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January 1935 Ten Cents Beginning a Short Novel by Viña Delmar
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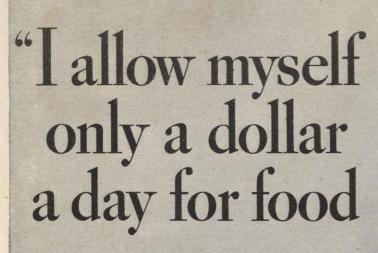
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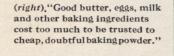
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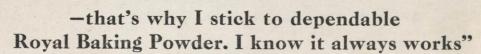


_so I can't afford to risk a failure when I bake



"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.



(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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Mail the coupon
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Watch for your baker's weekly "Specials"

-When you bake at home, make sure of success and delicious flavor by using Royal Baking Powder for your cakes and hot

breads. 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.

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?

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.

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

SPECIAL FEATURES FICTION VERSE DELINEATOR FASHIONS THE MONK'S DRESS . 43 46 47 48 CHILDREN'S HOUR . 49 50 INTERIOR DECORATION DESIGN FOR LIVING ROOMS JOSEPH B. PLATT 16, 17 HOME MANAGEMENT 24 Mildred Maddocks Bentley, Director 25 26 SALLY FORTH BEAUTY 23 29 CHILDREN THE NEW GRANDMOTHER DOROTHY CANFIELD 4. 5 SERVICE DELINEATOR INSTITUTE BOOKLET SERVICE

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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.

Sound sleep, fresh air and sunshine are grand for your child. The more the better. But—they can't do their best for her, until you give the high energy food she needs every day.

Cream of Wheat is chock-full of live energy. The kind that sunshine stores in the best hard wheat. Energy to keep flying legs on the go ... to help young bodies grow and take on solid weight . . . to keep resistance high.

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Keeps energy up . . . fights lowered resistance

THE NEW GRANDMOTHER



"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

"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 hullaballoo 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 I have thought to waste time thinking about mycould 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—sther straight, rather targe, her hands at all tichtly.

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 childrearing? Yes, intelligence is a mother's best friend. What else shows her the pattern in that endless chaos Yes, intelligence is a mother's best friend. 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

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 accomhaving. 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 lifeone 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

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

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 there? We intelligence 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 revery?" 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



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

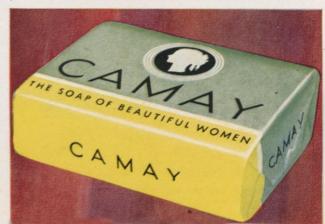
The daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful

CAMAY

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

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.

Copp. 1985, Procter & Gamble Co.

The Soap of Beautiful Women



ILLUSTRATIONS

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 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?"

Âunt 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? 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."

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 conts for the two years we've had her, 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 "

already given twice that much."

Aunt Florry said: "Well, your father wasn't farseeing. 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

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. 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 loughter. 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 "The Day Never on the screen. Came" is to be filmed by Fox



CAFÉ ON

T 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 nat. "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 hitcher and then when he came healt he'd 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 ma-demoiselle?" 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.

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.

"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.

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—"

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

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."

demoiselle wishes. The girl with the gold hair looked out on the street.

"Oh, isn't it heavenly today, Charlotte? Isn't it won-derful 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 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 napoleons, and

for a few minutes the two girls ate and drank with the ravenous concentration of children. Then the blond

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

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 process."

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

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)

THE GOLDEN LEGEND

ISABELLA HOLT

F 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 "out-sider"—he was married. His sister Nathalie had in-troduced 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 an 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 be-cause 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.

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 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

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

"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 anoster to be go about."

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

"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

"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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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

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,"

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.



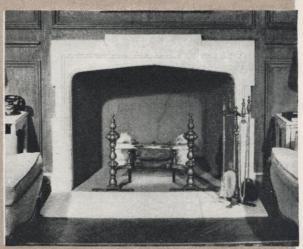
Bill Mann says, "A beautiful window has an almost speaking quality." And "I love a French leg!"



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



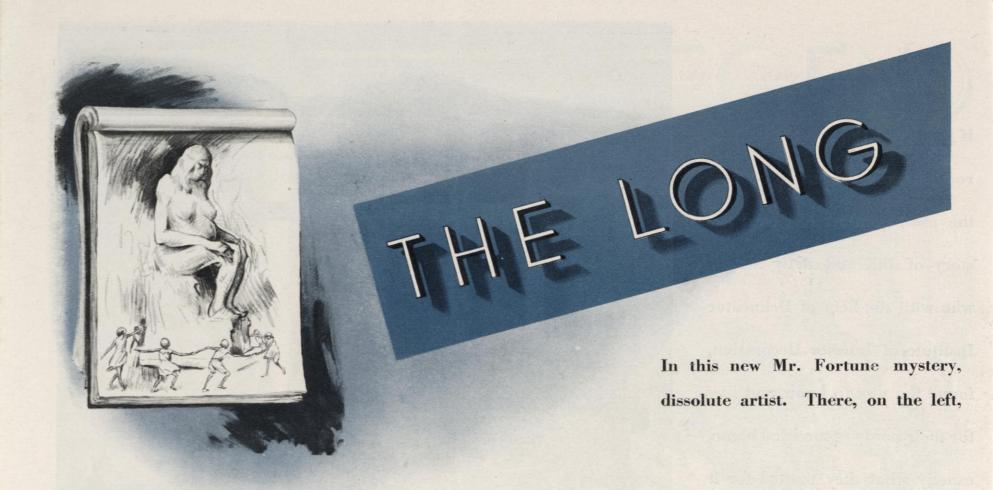
A winning clock, and the handy hand-set



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



Tucked among the books: a winged radio



YOME 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

"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

"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 opped at a crumpled, stained card. "Where was

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 crême 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

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.

Fleasant 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 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 weeks ago, they find that some of ner jewers, 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 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?" 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."

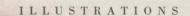
"Well, then, I begin from a description of Monsieur the Blackguard. A man who is plump and dark with little dark whiskers, who has front teeth which stand out, who walks like a bird running with steps that go pit-He speaks French well enough but not like a Frenchman. He wears clothes of orange color 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. 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 They remember him well, because they are like that, years ago when he was a student. They are like that, these old folks of the Ouarter; it pays. Then his name was Farquhar, Derek Farquhar, an Englishman." Du-bois twirled his moustaches. "So you see, my friend, I dare to trouble Mr. Lomas to find me in England this Farquhar.'

Method quite sound," Reggie mumbled. "Yes.

"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)



BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

DIMMER

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 ou 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

combe. 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.

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 spread-

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?" Du-

bois made a grimace at him.

bois 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

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 seen 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.

"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

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. 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,

"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

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

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 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 cortainty to be obtained." 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 hugher 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, sr. Supposing he got in from the land, they think it would be the search of the search o 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

Shag Nose is a headland from which dark cliffs fall neer. 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

MARGARET SANGSTER

ARA 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."

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

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.

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 histories to the growing hillwrite. Core Rush are

clock, listening to the growing hilarity, Cara Burke was

"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 scason'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

"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

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

"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'll take you home. Anyhow, they won't miss me,

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!"

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. 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 cajoled, "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." understand.

Mort said: "I want to know what my rival looks like. 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 scram!" 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

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

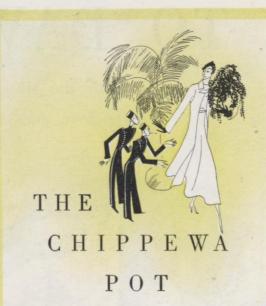
scarce?'

"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

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



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

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

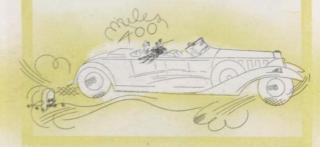
"When the moon comes over the hill, it's much prettier. It's as good as a book with pictures in it."

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 eyer did. She has a chronic allower the 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.

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

cevening, 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.

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 equivalent of tights—got a new thrill. From the naked wee baby on the fur rug, through the gingham, pigtail 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

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 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.

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.

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.

zons 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

Washer 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.

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.

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 hear the it's a simple matter to arrange and keep the garment in

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 discon-tinued before the material is completely dry. In case

tinued 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

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-wrung 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 cheese-cloth. 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 INS TITUTE 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 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.

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 feeds.

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.

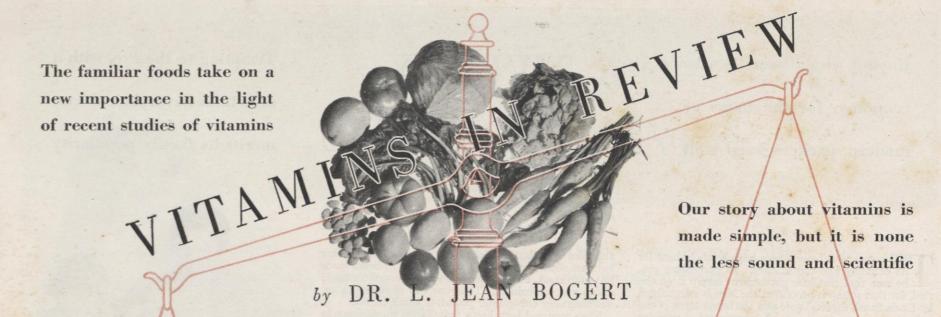
Ham Baked with Dried Limas: Soak one cup dried limas overnight in cold water. Drain, put in a baking dish, cover with a layer of sliced onions, add one cup water and to with a disc of raw ham. Bake according to the page of t

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 eligible. Chen the centers and east to be a specific product of the specific product o 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)







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 clusive vitamins.

Just what are these vitamins? When scientists first discovered at about the turn of the contury that there

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 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 ultraviolet rays in direct sunlight. As there is little likelihood of lack of vitamin E in the diet, we need not trouble our-selves 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 king-dom. 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.

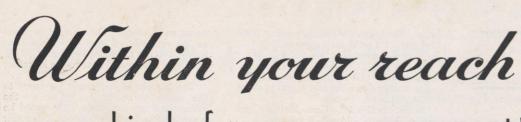
All this gives us our clue as to what foods we will find vitamins in. Vegetables and fruits are naturally among our best sources, especially such as can be eaten raw and those which contain green or yellow pigments. In general, the parts of the plant richest in vitamins are the

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)



-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



THE DAY NEVER CAME

[Continued from page 9]

jealous of her father's success. She was free.

Across the street Carlo spied a group of children—four or five little girls pausing to say goodbye before separating to go their different ways. One of them had bright, golden hair like gleaming metal.

"There she is now," Carlo said.

"Where?"

"Where?"

"Across the street with some other little

"What's she doing?"
"Just talking. Why?"
"She's not allowed to stop on the way home. First thing you know, the talks get longer and here I am stewing about what's become of her." Aunt Florry walked over to the window and raised it high. "Daph-

The child looked up. "I'm coming," she

called.

"Well, come this very minute."

Daphne evidently knew what to expect when her aunt used that tone. Swiftly she turned from her friends to obey the order, and began her headlong dash for the house. Carlo saw the truck coming. She screamed. Aunt Florry gasped. The truck swerved, not without danger to its driver, who swore loudly before rolling on

truck swerved, not without danger to its driver, who swore loudly before rolling on and out of Daphne's life.

"That child!" Aunt Florry moaned. "I can't teach her to look where she's going."

"You shouldn't have called her that way," Carlo said in a trembling voice.

"You filled her with such panic that she didn't know what she was doing."

"You're not going to start telling me how."

didn't know what she was doing."

"You're not going to start telling me how to take care of her, are you? Because if you are, I'll pack her off to the city officials and maybe they'd do a better job for you."

"Oh, Aunt Florry, please. I'm nervous. So are you. That was a narrow escape she had. Let's not argue."

