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AUGUST 1931

NOW 10 CENTS



# DELINEATOR



**Dorothy Canfield**  
**Frances Parkinson Keyes**  
**Grace Hegger Lewis**  
**William Lyon Phelps**

FASHIONS

FOR LATE SUMMER

LLOYD D. MEMBER  
1709 E. COLLEGE  
IOWA CITY, IOWA  
2 3  
UMN





# HAPPY LANDINGS

*for young airmen who haven't won their wings*



THESE are adventurous days for air-minded young America. Models to be built. Test flights to be made. Maps to be studied. And that Saturday afternoon air meet and circus!

But even intrepid aviators must have an airport. So Flight Commander (that's mother, of course) does some very special planning.

The closet becomes a chart room. The bed a handy storehouse. A little more magic—and the floor is just the happiest landing field a busy boy could wish for.

It won't tell tales on him for one thing—the Accolac-Processed surface is spot-proof, stain-proof. It's built for hard service—every color inlaid. It helps quiet noise, soften footsteps. And it's springy and warm, too—cemented firmly in place over linoleum lining felt.

The happiest part of this Armstrong floor is its pleasing design. This is just one of innumerable motifs you can plan with Armstrong's Linoleum. Some, called Linosets, come all ready for quick installation. Others can be worked out in plain, or marble, or Jaspé linoleum to suit your fancy. Your local linoleum, furniture, or department store merchant will tell you the whole story of these Armstrong Floors of individual design.

## Plans for this room free

In the meantime, our Bureau of Interior Decoration would like to send you complete working plans for this young airman's room—color scheme, furniture details, floor plan. Plus a collection of other equally unusual interiors called "Home Decorator's Idea Book." Just send 10¢ (in Canada, 20¢). Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 1047 Charlotte St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania. (Makers of cork products since 1860)

Some day a very lucky son of a very famous flyer may have a room like this. At least we hope he'll have as happy a landing place for his imaginary flights as the Armstrong's Linoleum Floor shown. Embossed Inlaid No. 3221 forms the field, while plain blue, tan, and yellow linoleum are used for the center inset design. Two designs below are: left, Linoset No. 2; right, Jaspé No. 010. Product

## Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

*for every room in the house*



PLAIN . . . INLAID . . . EMBOSSED . . . JASPÉ . . . PRINTED . . . and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS



# "Listen, Lydia, I've heard enough about 'Pink Tooth Brush' from you!"

MANY a husband has grown bored, weary, and irascible over remarks to the effect that the lady of his house has found a touch of "pink" on her tooth brush—*again*.

He probably has "pink tooth brush" himself—but men are far more likely to ignore symptoms of trouble, and later find themselves embroiled. A woman *will* do something about it—if she knows what to *do*!

"Pink tooth brush," of course, comes of lazy, unexercised gums . . . and lazy gums are the result of the soft, creamy foods we moderns almost unanimously prefer—foods that give our gums almost none of the exercise they need for healthy firmness. Circulation slows up day by day, until in time gums are so "touchy," so tender, that they begin to bleed on practically the slightest provocation.

It's a very real trouble, "pink tooth brush"—often the fore-runner of more serious trouble. Gingivitis, for instance . . . or Vincent's disease . . . or even pyorrhea, rare though that is. Also, it has been known to threaten sound teeth, through infection at the roots.

So it's best not to ignore that first touch of "pink" on your tooth brush. Step into your druggist's and get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it regularly, twice a day. Ipana is a marvelous cleanser. But each time, put a little additional Ipana on your brush and gently massage it into those touchy, tender gums of yours.

The ziratol in Ipana, with the regular massage, stimulates the flagging circulation—tones the gums—firms the flabby walls.



Within even the first few days your teeth will begin to sparkle again. Your mouth will feel cleaner, fresher. And before the month is out, your gums will have recovered some of their former healthy hardness. But don't stop using Ipana with massage! Conquer "pink tooth brush" once and for all!

If you wish, mail in the coupon and let us send you a trial tube of Ipana. But better still—get a full-

size tube, *today*, and see what a full thirty days of Ipana and massage will do for your teeth and gums.

