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DELINEATOR

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January 1935

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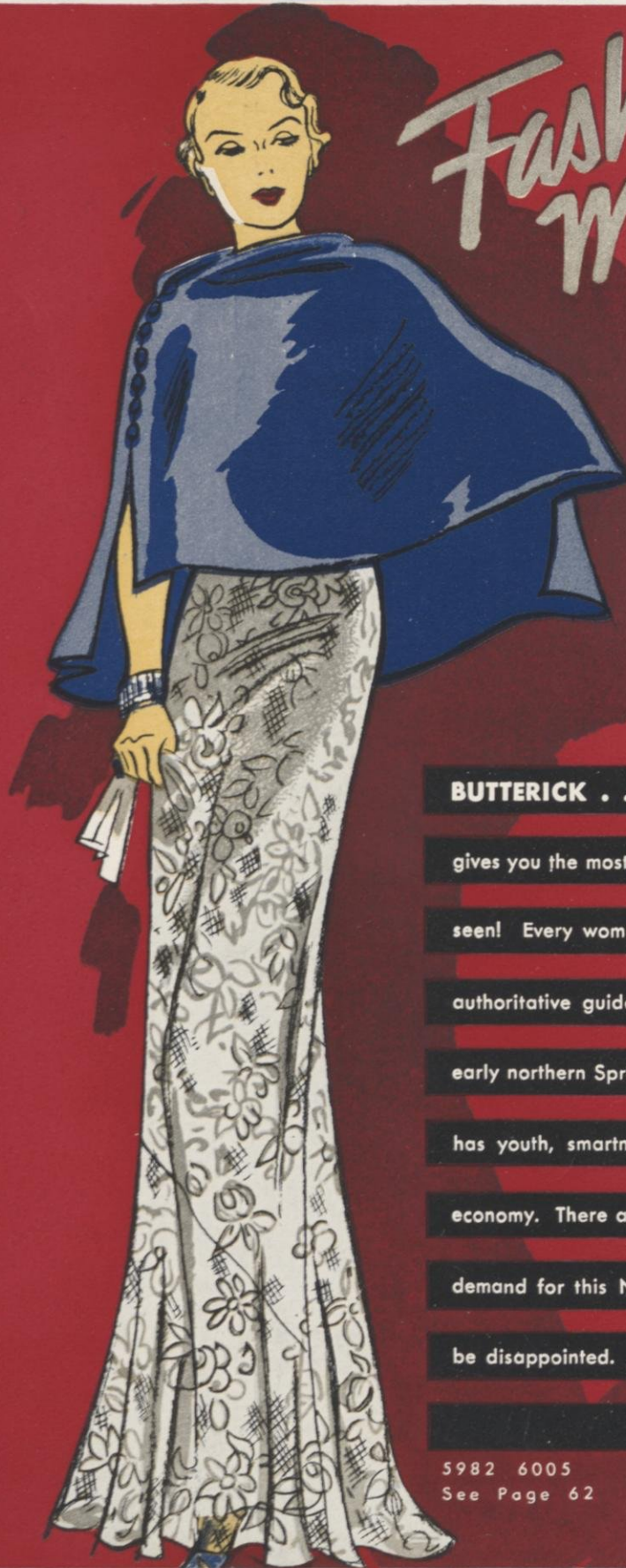
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ON SALE . . . December 20

5982 6005
See Page 62



“I allow myself only a dollar a day for food

—so I can't afford to risk a failure when I bake

(right), “Good butter, eggs, milk and other baking ingredients cost too much to be trusted to cheap, doubtful baking powder.”



“My growing boy needs good, wholesome food. To make sure of light, digestible, fine-flavored bakings, I use Royal—and it never fails.”



A snapshot of Mrs. Hawthorne cutting one of her delicious maple layer cakes. “I get a fine texture like this every time with Royal,” said Mrs. Hawthorne.

—that's why I stick to dependable Royal Baking Powder. I know it always works”

(An informal interview with Mrs. A. C. Hawthorne, of Huntington, L. I.)

IT TAKES a thrifty housekeeper to feed three on \$7 a week. But Mrs. Hawthorne knows how to get the best value from every penny.

“I don't risk any food money experimenting with cheap baking powder,” says Mrs. Hawthorne. “I figure this way:

“The butter, eggs and milk I use for baking are good food wasted if the baking powder fails. For I can't expect the family to eat soggy cakes and biscuits—a growing boy and a hard-working husband need good, wholesome food.

“With Royal, everything I bake turns out light, digestible and delicious. And enough for a baking only costs about

one cent. I wouldn't think of using anything but Royal Baking Powder.”

SOUND REASONING, Mrs. Hawthorne. When you consider that, during the “lifetime” of a 12-ounce can of baking powder, the average woman uses ten or twelve dollars' worth of butter, eggs, flavoring and other ingredients, it seems foolish, indeed, to use any baking powder but the most reliable—Royal.

With this fine Cream of Tartar baking powder, you can count on success every time. Your cakes will be tender and fluffy—your biscuits delicious and light as a feather.

Remember, when you buy baking powder, how little Royal costs—only about 1¢ per baking. Practice economy by using the best!

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Watch for your baker's weekly “Specials”

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bread. But don't forget that you can rely on your baker for a variety of breads, delicious coffee cakes, Parker House rolls, crisp dinner rolls, cinnamon buns, layer cakes, cup cakes,

and other goodies to lend variety to your table. With careful attention to the housewife's needs and wishes, the modern bakery offers a wider and ever-increasing service to the home.



Said Shirley to Dixie: "I caught two fish"

PORTRAIT OF AN AUTHOR

DIXIE WILLSON has a way with children. And if you want to know how thoroughly she delights and entertains them, the best thing to do is to invite her to your house and let her meet your children. Mary Ann and Werner will always remember, I imagine, Dixie's visits with them. She told them stories of the circus while, with eyes wide open—mouths too, unfortunately—they listened breathlessly.

Of course the reason Dixie wins the hearts of all children is simple: she loves and understands them.

Never has this talent of hers shone more clearly than in her story in this month's DELINEATOR—her interviews with a dozen or so of Hollywood's most gifted juvenile stars. In fact, in my perhaps too exuberant enthusiasm, I think it's just about the best Hollywood story I've read in years.

"Child Stars of Hollywood" is the first of a series of articles Dixie is writing for us from Hollywood on all sorts of subjects connected with the movies. Her next one will be interviews with the men and women engaged in

making the beautiful actresses of the silver screen even more beautiful. There are beauty secrets in it that will profit every woman who reads it.

Miss Willson—I am getting formal—scored her first great popular success with the short story, "God Gave Me Twenty Cents," which later was a sensation as a movie. Do you remember it?

Circus performer, then show girl, then one of the most versatile of authors, and always a most generous and big-hearted woman—that's Dixie Willson.

But here, I've said so much about Dixie—and very nice, too—that I've only space left to outline briefly some of next month's features. Another writer closely identified with DELINEATOR, Vera Connolly, will contribute what is probably the most unusual feature for February. Do you recall Vera's "Down to the Sea in Tugs," and her story of the Erie Canal, "American Water Gypsies"? Along the same line and even more interesting is her next month's "Down East Fishing," the romance of deep-sea fishing and the men who give

their lives to it. Miss Connolly (I'm formal again) spent weeks in Boston and Provincetown and especially Gloucester, Massachusetts, gathering first-hand information for this story.

Also in February there'll be stories by Olga Moore, Stephen Vincent Benét, Valma Clark, and H. C. Bailey, and the serials by Viña Delmar and Isabella Holt—the conclusion of Isabella Holt's novel of an American heiress, which will appear soon in book form, while Miss Delmar's short novel will be shown on the screen.

And now—if you'll pardon me—I have to rush off to lunch with Elizabeth Cook and give her the dickens for writing that article on nudism. Five hundred thousand nudists—so one of them wrote me—disapprove of that article and of Elizabeth and also of

Oscar Graeve
EDITOR

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Every day she
burns up as
much energy
as a
champion
ski jumper!

ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE!
But it's an accepted medical fact. Children burn more energy daily than average adults . . . yet can store less than half the day's need. Doctors say, "Cream of Wheat for energy protection!"

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Do you realize, mother, that your child right now . . . today . . . is using up more vital energy than you are?

Colds, nervousness, fatigue, illness . . . these lie ahead for the child whose energy runs too low!

And how easily that can happen. Your youngster right now, today, is using up more vital energy than you are!

Yet her system is so small she can store up only *half* the energy she needs for a single day.

And there you have the reasons doctors so strongly urge daily breakfasts of Cream of Wheat. It starts the day for children with its rich supply of *needed energy*.

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Protect your child with a bowl of delicious Cream of Wheat each morning. Youngsters add "hurrahs" for this pure, warming cereal when they discover it turns every breakfast into a game, through membership in the H.C.B. Club.

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- Heat treated for purity by scientific means. Two servings cost only about one cent.

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Needs 3500-4500 calories of energy per day. And he can store a full day's reserve energy (in his large muscles and liver)

RESERVE

SAME ENERGY NEED

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Just as many calories romping, running, growing. But her small system can store only 47% of one day's needs!

Because she has only a small "storehouse" your child must start her day with a food especially abundant in energy, easy to digest . . . Cream of Wheat

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Keeps energy up . . . fights lowered resistance



FREE New energy breakfast game . . . Grand fun for the children!

It's the H. C. B. Club . . . with a secret meaning. Free cut-outs of Custer, his soldiers and the Indians . . . big pictures of Custer, Molly Pitcher and Davy Crockett . . . and loads of other exciting materials.

Paste on postcard—mail to The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Dept. V-61, Minneapolis, Minn.

Child's Name
Address

THE NEW GRANDMOTHER



RUTH ALEXANDER NICHOLS

What makes women tiptoe forty times an hour to look at a sleeping child?

"OH, go along, dear! I was going to spend the evening with a book, anyhow. I might as well sit here in the nursery to read as anywhere."

"To go to a dance again! Mother! Think of it! And—oh, joy, I'll be able to go skating now! And next summer, swimming! It doesn't seem possible. Sure you don't mind? Well, all right, then, Grandma. How funny to think of you as a grandmother when you are really just my mother. Doesn't the baby look darling? He *is* going to look like Fred! I'm so glad. Remember, if his little feet get cool he'll need another blanket. Perhaps I'd better—"

"Ellen, do go along. Didn't I bring up a baby or two?"

"Yes, yes, of course. I know. But—well, goodbye. Mother, remember, this is the first time that I've left him. *Do take good care of him.*"

SHE did not laugh at this, the grandmother left beside the shaded lamp. She only smiled a little as she laid the closed book down and clasped her hands behind her head in the gesture of her little girlhood when she wanted to think. She called it thinking then. Now she knew it was dreaming. Her little girlhood, that was so close behind today's gray hairs. Only yesterday. And Ellen, absurd dear child, finding nine months such an eternity that she hadn't believed they would ever end, and she could dance and skate again.

How still the nursery was. Yet not the dead stillness of an empty room. She had forgotten how a sleeping baby radiated life.

"Well, now," she told herself, "here's a quiet hour for you—the first you've had since the hullabaloo of the baby's arrival and settling down. Now's a good time to think yourself into the new phase. How do you begin, I wonder, to think yourself into being a grandmother?"

But she stirred restlessly, and, drawn by the old, mysterious magnetism, looked towards the bassinet. "What ever is it makes women tiptoe forty times an hour to look at a child who's sleeping in perfect quiet?" she thought ironically, and invented a common-sense reason for herself: "I'd better just take a look and make sure that heedless girl has covered him up properly."

Smiling, she tiptoed across the dimly lighted room to lean over the bassinet. As she looked steadily down, the smile on her lips died away. She stood a long time, looking steadfastly down, her face very grave, a little pale.

When she turned away, she clasped her hands together and pressed them against her heart that was beating fast. "Why, that is not a baby there—not just a little baby for my little Ellen to play with. It is a *new human being*—august and pitiable like us all. And we are responsible for his being here." She beat her hands together noiselessly in a nervous gesture of anxiety and alarm. "But this is serious. This is very, very serious. How could we have thought he was just a baby! How could I have thought to waste time thinking about myself in a new phase! I must set at once to thinking how we can stand by our poor little girl, suddenly accountable for this enormous obligation. And she so unprepared! Oh, but her father and I never dreamed that our little daughter would be charged with the heaviest responsibility that any human being can shoulder. How could we, when she was only a little girl with curly fair hair, playing in her sandpile! Somebody should have told us—somebody should have warned us . . ."

She came a little to herself and sat down in her chair—rather straight, rather tense, her hands still tightly clasped, heavy on her knee. "Now come, you're going off half-cocked again. Living with a level-headed man for a quarter of a century should have taught you *something*. He would be saying now: 'But see here, as long

by DOROTHY CANFIELD

as you only sit across the room from a tangled-up skein of yarn and just look at it, of course you get more and more frightened about ever straightening it out. The thing to do is to take it into your hands, turn it around till you see a loose end, and begin to work.

"Now let me think. Let me bring out my humble treasures of experience, and choose the very best.

"Intelligence? Of course. That is the best. What else is such help in handling the endless details of child-rearing? Yes, intelligence is a mother's best friend. What else shows her the pattern in that endless chaos of detail, makes her able to order it till she has created something shapely from it, shows her that the succession of tiny, tiny events in the life of a well-cared-for child are not trivial and monotonous but large and epic? Yes, intelligence will be the very best tool in Ellen's hand. It will make her daily life as a mother—so restricted, so shut in—sparkle with interest, with enlightening glimpses of the meaning of large things, reflected from the tiny facets of child life. And her little boy, bathed in the sunlight of intelligent comprehension of his nature and his needs, will grow up fearless and vital, his subconscious mind brimming with life-giving confidence in the power of understanding."

"THE power of understanding! Alas!" She looked from that to real life—huge, daunting, incalculable, such as Ellen and her little boy and her young husband now faced without reprieve—real life, overwhelmingly beyond the power of mere intelligence to cope with.

"Intelligence," she thought, "is only fit to walk with silver slippers in the sun of good health, good fortune and good feeling. How could your mere brains help you live through the intolerable pain of anxiety in sickness, or dour passages of bad feeling—Ellen like everyone will have such to live through—or when you are unjustly blamed for what is not your fault? How could mere brains help you live through the thousands of occasions when life presents a blank mystery, far beyond your power to understand—when your cherished, so completely understood child suddenly becomes someone else, someone you have never seen before?"

Or, savage pit of nothingness, there was death . . . With a noiseless sob she saw the baby lying wax-white, blue-veined lids sunk over eyes that would never open again. And sprang to look into the bassinet.

She came back slowly, and sat down heavily. "He lives now, yes. But from his birth on, death and irrevocable sorrow walk at his young parents' elbows. Oh, poor little plaything of human intelligence! In the black moments of life, endurance is the only help."

Yes, endurance. That was the granite foundation of motherhood. If you laid that strong and firm, that was what carried you through, made you capable, as mothers must be, of bearing the unbearable, made you able to do what mothers alone can do—never give up. That is what little, light, young Ellen must learn. Then she will be safe.

"But will her little son be safe?" The woman, sitting rather tense in the easy chair that was meant for resting, passed before her mind some of the enduring mothers she had known. And shuddered. Dry and bare and hard and sterile as granite was endurance alone. Of all the dreadful, rebellion-provoking people, the very worst was a mother prepared to endure all. Smiling grimly, the new grandmother thought that any spirited human being was inevitably moved to give her something to endure. "No, endurance can be only the foundation of the structure of motherhood. It must be as hidden as it is strong. Like intelligence it must be

there, but is not to be counted on for more than it can do. One's sense of humor shows that."

Why, there—one's sense of humor! The very most important thing, forgotten. And the one a mother needs to cultivate herself, since she seldom gets help to do this from the outside. Endurance she cannot help having. It is one of the unescapable biological accompaniments of motherhood. As for intelligence, that is in fashion in our times, is cultivated by a thousand modern stimulants—plentiful and excellent books on child health and child psychology; the general belief, firmly held and unquestioned by modern public opinion, in the power of intelligence; one's own education. If a mother's intelligence remains dormant nowadays, it must be a very sound sleeper, she thought.

But one's sense of humor—that sweetener of life—one must cultivate for oneself. And how far more than mercy does it fall like a gentle rain from heaven, blessing both him that gives and him that receives. A merry mother! That means a good mother—the best. Difficulties and hardships, thousands of them, from the makeshifts of poverty to missed trains and emotional misunderstandings—they are only made more visible, harder to endure, when grim endurance is turned upon them. And they present no hold for the intelligence to grasp. But let the sense of humor play over them, and they leap and skip like jolly little lambs.

Inner difficulties too, as well as defective plumbing and rain on picnic days, yield to humor as to nothing else. One's vanity now—Ellen would need to teach her little boy how to deal with his vanity, or it would destroy him as it had many another. One's vanity, and one's small mean impulses are only perversely puffed up by solemn attention from one's well-intentioned desire to do what's right. No, to laugh at them is the way to handle them, and all the lesser ills of life, those lesser ills that rather than the worse ones, are for the most part what darken our days.

BUT there *are* the greater ills . . . They come to us all. They will come to Ellen and her baby. Those dark-hooded specters of real wrong, real evil, real sorrow—when they stalk into your life, your little sense of humor hides its head like a frightened child.

The new grandmother looked into the future and, horrified, saw Ellen's son return to his mother from some misdeed into which he had been betrayed by shameful lacks in what his fathers had handed down to him, or ignorant lacks in his training. Mere intelligence, mere endurance, mere humor—what are they when a mother's heart is thrown into such a fire?

Or perhaps Ellen's greatest ordeal would be of another kind; that even more tragic and searching test of motherhood, when her son stood before her, powerful, mature, complete, radiant with success in his chosen field, to tell her of the perfect love of woman that had come to fulfil his life. That is, to tell her that he needed mothering no longer, that he was through with her, that there was nothing more she could do for him. Would intelligence comfort her then? No, intelligence would but drearily show her that this was inevitable. Humor could but tarnish a lovely thing. Endurance would be a tacit and unjust complaint.

What *could* stand by a woman whose vitals were tried through and through by the challenges of real life?

A SERENE light glowed in the quiet room. The woman who had been so tense drew a long breath, relaxed, leaned back, her face clear. Greatness of spirit. That would stand by her, then and always. (Turn to page 53)



Dorothy Canfield Is Our
Newest Contributing Editor

"Is it an article? Or a short story? Or a reverdy?" No matter what you call Dorothy Canfield's contribution this month, you will find it is something never to be forgotten. It is the first of a series prepared especially for the Child Training Department of Delineator, a series bringing you the mellow wisdom and humor of a distinguished novelist on her favorite subject—child training and family relations. Here are her own seasoned ideas, told by story method. Here, in a brand new magazine form, are novelty, refreshment and stimulation for all parents who are on the job



Why

is one of these girls winning
and the other losing this private

BEAUTY CONTEST

BOTH girls have smart clothes and wear them smartly. Both have attractive figures, lovely hair. Yet one is getting all the attention—all the smiles—all the compliments.

One is winning, the other losing one of those little beauty contests which are a part of the daily life of every woman.

You cannot avoid these contests, you know, for every one you meet judges your beauty, your charm, *your skin*.

The Soap of Beautiful Women Helps You Win
The daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful

Women, can change a dull, drab skin into a fresh, lovely complexion. This pure, gentle beauty soap, by improving your skin, can help *you win your* beauty contests.

Camay is made of delicate oils, skillfully blended and delightfully perfumed. Camay lather is smooth and rich, made up of millions of tiny Beauty Bubbles that cleanse and refresh your skin.

Women Everywhere Say Camay is Milder

Thousands of women write telling us that Camay's mildness makes Camay the best beauty soap they ever have used.

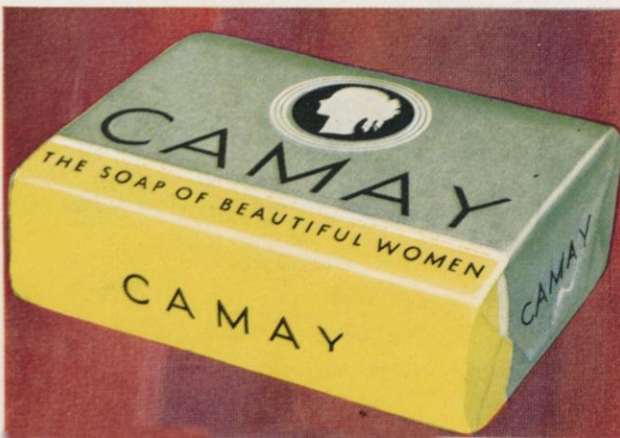
Many mention that "its lather is soothing and kind to the skin." Others say Camay is "as gentle as cream," that it "keeps the skin smoother and clearer than any other soap."

Try Camay yourself. See how much this pure, gentle, creamy-white beauty soap can do for *your skin*. See how much it can improve *your* complexion.

Copyright 1936, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

Cellophane around each cake of Camay keeps it fresh and fragrant. For your complexion and bath.



*The Soap of
Beautiful Women*

Starting in this Issue

THE DAY NEVER CAME

by
VIÑA DELMAR

Delineator inaugurates, with this story, a new policy of publishing brief novels, each in three parts, by the foremost younger writers of the day. Watch for a lively series



SHE thought the man across the way was looking just a little amused and slightly sneering. He could evidently tell that she was studying her part, and he had his own opinion about people who flaunted scripts in subway trains so that other passengers might recognize them as actors. Carlo had her opinion also of such people, but you had to do your studying somewhere. She picked up a newspaper that had been cast aside and held it so that to the world at large she would appear as an intensely interested follower of the day's events. And she went on studying her part.

She wondered if she had made a poor choice. She could have had a part in a sure-fire hit that would have run for perhaps a year. But it would have been a small part. A very small part. If it ran for a hundred years, no one would ever notice her with the line or two that she would be given to speak.

In the play she had chosen, she would be the leading lady. Just to think of it was a thrill. She had passed up the sure-fire hit with its comfortable security, to throw in her lot with an aimless little man who wanted to be a producer. A little man who didn't have enough money behind him to dress his cast properly or enough business sense to rent a good theater. It was even a bad play, but at least the part was so big that she could not be ignored. That was something. The little man would put her name in the paper and he would flash it in white fire in front of his theater—Carlo Melvin in "Blind Man's Holiday." And he would be glad to have that name, for it would tell the world that he had selected for his lead the daughter of the great Carl Melvin. But he would not tell the world that he had selected her only because she bore her father's name and that actresses who had made their own names famous had not cared even to listen to his proposition. Nor would they work so cheaply as this very young lady who had inherited nothing but the right to call herself Melvin.

Carlo sighed as the train came to a sudden, screaming stop. She looked out at the station platform and quickly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

JOHN FALTER

"Good trouper!" is the highest praise the stage can bestow upon an actor. And above all, Carlo was a good trouper—and when she gave her love, it was forever



"Carlo," said Creighton, "you were scared to death to come here and you are

caught up her purse and gloves. This was where you changed for the local.

After the local there was a crosstown car, so there was really no chance for further study. She determined to stay awake all that night, if necessary, to get that third act properly set.

When she got off the crosstown car she walked up a street that was slightly tilted. She knew that the people of the neighborhood referred to this block as "the hill." Aunt Florry lived on top of the hill, which sounded very sweet and rustic but only meant that Aunt Florry lived in the last house of a disreputable-looking row. The big front door was standing open, so Carlo walked in. The halls smelled musty and mousy as halls always smell in a house where the landlord has carpeted the steps and forgotten that carpet needs more attention than linoleum. The inevitable food odors mingled with the musty, mousy smell. Carlo climbed the stairs. On the top floor there were four doors. Two were rear flats and two were front flats. Aunt Florry had a front flat, and Carlo knocked on the door.

"Who's there?"

"Carlo."

"Who?"

"Carlo, Aunt Florry."

"Oh." There was a noise of clanking chains. Aunt Florry was nervous and needed to feel very safe. The door opened. "Well, I didn't expect to see you till next week."

Aunt Florry was a tall, gaunt woman with disapproving eyes. She bolted the door behind Carlo, and together they walked to the front room.

"We couldn't rehearse this afternoon," Carlo explained. "They're doing something to the theater and I wasn't sure I'd have time to come up next week."

"How does the show look?"

"Fine. I think everything will be all right. Where's Daphne?"

Aunt Florry looked reproachful. "Where would you expect to find her at half-past two on a week day?"

"Then I think that I'll walk up to the school and meet her."

"She can find her way home. You'd only miss her anyhow. Besides I'd like to have a little talk with you, Carlo."

"Oh. About Daphne?"

"Yes. Mr. Whitley was talking to your Uncle Frank again last night. There seems to be little doubt but what Mr. Whitley is going to sell the business. And probably your uncle will be out of a job then."

"I've thought about that, Aunt Florry." Carlo kept the exasperation which she felt from revealing itself in her voice. Aunt Florry was always threatening something dire just ahead. She never wanted Carlo to take for granted that her young sister was safe and sound in a good home.

Aunt Florry asked: "And what have you thought?"

"I'll be getting a hundred dollars a week when the show opens."

"And?"

"And I shall take Daphne to live with me."

Aunt Florry said: "Oh, no, you won't. You can't, you silly thing. Where will you put her to sleep? Who'll watch over her at night when you're in the theater? Can she survive on restaurant food?"

Carlo sighed. "I thought that's what you were leading up to. What is it that you do want me to do?"

"Well—" Aunt Florry rocked comfortably back and forth—"I don't want you to do anything that you don't want to do, but you know all that Uncle Frank and I have done for Daphne. We've taken care of her just like our own child for two whole years."

"Yes, Aunt Florry, I know."

"We've laid out an awful lot of money on that child."

"Yes, Aunt Florry, I know."

"Never a cent did you give us."

"How could I? You know what they paid me in those tiny parts."

"I know. However, you managed to make it stretch for anything you wanted, but we'll pass that over. I just thought I'd mention that when your show opens,



scared now! Let's not stall, I brought you here to tell you I'm nuts about you"

your Uncle Frank and I think you ought to start paying for Daphne."

"I intended to pay. I'll pay anything you think is fair."

"We think you ought to pay fifteen dollars a week."

"All right," Carlo said.

"And then you owe us twelve hundred dollars and sixty some odd cents for the two years we've had her, and you ought to start paying it off. If you give us fifteen a week for Daphne and twenty dollars a week toward the debt, then we can keep the house running for her, even though Uncle Frank loses his job."

"I see," said Carlo. She saw many things but there was no use mentioning them. When there was a child you were sort of handicapped about mentioning things.

"God knows," Aunt Florry said, "that your father did nothing for us when he was in the big money. I've often felt ashamed, though he was my favorite brother. You know, people would say to me: 'Well, Florry, it seems funny that you can't have a new coat this winter, considering that your brother is Carl Melvin. Doesn't he ever give you a little Christmas check or something?' I used to lie and pretend that he had and that I just hated to buy things."

Carlo said: "It's a shame Uncle Frank had such bad luck that time Dad set him up in business."

"Well, that was fate." Aunt Florry sighed heavily. "He worked like a slave trying to make money and I think he would have succeeded if your father had had a little patience, but he never had any at all. Right at the end of the first year when your uncle was just getting into the swing of things your father became impatient and wouldn't let him go on."

"What a shame," said Carlo. "And wasn't it some ridiculous little amount like twenty thousand dollars Uncle Frank needed to go on with? It was absurd for Dad not to let him have it, considering that he had already given twice that much."

Aunt Florry said: "Well, your father wasn't far-seeing. Money went through his fingers like water. What do you suppose he did with all he earned?"

"It cost him a lot for us all to live as we did, Aunt Florry."

"Yes, but he averaged seventy-five thousand a year for a long while. My goodness, Carlo, that's a lot of money."

Carlo nodded. When her father died and left an estate valued at something less than nine hundred dollars, she had been astounded. She knew more now than she had known then, but she wasn't going to tell Aunt Florry what she knew. From different corners of Broadway she had heard of the dark-eyed lady whom her father had decked in diamonds and furs, whose home bloomed with rare flowers and of whom Carl Melvin had said: "She's too good for me but I'll be damned if she's good enough for the kids."

