sold a series of tales, held together by the same central character, and there was more money than usual in the bank. Why not try the middle west for the winter? Healthier, cheaper than New York, and more background for the novel.

That evening the gynecologist motored up to take a look at "one of my prize patients" (they were all his prize patients) and brought

with him a doctor from St. Paul, Minnesota. Timothy enjoyed the company of doctors. The most general practitioners had an endearing tolerance toward life, and the lordly specialists were interested in Timothy's wildest speculations, for that was their business, too.

The St. Paul surgeon spoke with enthusiasm of his city.

"It's the last outpost of the east—as Minneapolis, across the river, is the frontier city of the west. It's a fine city, with traditions and friendly people and beautiful homes. Why don't you come out and see us some time?"

"I think," said Timothy speaking slowly, "I'll take you up on that—in just about two weeks."

FOR reasons not completely clear to Susan, except that he wanted to drive the car all the way out instead of shipping it, Timothy had gone to St. Paul one week ahead, leaving her alone to put the house in order for the returning minister and his family.

As she walked down the station platform with the baby in her arms she was not singing "Tee-rains! Travelin'!" Roger was attired in his first white silk bonnet and embroidered white cashmere coat, both so much too big for him that Susan feared he would slip through them. Her mother and brother and porters were trailing her with Roger's traveling ice-box, and her own luggage. They swarmed into the compartment. Her brother gave her a square lavender florist's box.

"Orchids! From Mr. Ziegfeld, I know, glorifying the American Mother. Darling, you can't imagine how these set me up," and she pinned the flowers on her left shoulder. "Mamma, do you think Roger will last until St. Paul?"

Frank had picked up the baby and was sitting quietly holding it. Now and again he would touch the soft cheek with his forefinger, well-manicured of nail but with nobby joints from his apprentice days in the automobile factory. He had taken off the too large bonnet and coat and had wrapped the child in a woolly shawl. His cheek brushed the golden fuzz which was all Roger had yet in the way of hair. The two deep wrinkles between her brother's brown eyes had smoothed out. Susan was in the presence of tragedy.

"Frank, I wish you were coming with me. You handle that infant a darn sight better than I do. I say, if I can find you a job in St. Paul, will you come out? And if it fails, I'll pay you nurse's wages, with bed and board."

The porter put his head in the door. "Train about starting." Frank gave the baby to Susan, who hoisted him on her right shoulder opposite the orchids, and followed her family to the platform. There was a confusion of hugs and kisses, and then she was alone with this stranger whose needs she only half knew.

Back in the compartment she bolstered him up in one seat while she sat down opposite him, rather as if she were going to entertain him.

"Midget, why can't you speak? It would help so"—and then the train lurched and the baby lurched with it and Susan barely caught him in time.

"Oh!" her heart was still within her. "My treasure, the best place for you is on mother's lap. And now for that feeding schedule! But I mustn't excite myself or it will be bad for his milk, and then he'll have colic and then what will I do? Oh, Tim was a pig to let me do this all alone! If only evening would come and we could go to bed."

Evening did come, and the lower berth was made up. Roger was ready for the night, though the movement of the train had made every detail of his toilet an exhausting task. She fastened him under the covers with safety pins, wondering how her highly sterilized son would survive this exposure to foreign germs, and pushed the (Turn to page 92)



There's more *Allure* in fingertips that wear this radiant Nail Make-up



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P. S. Use Babbitt's Lye or Babbitt's Red Seal Lye for clogged drain pipes

HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 91

little chairs against the bed so he could not tumble out. Then she dared to arrange herself to go to the dining-car. She was bedraggled and felt like the peasant mother of ten children. Perhaps if she wore the orchids which were sloshing about in the metal basin—men always stare at women with orchids—perhaps their stares would make her feel better.

In the dining-car she ordered the food which was best for the baby's nursing and tried to eat quietly and slowly, but she had only one thought. Was Roger at this moment lying bleeding and dying on the floor? She could not stand it another second. "Waiter, my bill, please, and quickly!"

Through "Onteora" and "Minnewaska" she flew, thrusting open the heavy train doors as if they were gauze. A, B, C, D, E—this was hers. There he lay asleep—or was he dead? She leaned close to the soft red mouth, laid her hand on the little breast. "Oh my baby, my very own baby, if anything should happen to you!"

She washed herself sketchily, undressed, and lay down beside him. The wind from the ventilators blew on her bare shoulder. Cinders fell on the coarse white sheet. The acrid taste of smoke was in her mouth. She knew she would have a cold in the morning. How was she going to stand it for thirty-three more hours?

CHRISTMAS afternoon and the Hales were giving an egg-nog party to St. Paul. A large hall hung with ropes of evergreen and with a broad curving stair of lustrous wood; a spacious drawing-room with French windows and brocade walls; a Colonial dining-room with Sheraton chairs backed against white paneling; a breakfast room of cushioned wicker and Boston ferns; and beyond, a kitchen and pantry as scientific in their equipment and sanitation as a laboratory—a fine house for a Christmas party!

Susan in black velvet with lace frills of inherited rose point stood at the entrance of the drawing-room. Three pretty young women without hats were receiving with her. Two more guarded the punch and egg-nog bowls in the dining-room. Timothy was everywhere. He adored parties.

It was thirty below zero outside, and the guests were arriving in great fur coats and galoshes. One white-haired woman in an old-fashioned sable cape was saying to Susan: "What an inspiration for you to give a party Christmas afternoon, Mrs. Hale! We've all had our relatives to two o'clock dinner and by four-thirty we were ready to murder each other. I can not digest relatives or dinner in the middle of the day, can you?"

Said the next guest: "Sue, don't forget we are all meeting at your house on Tuesday to read our parts for the new play. I am still all of a twitter over the success of the last one. Don't you think you could persuade Tim to take a part this time? His extemporaneous speeches are divine!"

"I know, but he would hate learning a part and having to go over and over it. But you're so pretty, perhaps he'll do it for you if you ask him."

Out of the corner of her eye Sue was watching Tim near the punch bowl introduce a millionaire industrialist to a secretary of the Farmer-Labor party. What a risk!

"Yes, Mrs. Schaeffer, Fraulein has been marvelous with Roger. I am so grateful to you for suggesting her. Such loyalty, so competent. I never worry a moment. There's nothing like a thorough German training, is there?"

Susan glanced back at the punch bowl. All three men were lifting their glasses in the air—drinking to the millenium? She sighed with relief.

A boney woman with pince-nez was nailing Susan to the wall with her questions.

"Can you give a whole day to the Red Cross? A half day? Two hours? The point is we must be able to count on you."

"And that is the one thing I am afraid you can't do, Mrs. Knowlton-Smith, at least not for a little while. I have a teeny-tiny baby."

"Oh!" A pause. "Can you knit?" "Not a stitch. I do sound helpless, don't I? But as soon as this routine is lifted I'll report to you. I'm a two finger wonder on the typewriter." Susan smiled appealingly.

"We have trained stenographers for that sort of thing." Susan, dismissed, thought of her magazine years. "Now don't forget—we need every pair of hands to help us win the war... Uh, by the way, I hear you have a German nurse for your baby. Aren't you afraid?"

"Of what?" Susan blinked her eyes.

Mrs. Knowlton-Smith lowered her voice. "Spies. Everywhere. Ground glass in your baby's cereal... Do you let her use the telephone? You can't be too careful. Watch her is my advice, or better still, discharge her!"

Was the woman demented, or did the war do things like that to people's judgment? Susan had the prize baby nurse of St. Paul, and other women had envied her luck in obtaining her. Ground glass in Roger's cereal, Roger whom Fraulein adored, about whom she would telephone when she took her evenings out, "Is de boy in bet? Did he eat his supper goot? Did you vash his eyes mit de boric acid?" Fraulein whose favorite endearment was "Du, du, mit de rubber pants!" "Say, Mrs. Hale, how would you and friend husband like to go in a farm sled out to the club at White Bear tomorrow night? We're having them open the place just for us and we'll have a great fire and cook wienies and coffee and dance and have a swell time. About twenty of us. Whadyuh say?" The essence of Rotarian good fellowship was asking this question.

"Have you asked Tim?"

"He said to ask you—you were the boss."

"Could I call you up tomorrow morning? It sounds like a wonderful party and I do hope we can come." This was one of those parties which Susan felt ought to be discussed before accepting.

REVIEWING this cross-section of St. Paul social life, drinking itself slightly sick on egg-nog this Christmas afternoon, it seemed incredible that the Timothy Hales had only been living there three months. The surging acquaintance of the summer had been more than welcoming, they had had letters, and an author whose stories were constantly appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post* was a rarity. But St. Paul was a conservative city to which one came because of business or friends, not as a winter resort, and perhaps if it had not been war-time the Hales would not have been so quickly welcomed. But it was war-time, and far though St. Paul was from the Marne and Ypres and Château Thierry, and almost as remote from embarking soldiers and submarine scares, this city had created for itself an inland patriotism and a breaking down of barriers to all who were not Germans. Their recoil to Americanism was sharper because of the strong German element in the city.

With the luck which was consistently theirs for many years, the Hales had been almost given the charming house they were living in by its owner, a gentleman who was earning his dollar a year in martial Washington. The very new baby was an insurance of their respectability and also excused Timothy—as "sole support of a household"—from enlisting. Later it seemed to Susan that the Christmas party was the peak of their popularity. After that they began to be suspect.

First it was the German nurse whom Susan refused to discharge. Then people remembered that all were not Republicans whom they had met in the Hale drawing-room. The Little Theater movement in which they had been active died in the arms of the Red Cross—it was more fun to dress in white veils than mummies' costumes. But it was a Sunday night supper when the Hales stood forth in their true colors.

In the steep banks of the Mississippi River, caves had been hallowed for the growth of mushrooms. St. Paul mushrooms were famous and cheap, and St. Paul ate its own mushrooms. Mushrooms with wild rice, grown by the Chippewa Indians on Minnesota reservations, was a regional dish as tasty as the *bouillabaisse* of Marseilles. A casserole of mushrooms was a frequent course at Sunday night suppers, and it was mushrooms in this guise that the Hales were eating when their host applauded the throwing of bad eggs and vegetables at one Fritz Kreisler, violinist, in Youngstown, Ohio.



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when Lemon rinses away
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To have the true, *natural* beauty of hair that is *really* clean, use this simple method.

First, the usual washing and rinsing. Then use the strained fresh juice of two California Sunkist Lemons in four quarts of water. Rub thoroughly into scalp. Then rinse again with clear, cold water.

Every trace of dingy soap film is thus removed. Dark hair shows new depths of sheen, blonde hair discloses its full brilliance. And *all* hair is soft, silky—so that waves stay in much longer.

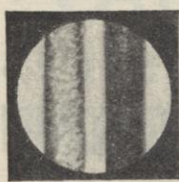
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It is important to know, too, that fresh lemon rinse can be a potent dandruff control. Use it frequently for this reason—in the manner described in new, free booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic."

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Since Lemons are useful in so many ways, it pays always to have a dozen on hand. To be sure of dependable quality, ask for California Sunkist Lemons. They are fresh in your market every day in the year—wrapped in tissue bearing trademark "Sunkist."

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Microscope shows failure of two plain-water rinsings to remove soap curds from hair—sample at left—and how one lemon rinse has completely cleaned another hair (at right) from the same head, disclosing all its natural lustre. Unretouched microphotograph from test under actual conditions by W. F. Herzberg, Ph. D.

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Timothy laid down his knife and fork. "Have you ever heard Kreisler?" he asked quietly.

"Every time he comes to the Twin Cities," his host answered proudly.

"And you enjoyed hearing him?"

"I have every one of his records for my phonograph!"

"And yet you are glad to hear that this man whom you admire so much has been stoned?"

"That's got nothing to do with it. We are at war and Kreisler is sending American money to help our enemies, the wounded Austrian soldiers."

"I don't agree with you." Timothy was struggling not to sound angry. "Kreisler is first of all a musician, then an Austrian. Art is above nationalism. It knows no country. I seem to have read that Kreisler is sending money to artists who *happen* to be soldiers and whose families are destitute. Surely that is a fine thing?" Timothy was pleading for justice.

"In times like these an enemy is an enemy . . . How about some more mushrooms?"

"They are too delicious," exclaimed Susan. "Is there something special you put in the sauce?" She tried to fill the breach but she hoped Tim could feel that she was standing close to his shoulder.

The Hales left early. They were never asked to this house again, and before lunch next day three different friends with German relations telephoned begging them to "shut up or you'll land in Leavenworth. Every one's a little crazy now, no matter which side he's on. You can't argue about patriotism."

THE novelty of being a solid citizen had worn off for Timothy, and also it seemed as if the long Minnesota winter would never end. Grass and daffodils appeared, only to be covered once more with snow. The novel now dwelt in two bulky red envelopes. Timothy was restless.

This time it was Susan who suggested that Tim leave early and drive the car back east. "You need New York," said she. "Stop off and see your father and then scout around for a summer place by the sea—I hunger for it after the prairies, don't you?"

With Timothy gone, and by avoiding all war talk and appearing at the Red Cross twice a week where she rolled bandages very badly, Susan was readopted by St. Paul. When June came Susan packed trunks, replaced broken dishes, dry-cleaned everything in sight, watched Fraulein, tears in her faithful eyes, pack the traveling ice-box

with jars of cooked cereal and vegetables which Susan was to heat for Roger en route, and discovered that she was leaving a city in which she might most happily have made that home she craved and which she was beginning to wonder if she ever would achieve.