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75 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....

★ ★ ★ Ipana tooth paste ★



# DELINEATOR

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VOLUME 119 • NUMBER 2

## STEP WITH US INTO AUTUMN

**A LITTLE EARLY**, we'll admit, to think of red leaves and open fires, but September, after all, is the first of the fall issues of DELINEATOR. Join hands with us in greeting it gaily for in September we begin publication of a new novel by Kathleen Norris—which is always an event. For Mrs. Norris, without exaggeration, is the most popular and best-loved of present-day novelists. The new novel, "Second Hand Wife," is Kathleen Norris at her best. There is more about this new novel on page four.

**BESIDES KATHLEEN NORRIS** you'll find next month such old DELINEATOR favorites as Dorothy Canfield, Frances Parkinson Keyes and William Lyon Phelps, and such new favorites as Margaret Craven and Hazel Havermale. Indeed, a varied assortment of good stories. And all the departments—child training, cooking, interiors, beauty and so on—are also joining hands with us to make the first fall issue a particularly interesting one.

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



# Anxious young MOTHERS!

*No cause now to worry about the problem of baby's first solid food. This cereal, eminent specialists agree, is ideal*

**T**HERE'S not much of a problem about a baby while he's little enough to thrive on milk alone. Even for young mothers, with their first babies, everything is apt to go smoothly.

It's when the baby is ready for solid food that you must make a vital decision. One that may determine his entire future health and well being. And that decision is what food his inexperienced little stomach can handle without fear of upset.

Baby doctors tell mothers there's no cause for anxiety—even in the hottest weather. For over thirty years they've been recommending a food ideal for this transitional time. That food is Cream of Wheat—the children's own cereal.

Cream of Wheat is full of the energy your baby needs, to help him grow and develop—and to make him gain in weight as he should. And, because Cream of Wheat is in very simple form, with all the harsh part of the grain removed, the baby can handle it without any tax on his untried digestion.

These are the reasons why Cream of Wheat is so universally prescribed—for children who are perfectly healthy and for those not getting on as they should. Recently we asked 221 leading child specialists—in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto—about cereals. They give Cream of Wheat *unanimous* approval. Authoritative books on child feeding also recommend it.