Carlo said: "I'm glad he enjoyed himself while he lived. Suppose he had carefully hoarded his money? His car would have skidded just the same and he would have died without having had any fun." She smiled, glanced at her watch, and then walked to the window. Daphne should be coming along at any moment now.

The view from the window was somewhat hazy. Aunt Florry was a very indifferent housekeeper. The window pane was undeniably dirty. So were the curtains. Carlo felt burdened in spirit. This was Daphne's home. Her own home was no better. As a matter of fact, it was worse, but Daphne was a child with no philosophy to strengthen her. Daphne was little and helpless and trapped in a dirty, unattractive house with stupid, unimaginative people. It wouldn't be so bad if Daphne could remember nothing of the past, but Carlo knew that, with painful clarity, the child could recall those years when she had been a pampered, petted baby. She remembered her father with his beautiful, unexpected gifts and his ready laughter.

Carlo checked the bitter tears that suddenly burned in her eyes. For herself she never cried. She was better off than Daphne. There had been bad days when she hadn't had her room rent, nights when she had been hungry, but she had been spared the misery of living with people who had been insanely (Turn to page 28)

Viña Delmar became famous with her first novel, "Bad Girl," a great success both as a book and on the screen. "The Day Never Came" is to be filmed by Fox

CAFÉ ON

IT WASN'T really warm enough to sit out yet. To be sure, the horse-chestnuts were in blossom and the white dust of the Paris streets sent up a blistering glare. But the wind had a sharp edge to it.

Lilly Desmond considered renting one of the green iron chairs set back a foot or two from the sidewalk on the gravel. It was warm enough while you walked. But she was tired. The scalloped edge of a terrace-restaurant awning twisted frantically, like the pennons of a flagship. Lilly looked calculatingly toward the restaurant. It was not one of the smart ones. If she went there she could be protected from the wind on three sides, and still see everything.

But she would have to order something. Tea—that was cheap. Perhaps coffee—coffee had always looked warmer. But it would be nicer if she could just stroll in and take a table without anyone's noticing her at all. Then she could sit quietly, out of the wind, in a tiny corner of sunshine. She smiled to herself. "Like a ghost. Surely even a ghost must want to sit down sometimes."

From her cheap leather purse Lilly abstracted a tiny mirror. Yes, her blond hair was neat. Funny how her hair had kept its color. But there was no rouge on her cheeks, or lipstick on her mouth. Only the tiniest bit of powder on her nose. She stared at the face in the mirror almost as though it weren't her own face. How could she have forgotten the rouge and lipstick? Not for years, even when she couldn't afford so much as a cup of coffee, or a tiny nip of brandy, had she been without rouge or lipstick. "I'll be damned," she said softly.

But her face looked younger, softer, almost pretty. Yes, she was pretty. It was as though fifteen years, maybe twenty, had been wiped away. And her soft gray suit was pretty, too, and the beret of fur. She hadn't worn either of them for twenty years. Funny, through all her wanderings, she still had them. Funnier still that they should fit her. But, with all the years, her figure hadn't changed much.

"Yes, I've got my figure." She had often told herself that. "It's all right, so long as I keep my figure."

Lilly was no longer afraid to approach the restaurant now. She looked very nice. A comforting sense of security stole over her. If she could only find a table while the waiter wasn't looking. If she could only come in and seat herself, in that tiny corner of sun, while he was in the kitchen, and then, when he came back, he'd think she'd been there all the time. That would be luck.

But no. There he was leaning against the door, his napkin, a little soiled, over one arm. Lilly smiled at him vaguely. "I—I don't think I really want anything." It was all but on her lips, for he had looked straight at her. But he didn't move. Well, this *was* luck. It was almost as though she were invisible.

The waiter walked toward a table where a man and woman and a little girl with pale gold hair were drinking chocolate. "Another *napoléon pour la petite belle mademoiselle?*" said the waiter. He was looking at the little girl, and his eyes smiled.

"Yes, yes," cried the child. "Please." She turned her beautiful eyes toward the man and woman. "It is the last Sunday we have together."

Lilly saw the man and woman exchange glances. She sat down, in her bit of sun, and no one noticed her at all. But Lilly was too busy watching the three of them to think about herself.

"Please," begged the child in her thin, high voice. "Aunt Tina never has *napoléons.*" She drew her little



Lilly saw the man and woman smile, and from that smile she knew they loved each other

THE BOULEVARD

by

BERNICE BROWN

mouth down. "Only sponge cake. 'It is healthier.'" The child's expression assumed a look of ludicrous severity.

Lilly saw the man and woman smile, and from that smile she knew they loved each other. She knew too that something rather frightful had happened to them. But they were not going to show it, not to the child. If they could help it, not to each other.

The man laughed. "The young lady desires a dozen *napoléons*. All the *napoléons* there are in Paris."

The child laughed and the woman smiled again. Then, after the waiter disappeared, she turned to the little girl. "Darling," she said, "it isn't nice to be unkind about Aunt Tina." She was pleading, though perhaps she didn't know it. "Aunt Tina has been very good to you, to all of us. If it weren't for Aunt Tina, darling, papa and I couldn't go to Italy." She stopped. "Papa is going to be ever so much better in Italy. Ever so much better." There was a new sharpness in her voice, a wild desperation of belief. "And then, pretty soon, we'll come back again."

"And live in our own house?" cried the child.

"Yes, darling."

"And I can have a pony, and a little whip." Her bright eyes darted between the two of them. "I'd never use it," she rushed on, "never. Except maybe very, very gently."

The man laughed.

"Promise, papa."

He nodded solemnly. Then—"Here's your *napoléon*."

The waiter bent over her. "Two!" cried the child. "He's brought me two." She considered gravely which one to begin with. Then, having decided, she looked up at the man and woman. "Oh, isn't it heavenly today? Let's not think about Aunt Tina." Even in her child's mind she knew that these two, who loved her, were hiding something from her. They were smiling. But it wasn't because they were happy. Well, she could be brave. "Let's just think about my pony. My pony—" her voice drifted off—"and the little whip."

"The little whip," whispered Lilly. Funny, they hadn't seen her at all, though as they were leaving, the child dropped a doll that had a little squeak, right in front of her, and the man stooped to pick it up. Lilly could have touched him.

"Darling," said the woman, "I think we'd better take a cab back." Her eyes pleaded with his. "I—I think I'm a little tired."

Lilly watched them go, the man and woman walking close together. "He'll not come back from Italy," Lilly thought. Her eyes followed them out into the sunshine. "And when he's gone—" Yes, there were some women who loved like that. She thought of Aunt Tina. Aunt Tina would take the child. She would have to. There wouldn't be anybody else . . .

TIME flashed by as Lilly, safe in her corner of sun, looked out on the people strolling, strolling. What a lot of them there were, lured out, as she must have been, by the fragile warmth. The terrace of the café was empty again, and the waiter stood once more with his back, an indolent crescent, pressed against the door-jamb.

Then, at once, two young girls, in black coats and dresses with white collars that might be the uniform of a convent school, ran up the steps and took the table where the man and woman and child had been. Lilly was glad

they had come, they were so shyly young and so gay. Once more the waiter bustled forward, a smile on his face.

"The young ladies desire?" He bent over them.

"Let's have chocolate," said one of them.

"And *napoléons*." Their eyes met in delighted anticipation. "Lots of them." They both laughed.

"We haven't very much money," said the darker one.

"What do we care?" said the girl with the smooth gold hair. She turned to the waiter. "Lots of *napoléons*."

The waiter smiled like a benign old father. "As mademoiselle wishes."

The girl with the gold hair looked out on the street. "Oh, isn't it heavenly today, Charlotte? Isn't it wonderful not to have a teacher with us?"

The girl called Charlotte nodded gravely. She wasn't as pretty as the other girl. The other girl was really very pretty. Even the straight black coat could not quite conceal the slender elegance of her young body. But the girl didn't know she was lovely. "Not yet," thought Lilly and she smiled gently, "not until some man teaches it to her."

The waiter brought the chocolate and *napoléons*, and for a few minutes the two girls ate and drank with the ravenous concentration of children. Then the blond girl looked at her friend and laughed.

"Isn't it good?"

Charlotte nodded. "Terribly." She drew a deep breath, like an overfed child. Then, like the first sere leaf that presages the coming of winter, a look of gravity settled on her face. "Where do you suppose we'll be next year at this time?"

The blond girl lifted her delicate shoulders with a sort of desperate gaiety, but Lilly noticed she didn't look Charlotte in the eyes. "You'll be here, teaching the little de la Marceaux. And I'll be in England teaching the Honorable Joan Canfield, the Honorable Peter Canfield and the Honorable Letitia Canfield."

Charlotte sighed deeply and solemnly. "I suppose we're grown up."

The blond girl looked at her, a little frightened, Lilly thought. "Yes."

Charlotte considered. "I suppose we were awfully lucky to get positions, even before we're quite out of school ourselves." Her face had the premature gravity of girlhood. "Lots of girls have a terrible time finding posts."

The blond girl nodded. "I know. I suppose Lady Edith is taking me on because she went to school with my mother and because she knows that since my aunt's death I've no place to go."

Again Charlotte considered. Then—"But sister says you'll make the best teacher of any of us and you can just be sure that Lady Edith has written to find out all about you."

The blond girl nodded. Lilly saw her pick up a *napoléon*. But she didn't eat it. "Don't you suppose, Charlotte, that Lady Edith will treat me differently than she would any other old governess because she went to school with my mother?"

Charlotte could see the pleading in her friend's eyes. But Charlotte, Lilly decided, was a realist. "Perhaps. But my grandmother was a connection of the de la Marceaux, and I know Madame la Marquise is going to treat me nicely, but all the same I'll only be a governess."

"Oh, Charlotte, isn't it awful!" And then because the day was fine and they were young (Turn to page 42)



ILLUSTRATED BY BAUMGARTNER

"Promise me you'll wait—promise," he demanded

THE GOLDEN LEGEND

BY
ISABELLA HOLT

OF COURSE lovely Gerda Vining would marry young. And of course she would choose someone in her own set—Wally Armitage, son of an ambassador, undoubtedly. But when Gerda fell in love, it was with Craig Wilmott, and he was not only an “outsider”—he was married. His sister Nathalie had introduced him and his restless little blond wife Florrie, at a time when Gerda was weary of the elaborate formality of “coming out.” The Wilmotts’ slightly rowdy parties were a welcome change, until a hysterical outburst of jealousy, on Florrie’s part, sent Gerda back to her own conventional world—and Wally Armitage. She was about to tell Wally she would marry him, when the attractive Craig appeared briefly with the news that Florrie had divorced him and he would like “to enter his name.” Gerda knew then that she would not marry Wally. She could not foresee that because of this decision, Wally would “accidentally” shoot himself while cleaning a gun. In the aftermath of grief and notoriety, chance brought Gerda another meeting with Craig.

To avoid a scene with the family, Gerda eloped with him, but she found the bliss of marriage threatened because Craig refused to tell her what had happened between him and Florrie. On the honeymoon, however, she forced Craig’s confidence, and learned that Craig had asked Florrie to divorce him, and he had a bad conscience because he had treated his foolish, flirtatious little wife so cruelly. “I do not habitually walk away from my wives,” he told Gerda.

Gerda from that moment was never sure of him. Deeply in love as she was, pleasantly luxurious as was her married life (her millionaire grandfather, Horatio Shotwell, had invited Craig to send him all bills up to two hundred thousand dollars a year), adorable as were her two small boys, Hody and Dody, she was haunted by the feeling that she could not count on Craig. And then Florrie came back from abroad. She had married again—a man who abused her, and she turned to Craig for advice. To Gerda, Craig’s concern for his first wife suggested that he felt more than pity for her. But how—how could she find out? *Here the story continues:*

GERDA, not being a civic institution, had never had as large a fan mail as her mother.

Now, however, she began to receive anonymous letters. The first she touched off with her cigaret-lighter like a

grown-up wife, not even mentioning it to Craig. And the second. And the third.

They were from feminine defenders of Florrie. They accused Gerda of stealing Florrie’s husband and leaving her nowhere to turn except into this mess. The fourth letter said: “They lunch at the Pig and Whistle, in case you’re interested.”

Of course some imbecile had seen Craig lunching with his own sister. Nat loved those hole-and-corner places.

But it was becoming an effort for Gerda to pretend, when Craig came home, that she was a beautiful “Baby” with nothing on her mind. The combined strains of disregarding Nathalie and disregarding the letters were making her tired and stale.

She almost began to understand why some of her friends took trips.

“Could you possibly get away, Craig?” she asked him while he was brushing his hair. “Grandfather still wants us to join him in California.”

“Baby, this is the busy season at the foundry, and the minute I turn my back, they all lie down for a short siesta. But you go.”

“Oh, would you really want me to go?” She had never left her husband for more than a day.

He saw her face in the glass. “You don’t think I want you to go!” he exclaimed hastily. “I was only thinking about the children getting a chance to see their grandfather. He won’t live forever, you know, and he’s an ancestor to brag about.”

“Oh, the boys!” said Gerda calmly. “I never got taken anywhere when I was small. If that’s your only idea, I’ll stay at home and enjoy myself.”

“That’s the kind of baby I like,” Craig said with warmth.

“Craig . . .”

“Yes, child,” said Craig, with his face close to the glass while he corrected the part in his hair.

“Do you have to—to talk to Florrie, the way Nathalie said?”

“Why, no,” he said rather doubtfully, laying down his brushes to look at her. “I don’t imagine there’s anything I can do to help her. I wish there was.”

“If there is, Craig, couldn’t—couldn’t a lawyer do it better?”

“That’s a darn good idea,” said Craig. “I believe I’ll call up Netley and talk to him. He got her first divorce.”



Gerda had foreseen this encounter in nightmares. But—“Hello, darling,” she said to Craig, “hello, Florrie”

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**Missing Pages
13-16**

If you want the most important room in your house to be also the most comfortable, read the story of Bill and Betty Mann, who with the help of Delineator Institute of Interior Decoration, found the way to know and buy for their newly re-modeled home, exactly what they wanted for it



Bill Mann says, "A beautiful window has an almost speaking quality." And "I love a French leg!"

And Helen Ufford, our Hostess Editor, discusses the easy art of serving coffee in the living room

"SHALL we have coffee in the living room?" Yes, let's. For there's a glamour, a grace about serving after-dinner coffee in the living room, that, happily, a hostess may capture with no trouble at all. All you need is a coffee service and a realization of the charm and ease and cosiness of this friendly custom.

It's such a simple thing, this serving of your coffee in your living room. Think of it that way. So many hostesses hesitate about adopting this delightful amenity, wondering if it may be too formal, too ceremonious for their informal dining and for their informal homes. It isn't. It's just a pleasant custom, appropriate to the most informal of homes as well as to the most formal. In formal service the butler or the maid, or both, may serve the coffee, passing the tray or trays. But often, even when a hostess has a staff of servants, she prefers to perform this rite of pouring the coffee herself. She knows, as does the wise informal hostess, that by pouring the coffee herself she creates a happy valley of conversation between the dinner-table and "good talk" that merrily starts again in the living room.

There's a charming leisureliness about having coffee by the hearthside, in comfortable chairs, with congenial friends. It works a miracle in hospitality!

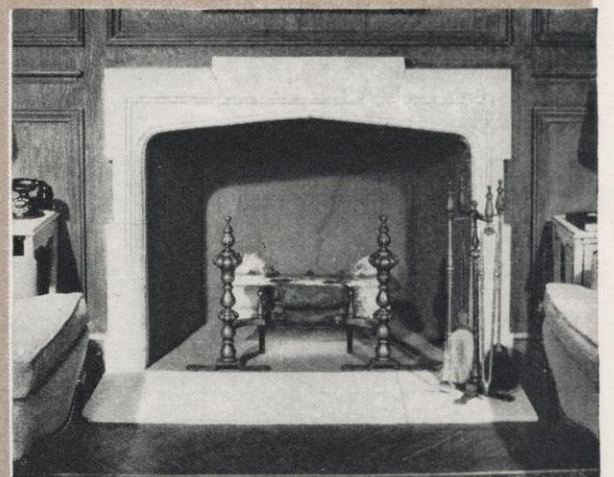
What do you need for the serving of after-dinner coffee in the living room? A tray, with the coffee pot, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, after-dinner coffee cups and saucers, after-dinner coffee spoons.

There are two or three interesting details of service. One question is: Shall cream be served with after-dinner coffee? This is a question of your preference. You may follow the English custom, and offer cream. Or you may abide by the dictum, "Black coffee aids digestion," and not serve cream. Instead of loaf sugar you may serve rock candy crystals, white or in pastel shades . . . delectable in coffee, and very gay.

Those guests who "love coffee but can't drink it," will sing grateful praises to you if you thoughtfully provide a choice of coffee and a caffeine-less coffee.



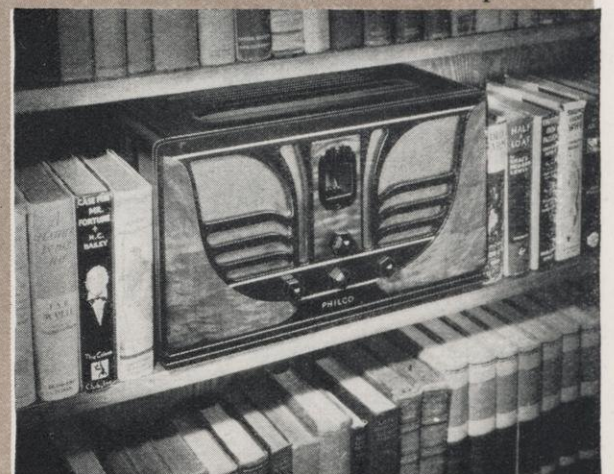
The rug, in autumn colors, contributes an embroidered quality to this living room



A fireplace of cast limestone; and the andirons, an architect's exclamation point



A winning clock, and the handy hand-set



Tucked among the books: a winged radio



THE LONG

In this new Mr. Fortune mystery,
dissolute artist. There, on the left,

"SOME of the dirtiest linen I've seen," said Mr. Fortune. He gazed morosely at the Honorable Sidney Lomas, Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard.

"Quite," Lomas agreed. "But what about those stains?"

"Oh, my dear chap!" Mr. Fortune mourned. "Paint. Only paint. Anything else you wanted to know?"

"A lot of things," Lomas said. "You're not useful, Reginald. I want to know what sort of fellow he was and what's become of him."

"He was an artist of dark complexion. He painted both in oils and water colors. He lived a coarse and dissolute life and had expensive tastes. What's become of him, I haven't the slightest idea. I should say he was on the way to the devil. What's it all about? Why this interest in the debauched artist?"

"Because the fellow's vanished," said Lomas. "Name, Derry Farquhar. Not altogether unknown to the police—money under false pretenses and that sort of thing—but never any clear case. Ten days ago a woman turned up to give information that Mr. Derry Farquhar was missing. Knew him well. Too well. It worries her that he's faded out. And it is a queer case. He's lived these ten years in a rat-hole of a flat in Bloomsbury. When Bell went to have a look at things, he found the place in a devil of a mess and a heap of foul linen. So we sent that to you."

"Hoping for proof of bloodshed," Reggie murmured. "Shirts extremely foul, but affordin' no evidence of foul play."

"So you don't believe there's anything in the case?"

"My dear chap! Oh, my dear chap." Reggie opened large, plaintive eyes. "I believe you haven't found anything. That's all."

"Thank you," said Lomas acidly. "Bell raked it all over." He spoke into the telephone, and Superintendent Bell arrived with a fat folder.

"Mr. Fortune thinks you've missed something, Bell," Lomas smiled.

"If there was anything any use, I have," Bell said heavily. "I'll be glad to hear what it is. Here's some photographs of the place, sir. Some correspondence. And an inventory."

Reggie turned over the correspondence quickly. He stopped at a crumpled, stained card. "Where was this?"

"In a pocket of a dirty old sports coat," Bell said. "It's only a menu. I don't know why he kept it. Some faces drawn on the back. Looks like drawing devils to me."

"Rather diabolical, yes," Reggie murmured. The faces were sketched in pencil with a few accomplished strokes, but had no distinction: the same face in variations of grin and scowl and leer: a face of black brows, moustache and pointed beard. "Clever craftsman.

Only clever." He turned the card to the menu written on the front. "My only aunt!" he moaned and in a hushed voice of awe read out:

"DINER
Archichauts à l'huile
Pommes de terre à l'huile
Porc frais froid aux cornichons
Langouste mayonnaise
Canard aux navets
Omelette aux rognons
Filet garni
Fromage à la crème
Fruits, Biscuits"

"Good Gad! Some dinner," Lomas chuckled.

Reggie groaned. "Artichokes in oil, cold pork, lobster, duck and turnips—and a kidney omelet and roast beef and trimmings."

"I've got to own it wants a stomach," said Bell gloomily. "What then?"

"This is the essential fact," said Reggie. "Look for Mr. Farquhar in Brittany."

Bell breathed hard.

"How do you get to that, sir?"

"No place but a Brittany inn ever served a dinner like that."

Bell rubbed his chin. He looked at Lomas. "That means putting it back on the French."

"Quite," Lomas smiled. "Brilliant thought, Reginald. Would you be surprised to hear that Paris is asking us to look for Mr. Derry Farquhar in England?"

"Well, well." Reggie surveyed him with patient contempt. "Another relevant fact which you didn't mention. Also indicatin' an association of your Mr. Farquhar with France."

"If you like," Lomas shrugged. "The point is they are sure he's here. Dubois is coming over today. I'm taking him to dine at the club. You'd better join us."

"Oh, no. No," Reggie said quickly. "Dubois will dine with me. You bring him along. I like Dubois. Pleasant to discuss the case with a serious mind."

WITH a superior English smile, Lomas sat back and watched Reggie and Dubois consume that fantasia on pancakes, Crêpes Joan, which Reggie invented as an expression of the way of his wife with her husband . . .

Presently Lomas became restive. "Now that you've almost finished," he said, "we might come to business."

Dubois turned to him with a gesture of deprecation. "The affair is after all very simple," he said.

"Quite," Lomas smiled. "Tell Fortune. He has his own ideas about it."

"A-ha," Dubois' eyebrows went up. "I shall be grateful. Well, I begin then with Max Weber. He is

what you call a profiteer, but after all a good fellow. It is a year ago he married a pretty lady. She was by courtesy an actress, the beautiful Clotilde. They live together very happily in an apartment of luxury. Two weeks ago, they find that some of her jewels, which she had in her bedroom, are gone. Diamonds worth five hundred thousand francs. Weber comes to the Sûreté and makes a complaint. What do we find? The servants, they have been with Weber many years, spoiled, careless, but dishonest—I think not. There is no sign of a burglary. But the day before the jewels were missed a man came to the Weber apartment who asked for Madame Weber and was told she was not at home. That was true in fact, but also Weber's man did not like his look. A *gouape* of the finest water—that is the description. What you call a blackguard, is it not?"

"Interesting. But not an identification, Dubois," said Reggie.

"Be patient still. You see—here is a type which might well have known *la belle* Clotilde before she was Madame Weber. Very well. This gentleman, when he was refused at the Weber door, he did not go far away. We have a concierge who saw him loitering till the afternoon at least. In the afternoon the Weber servants go out. What more easy than for the blackguard artist to enter, to take the jewel case, to hop it, as you say."

"We do. Yes."

"Well, then, I begin from a description of Monsieur the Blackguard. A man who is plump and dark with little dark whiskers, who has front teeth which stand out, who walks like a bird running with steps that go pit-pat. He speaks French well enough but not like a Frenchman. He wears clothes of orange color cut very loose and a soft black hat of wide brim. Then I find that a man like this got into the night train from the Gare St. Lazare for Dieppe—that is, you see, to come back to England by the cheap way. Very well. We have worked in the Latin Quarter, we find that a man like this was seen a day or two in some of the cafés. They remember him well, because they knew him ten years ago when he was a student. They are like that, these old folks of the Quarter; it pays. Then his name was Farquhar, Derek Farquhar, an Englishman." Dubois twirled his moustaches. "So you see, my friend, I dare to trouble Mr. Lomas to find me in England this Farquhar."

"Yes. Method quite sound," Reggie mumbled. "As a method."

"My poor Reginald," Lomas laughed. "What a mournful, reluctant confession! You've hurt him, Dubois. He was quite sure Mr. Farquhar was traversing the wilds of Brittany."

"A-ha." Dubois put up his eyebrows and made a gesture of respect to Reggie. "My (Turn to page 20)

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

DINNER

by H. C. BAILEY

Reggie investigates the murder of a
is a clue—a sketch in his notebook



"You have grown rich on the murder of children!" cried Dubois. Reggie watched the man stagger back. "Play-acting!" said Dubois, with a shrug

dear friend, never I consult you, but I find you see farther than I. Tell me, then."

"Oh, no, no. Don't see it all," Reggie mumbled and told him of the menu of the long dinner.

"Without doubt that dinner was served in Brittany," Dubois nodded. "But what of that? He was a painter, and Brittany is always full of painters."

"Yes. You're neglectin' part of the evidence. Faces on the back of the menu." He took out his pocketbook, and sketched the black-bearded countenance.

"The devil," said Dubois.

"As you say. Associated by your Mr. Farquhar with Brittany."

"My dear Fortune!" Dubois' big face twisted into a quizzical smile. "You are very subtle. Me, I find this is to make too much of little things."

"Yes, rational criticism," Reggie murmured, looking at him with dreamy eyes. "However. Any association of the Webers with Brittany?"

"Oh, my friend!" Dubois smiled indulgently. "None at all. And when they go out of Paris, it is to Monte Carlo, to Aix. No. You shall forgive me, but I find nothing in your menu to change my mind. I must look for my Farquhar here."

Thus the evening ended.

Some days later the telephone called Mr. Fortune.

"Could you listen for a moment?" said Lomas. "You might be interested."

"Not likely, no. However."

"Reginald, I'm afraid that you'll suffer. To break it gently, we've traced Farquhar. But the awkward fact for you is, Farquhar hasn't gone to Brittany, he's gone to Westshire."

"What has he got to say for himself?"

"I don't know. We haven't put our hands on him yet. We—what?"

"Pardon me. It was only emotion. Oh, my Lomas. You found the only place you could find him, so you haven't found him. The perfect official. No results, but always the superior person."

"Results quite satisfactory," Lomas snapped. "We had a clear identification. He's been staying at Lyncombe. He's bolted again. But we shall get him. Bell's gone down with Dubois."

"Splendid. Always shut the stable door when the horse has gone. I'll go too."

AS THE MOON rose over the sea, Reggie's car drove into Lyncombe. It is a holiday town of some luxury. The affronts to nature of its blocks of hotels and villas have not yet been able to spoil all the beauty of cliff and cove.

He went to the newest hotel, he bathed well and dined badly, and as he sat smoking his consolatory pipe on a balcony, Dubois came to him with Bell.

"A-ha," Dubois spoke. "You have not gone to Brittany then, my friend?"

"No. No. Followin' the higher intelligence. And where have you got to?"

"We have got to the tracks of Farquhar—there is no doubt of that. What is remarkable, he had registered in his own name at the hotel, and the people there, they recognized his photograph, they are sure of it."

"The identification's all right," Bell grunted. "The devil of it is, he's gone again. He went in a hurry too. Left all his traps behind, such as they were."

"Oh, Peter!" Reggie moaned. "I haven't got to look at his shirts again?"

"I'm not asking you, sir. There's no sort of reason to think there was anything done to him. He just went out and didn't come back. Three days ago. What he was doing here beats me."

"Yes, what the devil should he have to do with this so correct Lyncombe?" Dubois rumbled.

"Yes. Quite obscure. I haven't the slightest idea what he's been doing. However. Are we down-hearted? No. We're in touch with the fundamental problem now. Why does Mr. Farquhar deal with Brittany and the beautiful Clotilde and Lyncombe? First method of solution clearly indicated. Find out what he did do in Lyncombe. He'd be conspicuous in this correct place. Good night."

The next day Reggie sat upon the same balcony spreading the first scone of his tea with clotted cream and blackberry jelly, when the two returned.

"What! Have you not moved since last night?" Dubois made a grimace at him.

"My dear chap! Just walked all along one of the bays. And back. Great, big bay. Exercise demanded by impatient and fretful brain. Rest is better."