TIMOTHY had found a house on Cape Cod belonging to an old Greenwich Village friend, at least he had seen pictures of it, and Susan had to admit the place photographed delightfully. Nevertheless she started on the tedious journey with her growing establishment—Bohemian trained nurse, Hungarian cook, the ice-box, and Roger—with a trepidation foreign to the adventurous Susan.

It was a new house copied after an old one, gray weathered shingles and rambler roses, and a sweet little garden looking out to sea. The interior ran to orange curtains and painted furniture so that Susan felt as if she were living in a tea-room, and that any moment a waitress would appear with a plate of cinnanon toast. Upstairs the bedrooms were divided from each other by partitions so thin a sigh could be heard, certainly a baby's cry, and the nurse asked haughtily if there were only one bath. The city cook stared grimly at her choice of oil stove or coal range.

"Sue! Sue, come up here and decide who's to sleep where. I suppose you'll take the large corner room, as always."

Just what did Tim mean by that? The best bedroom in each of these furnished houses always was taken by her because so obviously it was designed for the mistress of the house. She had never thought about it, any more than offering to sleep in the upper berth on a train. Had he been silently resenting this all along?

"There are four corner rooms. Let us give the sunniest one to Roger, and you take the farthest from him." Susan tried to sound casual.

"There isn't going to be any farthest from anybody, the walls are like paper. How in God's name can I write here? And I haven't written a word in New York, waiting around for you." He was most certainly trying to start a quarrel.

"I told you I thought it was a risk taking this place, sight unseen, but we're here and we've signed the lease, and I think it will be wonderful for the baby."

"Yes, but what about me? Here am I the bread-winner and no decent quiet place to win the bread." His voice was savage.

"Tim, shame on you! I'm just as tired as you are. This whole household is waiting around for me to get them started, whereas all you have to do is to (Turn to page 94)

SHAKE AND SERVE

Continued from page 31

frosty quality that is about as intriguing as anything I can think of on a hot day.

Once last year I told you about granites, those half frozen drinks that one finds always in the old South. Well, you can add a granite to your other fruit juices, shake all together and have a marvelous result. Try it!

The grape juices, purple, white, or red, give a royal flavor to fruit juice cocktails. They are willing and even anxious to appear under their own management or to merge with other stars to make an all-star performance. Lemon and lime and orange juice are all conveniently put up ready for instant conversion into the cocktail rôle, and they are worth experimenting with. The beauty of such experimenting is that you can scarcely go wrong. Isn't it great?

To be very serious about cocktails, I'll speak a word for sauerkraut juice. Season that with salt and pepper and a dash of peppery condiment, and also shake and serve. I've noticed that men hold with the kraut cocktail, and regard it as in the same high estate as the tomato and clam. In fact, you will find that they like a mixture of tomato and sauerkraut juice, and sometimes add a little clam juice and serve all three in one cocktail. I agree that the sauerkraut cocktail has a definite niche in our hall of fame, and so these few words of commendation are written. If you've never served it, do it now. And have it colder than cold. And seasoned right.

All the various fruit syrups are aids and comforts when you are mixing fruit beverages.

I think of grenadine and apricot and mint and almond syrup as giving these delightful cocktails one more charm. You can really do a lot by adding a little of any one of them to your fruit juices, all by way of color, flavor and a certain—oh, you know—style.

I did say something about clam and crab and lobster and shrimp cocktails, didn't I? I don't know why these are called cocktails. You can't shake and serve 'em. But then, you can prepare them with sauces composed of tomato and tabasco and chili sauce, or catsup; not to mention Worcestershire and horseradish and such. The fish should be nicely arranged in the glasses and maybe a slice of lemon added as a garnish. The sauce served with or on the sections of shell fish, the whole served intensely cold. The new—or *pretty* new—tomato sauce in small cans, makes a wonderful cocktail sauce, and of course you can do to it whatever else in the way of seasoning you want to, although it is good just as it is.

And every one of these things is ready for your summer menus. And perfect too in any menu for any occasion. So many things to choose from, so many things to do with those you choose. Every prospect pleases, so far as I'm concerned. Summer most of all. Oh, yes, of course I have got to be on the job and it's hard to look out and see the sky like lapis and the sun a golden monsternance, going west, going fast.

But I know an apple orchard. And under the apple boughs, a small house with petunias round about. And the key is in my pocket.

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Doctors found that Ex-Lax checks on every point they look for in a laxative.

Ex-Lax tablets melt in the mouth, thus releasing the phenolphthalein gradually—important from a medical standpoint for perfect results.

Ex-Lax acts by gently stimulating the intestines to natural action. It doesn't force. It doesn't whip the bowels into action. It doesn't gripe. It is as gentle as Nature herself. Ex-Lax won't form a habit—you don't have to constantly increase the dose to get results.

Why experiment?

Ex-Lax has a 25-year record of popularity. Over 26 million boxes were sold last year.

Do give Ex-Lax a trial—you'll be delighted. At your druggist's—in 10c, 25c and 50c sizes. Or write for a free sample to The Ex-Lax Company, Dept. D-51, P.O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The Chocolated
Laxative

HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 93

unpack your typewriter right now and——"

"And start working so this fancy household can start eating!"

Sue turned her back on him and went down to the kitchen.

"Josephine, they've left some coal in the bucket. You start the fire, and we'll all have a cup of tea before we get to work in earnest."

Upstairs she went again, ignoring Tim who was sitting in a chair at a window staring at the sea.

He made no effort to rearrange the furniture as ordinarily was his first concern, with the typewriter as the center of his universe.

Susan picked up Roger, and stared out to sea. The child was warm and sweet in her arms.

"You're going to have your first birthday on Puritan soil, Master Roger Hale, and what would you like? Daddy will probably give you a book, if he remembers the day at all—and I'll give you a stuffed Miles Standish."

"See, see," and Roger pointed to a windmill revolving in the breeze with a metallic whine.

"Windmill," Susan repeated clearly and slowly, "say, windmill," and the baby tried to copy her. His soft voice almost did it.

"My treasure, I love you so.

But I wonder if father loves you?

He is such a complicated person—perhaps he is afraid of the simplicity of the newly born. I thought we were going to be so happy, the three of us, three old bums together instead of two."

"Tea is ready, ma'am," called the cook from downstairs.

"Thank you—I wish servants said 'madam' in this country—Must tell Josephine not to shout."

With Roger in her arms Susan was about to knock at Timothy's door. "No, better not intrude the nursery at this moment," and she dropped Roger in his crib.

Out of her bag she dragged a creased white flannel suit and a silk blouse which she had brought along as a safe adjuster to any climate before the trunks arrived. She refreshed face and hair, and hung over the bannister of the stairs which gave directly into the living-room to see how the new Josephine had served the tea. The china was symmetrically arranged, there was a hot water jug, there were both cream and lemon, and something under an inverted soup plate; toast, she hoped. Two chairs were drawn up to a low table upon which a tea-cloth had been draped.

Josephine was competent—tea-competent, anyhow.

Susan scratched at Timothy's door.

"Come in." She could guess nothing from his voice. He was lying on the bed.

"Could you get a snooze?" She hoped she did not sound falsely cheerful. "Tea is waiting downstairs."

His eyes were blood-shot—sure sign he had been asleep. Over to the bathroom she stepped and returned with a towel damp with cold water. She bathed his eyes and wiped off his face. He dried it, and smiled at her.

"I guess I was pretty tired. Tea sounds good. Be down in a minute."

Susan hurried back to the kitchen. "Josephine, the tea table looks so inviting, but I think we had better have some fresh hot water. Mr. Hale is only just coming down. And let's try that raspberry jam I brought."

When Timothy appeared Susan was sitting at the low table.

"You look, Sue, as if you had been pouring tea from that pot for years. You certainly have a feeling for rooms. It's a darn shame you haven't a home of your own, you poor lamb." He spoke gently.

Raspberry jam and olive branches.

BUT one olive branch does not make a summer.

The bathroom was a sore point with Tim—a litter of cotton swabs and sterile this and that, and always occupied when he wanted to go in (how many times a day was that precious baby bathed?), and the nurse always crackling past him in her starched white linen pretending not to notice he was still in his pajamas at eleven A.M.

There didn't seem to be one congenial man on the Cape, and their distance from New York made week-ending impossible, and when a guest did get there it meant doubling up and one more person pattering in the bathroom. Not even the work was going well. He wanted to do just one thing—get on with the novel—and a novel he certainly could not write in this Infant Welfare Center.

Roger's first birthday had come and gone, and Timothy had given the child a large picture book of barnyard animals with "Library of Roger Hale, No. 1" printed in big letters on the cover. Very soon he could point to the horse and say "hoota" and to the cow and say "moo," and though



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WOULD you like new and original ideas for a shower for a bride? Suggestions for favors, decorations, entertainment, and—most important—gifts? Are you planning to celebrate a wedding anniversary? Do you know the symbols for the different years? Delineator Institute has published a booklet containing suggestions for forty-four parties. Send for it today. You will find it most helpful.

No. 39 SHOWERS AND ANNIVERSARIES 25c.

DELINEATOR INSTITUTE
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You will find a nice coupon on page 116



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Susan permitted him to call his father "daddy" she was firm about his enunciating "mother" with no infantile variations. He could walk now and had several times gone off adventuring on his own.

Labor Day marked the usual evacuation. The silk sweaters disappeared and there was a return of the native. Fishermen in hip boots gossiped at their own post office, and mother hubbards and gingham aprons were seen abroad. They were back in the old seafaring days.

"I love this. Let's stay until October," suggested Susan.

"All right, but I must get a room somewhere by myself," and this he soon found over a village store. The city servants went back to the city and Susan took care of Roger herself while a sturdy Cape Cod girl cooked such superb chowders as they had not had all summer.

Timothy became another man. No longer badgered by summerites, free to ignore the bedtimes and bathtimes of his son, away from the espionage, whatever the motive, of wife and nurse, he was once more the ardent young author working in a hall bedroom. The thoughts and notes which had been so long collecting flew into a cohesive whole like steel shavings to a magnet. It was an actual lark for Susan to call for him in the crisp late afternoons and take long walks past the reddening cranberry bogs and over the purple moors.

Sometimes they played hooky from home and dined at a Portuguese fish shop and went to the weekly movie . . .

They were closer together than they had been since the days of their Ford adventure.

MID-OCTOBER, 1918, and they were ready to move again.

Spanish influenza descended upon America with all the stealth and virulence of a Medieval Black Plague. And around Boston people were dying fastest. The Hales knew they must fly from the Atlantic seaboard, and the now familiar middle west became for them a haven. So they decided to be off.

OnecoldOctoberdawn they arose, ate their breakfast by electric light, bade farewell to their Cape Cod cook, and with side curtains up and Susan and Roger huddled in a blanket beside Timothy, they drove through sleeping villages until they had a second breakfast in Springfield. Nor would Timothy let his small family come into the restaurant. He brought coffee and fried egg sandwiches out to Susan, who fed Roger from his sterile ice-box.

That long drive to— In what towns did they stay that winter? that next summer?

The early months were a blur of terrified suspicion, of avoidance of public places, of an actual discouragement of friendships. When they had to take a trolley, they sat at an open window and if any one coughed they left the car at once, frowning angrily at the offender.

Yes, yes, of course, there was the Armistice, and then Susan had her appendix removed.

After the twenty-four hour suspense of the operation and Susan faced a painful month of recovery, she and Timothy secretly enjoyed their separation from each other. He liked being completely master in his own home, and she reveled in her lazy dependence on hospital routine, though both looked forward to Timothy's afternoon visits with books and magazines and mail and "lil prizes." Rarely flowers. Timothy never thought in terms of flowers. Often as he sat beside her high hospital bed, stealing titbits from her supper tray, he would read her his day's work: "Richard knew his wife was going to die. The doctor had stopped lying to him. A death-bed scene. The shadows on her face

were changing from violet to a washed green. She—"

"Timmy, stop it! How dare you! Is there nothing sacred to a writer?"

ONE day Timothy brought a stranger to her bedside.

"Meet my new publisher," said he with a flourish of the hand. "Mr. Darcy, of Darcy, Loose and Co. My poor appendixless wife."

Susan wished Tim had given her warning so that she could have prettied herself, and shook hands a bit stiffly with a slender dark man, with thick black hair attractively streaked with gray, and with the longest eyelashes in the world.

"He can't be a good publisher with eyelashes like that," Susan thought, but the eyes behind the eyelashes were steady, the smile quiet and assured, and the handshake just right.

"What does my husband mean, Mr. Darcy?"

"Precisely what he said, we hope. We are a new firm, as you know, and we are eager to get you young people. By which I do not mean that Mr. Hale is a novice—I have been enjoying his short stories for years—but from what I have seen of the new novel which he has shown me, I feel that he is going to do something that will be a complete departure not only from his own work but from anybody else's work in America. And because we are new and eager ourselves, and our list is purposely still a small one, we think we can do more with this book perhaps than some more well-established house. Do you think you can help him get it finished so we can publish it in the autumn of 1920?" His smile was warmer.

"Tactful fellow," thought Susan, but nevertheless she was pleased by his appeal.

AFTER Mr. Darcy and his eyelashes had gone, Susan fell upon Timothy with questions, sitting up in bed so sharply she almost reopened her wound.