"I'm sure I didn't intend to argue—" She interrupted herself to walk down the hall. The pounding of Daphne's young fists upon the door could no longer be ignored.

Aunt Florry unfastened the chains.

"Why don't you look where you're going? Haven't I told you to look up and down before crossing a street? Answer me. Haven't I?"

"Yes, Aunt Florry."

"All right then. Do it in the future. Your sister's in the front room."

Daphne hurried down the hall to greet Carlo, whose visits, if not exciting, were at least a break in the deadly monotony of afternoons with Aunt Florry.

"Hello, Carlo."

"Hello, sweetness."

The sisters kissed. Carlo detected a

The sisters kissed. Carlo detected a faint hint of peppermint candy on her sister's lips but she said nothing, having a suspicion that peppermint candy was against the rules.

"Well tell research."

"Well, tell me all about yourself. How is school?"

"Rotten."

"That's a nice way to talk."

"You asked me and I told you."
Carlo laughed. Her laughter was born more of a desire to fill space than of gen-

uine amusement.

A silence fell.

Aunt Florry came into the room. "How long are you going to stay?" she asked Carlo.

"Why?"

"If you're going to be here a while, I'd like to run down to Mrs. Carroll's, and get a fitting on that dress she's making for me."
"Oh, go ahead. I'll wait till you come

"All right. I won't be long."
Aunt Florry went away.
"Now we're all alone," Daphne said.
"Isn't it fun?"

And Carlo realized that never since Aunt Florry had taken Daphne had she and the child been alone until this very moment. "Sure, it's fun," she said.
"You're Mary," Daphne said, unexpectedly.

pectedly.
Carlo understood at once that a game of some kind was in progress. "Mary who?" she

demanded, wishing to understand thoroughly the character that she must portray.

"I forget your last name. You're the Mary who was with Mary, Queen of Scots, while she was in prison."

"Why am I that Mary?"

"Why am I that Mary?"
"Because, dummy, I'm Mary, Queen of Scots. Now act accordingly."
"My royal mistress is displeased with me," Carlo returned amiably. "I have displayed abysmal stupidity and I sorrow to the depths of my being."
"Aye, grieve not, loyal Mary. 'Tis I who should pray forgiveness for lashing at thee with my sharp tongue, but my heart shakes within me and no longer pumps warm blood." blood.

Carlo fell completely out of character.

"Where on earth did you get that speech?"

"That's the way they talked then."

"Yes, but did you make that up as you went along?"

"Of course. I could do better with a lit-

tle time."

"Well, well, well," said Carlo, "this is a shock. Do you often play that you are Mary, Queen of Scots."

"Yes, I always play that I am—ever since I first knew about her."

"Why?"

"You'd laugh at me."

"I cross my heart I won't laugh. You tell me, and I'll be your loyal Mary until death."

death."

"Well, I used to get a lot of fun out of pretending that I was a dethroned queen. I made out that Daddy was a king and where we lived was a palace and when he died, enemies put me in prison and stripped me of my jewels and ermines and my power. I made out that I was friendless and forgotten but that always I was hoping for deliverance and then last winter I found out that that very story was true and that it was the story of Mary, Queen of Scots."

Carlo said nothing for a time. She reached out and grasped the child's hand and pressed it hard.

"My Mary looketh grave and disturbed,"

"My Mary looketh grave and disturbed,"
Daphne intoned in the dulcet voice she
reserved for the tragic queen. "Can she
not rest her burden on the heart of one who already carries such a weight that she stag-gers dizzily?"

gers dizzily?"

"Nay, fair queen, 'tis no burden which I carry but a flaming banner of hope."

"You speak of hope, Mary. Know you not that hope perished with the bright days and silvern nights? Know you not that hope lies dead of his wounds?"

"Nay, hope has risen, royal lady. Some day thou shalt know again the palace and the servants and the jeweled raiment that thou wast born to know."

"Mary, I shall die in chains."

"Mary, I shall die in chains."
"No, fair queen—oh, Daphne, let's not play Scotch Mary any more. She's much

But Daphne shook her head, kicked her sister in the shin and repeated in proud

"Mary, I shall die in chains."

"And if thou dost, it shall be only when they have first safeguarded their own persons by killing me."

When Carlo got back to her rooming house, she found a message under her door. Mr. Creighton had telephoned several times. The message disturbed her. She sat down upon her narrow white bed to think over what she must do. It was impossible to ignore him. He would call again and still again until he finally reached her. She wished she could say to him: "Please, Mr. Creighton, leave me alone. You're on a wild-goose chase. You ought to know that."

But you didn't say such things to men.

But you didn't say such things to men like Creighton. He was a power, an unquestioned power on Broadway. You did not insult him or incur his displeasure until every other known manner of defense was exhausted. exhausted.

The telephone was ringing. Carlo opened the door and leaned over the stair rail to

listen. She heard the landlady say: "Wait

Isten. She heard the landlady say: "Wait a minute. I'll see if she's come in."
"Is that for me, Mrs. Hearn?"
"Yes, it's Mr. Creighton again."
Carlo said: "All right. I'm coming."
She walked down the two flights of stairs to the telephone. "Hello."
""Hello."

to the telephone. "Hello."
"Hello. Is this Miss Carlo Melvin?" demanded a sharp, efficient, female voice.

"Please hold the line. Mr. Creighton calling." A pause. Then—"Go ahead."
"Hello."

"Hello."
"Hello, Carlo. How are you?"
"I'm fine. How are you?"
"I'm all right. Say, Carlo, what are you doing for dinner this evening?"
"Why, I have an engagement."
"Break it."

"Break it."

"Oh, I couldn't. I made it days ago and promised faithfully I'd keep it."

"Who is it with?"

"Nobody you'd know."

"Oh. Just thought maybe I could call him and get you off."

"No, he's nobody you'd know."

"Well, how about tomorrow?"

"I don't like to promise, on account of rehearsals. You never can figure on a set

hearsals. You never can figure on a set time, you know." "You'll have to eat."

"Maybe just a sandwich and a cup of

"Say, I don't think you want to have dinner with me."

"Of course I do, but I have no time." "Well, look here, how about having supper with me tonight?"
"Oh, no, not tonight. I'm tired right

"Well, I'll tell you what. I'll send the car down to your place at twelve o'clock and if you feel like it, you can come. If not—that's my tough luck."

There was nothing to say in the face of such persistence but "yes." Carlo went back to her room feeling very ill at ease. For just a split second she wished that she were ugly so that this problem might

never have arisen. The thought perished as she remembered how little chance an ugly girl has on the stage, and besides, if she were ugly Phil would never have looked at

her.

The thought of Phil made her hurry to had intended to do the The thought of Phil made her hurry to the things she had intended to do the minute she reached home. He would be waiting. She took the pins out of her hair and it fell in a curly, glossy stream of darkness to her waist. She had never bobbed it. First, because she had taken pride in being the only girl in school with long, flowing locks and later because those same long, flowing locks were something of a phenometer. locks and later because those same long, flowing locks were something of a phenomenon on Broadway. She looked at herself in the mirror and approved of her dark, clear eyes set wide apart. She disbelieved completely in the theory that such eyes betokened a fine intellect but she found them none the less attractive for that.

SHE was sorry that she could not change her clothes, but she had none that would be an improvement over the shabby old blue

Phil must accept her just as she was, and it gave her a warm feeling to realize that Phil would rather have her in her shabby blue suit than the finest lady in—in—the words "jeweled raiment" came to her mind, and she thought of little Daphne. She had thought of the child all the way home. Only Kerry Creighton's annoying message had driven her from Carlo's mind. message had driven her from Carlo's mind. There had been a beautiful dream in the local—or was it the express?—of "Blind Man's Holiday" proving a sensational success, of walking up to Aunt Florry and throwing twelve hundred dollars and sixty some odd cents on the table in front of her and walking out with Daphne. It would be fun to take Daphne to a lovely little apartment somewhere and to gively heel to be the ment somewhere and to give back to her the pleasant, easy life she had been raised to expect. So must the adherents of Mary, Queen of Scots, dreamed of restoring their queen to her throne. (Turn to page 29)

RUNNING WILD

[Continued from page 23]

lead, like the lovely Nike. Skin specialists say that bad posture is the cause of many of the skin troubles; shallow breathing, poor circulation, constipation resulting in acne, blackheads, sallowness, roughness.

Psychologists tell me: "Get them to ride and proposed them."

and swim and dance, play games, start with making their bodies beautiful and skilful and interesting." You can prove this any time. Go ride a horse when you feel low, or walk where it is beautiful, or dance, or fence, or just run around the block.

feel low, or walk where it is beautiful, or dance, or fence, or just run around the block. I saw a line-up of girls one cold morning last October when school had just opened, shivering and "grousing" and suddenly the teacher, a most attractive young girl herself, snapped out: "Stop shivering! You've got to get used to this. Now come on, we're going to run around the block!" They came back sparkling with laughter and color, breathing hard, but all bucked up. Don't just sit and be low when life hurts you (bless you); do something. Use your lovely, eager, responsive body—it wants to serve you, it can help you to be whole.

The "not quite clean" means inside as well as out, like the well-known platter. Once a month, perhaps, I think it would do all of you good to drink a whole glass of laxative water and eat nothing all day, but drink two or three quarts of orange juice or grapefruit juice or unseasoned tomato juice or unsweetened pineapple juice. Don't mix them, but drink them an hour or two apart or stick to just orange juice, if you like it a lot.

mix them, but drink them an hour or two apart or stick to just orange juice, if you like it a lot. Not one crumb all day. Twenty-four hours of cleansing and rest for your tummy. (You eat such appalling things!) Catch up on your letters that day, or mending or reading or, perhaps best of all, day-dreaming. A day at home. Even a day in bed. Good for your skin, your mind, your whole self. You've no idea! And how thoroughly do you wash your face and neck and ears? With warm (not

hot) water and pure, mild soap. Get in close to your nose! And how often and how vigorously do you bathe? Pores must

breathe or fall sick!
Crystal cleanliness for your blessed faces that are like a writer's notebook—the gen-eral direction of the tale is there and interesting notes, but the story hasn't yet been written.

been written.

A face should never run wild. It should be clean, with its brows and lashes brushed into vigor and polished into gleaming, its powder not powder at all but just a velvety finish, and its lips—if they need to be rouged—so skilfully done that one must look to make sure that they are rouged. Your face is so helpless if you are not good to it. Don't let it run wild!

Posture. Use that lovely invisible corset you have—abdominal muscles, the most perfect corset in the world, and they do their work so beautifully, if you will let them. Don't let them go soft and relaxed—hold them in and up—they won't show much now but they'll show frightfully later when you care how you look more than ever before!

before!

Shortsightedness. Things seem to matter so terribly. And you suffer—I know it. It's one of the things that is hard to bear—that young things must suffer. But I believe with every inch of me that everything that comes into your life is there because you need it to be there—it is taking you somewhere, it is making you grow—pushing you up, up, up into the very eye of the sun—using you to make a wise, tall, beautiful, brave race of people, strong and fearless as eagles, clear and brilliant as stars, wise and patient and kind as God's love itself.

Let yourself grow to that tall statue! Be true to the highest you can find—within yourself and without! Climb up to it! Cling there! Don't mind the buffetings. Go higher! What does it matter that "the wind blows harshest around the tallest trees"? What a view those trees have! What power! Go on! Go on! Climb!

KEEPING AND MAKING UP 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 description of the cosmetic stores until Lyns afraid would be partment 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 competition of course. There

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 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 complex.

tentions. 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 certry, 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

win help he, won't your 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 pratty much of a pretty m 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.

THE DAY NEVER CAME

[Continued from page 28]

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

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.

she hastened toward him, he stood up smiling. "Hello, Baby. I thought you were lost." "Ch, 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. handsomest young man alive.