"Bell has news for you," Dubois said, "Tell him."

"It's like this," Bell explained. "About a week ago—that's three or four days before he disappeared, we can't fix the date nearer—Farquhar went to call at one of the big houses here. It's rather like the Paris case. He was seen loafing round before and after. As you said, he's the sort of chap to get noticed. The house he went to belongs



HARSH LULLABY

by HELENE MULLINS

Cry in your cradle, baby, because the sun
Dazzles your eyes, because you are perplexed
By a broken doll, because your nurse has run
Mysteriously away and left you vexed
With hunger and loneliness. We will not tell
You of uphill roads that feet must learn to
climb,
Of injustices against which men rebel
In vain, of the way that sorrow stretches time.

Later you will begin to learn these things
And many others, of your own accord;
Will learn the ultimate end of tramps and
kings,
The common doom of adorer and adored.
Cry in your cradle, baby; a little while
The sun can be shut out and the doll be
mended:
Your nurse can return and soothe you with a
smile,
Your heart forget the hour when the world
seemed ended.

to an old gentleman. Mr. Lane Hudson. Lived here for years. Very rich, they say. Well, he's eighty or more, he's half paralyzed, only gets about his house and grounds in a wheel-chair. I've seen him, I've had a talk with him. His mind's all right. He tells me he never heard of Farquhar; didn't so much as know Farquhar had been to his house. That's quite in order; it's his rule that the servants tell anybody not known he's not well enough to see people and I don't blame him. He told me the fellow had no doubt come begging for money. Anyhow, it's certain Farquhar didn't see him. The old butler and the nurse bear that out and they never heard of Farquhar before. The butler saw him and turned him away. So here's another nice old dead end."

"YES. As you say. Rather weird isn't it? The flamboyant debauched Farquhar knockin' at the door—to get to a paralyzed old rich man who never heard of him. I wonder. Curious selection of people to call on by our Mr. Farquhar. A pretty lady of Paris who's married money and settled down on it, a rich old Welshman who's helpless on the edge of the grave. And neither of 'em sees Mr. Farquhar—accordin' to the evidence. Neither will admit to knowin' anything about him." Reggie turned melancholy eyes on Dubois. "Takes your fancy, what?" "Name of a name!" Dubois rumbled. "It is fantasy." "Mr. Lane Hudson lives all alone, what—except for servants?" Reggie asked.

"That's right, sir," Bell nodded. "He's been a widower this long time. Only one child, daughter, and there's a grandson, quite a kid. Daughter's been married twice, first to a chap called Tracy, now to a Bernal, son by the first marriage, no other children."

"You have taken pains, Bell," Reggie smiled.

"Well, I got everything I could think of," said Bell with gloomy satisfaction. "Not knowing what I wanted. And

there's nothing I do want in what I've got. The Mr. and Mrs. Bernal come here fairly regular—not the child—they've been staying with the old man just now. They were there when Farquhar called and after—didn't go away till last Wednesday—that's before Farquhar disappeared, you see—the day before. Farquhar didn't ask for the Bernals and they didn't see him at all, the servants say. So there you are. The Bernals don't link up any way. That peters out like everything else."

"Yes. Taken a lot of pains," Reggie murmured. "Where do the Bernals live?"

"In France, sir," said Bell, and Reggie opened his eyes.

"A-ha!" Dubois made a grimace and pointed a broad finger at him. "There, my friend. The one grand fact, is it not? But, alas, my dear Fortune, they do not live in Brittany. They live in the south, near Cannes, they have lived there—what do I know?—since they were married, hein?"

"That's right," Bell grunted. "Lady set up house there with her first husband. He had to live in the south of France—gassed in the war."

"You see?" Dubois smiled. "Your vision of Brittany, my friend, it has no substance still."

"I wonder," Reggie mumbled.

PRODDED by him, Bell inquired that night of the Hudson household where the Bernals were to be found, but could obtain only the address of their Cannes villa, for they were reported to be going back by car. Dubois was persuaded to telegraph Cannes and received the reply that the Bernal villa was shut up, monsieur and madame were away motoring and their boy at school—what school nobody knew.

Later that night Reggie was awakened from sound sleep. He looked up to see Dubois' large face above him.

"Oh, my hat," he moaned. "What is it?"

"Courage, my friend. They have found him. At least they think so. Some fisherman going out yesterday evening—they found a body on the rocks at what they call Granny's Cove. Come. The brave Bell wants you to see."

"Bless him," Reggie groaned and rolled out of bed. "What is life that one should seek it? I ask you."

In the mortuary Bell introduced them to a body covered by a sheet. "Here you are, sir." He stepped aside. "The clothes seem to be Farquhar's clothes all right. Sort of orange tweed coat and green flannel trousers. But I don't know about the man."

Reggie drew back the sheet from what was left of a face . . .

Under a sunlit breeze the sea was dancing bright, the mists flying inland from the valleys to the dim bank of the moor when Reggie came out again.

He drove back to his hotel and shaved and bathed and rang up the police station. Bell and Dubois arrived to find him in his room eating grilled ham and eggs.

"My envy, all my envy," Dubois pulled a face. "This is greatness. The English genius at the highest."

"Oh, no. No," Reggie protested. "Natural man. Well. The corpse is that of Mr. Farquhar as per invoice. Yes. Hair, colorin', size and so forth agree. Mr. Farquhar's been in the sea three or four days. Correspondin' with the date of disappearance. Cause of death, drowning. Severe contusions on head and body inflicted before death. Possibly by blows, possibly by fall. Might have fallen from cliff, might have been dashed on rocks by sea. No certainty to be obtained."

"You are talking!" Dubois exclaimed. "Whatever arrives, it will mean nothing for us. Here is murder, suicide, accident, what you please."

"I wonder," Reggie began to peel an apple. "Anything in his pockets, Bell?"

"A lot of money, sir. Nothing else. The notes are all sodden, but it's a good wad and some are fifties. Might be five or six hundred pounds. So he wasn't robbed."

"And then?" said Dubois. "It is not enough for all the jewels of Clotilde, but it is something in hand. Will you tell me what the devil he was doing at the door of this paralyzed millionaire? It means nothing, none of it."

Reggie gazed at Dubois with dreamy eyes. "As we are here, let's try and get a little more knowledge before departure. Usin' the local talent. Bell—your fishermen—have they any idea where a fellow would tumble into the sea to be washed up into Granny Cove?"

"Ah," Bell was pleased. "I have been asking about that, sir. Supposing he got in from the land, they think it would be somewhere round by Shag Nose. That's a bit o' cliff west o' the town. I'm having men search round and inquire."

Reggie sighed. His eyes grew melancholy. "Is it far?" he asked in a voice of fear.

"Matter of a mile or two."

"Oh, my Bell," Reggie groaned. He rose stiffly. "Come on."

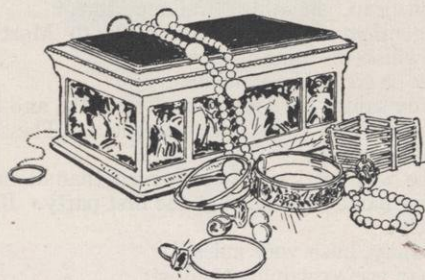
Shag Nose is a headland from which dark cliffs fall sheer. Below them stretches seaward a ridge of rocks which stand bare some way out at low (Turn to page 53)

MIDNIGHT TO DAWN

Beneath the tinsel of Broadway and the glitter of its lights, love goes on playing its honest, immemorial role

by

MARGARET
SANGSTER



CARA BURKE'S name had just been called by Santa (Santa Claus in a top hat!) and she was going hesitantly toward the Christmas tree to the accompaniment of shouts and murmurs and a few jeers.

"At a baby, Cara!" So went the shouts.

"Isn't she naïve and simple!" ran the jeers and murmurs.

Santa beamed at Cara through his luxuriant white whiskers (borrowed from the wardrobe woman) and said: "Have you been good this year, little girl?" He added, in an undertone: "I should ask!"

Cara flushed. The flush crept all the way from the deceptive dimple in her smooth, firm chin to the place where her fair bang kissed her forehead.

Cara said, desperately—also in an undertone: "Are you trying to make a bum of me? Lay off this juvenile stuff. I can fill my own stockings!"

"And how!" chuckled Santa Claus. He paused, and then—"Suppose you hold out your paddie?"

Cara extended a slim white hand—there wasn't anything else to do—and Santa slipped a bracelet over it. The bracelet was enough to make a normally strong girl turn weak in the knees—it was so encrusted with diamonds and emeralds. Cara stared at it, and the flush died from her cheeks.

"Good heavens, Mort," she said, "this is real."

"And," Santa Claus told her softly, "there are plenty more where it came from. Keep the fact in mind, honey."

Cara whispered: "I can't take it, you know. I'm not the type. I shouldn't think that I'd have to tell you that again."

Santa leaned forward until his eyes—no more than a trifle clouded with this and that—were close to Cara's. "If you refuse to take it," he said, "for the present, anyway, the whole company will talk."

Cara said, loudly: "You're a great guy, Santa—thanks for the buggy ride." She hissed, from between two rows of white, even teeth: "You'll find this in the mail-box, at your club, in the morning."

She sauntered back to her place, with her fingers spread, comic fashion, upon her hip.

"Believe it or not," she told the crowd of girls and the smattering of men, "I'm the Queen of Sheba."

Nobody spoke for about half a moment, and then Sally Carstairs, who shared Cara's make-up table and never stole her powder or her mascara, said: "The French are making swell phonies, this season. The hand-cuff looks darn near authentic."

There was a giggle from one of the girls, a guffaw from one of the men, and fifteen thousand dollars' worth of jewels and platinum was passed by with a shrug. Sally Carstairs was a nice kid.

Santa Claus shouted another name, and the party went on, and Cara retreated to a corner of the room and sank into one of Mort Hildreth's deep chairs, and brooded darkly with her gaze on the clock.

The evening waxed eloquent. It was more than Christmas Eve, more than an orgy of giving—it was an out-and-out binge. Mort Hildreth's parties were often binges—even as the shows he endowed were glorified binges. The tabloids referred to him as a millionaire

playboy—despite the path of hair that was turning gray at each temple. The choruses of his shows called him a regular feller.

Only Cara Burke had ever called him anything tender—and she didn't do it aloud. She called him wistful, shy names in her heart. "Boy . . . my boy . . . my dearest dear . . ." To his face she was a chill, aloof young person, refusing his invitations, frowning upon his advances, sending back—until tonight—his frequent gifts.

As she sat, scrunched into the big chair, watching the clock, listening to the growing hilarity, Cara Burke was saying the names one by one.

"Darling," she was saying. "Why the heck does he think I'm for sale, the big, bad wolf? *Sweetheart*—his bracelet doesn't mean a darn thing. He ought to know, by this time, that he can't . . . *Oh, I do love him!*"

The party had started at eleven-ten, a mere five minutes after the curtain had rung down on the season's biggest hit—of which Mort was the angel. The complete chorus was at the party, and some of the principals. It was in Mort's so-called studio, which was the entire top floor of the theater building. There was a tree, and champagne and caviar aplenty, and Mort in the aforementioned beard and topper. His bag of presents was almost as impressive as his bag of tricks. But for all his gifts and wisecracks and his antics, his gaze kept wandering to the place where Cara sat so quietly. When he saw her get up, shortly after midnight, he left the group around the tree. His eyes were filled with accusation as he accosted her in the hall. She had slipped a rough tweed coat over her party frock, and her blond bang curled from beneath a dark beret. She looked aggressively childish as she turned to face him.

"So," said Mort, "you are doing a walk-out on my celebration? Be yourself, Cara, and wait a bit. I'm planning to see you home. That's my Christmas present to myself!"

Cara said: "Don't run away from your party, Mort. Be regular; you're the host. Besides, I'm not going home."

Mort Hildreth had found space for a fair amount of his excellent champagne. His expression grew a shade more accusing—his mouth became a trifle ugly.

"Two-timing, eh?" he said.

Cara jerked at the bracelet that encircled her slim wrist.

"Because you think you can drape me with tinsel," she said, "don't imagine you can tell me where I'm to go—or ask me where! I hate your jewels, Santa—and merry Christmas. Also happy New Year!"

Mort's eyes had grown sweet, suddenly—so had his mouth.

"Oh, Cara," he said, "stay a few minutes longer, and keep the bracelet—there's an angel—and let me give you a flock of pretty things to match it."

But Cara Burke, with a small sob in her soul, was hurrying past him, was running down the stairs. There were five flights—the elevator man was at the party too. It wasn't until she gained the entrance hall of the theater building that Mort caught up with her. "Let the crowd worry along without me," he said,

"I hate your jewels, Santa," she cried, and fled

"I'll take you home. Anyhow, they won't miss me, ten to a dozen."

Cara persisted: "I'm not going home. I told you so."

"Are you going to another party?" asked Mort.

"Yes, I am," said Cara. "Try and stop me."

She went barging through the door and hailed a taxi. But it was Mort's hand that helped her into it.

"If there's another party that's got anything on mine," he told her, "I'll stick with you. What'll I tell the driver by way of an address?"

Cara stormed: "I don't want you."

Mort asked, and his mouth was ugly again: "Where do we go from here?"

Cara said, sulkily: "I was about to take the subway; but since you're so anxious to buy things, you can endow this cab." She gave an address in the farthest north sector of the city.

Mort grimaced. "It doesn't sound festive," he said. "I'm mad about you, Cara. Kiss me!" His arms were around her so tight that they hurt. His top hat rolled to the floor of the cab, and he put his foot through it.

Cara wanted to kiss him—wanted to, dreadfully—but she jerked into the corner and said: "This is cheap for you, at twenty cents a mile. Let me be, Mort!"

When he didn't, she slapped him—no love tap, either. Five small ridges stood redly on his face, above the line of the beard. Mort said something not quite under his breath, and removed the beard and threw it out of the window.

THE ride was a morose journey. Fifty blocks, a hundred blocks, a hundred and fifty blocks—to the tune of the driver singing and the click of the meter. The inside of the taxi was cold, but not nearly so cold as Cara's hands or her heart. And then the driver stopped singing and the meter stopped clicking and the driver's voice droned: "Happy landing!"

Cara spoke, and her voice was shaking.

"This," she said, "is more than the end of a ride, Mort—it's the end of a friendship, if you'd call it that."

To the driver she added: "Take the gentleman back to the place where you found us."

But Mort fumbled in his pocket for a bill and flung it to the driver (who murmured, "Gosh") and said, briefly: "I'm coming with you."

Then the cab shot away into the darkness, and Cara and Mort were stranded in front of a shabby apartment house on a shabby street.

Cara was sobbing beneath her breath, but she was clever enough to change her tactics.

"Mort, dear," she coaxed, "please hurry along. The crowd will think you've been kidnapped. Truly, you can't come with me; I mean it. You wouldn't understand."

Mort said: "I want to know what my rival looks like. Perhaps I can improve his appearance for him. I could—" he surveyed the house—"give you a better break than this, Cara. I didn't dream that you had a semi-suburban hide-away. You told me you lived in that hotel with the other girls."

"I do, week days," said Cara, and could have bitten off her tongue.

"So," said Mort, "that's why you've never accepted my Sunday invitations. Well, let's scam!"

There wasn't any help for it. Cara marched to the entrance of the shabby apartment house and slipped a key into a creaking lock. She went into a vestibule and said: "You'll find it harder to follow me up five flights."

She started to climb dark, narrow stairs, perfumed with a multiple of odors—hamburger, cabbage, onions . . . She took a mean delight in going fast, even though the tears stung against her eyelids and her heart ached. Finally they came to a door on a landing. At the door she paused and flung words across her shoulder.

"As a last favor," she said, "will you make yourself scarce?"

"No," said Mort. He wasn't panting very much.

"Then," said Cara, "for heaven's sake, behave yourself. This party isn't your sort of a party. It means a lot to them, see? And it's long past their bedtime. Try not to be Mort Hildreth, God's understudy. Act as if you're my boy friend."

She knocked on a panel, softly, three times.

Mort said: "Signals an' everything." But he was puzzled.

The door swung inward. A very old lady stood on the threshold. An old man stood peering around her



THE CHIPPEWA POT

by

ELIZABETH COOK

DID you ever come down with a severe attack of the ego? Feeling this condition coming on not so very long ago, I went to visit a settler woman deep in the timber. I thought we'd pool our miseries and do a little quiet moaning. My friend lives in a log cabin. It's just one big room with curtains round the bed. In her one window swung a quaint and sturdy pot with a hanging plant in it.

It turned out to be a Chippewa clay pot, at least two hundred years old, that had been dug out of an Indian mound.

"You take it," said she, seeing my pleasure.

"Why, I can't take the only pretty thing you've got," sprang to my lips. But I didn't say it. When people are full flushed with generosity, they don't like to be let down.

"You'll miss it," said I.

"No, I won't," she replied. "Look out of the window." A bit of brown brook made its way past her line of vision. On a flat rock a great blue heron was posed. The hill rising on the other side blazed with trees in red and yellow. Above all this, a sky as blue as a baby's eyes.

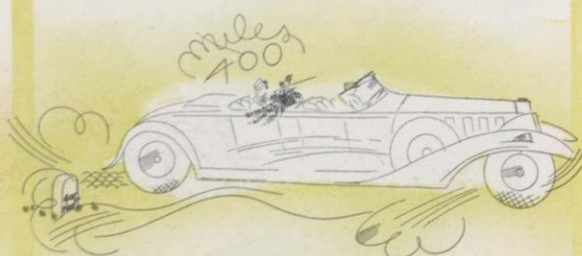
"When the moon comes over the hill, it's much prettier. It's as good as a book with pictures in it."

Mind you, not a word about her troubles.

So behold me, carrying the pot and plant on my lap four hundred miles home in a car. I wouldn't even let a bell hop touch it.

I have placed it next the window on the side of the house where my view would ordinarily be garbage cans. In those moments when my ego gets troublesome I look at its homely beauty and am chastened. Because, you see, the woman who gave me this lovely thing really has a right to a complaining ego if any one ever did. She has a chronic ailment, her children have been a sorrow to her, she lives miles away from anyone, she has no conveniences. Her life is hard and primitive. Yet she has retained the capacity to enjoy what she has and to share what is good.

And as long as you have these two things you've got a lot. You've got something which will keep your ego from having the hives!



shoulder. Cara said: "Granny, dearest!" She said: "Granddad—you old bunny face!" She flew from one pair of feeble arms to the next.

The old lady said: "We was afraid you wouldn't make it." She asked: "Who's this with you?"

Mort reached forward and took a withered old hand in his firm, warm clasp.

"I'm Cara's beau," he said. "Call me Mort."

The old gentleman put his face close to Mort's. He had real whiskers—tons of them.

"I can't see so good," he explained.

The old lady said: "He's right handsome, Pa, and he has on a tuxedo and patent leather shoes. They're a fine upstanding couple."

Cara's face was scarlet. Redder even than it had been when her name was called at the first party. But she said gently:

"Now, Granny, hush your noise!"

The old man was explaining to Mort:

"Cara's all we got. Her mother was our only child. We brought Cara up, after she was left an orphan—and she does for us. She keeps us in this swell place. Cara's a daughter as well as a granddaughter. Know what came from the store this afternoon? A radio—for our Christmas. We been listenin' to carols the whole evening, and we have a chicken, fresh roasted . . ."

Cara interposed: "We're hungry as bears, we two. We could eat fifty chickens."

The old lady said: "We got cocoa with whipped cream. You like cocoa?" She was appealing to Mort.

Mort said: "I've a passion for it. It's my favorite drink." He'd forgotten about the champagne as he helped Cara remove her heavy coat.

The party in the studio, atop the theater, had had a sense of reality, but the party in the shabby flat was as unreal as a story in a green-and-gold book. Two o'clock, two-thirty, three—when only chorus girls and rich playboys and their ilk should be celebrating—and yet the pair of old people (crowding eighty, Cara whispered) were as chipper as a couple of youngsters on a spree. Words tumbling over one another, they told Mort the story of their lives—and the story of Cara's. They showed him photographs from the family album—and Mort, who had seen plenty of photographs of Cara with beaded lashes—and (whisper it) the modern equivalent of tights—got a new thrill. From the naked wee baby on the fur rug, through the gingham, pig-tail period to the initial evening frock, he followed Cara's progress. He saw her first professional picture, clumsily retouched. And holding it in his hands he heard the grandmother's quavery voice, explaining.

"She was so pretty," the old voice said, "Cara was. Not that she ain't still pretty. We hated to have her on the stage. But it takes a heap of special schoolin' to learn to be a stenographer or a teacher, and Cara didn't have to be taught—not much, she didn't!—to dance. An' she said to us: 'You've no need to worry—a girl that plays straight and don't take presents, and don't ask favors, and don't give nothing unless there's love back of the gift—she can get along anywhere . . .'" The grandmother paused, abruptly. Perhaps because of the pressure of Cara's hand on hers.

AND Mort Hildreth—perhaps because of the look in Cara's eyes—stepped into the breach.

"You don't have to worry about your girl!" he said. "She's okay. She can take care of herself."

The old grandfather chuckled and said:

"She's no call to, now she has you to do the job."

Mort took a gulp of his cocoa. He was remembering his pursuit of Cara. He was remembering what he had thought when he purchased the bracelet. "She'll never have the guts to return this!" he'd thought. He was remembering how he'd kissed her in the taxi. He was remembering what it feels like to be completely ashamed . . .

The old grandmother was going on.

"Cara never worried us," she said, "until she began to act strange, couple of months ago. I said to Pa, here, 'Our baby's got it bad!' I said, 'I hope it's Mr. Right come along.' And then Cara began to tell us things about a feller that was putting up for her show. How handsome he was, and how rich. And Pa and me was that scared—"

The old man interrupted.

"Yes," he said, "we was scared. We thought she was plumb gone on him. Seems silly—now that she's brought you home—that we ever (Turn to page 39)



RUNNING WILD

by
*Celia Caroline
Cole*

YOUNG things and hair and isms all think that results would be marvelous if they could do just as they please. But when they do it, there is a flatness, an emptiness, a what's-gone-wrong feeling.

It's because no one and nothing are as yet perfect enough to do as they please. It's too heady a draught; they run wild. I've known hair that could run wild—oh, occasional brushing and the routine shampoo, but no training, though hair *does* like habits and responds to them beautifully—and it still was attractive (if its owner was under thirty), but I've never known an ism or a young thing that ran wild and still was very desirable.

They lose their charm, their centeredness, that comforting and fascinating quality known as "both feet on the ground." Head among the stars, yes, but both feet on the ground. It takes a tall person. And a tall ism. And dramatic, magnificent hair.

One thing I know—all these letters that come marching in to me from you, the young, stir me through and through. I watch you in the girls' schools I visit, I look and look at you here in my home visiting my own young thing, I search and search you in your letters and I know that life is not at all easy for you. Something in you feels so strong and sure, and then everything outside of you keeps you from letting it out, using it freely, superbly. Slim young moons riding confidently a very wide sky. And then something in you is so confused and frightened, like a little child who needs a hand to hold on to tightly as she walks.

This comes from one of you: "Will you, some day soon, write an article especially for us—for us who after striving and striving for sophistication, end up by making ourselves hard and artificial; for us who, to all



WYNN RICHARDS

outward appearances, are poised and fearless, but whose inner selves are a turmoil—frightened by the turbulent life we lead. Please dedicate your page to us once; won't you?"

So this is your page, my dear young friend with the lovely name. (And you haven't ended up hard and artificial—that's a very lovable letter.)

But I know exactly what you mean. I've seen it. That wise (ugly wise) look in the eyes and mouth that says: "You can't tell me anything I don't know—I know my way about!" And underneath is emptiness or painful uncertainty as to what is the right direction to go.

It's enough to make stones groan and disintegrate! Missing *youth!* Leaping from little girlhood into sophistication with no real experience back of the sophistication to make it smooth and rich and kind.

The thing you really want is to know how to handle yourselves, isn't it, how to be effective, lovable, strong, amusing, exciting, restful and desirable? Quite a lot. But you can be it all, if that's what you want—it's there within you. Nothing is impossible. If you can vision it, you can be it! And all this sophistication thing works out just the opposite way. It makes you disappointing (and disappointed) and unloved (sought after, in a way, but not loved) and a little ridiculous. You've thrown away the thing in you that was so valuable—your unspoiledness—the lovely, untouched quality of you.

Go back and be yourselves. You can. Stop pretending. Open yourselves to discipline. Welcome it. It will save you.

And this, from a girl of sixteen. Lovely, clever but here she is:

"To me life seems an endless thing
That wanders on and on,
Dragging along the weary souls
That through some will of Nature or of fate
Must follow for a little space
This timeless empty thing called life."

I can scarcely bear that! To feel like that towards this one best proof of God-in-the-world—*life*. Life in you, life in a blade of grass, life in an eagle, life in trees.

That unknown, superb gift with which we are to do something! The one power in the world is life! Use it beautifully, don't waste it. Lift it high and let it shine!

And this: "Your description of a young girl's face made me search out a mirror. I am twenty-one—surely not old enough to think of yesterdays as though there were no tomorrows and yet I have been doing just that. I am an unemployed stenographer and I'll admit that I am a little run-down in spirit. But I looked in the mirror and saw a 'hard, unlovely' sophisticated look. I'm glad that it is just a mask—a mask upon today's living—that that's all it needs to be if one is careful and builds upon her little integrities. I know I possess them—little integrities—though they are clogged up like the pores of a face and can't breathe—with depression dirt and grime."

She will come through! She sees, and that's the beginning of victory. Don't be afraid—you can't be defeated.

Heaps of lovely letters and so much appreciation that I feel humbled. And some of you have formed a "Distant Towers" Club, named for my article in last September's *DELINEATOR*. The Club members write me that "our most important aim is for each member to form habits now which will some day make her a 'great lady.'" Do you know what that does to me? I want to sing, I want to run in the wind and shout, I want to pray. I am so grateful to be able to help even a little towards making great ladies in this world.

Now, practically, where do we go? How can we find our way?

Three things I'm fairly sure of and then I, too, must grope. Too many of you have three things that are shutting you out: Posture—bad posture goes deeper than you think; "Not quite clean"—that, too, has roots that go down deep; Short-sightedness—your horizons are too near.

Physicians tell me that one reason so many of you are below par physically is bad posture—your body pulled out of line by the dropped chest, drooping shoulders, the aggressive tummy trying to lead the parade instead of letting the chest (Turn to page 28)

PRESS WITH YOUR IRONER

These ironers press, as well as iron,
and operate so easily that any member
of the family can do his own pressing



Creases and pleats are easily
reset with sharp, even edges

WITH tailored clothes at the mercy of winter weather and going limp on inconvenient occasions, pressing becomes one of January's most absorbing problems. We've had it to deal with here at Delineator Institute and think we have found the easiest way to recover those crisp pleats and creases lost in the snow somewhere between office and home.

We now do most of our pressing with an ironing machine. Startling as it may sound, these machines press as well as iron, even the older type formerly known as a "mangle." And they operate so simply—at the touch of a button or lever—that any member of the family can do his own pressing. Men and boys, as well as women, may like to press their own suits occasionally.

With a pressure that is uniform and directed downward, pleats and creases have sharp edges and are never stretched out of line. The work is done quickly because large surfaces are pressed at a time. And it's not tiring, because the worker can do it seated.

The older type ironing machine with a revolving roll, formerly associated only with flat work, becomes a presser by virtue of a simple adjustment that holds the roll stationary when desired. With nothing in motion, it's a simple matter to arrange and keep the garment in position for pressing. The newer flatplate type of ironer was designed originally just for pressing and has now taken on itself the entire family ironing.

Trousers are pressed by placing them, seams together, with the ankle end of the leg at the right end of the ironer. If the legs are too long for the entire crease to be made at once, it's best to let the cuff end project. The lower end of the creases are then done with the cuffs. The seat and upper part of the trousers are pressed by slipping them over the end of the pad.

Woolen garments are always covered with a closely woven damp cloth before pressing. Shiny patches over pockets and seams are avoided if pressing is discontinued before the material is completely dry. In case such patches have appeared, they are steamed out by covering with a damp cloth, then going over the cloth lightly with a heated iron.