"I know Pudnut's will release me—the other books didn't do very well, and the length and subject of this one will paralyze them. This fellow Darcy has courage and talks of the honor of publishing it. He'd been hearing about the novel so he stopped off on his way to California especially to see me . . . Old lady, if I'm to get this book finished when he wants it, it means a steady plugging and darn few short stories. After Darcy read some of the manuscript this morning he admitted there wasn't a chance for serialization. Then I am afraid I am going to make some of the editors sore at me for taking cracks at their pet traditions—Home, Mother, and the Backbone of the Country! But I got to write it, got to! And only you, Sue, can help me. This means the strictest economy from now on, with the prospect of another lean year if the novel is a flop. Are you game?"

It was easier to face poverty for herself than for Roger, but—

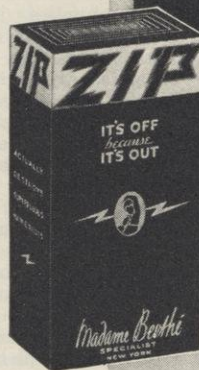
"We'll steal the baby's milk and go on a nut diet," she answered with a gallant smile, but her eyes were sad and she felt her weakness as she lay in bed.

"What a good sport she is in big issues," thought Timothy, rubbing her pale hand against his cheek. "It's only when strangers are sprung on her suddenly. Never forget the way she behaved that evening when I brought Chuck home to dinner. And that wasn't the only time. Why, I was actually afraid to bring in Darcy without first announcing him to Her Majesty. If she'd just learn to be easy and accept things, trust me more—"

He dropped her hand back on the bed. Susan didn't notice. She was staring at the framed photograph of Roger on the bureau.

Struggles, emotional conflicts, and Timothy's great victory are in the June instalment of this human and clear-seeing novel of marriage and divorce: "Half a Loaf" by Grace Hegger Lewis

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CLARK'S O. N. T.
J. & P. COATS
The Two Great Names
in Thread

AT NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 86

minutes past nine, Mr. Poole came to visit us on his way from the station. He had come by the eight-fifty from Marseilles."

"Did he give a reason for calling on Milady Umber?"

"Well, it was a sociable thing to do, and—yes, he had brought a book, a rather special present for Monsieur Heriot Bannister, who is also a guest at Balmoral."

A note was made of Heriot Bannister's name.

"M. P. Mr. Bannister is a Member of Parliament. He is well known in England."

"How long did Monsieur Poole remain?"

"About half an hour."

"Did he seem as usual? Did he talk much?"

"Well, he—talked quite cheerfully, but he did give me the impression that something was worrying him."

"He mentioned a headache." It was Lal, not Juniper, who contributed this item.

"I was just coming to that."

"Oh? I thought you'd forgotten."

Beneath Juniper's lazy voice and Lal's casual reply, a queer antagonism stretched taut for an instant. (Turn to page 97)

MORE MILK IN THE MENU

Continued from page 30

seasonings must be applied judiciously.

New potatoes boiled, and served with peas in evaporated milk that has been allowed to reduce with the vegetables gently simmered in it, the whole seasoned with salt and pepper and chopped parsley, are way ahead of the same vegetables served with cream sauce. Not but what cream sauces are rare and delicate works of art when they are really cream and frankly sauces and not what ought to come right out and be called "milk gravy." I think there is no place for lumpy, pasty, milk gravy at a civilized table. But there is room for cream sauces. And they really will be that when you have begun to make them with evaporated milk. You can add a little water to the milk to get a less rich sauce, and season with adroitness. And cook to a fine smoothness.

Does anyone remember codfish in cream? I do. And I am giving you a good old rule to do that by. That is one way to get more milk into the menu.

And so it goes. Let there be on your shelves, rows of bright cans of evaporated milk. And in the refrigerator cans that have been boiled and chilled, so their content is all ready to whip, and that is all you need worry about. You will have no trouble getting the quart a day and the pint a day into your scheme of diet. And you'll have fun, besides.

How I like to cook!

BAKED HAM WITH MILK

Select a slice of ham about one inch thick. Trim off most of the fat edge. On the ham spread a little prepared mustard, cover with a generous layer of brown sugar and put the ham in a baking dish. Add two cups evaporated milk and two cups of water, mixed. Bake in a moderate oven 325° to 350° F. for about an hour, or until ham is tender and milk reduced. Serve with grilled or baked sweet potatoes or baked white potatoes and sautéed pineapple. Baked apples are delicious with this dish.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING

Scald two cups evaporated milk and two cups water, mixed. Add one-half teaspoon salt. Moisten seven tablespoons corn meal with a little milk, and stir into the scalded milk with two-thirds cup of molasses. Add one teaspoon cinnamon and a dash of clove. Pour into a baking dish and bake in a slow oven, 300° to 325° F. for three to four hours. Serve with undiluted evaporated milk and brown sugar.

ASPARAGUS WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

Heat contents of one can asparagus. Drain and cover with sauce as follows: Heat one and one-half cups evaporated milk with one cup water. Melt three tablespoons butter and add three tablespoons flour. Stir into heated milk. Cook until smooth and creamy. Season with salt, pepper, paprika to taste. Put the asparagus on slices of toast, cover with sauce and garnish with mushrooms sautéed.

MOULDED FISH

(Salmon or tuna may be used.) Chop finely the contents of a can of salmon or tuna and put through a sieve (there should be ½ cup). Add gradually the whites of two eggs.

Add 1¼ cups evaporated milk. Salt, pepper and cayenne to taste. Turn into buttered mould and cover with buttered paper. Set in pan of hot water and bake until fish is firm. Serve with Normandy sauce or cream sauce.

NORMANDY SAUCE

Cook skin and bones of fish with three slices of carrot, one slice onion, sprig parsley, bay leaf, ¼ teaspoon of peppercorns, 2 cups cold water, thirty minutes and strain; there should be 1 cup.

Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 3 tablespoons flour, fish stock, ½ cup evaporated milk. Bring to boiling point and add yolks of 2 eggs. Season with salt, pepper and cayenne.

CREAMED CODFISH

One cup of flaked salt codfish should be soaked in warm water one half hour. If canned codfish is used, this is not necessary. Put the fish into a skillet and add two cups evaporated milk. Season to taste. Thicken with a small piece of butter melted and added to a tablespoon of flour. Cook slowly stirring until smooth and slightly thickened. Break an egg into the mixture just before serving and stir well. Serve with a garnish of sliced hard cooked eggs. Baked potatoes are traditional with this.

A PERFECT PUDDING

Soak two cups bread crumbs in two cups evaporated milk mixed with two cups water. When thoroughly soaked, squeeze the crumbs well. Beat yolks of four eggs and add one cup sugar. Combine with milk and add crumbs. Beat well. Add two tablespoons melted butter, juice of one lemon, grated rind of one orange and two cups raisins. Beat all together well. Pour into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven, 325-350° F. for half to three-quarters of an hour. Beat whites of eggs until stiff, add six tablespoons sugar and beat again to make a meringue. Take pudding from the oven, and cover top with a layer of currant jelly. Put on this a layer of the meringue, then another layer of jelly and last a topping of meringue. Bake for another fifteen to twenty minutes. Chill and serve.

MY FAVORITE RICE PUDDING

To three cups evaporated milk mixed with one cup water, add one-third cup rice, uncooked. Add one teaspoon salt, one-third cup sugar and one-half cup raisins. Lastly a small piece of butter and one teaspoon vanilla. Bake in a slow oven, 300 to 325° F. for one and one-half to two hours. Stir occasionally while baking.

BANANA ICE CREAM

Scrape and mash six ripe bananas. Scald one and one-half cups of evaporated milk and one-half cup water and add the grated rind of an orange and a dash of mace. Add one cup sugar. Add the banana pulp. Whip two cups of evaporated milk and add. Freeze.

LEMON CREAM SAUCE

1 cup confectioner's sugar Juice of 3 lemons
Grated rind of 1 lemon
Mix together until smooth and keep in refrigerator several hours. Add then one cup undiluted evaporated milk and beat well.



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Almost any oil will furnish a certain amount of lubrication for your household appliances. But lubrication alone is not enough to keep them working their best all the time.

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SEE PAGE 116 . . .

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Desserts

that Bewitch

with Daintiness

NOTHING puts our cookery to the test so much as the dessert. What a responsibility it is—unless the pantry shelf contains a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine. For out of it will come an unending array of bewitching desserts—or salads—or main dishes—or fresh-tasting dishes made from left-overs. And the nice part of it all is—that a single package will make 4 different dishes for 4 different meals; 6 servings each. Try this delicious dessert for your first dish—and send for the Knox Recipe Book “Dainty Desserts and Salads”. Knox Gelatine, Dept. 5-166, Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

MAPLE SPONGE OR CARAMEL WHIP

(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · ½ cup cold water · 1½ cups brown or maple sugar · 1 cup boiling water · Whites of 2 eggs · 1 cup chopped nut meats · Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Put sugar and hot water in saucepan, bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Pour syrup gradually on soaked gelatine. Cool, and when nearly set, add whites of eggs beaten until stiff, and nut meats. Turn into wet mold, and chill. When firm, unmold and serve with custard made of yolks of eggs, sugar, a few grains of salt, milk, and flavoring.

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THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 96

Juniper’s round, baby-blue eyes met Lal’s dark flash of defiance.

Then the tension snapped, but not before the Commissaire’s suspicions had been definitely aroused. Closely he cross-examined the ex-speed king on his exact doings of the night before.

“Then he left you, shall we say, at twenty minutes to ten?”

“At twenty-five minutes to ten.”

“Ah! You marked the time. How was that?”

“Lady Humber had a supper-party that night at the Casino. Her guests had been invited for half-past nine, and I could see her fidgeting during Monsieur Poole’s unexpected visit in case he made her late. At last she left before he did.”

“Was that not a little discourteous of Milady UMBER? Did she make no suggestion of inviting Monsieur Poole to her party?”

“My aunt,” Lal answered the question with distinct emphasis, “my aunt had no idea of being discourteous, but she did not like Mr. Fred Poole. None of us liked him.”

A quiver ran through the assembled company. So Lal had chosen to say boldly what they had all been thinking. “None of us liked him.” Queer of Lal. They were shocked, grateful to him, nevertheless. Now the Commissaire knew. It was a relief.

“When you say, monsieur, that none of you liked him, you imply—?”

Paul came to Lal’s help. It seemed fair that Aloës should answer for itself as well as Balmoral. “We had no special grudge against Mr. Poole. But his personality was extremely exasperating.”

“He was, in fact, *ce pauvre monsieur*, not popular?”

“Not off the stage. In the theater he was a very popular comedian.”

“That is so often the case,” said the Commissaire sententiously, shaking his head. “So I gather that you were not any more pleased at his return here than Milady UMBER was pleased that he should call at her villa when she was giving a party? Now, if you please, we will go straight on. Milady UMBER departed to the Casino, in time to meet her guests at half-past nine. Did any one of you accompany her?”

Juniper and Lal again exchanged glances, but this time in unspoken communion. Juniper gave place to Lal, and Lal replied:

“I believe my aunt will be here presently with Mr. Bannister. Wouldn’t you prefer that she should tell you about that herself?”

“Did she go to the Casino alone?” The Commissaire was getting more and more suspicious.

“No, sir. I went with her.”

“Then you left Monsieur Poole behind, with Mr. Gregg and Mr. Heriot?” The interrogation deserted Lal and fastened again on Juniper Gregg: “I gather that Monsieur Poole left about ten minutes later. Alone?”

“Yes, alone.”

“How did he propose to cover the distance between St. Raphael and this villa?”

“He said he would pick up a taxi quite easily. He was carrying only a suit case.”

“You did not offer, any of you, to assist him. Yet there are automobiles, surely, at this villa Bal—Bal-morale?”

“Two,” replied Juniper. “Lady Humber’s and Mr. Bannister’s.”

“And neither of them was placed at the disposal of Mr. Poole? It is evident that, as you say, he was not liked. But even then—”

The Commissaire shook his head sadly. “You have not an automobile of your own, Monsieur Gregg?”

“No. I drive a motor-boat. We came over in it this morning, Mr. Clifford and myself.”

“But that, neither, did you put at the disposal of Monsieur Poole?”

“No, I didn’t! I had some letters to write!” bellowed Juniper.

“You did not then yourself go to dance at the Casino last night, when Monsieur Poole left you at twenty-five minutes to ten?”

“No. Mr. Bannister went. I’m too much of a bear to enjoy dancing.”

Still suspicious, the Commissaire questioned Lal, but his account of the evening was a listless repetition of Juniper’s. “Then, Monsieur Poole, he was not welcome wherever he went?”

The Commissaire debated slightly with his conscience for a few minutes. Though he tried to keep an open mind on the suicide possibility, his own inclination was to believe that a murder had taken place at Aloës during the night. The whole household was so bizarre, so incoherent in its morals and costumes. The Commissaire was not young any more, and soon he would be retiring. He would like after retirement to be able to sit at a table in a café and cause the whole company to forget their *bocks*, while he described from an intimate point of view his skilful unraveling of this sensational case. His career for the last sixteen years or so had been unusually tame. Why should he, therefore, hand over so much potential glory to the *Sûreté*?