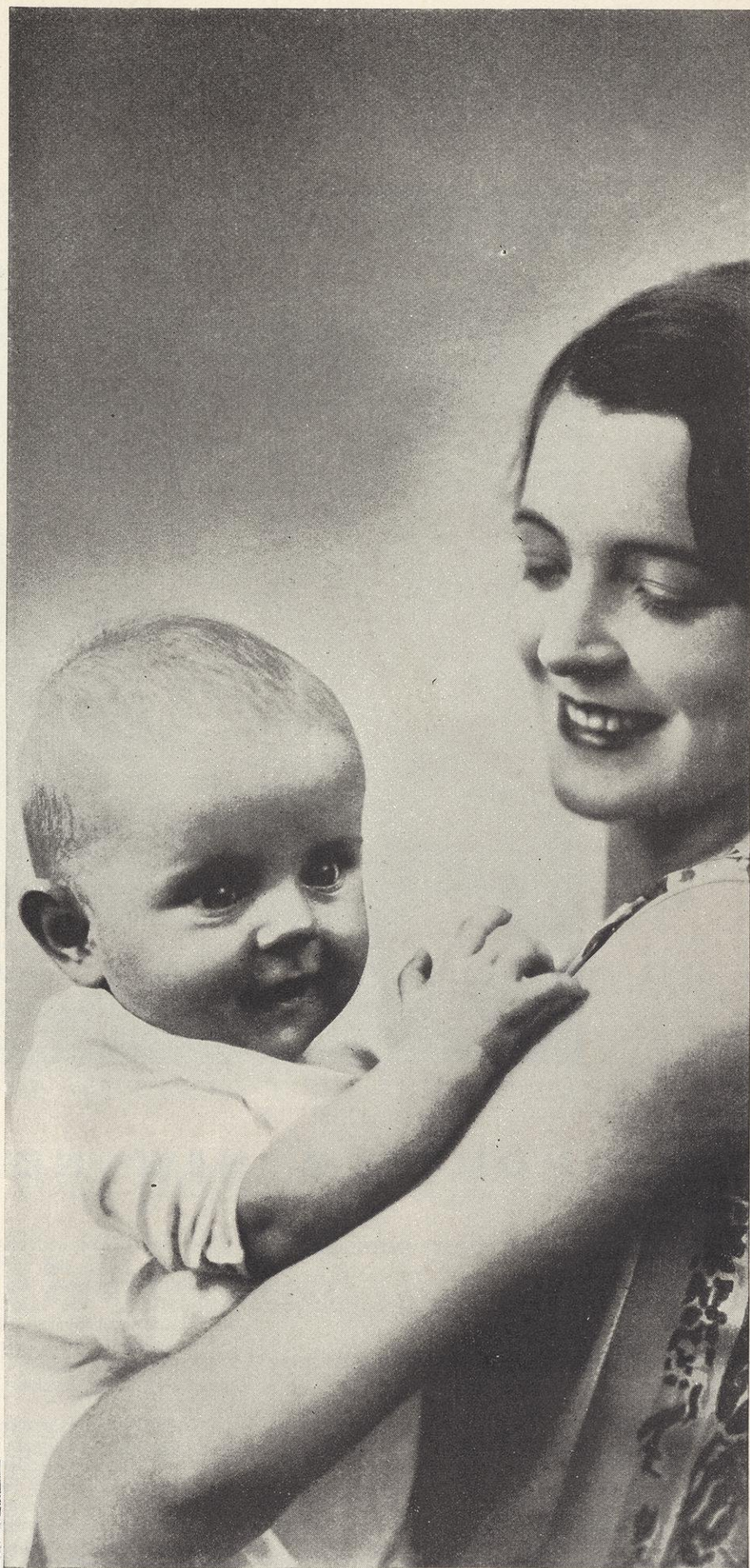
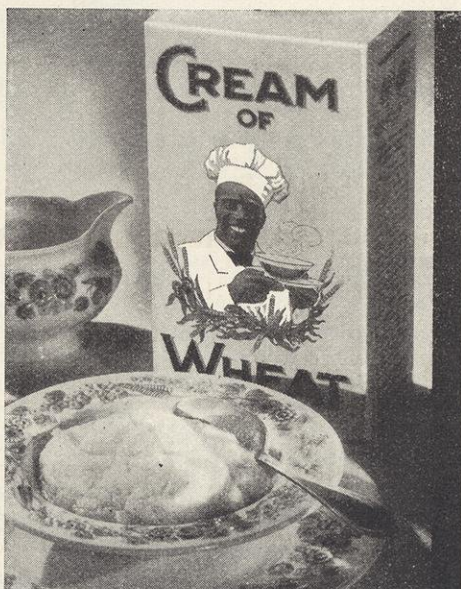
You'd never consider, with health at stake, giving a child anything but *the best*. How fortunate then that Cream of

Wheat, a food of highest, purest quality, costs so little, is so economical. **There are forty generous servings in a box, at little more than half a cent each.** Moreover, Cream of Wheat is packaged secure against contamination—a fact doubly important in the summer months.

If the doctor says your baby is ready for his big adventure—the change to solid food—let this tried and true food be the one you choose. There'll be no stomach upsets, and doctors know that it is rich in the very elements that make the baby's little body firm and plump. Start him out on Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

○ TUNE IN on Cream of Wheat radio program at 7:45 A. M. every morning over station WJZ.



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*This charming young mother is Mrs. Franklin A. Whittington, of Lemont, Illinois. The bright young man is Franklin A. Whittington, Jr. "Under the doctor's direction we started the baby on Cream of Wheat in his bottle when he was three months old," says Mrs. Whittington. "He has thrived on it wonderfully"*

## FREE—a book on child feeding

New enlarged edition of "The Important Business of Feeding Children"—a booklet of information on correct diet for children from infancy through high school. Just mail coupon to Dept. V-37, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minn.

Name.....Street.....