Knitting enthusiasts will be delighted with the finish a pressing gives newly knitted garments. They are spread into shape, covered with a lightly moistened cloth and pressed very briefly. The same applies to sweaters that have been laundered.

When laundering woolens, shrinkage is avoided by making the suds extremely heavy by the use of three times as much mild soap as for ordinary laundering, and avoiding all unnecessary agitation—this and a temperature throughout comfortable to the hands. With heavy suds, the soil is removed in wringing, and if the garment is put back into the suds and re-wringing a time or two, no other washing action is necessary.

Wrinkled neckties, too good to throw away but hardly worth professional attention, clutter up many a bureau drawer. We've been doing our bit toward getting them back into use. Our method is simple and successful. We cut a form of thin cardboard the size and shape of the outer end of a tie, and insert it between the lining and front, and press under a damp cheesecloth. The cardboard keeps the edges from flattening, and holds the tie in shape. If considerable moisture is needed to remove wrinkles, counteract its stiffening effect by keeping the temperature of the electric iron low with the automatic control.

THE LAUNDRY SPECIALIST

Clothes are soon ready to go places



DELINEATOR INSTITUTE

Buying whole hams is wise economy, for the hams of modern packers keep well

TWENTY HAM DINNERS

Tempting to the eye, with a delectable flavor, baked ham merits its family popularity

THE resourceful housekeeper buys a whole ham for its economy and convenience. In purchasing one, be sure that the little government stamp is on the rind, for that stamp is proof that the ham is safeguarded by Uncle Sam's experts; note also the brand mark of the individual packer, for it is further assurance of superior quality. With the cooperation of your butcher, such a ham may be prepared and stored perfectly for several weeks in your own refrigerator.

Our twenty ham dinners came from three hams that we bought for the Institute kitchens. They were of well-known brands and of approximately eleven pounds each. It was interesting to find that the price of whole ham was only about half that of raw sliced ham. One ham, the butcher boned, removed the rind, rolled and left whole; another he boned, removed rind, rolled and cut in half; and the third he left whole. The bones of the first two hams were cracked to make a base for soup. The butt or fleshy end of the cut boned ham we roasted. The upper shank end we wrapped in air-proof paper and sliced in varying thicknesses, when needed, for freshly cooked ham dishes and for crisp fried breakfast ham. The uncut boned ham, wrapped in air-proof paper, was stored in the refrigerator and sliced as our menu plans permitted during the ensuing weeks. The whole ham was baked in the usual manner but basted and garnished in a new way.

The first ham yielded the greatest number of dinners. By slicing it in our own kitchen, we varied the thickness from wafer-thin for breakfast ham to inch-thick slices. Two slices, weighing one and one-half pounds, served six generously at our freshly cooked ham dinners. We sliced and used the shank end of the second ham in the same way. Both wrapped in air-proof paper kept perfectly for weeks. The butt end of the second ham and the whole unboned ham were baked. Our guests ate more slices as well as ounces of hot ham than of cold, for a

thin slice of the latter weighs about one ounce and thicker hot ham slices from two to four ounces. The bones made fine soup stock, and the left-overs were minced for made dishes and sandwiches. Thus one cup of minced ham, weighing only one-quarter pound, is ample for six.

Since wrapped ham keeps well, forget its presence in your refrigerator for days and then its appearance will be hailed as a novelty. Ham lends itself delightfully to variety. For instance, a slice of raw ham may be baked topped with slices of canned pineapple, with whole bananas, with apple circles, with sliced white potatoes, with sliced onions, with dried apricots and with many other foods.

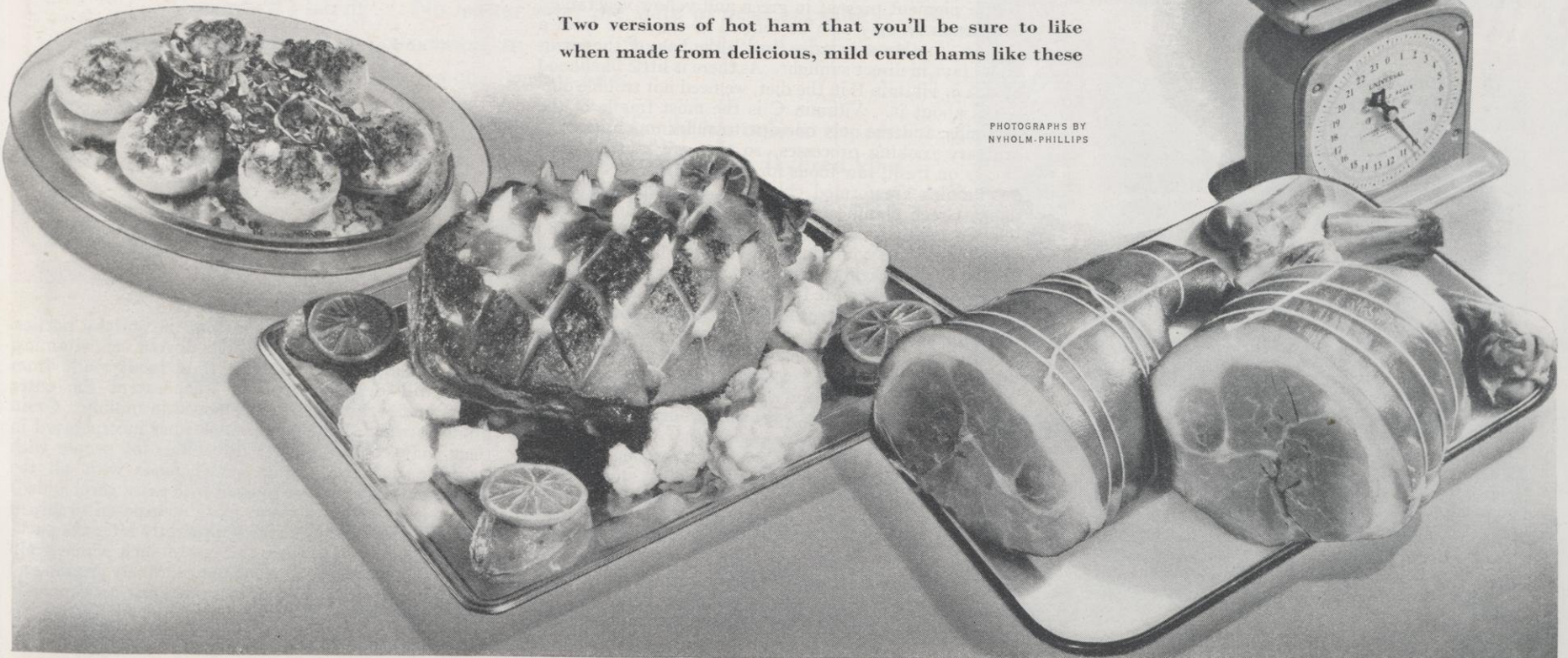
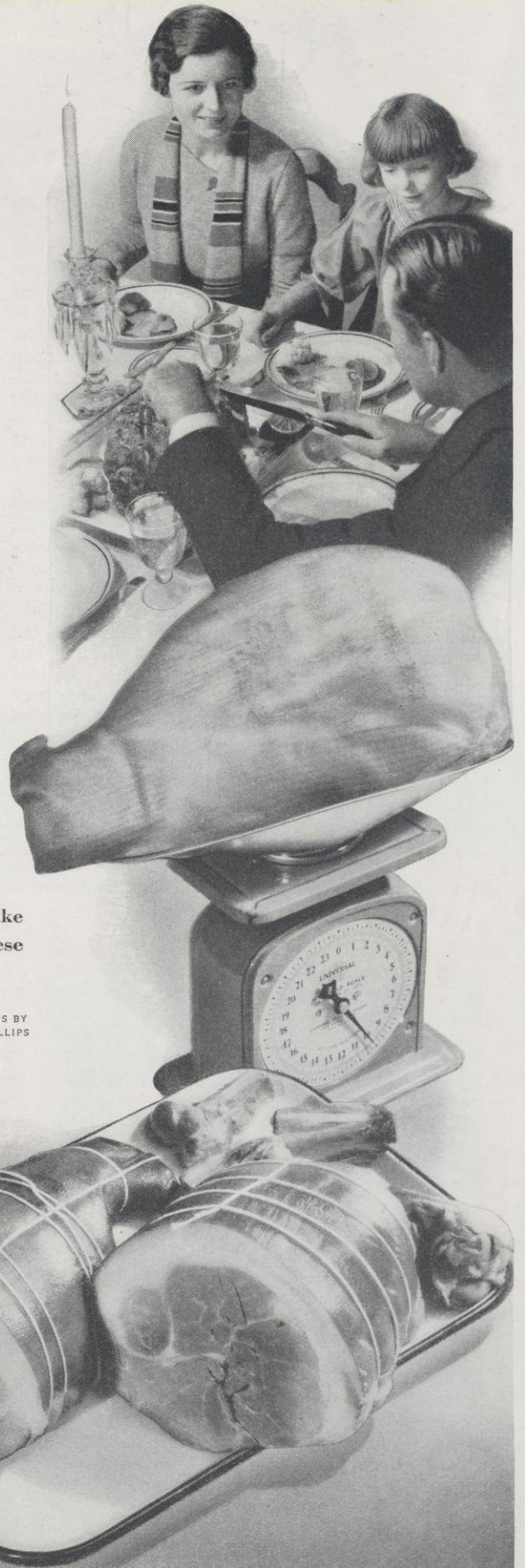
Baked Ham with Orange: Place a ham, fat side up, in a baking pan, add one cup water and bake at 300° F. till tender. Allow about twenty minutes to the pound. Take from oven, remove rind, score fat, pat in brown sugar and stick in the fat wee diamonds of orange peel. Remove excess fat from pan and replace ham in the oven set at 350° F. for thirty to fifty minutes. Baste four times with one-fourth cup orange juice for each basting. When well-browned, remove from oven and serve hot. If preferred, plunge the raw ham in boiling water, reduce the heat and simmer till tender, allowing twenty-five minutes to the pound. Drain, remove rind and finish in the oven. This ham is pictured at the bottom of the page.

Ham Baked with Dried Limas: Soak one cup dried limas overnight in cold water. Drain, put in a baking dish, cover with a layer of sliced onions, add one cup water and top with a slice of raw ham. Bake covered one hour in a moderate oven (325° F.), uncover and bake thirty minutes longer. Serve with cabbage salad.

Spanish Onions with Ham: Parboil Spanish onions for twenty minutes. Drain, split and hollow the centers slightly. Chop the center onion and sauté in shortening; add one tablespoon crumbs for each onion, a little minced parsley, salt and paprika. Re-stuff in (Turn to page 30)

Two versions of hot ham that you'll be sure to like when made from delicious, mild cured hams like these

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
NYHOLM-PHILLIPS



MILDRED MADDOCKS BENTLEY, Director

The familiar foods take on a new importance in the light of recent studies of vitamins

VITAMINS IN REVIEW

by DR. L. JEAN BOGERT

Our story about vitamins is made simple, but it is none the less sound and scientific

WHAT'S this about foods that are more than foods—that are the best medicines for preserving and restoring health? Some foods we eat just because we like them; others, either consciously or unconsciously, we eat to furnish energy and the proteins and mineral salts for building tissues. But upon these super-plus foods, which may give us other valuable food elements as well, we are dependent for the indispensable and elusive vitamins.

Just what are these vitamins? When scientists first discovered at about the turn of the century that there were some substances present in "natural" foods which are absent in highly purified foods, and that small amounts of these substances are absolutely essential for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," they were as much surprised and mystified as anybody. Now, after more than twenty-five years of study and lots of talk, most of the mystery is gone, and vitamins have become a household word. The chemists know what the vitamins are, and can even make two of them. Units for measuring them in foods and for finding out how much of them we need to keep in health, have been agreed upon. Almost every school-child knows that milk furnishes vitamins, and mothers know that children must have plenty of vitamins to grow on.

However, the ordinary man-in-the-street and woman-in-the-home are still rather puzzled and confused about vitamins. There are so many of them, and it's hard to keep track of what each one does and in what food it is found. Experimental work of the last few years has done much to clarify our knowledge of vitamins and of

the part they play in promoting growth and health. Modern preventive medicine stresses the importance of providing in the diet, not just the minimum amount required to prevent nutritional disaster, but a liberal surplus for building up vitality. Mrs. Housewife's task is to find vitamin-bearing foods which the family likes and which she can provide plentifully on a modest budget. Let us tackle this problem together.

As you probably know, the existence of at least six separate vitamins has been proven, and these are designated as vitamins A, B, C, D, E, and G.

And here's a little vitamin alphabet by which to remember what these vitamins do for us:

A is for Anti-infective. Helps keep you free from colds, sinus trouble and other "pestiferous" diseases.

B is for Building-up. Peps up appetite and digestion. Also good for constipation and the nerves.

C is for Curative. Helps make and keep all the tissues well.

D is for Dental. This vitamin helps build strong bones and healthy teeth.

E is for Elemental. This vitamin is needed for reproduction.

G is for Growth. This and all the other vitamins work together to make children grow.

Three of these vitamins (B, C, G) are soluble in water. They are usually found together in foods and may be partially lost in cooking water. The other three (A, D, E) are fat-soluble, and are found chiefly in fatty foods, though the body can make vitamin A from yellow pigment present in green and yellow vegetables.

Vitamin D may also be formed in the body from a certain "mother-substance," with the help of the ultra-violet rays in direct sunlight. As there is little likelihood of lack of vitamin E in the diet, we need not trouble ourselves about it. Vitamin C is the most fragile of the vitamins, and the only one apt to suffer much harm in ordinary cooking processes, so that we must depend chiefly on fresh, raw foods for this vitamin.

Vitamins are formed chiefly in the vegetable kingdom. Green plants make them with the help of light. Certain animals eat vitamin-containing plants and either store the vitamins thus obtained in their own bodies, or pass them on into food for their young. Thus the cow and the hen are friends of man in that they take vitamins provided in green fodder and other foods which man cannot use, and put them into milk and eggs which are very useful human foods. Fishes and other animals are also unwittingly of service to man when they eat vitamin-bearing foods, and store vitamins in their livers and other tissues. Fish liver oils are our richest source of vitamins A and D, while organ meats like liver and kidney, are good sources of several vitamins. Muscle meats and meat fats do not contain much stored vitamin, although meats are good sources of vitamin G, while yeast and liver are rich in both B and G.

All this gives us our clue as to what foods we will find vitamins in. Vegetables and fruits are naturally among our best sources, especially such as can be eaten raw and those which contain green or yellow pigments. In general, the parts of the plant richest in vitamins are the

green leaves and stalks; next come the fruits, pods, flowers and other succulent parts; lastly, the fibrous and storage parts like the roots and seeds. There are some notable exceptions to this general statement. For instance, yellow roots and tubers like carrots and sweet potatoes are excellent sources of vitamin A. Dried apricots are the fruit richest in vitamin A, though prunes, tomatoes and pineapple also contain it abundantly. These, along with leafy vegetables like spinach, chard, beet tops and turnip greens are some of the cheaper forms in which to buy vitamin A.

Whole grains are among our richest and cheapest sources of vitamin B. Since the vitamin is contained in the outer coats and in the tiny germ at one end of the

Weighed in terms of vitamins, how do your meals measure up? Look for foods priceless in vitamin content, and at a price your budget approves



kernel, cereal products made from the starchy portion of the grain only, are nearly devoid of vitamins. Thus the amount of vitamin B in foods made from grains will depend upon to what extent the outer layers and germ have been removed in milling. Grain products which have much harsh fiber incorporated in them may cause digestive difficulties for people with sensitive intestines, while cereal foods with all the oily germ left in (or maybe even with extra germ added) do not keep well in a warm place or exposed to air, so that they should be used fairly promptly after the package is opened. However, the use of such whole grain products as oatmeal, yellow cornmeal (finely ground and thoroughly cooked), and brown breakfast cereals made from whole wheat, is much to be (Turn to page 35)

DELINEATOR INSTITUTE

Within your reach

—every kind of soup you ever want!



TODAY'S soup... what will it be?... Step to the cupboard and let your eye run over the neat and compact rows of red-and-white Campbell's labels... No matter what the state of your appetite... no matter what your mood or need... here you find the exact answer... one of the famous twenty-one.

Just think of it! Any member of your family has only to express a wish, any guest has only to reveal a preference for a favored kind of soup... and you have it on the table in a trice... as made by the world's greatest soup-chefs... as made by Campbell's.

Not only the finest, the most delicious soups you can buy... but also the most complete and serviceable assortment ever offered... aiding you at every turn... Day after day you visit your cupboard and always find a tempting Campbell's "suggestion" there—from the soup that is a meal-in-itself to the daintiest clear soup for the formal table.

Have you looked recently at the complete list of Campbell's Soups as printed on each label? It's rich in meal-planning hints!

Campbell's Soups are made as in your own home kitchen, except that the broth is double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water, you obtain twice as much full-flavored soup at no extra cost.



CAMPBELL'S SOUPS
DOUBLE RICH DOUBLE STRENGTH



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

KEEPING UP AND MAKING UP



"I'll take these!" How often a woman says this when she sees well-tried beauty aids



"What's new?" Women ask to be shown the new products of their favorite cosmetic firms



"What do women look for when buying cosmetics?" . . . Candida became a salesgirl in a famous department store to find out

FOR years I have wondered what women ask for when they buy cosmetics. I have questioned salesgirls. I have bothered cosmetics buyers. I have hung about the cosmetics shelves in drug stores and in department stores until I was afraid would-be purchasers might take me for a detective. It's pleasant to like your job, and to be curious—if it gives you copy.

Last week I had my reward. I got a job as a salesgirl in one of our large department stores—in cosmetics, of course. There I stood, on the cherished "other side of the counter," displaying face powder shades, matching skin tones to it, assisting women to get the face powder which clung, which did not cake, which suited their taste in color, texture, scent, price.

It was marvelous. I strongly advise your turning salesgirl if you would like to hear women talk about beauty when off their guard. The girl behind the cosmetics counter is a kind of father confessor. There is an instinctive—but impersonal—bond between her and her customer. They are gay fellow conspirators, bent on working a miracle. Together they plan to promote, or to regain that allure which the beauty seeker always wishes to enhance.

One of my customers wanted help because her beau seemed to be letting up on his attentions. She decided to give her complexion a going-over, to get up-to-date on the latest subtleties in make-up. Another confided that her husband liked the way Kay Francis did her hair in a certain movie. She wondered what shampoos she might

try, what brushes, in order to recapture certain burnishings her lovely hair once had. Another—a shining-eyed young girl—wanted help in keeping pretty, pretty as she was in her half-confusion when she told about her exciting "date" for that evening. She wanted lips, cheeks, nails to match in color—a shade to contrast well with a brand-new green taffeta frock. Her "You will help me, won't you?" would have sent Cleopatra scurrying for magic unguents.

My next inquirer was a woman lawyer who had given up none of her feminine charm to her profession. She was fascinating, satisfying. She knew the ingredients in creams and face powders as well as I did. My seeking hands worked quickly as I stooped to a low shelf for an exquisite new finishing cream, as I reached up to another shelf for a tried-and-true cleansing cream meant especially for dry skin. I knew this customer's day was as busy as mine, that she had stolen one precious hour as a needed self-indulgence. But patience, enthusiasm won out: a half-year's supply of creams, lotions, face powder, rouge, lipstick, soap and cleansing tissues took its place on my salesbook. My customer thanked me; I thanked her. And all day long in spite of querulous customers whose feet hurt and who took it out in snappiness to all of us, I glowed within. I realized that knowing cosmetics is pretty much of a profession too—even though it might mean being at anyone's beck and call behind a cosmetics counter. I want to do it again.

CANDIDA

THE DAY NEVER CAME

[Continued from page 28]

Carlo completed refreshing her appearance, put on her hat and walked out of the house.

Phil was waiting just as she had known he would be. He was sitting at the table for two which they occupied whenever they dined at the little Italian restaurant. As she hastened toward him, he stood up smiling. "Hello, Baby. I thought you were lost."

"Oh, I was held up by one thing and another. I'm here now. Let's forget it."

He nodded his willingness to forget anything she didn't care to remember. They sat in silence looking happily into each other's eyes. Carlo thought for the thousandth time that with his gray eyes and brown, straight hair that was always rumpled like the hair of a little boy, he was the handsomest young man alive.

The waiter took their order and disappeared.

"How was the rehearsal today?" Phil asked.

"We didn't rehearse. Faxon is recarpeting his theater and there was too much noise."

"What did you do? Study?"

"No, I went to see my kid sister."

"Oh, I had a nice day. Three hours in the dentist chair."

"I don't envy you."

"Oh, well, it all comes under the heading of being alive."

"Did you hear any news today?"

"Yes and no. I can go on the road with 'Betty, Take a Chance' if I want to, but I think I'm going to hold out for a New York show. This road business is the bunk."

"I wish you were in our show. That Lyman Borden is dreadful."

Phil smiled. "What do they want for that kind of money? I wouldn't work for

it and neither would anybody else except Lyman Borden."

"And me."

"Why, honey, from their point of view you're getting a fortune."

The waiter appeared with the antipasto. For a time the two at the table were silent. When their empty plates vanished, conversation flourished anew. They continued to talk shop. They always talked shop when they weren't talking love.

After dinner they walked down Broadway and went into the Rialto where they sat holding hands in the darkness, radiating the traditional disdain of stage people for the people of the screen.

All through dinner, all through the walk and all through the picture Carlo wondered if she ought to tell Phil about Kerry Creighton. She and Phil were engaged in the take-it-for-granted manner of their kind and perhaps it was unjust to hide anything from him. Still he wouldn't take it sensibly. She knew he wouldn't. He would take that thoroughly masculine viewpoint which was never sensible. He would say: "Why didn't you tell him that you were engaged?"

He wouldn't stop to think that saying you were engaged, discouraged an interested male about as much as waving a

flag of truce would hold back a mad dog.

She decided to say nothing to Phil about Creighton and then she decided that she would and then she didn't quite know. But finally in a candy store while drinking a chocolate soda, caution threw the balance toward a full confession. Somehow Phil might hear about her going to Creighton's and then there really would be something to explain.

She told him of the invitation and he reacted exactly as she knew he would. Carlo said nothing for ten minutes.

Then—"Phil, I've been thinking this Creighton business over and I'm going because I think it's the wise thing to do. If I keep refusing him, he'll keep chasing after me or, worse, he'll get sore. I'm afraid to have him sore at me."

"Oh, nonsense. What do you think he'll do, run around asking everybody to starve you out?"

"It's been done before, Phil," she said, "and you know it. Besides, suppose he extended the grudge to you after we were married? How would we get along?"

"We'd get along without Creighton. And how is going up to his apartment fixing anything? As far as I can see it will make it worse."

She shook her head. "I don't think so, Phil. I think I can handle him all right if I really have a chance to talk to him. I think I can turn him into a friend."

"How?"

"Well," she said, hesitantly, "the idea came to me at the moviet. It mightn't sound like anything to you but that's because you can't know men as a girl gets to know them."

"Oh, you and your experience!"

"Well, I have been around this town long enough to know a thing or two about men."

SHOPPING LIST for "Keeping Up and Making Up" (on this page): Upper photograph: Dely-Primrose House; cleansing cream, foot cream, mild or strong astringent, face powder—Jane Cloud; Matching compact and lipstick—Max Factor. Lower photograph: A new beauty kit combination—Harriet Hubbard Ayer; new Milk of Almond Cream skin lotion—McKesson, Robbins; new crème nail polishes with harmonizing lipsticks in bright new colors—Cutex.

"So what do you know about Kerry Creighton?"

"I know he's ignorant."

"You never said a truer word."

"And all ignorant men are sentimental about good girls. I figure on building up a beautiful story about the hardships and grief that this particular good girl has had in her effort to remain lily white. I'll tell him the truth but I'll tell it in tabloid-paper style so he can appreciate it."

"Maybe," said Phil doubtfully.

"You see he knew my mother and father and that will help. I think I can do it."

"Maybe," Phil said again. "Will you tell him about me?"

"I don't think so. He's apt to feel less sorry for me if he knows a big, handsome brute like you is in the offing."

They walked back to Carlo's street and stood in front of her house waiting for Creighton's car to arrive. Carlo wished Phil would run along. She discovered that she was nervous.

"I think that's his car just passing the corner now, Baby. I'll run along. I'm sorry I was nasty." Phil stooped and kissed her hurriedly, then dashed away.

The car arrived, moving silently and coming to a silent stop. The liveried chauffeur hopped lightly out.

"Is this Mr. Creighton's car?"

"Yes. Miss Melvin?"

She nodded and he opened the car door for her, ensconcing her in the soft, dim interior. And away they went.

KERRY CREIGHTON was directly behind his small Japanese servant when the apartment door was opened. Carlo felt a second's satisfaction that she had not disappointed anyone so eager, but the satisfaction died as she remembered that Creighton's eagerness could be likened to that which a cat feels for a bright, darting bird.

"Come in, Carlo, come in. I'm so glad you felt like coming."

The servant disappeared with her hat and coat and she walked with Creighton into his beautiful living room. It was a white room with the simplicity of its design thrillingly shattered here and there by a cherry-colored vase or a (Turn to page 30)

THE DAY NEVER CAME

[Continued from page 29]

slim nude in ebony. The carpet was soft white snow, the divans were fluffy clouds. Carlo thought that many girls from farms and factories whose beauty had brought them to Broadway must have been drugged by the sensuous ease of that room. But she was immune. She had spent nearly all her life in rooms as lovely as this.

"Well, now tell me how your show looks." He was sitting beside her on a fluffy cloud. She looked at him and thought that as a child he must have led the gangs that came out of shanty town to annihilate the nice boys who lived in better neighborhoods. He had steel-gray eyes and a lantern jaw. He looked ignorant enough to support her theory, but she could find no hint of sentiment in his hard face. For the first time she felt frightened. She felt a sudden, hot resentment against Phil who had not forbidden her to come here.

"The show looks pretty good," she said. He laughed. "Who are you trying to kid? How can it look good? I saw that script. Sister, it's an egg if I ever saw one." She sighed. "I suppose so, but I keep hoping."

"What did you mix with it for? I told you I'd get you a job when you needed one and it wouldn't have been in a flop."

"I could have been in the new Merkel show. Mr. Merkel will always keep me working on account of having been such a friend of my father's."

"Why didn't you go in it?"
"It was a small part."
"What do you want at your age? A lead?"

"That's what I've got in 'Blind Man's Holiday.'"

"And that's what you'll have for something less than two weeks. I hate to see you working yourself to death rehearsing in something that's a sure bust."

"It all gives me experience."
"Don't kid yourself. You're not getting anything with that old foggy Coblett directing. He can't give you anything. What are they going to pay you?"

"A hundred dollars."
"They might as well have said a thousand. The whole thing's a dream."

"Do you really think so?"
"Of course I think so. I'll bet the show never sees New York."

"Oh, heaven, and I did so hope." He took her hand and patted it comfortingly. His opinion of a play was so important that what he said of "Blind Man's Holiday" reduced her to a despair so deep that she did not even notice that he was holding her hand.

"Listen, kid, why don't you let me pull you out of that? Take your little job with Merkel and coast along for a while in first-rate shows, getting first-rate direction and maybe understudying a little bit."

"I need the money."
"What for?"
"I've got a kid sister that I want to take care of."

"That's right. Where is she?"

"With my aunt."

"Well, she's all right 'hen. You think of yourself, little one. You're alone in the toughest game in the world."

The servant announced supper and they went to the dining room. It was a high, paneled room, somber and formal.

Creighton said: "Do you like the apartment?"

"It's lovely."
"I like it all right for an apartment, but I want a big piece of land. I want to be able to get away sometimes when I can spare a week."

She laughed. It would be like Kerry Creighton to buy five hundred acres for a week's holiday.

"Do you like the country?" he demanded.
"I don't know. I never tried it. But I don't think you'd like it unless you took Broadway with you."

He looked at her with a pleased expression on his face.

"Yeah, I guess you're right," he said. "Broadway and me have been together a

long time. Say, are you going around with that Phil Rapley for laughs or do you really like him?"

She was startled out of the calm which his idle chatter had induced. The man had actually checked up on her. Well, he might as well know the truth from her as from anybody else.