“Bring me,” cried Auguste Polidore—looking very sweet and rosy, with the round face and fatherly eyes which even his present deadly purpose could not sharpen into the proper menace belonging to a sleuth—“bring me—” Nancy and Prunella held their breath, wondering what his demand would be—“bring me the cook!” cried Auguste Polidore.

Leonie was summoned, and crept in, trembling and desperate, clasping Hercule in her arms as though at any moment he would be torn from her by nine huge and relentless gendarmes.

Marie-Félice, weeping, followed her in. “*Je m’appelle Marie-Félice Bourget*,” she cried, before she was asked, having been told perhaps that it was a good thing to propitiate the force by not withholding anything.

“I am called Marie-Félice Bourget, and I am nineteen on December the fourth, and there is on my *hanche* a tiny, tiny little birthmark, and some say it is a strawberry, and some say that it is a lizard.”

The gendarme at the Commissaire’s elbow made no move to take down these important facts. He dropped his pencil; he dropped his notebook. He gazed at Leonie, a very handsome woman, with the eyes of one to whom the principal hour of paradise had suddenly been revealed. Becoming aware of this, even through her mists of terror and anguish, she coyly fluttered a fringe of dark eyelash, put her head on one side, and kissed the top of Hercule’s head. The gendarme was enchanted.

“*Asses! Asses!*” exclaimed the Commissaire, for he was now preparing the most conspicuous feature of the evidence. “You will attend, you—what is your name?—Leonie Pauquet. *Eh bien*, and you are cook here? Well, then, it is you who are most deeply incriminated.”

Leonie uttered a wail.

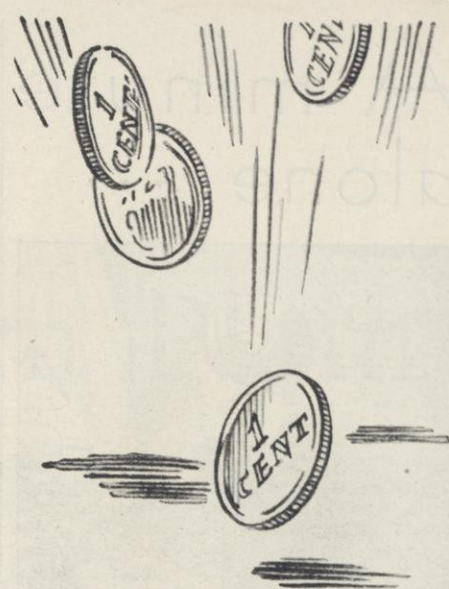
“Your only hope,” the Commissaire went on, “is in declaring the complete truth in every detail. At what hour did you make the herb tea last night, and for how many people?”

“*Mais, monsieur*, I did not make it, I.”

“Ah! Now we arrive at something! You did not make it. You are the cook here, and yet you did not make it. How is that? You were offered, shall we say, a little present not to make the herb tea on this special night. You are greedy. You accept. You ask no questions. You wonder, but bah! when it is a question of a roll of bank-notes—” Leonie started—“when it is a question of a hundred francs, what do you care? But I warn you, Pauquet—”

Leonie resented being called Pauquet. And she was utterly infuriated by the mention of a hundred francs. Madame—the whole household knew that she scorned money. Her dark eyes flashed. If Silvère, her dauntless postman husband, had been here, he would not hear her insulted.

“I warn you, Pauquet, (Turn to page 98)”



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SANITARY NAPKIN USE. You will be grateful, too, for this important use of Mum. On the sanitary napkin Mum protects you just when you need it most.

THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 97

that a pretense of ignorance will not save you from the guillotine."

Marie-Félice shrieked, but Leonie was past caring. The Commissaire had roused a sleeping Amazon. "If you will listen, monsieur, but you will not listen—no, no, no, instead of talking to me about the guillotine as though, indeed, I had not an innocent baby in my arms at this moment! Certainly I did not make the tea last night, no, nor any other night. It is Madame Jackson who made it, as she usually does."

"Ah!" The Commissaire swung round towards Rumples. "We return to you, madame. If I remember, your evidence was previously not very satisfactory. You made the herb tea last night?"

"Oh, yes," answered Rumples cheerfully. "Oh, yes, I make the herb tea every night, in my room. I've got such a pet of a spirit-lamp. Shall I bring it in?"

"Presently." The Commissaire would have preferred a little less readiness to exhibit these proofs of probable guilt.

"And how is it that you usurp the office of the cook on this occasion?"

"Oh, I don't think Leonie's hurt about it. I wouldn't have her hurt for worlds, but she likes a little time in the evening to see her friends, and they all go down the garden and on to the beach with lanterns, looking for fish, I suppose. We watch them sometimes—it's really quite picturesque."

With difficulty she was recalled to the subject of herb tea.

"It was I who persuaded them to have it every night instead of those nasty alcoholic drinks. I've made a special study of herbs and simples and infusions, and I simply love to brew them myself. It's no trouble at all, and I don't always make it the same. Sometimes I put in one sort of leaf and sometimes another. You can make it of lime-flowers or camomile, but my recipe is a secret."

"I am sure it is," grimly from Monsieur Polidore, while the rest of the company wished fervently that that idiot Rumples would be slightly less communicative on sensitive subjects such as secret brews and private recipes.

Unless, of course, she were less of an idiot than she seemed?

"You say you have a spirit-lamp in your room?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And you have spirit in your room, too?"

"Oh yes, plenty of spirit. I had a big bottle refilled last time we went into St. Raphael."

"Ah . . . and at what time did you make herb tea for your friends?"

"About half-past nine, I think—their usual time. We sip it and talk and make plans for the next day, before going to bed."

"Where did you drink your tea? In the salon?"

"Oui, monsieur."

"Did you drink of it yourself?"

"But, yes, monsieur, naturally."

"Nevertheless, it would have been possible for you, with the spirit-lamp and the spirit in your bedroom, to have made herb tea again later on, supposing—I am only supposing, madame—that somebody should have asked you for it. Someone who was cold, who had been on a journey?"

"Of course I'd have made him some, the sweet lamb!" cried the impetuous Rumples.

"I gather from my own experience, that one does not drink herb tea when it is cold."

"Oh, horrid!"

"Then let me reconstruct: This gentleman, this Monsieur Poole, this unfortunate, he arrives here at the villa late at night after a journey. No one is up to receive him. Mistral is blowing. He is chilled. He is tired. We already have evidence that he had a headache. What more natural than that he should knock at the door of the bedroom beside his, remembering that there slept the only person in the house—am I right?—the only person in the house, who has the means of preparing a hot drink, and ask Madame Jackson of her kindness to take pity on him?"

"I simply can't think why he didn't!" Rumples shook her curls.

Polidore could not help feeling that his dramatic reconstruction of events, which ought to have led up to an hysterical scream and full confession, had perhaps fallen a little flat. He turned his back upon Rumples—

whose complete self-possession only convinced him that she was an experienced criminal—and in a perfunctory way, discouraged, questioned Marie-Félice. Suddenly his interest became alert.

"You had been asleep for a long time, yes, and then you woke up and went to the window. This is charming. And what did you see from the window?"

Marie-Félice whispered: "I saw three persons advancing up the garden from the sea."

"Bien! We make progress. Who were they?"

"I do not know, monsieur."

"Why do you not know?"

"I was frightened. I returned quickly to my couch."

"Three persons . . . you are sure there were three? You are sure you saw three and not two?"

"Je ne sais pas, monsieur."

VOICES were heard in the hall. The door of the salon was flung open and Lady Humber walked in like a procession with banners.

"My darling, how terrible for you, all this stupid business!" She took Sophia in her arms and extinguished her. "I made Heriot drive me over at once. Such a dreadfully messy disaster, and with foreign policemen all over the place. Do you know there's one at your garden gate! I left Heriot talking to him. Of course, we haven't told the Prince anything. You understand that. With his nerves all on the twitter, it might be fatal."

For one second it seemed to Nancy that Aunt Lucinda's gaze met Juniper's, snapped furiously, and went blank. The next instant she was again all sympathy and understanding.

The Commissaire realized at once that he probably had here a great lady. So that it was with a manner far more respectful than the one hitherto employed to the inhabitants of Aloës, that he begged the old autocrat to inform him of her connection with (a) Madame Framingham, or (b) the unfortunate Monsieur Poole.

"You know who I am, of course," said Lal's Aunt Lucinda. "And Madame Framingham is my very great friend, although perhaps in London I don't see quite as much of her as I could wish. She has her work, and I have my responsibilities."

The Commissaire bowed.

The entrance of Heriot Bannister luckily relieved him from the odious necessity of questioning the illustrious comtesse, for Polidore was sure she could be no less. Heriot supplied all the information required with exactly the right mixtures of ease and reserve in his statement. He was staying with Lady Humber, in her villa Balmoral, at St. Raphael—

"Ah! Bal-morale again! And you, monsieur, are—?"

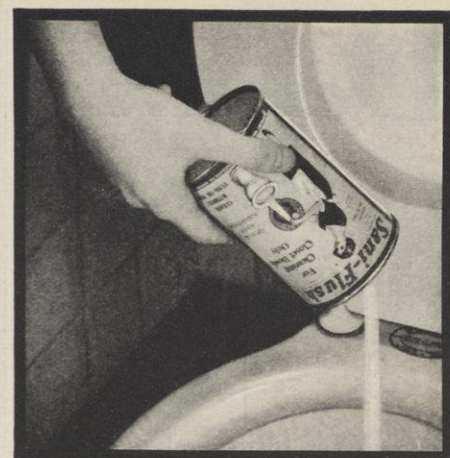
"Heriot Bannister, Member of Parliament for East Wiltshire."

And Mr. Gregg and Mr. Clifford, Lady Humber's nephew, completed the party? The Commissaire had not noticed Aunt Lucinda's reference to a prince whose nerves were on the twitter, and she, angry at her slip, was profoundly thankful. For naturally, she did not wish her minor royalty to be dragged into all this most unpleasant confusion.

But the Commissaire did not badger the Balmorals as he had badgered the Aloësians. His interrogation was formal and polite, and at first it looked as though nothing fresh were to arise from it. Heriot Bannister merely confirmed the evidence already given before his arrival by Lal and Juniper Gregg; that Fred had called on them last night at about nine o'clock, stayed for about half an hour, and seemed well and cheerful enough—"except for a headache?" the Commissaire prompted him.

"Except for a headache," repeated Heriot Bannister, nonchalantly.

He was a tall spare man of about thirty-six, with shrewd eyes, a long chin, and the effect of a quizzical smile dried on his face. It was just as well for Polidore's complacency that he did not realize that Bannister, one of the youngest members of the House, was also one of the most eloquent, witty and troublesome. Heriot supplied a little fresh information with deliberation. (Turn to page 102)



hours REDEEMED

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Cecil Chichester

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It's a far cry from the cow country to Broadway. But what it takes to make the broncho buster "open up" about his cigarette is exactly what you want in your smoke. *Taste*—and lots of it! And taste is a matter of tobacco quality, nothing else. What you taste in Chesterfield is milder, better tobaccos — not another thing!



They satisfy
— that's why!

"If you really want to help your husband"

"I suppose there never was a bride who wasn't full of dreams and plans to help her husband toward success. May I, from my own observation of men at work, make a suggestion? If you really want to help your husband, start at home. The wife who runs her home with economy and forethought, who keeps her husband free from domestic worry, is the wife of a man who is likely to succeed."

CAPT. ROBERT DOLLAR

*Chairman of the Board, Dollar Steamship Lines, Inc., Ltd.
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PIGGLY WIGGLY STORES

DON'T SLEEP THROUGH THE SUMMER

Continued from page 9

Brown at St. Giles's fair at Oxford. Billy Brown is now the Reverend Professor Doctor William Adams Brown, of Union Theological Seminary.

In July 1928, as I stood in Plymouth, breathing English air for the first time since 1912, a young healthy American girl, who had also just landed, said to me in a voice thrilling with excitement, "I am going to travel all summer in England and Scotland, and I am going to travel alone." Those most enjoy liberty who are most fitted for it; and I only wish I knew that girl's name, so that I could get an account of her travels.

As a rule, bicycling in company is more fun than bicycling alone; and I give this sound advice to young married people. Husband and wife, in their unencumbered youth, can do nothing better than take a bicycle trip together through England. One speaks best from one's own experience: when I was thirty-five, accompanied by my "most intimate friend," I enjoyed to the uttermost a bicycle trip through all the Southern counties of England. Neither of us will ever forget the night of the harvest moon, when, in order to keep an engagement to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hardy, and yet not to miss a trip we had planned, we wheeled through the English countryside from dusk to dawn. We met not a single person, nor did we hear a voice. It seemed as if we were the only two human beings in the world; the cloudless, windless September night was as clear as noon. That was a memorable experience, surely worth a night's sleep.

England is almost exactly the size of the State of Michigan; and it is evident that a great many interesting things can be seen, and an excellent idea of the whole of England gained in two months.

Now for old people spending a summer in England, I suggest quite a different plan. They can see an immense number of important places, towns, castles, cathedrals, and yet sleep in the same hotel every night. Old people are easily made ill by changing their food, their drinking water, and their rooms; to sleep in a country inn, no matter how picturesque it may be on the outside, is usually not an agreeable experience. To travel with a lot of baggage, to be bothered with porters, taxicabs, and struggle every day with a new hotel "manageress," is far from pleasant. Well, it is not necessary to be bothered with these things.