The waiter took their order and disap-

peared.
"How was the rehearsal today?" Phil

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

"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 being alive"

"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."

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

way 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.

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

"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

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 movies. 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."

"So what do you know about Kerry Creighton?" "I know he's ignorant."

"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."

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. Creichton's car?"

ing to a shell stop. The inverted chauncul 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 Creichton was directly behind his small Japanese servant when the apart-ment 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.

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)

SHOPPING LIST for "Keeping Up and Making Up" (on this page): Upper photograph: Delv-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 crême nail polishes with harmonizing lipsticks in bright new colors—Cutex.

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

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."

hoping."
"What did you mix with it for? I told

"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

"What do you want at your age? A

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

"And that's what you'll have for some-thing 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 fogy Coblett directing. He can't give you anything. What

recting. 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 firstrate 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."

care of."

"That's right. Where is she?"

"With my aunt."

"Well, she's all right then. 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 apart-

Creighton said: "Do you like the apart-ment?"

"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 a his foco.

sion 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."

"Beelly at takes all kinds of people to

"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

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 to-

"Of course he did."

"Or 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"

against it.

"Spoke against it, did he? If you were mine, you might go to another man's apart-ment, but you'd go with a broken neck."
"Sounds very exciting," she said with scorn, "but I think I prefer Phil's manner of

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

A sudden impulse flared up in her to tell him that she had come because his per-

mm 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," 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

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. 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.

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 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."

enough for you."
"And what is good enough for me?"

"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 souple of charge accounts. ment 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 in-stead 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 assembling must end."

"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 her been said already."

"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 the She fall was the first to the first t 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 wondered 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

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.

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

longing 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

"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"

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

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.

Nancy's Fried Oysters: Mince cooked ham very fine and roll dried raw oysters in the

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 Dumblings: Blend two cups prepared 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.

crackling crisp.

Ham Blankets: Combine one cup chopped Ham Blankels: 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. boiled ham.

Ham-Cheese Croquettes: Combine two cups 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 miuntes 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 childrens' luncheons. Put a thin clies of hymend are therefore his her and to the control of the c 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.

sert. Eggs Benedict: This justly famous egg dish can be made easily by following the Holandaise 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.

sistency 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

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 thoughfully 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 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 birth-

"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 handkerchiefand-stocking drawer and picked up her comb for the third time.

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 late-ness 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

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

"The bust-up of 'Blindman's Holiday.'
You've heard of it, haven't you?"
Carlo felt suddenly cold all over. "Lyman,

carlo leit 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."

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 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 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

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 or-

Creighton's note that had come with the or-chids 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 forget 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?



THE GOLDEN LEGEND

[Continued from page 13]

her blunt ripe mouth looking childishly sad. Gerda had foreseen this encounter in nightmares. You don't run, you don't scream. As soon as you can speak naturally, you speak.

"Hello, darling. Hello, Florrie; nice to see you. Hello, Nat. Mother, I don't be-lieve you've ever met Florrie Roscoe, Craig's first wife." And she swept her

Craig's first wife." And she swept her astonished parent down the stairs.

"Well," Mother exclaimed with her hand on the car door, "you have certainly gone modern! I didn't think you had it in you."

"Frank and open, that's our motto," Gerda heard herself saying.

"I wish I had had your sense when I was your age," Mother said surprisingly. "But about you, Lambkin, how will you manage when your marriage breaks up?"

"It's a little early for an obituary on my married life."

"It's a little early for an obituary on my married life."

"I know all you young people dance and flirt with each other," Mother continued, "but it's a different matter when Craig takes an interest in his first wife. Still, you have all the weapons in your hands. If you want to hold your marriage together, now is the time to use them."

"What weapons?" sked Gerda staring

"What weapons?" asked Gerda, staring.
"To put it crudely, I mean money."
"You mean," Gerda asked carefully,
"that you'd have me keep Grandfather's
money away from Craig unless he did
exactly as I liked?"

To what depths were leaves money in the start of the start o

To what depths were lovers expected to descend?

"You needn't be quite so blunt about it. Craig can take a hint."

Craig can take a hint."
Gerda was nauseated, perhaps by the vibration of the car. She glued her eyes to the chauffeur's gray twill shoulder-blades. "Mother," she said suddenly, "I've got to play my hand my own way. The first thing I liked about Craig was his sweetness to his dreadful little wife. I'm sure his feeling of responsibility for Floria is the best. ing of responsibility for Florrie is the best part of him."

part of him."

"Well, remember I warned you."

"You tried to remodel Mr. George
Mother, and look where you came out,"
Gerda was driven to say.

"Where should I be if I'd depended on
George Vining to fill my life?" Mother
asked in her brittle voice.

In the Theater, Gerda thought, though
she was too polite to say so; and that answer
steadied her through her own panic. In the
Theater, living with your own husband on
the threshold of a contented middle-age.

CRAIG was due at home in a few moments. All afternoon, lying like a dead woman on her bed, Gerda had been trying to build up

ner bed, Gerda had been trying to build up a seaworthy attitude—one that wouldn't submerge under floods of tears.

He came in. The coat-closet door clicked as Whiteside hung up his hat and coat. Now Craig was looking for her in the living room and the nursery, now he was standing to the hadroom door.

at the bedroom door.

She rose to her feet like a marionette on strings. She was drawn toward him, drawn into his arms where she stood enfolded.

"You were so wonderful today, Baby."
The misery oozed away as soon as she touched him.

touched him.

touched him.

"You mustn't do it any more, darling," she said. "It looks dreadfully."

"I know, Baby dear, I wouldn't have had it happen for the world. But we met at the lawyer's office, and she had Nat with her; and when Nat suggested lunch, I couldn't decline to eat with them; that would have been too barbarous. I didn't know you ever went to that dump," he added innocently. She laughed in his arms. There spoke a Wilmott.

Wilmott.

Wilmott.

But that wasn't all. All the time Craig was dressing for dinner, he was watching her. He had something on his mind.

"Baby dear"—here it came!—"do you think any more about that California trip?"

"Craig, did you really mean for me and the boys to go off without you?"

Craig stood like a black-serge flamingo on one foot while he tied the other shoe. He watched her doubtfully. "Something's

come up," he said. "You might be happier

out of town for the next months."
"Something about Florrie!"
"You're right. We were discussing it at the lawyer's today. I didn't know the whole story till then."
Gerda didn't answer.
"My next is following me around." Croix.

"My past is following me around," Craig said, putting his foot on the ground. "I'm being pushed into taking a stand about the

eling pushed into taking a stand about the alimony."

"Whose alimony?" Gerda cried in extreme astonishment. "Florrie's? But she's re-married, darling. You certainly don't pay Florrie alimony any more!"

"Well," said Craig, "I probably never explained this to you, because it—it didn't matter to you, and you hated thinking about Florrie; but you remember my telling you that I ditched Florrie for—for my own reasons. And it has worked out, Baby, hasn't it? I mean you've been fairly happy? I know I have." She nodded to reassure him. "But of course I had to look after Florrie, and I gave her a good large alimony, with no strings tied to it at all—a good half of what the foundry pays in any normal year. I thought you and I would live on what was left; but as matters turned out, your Grandfather has carried the load, and money hasn't mattered particularly." and money hasn't mattered particularly.
"No, Craig."

Mother would have taken this as her cue for saying money did.

"But Florrie has always been a damned fool about money. So it seemed natural to her to follow Roscoe's helpful suggestion and assign her whole income to him. She and assign her whole income to him. She thought husbands looked after their wives' interests. Well, it hasn't worked out that way—not by a jugful. He uses her money, and when she says she'd like to divorce him, he says: 'But if you do, remember you've signed away your income to me.' And poor little Florrie doesn't know the answer to that one, and Roscoe's in France where I can't put the fear of God into him by the

that one, and Roscoe's in France where I can't put the fear of God into him by the natural method."

Gerda carefully laid a curl in place with the comb. The slight disdain had possession of her which she always felt for people who let money influence their conduct.

"What would happen if you simply stopped paying?"

"Mr. Roscoe and I are playing poker with each other. He thinks that, being married to you, I'll keep on paying forever to avoid publicity; so if I stop he says he'll sue me on Florrie's behalf. He has no reputation to lose, do you see? But I'm damned if I'm going to sweat at the foundry the rest of my life to subsidize Will Roscoe's five-day jags. Gerda or no Gerda, I said to myself, I'll call his bluff: I'll go into court and ask to have my alimony reduced or abolished because my wife has re-married; then Florrie can divorce Roscoe as fast as she likes, and trust me to make a new she likes, and trust me to make a new private settlement on her."

Gerda or no Gerda . . .

"But Roscoe," Craig continued, "is going to give this whole thing to the papers, because it's part of his strategy; and the yellow journals will give me a first-class ride. There! That's the end to a long story: I thought you'd be more comfortable in

There! That's the end to a long story: I thought you'd be more comfortable in California."

"Craig! Is this sort of thing going on all the rest of our lives?"

"God knows, Baby! Not if I can stop it."

"But you could stop it any minute you liked. Other men don't drag their ex-wives after them; they divorce them on purpose so they won't have to."

He answered unwillingly. "Perhaps there are men that can look at a woman they've

been married to, and see her in hell, and not give her a hand out. Some men have no memories—and you must remember, Florrie was all set to stay married to me."

Her warm love welled up inside her. Poor Craig! It wasn't his fault that he had been

brought up in a burdock patch; he did as well as he could, and he needed her help.
"I know, darling. I'll think about California. Thanks for telling me."

His face brightened touchingly. He came over and picked her bodily off the dressingtable stool; he sat down on the chaise longue and cuddled her like a doll; while her long, long legs protested the posture. He closed his eyes and laid his face against her shoulder. "You've been so marvelous, Baby. Most girls would have raised hell."

BUT never was a pleasure-trip a greater fiasco than the California one, for everybody, that is, except Mr. Shotwell and the

Grandfather fed these infants everything from licorice-drops to sips of highball; he egged them on to fight each other, and gave a dollar to the man that won; at bedtime he hid with them at the bottom of the hotel garden. His wife for once was out of pati-ence, and invited him in acid tones not to

play the clown.

Meanwhile a number of estimable ladies, Meanwhile a number of estimable ladies, Aunt Madeline's friends, gave entertainments in Gerda's honor, so that there was actually an evening when Craig called up on the telephone and found her out.

She called him back, and learned that the apartment did not answer.

After all, why should he be alone at home while she was away? Gerda gave the operator a list of numbers where he might be found, and begged her to run him to earth. During the next twenty minutes Gerda

found, and begged her to run him to earth. During the next twenty minutes Gerda had time to think, time to create an imaginary apartment for Florrie and paint it robin's-egg blue, to install Craig on the davenport and put a glass in his hand; and to let Florrie lean over the davenport from behind so that her round pink shoulder touched his cheek . . .

The bell rang. "Baby! What's wrong?" asked Craig, his voice reduced to a tiny, uncordial thread "But, darling, you called me."

"But, darling, you called me."
"I rang you up for fun between dinner and the theater," he said. "But you needn't have trailed me to a theater party. They called me out in the middle of an act. I was sure somebody must have died."
"Craig darling, I'm so sorry; but now I've got you, what's the news? When may I come home?"

come home?"

got you, what's the news? When may I come home?"

"Not just yet, dear. We settled the case out of court today, but we're God's own gift to the press. Haven't your papers had anything out there?"

"Not that I've seen."

"Then stay where you are, Baby dear."

"Well," said Gerda, and could think of nothing else to say. Tears of homesickness began to run down into the transmitter.

"The Catlings had us to dinner . . . Do you—I hope you're not too lonesome, Craig."