"I like him."
"Really? It takes all kinds of people to make a world, doesn't it?" He peered at her sharply. "You know I'd never pick you to fall for a ham like him."

"Wouldn't you?" A wave of cold anger dashed over her and she forgot that she had been afraid to make an enemy of Kerry Creighton.

"Did he know you were coming here tonight?"

"Of course he did."
Kerry Creighton shook his head. "Whisper it, Carlo," he said, "for it shows him up badly. Do you think, if you were my girl, I'd let you visit a man's apartment at midnight?"

"He didn't want me to come. He spoke against it."

"Spoke against it, did he? If you were mine, you might go to another man's apartment, but you'd go with a broken neck."

"Sounds very exciting," she said with scorn, "but I think I prefer Phil's manner of persuasion."

"But it don't work. You're here, aren't you?"

A sudden impulse flared up in her to tell him that she had come because his persistence exhausted her.

"I'm here," she said, "because you were a friend of my parents. They liked you and admired you and their endorsement is enough for me. Naturally at first Phil couldn't see that you were sort of like an uncle."

Kerry Creighton laughed again. "Carlo," he said, "I'm no more like an uncle to you than that Jap boy is and you know it. You were scared to death to come here and you're scared right now. Let's not stall, sister, I brought you here to tell you that I'm nuts about you."

He was staring at her so intently that she flushed beneath that steady gaze.

"Carlo, I'll bet I've seen a hundred thousand girls." He paused thoughtfully.

"Yes, a hundred thousand. I've been in love not less than sixty times, but I've never felt about anybody the way I do about you. I've seen you scampering about Broadway looking for jobs, running to rehearsals, watching out for cheaper places to eat. You weren't built for that kind of life, Carlo, and you know it. Every time I've seen you looking broke and shabby it's made me sick."

"I wouldn't worry about it if I were you."
"I can't help it. You're beautiful and sweet and I'm crazy about you. That Rapley guy gives me a pain. I know his type. You think I don't but I do. You've seen one like him. I've seen thousands. The theater, God help it, is full of Phil Rapleys today. He's done his trouping in little theaters with Newport dowagers for an audience. He's soft, Carlo. He's copied the manners of some fifth-rate English actor, lets his sweetheart go to a man's apartment, and is called a gentleman because he's too damn white-blooded to get excited over anything. Holy Gee, I wish your father could see him."

"I do, too, but that's neither here nor there. Must you speak of Phil?"

"Only to tell you that he's not good enough for you."

"And what is good enough for me?"
"Will you let me tell you?"

"No, because I know what you're going to say. I should give up Phil and looking for jobs and running to rehearsals. I should have a home and a car and servants and lovely clothes and you. Well, you're turned down, Mr. Big Shot. What do you think of that? I'm not dazzled by a smart apartment and a couple of charge accounts. I had those things when you were bumming nickels to get a meal with."

She paused for breath and to quiet the angry pounding of her heart. He had turned and was lighting a cigaret. He seemed to be as unaware of her outburst as though she had merely thought these things instead of shouted them.

"Will you have your man bring my hat and coat?"

He looked at her with well-feigned surprise. "You're not leaving, are you?"

"I'm afraid I must, although it has all been so pleasant," she said icily.

"Well, everything must end."

He walked to the door with her. "Good night," he said. He was smiling. "That line about bumming the nickels was swell," he said, "but when I was doing that you didn't have a charge account. You were only about four years old."

She turned away but he caught her arm and gently wheeled her around to face him.

"Look, I don't want you to go like this. I want to say what you wouldn't let me say a little while ago."

"Too much has been said already. Goodbye."

She walked swiftly down the hall to the elevator, leaving him alone and lonely.

CARLO awoke the next morning with a feeling that something dreadful had happened, was about to happen and was happening at that very moment. She climbed out of bed and shut off the alarm. It was nine o'clock and rehearsal was called for ten. She felt unrested and for the first time since she had known of "Blind Man's Holiday," no pride in her big role came to brush the heaviness of the night's sleep from her eyes.

It was Kerry Creighton who had done this to her. First he had undermined her faith in the show and then he had forced her into making an enemy of him. She won-

dered as she walked downstairs to the house's one bathtub if she should go to Mr. Merkel and explain the situation before Creighton got there with some lie which would turn Mr. Merkel against her.

Phil had been right from the start. Going to Creighton's had been a mistake which would ruin them both.

It was when she had returned to her room and was combing her hair that the phone rang. Nobody would call her at that hour. She was surprised to hear Mrs. Hearn shouting her name in the hall.

"Yes, I'm coming, Mrs. Hearn."

She caught up her bathrobe and hurried down the stairs. Just before she reached the phone, the thought occurred to her that it was Phil anxious to know how she had fared in her encounter with Creighton.

But it wasn't Phil. Carlo knew the whining voice before it announced itself as belonging to Aunt Florry. Her heart leaped in sudden panic.

"Carlo, I hate to wake you up with bad news but I didn't feel like coming down to the cigar store to phone you last night and I was afraid that if I didn't call you now I wouldn't catch you in again today."

"What's happened?"

"Well, maybe it's not as terrible as it seems to us at the moment but we thought you ought to know."

"What? Has something happened to Daphne?"

"No. Oh, no, it's just that Mr. Whitley told your Uncle Frank last evening that he's definitely decided to sell the business, and so your Uncle Frank is going to be out of a job."

"Maybe the new people will keep Uncle Frank."

"It's not very probable. They'll have their men, you know, just as Mr. Whitley has his. I thought you ought to know on account of Daphne. (Turn to page 31)

TWENTY HAM DINNERS

[Continued from page 25]

onions and put a half onion on a half slice of raw ham. Bake forty minutes at 400° F. (Pictured at left of page 25.)

Caribbean Meat Pie: Make a roux of three tablespoons of shortening and three tablespoons flour. When cheesy, add one cup stock, water or gravy. When thick, blend with one-half cup diced chicken, one-half cup diced ham, three chopped green olives and one-eighth teaspoon curry. Put in a baking dish and cover with one cup canned corn. Dot with butter and sprinkle with paprika. Bake until brown (about 20 minutes) at 400° F.

Louisiana Fried Oysters: Mince cooked ham very fine and roll dried raw oysters in the ham, then in an egg diluted with two tablespoons water, then in crumbs and fry in deep fat at 375° F.—390° F. for two to four minutes.

Ham Dumplings: Blend two cups prepared biscuit flour, one cup minced ham and three-quarters cup water. Pour in a buttered mold and steam in a closely covered pot for one to one and one-half hours, or pour into an oblong pan and bake twenty to thirty minutes in a hot oven (425° F.). Surround the cooked dumplings with cole slaw, and garnish the slaw with diced ham fat that has been cooked in a frying pan until it is crackling crisp.

Ham Blankets: Combine one cup chopped raisins, two cups cooked rice, one-third cup chopped pickled chili peppers or other pickle, one beaten egg, one tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, paprika and salt to taste. Spread prepared mustard on one side of twelve slices of ham, place some prepared mixture on each slice and bring ends together and fasten with toothpicks. Fry in skillet until brown or broil under the flame. May be made with thin slices of raw or boiled ham.

Ham-Cheese Croquettes: Combine two cups hot mashed potatoes with the lightly beaten yolks of three eggs. Blend with one cup minced ham, one cup grated American cheese, and salt and paprika to taste. Form in balls or pyramids; crumb in the usual

manner. Fry three to five minutes in deep fat at 375° F.—390° F.

Sandwich Suggestions: Combine equal quantities of minced ham and grated cheese with a little Worcestershire sauce and some prepared mustard; put two tablespoons of this mixture and a slice of Bermuda onion between slices of bread and toast. Mince hot fried ham, a fried egg and a raw mild onion as a filling winter-day sandwich. Blend a little minced ham, a grated carrot and chopped lettuce or chopped cabbage with one tablespoon of mayonnaise and use between two slices of wholewheat bread for school children's luncheons. Put a thin slice of ham and another of chicken between two circles of brown bread; add a little lettuce, mayonnaise or a slice of tomato, as preferred.

Louisiana Soup: Soak one pound dried lima beans one hour or more. Put part of a ham bone, the beans, three onions, twelve peppercorns, and one half a bay leaf with six to eight cups water in a soup kettle and cook slowly until the beans are tender—two or more hours. Reserve one and one-half cups of whole beans. Force the remaining beans and stock through a puree sieve. Return the whole beans to the stock, add one cup minced carrot, one-half cup minced green pepper, and one small can tomatoes. Cook until tender. If there are bits of ham adhering to the bone, mince and add to the soup. This soup with croutons or bread is sufficient for a dinner when it is followed by a green salad and a light dessert.

Eggs Benedict: This justly famous egg dish can be made easily by following the Hollandaise recipe, appearing in the October issue of DELINEATOR. Split, butter and toast English muffins. Sauté circular pieces of cold boiled ham, place these over the halves of muffins, arrange on each a poached egg, and pour around Hollandaise sauce, diluted with cream to make of right consistency to pour easily.

Baked Ham Slice: Cut a slice of ham one and one-half inches thick. Place in a baking dish, sprinkle with one-half cup brown sugar, insert three or four cloves. Cover with two cups diluted evaporated milk. Bake one to one and one-half hours at 300° F.

THE DAY NEVER CAME

[Continued from page 30]

We want to keep the home going on account of her, but we can't do it on nothing. If it wasn't for her we could live in one room but, you know, with a child you need a kitchen where you can cook for—"

"I know, Aunt Florry. Don't worry. I'll do all I can. Everything will be all right."

"Well, I don't see how, but I thought you ought to know—" Her voice trailed off, and Carlo hung up the receiver.

That was a splendid beginning for a new day but no worse than the gloom which had enshrouded her awakening had betokened. She walked thoughtfully back to her room. She had spoken high words of cheer to Aunt Florry but no cheering echo answered from her heart. Suppose Uncle Frank went for months without a job? Suppose "Blind Man's Holiday" was the flop that everyone expected it to be? What would become of Daphne? It was terrible to think that nobody except herself cared very much. The Merkels, her only rich friends, had never done a favor which cost them money to do. Mrs. Merkel would consider an orphanage a very proper place for an orphan.

Once again Carlo began to comb her hair and was interrupted this time by a knock on the door.

"It's only me, Miss Melvin."

Carlo opened the door to Mrs. Hearn who walked in carrying a small box.

"Flowers, young lady. Is it your birthday?"

"No, far from it." Carlo scowled at the box. She had an idea who had sent it, but there was just a chance that Phil had regretted his harshness to a point where it had to be said with flowers. She opened the box. Inside lay three green orchids.

Carlo opened the tiny envelop and drew out the card. There was a great deal of writing on both sides of it that she didn't bother to read. Her eyes went at once to the signature, which was Kerry Creighton! She dropped the card in her handkerchief-and-stocking drawer and picked up her comb for the third time.

The phone rang again, and again it was for Carlo. She considered shrieking over the banister rail that she had just left. It was late and the call might be from Creighton, but then again it might be Phil.

It was Phil. He had just waked up and could think of nothing except the nasty attitude he had taken on the Creighton matter. Could she ever forgive him? How had it all come out? She replied that it was rather difficult to tell about it on a public telephone but that when she saw him at dinner she would answer all his questions. Then she still loved him? She assured him that she did.

At last she was free to go on with her dressing. If only Kerry Creighton didn't phone. She looked at the clock. It was a quarter-past ten already. But the theater where they were rehearsing was only two blocks away and she could do without breakfast. Coblett would forgive the lateness because she had never been guilty of that crime before.

She slipped out of her bathrobe and into the blue suit. With her hat and the script in her hand she rushed down the stairs. She had just reached the first landing when the phone rang again. Mrs. Hearn was on the third floor and would be angry if she had to come all the way down when Carlo stood right beside the phone.

Carlo picked up the receiver. "Hello."

A voice that was curiously familiar to her questioned, "Is Miss Melvin there?"

"Who's calling, please?"

"Mr. Lyman Borden."

"Oh, hello, Lyman. This is Carlo. Did you think I wasn't going to show up today? I'm just on my way to the theater now."

"You're a swell pal. Why didn't you tip me off?"

"To what?"

"The bust-up."

"What bust-up? What are you talking about?"

"The bust-up of 'Blindman's Holiday.' You've heard of it, haven't you?"

Carlo felt suddenly cold all over. "Lyman, tell me what's happened."

"Well, Coblett didn't show up this morning. Anson didn't show up and neither did you. Nobody troubled to tell the rest of the cast that the whole thing's fallen through."

"Nobody told me, Lyman. I'm just late. I think there's a mistake. It can't have fallen through."

"Oh, it has. I found out just now that he couldn't get enough dough together to post his bond with Equity. He's run out."

"Good God, Lyman, what can we do?"

"Look for other jobs, I guess."

Other jobs! Carlo walked back to her room lost in deep and unpleasant thoughts. There was always Mr. Merkel but his jobs paid so little that it was hard enough for one person to get by. Those jobs wouldn't help Daphne.

She sat down on the straight-backed chair and let the hot, salty tears of bitter disappointment stream down her cheeks. This was the toughest blow she'd ever known. So much had depended on "Blind Man's Holiday." She did not remember that she had had no breakfast. She had not even remembered to lay aside the script and her hat. She sat clutching them as though the need to rush to the theater might providentially be restored at any moment.

She knew that after a time she must dry her tears, toss the script aside forever and adjust herself to a new world in which there was no hope or promise. Soon she must cease her weeping and rise to face her problems. For the moment she did not want to think of Daphne. She could not think of her without picturing the child entering an orphanage. It did not help Daphne for Carlo to be tortured, so she must think of Phil instead. He would rush to comfort her and he would think of a new hope to put in the place of the old.

The phone had taken up its duties again. She could hear Mrs. Hearn clumping down the stairs and a moment later the familiar bellow, "Miss Melvin, it's for you!"

Carlo had half expected this. Somebody from the poor, dead "Blind Man's Holiday" venture calling a post mortem. Or perhaps Phil had already heard.

Carlo peered down the stair well. "Does it sound like Mr. Rapley?" she asked hopefully.

"No." Mrs. Hearn was on the stairs now breathing heavily. "No, it's that secretary from the Creighton office."

"Oh." Carlo had forgotten Kerry Creighton in the grief of the last half hour. Now he was waiting to speak to her. She wished Mrs. Hearn hadn't told the secretary that she was on the way to the phone. It was too late to lie now. She would have to speak to him. She hurried to the drawer to get a handkerchief. She couldn't appear in the main hall with streaming eyes.

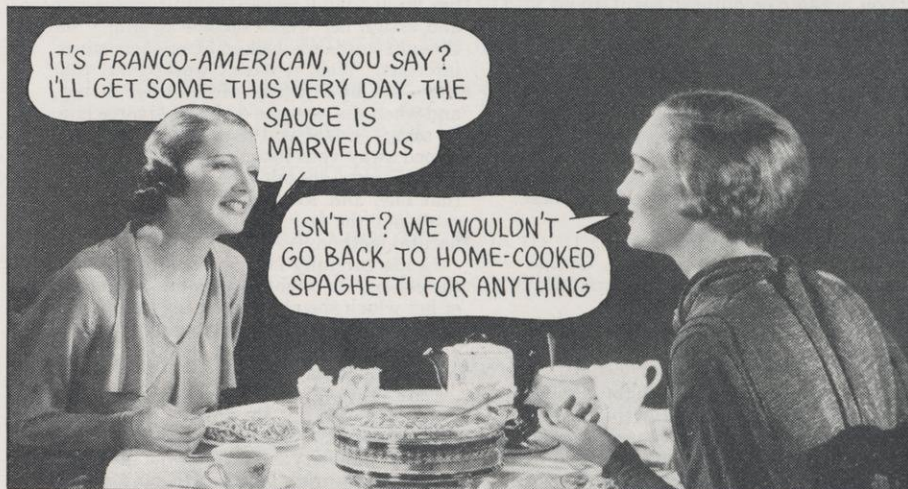
Creighton's note that had come with the orchids rested upon the pile of handkerchiefs. The thought occurred to her that she ought to read it before speaking to him. Perhaps it held some new affront which must not pass without notice. She took the card out and read it swiftly.

LITTLE CARLO: Inasmuch as I couldn't make you listen, perhaps I can make you read. You were right. Last night I meant to offer you a home and a car and servants and lovely clothes and me. But I wasn't offering it on the easy payment plan. Will you throw over that ham for a guy who can take care of you? Will you marry me?

"Miss Melvin! Miss Melvin! Did you get the phone's waiting for you?"

"No," Carlo called. "I'm coming."

To pick up a telephone and decide one's whole future . . . Carlo does it, and next month's second instalment of *Viña Delmar's* new novel tells us whether she chose wisely or with rash haste



"Far more delicious spaghetti than I could cook at home — and it actually costs less, too!"

I USED to get many a compliment on the way I prepared spaghetti. But I realize now that mine couldn't hold a candle to Franco-American. Good as my sauce was, theirs is a whole lot better. And it actually cost me more to buy the dry spaghetti and other ingredients and prepare it at home than it does to get a can of Franco-American all ready-cooked."

Better-easier-more economical

Thrifty housewives everywhere are turning to Franco-American for three big reasons. Incomparably delicious flavor. Money-saving cost. Ease of preparation. No cooking or fussing. All you have to do is heat and serve.

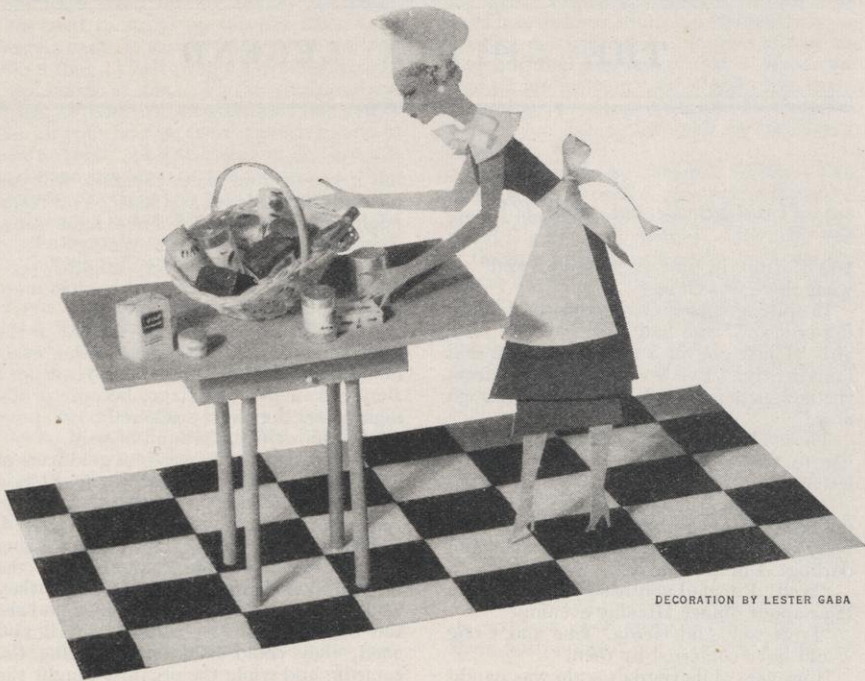
Franco-American chefs have done all the work. They have taken eleven dif-

ferent ingredients and concocted a matchless sauce for their famous spaghetti à la Milanaise. Garden-fresh, perfect tomatoes . . . zestful Cheddar cheese . . . a variety of spices and seasonings . . . blended together with rare culinary skill . . . endowed with that magic something we call the "chef's touch."

Mere words can't tell you how good it is. You must taste it yourself. Why not serve Franco-American for lunch or dinner today? Your family will be so delighted with its spicy, appetizing flavor that they'll urge you to have it often.

Franco-American is easy on your food budget, too. Generous can holding three to four portions is never more than ten cents at any grocer's. Where could you find a better bargain in these days of rising prices?





DECORATION BY LESTER GABA

MY MARKET BASKET

UNPACKING my market basket is most exciting. You remember the sense of adventure that opening an old trunk in grandmother's attic gave your ten-year-old self? Well, my market basket, yours too, I suspect, promises equally thrilling exploits. The Epicure's eyes glow with anticipation when they light on all the cans, jars, packages and bottles that I bring from the grocer's shelf.

By adding a new garnish or combining several of these manufacturers' quick-meal aids, you please your individual family tastes. For instance, in the case of that great effort-saver, canned soup, have you tried serving a poached egg in heated consommé, or added any of the pastes amusingly shaped like shells or alphabet letters, or, if you like, a home-made spinach ball? Why not a slice of bread and a sprinkle of cheese in the Italian manner in beef or mutton broth? Wee custard cubes in consommé, a few red shrimps in green pea, a spoonful of whipped cream topped by a little chopped parsley or a dash of paprika in the cream soups, a few home-made croutons or a slice of lemon in bean soup are excellent. These easy garnishes all add variety. Do try our soup and spaghetti combination, for it makes a most delicious supper dish with a crisp salad, followed by one of the many desserts that Sally brings you this month.

SPAGHETTI-CLAM CASSEROLE: Combine one can spaghetti with tomato sauce and 1 can clam chowder. Add ¼ teaspoon curry powder and 2 tablespoons butter. Pour in a baking dish, sprinkle with crumbs and bake till browned, in a hot oven (425° F.).

MINCEMEAT-APRICOT PIE: One 9-ounce package mincemeat, 1 cup apricot juice, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup drained apricots (dried or canned), pie crust. Break mincemeat into pieces. Add the apricot juice, and sugar. Place over heat and stir till all lumps are thoroughly broken up. Bring to brisk boil; continue boiling for 1 minute. Allow to cool. Line a 9-inch pie plate with pastry and fill with mincemeat mixture. Place chopped drained apricots evenly over top. Place an upper crust on filled lower one and press edges firmly together. Trim off surplus pastry. Bake 35 minutes in a hot oven (400° F.). Note: 1 cup apricots is sufficient for this recipe; however 2 cups may be used for a large pie. Increase apricot juice if too dry.

COFFEE-MARSHMALLOW CUSTARD: Two cups cold milk, 4 tablespoons ground coffee (caffeine-free coffee may be used if liked), 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Bring the milk and coffee to a boil. Strain. Beat the eggs slightly. Combine sugar, salt,

vanilla and milk. Strain into buttered individual custard cups and top each one with a marshmallow. Bake till firm (about 30 minutes) in a slow oven (325° F.).

BANANA-CRANBERRY UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE: Melt one to 1½ cups brown sugar with a tablespoon of shortening in a heavy frying pan. Remove from fire. Place 3 bananas split lengthwise on the sugar and fill the interstices with cranberries. Pour over the following cake batter: Cream ¼ cup shortening with ½ cup sugar, add 2 eggs, beating continuously. Sift together 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Add alternately with ¼ cup evaporated milk. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla. Cover the fruit with cake batter, bake till well browned, about 20 minutes, in a moderate oven (375° F.). Invert on a large plate and serve hot. Double batter recipe for a thicker cake.

CORNERED BEEF HASH IN CABBAGE: One can corned beef hash, 1 head of cabbage. Remove the outer large leaves from the cabbage and stand in hot water for several minutes till the leaves are pliable. Place in the center of each leaf 2 tablespoons of corned beef hash. Roll and hold the rolls together with toothpicks. Fry in shortening and serve with chili sauce.

PEACH PAN DOWDY: One-half pound dried peaches, ½ cup molasses, 2 tablespoons shortening. After soaking the peaches in cold water for 2 hours or more, put them in a deep baking dish; add shortening. Measure the water in which the peaches soaked and add water to make a cup of liquid; mix with molasses and cover the peaches. Bake 20 minutes at 400° F. Cover the top with a very thin layer of biscuit dough. Bake 10 minutes more.

MAGNOLIA PRUNE CAKE: Pit two cups of cooked prunes, cut in small pieces, and use for a filling between the cooled layers of the following cake: Cream ¾ cup shortening with 1¼ cups granulated sugar, add ¼ cup molasses, then add 3 eggs, one at a time, beating between each addition. Sift 2¾ cups flour with 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon soda and 1 teaspoon mace. Add the sifted flour and ¾ cup diluted evaporated milk alternately. (Always begin and end with part of the flour.) Add 1 teaspoon lemon extract. Pour in layer cake pans and bake 25 minutes in a moderate oven (375° F.). When cool, spread the prunes between the cake layers, frost with orange frosting and sprinkle generously with toasted coconut.

Sally South

Your House and Your Health



"Come along. You and I are going to inspect this house from top to bottom."

HOW you live is often far more important to your health than where you live. A striking example of what proper sanitation can do is shown in the Panama Canal Zone. Down there, homes have been made healthful as a result of the work done by the Sanitation Department of the United States Army. Constant vigilance keeps them so. Your home, wherever it is, requires equal vigilance.

Take an inspection trip through your house, from attic to cellar, and see whether the heating, lighting, plumbing and ventilating systems are in condition to give you and your family a full measure of health and safety. Should any of them be repaired, altered, or replaced?

If you find that your house is in apple-pie order, you will be gratified. If you find a condition which should be corrected, you will be glad to do what is necessary to make your home safer, more healthful and more comfortable.

INSPECT THOROUGHLY

Heating

Do your heating arrangements keep your home at an even temperature—about 70°? Have the flues and chimneys been cleaned recently? Is coal gas emitted from furnace or stoves?

Plumbing and Drains

It is essential to health that sewage should be properly disposed of, and that plumbing and drains be kept in repair. Is hot and cold water available for kitchen, bathroom and laundry?

Electric Wiring and Gas Outlets

Defective electric wiring or connections may cause fires. Gas leaks may cause suffocations or explosions. In case of doubt get professional advice. Repairs must be made by a qualified expert.

Ventilation and Screens

Adequate ventilation is important to health, but drafts cause discomfort and also waste fuel. Inspect the casings of doors and windows to see that they open easily and close tightly.

Screens at the proper season are

necessary to keep out flies and mosquitoes—disease carriers.

Food Protection

Does your refrigerator hold its temperature between 40° and 50° and keep perishable food in proper condition—especially the milk?

Leaks, Cracks or Breaks

Is there dampness in cellar or attic caused by a leak? Do clogged drain-pipes or gutters at the edge of your roof furnish breeding places for mosquitoes? Is there broken plaster in walls or ceilings in which vermin may breed? Shaky stairs? Weak banisters? Loose boards in floorings? They add to the number of falls—the most frequent of all accidents in homes.

Lighting

Correct lighting is needed to prevent eyestrain. Many a fall has been prevented by properly placed lights—particularly in halls and on stairways.

Garbage

Proper disposal of refuse and garbage is imperative.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Very Important IN A LAXATIVE FOR WOMEN



It must be Gentle!

STRONG, powerful "dynamite" laxatives are bad for anyone. But for you women... they're unthinkable!

Your delicate feminine system was never meant to endure the shock of harsh, violent purgatives or cathartics. They weaken you. They often leave bad after-effects. *Madam, you must avoid them!*

TAKE EX-LAX—THE GENTLE, THOROUGH LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for every member of the family, but it is particularly good for women. That's because while Ex-Lax is thorough, it works in a mild and gentle way. Why, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

And Ex-Lax checks on the other important points, too: It won't cause pain. It won't upset digestion. It won't nauseate you. It won't leave you weak. And what's very important—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on

increasing the dose to get results.

And Ex-Lax is so easy to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate.

EX-LAX—THE FAMILY LAXATIVE IN MILLIONS OF HOMES

All the good points of Ex-Lax are just as important for the rest of the family as they are for women. So millions of homes have adopted Ex-Lax as the family laxative.

Keep a box of Ex-Lax in the medicine cabinet—so that it will be there when any member of the family needs it.

All druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. So avoid imitations—insist on genuine Ex-Lax, spelled E-X-L-A-X, to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

THE GOLDEN LEGEND

[Continued from page 32]

you'd drop in unexpected-like, and see what there was to see?"

In spite of herself Gerda blushed a scalding crimson. She had been guileless after all! "I just got off a day early," she said impatiently. "I've been staying away from the newspapers, but they're about through now."

Those clear eyes of Yolanda's challenged her to tell a better one. "You got my letter."

"Yes, I did. Take it from me, Yolanda, I understand my husband better than anybody else does. Turn on the heat again, darling: I'm in a hurry."