Go to London; get as good a hotel as you can afford; get as pleasant and comfortable a room as is possible; settle down, for that is to be your home for a month: there you will sleep, there you will rest, there you will eat breakfast and supper every day. A good many days will be spent in inexhaustible London; but whenever you wish to see Oxford or Cambridge or Stratford or Winchester or Durham or any other town or place, take a fast express that leaves about eight in the morning, spend several hours in the town you have in mind, and take a train back to London in the late afternoon, eating dinner in your hotel at half-past seven or eight. The summer days in England are long: the trains are fast and comfortable; it is neither dull nor disagreeable to travel on English trains.

In this manner you can travel every day if you like, as free from baggage as a bird; and come back every evening to your familiar nest.

To those who take a vacation in America, let the young couple camp out in Wyoming or in Canada, if you can afford to pay their expenses; one of the few acceptable services that the old can render to the young is to pay their bills. But don't, if you are old, try camping out yourself. You will be like those silly old Americans, who, during the late war, wished to "do their bit"; so they went to France, got in everybody's way, usually fell sick and had to be taken care of.

Many elderly people now have hit upon the excellent plan, if they are able to take a vacation, to take it in Georgia, the Carolinas, or Florida in the winter, and warm their old bones up at home in the summer. With country clubs and the ever-ready automobile, summer at home in a big city is nothing like so dreadful as it seemed in the eighties.

And now for those families with children who can no more afford to go to Europe in the summer than they can afford to own a steam yacht; whose vacations must be

limited to an occasional week-end, or perchance a week—what are they going to do this summer?

Well, the bread-winner may have to go right on with his work; but the wife and children? If they live in a big city, there are many opportunities to hear either free, or at a very low price, symphony orchestras playing splendid music in a public park or in a stadium; in some cities, like Detroit, this happens every night. If the motion pictures and talkies are carefully chosen, they may minister to education as well as to amusement. If one has a radio it may be turned into a source of true culture, instead of softening the brains of the household and destroying the character of the neighbors.

LET me make a suggestion for boys and girls who are at home in the summer vacation with practically nothing to do. There must

be several million boys and girls in America who are not forced to work during vacations and yet whose parents are not sufficiently supplied with money so that their children can go to a camp or indulge in travel. The vast majority of these young people waste the summer. Of course they enjoy their freedom from school; they play games, they go swimming and have other amusements. But I think they would enjoy their amusements more, if they did some mental work every day.

I would suggest to these idle boys and girls that they learn to read some foreign language. If young people who are at home in the summer-time, with nothing to do, would study French or German, Spanish or Italian every morning for three hours after breakfast, in two months they would be reading the language easily; and it would be an asset for the rest of their lives.

Furthermore, the competition in business and professional life today is so sharp and relentless, that young men and women cannot know too much, or be too well equipped. If three hours of every day are profitably spent, the rest of the day is more enjoyed, because it has been earned.

Or, if these young people cannot enjoy a

trip abroad this summer because their parents cannot afford to send them, why do they not bestir themselves, earn some money this summer, with which they can go abroad another summer?

Here again in giving advice it is best to draw on one's own experience. Confession is more effective than exhortation. One cold winter night in my sophomore year at Yale, a classmate and I were sitting in the cheapest seats of the top gallery of the theater, admiring the stereopticon pictures exhibited by John L. Stoddard. About halfway through his lecture, he showed a charming picture of a certain place on the Rhine. Suddenly one of us turned to the other, and whispered earnestly, "I'll shake hands with you standing on that spot within seven years!" The challenge was accepted, and we shook hands solemnly.

Neither of us had any money; my father was a Baptist minister, and his a keeper of a country store. But inside of five years we stood on that identical place we had seen in the picture; and as we leaned our bicycles up against the side of the road, and looked out over the enchanting river, I said: "Remember that winter night in the theater five years ago? Here we are!"



DOWN YONDER by BERT COOKSLEY

IT'S spring down yonder now . . . The willows wake
Over their fuzzy meadow, and the stream
Combs down its dark bed with a silver rake,
Meandering idly as a tulip's dream,
Tinkling a wayward song. Down yonder now
The lark builds in her field, and all day through
A warm wind stirs from bough to apple bough
In orchards sweet with petal-fall and dew.

And now the time of winter sleep is done,
A ragged farm blinks up into the dawn,
An old barn limbers in the copper sun,
Easing its shingles with a creaky yawn;
An old dog stretches where the porch vines wander,
Still waiting . . . remembering . . . down yonder.

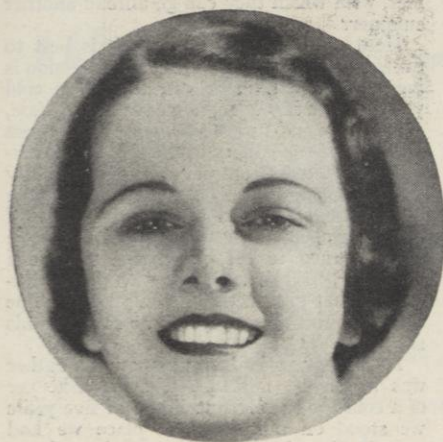


Decoration
by
George Hughes



THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 98



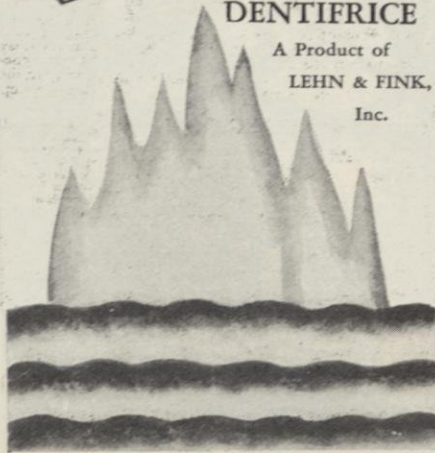
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DENTIFRICE

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"Monsieur Poole had come from Marseilles, yes. He had just said goodbye to his brother's wife, who had sailed for Ceylon."

"Fred's Blowsabel!" exclaimed Joe, to the mystification of Polidore; and then blushed and refused to say what he meant. All the Aloës party, indeed, were roused to a quite irrelevant excitement by Heriot's disclosure. So their cynical conjectures had been right! Fred's "gorgeous creature" of Marseilles proved, after all, merely rather a tame sister-in-law. How just like Fred to have attempted to lure them into believing her the heroine of a vermillion and gold love affair.

The Commissaire was so pleased with the two distinguished late-comers from Balmoral, that he allowed the integrity and suavity of their replies to cover his somewhat less satisfactory encounter with Juniper Gregg and Lal Clifford. He intimated that the Balmoral party were now at liberty to go or stay as they pleased, though naturally they would be required to attend the inquest.

To the Aloës party he was less lenient. He announced that two gendarmes would be posted at the villa, and that for the moment no one might leave without special permission. Within the limits of this embargo, and under the vigilance of the gendarmes, they might do as they pleased. "For the present," he added, with sardonic emphasis. With a low bow to Madame Framlingham, he departed to make a final examination of the house and garden.

"Does that mean we're under arrest?" asked Nancy, almost before the salon door had closed behind him.

"I dunno; looks like it," Joe replied gloomily. "Let's ask Heriot."

Juniper had already gone down to his motor-boat, and Heriot was following him, walking across the garden with Lal; they could see the two apparently in earnest conversation, as they paused by the balustrade at the top of the steps leading down to the beach, and stood there for a few minutes, Lal listening, half turned away from Heriot, restive under submission. . . . But Heriot always knew best.

There was a lot of glamour mixed up with this friendship. Heriot was fourteen years Lal's senior, but then Lal always was curiously attracted by full maturity; and Heriot Bannister's sense of values was so adjusted that whether he took serious matters lightly, or discussed trivialities as though nonsense were more significant to him than politics, he gave equally the impression of authority in the way he handled life: his own and others'.

With a final: "All right, I won't be a fool," Lal parted from Heriot, and returned to the villa.

"Where's Aunt Lucinda? I'm to tell her that Heriot's going back in *Dandy* with Juniper, instead of in the car."

Aunt Lucinda was furious. Presently, the Commissaire also left the villa, his final search having discovered nothing of interest except a number of matches and some cigaret ends in the grass under the cork tree. But he determined to concentrate on finding the chauffeur of the taxi which had brought the dead man from St. Raphael to the gates of Aloës.

VERY LATE, Marie-Félice laid *dejeuner* and brought it in. It was not Leonie's best cooking, but that did not matter, for it was hardly touched. Everyone was gloomy and puzzled. Death, suicide, murder, the house exposed to the watchfulness of gendarmes. . . . all the charm of their careless existence in the south had evaporated under these grim conditions. Who knew which of them might not be allowed to return to England at all? Who knew which of them—ought not to be allowed to return? Because of the unformulated shreds and drifts of suspicion in the air, they were not even anxious to discuss the happenings of the hectic hours since the discovery that Fred was not sleeping, but dead, with a cup of poison by his side. Joe was even more silent than the others, though by the unconscious prudence of having slept straight through the night, hearing nothing, he had acquitted himself better than the rest during the recent inquiry. But he was anxious about his sister. It was all very well to say that she had been restless, mooded about the garden, waked Paul to hear her troubles, and gone down to bathe at midnight during

all the blowing fury of mistral. Quite mad, of course, but then Prunella was the mad one of the Quentin pair, and wore her follies like a gay, tattered motley, bells a-tinkle on every point.

Yes, but although Joe had stumbled over Paul's wet bathing-suit where it was flung on the floor of his bedroom, where anyone might see it, Prunella's bathing-costume—was dry. She had forgotten. . . . It was tossed on the ledge of Joe's window, not hers, where she had hung it to dry in the sun after they had all bathed yesterday evening. Prunella's own window faced a different way, where the morning sun did not reach it. Joe went on, munching worry with his food. It was queer, anyhow, that Prunella should have thought of bathing during mistral; but if only Paul had bathed, and she had not even taken off her clothes, why had she said—why had he said—what were they both saying? Not the truth, Joe was convinced of that.

"Hullo! What's happening to Lal?"

Aloës had not been furnished for the needs of such a big party, and Lal, the last arrival, was seated on a low chair, brought up to the required level above the table by an air-cushion. Now he was slowly subsiding, to the accompaniment of a hissing noise and a few squeaks. "The blooming thing's going limp under me." He produced the rubber circlet. "Whose is it? How do you blow it up?"

Prunella gave a sudden hysterical gasp—and burst out laughing.

"F-Fred!" she stammered through choking merriment. "Fred—oh, don't you remember? He was the last, sitting over there with his cheeks puffed out. It's Fred's *breath*. D-don't let it all go! It's the last we shall ever have!"

Her hysteria was infectious, and Nancy caught it.

"Shut up, you fools!" growled Joe, "D'you want a basin of cold water emptied over your heads?"

"But it's so . . . absurd!" from his sister. Absurd that the breath should be out of Fred's body and still in a ring of red rubber. Absurd, and yet, somehow, uncanny, as though it were still alive. Save it somehow! Somehow hold the cap before it all escaped, Fred's breath—Fred's last breath. . . .

"Be quiet, both of you!" Sophia stood up and spoke sternly. This outbreak was, in its way, a good thing; it relieved tension, but it went beyond decency and had to be checked. "Nancy! Prunella! Pull yourselves together. I won't have it!"

A last gurgle or two, a sigh, and they were quiet, rather ashamed of themselves. "Sorry, Sophia!"

"That's right," said Sophia. "And now listen. I've something to say to you all, collectively. We must face it: we're in an extremely unpleasant position. Naturally, as your hostess, I regret it even more than you. Quite apart from the tragedy itself, that it should have happened like this is my responsibility."

"Oh, nonsense, my dear! You're no more to blame than the rest of us. You mustn't feel it like that. The matter's bound to be cleared up."

"Yes, of course. That's exactly what I was going to say. The matter's bound to be cleared up. But in the meantime, there's a very great danger that we shall let ourselves become neurotic and suspicious. It breeds, in this atmosphere. It's started already, and I don't wonder. We've all had a shock, and then a long strain on top of it. Answering questions truthfully is always a strain." Sophia avoided focusing her gaze on either Prunella or Paul as she said this. The ambiguity of their statements to the Commissaire had left her feeling as though some sand had got into her food. She dismissed the unwelcome memory, and went on with her speech. "Now, we've got to avoid this danger. We've all been such good friends so far, I'd be heart-broken if it broke down over this. We've got to show strength of mind!"

"We've got to keep perfectly sane and normal, think as little as possible of—of what happened in there, go on with our usual work and our usual amusements as far as we can, and as for the gendarmes, treat them as though they were pleasant guests in the villa."

"Mais oui! Would (Turn to page 110)

New!



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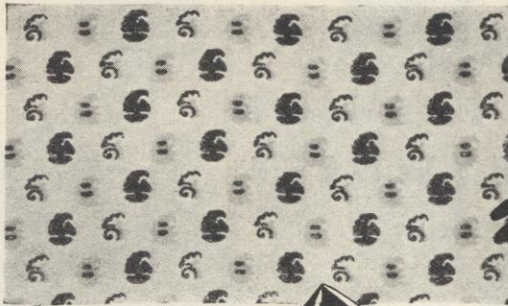
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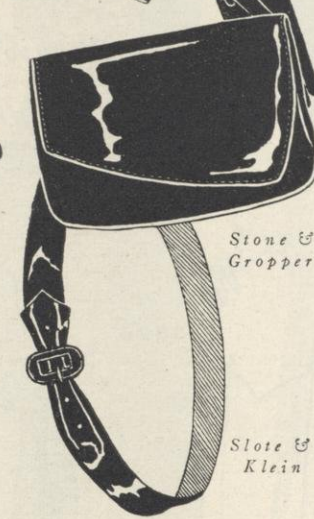
Cheney Bros.