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

If Cream of Wheat sample is desired, check here ☐



## THE LIVING DELINEATOR



Photograph  
by  
Dr. Arnold Genthe

## NEXT MONTH: A NEW NOVEL BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

In September, the most popular of present-day writers returns to our pages with the glamorous story of a great love

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Norris made their most recent annual trip East, they brought with them the completed manuscript of this new novel—"Second Hand Wife."

"Well, what do you think of it?" Charles G. Norris asked me over the telephone two or three days after the novel had been sent me by special messenger.

"It's splendid," I answered. "It's everything I could hope for. Yet the story had me completely fooled. I had no idea it was going to turn out as it does."

"Then I'll tell you a secret," said Mr. Norris, and he laughed. "It had Kathleen fooled, too. She had no idea, as she originally planned the novel, that it was going to end that way. But half-way through she discovered that the characters would not act as she had planned. They ran away with the story and insisted upon acting as they pleased. As a result, Kathleen had to tear up thousands of words and start all over again. I think maybe that's what makes it such a fine and logical novel."

And I think so, too. For when the characters in a story do come alive, when they follow their own impulses rather than the author's, then indeed the whole story comes alive, becomes thoroughly real and interesting. Into them has flowed the mysterious vitality of genuine creation. They seem, not characters in a story, but people we know, men and women we like or dislike, with whom we disagree or sympathize, sharing their

vicissitudes, joining with them in their lives and loves.

Kathleen Norris has contributed some of her finest novels to DELINEATOR. Do you remember the drama of "Storm House," the heartbreak of "Passion Flower," the romance and mystery of "The Love of Julie Borel"? In "Second Hand Wife" she gives us a glorious addition to this list—and certainly the most surprising, the most unexpected in its development.

WE welcome this month another writer new to our pages, John Chapman Hilder with his gay and amusing story, "The Red-Headed Brat." Mr. Hilder was once on the editorial staff in these offices and later he was editor of *The Elks' Magazine*. Now he's joined that happy throng who just write and wander foot-loose from winters in Florida to summers in Maine.

Often and often, I think I'd like to join this wandering tribe but there are now two small "hostages to fortune" to be fed and clothed and sent to school, to be nursed through their childish illnesses and despatched exultingly on their way to mountain and seashore. Besides, being an editor is, after all, a pretty satisfactory job. It isn't such a difficult job, but it is an absorbing one.

Like the characters in Mrs. Norris's new novel, the magazine for which you work comes alive. It isn't just so much paper with printing on it. It becomes a living thing. It demands everything you can give it. It seeks and devours your every thought, your every idea.

And it does not stay down here in the office. It walks home with you. It demands introductions to your friends. Often it wakes you up in the middle of the night and asks, "What are you going to do about this or that?"

It's a hard and relentless taskmaster and yet there is a glow, there is a thrill, in being able to sign oneself

OSCAR GRAEVE, Editor

NOTABLE FEATURES  
IN THE FALL ISSUES

As we look over our plans for the fall, there are several unusual features for which we ask your special interest and attention

## THE GOLDEN CHAIN

The colorful, tragic story of Porto Rico by Mrs. Keyes, written by request of Governor Theodore Roosevelt. In September

## FORSAKING ALL OTHERS

One of the most exciting things we've ever published. A full length love story in verse by Alice Duer Miller. In October

## MR. FORTUNE RETURNS

A new series of mystery stories by H. C. Bailey, revolving around the amiable and astute Mr. Fortune. Starting in November



*The largest  
selling bacon  
in the world*



Perfect . . . not once, but every time! That is why more people buy Swift's Premium than any other bacon. They know they can depend on its mild delicacy of flavor, ✓ its correct proportioning of fat and lean — *always*.

*A delicious main dish—individual molds of corn pudding served with Swift's Premium Bacon.*

# Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

✓ Premium's mild delicacy of flavor is largely the result of the great care taken in curing and smoking. The famous Premium cure, worked out with an epicure's feeling for flavor, and a scientist's precision, the long hours in the smokehouse—only this cure, only this careful smoking can give you Premium's outstanding excellence.