"Well! I'm glad you're so broad-minded. How about dinner Monday evening?"

"Love to," said Gerda. She and Craig would have conferred by then.

However, while Gerda's scalp was parching, she grew more and more uncertain of her own motives in coming home without warning. She had told herself it was a vote of confidence in Craig to do it that way: but unless she whole-heartedly trusted him, it would have been a sportsmanlike gesture to wire and give him a chance to cover his tracks—if any.

But the actual surprise party was such a complete success that she had no room left for qualms.

She was barely out of her bath and into her tea-gown when he came home from work, and drifted into the bedroom like a man at a loose end. He rummaged in his pockets, and began emptying them idly of keys and silver. He was about to change.

Suddenly he saw something in the mirror. Gerda had opened her dressing-room door.

"Baby! It isn't actually you?"

She had forgotten how he looked, she had forgotten how he loved her.

He could not keep his hands away from her, he ruffled her tidy scallops into a state of natural curl again. A honeyed restlessness invaded them both.

"I've missed you so frightfully, Baby." "Have you really, dear? I thought I was the only one that was miserable."

"You've never lived without having yourself around, so you don't know what it's like. Where did you get this swell idea about tearing back?"

What was the use of trenches and barricades? Better to rest, as now, defenseless against each other's sweetness. "I had to come, Craig. I was afraid we might lose each other somewhere."

"Just try and lose me somewhere, Baby angel."

"But the betting is five to three," Gerda quoted, "that Florrie will have you back in harness inside a year."

"Who's been talking such tripe?" From memory Gerda recited Yolanda's clipping. "That's what people send me in the mail," she concluded.

"But, Baby, you knew about the law suit beforehand. I thought you could discount the newspaper stories."

"Yes, but—Craig, do you have to take Florrie dancing?"

"Say your selection again." In a golden murmur she recited the silly thing, while the spring twilight folded down around them. It sounded utterly unreal.

"Oh, I get it," said Craig slowly, thinking. "That was the night I had Drucker and the St. Louis bunch out at the Steeplechase Inn. Florrie was there with Nat's crowd—and I danced half a dance with her. It would have made even more talk if I hadn't."

How simple! "Darling, of course I didn't really think—"

"I don't wonder you were miserable, Baby. I'm terribly glad you told me what was on your mind. Now let's get this perfectly straight. I'm sorry for Florrie, but I'm in love with you. Can you hold that thought?"

"Yes, dear." "Florrie appreciates that if she doesn't behave herself, I can stop her allowance. I made her understand that there was nothing but business between us from now on. I can't quite cut her dead, even to oblige you;

but if you ever do see us together, will you please believe it's by accident? You really might have known I'd have more sense than to take her out in the evening."

"Yes, dear. I wasn't very bright."

"I've tried not to hurt you, any more than I could help."

All the hard sharp pain melted as he touched her cheek. She was melting away in his arms. It was like five years ago. Better than five years ago, because of the nightmares that were scattered now. Love needed its rich background of pain.

All next day Gerda was in a gold haze of happiness. She had a date to join Craig downtown for early dinner and a movie. "As if we were engaged," they had agreed.

They reached the theater at a tantalizing moment when all the characters on the screen were behaving irrationally; they would have to sit around the show and see the beginning of the feature. Well and good; they could hold hands during the comedy, and while the organist taught the audience love-songs, Gerda could rest her head on Craig's shoulder.

In due course came the newsreel. Hundreds of plain young women in running-trunks streamed down the road: a Senator favored the ship reporters with a few words on conditions in Russia: a five-months-old infant smoked a cigaret. Then—"Gentleman Jake Boxes De Bloy for Title."

Craig started. "Why, I saw that bout," he said in an odd voice.

"Notables are arriving early—" the announcer's voice filled the gilded concavities of the theater—"His Honor the Mayor, with some political big shots." The camera showed cars rolling up to the canopy outside, and a crowd pouring in. "Prexy Pettigrew of the university. Who says a prof can't be a he-man? Now," the voice rose in pitch, "look sharp! In one second you're going to see Craig and Florrie. Yes, sir, there they go! And it looks like they're good pals even if he is too poor to pay her alimony."

Just a flash—Craig had stepped from a taxi and given his arm to a luscious little person who flowered out of a white fur ruff. Then they both saw the camera, and dodged back into the crowd.

Craig and Gerda sat on, staring at the screen. Some time they must deal with this problem.

When they had exactly reached the point in the feature-picture where they came in, Craig said: "How about going?"

GERDA slipped into her coat, and they went out to the car. All the way home they did not speak. They rode up in the elevator and closed their own front door behind them. The apartment appeared empty, but an unseen hand had set out drinks and sandwiches in the living room.

Still in her coat and gloves, Gerda picked up the evening paper and stood reading the funnies. She felt the rising of an anger such as she had never known.

Craig left his hat in the coat-room, and followed her into the living room.

"But you were so dumb," Gerda found herself saying in a logical tone. "So utterly witless. What made you think you could take Florrie to a prize fight in a ball-gown and a white fur coat, and not be seen?"

"I meant to tell you about it," Craig said with a baffled air. "Only you went up in the air about the dancing at the Steeplechase Inn, so I thought if you hadn't heard about the other time, it was so much to the good. I would have told you about it anyway if it had been important."

"You mean if you'd actually spent the night with her, you might have confessed." Gerda was astounded at her own voice, the voice of a fishwife. "If it was so awfully all right, why didn't you tell me while you had a chance? I never lie to you, Craig."

With a heavy sigh Craig faced the aftermath of a kindness. His Wilmott eyes pleaded with her, his deep-cut Wilmott mouth trembled. "I never lie to hurt you, Baby," he said.

"Bigamy is hateful," Gerda said.

"That's not fair, Gerda."

"Not fair!" The roar of her anger deafened her. "Not fair! Nothing is fair that

stands in your way. You and your first wife have lived on my money for years. I've tried to stand up for you when tale-bearers came to me; but you made me look like a fool. I tell people I trust you, and they laugh at me. You're so deceptive, Craig, so kind and considerate; but you're like all your family, there's nothing solid in you to trust. You tell me any lie that will make me happier for one evening . . . I—I deserve better than that, Craig."

Craig looked bewildered. He had not lived among women who had expected the truth twenty-four hours a day.

"I do what I have to do. You don't make allowances. Florrie wanted to go to that fight, and it was simpler to take her than to turn her down. You can afford to pity Florrie, because you'll never be defenseless."

"There you are!" Gerda flung out her hand. "I can take what comes, but Florrie must have special consideration. You've always had her on your mind. She hangs on you and makes love to you and tries to get you back."

Craig was angry now too. His Wilmott eyes flashed canary-colored sparks. "Apparently there's no use my telling you I love you and not Florrie. Gerda, you've got to accept the fact that I've been married to that girl. Even you can't buy up the past.

I can't slap Florrie in the face. I know her too well. And I'm to blame. I ought to have handled our marriage differently."

Gerda thought of many cruel things to say, but she was weak now. "How can I go on loving you," she asked, the tears beginning to stream down her cheeks, "when you belong one-half to somebody else?"

"Don't try to be pathetic, Gerda. You know perfectly well I love you. You're a greedy child. You think your share of the world is a hundred percent. You raise hell at the bare mention of Florrie, and then you blame me for not being honest with you."

They stood grappling each other with their eyes. Gerda had a nightmare of having been through this scene before; then she remembered. This was the accusation Mr. George had made to Mother years ago, that she was greedy and possessive. The pattern of life was folding back on itself.

But the loom went on weaving. "How can you expect me to behave any better about Florrie than I have behaved? I've all but bitten my tongue out to keep from raising hell. Some day," she found herself saying clearly, "you will have to choose between Florrie and me."

Craig walked to the window. A car with its exhaust open racketed by, and made them both jump. (Turn to page 36)

VITAMINS IN REVIEW

[Continued from page 26]

encouraged. Recent experiments have brought out the fact that among the low-cost foods, oatmeal is surprisingly rich in vitamin B. Vitamin B is a bit scarce in many foods, and one is apt to get too little of it for promoting good digestion and health when highly milled cereals, sweets, meats and fats are too prominent in the diet. If you prefer to eat white bread and highly milled breakfast cereals, which of course are very useful foods for energy, digestibility and variety, you must get vitamin B in other forms. Legumes and nuts are two other excellent sources of this vitamin.

But we must not linger so long on other foods as to neglect the valuable dairy products and eggs. Milk contains fairly liberal amounts of almost all the vitamins, provided they have been furnished in the feed of the cows. If the cow has had little green fodder or sunlight, the milk is often rather poor in vitamins C and D, while heating (as in pasteurization) may destroy most of the C vitamin. So as to run no chances of such shortage, we make a routine practise of giving young children whose diet is chiefly milk, small amounts of orange juice and cod-liver oil, substances rich in these two vitamins. Milk is a pretty dependable and moderately cheap source of vitamins B, G and A. Since the A vitamin is carried in the milk fat, it will be even more abundant in butter, cream and whole milk or cream cheeses, but will be lacking in skimmed milk and skimmed milk cheeses. Canned milks are cheaper than fresh milk, and lose practically none of their vitamin content when proper precautions are taken in their preparation.

Eggs are valuable for their content of vitamins A, B and G, as well as furnishing other food essentials. They are especially rich in A vitamin, which is held in the fatty yolk. Egg white enjoys the distinction of being the only food known where vitamin G exists unmixed with vitamin B. In vitamin content, as in some other respects, eggs make about the best substitute for milk when only small amounts of the latter can be taken, though they cannot quite take the place of milk. Usually eggs and butter are more expensive sources of vitamins than milk and cheese, but they are less expensive than fresh fruits and vegetables.

The problem of providing vitamins C and D needs special attention. Many of the foods which furnish other vitamins, particularly such sources as eggs, milk, butter, canned or dried fruits and vegetables, seeds and grains, are either poor or entirely lacking in vitamin C. Hence, some fresh,

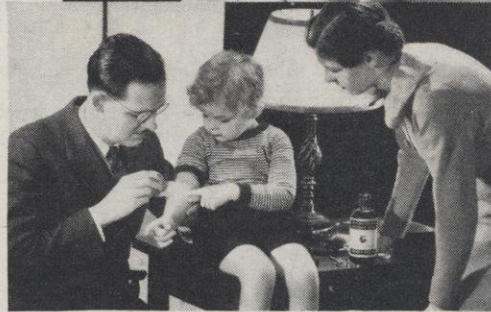
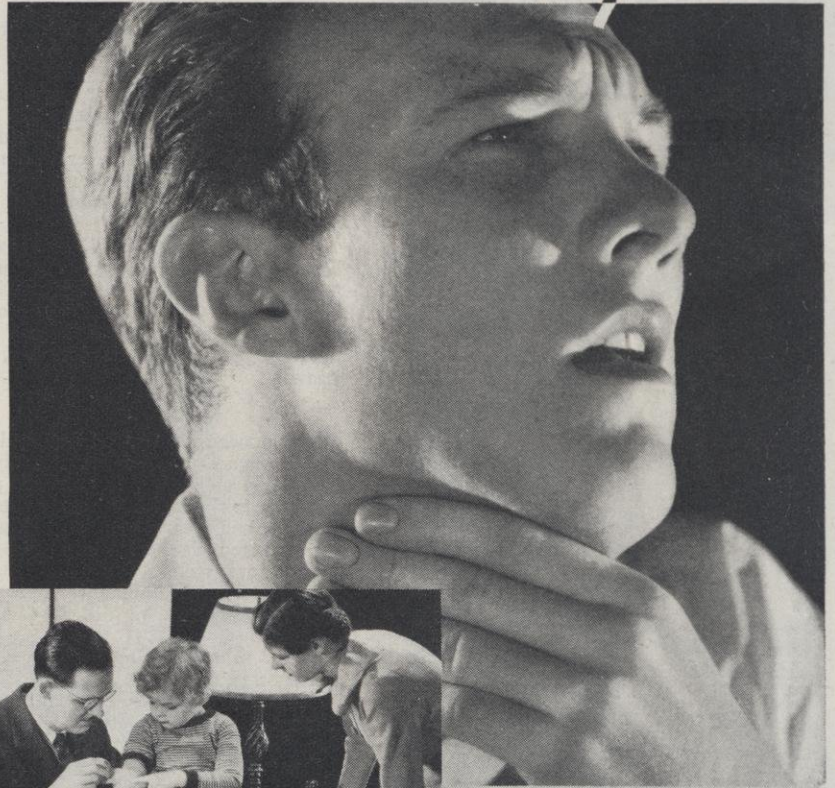
raw foods are needed to supply this vitamin. Citrus fruits (oranges, lemons and grapefruit) and fresh strawberries are about the richest sources. Tomatoes contain almost as much, however, and since the vitamin withstands heating well in acid solution, canned tomatoes or tomato juice are an excellent, inexpensive source of vitamin C. Fresh young cabbage, shredded raw as in cold slaw or cooked a very short time, is valuable for vitamin C—as are other raw vegetables and salad greens. Fresh fruits are more expensive sources, though it is obtained abundantly in canned pineapple or raspberries, and to a lesser extent in other canned fruits. Peppers are surprisingly rich in this vitamin. If one can afford it, a good rule is to take a raw salad and some citrus fruit or other vitamin-C-rich food at least once a day.

Getting enough Vitamin D in the diet is still more difficult. Nature has distributed this vitamin very sparsely in foods. It is found in moderate amounts only in egg yolk and butter, with small but variable quantities in whole milk. As long as people lived out-door lives, they felt no lack of this vitamin, because sunlight shining directly on the skin enabled them to generate it in their own bodies. Now many live chiefly indoors or in cities where smoke and dust screen out the ultra-violet rays needed to make this vitamin.

Since it is almost impossible to eat large enough amounts of butter, eggs and milk to get an optimum amount of this vitamin, and since we have recently learned how to make it in or add it to foods, a number of foods enriched with extra vitamin D are now on the market. These include milk, both bottled and evaporated, in which the naturally occurring vitamin D has been increased about five times by "irradiation," or exposure to ultra-violet light; irradiated tomato juice and yeast; milk and bread to which vitamin D has been added dissolved in a neutral and tasteless oil. Usually foods containing additional vitamin D are sold for the same price as those without it, and the quantity added is carefully checked and controlled. Cod-liver oil and concentrates made from it are also rich in vitamin D. Only a small amount of such a vitamin-D-rich food is needed to supply the daily quota—for example, one quart of irradiated milk, or six slices of vitamin D bread, or one teaspoonful of standard cod-liver oil. Such foods should contribute their part in building up health.

Next month I plan to tell more about why we need vitamins, and to give menus to show you how to get your quota of each. For paradoxical as it may seem, we can forget about vitamins once the diet is planned to contain certain foods rich enough in them to insure a plentiful supply.

"Gives instant relief from sore throat pain"



Even when deep, open wounds and bad burns are dressed with this antiseptic, patients say the pain is instantly dulled.

Soothes inflammation while it kills germs . . .

FOR new and wonderful comfort, gargle with Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 when you have a sore throat. Pain is relieved at once and the inflammation usually disappears within a short time.

The remarkable soothing property of Solution S. T. 37 on inflamed surfaces is proved daily by doctors who use it to wash and disinfect both wound and burn tissue. Patients say the pain is instantly dulled when Solution S. T. 37 is applied.

* * *

The active ingredient in Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 is 70 times stronger than carbolic acid. Yet Solution S. T. 37 is entirely safe even if swallowed. It also spreads quickly and goes deeply into the crevices of raw, inflamed tissue, destroying germs that many antiseptics can never hope to reach.

Make all the use you can of this wonderfully soothing, powerful antiseptic. Gargle with Solution S. T. 37 at the first sign of a cold or sore throat. Use it every 1 to 2 hours to rid yourself of sore throat pain.

Have your children pour Solution S. T. 37 full strength into every cut and on every bruise where the skin is broken. It doesn't sting. Use it as a wet dressing on all burns. Buy a bottle of Solution S. T. 37 today at your druggist's—50 cents and \$1.00. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

MADE BY SHARP & DOHME



For Ordinary Sore Throat—gargle



Gargling with Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 will stop the pain of any ordinary sore throat that can be reached by gargling. Always gargle as far down as possible—letting a little of the Solution slip down your throat. It is entirely safe.

How to reach Deep Sore Throat

If your sore throat is too far down for a gargle to reach—use Solution S. T. 37 in a spray.



This will reach farther and spread the Solution evenly over the surface. Pain is relieved instantly.

See your Doctor if sore throat continues. Sore throat may be a forerunner of diphtheria and other diseases.

Use Hexylresorcinol Secrets between gargles for continuous antiseptic and soothing action—25 cents. To give your teeth delightful antiseptic cleansing, use Hexylresorcinol S. T. 37 Tooth Paste—50 cents.

"YES, BOBBY'S
WELL AGAIN.
WE APPRECIATE
YOUR CALLING"



WHENEVER you want news of far-away friends, of folks back home, of children at school or college, pick up your telephone. Out-of-town calls are easy, quick, and inexpensive—especially after 8:30 in the evening. Then station-to-station rates for 3-minute talks are as little as 35c for 75 miles; 50c for 150 miles; 75c for 275 miles.



THE GOLDEN LEGEND

[Continued from page 35]

"You can call the turn," he said. "Your share of the world is about a hundred percent. You can walk out on me any minute and be better off."

He moved unsteadily toward her, and took her temples between his hands. "You're coming to hate me," he said. "I'm bad for you. I should never have married you, Baby. You must excuse me."

"It's all right," she said. "I took a chance—we have a lot left."
"Not enough, I'm afraid. Not if we fight like this. Perhaps it would be better to cut things off short, before we hate each other entirely. We've loved each other so much, I can't bear to drag that beauty in the mud. If you want to call it a day, let me know."

ALL the next day Gerda lay stupid on her chaise-longue. She was unutterably tired. Her maid stepped deftly about, putting the room to rights, folding away the underwear she had pressed after unpacking. Her eyes flickered over her mistress. She too had seen the newsreel.

"Whiteside would like to know if you have any particular orders for lunch, madam."

"No," said Gerda and turned her head to the other side.

"I'll fetch you a nice little tray in here." The maid was so efficient that Gerda always had difficulty remembering her name.

Gerda let herself be bolstered up on a heap of absurd baby-pillows.

"Now get out!" she said loudly. She had never been rude to a servant before.

Late in the afternoon she put through a telephone call to Aunt Madeline, and asked her to send the little boys home in charge of the nurses and a detective. "Yes, everything's fine here," she said.

Just before dark Craig knocked at the door. Gerda pulled herself together and snapped on the light beside her. She felt cold; she had not been precisely unconscious, but hours had passed over her head.

"We were dreadful last night, Craig."

"Worse than that, Baby."

"I've never been angry before. It mustn't happen again. It's too degrading."

"Then you aren't through with me for keeps?" said Craig, and his face brightened.

"Craig, we can love each other even if we're not ten feet high. After all, we're just two people."

"Two people in a gold-fish bowl. I'll try to remember that. Baby, will you let me tell you just once more that I didn't take Florrie to that fight because I loved her?"

"I never thought you did," Gerda said kindly, holding out her hand to Craig. Up to this time she had kept the situation well in hand. A balanced and moderate reconciliation was being negotiated. Never again did Gerda intend to scream like a fishwife. No man was worth it.

But Craig saw that she was being kind. He slipped to his knees and buried his forehead against her hands, and to her horror she felt his tears. The death of the senses that had protected her during the day was dissolving. His touch had power to bring her to life . . .

"Such an ass," Craig was saying, "to run the risk of losing you!"

Suddenly, to her disgust, she ran up the white flag. "I couldn't live without you either, Craig. You know that, so you must be good to me."

Craig met her eyes, and a dreadful weakness invaded her. "Believe me," he said earnestly, "I'm going to bore you to death with facts from now on. I'm going to tell you what I had for lunch and who I telephoned to, and what your best friends say between dances."

"I'm not your jailer," said Gerda.
"Oh, yes, you are." Craig edged himself up beside her. Delight was rising in his face. For a moment more she resisted the charm of his embrace; but she had to surrender.

Resting her head in its familiar groove against his shoulder, she felt torn apart. Half of her was glad to be in his arms on

whatever terms; the other half was in a torment of resentment.

She had meant to recapture her native coolness; instead, she was still at his mercy.

ONE afternoon in autumn Gerda drove the roadster down to the foundry, where she had agreed to pick Craig up for a game of tennis before dinner. Crisp as a daffodil in her short yellow dress, she made her way across the grimy sidewalk.

Craig would be in from the warehouse in a second, his secretary said.

"I'm glad to catch him here," said Gerda. "I thought perhaps he said to pick him up downtown."

"No, he came back," said Miss More elliptically, continuing her concerto on the typewriter. Mother would have enjoyed being a stenographer, just as Gerda herself would have enjoyed being a cook.

Presently Craig came in, and he and his wife went out to the car.

"I'm so glad you're here," Gerda repeated. "I thought perhaps I'd made a mistake, and you wanted to be picked up downtown."

"Why downtown? We said here."

"Yes, but I saw you on the boulevard after lunch, coming out of the Midland Club."

"That was two other fellows," he answered easily. "I've been around the plant all day."

"How funny! Of course I couldn't swear to you half a block away. But there was a man who walked exactly like you, and he was wearing a blue suit and a gray hat—"

She had spoken in good faith. Too late she remembered that she was a jailer.

"Don't believe me if you don't want to," he said harshly. "Sometimes I get almost fed up with punching a time-clock and getting paid by the hour."

Why couldn't she accept his statement? The Midland Club was a deadly place where no fashionable person ever went voluntarily. The most inveterate liar need not have troubled to lie about lunching there.

Three days passed. Gerda wished now that she had rung up that club at once, and asked them to mail the muffler Mr. Wilmott had left in the cloak-room; and the steward would have answered, "Why, Mr. Wilmott hasn't lunched here in months, madam."

Or she could have wormed out of Miss More where Mr. Wilmott had been at noon that day.

No, he came back? Was that Miss More's phrase? Back from the furnaces, she might have meant, or back from the shipping-room. Gerda had pounded over the same course so often that she could not recall the exact words.

For when a woman has been driven out of her first-line trenches, and has fallen back on a less exposed position defended only by a pledge that her husband will never lie to her again—then she exaggerates the importance of even one isolated lie.

THE dining room blazed with sun. All four Wilmotts ate breakfast at the little table in the window, and darts of light bounded out of their finger-bowls. The little boys traced these charmed arrows with their cereal spoons.

"I see G. M. is up another three points," Craig said from behind his paper.

In just that everyday voice he had said, "That was two other fellows." So of course he had been telling the truth when—

Of course. Of course. Of course. Gerda cut her bacon so firmly that it launched in air.

The boys gave a rousing cheer. "Dody and Hody," inquired their father, "shall we send Mother out to the pantry to finish her breakfast?"

The little boys were so amused that they turned red and began to hiccup. It was fun to laugh together, early in the morning.

Then looking at Craig, Gerda was furious with him for putting these merry years in jeopardy. For he had lied. Impossible,

idiotic as it seemed, she had seen him coming out of the Midland Club.

I'll tell him after breakfast. I'll take a stand. When the children aren't around. I mustn't let myself be driven back into some third line of defense in the boggy lowlands. I must make a fight of it this time . . .

But suppose he hadn't lied: she would be giving him one more cause to detest her.

There was nothing for it but to go herself to the Midland Club.

She understood now how a woman may hire detectives and hire them to trail her husband, how she may put on a red wig and blue spectacles and track him to a rendezvous. The papers have stories like that every day, about women who once loved their husbands with a clear flame. A time comes when being a gentlewoman isn't good enough: you need to know.

IT's a pleasure to see you here, Mrs. Wilmott," said the head steward, as Gerda was leaving the dining-room. "You're quite a stranger."

"Mr. Wilmott was reminding me the other day what a pleasant place it was," she said graciously.

She had another sentence all prepared, but at first she could not bring it out. How can you sink to pumping a club steward about your husband and his first wife? Then the Shotwell iron asserted itself in the center of her being. She had been a victim of delicacy long enough.

"By the way," she went on, "did Mr. Wilmott leave a muffler in the coat-room last week?" And she watched his face.

He did not deny having seen Craig lately.

"I'll inquire, Mrs. Wilmott." He paused, studied her calm face, and decided he would not be indiscreet in going on. "But since you mention it, the lady did leave a valuable cigaret-case. I meant to hand it to Mr. Wilmott the next time he came in. Would you care to take it to him?"

Gerda put out her hand for the case which the steward had put away in a drawer. It would be some knick-knack of Florrie's, jade or mother-of-pearl.

But it was a handsome oblong of black and heavy gold. The steward put it into her palm. J. P. B. were the bold initials, a cipher that told her nothing. An unexpected cavern opened out at her feet.

"I'll see that it gets where it belongs." Without swaying she walked toward the dressing-room door. Perhaps they had a little sofa where she could lie down . . .

Not even the maid was in the silly little room. A gripping misery struck Gerda amidsthips. Like a flag fluttering down its staff she slipped down on the sofa, and lay completely blank. The strange cigaret-case slid from her fingers to the floor.

When she opened her eyes she was dragging in long breaths, and the maid was opening the window beside her. "I'm sorry I wasn't here to help you, madam. Shall I ring up your house?"

"Oh, I'm all right, I just felt a little queer." She tried to rise, and postponed the idea.

"If you'll bring me my coat now . . ."

The maid put her into her mink coat, and asked:

"Did you drop this, madam?"

Gerda took the black-and-gold trifle in her hand again. It no longer sickened her. "Thanks," she said, and went out to her car. She had saved her dignity.

Odd what store a woman will set by her dignity when she has just bled to death!

But when she went into the nursery that evening she was frightened, for the numbness persisted.

"Tell uth a thtory, Mommy." The children scaled her lap, and sat expectant.

"What about, little ducks?"

"Oh, about the Theater you lived in."

Poor little ducks! They thought she still loved them; but she knew better.

"Oh, there come'th Daddy." They swarmed down her legs and scurried to cover; they were dangerous bears.

Craig was coming. She might tell him, if she liked, that he had lied—make a scene about J. P. B. He was a Wilmott, he would be sorry only that he had been found out. Wilmotts used lies as innocently as other people used taxicabs. He had merely been following his pattern for keeping his wife happy.

But if Craig had only half a heart to give her, why should she hound him for a whole one? He had no real faults. By her insistence she had driven him under cover, but he was still kind and charming. He had given her all he had to give. And since

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But I am sure being in pictures is not the reason for a six-year-old conversing as though she were sixty. On the contrary, I am certain it is just the other way 'round. These well-poised children are in pictures because at six they are able to think and act with good sense and real judgment. One of Hollywood's most important casting directors has this to say about it. "Invariably the children engaged are those who are sensible and well brought up."

Last September, that master producer, Max Reinhardt, staged in Hollywood one of the most spectacular presentations America has ever seen . . . Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." From a group of several hundred who tried out for the role of Puck, he selected eleven-year-old Mickey Rooney. The morning after the first performance, when Mickey had, by common consent, "stolen the show," he was my host for lunch in the Metro studio restaurant. Easily, courteously, Mickey selected and arranged my chair. You've seen Mickey Rooney in many pictures, and you'll see him in many more, since a Metro contract is now among his souvenirs.

I asked if he enjoys doing pictures, on which point he was promptly enthusiastic. I suggested that there is one thing about them most children seem to mind.

"I bet I know what," he said. "I bet it's crying. I used to feel silly about it myself, but now I know it's just being a good actor. Now," he assured me nonchalantly, "I can give them any kind of grief they want."

But there is one drawback to his profession, says Mickey Rooney, one thing that he feels is really a bad break. To illustrate, he picked up the left-over half of his lunch-coin roll. "My friend," he said, "I guess

you can imagine that these don't taste very much like Mom's!"

Another stage child who has recently delivered a remarkable performance is young Frankie Thomas. In just one picture on the screen, he has made the grade and then some. On the RKO lot, I watched him do a scene from "Wednesday's Child," a scene which called for a moment of boyish heart-break, a quiver in his voice. Twenty seconds after the director called "Cut," Frankie was in an uproarious tussle with one of the spotlight men, but I was finding my way outside through a mist of real tears.