Arch Preserver

I. Miller

Fownes



Stone & Gropper

Stone & Klein

DARK with LIGHT

"PUT black accessories with light frocks and white accessories with dark frocks." So says Paris, so says New York, and so say we all. More *zip* can be given a lady-like pastel frock by good strong splashes of black! And what good strong splashes of white haven't done to the once "decent" black dress! A pastel print—like the pink-and-black one above—should have black accents, preferably the black patent-leather things illustrated here. And a black-and-white print, like the one below, needs lots of white to make it lively—white hat, white gloves, white beads, bag and belt. And that brings us to the horrid discovery that the white belt lovingly selected for this page is most unaccountably not present. It was a wide, crush, white suede thing, spotless and gorgeous. The new white bags are made of calfskin, white alligator, white lizard, white suede and white patent leather, and they are washable, in case you are wondering how long a white bag is a white bag. We hasten to add, however, that "washable" merely means making a few slight passes at them with a damp cloth and a bit of soap. As very soiled bags can't be cleaned satisfactorily this way, don't wait too long. We advise giving all white bags a bath every Saturday night—whether they need it or not.

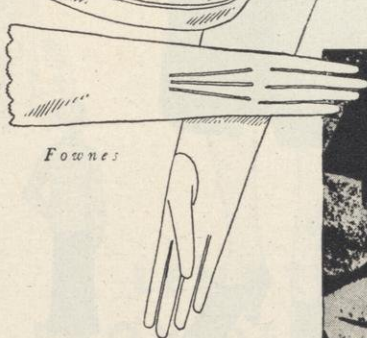
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PSYLLA

Psyllium—a Laxative Seed

THIS JACKET FASHION IS EVERYWHERE

*Fashions Continued
from page 29*



WHITE WITH COLOR

3821 A two-piece frock of white jersey. Its short sleeved tuck-in blouse has a turned back collar and the skirt has pleats at front. The color accent, which may be red, navy, green or brown, is in the stitching and the patent leather belt. For 36 (size 18), 2½ yds. 54-inch. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

COTTON MESH YOKE

3825 Here is the linen-and-cotton-mesh tennis frock which made such a hit at Palm Beach last winter. It's open work yoke has drop shoulder sleeves and the skirt pleats are at the front and back. For 36 (size 18), 2½ yds. 35-inch linen; ¾ yd. 32-inch mesh. The frock is designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

REDINGOTE ENSEMBLE

3850 The one-piece blue-and-white under-frock is smart in itself. It has a graceful jabot and knife pleats where they show to the best advantage. The redingote is of navy blue crêpe, fitted by darts at the waistline. For 36 (size 18), 3¾ yds. 39-in. crêpe, 3¾ yds. 39-in. print. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 44.

SCALLOPED BOLERO

3878 Notice that it has short sleeves—so many things do this year—and that it reaches only to the waistline. The print frock has the smart drop-shoulder cut—smarter than a sleeveless dress. Panel front. For 36 (size 18), 3¾ yds. 35-in. print, 1¾ yds. 35-in. plain. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

SATIN CRÊPE SUIT

3884 Black, with a touch of white in its shoulder flower. The skirt is gored and the jacket buttons over in a smart diagonal, giving the new one-sided effect. White is repeated in the gloves, bag and the ribbon on the hat. For 36 (size 18), 4½ yds. 39-in. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and for 32 to 44.

WHITE OVER BROWN

3843 There is nothing newer and smarter. The drop shoulder frock with button-over tabs has three inverted pleats. The jacket is straight and we would suggest a matching one as well as this one to contrast. For 36 (size 18), 1½ yds. 54-inch wool; 3 yards 39-inch silk. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

NO SLEEVES, PICOT EDGES

3860 This means easy sewing! The cape-bertha gives a graceful shoulder line and a square neckline, which is new, and this is the latest way to wear a sash—tied at front. For 34 (size 16), $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 35-inch eyelet. Designed for sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38.

VERY SUMMERY

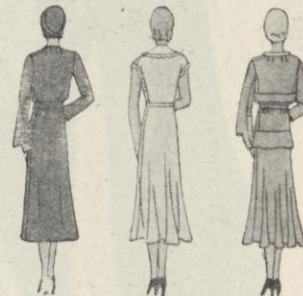
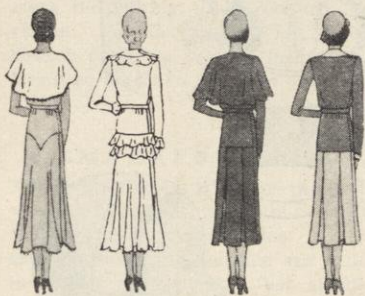
3864 A fluttery frock of flared frills, and nicest for printed voile. Most of the sewing is done by the hemstitcher for all these flared edges are picoted. Oval neckline. For 34 (size 16), $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 35-inch. Designed for sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38.

**A FROCK FOR COTTON**

3867 This is a rather sweet little cotton frock for afternoon. Printed dimity, we think, with organdy cross-over collar. For sleeves, a drop shoulder with frilled edge. For 34 (size 16), $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35-inch print. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 38.

TIE YOUR WHITE COLLAR

3818 And tie it at one side. This is not a full fledged bolero, but merely a trimming band with bolero earmarks. The peplum takes the same line. For 34 (size 16), $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 39-in. crêpe; $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. 32-in. contrast. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 38.



3881

3840

3837

A BUTTONED-ON CAPE

3881 And a short sleeved frock beneath it. You'll like this dress in blue crêpe de chine. The skirt, with pleats front and back, is attached low to give a two-piece effect. Hemstitching on the body gives a light touch. For 34 (size 16), $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch crêpe de chine. Designed for sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38.

PLAID FOR ACCESSORIES

3840 Plaid belts, plaid ties and plaid bags are smart, as used here with a plain white wool frock. The high neck is new—and its especial appeal is its youthfulness. Stitching, because stitching is chic; pleats, because pleats are important. For 34 (size 16), $2\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 54-inch. Designed for 14 to 20; 32 to 38.

THE REDINGOTE COSTUME

3837 Perfect for town wear and for travel. It has a beige redingote of heavy canton crêpe, bloused at back and having a bolero front, and a print dress. The flared skirt is attached in pointed outline. For 34 (size 16), $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch crêpe; 3 yards 39-inch print. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 38.



3867

3818

**ANY
LENGTH SLEEVE,
PROVIDED IT'S SHORT**

PLAY CLOTHES WITH IRON CONSTITUTIONS



GETTING IN THE SUN

3857 The cut of the top gives one one's full share of sun. And there is a deep cut-out back for more sunshine. The trousers are stitched on in one-piece effect. For 28 (size 10), $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. 35-in. linen; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. contrast. Designed for 23 to 32 (sizes 4 to 14).

EASY TO MAKE

3853 A frock with a drop shoulder in lieu of sleeves. It is made of cotton in a cheerful sort of print and has just four main pieces plus a belt and collar. Frilled edges. For 30 (size 12), 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 35-in. print. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

BOLERO EFFECT

3835 A flared band on the bodice gives the smart effect of a bolero and another, topping the flare of the skirt, forms a jaunty peplum. Frilled collar and cuffs. For 30 (size 12), 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 39-inch crêpe. It is designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

GINGHAM PLAID

3841 For honest to goodness play, there is nothing like gingham, sturdily and simply made in a frock with pleats, lots of them, all the way around the skirt. Smart square neckline. For 25 (size 7), 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32-inch. Designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).



HATS OF FABRIC

3861 It is very, very up to date to have a fabric hat for every costume. It can be this turban, this beret or this bicorn—depending on the young face beneath. It can be of ribbon, tweed, linen, almost anything, depending on the rest of the costume. Designed for 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 21 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches head.

SOMETHING SCALLOPED

3832 How are you fixed for scallops? This voile frock has scallops on its yoke and capelet sleeves and some more on the hem band to add to the general pleasantness. One-piece panties. For 23 (size 4), 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 32-in. voile; 1 yd. 39-in. contrast. Designed for 20 to 24 (sizes 1 to 6).

A PICTURE BOOK FROCK

3828 She could make it herself for there are no sleeves to bother her, and just a drop shoulder basque, a straight gathered skirt and a demure collar edged with a frill. For 30 (size 12), 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35-inch cotton print and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 35-inch organdy are needed. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

FROCKS FOR THE FINER THINGS OF LIFE

IN TWO MATERIALS

3824 The upper part of this gathered frock is one thing—printed lawn—while the lower part is something else—plain lawn—with fagoting to mark the joining. Yoke slashed for ribbon. For 25 (size 7), $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35-inch print, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 35-inch plain. Designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).

A SMOCKED COLLAR

3876 This frock is really the last word in simplicity with an unusual collar to give it distinction. It is smocked to fit the neckline and falls in ripples all around. Just simple enough, just interesting enough. For 25 (size 7), $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards sheer linen 35. Designed for 23 to 28 (sizes 4 to 10).

FLARED AND PLEATED TOO

3865 That's how this very special effect is achieved. There is an inverted box pleat front and back in this printed lawn frock and the bodice is cut in empire effect. For 25 (size 7), use $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35-inch printed lawn and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 35-inch plain. Designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).



3822

3848

3830

EVERYTHING TIES

3848 The cut-apart ends of the kimono sleeves, the narrow strip that holds the draped neckline and the sash that goes 'round the waist of this frock. Two-piece flared skirt. For 30 (size 12), $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch crêpe. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

A BERTHA FOR CHIC

3830 Here is one of those easy frocks for little girls who are learning to sew. Simple top belted with a narrow sash, bertha instead of sleeves, gathered skirt placed low. For 30 (size 12), $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch cotton. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).



3851

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3826

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BUTTON-ON CAPE

3822 A new frock of which one can proudly say "I made it myself". It's the last word in simplicity—one piece with pleats at front and a smart cape. For 30 (size 12), $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35-inch print, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 32-inch plain. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

SUNBONNET ENSEMBLE

3851 Summer good times are written all over this. Gathers at the neck, capelets, organdy frills, and a back-of-the-neck bow to match the bonnet ribbon. The panties match. For 23 (size 4), $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32-inch dimity. Designed for 20 to 24 (sizes 1 to 6).

IT'S SLEEVELESS

3826 The collar is a Peter Pan at back, and shoulder tabs at front. The rows of fagoting are the sort of thing that make French frocks so charming. For 23 (size 4), 2 yards 35-inch batiste (incl. panties). Designed for 20 to 24 (sizes 1 to 6).

THE YOUTHFUL FASHIONS OF THE OLDER WOMAN



Marian Blynn

3882



3842



GRACE AND DIGNITY

3882 Go hand in hand in this lovely day-time frock. Triple chiffon is the material and its dull loveliness lends itself beautifully to the soft style of the dress. One-revers neckline and flared three-quarter sleeve. For 40, 5 yards 39-inch chiffon. Designed for 34 to 48.

A CHARMING KNOCKABOUT

3842 Just for this type of frock are the new cotton voiles—and the touch of white in the unusual collar adds another bit of chic. And those feminine little wrist-bows! Simple gathered skirt with flat front panel. For 40, 4½ yds. 39-in. Designed for 34 to 52.

SUMMER SIMPLICITY

3858 This little frock is so easy to slip into—and so charming. Since fashion decrees a touch of softness for everything, here it is in the jabot. The band trimming gives that long line which makes us slimmer. For 40, 5¾ yds. 39-in. chiffon. Designed for 34 to 52.

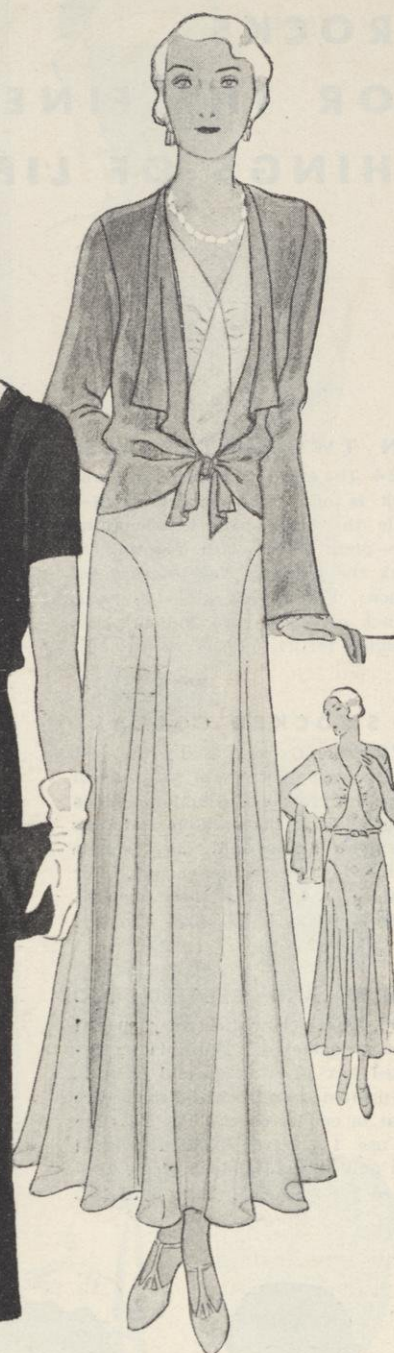


3858

3846



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3869



TEA-TO-DINNER EXPRESS

3869 Straight from the late tea to the informal dinner without a change. The frock is sleeveless with a side flared skirt. The tying of the jacket brings it around the hips snugly. For 40, 4½ yds. 39-in. triple georgette, 2¼ yds. 39-in. crêpe. Designed for 34 to 48.