"The apartment gives me the collywobbles when you're not there, so I keep on the jump. The St. Louis brethren have been in town, and you know what that means. We've worn out our welcome at all the clubs now. They're terrible bums Gerda, I'd better trek back to my seat. The Penneys will start a rumor that your grand-father be bed a starke." Penneys will start a rumor that your grand-father has had a stroke."

'Your three minutes has expired," said

What started Gerda homeward was the perfectly ridiculous letter from Yolanda Penney. Gerda opened it on the beach, while the children were building sand forts,

while the children were building sand forts, and a clipping fluttered out into her lap.
"... You know how I adore you and Craig. I'm convinced there's nothing to it, but our whole crowd has gone up in the air, and you ought to be prepared..."

It was just like boarding-school; best friends were the blithering idiots that came

There's lots and lots to this yarn about the bright boy that divorced his wife to marry the biggest fortune in the Middle West, and now is too poor (ha-ha) to pay alimony to his first ball-and-chain. You wait and watch the headlines, and remember I told you first. The betting is 5-to-3 that Florrie will have him back in harness inside of a year. Does she look up at him with adoring eyes when she dances! And the cream of the jest is that his own sister acts as a go-between. The other night at a roadhouse the floor was practically cleared to watch them dance. Well, Divine has her own consolations, so they say; so perhaps there's method in her close-fistedness about Craigy's allowance...

You mustn't read things like that. You begin wondering why Craig married you—wondering whether your money was the important thing about you.

And you begin wondering how you would know, from any difference in your husband's manner, if he had stopped loving you? You can't penetrate that everlasting pleasantness. Florrie was probably amazed when he asked her for a divorce.

All day Gerda was restless. The little have made her cross. She lunched away

All day Gerda was restless. The little boys made her cross. She lunched away from home to avoid talking to the Shot-wells, and took an infuriating tennis lesson during which she could not locate the back-line. But when she did at length come home, Aunt Madeline was waiting for her in the

patio.
"I've had rather distressing letters from

"I've had rather distressing letters from home, Gerda."
"I'm sorry I didn't forewarn you and Grandfather," said Gerda, tightening the press on her racket. Aunt Madeline was such an incorrigible spinster, you had to screen her from shocks. "I came away to keep out of the row. It isn't half as horrid as it sounds."

as it sounds."

"I didn't mention it to Horatio. I don't want him to put any pressure on you to leave Craig, so—so long as you are happier with him. But, Gerda—" she hesitated, and then pushed bravely on into the wilderness—"I—I never thought Craig was the man for you. I don't believe in diverse but ness—"I—I never thought Craig was the man for you. I don't believe in divorce, but if the time arrives when you and Craig want to separate, you can count on my backing. Perhaps it's a blessing you're not too wrapped up in him."

"Don't I strike you as being wrapped up in him?" Gerda asked curiously.

Aunt Madeline's lips pursed to their narrowest line. "You don't take each other seriously."

rowest line. seriously."

'Rubbish!" thought Gerda; but she listened. And then Mrs. Shotwell said something that pierced her.

"If he were entirely your husband, he'd protect you instead of his first wife. If you were entirely his wife, you'd have stayed beside him when this—this scandal came up."
A blinding light broke over Gerda.

A binding light broke over Gerda. She was after all the product of Aunt Madeline's teaching, and from the depths she agreed with that innocent lady.

"Maybe I'll start home this evening, Miss Acre," she said in a little girl's voice.
"May I leave the children with you?"

By AN evil chance Gerda ran into Yolanda Penney under a hair-drier. For three days on the train she had been aglow with the resolve to take her place at Craig's right hand and show the silly world that she believed in him; but when she got off the train her only concrete program had been to get a shampoo to get a shampoo.

Yolanda was only a cone of white towel-

Yolanda was only a cone of white toweling, her head obscured inside the roaring shell of the drier; but Gerda was uneasily conscious of her lucid eyes. She would rather not become involved in sympathy until she and Craig had had time to get together on a story. It was only when she had retired under her own fire-breathing dome that she felt protected.

Yolanda, however, was by this time sweetly scalloped, and she crossed the room and shouted something. Gerda made mouths to indicate her regret that she was stone-deaf. The resourceful Yolanda then

stone-deaf. The resourceful Yolanda then snapped a switch and left Gerda defenseless

in the center of a death-like hush.
"Can you come up to tea, Gerda? I need

"Can you come up to tea, Gerdar I need to talk to you privately."
"Can't possibly, darling. I must hurry home and make sure there's a dinner cooked. I'm a surprise party."
Gerda rather liked the swagger of her own attitude, and she was unprepared for the way Yolanda took it. "O-ho!" cried her friend archly. "Thought (Turn to page 34)

COVER NOTE: Dynevor Rhys, a young American artist who lives in Paris, has painted for this month's cover, a girl with ruddy gold hair arranged in a new Parisian coiffure. The hair is brought forward from the back to the forehead in a row of soft curls. The famous Emîle îs the inventor of this charming style.



MY MARKET BASKET

UNPACKING my market basket is most ex-Unpacking my market basket is most exciting. You remember the sense of adventure that opening an old trunk in grand-mother'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 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 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 consomm⁵, 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 soups, a few nome-made croutons or a since 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 1/4 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 o-ounce package mincemeat, I cup apricot juice, 3 tablespoons sugar, I 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 I minute. Allow to cool. Line a o-inch pie plate with pastry and fill with mincemeat mixture. Place chopped drained apricots evenly over top. Place an upper minicemeat 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 TARD: Two cups cold milk, 4 tablespoons ground coffee (caffein-free coffee may be used if liked), 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ 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 shorten-ing in a beauty facility of the contraction. 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 ½ 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.

CORNED BEEF HASH IN CABBAGE:
One can corned beef hash, I 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 table-spoons of corned beef hash. Roll and hold the rolls together with toothpicks. Fry in shortening and serve with chili sauce. shortening and serve with chili sauce

PEACH PAN DOWDY: One-half pound dried peaches, ½ cup molasses, 2 table-spoons shortening. After soaking the peaches in cold water for 2 hours or more, 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. MAGNOLIA PRUNE CAKE: Pit two sprinkle generously with toasted coconut.

Sally Forth

Your House and Your Health



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

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

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 \sim One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Very 9mportant 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

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

When Nature forgets-remember

CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE THE

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 scald-

ing 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

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

Yes, I did. Take it from me, Yolanda, I "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

ing, 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 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

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.

ness 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.

cades? 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"

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

"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 It would have made even more talk if I

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

"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?"

"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

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.

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."

Inst a flash—Craig had stepped from a

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

standwiches 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

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 Steeple-chase 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.

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."

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 cyes 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 have me for not being honest with you."

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

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. encouraged. Recent experiments have vitamin.

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 (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

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 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 cannel towards a remove the solution. tion, 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 aspheries, and to a lesser extent in other 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

Getting enough Vitamin D in the diet is still more difficult. Nature has distributed 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.

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 to the proposition of the pr tomato juice and yeast; milk and bread to which vitamin D has been added dissolved 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 teaspoonful of standard cod-liver oil. Such foods should contribute their part in build-

ing 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 for-get 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 . . .

OR 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

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

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 Sucrets 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.



THE GOLDEN LEGEND

[Continued from page 35]

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

He moved unsteadily toward her, and 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 hear to drag that beauty in the

I can't bear to drag that beauty in the mud. If you want to call it a day, let me

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 reach 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, every-thing'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."

"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."
"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

"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 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 fore-head 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

"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

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 joiler" said Garda

"Tm 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 that 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

"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 an-

"That was two other fellows," he an-wered easily. "I've been around the plant

"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

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

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

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 hiccough. 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

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 her-

self 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 rendez-vous. 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." a stranger

Wilmott was reminding me the "Mr.

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

"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, "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?"

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

little sofa where she could lie down . . .

Not even the maid was in the silly little
room. A griping misery struck Gerda amidships. 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?"

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

"Did you drop this, madam?"
Gerda took the black-and-gold trifle in Gerda took the black-and-gold trine 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 wening the wear frightened for the number.

evening she was frightened, for the numb-

ness persisted. "Tell uth a thtory, Mommy." The chil-

"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 hears

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 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 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 luncheon 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 heartbreak, 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 Castring, not very seriously but deciding to deing, not very seriously but deciding to do a picture if he got a chance . . . just because

he though he could.
You will recall Jack as the traitor in "No 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

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-'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 grand-parents to bed, or they won't be able to parents 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

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, "toot to give me away. You made them fool offers 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 fastcoat. She was still the little girl caught stealing jam, but it was worse, now—she'd been spanked!

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 ga-ga 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!"

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. ambition to have you consider Delineator a most friendly magazine



HINK 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.

*Whatarethese 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 selfpoisoning caused by your digestive system not working properly. "XR" Yeast corrects this con-dition quickly. Your dition 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 onethird 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...! had headaches, no appetite. I ate 'XR' Yeast and in just a few days felt grand."



AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

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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 veast 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!

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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." percent fun.'

I suggested that five percent was still

"That's right," he laughed. "Well, I guess that's work too."

I wondered if he thought other kids were

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 shirred seriously together, "do those kids get a lot of badges?"

(For somehow Jackie manages to be pre-

of badgesr
(For somehow Jackie manages to be presented with them all—police badges, convention badges, political badges, press

Aside from badges, he had another rea-son which he considered a good one for favoring work at eleven as opposed to un-

favoring work at eleven as opposed to un-interrupted play.

"If one of those kids got a hundred dol-lars," he said, "would he know what to do with it? No, he wouldn't. But I would, be-cause 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 give 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 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 the wing as it bells. But

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

sallor (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!"

A MONG Hollywood children, there are none

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. ceeded 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

"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

"We have a baby," remarked five-year-old Miss Camilla Johnson, "who never cries." "For heaven's sake, get it," ordered the

"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.

Payme the seventh Johnson made his

Payne, the seventh Johnson, made his début 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 ricture also. picture also.

Carmencita Johnson, who in her eleven years has done some two hundred parts, paid me a call one sunny afternoon. She

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.

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 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 threeas 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

conjectured.

"No," she assured me, "we just put it on the hang line. I'm a big girl. I didn't

"Just how big are you?" I asked her.

"Just how big are you?" I asked her.
"Do you know?"
"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. Hollybegan 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 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.

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

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 deed 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."

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

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

"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

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.

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

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 particu-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

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

over a period of live 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 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 dellars to doughnuts not one will be it is dollars to doughnuts not one able to act!

The search went on for months, 10,000 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. 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 ... some-body's haby is going to be part!

as appealing as David Holt and ... some-body'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, unfloor, in pleasant contrast to the simple, unpatterned elements of the room.

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 pat-

These chairs of ours have been designed by an artist with a real appreciation of a pat-terning of curves, one with the other. He knew how to elaborate line without sacri-

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 longchartreuse 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 bluegreen 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 sofe's ender 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

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 fire-

place, 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 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: Westelox, Western Clock Company, La Salle, Illinois. After-dinner coffee service, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

World's Easiest Chocolate Frosting

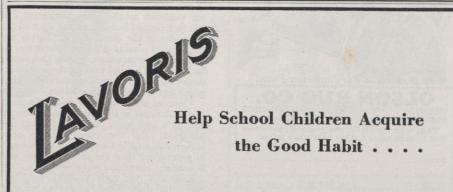


DO YOU KNOW When to Use Even and When to Use Uneven Basting Stitches?

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





CAFÉ ON THE BOULEVARD

[Continued from page 11]

and they were off for the first time without

a teacher, they laughed.
"Sir Edward and Lady Edith have "Sir Edward and Lady Edith have a lovely place in the country," the blond girl rushed on. "There's a tiny lake on it. And a boat-house where they sometimes have tea. My aunt told me. And they have lots of people coming to visit them." "But they'll all be old," said Charlotte, to whom a person of thirty represented age. "Oh, no," cried the blond girl. "There's a sort of cousin. He can't be more than twenty. He's an orphan too, like me.

a sort of cousin. He can't be more than twenty. He's an orphan too, like me, and poor. His name's Ronny. He lives with them." She stopped. "I expect he's awfully nice. He goes to Sandhurst. They're sending him."