THE screen has one boy villain, a brilliant actor of thirteen, Jack Searl. His Dad is a California oil driller, and when the family came to Hollywood one summer for a vacation, Jack registered at Central Casting, not very seriously but deciding to do a picture if he got a chance . . . just because he thought he could.

You will recall Jack as the traitor in "No Greater Glory," a magnificent performance. You will recall him as the "heavy" in "Tom Sawyer," and in "Peck's Bad Boy." He is a clean-cut little chap, almost shy, and instantly lovable. Of course it wasn't his idea to go in for "heavies."

"I don't know how it happened," he told me. "I just seemed to be typed that way."

He has only two real interests, horses and baseball, his own bay, Bingo, having won fourteen ribbons for jumping. And does Jack Searl intend to be an actor, I wondered. "Heck, no!" he said, with emphasis, and launched into a prompt explanation that he is only acting till he can be a baseball player. (Turn to page 40)

MIDNIGHT TO DAWN

[Continued from page 22]

felt worried. But we misread the signs."

Cara's head was sunk low above her laced fingers. Mort darted a look at her, and then—devilishly—asked a question.

"What signs?" he asked.

The old woman explained. "Twice we caught her crying. And once she said: 'For two cents, I'd chuck the darn thing and go away!' And once she said: 'A girl should have a chance at happiness—even if it can't last.' And once she said: 'A feller with a flock of cars and a pent-house and a studio and a million dollars to throw around, would never think a girl liked him for himself.' And once she said—out of a clear sky—"There's a good many kept women more honest than wives! That give me such a turn I had a heart spell, and Cara was worried about me, and after that she came home direct from the show every single night, for a while—"

Mort said: "I recall that period. It was about a month ago. When I rang the hotel they said she was with friends."

Cara cut into his reminiscing: "It's almost morning," she said. "You beat it, Mort. I've got to put my grandparents to bed, or they won't be able to open their presents tomorrow—no, today—and they'll be too tired to look at their tree, when I get it trimmed." She spoke without meeting Mort's eyes.

The old man babbled, excitedly: "The tree's in the kitchen. Ma and me strung popcorn for it, and cranberries."

Mort said: "I guess Cara's got the dope; I'd better scram. But I'll be here, if I may, for breakfast . . . Do you mind if my girl comes into the hall with me for a minute?"

The old woman giggled, "Go 'long with you!" The old man murmured, "I been young, myself."

Cara followed Mort Hildreth into the hall with its thick darkness and its assortment of smells. She was like a kid who's been caught in a jam closet with stickiness at the corners of her mouth. As soon as she closed the door behind her, she began to talk. "You were swell," she said, "not to give me away. You made them feel safe. They take it for granted that you're a mechanic or a chauffeur or, at most, a plumber—they probably think your clothes are hired by the evening! Oh, I'll break the news to them one day, but oftentimes when folks are old—" she gulped—"news doesn't have to be broken to them."

Mort said, with apparent irrelevance: "I'm enough of a sap that I would believe you if you told me you really cared. I'd know it wasn't my cars or my lousy jewelry."

All at once Cara's two hands were fastened desperately against the lapels of Mort's coat. She was still the little girl caught stealing jam, but it was worse, now—she'd been spanked!


"There's no use lying about it," she said; "they put me on the spot, those two. They've told you, in their own way, that I'm g-a-g-a about you—and I've worked overtime to keep you from knowing. Lots of nights I've cried myself to sleep after telling you that you were a false alarm. But no matter how I feel, it's out, Mort. Here's the bracelet—it's lucky they were too excited, or too blind, to see the shine."

"What's out?" asked Mort.

Cara said: "I won't ever go off the deep end. I'm old-fashioned, I guess, or crazy. But I want to get married, and be a wife, and keep house, and have babies. And some day I want grandchildren. You and me—we don't belong in the same racket!"

Mort said: "Marriage is the only thing I haven't tried. It might be fun. And I'd rather like a few babies. Especially if they were girls. Especially—" he laughed, albeit huskily—"if they were blondes!"

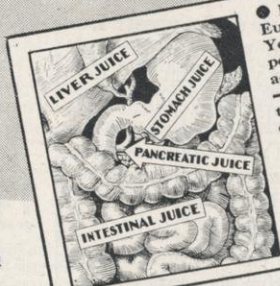
"— amazingly rich in Hormone-like substances "



explains DR. R. E. LEE

Dr. R. E. Lee, Director of Fleischmann Health Research, explains: "Discovered by a noted scientist, it's a new yeast 'strain'!"

"... that's why this new yeast acts quicker!"



Doctors in America, Europe tested "XR" Yeast thoroughly—report: "Twice as quick-acting." "Constipation—indigestion—skin troubles—run-down condition—corrected astonishingly." Hormone-like* substances rich in "XR" Yeast explain why it speeds digestive juices and action . . . acts so much faster.

Constipation, Indigestion and related skin troubles corrected much sooner. (New Vitamin A checks colds!)

THINK OF IT! . . . a new yeast so much quicker acting it astounds doctors. If you have any questions, read these answers by Dr. Lee:—

Why does "XR" Yeast act quicker?
Because it's a stronger "strain" of fresh yeast, much more vigorous, and so . . . faster! It's rich in hormone-like* substances.

***What are these Hormone-like Substances which it contains?**

They are "activators" (like natural body stimulants) which speed the flow of your digestive juices and strengthen digestive muscles from the stomach right on down.

Will it correct Constipation and Indigestion very much faster?

Positively! By making juices flow fast and muscles work harder inside you, "XR" Yeast makes your food softer—better "churned," digested. Indigestion, constipation should soon stop. Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast really "normalizes" you.

Do Skin Troubles stop much Sooner?

The most common skin blemishes come from self-poisoning caused by your digestive system not working properly. "XR" Yeast corrects this condition quickly. Your blood improves. Pimples,

boils, etc., disappear a great deal sooner than with any yeast before!

How about "Run-down" Condition?
If you're "always tired," it may be because intestinal poisons are affecting your nerves. "XR" Yeast checks poisons—enables you to get more "good" from your food. You soon have more appetite, "pep." Headaches usually stop occurring, too!

What new Vitamin has it?
"Infection-preventing" Vitamin A, newly added, to help combat colds. "XR" Yeast also builds resistance to colds by cleansing your body. With Vitamins B, D and G, Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast now contains 4 vitamins!

EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast every day—plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before meals. It's a food—remember. Keep on after you've got quick results, till you're really well! Discontinue cathartics (if you're taking them) gradually. Get a supply of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast!



"Fleischmann's new 'XR' Yeast is much faster than the old," writes Mrs. Helen Van Pelt, Stapleton, N. Y. "My whole system was sluggish. . . I had headaches, no appetite. I ate 'XR' Yeast and in just a few days felt grand."

(As good as ever for baking!)



Fleischmann's XR Yeast

AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

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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 to the Editor. It is our ambition to have you consider DELINEATOR a most friendly magazine

**NERVOUS?
FIDGETY?
IRRITABLE?**



**Thousands Find Relief in
This Remarkable
Nerve-Nourishing Food**

ARE you apprehensive, easily upset? Do little worries make you irritable and disturb your sleep? Do you often feel depressed and nervous? You do? Then you should combat your condition with a special nerve-nourishing food. You should supply your system with *extra* quantities of the substances now known to be absolutely essential to strong, steady nerves.

These substances are the vitamin B factors, the precious nutritive elements which, science has discovered, give tone to the nervous system and help to keep it stable. Ordinary foods contain only limited amounts of this nerve-protecting vitamin complex. Many common foods contain none at all! Is it any wonder that so many people fail to nourish their nervous system sufficiently to resist the strain of modern living?

There is one easy way that you can supply your nerves with the food substances they should have. Eat Yeast Foam Tablets. These pleasant tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain concentrated stores of the vitamin B complex. They are pure yeast—and pure yeast, science now reports, is the richest known food source of the essential vitamin B elements. These elements will nourish your under-fed nerves, strengthen them and give them needed vigor and stability. At the same time they will help you to correct skin disorders, constipation, indigestion, lack of strength and energy.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Begin now to correct your touchy, irritable condition with this remarkable, nerve-nourishing, health-building food!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

*A Tonic Food—
Not a Drug or Medicine*

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. D-1-35
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

CHILD STARS OF HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 39)

And here is your beloved "Skippy" . . . that stocky, tow-headed veteran signed first by Hal Roach for a year of comedies . . . then came "Skippy" and stardom. He is a serious man, this twelve-year-old. The wide lawn behind his Beverly Hills home is his own domain, an azure blue swimming pool, and a playhouse in which we sat on a couple of pirate chests.

He finds pictures a combination of work and fun. "Ninety percent work," he told me, with that contagious smile, "and five percent fun."

I suggested that five percent was still missing.

"That's right," he laughed. "Well, I guess that's work too."

I wondered if he thought other kids were luckier who, at his age, *didn't* work.

"No, I don't," he said gravely. "I know a lot of kids who say they wouldn't work in pictures, but look," and his eyes shined seriously together, "do those kids get a lot of badges?"

(For somehow Jackie manages to be presented with them all—police badges, convention badges, political badges, press badges—)

Aside from badges, he had another reason which he considered a good one for favoring work at eleven as opposed to uninterrupted play.

"If one of those kids got a hundred dollars," he said, "would he know what to do with it? No, he wouldn't. But *I* would, because I know what it's like to work and earn it! And when six months is gone and I've been working and they've been playing, what were those kids doing any better than what *I* was doing? And anyway, I'm giving people some *joy*," he said. "You know I have to think of *that* too. You see I'm a lot by myself," he said. "I clean out my house every day, and I build things and I think a lot and figure things out, because a lot of times there aren't any kids around to play cops and robbers . . . Or sometimes when the kids come," he grinned, "I take them all to a picture show. I know a place where I can take even seven kids and the doorman just says 'okay!'"

I was interested to know what he does about school.

"Well," he told me, "a' course I have to go to private school and I can't get away with anything like throwing spit balls. But I try to do what my teacher wants, because school teachers are swell ladies if you treat them right."

As to what he's going to be when he grows up—perhaps a doctor, or perhaps a sailor (since he's read that you see the world if you join the navy).

"But that's something you have to take a lot of time to think about," says Peck's Bad Boy, "because a' course there are so many things a fellow'd like to be!"

AMONG Hollywood children, there are none more extraordinary than the Johnsons.

Some years ago Mrs. Johnson, a pretty little black-eyed feature news writer, came to Hollywood from Louisiana (Mr. Johnson is also in the newspaper business) and proceeded to turn out a group of picture comedy shorts. One of them called for a little girl. "Haven't you a little girl?" the director asked her.

"Yes," said Mrs. Johnson, "but she's never done any acting."

"Good," said the director, "that's just the kind I like. Bring her along!"

As the story progressed, it was decided also to use a little boy. "Have you a little boy?" asked the director of Mrs. Johnson.

"Yes, I have," she said modestly. So the Johnson little boy joined out.

A special baby, engaged for the picture, cried so lustily when the tornado went by and the house fell in and the fire-engine arrived, that an entire day was spent in retakes.

"We have a baby," remarked five-year-old Miss Camilla Johnson, "who never cries."

"For heaven's sake, get it," ordered the director.

"And *our* baby," laughs his bobbed-haired dark-eyed mother, "thought it was just a quiet day at home with the Johnsons and cooed with delight."

Many times the seven Johnson children have all been busy in the same picture, and at work by two's and three's more times than Mrs. Johnson can remember.

Now Dick Winslow Johnson (who on the screen is Dick Winslow) has done such a piece of work in "There's Always Tomorrow" that all Hollywood is talking.

Payne, the seventh Johnson, made his debut as Ruth Chatterton's baby in "Frisco Jenny." After that he was the youngest in the cast of "Skippy." He was little "So Big" with Barbara Stanwyck, his six brothers and sisters working in the picture also.

Carmencita Johnson, who in her eleven years has done some two hundred parts, paid me a call one sunny afternoon. She tucked up cosily on the porch swing.

"I'm going to be an orphan soon," she announced. "I went for a fitting today. I'm glad I'm not going to be rich. I'd much rather be orphans. When I'm rich I have to keep clean and be careful what I do and where I sit. I was rich in Eddie Cantor's picture and it was all right while it lasted but I hope I never have to be as rich as that again."

I wondered if she entertains any idea of heading for stardom.

"Oh, no," she informed me quickly. "It's all right when you're little, because then there's nothing else to do. But when you're big, there are so many things that are so much more fun than sitting around waiting for contracts!"

AND here's another "family baby" story. A lovely little twelve-year-old, a California product whose father owns a chain of grocery markets, was stopped on the street one day by a director and given a note asking her mother to call at his studio. Mrs. Mother called, accompanied not only by the young lady of twelve—but the baby. And today, with the whimsy of fate, big sister whose good looks and charm began the excitement, now figures in pictures only as the twelve-year-old sister of a three-year-old screen siren, for it was the *baby* whom that Universal director gobbled up!

Baby Jane Quigley's first picture was "Imitation of Life," in which her big scene is falling in the bathtub with her clothes on.

"Why in the *world* did you fall in that bathtub," I inquired.

"Because," said Baby Jane, extending two dimpled hands in a gesture of explanation, "that's the way you play in pictures."

"But didn't it spoil your nice dress?" I conjectured.

"No," she assured me, "we just put it on the hang line. I'm a big girl. I didn't care."

"Just how big are you?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes," said Baby Jane, looking up at me with devastating violet eyes. "I'm the twenty-fors of July."

And here's the wee boy you've been waiting for, the little chap whose career began when he was somewhere about one. His father's business was banking. Hollywood was their home, and a friend mentioned one day, that she'd heard of a studio wanting a baby with large dark eyes. If the baby lives whose eyes can out-large or out-dark those of Dickie Moore, he hasn't yet shown up in Hollywood. And so began the screen career of the young man now going on nine, whom all the world has come to love.

In private life he conducts a detective agency. It holds forth in his backyard in a tent conspicuously labeled "Polece Headquarters," the agency keeping a daily log so intriguing that I really ran the gamut of all my persuasion, for permission to include it among this story's details.

Dickie, however, was firm in his contention that it couldn't be done.

When he is very earnest, he talks straight into your eyes, his hands plastered tightly on his knees.

"Can't I tell the password," I asked, "if we think of another just as good?"

"But it would have to be just as good," he said cautiously . . . and in the end we couldn't think of one he would agree was just as good, so the password is not to be told. Nor the number of whistles which signify, "We see bandits." On that score, Dickie was firm.

I tried to persuade him that it wouldn't make a great deal of difference if I told these things in a magazine story which was to be published as far away as New York City.

"I know it wouldn't make any difference to you," he said, "but it would make plenty to the kids in our neighborhood!"

The final decision as to what I might divulge from the full log of agency and enemy was this: "Lunch hour from twelve to one."

The conversation detoured to elephants. The circus was coming. I suggested that if he really wanted to give the elephants a treat, he'd take a loaf of bread to feed them instead of peanuts.

"They like bread so much better," I said. "They like it so well, they'll eat a whole loaf in one minute!"

"Well, *that*," said Dickie, small hands plastered tightly on his knees, "is just why I won't spend *my* money for bread! Look how long it takes them to crack a peanut!"

Virginia Weidler is a child star so new that the ink is scarcely dry on the contract she won for her work as Europina, the youngest little Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," where she devastatingly gets her way by threatening to "hold her breath and turn black in the face"—a feat accomplished by Virginia in such clever style that "I'll hold my breath!" may indeed become the newest American gag line.

OF COURSE the most famous screen child of them all, is now twenty, his first "return picture" just made, the decision still in the balance as to whether or not he is to "come back."

And I wish you who entertain any idea that a moving picture child celebrity must by all means be a "popinjay," might visit for an hour with the genial, straightforward young man who is Jack Coogan.

His ambition, in his education, is not to specialize but to be just a well-rounded business man. Naturally his first interest will always be pictures, and when he's out of college and in business, he hopes it will be something concerning them, though not necessarily acting.

He thinks the only difficult thing for a child in the picture business is his first "job."

"It's really kind of tough," he says, "for a little kid to do so many strange things under such funny circumstances, till he gets used to it."

But at least there's no danger of parents keeping a child in pictures if he isn't meant for it, says Jack Coogan, for the simple reason that it "can't be done"! "Now there's my brother," he explains. "He's got the best chances a boy could have to get going in pictures—but he just isn't an actor!"

Oddly enough in this very young industry, there is only one person in the world who can really answer the question as to whether a career as a child screen celebrity is harmful or helpful. That person is Jack Coogan.

"As long as I can remember," he says, "being in pictures has made it necessary for me to do my best at all times. I really don't believe anything in any school could be much better to learn, than that!"

ONCE upon a time, Paramount wanted to find a very special baby—that now famous baby who was to "resemble" Maurice Chevalier. After a real search the baby was found in a Salvation Army nursery, his mother a girl of eighteen, for whom life had provided very little happiness. Leroy Winebrenner, eight months old, was given the picture, a long contract, and everything that goes with it, just because the blond little rascal had "what it takes."

Baby Leroy's first feature part was followed by another, and another. His latest role is with Max Baer. And though he doesn't offer a great deal in the way of biography, he has given countless thousands of people a great deal to enjoy and, as

Jackie Cooper says, "that's something to think about."

But for one baby who *did* fill that particular bill, several hundred *didn't*. Out of the several thousand children registered in Hollywood's Casting Office last year, 529 worked (during the year) one day only, 899 worked as much as three days, 261 worked ten days. And eleven worked on an average of one day per week. The average salary was \$7.50 per day.

In every story which we have related concerning a child who was immediately engaged, a special part for which that child exactly qualified was at that moment about to be cast. And as you will realize from your own observance, child parts are few and far between. And (though no mother will agree) even fewer and farther between are the children who can play them. Here for your interest are details of Metro's hunt for a little David Copperfield.

Over a period of five months, from May to October, 1934, cameramen traveled America looking for a boy, "manly, wistful, slight of build, studious and refined," who either had, or could learn, a British accent. You would think such a type could be supplied in an hour's time, but out of every five hundred boys, no more than one will qualify in looks. Out of a rounded up fifty who will *look* the part,

perhaps *one* will prove a fair possibility for learning to talk it. And out of a final ten whose looks and talk will qualify, it is dollars to doughnuts not *one* will be able to act!

The search went on for months, 10,000 children interviewed, 300 tested, yet not one filled the bill. England had been counted out because of labor laws, but at last it was a small Englishman, Freddie Bartholomew, who was found, contracted, and is to be your David. The part *should* create a new child star. Whether or not it *does*, remains to be seen.

Here, then, is the story of that handful of tiny stars who *have* found a place among the great constellations. Your daughter is undoubtedly as lovely as Shirley Temple, your son as clever as Jackie Cooper, as appealing as David Holt and . . . somebody's baby is going to be next!

But before you travel to Hollywood, with that small treasure of yours, just be very sure of one thing: it will take something a great deal more transcendent than the coveted "chance," to turn the trick.

Jackie Coogan did . . . Robert Coogan didn't. Shirley Temple does . . . little Miss London couldn't. Freddie Bartholomew may, but ten thousand other "David Copperfields" haven't.

And that's Hollywood!

DESIGN FOR LIVING ROOMS

[Continued from page 16]

she glanced at the new rug, and her feminine heart sang another little song. Her feet danced on the rich Wilton pile, and beneath it she felt the life-giving, resilient rug-lining—which "more than triples a rug's life," she remembered Delineator's Institute tests had proved. And the life of this beautiful rug was surely worth tripling! Its ivories, golden yellows, little sparkling tones—all the autumn colors of nature, everything from brown to gold—contributed an embroidered quality to the floor, in pleasant contrast to the simple, unpatterned elements of the room.

Arm in arm, these two, so new in the business of homemaking, walked around this room of their own domain. They looked with approval at the furniture of their choice—the chairs and sofa, all upholstered pieces, and all influenced by French curves. And a completely contemporary picture they made, standing there in this room that was in no sense modern yet in no sense period, either.

"The thing I was told to look for in these pieces," said Betty, "was a discreet and flowing use of curves."

"And if I may say so as shouldn't," grinned Bill, "I do like a French leg!"

(Incidentally, we are beginning to hear some lamentable grief stories about the extravagantly cheap upholstered merchandise of the past few years. So be sure to buy furniture bearing the name of a nationally known manufacturer; quality furniture guaranteed by your dealer to be constructed of fresh, new clean, strong materials.)

"You know," said Bill, another attack of theorizing hitting him, "most artists find in the curve the most satisfying beauty. These chairs of ours have been designed by an artist with a real appreciation of a patterning of curves, one with the other. He knew how to elaborate line without sacrificing simplicity. And you sure have placed them with an eye to intimate comfort and likewise the conversational comfort of a roomful."

And because surely you yourself have patted satisfying new possessions, you will sympathize with the Manns as they took inventory that night: the two chairs by the fire, with their upholstery of a neutral chartreuse texture, so soft that it has to be felt to be appreciated, and yet long-wearing too; the sofa, covered in a green satin in self-toned stripe, a little more blue-green than the other green—a fact, please note, which gives a singing quality to both greens in the room; and two brown chairs one in the same "bath-towel" material as the fireside twins, and the little pull-about

chair covered in brown and beige satin of a satisfying basket pattern.

The accessory pieces repeat, you will see, the stone color of the chimney—in that interesting shade known as bone-white. A nest of tables supplies the table needs beside the fireplace; there is a low coffee table; and twin lamp tables (unbeatable for their convenience) for the sofa's ends. The lamp shades are a clear, simple white, with light flower ornamentation. All these airy white pieces have delectable little gold designs painted on them sparingly.

Against the big window you will see a decorative tip-top table, its top bearing a lovely landscape scene in rich, warm colors. What a prize table for games, and for all those many occasional table needs!

One wall, which does not show in the photographs, is entirely book-lined. Tucked into one shelf is a splendid small radio in a charming winged design. On one table by the fire is a hand-set telephone, and a smart little clock, as pert and efficient as a tiny movie camera. And if you like the framed needlepoint touch, over the fireplace, as much as the Manns do, why not make one for your own chimney breast.

But Bill and Betty have an enormous surprise for you! Next month they are going to give their first little dinner party in their new home, which they furnished by the advice of Delineator Institute of Interior Decoration—and you will discover that their living room, which you have been looking at this month, is also a dining room! The dining section of it proves that this type of economy can be a positive asset in style and graciousness. Watch for it in the February DELINEATOR.

We thank the following firms for their gracious cooperation: THE BACKGROUND: Room Constructed with fir plywood from Dykes Lumber Company, New York. Plywoods suggested as alternatives, from Southwestern Plywood Association, Memphis, Tennessee. Fenestra Steel casement windows and screens, Detroit Steel Products Company, Detroit, Michigan. Mantel, Jacobson Mantel and Ornament Company, New York. Karanor Seamless Worsted Wilton Rug, Mohawk Carpet Mills, Amsterdam, New York. THE WINDOW TREATMENT: Overdraperies of Longwood, a Crown Rayon Fabric, Atkinson, Wade & Co., Inc., New York. THE MECHANICAL EQUIPMENT: Philco Superheterodyne Radio, Philco Radio and Television Corporation of New York. Electric logs, andirons and fire tools, Wm. H. Jackson Company, New York. Hand-set telephone, American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Associated Companies in the Bell System. THE FURNITURE: Sofa and armchairs, The Valentine-Seaver Line of Kroehler Manufacturing Company, Chicago. Nest of tables, coffee table, and occasional table; floor lamps and table lamps, Ferguson Bros. Mfg. Company, Hoboken, New Jersey. Parchment lamp shades, Eastern Art Studios, New York. THE ACCESSORIES: Westclox, Western Clock Company, La Salle, Illinois. After-dinner coffee service, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

World's Easiest Chocolate Frosting



Eagle Brand

MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate 1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! Never too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls! ● But remember . . . Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie without cooking! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Shake-up Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards! Cookies! Quick Breads! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. D15, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



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DO YOU KNOW When to Use Even and When to Use Uneven Basting Stitches?

Don't smile. Experts know that there is a real use for both even and uneven basting stitches—and that they should be used in different places in sewing. You will find explanation of this on pages 54 and 55 of the new Butterick dressmaking book—"Making Smart Clothes." In this book you will find scores of other pertinent facts about sewing that will help you make better-looking clothes with greater ease. Get your copy today!