A CHIC TOWN DRESS

3870 For those early summer days in town—this frock will be smart and serviceable in navy blue with narrow roll collar of white. The side-buttoned and side-pleated skirt is especially good this season. For 40, 3¾ yards 39-inch crêpe. Designed for 34 to 48.

WHERE EVERY LINE IS SLIM

3846 Every line in this street frock has a slenderizing meaning. This is all brought about by those 1931 touches of one-sidedness—surplice collar, side-buttoning, slant of the yoke, pleats at the left. For 40, 2¾ yards 54-inch light weight wool. Designed for 34 to 48.

CHENEY BROTHERS

... famous makers of exquisite silks say

"We recommend Palmolive Beads for washing fine silks"

Great silk manufacturers . . .

Corticelli, Holeproof, Kayser, Luxite,
Phoenix, Stehli, Vanity Fair, Van Raalte
... agree with Cheney in pronouncing
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CHENEY . . . for 92 years famous maker of famous silks. Silks so exquisitely lovely that the name "Cheney" has become synonymous with sheer artistry in silk weaving! Surely no one is in a better position to advise women on the care of fine silks.

And Cheney recommends to women everywhere the use of Palmolive Beads, the new soap for silks made of olive and palm oils, in the form of tiny, instant dissolving beads.

Cheney tests Palmolive Beads

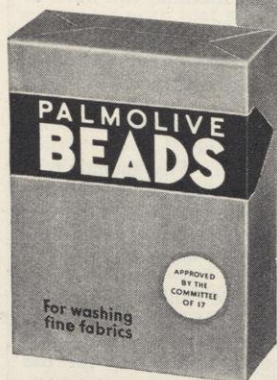
"For years," says Cheney, "silk manufacturers have washed their pure silk skeins with soaps containing olive oil. Because, they find, such soaps dissolve and cleanse at lower temperatures and keep silk threads soft and elastic.

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"We are especially interested in the last because for years we have emphasized the need of a soap that will rinse out completely in cooler water. We recommend Palmolive Beads for the home laundering of even the most delicate washable fabrics."

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Orange Packet tints or dyes all fabrics perfectly.
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THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 102

any of them like to hear my gramophone after lunch?" cried the irrepressible Joe.

She smiled at him. "Well, why not? I expect they would. No, I'm not joking. We shall be dreadfully uncomfortable if we persist in treating the French police as our enemies. But here is the point that I want to impress on you most: There's bound to be, in every amateur, a violent temptation to imagine oneself a born Sherlock Holmes, and be off on all sorts of exaggerated private sleuth investigations. Now that's all very well in a detective novel, but among friends it's just a little bit treacherous, don't you think? I'm dead against it. So will you all promise—"

The telephone bell rang.

"No, Nancy, I'll answer it. It may be important."

After the preliminaries necessary before a call could be put through from one department to another, Sophia found herself talking to a vice-consul: a pleasant man, by his voice, and willing to bother them as little as possible; but he had been in communication with the Commissaire; and he wondered if Mrs. Framlingham or any of her party could give him information as to Mr. Poole's nearest relations, who must be informed of the tragedy.

Sophia courteously asked him to wait; she had not really known Mr. Poole at all well, even though he had been staying with her; then she turned round to the table.

"Which of you knew Fred before he came down here? Rumples, you did. And you, Joe?"

"Hardly at all. Prunella and I met him mixed up with the usual theatrical gang, occasionally, first-night suppers, that sort of thing."

Rumples also had no useful information to give except: "Oh, yes, I did meet him once with two people, his brother and his brother's wife; he introduced them."

"That would be the one in Ceylon, probably. Had he any others, do you know?"

"No, he hadn't. You remember he always made himself out as 'Little-Orphan-Fred-die,' terribly pathetic, with no one belonging to him except just this one brother; Nigel, he called him. I don't think he was extra keen on him. Oh dear!" Nancy broke off distressed. "How difficult it is to be nice about Fred."

Paul chuckled, and then quickly became austere: "In that case," he said, summing up in a businesslike way, "Fred's sister-in-law would be undoubtedly the nearest available relative. You'd better tell the consul. Say that she sailed yesterday evening by P. and O. from Marseilles to Ceylon. He'll be able to trace it and then he can wireless the ship."

"Thanks, Paul." Sophia passed on all that was useful in their conversation to the vice-consul at the other end; received his apologies, condolences and offers of help should they require any; and then rang off and returned to her place.

"He says the boat will probably stop at Naples, and she can get off there. Why, Lal, what is it?"

For Lal had dropped his fork with a clatter, and was on his feet, his hands clutching the edge of the table, his eyes blazing with excitement. "Do you mean—you don't mean—? I thought it would be only to tell her— Do you mean Rosalind will have to come back?"

"Rosalind?"

"Yes, yes," impatiently, "Fred's sister-in-law—you were talking about her. Rosalind Poole, Nigel Poole's wife."

"My dear boy, don't sweep my head off. I didn't know you knew her."

"Yes... well, I do. Why shouldn't I? I've met her in London, oh, years—months ago! Never mind. Sophia, is it true—will she have to come back when she hears of all this, or can she just go on? Oh, say she'll have to come back!"

"I think she will," said Paul, answering for Sophia. "If they can't get at Fred's brother, and he has no other relations. Someone belonging to him ought to be here for the funeral."

"Then she may be with us in two or three days?"

"Sooner, if it occurs to her to fly from Naples."

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"Is she nice?" asked Nancy, in a queer small voice.

"Nice? She's—she's glorious!" Lal was radiant. "I say, do excuse me, Sophia. I don't want to sit still any longer." He pushed back his chair, and rushed off down to the beach, snatching his bathing-costume from the balcony, and leaping the steps.

A concerned gendarme followed him down the garden and across the rocks. "But, monsieur, I assure you it is much too soon after lunch. Monsieur will find himself very ill. Monsieur will be holding his stomach with cramps. I had a cousin once—"

But Lal refused to be alarmed by the fate of the gendarme's cousin. He was possessed by arrow impulses, to send his body whizzing through the air from a high rock—from a still higher rock . . .

Nancy and Joe stood at the window watching him. "My hat! That was a good one!"

"Oh, boy!" exclaimed Prunella. "What a thrill! I had heard from someone—it was Heriot, I think—that Lal had this romantic Romeo passion for some lovely lady twenty years older than himself, but I never imagined that it would turn out to be Fred's sister-in-law!"

"What's she like, Rumples? You've seen her. I pictured her as one of those typical drab Anglo-Indian ladies, dressed all sloppy and floating, with a loose scarf tied round her hat."

All Rumples could supply was the color of Rosalind's aura, which apparently contained too much chrome yellow. She was very vague about the lady in question, and regretted that Lal could not learn to become an initiate of the Unbroken Circle . . .

"He'd break it in no time, in his present mood," remarked Joe. "Look—he's in again! I don't know why we all supposed that a 'sister-in-law' implied something putrid. After all, Prunella will be my wife's sister-in-law, and she's not so bad." His thoughts darted off at a fairly obvious tangent. "You don't suppose they'll meddle with our post, do you? They couldn't do anything as awful as that!"

"They'll confiscate it," prophesied Nancy whose own unhappiness turned the world dark gray.

"LOOK here, Sophia, you've got to ring up the consul again—at once! Tell him that I'm expecting some terribly important letters."

"Yes, all right, calm yourself, Joe. Let's wait and see first. You're all getting worked up again. I'm going on with my book. And you, Prunella, had better do the same. You know you're disgracefully behindhand. Paul, I wish you'd be an angel, find out what's wrong with your car, and get it going. I feel thoroughly cut off, here, without a car, and at any moment we may be released from this ridiculous state of semi-arrest."

Paul rose obediently, and went up to the garage.

"Nancy, I shall want you at about half-past three. Where are you going to draw, Prunella? Here? Oh, in your room! In that case, I'll write here."

Sophia was purposely crisp in her directions. She was genuine in her alarm as to the effect of their present plight on the too-lively nerves of the youngsters who were concerned in it. She was difficult to disobey when she used her charioteer energy, and Joe, without in the least wanting it, found himself driven up to his room to finish his "Night Clubs of Europe" series. The room revealed itself, however, in very much the same state of upset as his own mind. Léonie and Marie-Félice were occupying it with brooms and dusters. They were naturally behindhand with their work that morning, and the beds were not yet made.

"Continue," said Joe. "I shan't be in your way." He sat at his writing-table and tried to concentrate . . . but it was difficult to realize anything but Prunella's dry bathing-costume, and the fact that the last three days had not brought a single letter from the girl in England, or from the manager who ought to be accepting his play for production.

Yesterday had been so attractive, that last glorious rose-stained bathe down in the little bay at sunset! And now—Léonie, sighing lugubriously every now and then, instead of cheerfully singing some Provençal love ditty, as was her wont.

Suddenly, unable to work, Joe felt an irresistible desire to release Léonie's pent-up cascade of talk.

"Where's Hercule, Léonie?" he broke out abruptly. "I miss him." (Turn to page 112)

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3682	35	3726	50	3769	45	3812	50	3855	35		
3683	50	3727	30	3770	50	3813	30	3856	50		
3684	35	3728	35	3771	45	3814	45	3857	25		
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THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 111

Léonie assured him that he had a good heart; and indeed, everyone at the villa had a good heart and loved her *petit* Hercule, though who could help it, for he was so *mignon*? But it was by the grace of *le bon Dieu*—and suddenly she raised her voice so that it became hard and raucous, and startled Joe—that if anyone had to die, swiftly and violently, it should be Monsieur Poole!

Joe gasped, and laid down his fountain-pen. He added rather feebly: "Didn't you like Fred—I mean Monsieur Poole?"

"It is not that I did not like him, for, *enfin*, it is not for we others to like or dislike any guests of madame, who is so good herself. But it is that Monsieur Poole hated my little Hercule, *le pauvre petit*, my treasure, my adoration."

Her indictment poured out excitedly, without restraint, now that she had got started.

"I know it from Marie-Félice, who can understand a little the English. And Monsieur Poole, he was always complaining of *mon petit mignon*, who, he said, cried too often and too loudly during the day, and gave him a crisis of nerves, and he has suggested to madame—figure it! This was not a man, but a monster!—that she should dismiss me from her service, now that I have an infant, and instead procure another cook, whose children perhaps are all grown up, and out in the world."

"But Madame Framlingham, ah! She was too kind to dismiss me for such a cause, and leave me to starve, me and my little Hercule, for she knows that it is nature for babies to cry, and what is nature is good. So that I said to Silvère, this morning, I said to him, weeping: 'If death should visit this house!'—reverently Léonie crossed herself—"then do not ask me to be sorry that it is Monsieur Poole and no other, who lies so still and so cold, and, they tell me—for I have not seen him myself—so yellow."

"I cannot pretend to regret it, I, for my heart speaks through my mouth, and tells me that it was a monster without pity, and that if I had been found dead with my infant in my arms, he would not have wept, he would have folded his arms and said: 'Bon! There are many other cooks, and now we will have a little peace!'"

Léonie's fury broke with a sob. Joe, while privately agreeing with what the late Fred Poole might undoubtedly have said on discovery of *le petit* Hercule with life extinct in him, did his best to comfort Léonie, who, for him, had always been outlined in gentle glamour, as wife of the postman. At last, still sobbing, but murmurous with many blessings, she left him alone.

But still he could not settle down to his work. This sinister outbreak from Léonie—did it throw a ray on any of the darkness surrounding the facts of Fred's death? Sophia had commanded them all not to become obsessed with the idea that they were heaven-born detectives, and so let their minds become morbid with mystery and hectic with imagined clues. He meant to obey her, but all the same . . .

Motive, that was the spring-board from which a detective leapt to his investigations; and here was motive presented by Léonie in full measure. Fred had tried to get her dismissed, because her baby kicked up such a row in the villa, because his crying got on Fred's nerves. Supposing that she had goaded her husband until . . .

Matters were getting serious, from Joe's point of view. Not only Léonie, but now Silvère was involved. Suspicion might lead to arrest, and arrest of the postman might lead to heaven knows what delay in delivery of letters to the Aloës household. Joe broke into a sweat at the mere thought. But a burst of passion, after all, was no more proof, and no less, than a dry bathing-dress that should have been wet. He decided that for the moment he would keep these two statements of observation to himself.

SOPHIA Framlingham, down in the salon, was experiencing almost equal difficulty in concentrating on her work; though she conscientiously tried to carry out the precepts she had been preaching to the others. She wrestled with the temptation to go to Prunella and ask questions about last night's lunatic proceedings; to go to Nancy and

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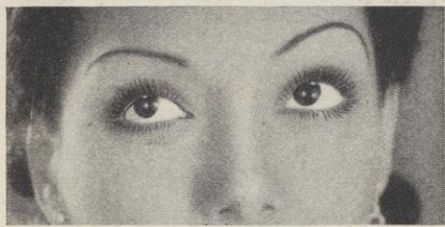
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Color of your hair?.....

discuss the strange behavior of Prunella and Paul; to go to Léonie and hear what was the kitchen's verdict on the mystery...