But Charlotte was not swept off her feet. "What makes you think he's nice? And anyway," she went on ponderously, "if he's poor he couldn't marry you. And

feet. "What makes you think he's nice? And anyway," she went on ponderously, "if he's poor he couldn't marry you. And if he's nice, I expect Lady Edith plans to have him marry Joan, or Letitia."

"But they're only children!"

"They'll grow," said Charlotte.
And then, for no understandable reason, they laughed.

And then, for no understandable reason, they laughed.

"Aren't we sillies," cried the blond girl. She straightened her little back with a valiant jerk. "Anyway, I'm going to think that everything is going to be lovely for both of us. The de la Marceaux are going to take you to the theater and opera and lots of concerts. And give you heaps of pretty clothes and presents. And I—" she stopped.

Charlotte looked across the tiny table her. "I'll get along all right. I'm not Charlotte looked across the tiny table at her. "I'll get along all right. I'm not pretty like you. And maybe I've got a different nature." Lilly knew the girl was struggling to say something. "You see, I don't go around with the candles all lighted up inside me as you do. I don't expect everything to be lovely." With the terrible clairvoyance of girlhood she was looking into her own future, and the future of her friend. "So, you see, maybe I'll miss a lot of things, but I won't ever be terribly unhappy. It won't be very exciting—" she stopped—"but it will be safe."

Lilly watched the blond girl, and she knew the blond girl had only half understood. But she had understood enough to know that, come what might, she would

know that, come what might, she would choose her own uncertain destiny in preferchoose her own uncertain destiny in preference to Charlotte's safety. Lilly wondered if she couldn't get up and go over and tell the blond girl that she ought to listen to Charlotte. That Charlotte was wise, that Charlotte would escape the anguish and the loneliness. She almost rose. And then she realized the two girls hadn't seen her at all, though she sat right next them.

"Oh, look," cried the blond girl, pointing at a fat woman on the street in valiant

"Oh, look," cried the blond girl, pointing at a fat woman on the street in valiant pursuit of an escaping poodle, and both girls burst at once into excited laughter. She stood up. "Come on, Charlotte, let's see what happens." She fumbled in her purse. "I'll leave the money here, on the table. And let's run."

Lilly watched them as they fled, like two gay shadows through the crowd. They

gay shadows, through the crowd. They raced up to the poodle, and the blond girl caught him. Lilly could see her face, gay with rejoicing . . But Charlotte had been right. Charlotte was wise and—safe . . .

Time had no meaning to Lilly as she sat on, sheltered by the ell of restaurant and the tiny clipped box hedge that marked the two sides of the terrace. And before her people kept passing, passing. There was no one on the terrace now. Even the waiter had vanished behind that mysterious backdeen from which waiters appear and behind drop from which waiters appear and behind which again they lose themselves.

Then, at once, a young woman arrived and took a seat at the same table where the two girls had been. Lilly could only see her back. But she knew that the newher back. But she knew that the new-comer, who couldn't be more than a couple of years older than the girl had been, was beautiful. She wore a suit of soft gray. Lilly was glad such a pretty lady had taken the table. What luck for her, because

some dreary middle-aged person might just as eaily have sat there. And then, at once, Lilly knew that the girl was crying, soundlessly. Lilly didn't stir. But the girl hadn't seen her anyway. And luckily the waiter wasn't there the waiter wasn't there.

And then a man appeared, young, slender, handsome. But all Lilly saw were his eyes, and in his eyes was the same tragedy that had been in the girl's silent weeping. He rushed toward her. "I was so afraid

you wouldn't be here."

They were both standing now and the girl's hands were in both of his. She smiled and Lilly knew at once that he was never to suspect that the girl had cried.

"Darling, darling, you can't guess what agony this week has been." Unlike the gon's, his eyes hid nothing of his anguish. I'd never have found you if it hadn't been for that girl you went to school with. "Charlotte?"

"Charlotte?"

He nodded. "She said she was going to meet you here." They sat down, but Lilly could see he still held her hands in a grip that must be sweetest anguish to the girl. "How could you run away like that, with-out a word?"

out a word?"

Lilly could see the girl fight for courage.
"Oh, Ronny, you shouldn't have followed
me. Don't you see what I did, I did for
you? Oh, you shouldn't have come. What
will Lady Edith say?"

He glared down at her. "Damn Lady
Edith."

Edith."

"No, no." Lilly could see the girl was trembling. "I couldn't let it be because of me that anything should happen to you, Ronny. You've got to go back."

He made an angry gesture.

Her hands tightened in his. "Darling, you've got to go back. You've got to finish at Sandhurst." Her hands and her voice and her eyes all pleaded with him. "Lady Litth will forgive you. You see it's really

at Sandhurst." Her hands and her voice and her eyes all pleaded with him. "Lady Edith will forgive you. You see, it's really me she's angry with."

"Damn her." He almost shouted it. "No, no." Lilly could watch the mounting terror in her eyes. "Don't you see, Ronny, you've got to give me up? We've got to give each other up?"

He dropped his voice. "You're not sorry we've loved each other, are you?"

She lowered her head above their clasped hands. "We couldn't help that. It just came, like—like spring."

hands. "We couldn't help that. It just came, like—like spring."

There were tears now in both their eyes.

"Promise me you'll go back." She leaned ward him. "Promise me you'll finish toward him. "Promise me you'll finish at Sandhurst. Darling, don't you see how awful it would be if your career was ruined? We'd go on loving each other, terribly. But underneath, it would be ghastly. I'd know all the time, even when we loved each other most, what I'd done to you. And after a while it would get to be like a "No.

But she nodded gravely. "Yes. Like a

wall. And finally we wouldn't either one of us be able to tear it down."

Lilly heard him groan. "Why is it such a sin to be poor."

a sin to be poor?"

The girl smiled at him. "You won't always be poor."

He glared at her. "I tell you I won't marry Joan."

"Of course not, darling."

"Of course not, darling."

"I'm going to marry you." He bent toward her. "Do you hear me? You."

Again she smiled. "Of course you are."

"Promise me you'll wait?"

Her eyes never left his.

"Promise," he demanded.

"You know Leave."

She bowed her head. "You know I can

She bowed her head. "You know I can never love anyone but you."

Only Lilly knew she hadn't promised.
"I've brought you all the money I have."
She laughed. "But, darling, I've got heaps of money."

"No, you haven't." He stopped short.
"I suppose Lady Edith wouldn't give you a reference?" He dropped her hands. "God, why don't you hate me? Don't you see what I've done to you?"

But the girl only caught his hands again. "How could she give me a reference, after

what she thinks? Anyway, it doesn't make any difference." She was plunging wildly now. "Charlotte has got me a post. I was awfully lucky. It's with an old lady. Here in Paris. And all I have to do is read to her, and go in the Bois with her for drives. And, oh, she's frightfully keen about music and the theater. She has her own box." Perhaps this was overdoing it a little. Well, she couldn't help it now.
"Where does she live?" He took out a little book and pencil.

little book and pencil.

There was just a fraction of a second.
Then Lilly heard the girl give an address.
"It—it's not a fashionable part of the city.
But it's lovely. Charlotte's seen it. She says it's got a little garden with—with a rosebush in it and a hawhorn tree."
"Province meaning that he was of seconds."

"Promise me you'll take care of yourself."
The girl nodded violently.
"And have a fire all day long in your om," he commanded.

"Darling."
He drew her to him and she rested her

head with the fur beret against his shoulder.
"Tell me," he said at last, "you've been as happy as I have."
"Dearest." Then—"Promise me you'll

make it up with Lady Edith."
"I hate her."

"Promise me."
He pressed her hard against his side.

"I promise."
"And that you'll work very hard at

Then the girl stood up. "I'm going with you to the station. We'll go in a cab." She glanced at the watch on his wrist. "We've just time. And you can catch the boat from Calais."

But Lilly knew he was going.
He looked around. "There's nobody here," he said. "Kiss me."

But the girl shook her head. "In the cab." She ran away from him toward the steps. "Darling, why do you think the dear God invented cabs?"

He laughed, suddenly gay again.
But Lilly, in her patch of sunshine, thought that she heard something crying . . .

It was very peaceful again in Lilly's corner, and her eyes drifted once more over the people on the street. There seemed to be a great many soldiers in the crowd, in fact a great many soldiers in the crowd, in fact almost every man was in uniform. And then Lilly realized there was a war going on. Yes, while she had sat there, a war must have been going on for years.

Again, except for her, the café terrace was empty, until at last a man in uniform and a woman arrived together. Lilly didn't like the man. He wasn't young and he looked

the man. He wasn't young and he looked greedy. There were some men who always looked greedy.

"I can't see why you wanted to come here," he complained. "There's not a soul in sight, not even a waiter."

The woman smiled, though Lilly noticed that her eyes never looked quite directly at him. "There used to be a waiter—such a nice one." It seemed to Lilly that the woman's face had become gentler, and younger. "I remember him first, when I woman's act had become gentar, and younger. "I remember him first, when I was a little girl. I had tea here, with my mother and father. And he brought me napoléons." She wasn't thinking of the man at all, Lilly knew.

"Well, he's dead now," said the man.

"Oh, he'll come." The woman sat down. She was pretty. But Lilly could see she wasn't only slender. She was thin.

"You're cold, "said the man.

She laughed, a thin little sparkling laugh. "You forget, it's spring."

"Spring." Then he leaned toward her suddenly and Lilly knew he was greedy because he still hadn't had what he wanted. "Tell me, how much longer are you going younger.

"Tell me, how much longer are you going to keep this up?"

to keep this up?"

Lilly thought at first that the woman was going to say something. But she didn't speak. She only smiled vaguely.

"Listen to me, Lilly." He looked greedier now than ever, and a little angry. "You're a fool. That rotten little typist's job doesn't pay you enough to live on. You're hungry. You're cold. I'd have taken you to the Ritz today, but your clothes—" his eyes appraised her unpleasantly.

The girl looked down at her gloves, and Lilly could see that one of them had been

Lilly could see that one of them had been mended. But she smiled.

"If you want to know, Sir Edward, I consider myself rather lucky to have the 'rotten little typist's job'." (Turn to page 52)



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), 35/8 yards 39-inch printed silk. Dress designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40. Printed satin is a narbinger 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), 43/4 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



Cruise Butterick Pattern 6042

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 cruisethat 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









Business Woman Butterick Blouse Pattern 6012

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 raincoat, 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





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 fulness.
- 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 redingote 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 sim-

ple shirtwaist dress that takes to sport. Notice the smart seamed yoke. It is roomy in back.

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), 25% 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 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% 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), 21/2 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), 21/2 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), 21/4 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), 21/4 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), 21/8 yards 35-inch printed batiste (incl. panties). Designed for 19 to 23 (sizes ½ to 4). • 6038 Pacific Mills' dimity makes a sweet dress with lots of pleats and puff sleeves. For 23 (size 4), 25/8 yards 35-inch printed dimity (incl. panties). It is designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).

6038



A TRUE STORY



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 opera-tion for hemorrhoids, my surgeon warned me that my probably inherited tendency to faulty elimination would be apt again

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.