"Making Smart Clothes" . . . 25c at the pattern counter of your local department store . . . 30c postpaid ordered from the

BUTTERICK COMPANY, 161 Sixth Avenue, New York City



Help School Children Acquire the Good Habit

THE MONK'S DRESS



- A feeling for ecclesiastical lines is running strongly through the mode. You will see it in dresses like this, 6030, with their draped, high necklines and long cords wrapped around the waists. They are particularly smart when made in the new prints like this one for afternoon—with its rather formal, spaced flowers on a dark ground. It would look so well under a fur coat. For 36 (size 18), $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39-inch printed silk. Dress designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.
- Printed satin is a harbinger of this year's spring—satin with tiny, sharp-lined designs as neat as though they were etched by a finger-nail. We show you one here in a monk's dress, 6018, and the combination could not be better for afternoons when you want to dress up a little. This dress has new sleeves, loose at the wrists, and an adaptable "fence" collar that drapes. For 36 (size 18), $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch printed satin. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.
- If you want a print to put on right now under a winter coat and to wear until late into the spring, get one with a small, scattered design like this one in 6037. The dress is another of the new ecclesiastical fashions, its front neckline draped and pulled into two panels in back. Those buttons down the back are a smart, new touch—so is the deep, seamless armhole. For 36 (size 18), 4 yards 39-inch printed silk. Dress designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

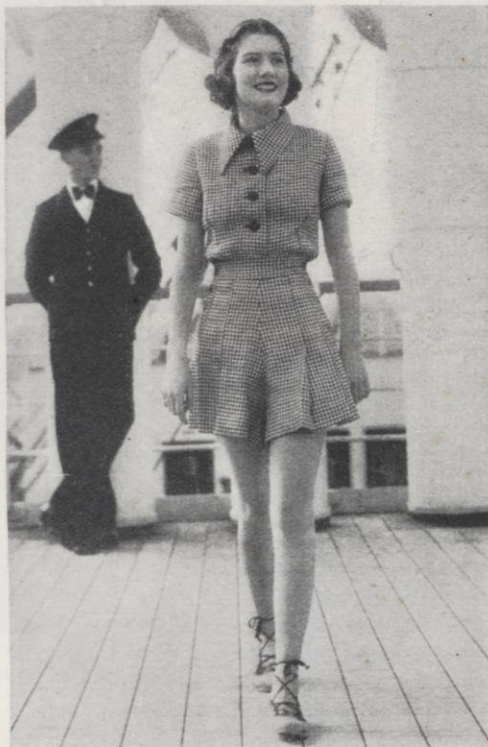


Wardrobe Planning

Butterick plans here a complete wardrobe with everything you will need for all points south



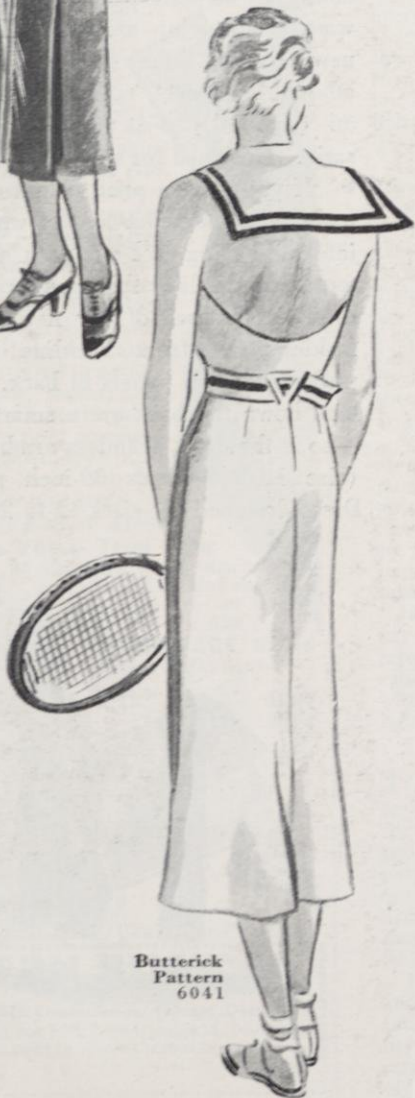
Butterick Patterns
Jacket 6016
Skirt 5615



Cruise
Butterick Pattern
6042



Young Married Woman
Butterick Pattern
6039



Butterick Pattern
6041

So many people take their vacations in the winter nowadays—and so many of them write to ask us what they will need for a cruise—that we decided we'd be of real service to our readers (and that of course is our aim in life) if we planned a complete wardrobe for them. If you're going to a resort or if you're a native Southerner, you, too, will find these clothes just what you need. The first thing to do is to pick a basic color and then your wardrobe will fit together as neatly as a jigsaw puzzle. You'll need very few accessories, for you can wear the same ones with several outfits. We've chosen navy blue because it's smart and well-liked, but you can switch to brown or dark green or black, if one of them is more becoming to you than blue. You'll need a tweed suit for embarking and disembarking and the first cool days on board ship. A navy and green and white checked jacket (6016) is smart with a plain blue skirt (5615). For the deck, you'll need a red, natural, and blue checked linen shirt and shorts (6042) and a white piqué tennis dress (6041) with a sun-back. When you're not being active in the boat you'll want a shirtwaist dress (6035) in pink linen, the crêpey kind that doesn't muss, and a jacket dress (6017) of



Butterick Pattern
6032

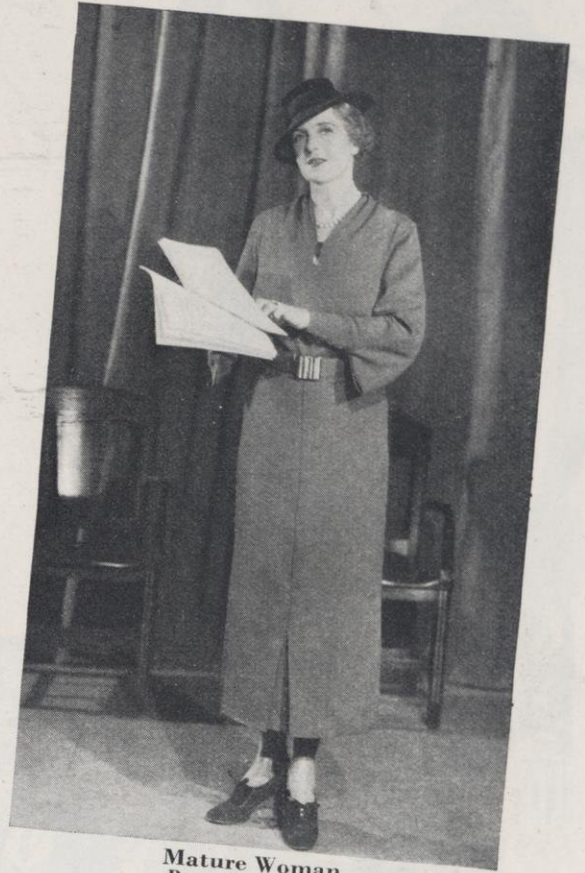
Butterick Pattern
6035



Undergraduate
Butterick Pattern
6011



Business Woman
Butterick Blouse Pattern
6012



Mature Woman
Butterick Pattern
6043



Butterick Pattern
6021

plaid silk gingham. A white wool coat (6032) of the swagger type is a necessity. For shore trips, a navy on pink printed crêpe, jacket dress (6021) is the smart thing. At night, wear a white lace dress (6005), not too formal. For more details and backviews, turn to page 50. The accessories you will need are: One pair navy calf oxfords. One pair navy and white pumps. One pair white rubber soled oxfords. One pair crêpe or satin evening sandals. One pair beach sandals. One navy felt hat. One white felt hat. One navy fabric or straw hat. One Basque beret. One navy calf bag. One pair navy fabric gloves. Three pairs white fabric gloves. Also a bathing suit, sweaters, socks, scarfs, clips, a bathrobe, mules, a rain-coat, stockings, lingerie. **RUTH SEDER**

Butterick has planned four other types of wardrobes for four other purposes. If you would like one of them, check the type you want below, fill in your name and address, enclose a three-cent stamp, and mail to

The Fashion Editor, Delineator
161 Sixth Avenue, New York City

- Young Married Woman
- Undergraduate
- Business Woman
- Mature Woman

NAME

ADDRESS

.....



Butterick
Pattern
6017



Butterick Pattern
6005



WINTER UP NORTH

- Wintering north you will need these things:
- A printed evening dress like 6045. It will add a breath of spring to your wardrobe. The draped shoulders are soft and very smart.
- An evening dress of the stiffest possible slipper satin. This dress, 6011, has a fence neckline, deep-cut in back, and back fullness.
- When you address the club, wear a dress like 6007. The draped scarf and small, colorful print will look well. These sleeves are good.
- If you're in business you'll look smart in a tunic dress, with big buttons—one like 6025.

- For the mature woman, 6043 is a lovely dress in heavy sheer. Its simple lines are slenderizing, its small cowl new and becoming.
- Wear a small, neat print if you are short, with hips a little larger than average. 6028 has a flat gilet, softly draped, and good sleeves.
- For dinner with friends or an evening at the theater, the newest dress is the tailored crêpe dinner dress, quite simple, like 6049.
- Have a dress in one of the new jacquard wools for midseason. 6039 is the new feminized shirt-frock with contrast at the neck.



- Wintering down south you'll need these:
- A cool dress for warm mornings. A red-tingote dress like 6027 looks neat as a pin in dark plaid gingham with crisp, white piqué.
- Active tennis calls for a business-like dress like 6023, with a buttoned, convertible sun-back.
- Even a beginner could make 6013, a shirt-frock with a wide feminine collar and puff sleeves. It's cool and comfortable in cotton.
- Ardent golfers are snapping at 6015, a simple shirtwaist dress that takes to sport. Notice the smart seamed yoke. It is roomy in back.

- Smart women who winter in Florida are wearing dresses like 6019, with a slit peplum. The laced bosom-front looks new and very fresh.
- When the weather is steamy, you'll like to slip into a film of printed chiffon like 6033. See its loose caught-up sleeves and draped neck.
- A jacket dress is so practical for the South. A dress like 6009, with its sun-back that buttons up, you may wear alone for active sports.
- Stopping for tea after a day at the races, you'll look fresh in 6031, in eyelet batiste. The sleeves are ruffles, the neckline square.

WINTER DOWN SOUTH



PREPARATIONS FOR ANOTHER SPRING

- 6014 A tweed suit is a year round proposition for it can be worn with or without a topcoat. It should have clean, classic lines like this one with double-breasted jacket, notch-collared, and a narrow skirt. For 36 (size 18), $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 54-inch wool suiting. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 48.
- 6046 The tunic dress will be smarter than ever, come the spring—it looks so well without a coat. Notice the high collar, the wide sleeves, the slitting,

- the frogs. For 36 (size 18), $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39-inch crêpe; $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 35-inch lining material for upper part of skirt. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.
- 6040 A coat without fur is a good investment if it is complete in itself like this one with rippled revers and new sleeves, wide below the elbow. When you want it to look more formal, add a fur cape or scarf. For 36 (size 18), $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 54-inch wool coating. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 52.

CHILDREN'S HOUR



6044



6026

- 6044 Princess lines in the British manner for a school dress of A. B. C. percale. Hoop from F. A. O. Schwarz. For 25 (size 7), $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 35-inch printed percale. Designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).
- 6048 The slot seam, the wide pleat, and the belt in back make this coat wearable and smartly British. For 30 (size 12), $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch wool (incl. hat). Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).
- 6034 If it is crisply tailored, short as possible, and pleated in back, a small coat is a smart one. For 23 (size 4), $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35-inch velveteen (incl. hat). Designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).
- 6006 A printed silk dress like this with a pleated hemline and a white collar will look nice at Sunday school. For 30 (size 12), $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch printed silk. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).
- 6026 Young girls like a dress like this with a flared bertha and hem and bright sash to dress up in. For 30 (size 12), $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Designed for 26 to 35 (sizes 8 to 17).
- 6010 Even the smallest bit of fluff likes panties to match her best, printed, puff-sleeved dress. For 22 (size 3), $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch printed batiste (incl. panties). Designed for 19 to 23 (sizes $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4).
- 6038 Pacific Mills' dimity makes a sweet dress with lots of pleats and puff sleeves. For 23 (size 4), $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 35-inch printed dimity (incl. panties). It is designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).

6006



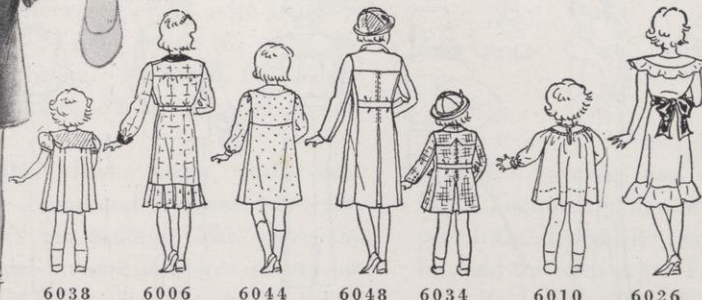
6048



6010



6034



6038

6006

6044

6048

6034

6010

6026

6038



A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER



who tells of "a vital factor in continuous good health" for herself and her two children

Following faithfully the advice of one's doctor or surgeon, as did Mrs. W. E. Waters, of 344 Lafayette Avenue, Lexington, Kentucky, is very sensible and wise. Read her letter below.

"Twenty years ago, after a painful operation for hemorrhoids, my surgeon warned me that my probably inherited tendency to faulty elimination would be apt again to cause me much misery unless I regularly took Nujol. Since then, Nujol has been as essential to me as drinking water. That is, Nujol is a vital factor in my continuous good health.

"Following instructions on the Nujol folder, I cured myself of life-long (I was then 17) constipation. For years I have been able to go for days without taking any Nujol, but if I am forced to eat white bread (which binds me) or am under any sort of nervous strain, then I can rely on a few nightly teaspoons of Nujol to keep me in good condition.

"Julia Ann, aged 13 and Billy, aged 11, have taken Nujol since babyhood. They both were bottle babies, raised on pasteurized milk which has a slight tendency to constipate. They love Nujol and fuss if I give it to one and not to the other.

"The secret of keeping Nujol palatable and agreeable to take is keeping it cold. There is always a bottle of Nujol in our refrigerator. If either the children or I are away from home, we forestall change of water, habits or diet, by taking a small bottle of the precious fluid with us.

"This I know from personal experience—if the directions with Nujol are followed exactly, anyone with patience and perseverance can develop those regular habits which are the foundation of health and comfort. Why suffer or let your helpless babies or children suffer when there's Nujol?"

Nujol, "regular as clockwork," now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, Dept. 3W, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

MORE ABOUT NEW FASHIONS

(Descriptions of Clothes on Pages 44 and 45)

6041 This sun-back tennis dress has its own jacket, hip-length, to slip on after the game. The front of the dress laces up to the big sailor collar. It's nice for cotton or linen. For 36 (size 18), 3 yards 35-inch piqué; 5 yards 1/2-inch braid. For sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44. 35 cents

6032 A white wool coat will serve you in good stead every day on a cruise. One with deep, square armholes like this, and made in three-quarter length will go comfortably over everything, always looks well. For 36 (size 18), 3 yards 54-inch wool. For sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44. 50 cents

6035 It looks smart occasionally to cover your newly acquired sunburn in a long-sleeved, high-necked dress like this soft shirt-frock. Have it in a flattering dusty pink to put on after a swim, for lunch. For 36 (size 18), 4 1/8 yards 35-inch linen. For sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44. 45 cents

6042 Shorts and shirts this year have become almost as essential to a wardrobe as a bathing suit. The shirt of these has a long blouse, buttoned at the bottom, so that it won't pull out. For 36 (size 18), 4 1/8 yards of 35-inch plaid linen. For sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40. 25 cents

6016 5615 Contrast this norfolk jacket with the fabric of the pleated skirt. The jacket has a belted back. For 36 and 39 hip (size 18), 1 7/8 yards 54-inch checked wool and 2 yards 54-inch plain. Jacket for 12 to 20; 30 to 42. 40 cents. Skirt for 12 to 20; 34 to 47 1/2 hip. 25 cents

6021 Have this for a smart arrival in tropical ports and shore visits, and keep it to wear in town next summer. The dress has a short-sleeved yoke top, the jacket is a smart length. For 36 (size 18), 5 3/8 yards 39-inch printed crêpe. For sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 42. 50 cents

6017 A jacket dress is a time- and space-saving article for active and spectator sports. Here is a simple shirt-frock, short-sleeved, with a loose jacket. The back of the dress has fullness. For 36 (size 18), 6 1/4 yards 35-inch gingham. For sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 46. 50 cents

6005 One lace evening dress should go into every cruising trunk—it never musses. This dress bridges the gap between formal and informal, it has covered shoulders, a deep back. For 36 (size 18), 4 1/4 yards 35-inch lace (skirt cut straight). For sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44. 65 cents

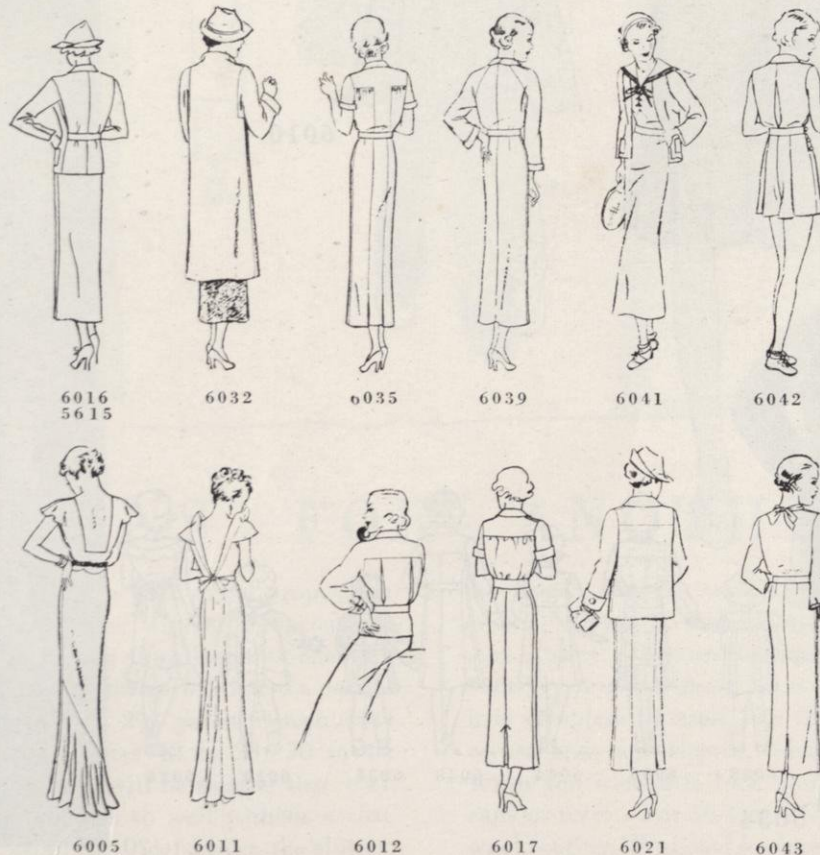
6011 The Undergraduate's evening dress is one of the most important dresses in her wardrobe. Skinner's cotton-back satin, stiff and slippery, made this one, a robe de style. For 34 (size 16), 4 yards 39-inch satin. For Junior Miss sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 65 cents

6012 The Business Woman needs lots of blouses to wear with suits. This one, in Cohn-Hall-Marx's silk gingham, is gay and practical. It has shirred fullness below the yoke which is in one with the sleeves. For 36, 3 3/8 yards 32-inch silk gingham. For sizes 30 to 46. 25 cents

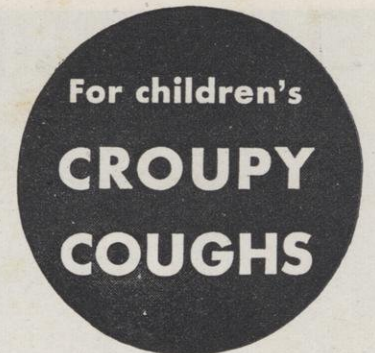
6043 The Mature Woman's wardrobe is incomplete without a dress for club occasions like this one in a Mallinson ribbed crêpe. The sleeves, the soft cowl neckline are flattering to womanly figures and the skirt is slender. For 38, 4 1/4 yards 39-inch crêpe. For sizes 34 to 52. 45 cents

6039 The Young Married Woman goes to market in a tailored dress of S. Stroock's wool. It has big wooden buttons and buckle, a round collar, and wide sleeves set into raglan shoulders. For 36 (size 18), 3 3/4 yards 54-inch wool. For sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 42. 45 cents

Other Views of Clothes on Pages 44 and 45



BUTTERICK ALWAYS DOES THE SMART THING FIRST



So often serious trouble starts with a croupy cough or slight throat irritation. Don't delay, rub chest and throat with Children's Musterole—good old Musterole in milder form. Recommended by many doctors and nurses because it's a "counter-irritant"—NOT just a salve. Its soothing, warming, penetrating benefits seem to melt away congestion—bringing ease and relief, generally. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience"—Columbia network. See your newspaper.



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We are waging intensive war against cancer. To carry on this great fight we depend on contributions from the public.

You can help this worthy cause: (1) by buying the committee's labels—and (2) by using them—and so you not only contribute funds with which our work may be carried on, but you also make it known to others. Twenty labels to a package, price one dollar.

For free information about cancer write or telephone to... NEW YORK CITY CANCER COMMITTEE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER 150 EAST 83d STREET NEW YORK Telephone: RHineland 4-0435 Residents outside New York write to American Society for the Control of Cancer, New York, N. Y.

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NEW 1935 READING NOW READY

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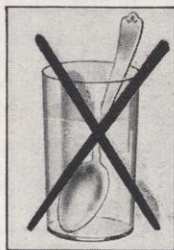
FREE Palmistry Chart with each order.

BIRTHDAY PARTIES

Send for ZODIAC PARTIES.....15c It is full of grand ideas for birthday parties, with suggestions for games and contests, favors and table decorations. Delineator - 161 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C.

PSORIASIS That dreadful skin disease thinking their trouble to be ECZEMA and treating without results. Send for VALUABLE information at once. No obligation. Dr. D. R. Parsons, 265 Trust Bldg., Huntington, W. Va.

RELIEVE ACID INDIGESTION WITHOUT HARSH, RAW ALKALIES!



Millions Have Found Faster, Surer Relief In New-Type Mint

HEARTBURN is distressing. But there's no longer any need to resort to harsh alkalies in order to relieve a sour stomach, gas, or after-eating distress. Strong, water-soluble alkalies taken in excess

may change the stomach juices completely—slowing up digestion instead of helping it.

The new, advanced, most effective and safe relief for acid stomach is TUMS. TUMS contain no soda or any other water-soluble alkali—instead this candy-like mint contains an unusual antacid soluble only in the presence of acid. When the excess acid in the stomach is neutralized, the remainder passes on undissolved and inert. No danger of alkalosis or kidney poisoning from TUMS.

Try TUMS—3 or 4 after meals, when distressed. Eat them just like candy. You'll be grateful for the wonderful relief. 10c a roll at all drug stores. 3-roll carrier package, only 25c.

Free 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 6-ARK, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents.

BACKACHES NEED WARMTH

Tens of thousands of folks who used to suffer from miserable backaches, shoulder pains and chest congestion, now put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster and find the most soothing relief. It's simply wonderful for muscle pains caused by rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, sprains and strains.

The beauty about Allcock's Porous Plaster is its nice glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Actually, what's happening is that it draws the blood to that spot. It treats the backache where it is. No dosing when you use Allcock's Porous Plaster. No fuss or muss, either. Allcock's is the original porous plaster. In almost 100 years no porous plaster has ever been made that goes on and comes off as easily, or that does as much good. Be sure the druggist gives you ALLCOCK'S 25c.

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To quickly relieve chapping and roughness, apply soothing, cooling Mentholatum.

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Gives COMFORT Daily

A FINE POULTICE FOR BOILS

A poultice of Gray's Ointment, if applied in the early stages, aids in relieving the pain and discomfort of Boils. Widely used since 1820. Sold by druggists throughout the Nation at 25c a package, or direct upon receipt of price.

W. F. GRAY COMPANY
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Cuticura Soap

World-Famous for Daily Toilet Use

Price 25c. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 2K, Malden, Mass.

THE YOUNG IN FIGURE



6029

6047

6036

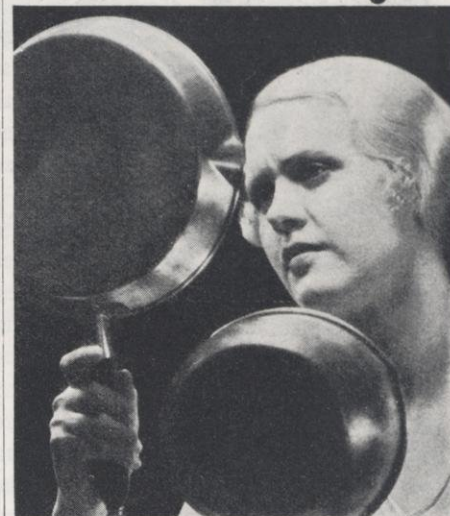


• 6029 Here is the tunic, Chinese version, one of the smart new "native" fashions—with high collar, wide sleeves. For 34 (size 16), 2 1/2 yards 54-inch wool; 3/4 yard 35-inch lining. Designed for Junior Miss sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.

• 6047 Last year's shirt-frocks were crisp and business-like—this year's are softer. The yoke and sleeves in one and low pleats are smart. For 34 (size 16), 4 1/2 yards 39-inch crêpe. Designed for Junior Miss sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.

• 6036 A young and crisp dress for a beginner. You will like its pert little sleeves, its two-layer collar, and the slim skirt. For 34 (size 16), 3 3/8 yards 39-inch crêpe; 5/8 yard 39-inch contrast. Designed for Junior Miss sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.

After the holidays HOW DO YOUR POTS AND PANS LOOK?



S.O.S. WILL MAKE THEM SHINE AGAIN LIKE NEW

Chances are, those after-holiday utensils look dull and spotted, or even blackened. And, you know, if they don't look clean, they're not clean.

They need S.O.S. It cleanses, scours and polishes, all in one easy operation—because the soap is in the pad—an exclusive feature, found only in S.O.S.

Get a package today from your favorite store. Or send the coupon for a generous free trial package.

Look for the RED and YELLOW package

the SOAP is in the PAD

S.O.S.

Magic Scouring Pads

© 1935 S.O.S. Co.

FREE Paste this coupon on a post-card and mail to The S. O. S. Company, 6209 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill., for a free trial package of S.O.S. You'll like it!

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Buy Patterns at the nearest Butterick Agency. But if this is not convenient, they will be sent, post free, if order is accompanied by remittance, from the main office of The Butterick Company, Butterick Building, New York, or at any of the branch offices listed below, at the following prices:

Table listing pattern numbers, sizes, and prices in multiple columns.

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Table showing prices in sterling for various regions including British Isles, Australia, and New Zealand.

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BUY christmas seals

SEASON'S GREETINGS 1934. Illustration of a winter scene with a house and trees.

HELP fight tuberculosis

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for the month's complete fashion story get the BUTTERICK FASHION NEWS IT'S FREE! at your Butterick Department.

BUNIONS Reduced Quickly. Advertisement for bunion treatment with a small illustration.

Constipated Since Her Marriage



Finds Relief At Last - In Safe ALL-VEGETABLE METHOD

IT DATED from about the time she was married—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, chronic tiredness, nervousness and headaches. Nothing gave more than partial relief until she tried a product containing a balanced combination of natural plant and vegetable laxatives, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets).

Nature's Remedy. Advertisement for NR TO-NIGHT and TUMS with product images.

CAFE ON THE BOULEVARD

[Continued from page 42]

The man smiled grimly. 'I suppose my wife saw to it you could never get another position as governess in England.' The woman didn't look at him. But when she spoke her voice was without anger. 'I'm sure Lady Edith did only what she considered right.'

He made an angry gesture. 'Can't you see that doesn't make any difference to me?' He smiled maliciously. 'I overlook that—one small blunder.' 'Blunder?' For a moment she had silenced him. Then he gathered momentum. 'Listen to me, Lilly. Ronny hasn't a cent, except what Lady Edith gives him.'

Lilly looked away from her. No, nothing could ever happen to that woman again. Then, slowly, the woman lifted her eyes and met Sir Edward's. Lilly watched her. Didn't that man know she wasn't seeing him? She was smiling now, smiling. She stood up. He reached his hand out to her, startled, because she swayed a little.

woman, the woman Sir Edward had called Lilly. Oh, she looked very fine, indeed. She had a tiny limousine and a chauffeur in neat black. She had a sable coat, real sable. Lilly knew, because she had once herself had a sable coat. She had pearls too. Absently Lilly felt toward her own throat. Then she remembered and smiled vaguely. How stupid. Of course she had no pearls now.

Later she saw the woman again, and the sable coat looked a little shabby. Just a little shabby. She saw her once more, with the girl called Charlotte. But Charlotte wasn't a girl now. She looked plainer and stouter. Oh, much stouter. But Lilly saw that her clothes were of good material and well cut.

After a while Lilly saw the other Lilly with different men. Men that didn't look nearly so prosperous or well groomed as Sir Edward. Men who certainly must be younger than Lilly. But the other Lilly laughed and talked as though she were young herself. She even gave herself 'airs.' She flirted. Her voice was higher now. And she never seemed to know that people were laughing at her.

And why shouldn't they laugh at her? She was comic. She was comic because she was old and poor; because she was hungry and desperate and painted and tired. On the street men snubbed her. And she walked on again, smiling, smiling, until her face was a mask. And all the time she was so tired. Oh, she still held herself well. In her 'business' you had to. You could never let your shoulders droop. You couldn't sit down on a bench or one of the little iron chairs, bent over with the honest weariness of peasant women.

And she coughed a little. Not much. But people noticed it. That cough broke the smiling mask. But just for a minute. Then Lilly would smile again, as though nothing had happened, as though it had all been a sort of joke.

And then . . .

IN HER corner of sunshine Lilly bent forward sharply. There was something different on the street, something that hadn't been there before. People who had been laughing and chatting grew silent. And men took off their hats. But it wasn't a sad silence. And the men had taken off their hats with dignity. She knew now what it meant. There was a funeral procession; for everywhere, in France, men take off their hats, no matter how mean and shabby the carriage that holds the dead may be.

And this was a shabby enough carriage in all conscience. 'It must be someone very poor,' thought Lilly. But still the people stood and watched, and the men still kept their heads uncovered. Lilly strained forward to see who walked behind. No one. Oh, yes! She stood up sharply. There was a woman, quite stout and middle-aged. But her clothes were good.

'Charlotte,' she thought. Then, at once, she saw someone else. A man, tall and young and slender. And so handsome. He walked quickly, as though he were going to meet someone. Lilly put her hand up to her eyes. She couldn't look. The sun was so bright.

And then, at once, she saw his face. The little procession was almost directly before her. She could feel her body tremble. Once, long years ago, it had trembled like that. She took a step forward. No, she mustn't let him pass. She wasn't there, on the street, inside that shabby thing drawn by the two black horses. She was here, the way he'd seen her last, in the little gray suit with the gray fur beret.

She lifted her voice to call. But, at that moment, he turned and saw her. And then he came toward her, smiling, running. They were laughing when they met. It was so much fun to laugh again. To be young. Young.

Men still stood on the sidewalk, with their heads uncovered. But Lilly and Ronny didn't notice. And they couldn't hear the clip-clip of the horses that drew the funeral carriage because she and Ronny were laughing.

THEN, as Lilly sat there, everything grew confused to her, like those wild flashes in the movies that pile up on each other and melt and reappear again. She saw that

FORTUNES



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TELL
THEM

What does the future hold for you? Tell your fortune with cards, tea leaves, handwriting, letters, names. Have a fortune telling party. Here are booklets to tell you how.

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