Then the telephone bell rang, and she was definitely relieved at the interruption. It was Balmoral; Heriot's voice asking to speak to Lal. Sophia was disappointed.

"Lal's diving," she said. "He's been diving ever since lunch... Oh, yes, beautifully. But just at the moment it seems a little incongruous, don't you think, just to dive and die? I'll send for him." She despatched Marie-Félice. "He's terribly excited, of course, at the news."

Heriot, from the other end, inquired urbanely if there were any news? "Surely, leading such a quiet life—"

"Don't be sarcastic, Heriot! My nerves aren't in a state to stand it. I meant, of course, the news that they've sent a wireless to Fred's sister-in-law to get her back for the funeral. I'd no idea that she was Lal's romance. Did you know? I suppose you did, as you're such friends. I consider you're much too old and experienced to be Lal's friend."

"I'm his Good Influence," Heriot pointed out. "As it might be you with Prunella. These headstrong children need their experienced mentors."

"What a terrible thing to be! I never thought of myself as an Experienced Mentor. Do you know, Heriot, I'm finding it extremely difficult to talk naturally about anything since this morning? ... Yes, of course it had... I like you better now. You sound sincerely sympathetic. A moment ago you were detestable... No, don't apologize... Here comes Lal, dripping," and she ceded her place at the telephone.

Sophia quite firmly did not go out on to the balcony or do anything tactful of that nature during Lal's telephone conversation with Heriot. She remained in the salon listening with profound interest, and trying to guess what Heriot said from what Lal replied.

"Something to do with Juniper, wasn't that it?" she said briskly when Lal, embarrassed by her supervision, had rung off. "I gather that neither you nor Heriot is pleased with Juniper. Am I right? I know that I've lost my manners, but something has to go overboard in times of stress."

Lal laughed, and told her that such frankness deserved a reward. Then he paused, while Sophia waited expectantly. "Juniper and Heriot have had a row; in the motorboat on the way home from here. Juniper has left Balmoral and moved to a hotel in St. Raphael."

"So Lucinda's lost her Speed King! First you and then him. Her house party is disintegrating. What does she feel about it all?"

"Aunt Lucinda? Oh, I don't know. I don't suppose she minds as long as she keeps the Prince."

"I don't want the dear Prince mixed up in anything unpleasant," Sophia quoted. "That means, no doubt, that she'll try and keep from him this quarrel with Juniper as well as the fact that some friends of hers have got a villa swarming with police."

Lal grunted. "Hard work for Aunt Lucinda. Doesn't leave her much to talk about, does it? Every local topic unsafe."

Sophia said that she would hate to have a visitor so distinguished that he had to be kept in a white velvet casket all the time. "I'd like to have seen him, though, and now, of course, since we're all under a cloud, Lucinda will never let us meet."

The outside bell clanged. "See who that is, Lal. Léonie and Marie-Félice are upstairs doing the rooms. They're late with everything today."

"But I'm in bathing-costume," Lal protested. "Suppose it's a proper visitor?"

"I don't know any proper visitors. This isn't a moment to be scrupulous, Lal, with your hostess in distress, and your attendant gendarme rushing up the garden to see which of us has escaped."

Lal went into the hall, leaving the salon door open; and Sophia saw him confront a tall, very handsome elderly gentleman, in extraordinarily formal outline against the semi-tropical vegetation beyond the open front door. A shining silk hat, frock coat, striped gray trousers, small pointed white imperial, elegant white hands holding elegant gloves and an elegant malacca cane. Sophia was stunned by the distinguished apparition.

Then to her surprise, Lal greeted him with a cheery: "Hello, sir! Splendid! What's brought you here?"

And the elderly gentleman replied with a paternal: "I came to see if you were all right, my boy. There seems no need to worry," one hand laid (Turn to page 114)

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See page 116

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THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 113

affectionately on Lal's damp brown shoulder.

And indeed, since the tidings he had heard at lunch, the boy was looking almost indecently radiant and alive. The elderly gentleman evidently noticed this electric quality in him, for still with one hand on his shoulder, he remarked: "Well, Hermes, as you seem so very free from trouble yourself, perhaps you will take me in and introduce me to your hostess, Mrs. Framlingham."

Sophia, a bit dazed, pulled herself together. She had guessed who was her picturesque visitor even before Lal's introduction: "Prince Louis of Lemburg-Boissy," and was able to welcome him without any too obvious signs of astonishment. The Prince bowed courteously over her hand. "You must forgive me," he said. "I should perhaps have waited for Lady Humber to bring me, but—"

Lal chuckled. "You might have waited until doomsday. Don't you know that you've got to be kept out of the convict settlement at any cost?"

"That's a very flippant young man," said the Prince, indulgently. "He won't allow any foibles to me and to his aunt, in spite of our great age; but it is true, in a sense—Lady Humber is almost too considerate a hostess. I was wondering, Mrs. Framlingham, if I could be of any assistance? I hear that one of your guests—Or is the report exaggerated?"

Sophia liked him enormously, and was amused at his curiosity, for it was obvious that sheer curiosity had led him to escape from Aunt Lucinda's cotton-wool swaddlings, and come to see for himself exactly what was happening at the mysterious villa along the coast. She remained, however, reluctantly loyal to her friend's fetish that royalty must at all costs not be "mixed up in any unpleasantness"; so she simply thanked Prince Louis, and told him that, yes, it was true, Mr. Poole had died in the night, and they had not known until this morning. And the Prince asked no more questions, but exerted himself to be discreetly pleasant. He accepted Sophia's offer of tea, saying that he was thirsty, for he had walked from the station at La Théor.

"You came by train?" And again the twinkle appeared in his curiously hooded eyes. The lids were permanently drawn halfway down like blinds, concealing—was it kindness?

Lal broke in: "I believe he escaped from Aunt Lucinda, and was terrified that she'd find out and haul him back, so he dared not ask for the car. Isn't that right, sir?" And the Prince, smiling, confessed that he was right.

"I wouldn't be you, when you get back!" called Lal over his shoulder, as he went off to order tea and fetch Nancy—"and get some clothes," as Sophia suggested.

Then she pulled herself up; for she had just been about to say: "You know what the Commissaire thinks of our perpetual bathing-costumes." It had already been extremely indiscreet of Lal to mention convict settlements, but apparently the Prince had not noticed. Any gendarmes whom he saw hanging round he might easily attribute to the cook. To change the subject, however, she inquired whether Juniper Gregg had already left Balmoral.

Was it her fancy that a shade of surprise crossed the Prince's face? He hesitated before replying:

"I am not sure. Was there—has he been suddenly recalled? I am sorry. Lady Humber will be upset."

It was now Sophia's turn to feel surprise. The Prince, though he had come straight from Balmoral, apparently knew nothing of Juniper's quarrel with Heriot, nor of Juniper's departure, nor indeed, of a disturbance which must have caused some commotion. It was odd. Had Lucinda really succeeded in keeping this from him, as well as all the sensational drama of Fred Poole? Perhaps it had happened since he left. No, Lal had said that the two had quarreled on their way home in the motor-boat; and to arrive here now, the Prince must have taken—which train? But there was no train from St. Raphael which stopped at La Théor at this time of the afternoon.

What could have been his motive in saying



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that he had arrived by train, and walked from the station, if he had not done so? And then, not as irrelevantly as it seemed at first, a tableau sprang before Sophia's mental vision, seen through the open door of the salon into the hall; a tableau of a tall, erect old gentleman in frock coat and top hat, with his hand affectionately laid on the shoulder of a slim boy in a wet bathing-suit; a charming, mellow voice saying with a solicitude that was obviously sincere: "I came to see if you were all right, my boy."

Why, the Prince liked Lal! So might an uncle have spoken to a very favorite nephew. Then why had Lucinda sent Lal away from Balmoral on the pretext that he was getting on the Prince's nerves? Suspicions... they leapt up like tiny tongues of flame in Sophia's mind, and would not be quenched, while she sat conversing with Lemburg-Boissy on every sort of amiable, worldly and insignificant topic.

Luckily Nancy had joined them to pour out tea. It made matters easier. Nancy was not in the least shy, and she and the Prince got on capitally.

"You have a very pleasant house party here, Mrs. Framlingham, so many young people. You must not let this death make them sorrowful. I wish indeed we were all one party instead of two, and one villa. However, as things are—" he rose with a slight shrug of the shoulders—"I must return to make my apologies to Lady Humber."

"Oh, doesn't she know you've come?" cried Nancy. "What fun!"

The Prince was inquiring for a train, and Sophia assured him that there was no need for him to tramp through the gray, stifling heat back to the station.

"Paul can run you there in his car—or rather, run you the whole way into St. Raphael." She had forgotten, in her turn, the police embargo! "Nancy, go up to the garage and see if Paul's car is in working order again."

"It ought to be," said Nancy. "He's been up there tinkering with it since lunch." And she ran out of the salon, thinking that Prince Louis was a handsome old darling, and the sort of darling to whom a girl could so easily pour out everything that was making her unhappy: for instance, if somebody's sister-in-law were coming to the villa, and somebody else were glad who oughtn't to be glad, because she must be years, oh, years older than Lal...

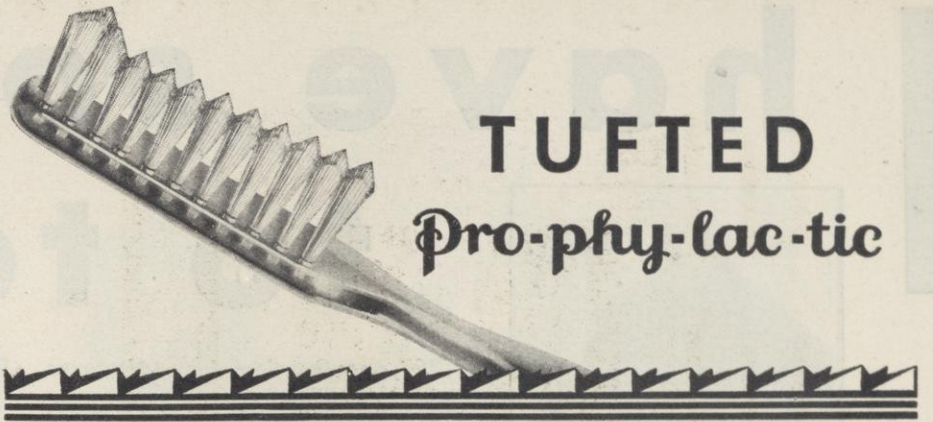
Presently Nancy rushed back to them, her eyes enormous, her face very white.

"The garage is empty!" she cried. "The car's gone, and so has Paul!"

Where has Paul gone?—and why? And who is this mysterious man that Prunella is shielding? Watch for surprising developments in the next installment of this mystery novel

The Girl on the Cover

SO MANY letters come in asking about her that we must explain that we do not know who she is and cannot furnish any name or address to inquirers—especially to young men who write and ask can she be the girl they knew back home in Zanesville or any one of a hundred-and-one other towns. In fact, we think in all probability that she is simply the imaginary ideal of the artist—Dynevov Rhys.



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Ours is a family of seven—and there is plenty of washing for four children who hunt and fish, ski and skate, slide, hike on snowshoes and go to school!

In winter, if the snow is clean and not salty, we must melt it for the washtubs. Otherwise the boys must hitch up the dogs and drive to some fresh-water creek miles away to saw out ice and haul it home. Then it must be melted!

To make matters more complicated, there are the "washladies." Sometimes they come, sometimes they don't. When they do come, they often bring their babies, one, two, three—even four of them. The little brown children are dear, but they must be cuddled and fed, and all this does not hasten washday!

Then there's another long process, for after the clothes are washed, they must be dried indoors. If hung out in the winter, they freeze stiff and are blown into shreds.

When the "washlady" doesn't appear and I must carry on washday, always give me P AND G. For I know that P AND G means less "elbow grease." A soap that makes washday easier is a real boon up here in Alaska.

That's why I stocked up with three cases of P AND G for this winter.

Mrs. R. E. H., Golovin, Alaska

All I can say, Mrs. H—, is that you have a *real* wash-day! And I'm just as glad as I can be that you've discovered what a lot of help there is in P AND G White Naphtha!

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And if you are like me—you prefer to use a fine *white* soap! P AND G does seem nicer, doesn't it?

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I can tell you the answer. P AND G White Naphtha's fine materials are bought in shiploads and carloads—and P AND G is boiled for days and days in huge soap kettles three stories high, bubbling full all the time. This efficient way of manufacturing keeps P AND G so reasonably priced.

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ANN CUMMINGS

White—and three times as popular! "I've just seen some very interesting answers to soap questions that were sent to 1500 women who live in all parts of the country. And what do you think I discovered? P AND G was 3 times as popular as any other soap used for the family wash. And I'm sure I know the reason. Today women prefer a nice white soap. They know that P AND G gives such fresh-scented, snow-white clothes!"—Ann Cummings.

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YOU CAN ESCAPE
THE MASK OF AGE



Learn the Complexion Secret 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars know

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