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—

"This I know from personal experience—
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babies or children suffer when there's
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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 ½-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 longsleeved, 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), 41/8 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 as a bathing suit. The sint of these has a long blouse, buttoned at the bottom, so that it won't pull out. For 36 (size 18), 4½ 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% 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 471/2 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% 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 fulness. For 36 (size 18), 61/4 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), 4¼ 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 fulness below the yoke which is in one with the sleeves. For 36, 3% 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, 41/4 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), 31/4 yards 54-inch wool. For sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 42. 45 cents

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Don't delay, rub chest and throat with
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Other Views of Clothes on Pages 44 and 45



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THE YOUNG IN FIGURE



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), 41/8 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), 31/8 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?



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CAFE ON THE BOULEVARD

[Continued from page 42]

The man smiled grimly. "I suppose my wife saw to it you could never get an-other position as governess in England." The woman didn't look at him. But

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." She met his eyes at last. "You see, after what she found out, she couldn't keep me. And naturally she couldn't recommend me to anyone else." 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.

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. He never will have. He'll be demoted after the war is over, of course." He glanced at her sharply. "That is, if he lives."

"Don't!" He looked almost brutal now. "You might as well face facts. What chance has a captain of infantry? And even if he did live, he's got to marry someone with money. Can't you see he's been brought up to do just that? How could a man who's been raised and educated as though he were a millionaire's son he contented to live in a raised and educated as though he were a millionaire's son be contented to live in a flat in Clapham and bring the fish home every night under his arm for dinner?"

The woman didn't seem to see him, and a smile that made her face pitifully young and sweet appeared. "I don't think he'd mind that at all, Sir Edward."

Sir Edward squared his chair around with

that at all, Sir Edward."

Sir Edward squared his chair around with an angry jerk. "Then you're a bigger fool than I thought you were." He stopped. "Lilly, don't you realize you're young now. And you won't always be. How long do you think your looks will hold out, working nine hours a day in a musty office? How long do you think you can live on rolls and tea? How long do you think you can go on, huddled up evenings in a blanket, your teeth chattering, because there isn't any fire in your room?" His voice dropped. "Lilly, I want to do things for you. I want to buy you furs and gloves and jewelry. I want you to have your own flat, here, in want you to have your own flat, here, in Paris, and your own maid, and a little gold mesh purse that you will never be afraid to open. Lilly, Lilly, I want you to be beautiful again. I want—"

A boy from the street, with a bundle of papers under his arm, came up the steps and crossed over to the table. "English papers? Le Times, le Daily Mail?"

The man flung a coin down on the table. "Times," he said.

He didn't look at it. But Lilly, at her table, saw the woman flick it open to a certain page and watched as her eyes traveled rapidly down a certain column. And then Lilly saw the woman's eyes story. traveled rapidly down a certain column. And then Lilly saw the woman's eyes stop. She didn't move. She didn't scream. Even the hands that held the paper didn't tremble. She only sat.

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

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.

Then her voice came, and Lilly knew the

Then her voice came, and Lilly knew the woman wasn't hearing what she said. But her voice was high, a little louder than necessary. It seemed to Lilly that she shouted. "Perhaps you're right. This is a dull place. Let's go to the Ritz. Let's not have tea. Let's never have tea again. Never. Let's have champagne and—"

The woman left the paper, where she had dropped it, on the table. And Lilly, from her corner in the sunshine, could see the words. "Killed in Action . . . Captain Ronald Mortimer"

"Killed in Action . . . Captain Ronald Mortimer . . .

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

woman, the woman Sir Edward had called 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 threat. Then she remembered and smiled 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 stouter. Oh, much stouter. But Lilly saw that her clothes were of good material and

well cut.

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 your And she never seemed to know that

"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 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 couldn't sit down on a bench or one of the little iron chairs, bent over with the honest weariness of peasant women.

of the fittle fron 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 Lily would smile again, as though nothing had happened, as though it had all been a sort of joke.

And then

And then . . .

In HFR 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.

dead may be.

And this was a shabby enough carriage 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 heret.

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.

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

the funeral carriage because she and Ronny

were laughing.

THE LONG DINNER

[Continued from page 20]

tide and in the flood make a turmoil of eddies. The top of the headland is a flat of

eddes. The top of the headland is a hat of springy turf.
"Brrr. It is bleak," Dubois complained.
"Will you tell me why Farquhar should come here? He was not—how do you say?—a man for the great open spaces."
"Know the answer, don't you?" Reggie mumbled.
"Perfectly. He came to meet somebody.

mumbled.

"Perfectly. He came to meet somebody in secret who desired to make an end of him. Very well. But who then? Not the paralyzed one. Not the son-in-law either. It is in evidence that the son-in law was gone before Farquhar disappeared."

"That's right," Bell grunted. "Bernal and his wife left the night before."

"There we are again," Dubois shrugged. "Nothing means anything. For certain, it is not a perfect alibi. They went by car, they could come back and not be seen. But it is an alibi that will stand unless you have luck, which you have not yet, my dear Bell, God knows."

"Not an easy case. No," Reggie mur-

God knows."

"Not an easy case. No," Reggie murmured. "However. Possibilities not yet examined. Lyncombe's on the coast. I wonder if any little boat from France came in while Farquhar was still alive."

Dubois laughed. Dubois clapped him on the shoulder. "Magnificent! How you are resolute, my friend. Always the great idea! A boat from Brittany, hein? That would solve everything. The good Farquhar was so kind as to come here and meet it and be killed by the brave Bretons. And the paralyzed millionaire, he was merely a diversion to pass the time."

"Yes. We are not amused," Reggie moaned. "You're in such a hurry. Bell—what's the local talent say about the tide? When was high water on the night Farquhar diversed."

what's the local talent say about the tide? When was high water on the night Farquhar disappeared?"
"Not till the early morning, sir. Tide was going out from three in the afternoon."
"I see. At dusk and after, that reef o' rocks would be comin' out of the water. Assumin' he went over the cliff in the dark or twilight, he'd fall on the rocks."
"That's right. Of course he might hounce

or twilight, he'd fall on the rocks."

"That's right. Of course he might bounce into the sea. But I've got a man or two down there searching the shore."

"Good man." Reggie wandered about the ground near the cliff edge and at last lay down on his stomach where a jutting of the headland gave him a view of the cliffs on either side.

Two men scrambled about over the rocks.

cliffs on either side.

Two men scrambled about over the rocks below, scanning the cliff face, prying into every crevice they could reach. One of them vanished under an overhanging ledge, appeared again working round it, was lost in a cleft . . . When he came out he had something in his hand.

"Name of a pipe!" Dubois rumbled. "Is it possible we have luck at last?"

"No." Reggie stood up. "Won't be luck, whatever it is. Reward of virtue. Bell's infinite capacity for takin' pains . . ."

A breathless policeman reached the top of the cliff and held out a sodden book. "That's the only perishing thing there is down there, sir," he panted.

Bell gave it to Reggie. It was a sketchbook of the size to slide into a man's pocket. The first leaf bore, in a flamboyant scrawl, the name Derek Farquhar.

"Ah. That fixes it then," said Bell. "He did go over this cliff."

"Very well," Dubois shrugged. "We know now as much as we guessed. Which means nothing." Two men scrambled about over the rocks

know now as much as we guessed. Which means nothing."

means nothing."
Reggie sat down and began to separate the book's wet pages.
Farquhar had drawn in pencil, notes rather than sketches at first, scraps of face and figure and scene which took his unholy fancy, a drunken girl, a nasty stage dance, variations of impropriety. "A-ha! Here is something seen at least," said Dubois.
"Yes, I think so," Reggie murmured and turned the page.
The next sketch showed children dancing, small boys and girls. Some touch of cruelty was in the drawing, they were made to look ungainly but it had power, it gave them an intensity of frail life which was at once pathetic and grotesque. They danced round

a giant statue, a block in which the shape of

a giant statue, a block in which the shape of a woman was burlesqued, hideously fat and thin, with a flat, foolish face. "What the devil!" Dubois exclaimed. Reggie did not answer. For a moment more he gazed at the children and the statue and he shivered. "What's the quickest way to Brittany?" he asked, "London and then Paris by air. Come on."

Dubois swore by a paper bag and caught him up. "What, then? How do you find your Brittany again in this?"

"The statue," Reggie snapped. "Sort of statue you see in Brittany. Nowhere else. He didn't invent that out of his dirty mind. He'd seen it. It meant something to him. I should say he'd seen the children too."

"You go beyond me," said Dubois.
"Well, it's not the first time. A statue of
Brittany, eh? You mean the old things
they have there? A primitive goddess. The
devil! I do not see our Farquhar interested
in antiquities. But it is the more striking that he studied her. And the children? will swear he was not a lover of children.

"No. He wasn't. That came out in the drawing. Not a nice man. It pleased him to think of children dancin' round the barbarous female."

"I believe you," said Dubois. "The devil was in that drawing."

"Yes Deviliah todia." Yes And not it's

"Yes. Devilish feelin'. Yes. And yet it's going to help. Because the degenerate fellow had talent. Not wholly a bad world."
"Optimist. Be it so. But what can you

"Optimist. Be it so. But what can you make the drawing mean, then?"
"I haven't the slightest idea," Reggie mumbled. "Place of child life in the career of the late Farquhar very obscure. Only trace yet discovered—the Bernals have a child. No inference justified. I'm goin' to Brittany. I'm goin' to look for traces round that statue. And meanwhile—Bell has to find out if a French boat has been in to Lyncombe, and you'd better set your people findin' the Bernals—and child. Have the

Lyncombe, and you'd better set your people findin' the Bernals—and child. Have the Webers got a child?"

"Ah, no," Dubois laughed. "The beautiful Clotilde, she is not that type."

"Pity. However. You might let me have a look at the Webers as I go through Paris."

Next morning they sat in the salon of the Webers. It was overwhelming with the worst magnificence of the Second Empire—mirrors and gilding, marble and malachite and lapis lazuli. But the Webers, entering affectionately arm in arm, were only magnificent in their opulent size. Clotilde,

who was a dark, full-blown creature, had nothing more than powder on her face, no jewels but a string of pearls, and the exuberance of her shape was modified by a simple black dress. Weber's clumsy bulk

was all in black too.

They welcomed Dubois with open arms, they talked together. What had he to tell them? They had heard that the cursed Farquhar had been discovered dead in England—it was staggering. Had anything been found of the jewels?

Nothing in effect, Dubois told them.
Only Farquhar had more money than such an animal ought to have

an animal ought to have.

Clotilde threw up her hands. Weber

scolded.

Clothde Lifew up her hands. Weber scolded.

But nothing, no information, was to be gained from the Webers, for all their volubility. Under plaintive looks from Reggie, Dubois broke into their expostulations with a brusque departure. When they were outside—"Well, you have met them!" Dubois shrugged. "And if they are anything which is not ordinary I did not see it."

Reggie gazed at him with round reproachful eyes. "They were in mourning," he moaned. "You never told me that."

"But yes," Dubois frowned. "Yes, certainly. What is the matter?"

"My dear chap!" Reggie sighed. "Find out why they are in mourning. Quietly. Goodbye. Meet you at the station . . ."

THE night express to Nantes and Quimper drew out of Paris. Reggie and Dubois ate a grim and taciturn dinner. They went back to the sleeping car and shut themselves in Reggie's compartment. "Well, I have done my work," said Dubois. "The Webers are in mourning for their nephew. A child whom Weber would have made his heir." "A child" Reggie murmured. "How did."

"A child," Reggie murmured. "How did

he die?"

"It was not in Brittany, my friend," Dubois grinned. "Besides it is not mysterious. He died at Fontainebleau, in August, of diptheria. They had the best doctors of Paris. It means nothing."

"I wonder—" Reggie mumbled. "Any news of the Bernals?"

news of the Bernals?"

"It appears they have passed through Touraine. If it is they, there was no child with them. Have no fear, they are watched for. One does not disappear in France."

"You think not? Well, well. Remains the Bernal child. Not yet known to be dead. Of diptheria or otherwise! I did a job o' work too. Talked to old Huet at the Institute. You know—the prehistoric man. He says Farquhar's goddess is the Woman of Sarn. Recognized her at once. She of Sarn. Recognized her at once. She stands on about the last western hill in France. Weird sort o' place, Huet says. And he can't imagine why Farquhar thought of children dancin' round her. The people are taught she's of the devil."

"But you go on to see (Turn to page 54)

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THE NEW GRANDMOTHER

[Continued from page 5]

That was the only way to cope with life.

That was the only way to cope with life. Greatness of heart.

There was nothing that could stand against that—not grief, not shame, not even self. Other people might manage to limp along through life with only intelligence, endurance, humor and the lesser qualities.

But not mothers. When the content was the content of the content of

But not mothers. When that tiny, tiny new life was put into their hands, greatness was the only element spacious enough

hess was the only element spacious enough to hold it safe.

And—miracle of falling manna!—from motherhood itself, if it runs in its real channel, and is lived with courage and honesty, comes greatness of heart and spirit.

Ellen's mother was caught up on the Wheel of Life as it slowly turned, off there in mystery, where the past and present are one. And saw that it turned true and straight and unshakable. She leaned to give a hand to her doughter leaning to give a hand to g give a hand to her daughter, leaning to give a hand to her son—and saw that his tiny feet stood firm in their appointed place.

"Well, Mother! You look like a girl, your hands clasped behind your head that

way."
"Do I, dear? I don't feel like a girl."

"Thinking?"
"No, dreaming." "A good dream?"

"Oh, yes, dear, a very good dream."
"Is the baby all right?"
"Yes, he's all right."

Dorothy Canfield's next article will be in the March issue. Next month Marion M. Miller, the editor of this department, gives the cause and cure for "Homework Blues." She gladly answers all parents' letters. (Stamped envelop is requested)



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YREX NURSING BOTTLES

THE LONG DINNER

[Continued from page 53]

her?" Dubois made a grimace. "The fixed

Rational inference. "No. thought of her with children. And there's a child dead—and another child we can't find, belongin' to the people linked with

Farquhar. I go on."

They came out of the train to a morning They came out of the train to a morning of soft sunshine and mellow ocean air. The twin spires of Quimper rose bright, its sister rivers gleamed and the wooded hill beyond glowed bronze. Dubois bustled away from breakfast to see officials.

In an hour, they were driving away from Quimper, up over a moorland of heather and gorse and down again to a golden bay and a fishing village of many hoats, then on

and gorse and down again to a golden bay and a fishing village of many boats, then on westward with glimpses of sea on either hand. Beyond the next village with its deep inlet of a harbor, the fields merged into moor again, and here and there rose giant stones, in line, in circle and solitary.

"Brrr," Dubois rumbled. "Tombs or temples what you please it was a grant

temples, what you please, it was a gaunt religion which put them up here on this windy end of the earth."

The car stopped, the driver turned in his

The car stopped, the driver turned in his seat and pointed and said he could drive no nearer, but that was the Woman of Sarn. "She is lonely," Dubois shrugged. "There is no village near, my lad?" "There is Sarn—" the driver pointed towards the southern sea—"but it is nothing." Reggie plodded away through the heather. "Well, this is hopeful, is it not?" Dubois caught him up. "When we find her, what have we found?"
They came to the statue and stood, for

bois caught him up. "When we find her, what have we found?"

They came to the statue and stood, for its crude head rose high above theirs, looking up at it. "And we have found it, one must avow," Dubois shrugged. "This is the lady Farquhar drew, devil a doubt. But she is worse here than on paper. She is all that there is of the beast in woman, emerging from the shapeless earth."

"Inhuman and horrid human. Yes," Reggie murmured. "Cruelty of life. Yes. He knew about that, the fellow who made her, poor beggar. So did Farquhar."

"I believe it! But do you ask me to believe little children come and dance round this horror. Ah, no!"

"Oh, no. No. That never happened. Not in our time. Point of interest is, Farquhar thought it fittin' they should. Very interestin' point." Reggie turned and walked on towards the highest point of the moor.

From that he could see the tiny village of Sarn huddled in a cove, the line of dark cliff, a long rampart against the Atlantic. Below the cliff top he made out a white

of Sarn huddled in a cove, the line of dark cliff, a long rampart against the Atlantic. Below the cliff top he made out a white house of some size which stood alone.

His face had a dreamy placidity as he came back to Dubois. "Well, well. Not altogether desert," he murmured.

They struck southward towards the sea. As they approached the white house, they saw that it was of modern pattern, concrete, in simple proportions with more window than wall. Its site was well chosen, in a little hollow beneath the highest of the cliffs.

cliffs.
"Of the new ugliness, eh?" said Dubois. "It should be a sanatarium, not a house."
"One of the possibilities, yes." Reggie went on fast.

They came close above the house. stood in a large walled enclosure, within which was a trim garden, but most of the space was taken by a paved yard with a roofed platform like a band-stand in the middle. Not a creature was to be seen. The windows blazed blank and curtainless.

"The band is not playing." Dubois made a grimace. "It is not the season."

Reggie did not answer. His eyes puckered to stare at a window within which the sun glinted on something of brass. He made a

glinted on something of brass. He made a little sound and walked on, keeping above the house. But they saw no one, no sign of life till they were close to the cliff edge.

Then a cove opened below them in a gleaming stretch of white shell sand, and on the sand, children were playing: some of them at a happy-go-lucky game of ball, some building castles, some tumbling over each other like puppies. On a rock sat, in

placid guard over them, a man who had the black pointed beard, the heavy black brows which Farquhar had sketched on his menu. But these Mephistophelean decorations did not display the leer and sneer of Farquhar's drawing. The owner watched the children

drawing. The owner watched the children with a kindly attention. He called to them cheerily and had gay answers.

Reggie took Dubois' arm and walked him away. "Ah, my poor friend!" Dubois rumbled chuckles. "There we are at last. rumbled chuckles. "There we are at last. We arrive. We have the brute goddess, we have the children, we have even the devil of our Farquhar. And behold he is a genial paternal soul and all the children love him." "Yes. Funny isn't it?" Reggie snapped. "Dam' funny. Did you say the end? Then God forgive us. Come on." "And where?" "Down to this village."

"And where"
"Down to this village."
The huddled cottages of Sarn were already in sight. Women clattered in sabots and labored. Men lounged against the wall. A few small and ancient boats lay at anchor in the cove and one of a larger and better

They found a dirty estaminet and obtained from the landlord a bottle of nameless red wine. The landlord was slow of speech and a pessimist. He would talk only of the hardness of life and the poverty of Sarn and the curse upon the modern sading. of the hardness of life and the poverty of Sarn and the curse upon the modern sardine. Reggie agreed that life was dear and life was difficult but after all they had still their good boats at Sarn, motor-boats indeed. The landlord denied it with gloomy vehemence: motors—not one—only in the *Radebec* and that was no fishing boat, that one. It was Monsieur David's.

"Is it so?" Reggie yawned and lit his pipe. He gazed dreamily down the village street to the hideous little church. From that came a fat and shabby curé. "Well, better luck, my friend," Reggie murmured, and wandered away.

better luck, my friend," Reggie murmured, and wandered away.

He met the curé by the church gate. Was it permitted to visit that interesting church? Certainly, it was permitted, but monsieur would find nothing of interest: it was new, it was, alas, a poor place.

The curé was right, it was new, it was garish, it was mean.

"I think we are forgetten" the curé said.

garish, it was mean.

"I think we are forgotten," the curé said.

"There is only Monsieur David who is sometimes good to us."

"A visitor?" Reggie said.

"Ah, no. He lives here. The Maison des Iles, you know. No? It is a school for young children, a school of luxury. He is a good man, Monsieur David. Sometimes he will take for almost nothing children who are man, Monsieur David. Sometimes he will take for almost nothing children who are weakly and in a little while he has them as strong as the best. I have seen miracles. To be sure it is the best air in the world, here at Sarn. But he is a very good man. He calls his school 'of the islands' because of the islands out there''—the curé pointed to what looked like a reef of rocks. "My poor people call them the islands of the blessed. It is not good religion, but they used to think the souls of the innocent went there. Yes, the Maison des Iles, his school is. But you should see it, sir."

"If I had time—" said Reggie and said goodbye.

goodbye.

Dubois was at the gate. Dubois took his arm and marched him off. "My friend, almost thou persuadest me—" he spoke into Reggie's ear. "Guess what I have found, will you? That motor-yacht, the yacht of Monsieur David, she was away a week, ten days, ago. And Monsieur David on board. You see? It is possible she went over to England. A connection with all your fantasy—Monsieur David over in England when Farquhar was drowned. Is it possible we arrive at last?" we arrive at last?"
"Yes, it could be. Guess what I've heard.

Monsieur David keeps school. That wasn't a band-stand. Open-air classroom. Mon-sieur David is a good man and he uses his school to cure the children of the poor."

"My friend, you believe more than any man I ever knew," Dubois rumbled.
"Come, I must know more of this David.

The sooner we are back at Quimper the

Yes. That is indicated. Quimper and telephone." Reggie checked a moment and gazed anguish at Dubois. "Oh, my hat, how I hate telephones."

Dubois has not that old-fashioned weak-

ness. Dubois, it is beyond doubt, enjoyed the last hours of that afternoon shut into privacy at the post-office with its best tele-phone, stirring up London and Paris and half France till sweat dripped from him.

When he came into Reggie's room at the hotel, it was already past dinner time. Reggie lay on his bed, languid from a bath. "My dear old thing," he moaned sympathy. "But I have results. Listen. First, I praise the good Bell. He has it that a French

praise the good Bell. He has it that a French boat, cutter rig with motor, was seen by fishermen in the bay off Lyncombe last week. She was lying in the bay the night of Tuesday—you see, the night that Farquhar disappeared. In the morning she was gone. They are not sure of the name but they thought it was *Padboy*. That is near enough to *Padebec*, hein? And here is a good deal for Monsieur David to explain. Second, Monsieur David himself. He is known: there is nothing against him. In second, Monsieur David himself. He is known; there is nothing against him. In fact, he is like you, a man of science, a biolo-gist, a doctor. He was brilliant as a student, which was about the same time that Farquhar studied art—and other things—in the Latin Quarter. David had no money. He served in hospitals for children—he set up his school here, a school for delicate children, four years ago. Its record is very good. He has medical inspection by a doctor from Quimper each month. But third, Weber's nephew was at this school till July. He went home to Paris, they went out to Fontainebleau and—piff!" Dubois snapped his fingers. "He is dead like that. There is no doubt it was diphtheria. Do you say fulminating diphtheria? Yes, that is it."

"I'd like a medical report," Reggie murmured.

"I have asked for it. However-the doc-"I have asked for it. However—the doctors are above suspicion, my friend. And now fourth—the Bernals are found. They are at Dijon. They have been asked, what has become of their dear little boy and they reply, he is at school in Brittany. At the school of Monsieur David."

"Yes. He would be. I see."

"Name of a name! I think you have always seen everything."

"Oh, no. No. Don't see it now," Reggie

ways seen everything.
"Oh, no. No. Don't see it now," Reggie
mumbled. "However. We're workin' it
out. You've done wonderfully."
"Not so bad," Dubois smiled. "My gen-

"Yes. Splendid. Yes. Mine isn't. I just went and had a look at the museum."
"My dear friend," Dubois condescended.
"Why not? After all, the affair is now for me."

me."

"Thanks, yes. Interestin' museum.
Found a good man on the local legends there. Told me the Woman of Sarn used to have children sacrificed to her. That'll be what Farquhar had in his nice head. Though Monsieur David is so good to children."

"A-ha. It explains and it does not explain," Dubois said, "In spite of you, Monsieur David remains an enigma. Let Monsieur David remains an enigma. Let poor old Dubois try. I have all these people under observation—the Webers, the Bernals, they cannot escape me now. And there are good men gone out to watch over Monsieur David in his Maison des Iles. Tomorrow we will go and talk to him."

"Pleasure," Reggie murmured. "You'd better go and have a bath now. You want it. And I want my dinner..."

When they drove out to Sarn in the morning, a second car followed them. In a blaze of hot sunshine they started, but they

morning, a second car followed them. In a blaze of hot sunshine they started, but they had not gone far before a mist of rain spread in from the sea.

"An omen, hein?" Dubois made a grimace. "At least it may be inconvenient, if he is alarmed, if he wishes to play tricks. We have no luck in this affair. But courage, my friend. Poor old Dubois, he is not without resource."

Their car entered the walled enclosure of

Their car entered the walled enclosure of

Their car entered the walled enclosure of the Maison des Iles, the second stopped outside. When Dubois sent in his card to Monsieur David, they were shown to a pleasant room and had not long to wait. David was dressed with a careless neatness; he was well groomed and perfectly at ease. His full red lips smiled, his dark eyes quizzed them. "What a misery of a morning you have found, gentlemen. I

apologize for my ocean. Monsieur Dubois?"

He made a bow.
"Of the Sûreté," Dubois bowed. "And Mr. Fortune, my distinguished confrère from England."

David was enchanted. And what could he do for them?

"We make some little inquiries. First, you have here a boy, Tracy, son of Madame Bernal. He is in good health?"
"Of the best." David lifted his black

brows. "You will permit me to know why you ask."

"Because another boy who was here is dead. The little nephew of Monsieur Weber. You remember him?" "Very well. He was a charming child. I

"Very well. He was a charming child. I regret infinitely. But you are without doubt aware that he fell ill on the holidays. It was a tragedy for his family. But the cause is not here. We have no illness, no infection at all. I recommend you to Dr. Lannion, at Quimper. He is our medical inspector."

"Yes. So I've heard," Reggie murmured. "Have you had other cases of children who went home for the holidays and died?"

"It is an atrocious question!" David cried. "But you are not quite sure of the answer?" said Dubois.

"If that is an insinuation. I protest."

"If that is an insinuation, I protest," David frowned. "I have nothing to conceal, David frowned. "I have nothing to conceal, sir. It is impossible, that must be clear, I should know what has become of every child who has left my school. But I tell you frankly, I do not recall any death but that of the little nephew of Weber, poor child." "Very well. Then you can have no objection that my assistant should examine your records," said Dubois. He opened the window and whistled and lifted a hand

window and whistled and lifted a hand.

"Not the least in the world. I am at your orders," David bowed. "Permit me, I will go and get out the books," and he went

"Now if we had luck he would try to run away," Dubois rumbled. "But do not expect it."

"I didn't," Reggie moaned.

And David did not run away. He came back and took them to bis office and there

back and took them to his office, and there Dubois' man was set down to work at registers. "You wish to assist?" David

"No, thanks. No," Reggie murmured.
"I'd like to look at your school."
"An inspection!" David smiled. "I shall be delighted."

THEY inspected dormitories and dining room and kitchen, classrooms and workshop and laboratory. M. David was expansive and enthusiastic, yet modest. Either he was an accomplished actor or he had a deep interest in school hygiene. His arrangements were beyond suspicion. In the laboratory Reggie lingered. "It is elementary," David apologized. "But what would you have? Some general science, that is all they can do, my little ones. Botany for the most part my little ones. Botany for the most part, as you see, a trifle of chemistry to amuse

"Yes. Quite sound. Yes. I'd like to see the other laboratory."
"What?" David stared. "There is only

this."

"Oh, no. Another one with a big microscope," Reggie murmured. "North side of the house."

"Oh, la, la," David laughed. "You have paid some attention to my poor house. I am flattered. You mean my own den where I play with marine biology still. Certainly you shall see it. But a little moment. I must get the key. One must keep one's good microscope locked up. These imps, they play everywhere." He hurried out.

"Bigre! How the devil did you know there was another laboratory?" said Dubois.

"Saw the microscope yesterday," Reggie mumbled.

"Name of a dog! Is there anything you do not see?" Dubios complained. "Well, if we have any luck he has run away this time."

They waited some long while and Dubois' face was flattened against the window to peer through the rain at the man on watch. But David had not run away, he came back at last and apologized for some delay with a fool of a master, heaven give

him patience. He took them briskly to the

other laboratory, his den.

It was not pretentious. There were some shelves of bottles and a bench with a sink and a glass cupboard which stood open and empty. On the broad table in the window was a microscope of high power, and some odds and ende odds and ends.

Reggie glanced at the bottles of chemicals Reggie glanced at the bottles of chemicals and came to the microscope. "I play at what I worked at. That is middle age," David smiled. "Here is something a little interesting—" he slipped a slide into the microscope and invited Reggie to look. "Oh, yes. One of the diatoms. Pretty

one," Reggie murmured and was shown some more. "Thanks very much." A glance set Dubois in a hurry to go. David was affably disappointed. He had hoped they would lunch with him. The gentleman with the registers could hardly have finished his investigations. He desired an investigation the most complete.

"I will leave him here," Dubois snapped and they got away. "Nothing, my friend?" Dubois muttered.

"No. That was the point," Reggie said.
"When they got there, the cupboard was

hare."
As their car passed the gate a man signaled to them out of the rain. They stopped just beyond sight of the house and he joined them. "Bouvier has held someone," he panted. "A man with a sack." They got

out of the car and Dubois waved him on.

Through the blinding rain clouds they
came to the back of the house and on the
way up to the cliffs found Bouvier with his hand on the collar of a sullen, stupefied Breton. A sack lay at their feet.

"He says it is only rubbish," Bouvier said, "and he was taking it to throw into the sea, where they throw their waste. But I kept

"Good. Let us see." Dubois pulled the sack open. "The devil, it is nothing but broken glass!"

Reggie grasped the hand that was going to turn it over. "No, you mustn't do that," he said sharply. "Risky."
"Why? What then? It is broken glass and bits of jelly."
"Yes As you can. But

"Yes. As you say. Broken glass and bits of jelly. However." Over Reggie's wet face came a slow benign smile. "Just what we wanted. Contents of cupboard which was bare. I'll have to do some work on this. I'm going to the hospital. You'd better collect David—in the other car."

lect David—in the other car."

Twenty-four hours later, he came into a grim room of the police station at Quimper. There Dubois and David sat with a table between them, and neither man was a pleas-ant sight. David's florid color was gone, he had become untidy, he sagged in his chair, unable to hide fatigue and pain. Dubois also was disheveled and his eyes had sunk and grown small. He turned to Reggie.

and grown small. He turned to Reggie. "A-ha. Here you are at last. And what do you tell Monsieur David?" "Well, we'll have a little demonstration." Reggie set down a box on the table and took from it a microscope. "Not such a fine instrument as yours, Monsieur David, but it will do." He adjusted a slide. "You showed me some beautiful marine diatoms in your laboratory. Let me show you this in your laboratory. Let me show you this.
Also from your laboratory. From the sackful of stuff you tried to throw into the sea."
David dragged himself up and looked and

dropped back in his chair.

"Oh, that's not all, no." Reggie changed the slide. "Try this one."

Again and more wearily David looked. He sat down again. His full lips curled back to show his teeth in a grin. "And then?" he said.

"What have you?" Dubois some to the

then." he said.
"What have you?" Dubois came to the microscope. "Little chains of dots, eh?" Reggie put back the first slide. "And rods with dots at the end."

"Not bad for a layman is it, Monsieur David?" Reggie murmured. "Streptococcus pyogenes and the diphtheria bacillus. I've

got some more—"
"Indeed?" David sneered.
"Oh, yes. But these will do. Pyogenes was found in poor little Weber: accountin' for the virulence of the diphtheria. Very efficient and scientific murder."
"And the others?" Dubois thundered.

"The other children who went home for

their holidays and died. Two, three, four,

is it, David?"
David laughed. "What does it matter? Yes, there are others who have gone to the isles of the blessed. But also, there are many who have been made well and strong. I mock at you."

"You have cause, Herod," Dubois cried.
"You have grown rich on the murder of children. But it is we who laugh last. We deliver you to justice now."
"Justice! Ah, yes, you believe that,"
David laughed again. "You can act

"Justice! Ah, yes, you believe that," David laughed again. "You are primitive, you are barbarous. Me—I am rational, I am a man of science. I sacrifice one life that am a man of science. I sacrifice one life that a dozen may live well and happy. These who stand in the way of the rich, their deaths are paid for, and with the money I heal many. What, if life is valuable, is not this wisdom and justice? Let one die to save many—it is in all the religions, that. But no one believes his religion now. I—I believe in man. Well, I am before my time. But some day the world will be all time. But some day the world will be all Davids. With me it is finished."

"Not yet, name of God," Dubois growled.

growled.

"Oh, yes, my friend. I am sick to death already. I have made sure of that." He waved his hand at Reggie. "You will not save me, no, not even you, my clever confrère. Good night! Go, chase the Weber and the Bernal and the rest. David, he is gone into the infinite." He fell back, a hand to his head.

Reggie went to him and looked close and

hand to his head.

Reggie went to him and looked close and felt at him. "Better take him away," he pronounced. "Hospital, under observa-

tion."

Dubois gave the orders . . . "Play-acting, my friend," he shrugged.

"Oh, no. No. That kind of man. Wanted to be a little god. He's ill all right. There was the diplococcus of meningitis in his collection. Might be that."

And it was . . .

Ten days afterwards Dubois came to London with Reggie and gave Lomas a lecture on the case. "I am desolated that I cannot offer you anyone to hang, my friend. But what can one do? The wretched Farquhar—I have no doubt he was murdered between David and Bernal. But there is no evidence. And after all, David, he is dead and we have Bernal for conspiracy to murder his stepson. That will do. It was in fact a case profoundly simple, like all the great crimes. To make a trade of arranging the deaths of unwanted children, that is very old. The distinction of David was to organize it scientifically, that is all. The child who was an heir to a fortune with a greedy one waiting to succeed, that was the very old. The distinction of David was to organize it scientifically, that is all. The child who was an heir to a fortune with a greedy one waiting to succeed, that was the child for him. Weber's nephew stood in the way of the beautiful Clotilde to Weber's fortune. Mrs. Bernal's little boy was in the way of her second husband to the fortune of her father, the old millionaire. And the others! Well, here is a beautiful modern school for delicate children, nine out of ten of them thrive marvelously. But for the tenth, there is David's bacteriological laboratory and a killing disease to take home with him when he goes for his holidays. Always at home, they die, always a disease of infection they could pick up anywhere. Bigre! It was a work of genius. And it would have gone on for ever but that this worthless Farquhar blunders into Brittany upon it and begins to blackmail the beautiful Clotilde, the Bernal. Clotilde pays with her jewels and has to pretend a robbery. Bernal will not pay, cannot, perhaps. Farquhar approaches the old grandfather and Bernal calls in David and the blackmailer is killed. The oldest story in the world. Rascals fall out, justice comes in. There is your angel of justice," he bowed to Reggie. "Dear master. You have shown me the way. Well, I am content to serve. Does he serve badly, poor old Dubois?"

"Oh, no. No. Brilliant," Reggie murmured. "Queer case, though. I believe David myself. He wanted to be a god. Make lives to his desire. And he did. Cured more than he killed. Far more. Then this fellow, who never wanted to be anything but a beast blows in and beats him. Queer world. And David might have been a kindly fellow if he hadn't had power. Dangerous stuff, science. Lots of us not fit for it."



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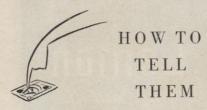
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