Swift & Company  
Purveyors of Fine Foods







# What's right with the world when girls just *will* be boys?

## ACTUAL VISITS TO P AND G HOMES No. 26

I never would have dreamed that Betty Corwin\* wasn't a perfect little lady *always*. No, not the afternoon I met her in Portsmouth, Ohio, all dressed up to go calling with her mother. In her new two-piece dress, Betty looked as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth!

But Betty's more primitive nature was betrayed by her dainty mother, after I had introduced myself as the P AND G Naphtha visitor.

"Oh my goodness, I can say plenty for P AND G," Mrs. Corwin laughed, "after Betty's been playing baseball with the boys!"

Then Mrs. Corwin went on to tell me: "Just last week a very dignified old gentleman was walking home with me. He was sure the world was coming to a bad end since girls had taken to acting like boys!"

"Imagine my feelings, knowing that right in a nearby lot he'd probably see Betty at the bat. She comes home boasting that not a single boy can throw a better 'round-house,' whatever *that* means! When she looks like a sight, she's likely to tell me that she fell making a 'shoe-string catch.' What would you do if you had such a tomboy?"

"I'd let her go right on being a baseball star," I said, "and I'd always keep stocked on P AND G."

\* Not the real name, of course

"Exactly," agreed Mrs. Corwin. "I keep pretty calm now, even when Betty and Frank slide down the sand-cut in an old dish pan! After all, the cure is simple enough. I put their dirty clothes to soak in P AND G suds. And after a few moments there's hardly anything to do."

I'm so glad that Mrs. Corwin is using P AND G's help. I hope every one of you is, too—for I know your washdays will be easier if you use this smooth, white soap. P AND G gives rich, ready suds in any kind of water—hard or soft, warm or cold. It doesn't gum on to clothes. Those fine white P AND G suds go after dirt—but they're wonderfully kind to colors.

Everywhere I go, whether it's Ohio or Carolina, Dakota or Maine, women tell me they feel safer using this fine white soap. Then they always ask why P AND G is such a bargain.

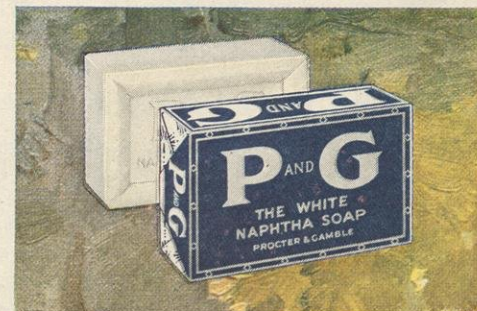
There is a very good reason why P AND G Naphtha usually costs less than coarser, cruder soaps. The superior soap materials that go into P AND G soap kettles are bought economically in car- and tank- and ship-loads. Millions of cakes of P AND G are made every month—and this great production keeps the price down.

To this reason, add another. There's more demand for P AND G than any other soap in the world. Millions of women are like you—they know that P AND G *really* is a better soap!

ANN CUMMINGS

*This white cake helps out in 15 million homes! White—firm—smooth—fine! No wonder P AND G White Naphtha Soap is America's favorite household soap. This year P AND G is chipping in and helping millions of women to get really white clothes and unfaded colored clothes. These women know they'll get safe help from this white soap!*

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## The largest-selling soap in the world





# LET'S BE ROMANTIC

by ELIZABETH COOK

DECORATION BY GEORGE HUGHES

**Our favorite Middle-West philosopher pleads for the old days when men were men, and women a dream and a mystery**

I'LL always be a puzzle to me why it happened and how it happened, but something did happen, you may be sure of it, to the women of my generation. Somehow it got abroad in the land that illusion kept women in bondage.

Therefore away with illusion. Shame on women who were willing to be weavers of spells. Let us be up and doing. Action! Camera! We waved our pay checks. We showed our knees. We were free and equal. Hurray!

It was in this spirit of honesty and comradeship that a modern maid said to a modern gentleman, "See that black doojigger on my hat? I made it from one of my old silk stockings."

The gentleman made a face and also a sound of pain. "Darling," he said, "I may be quaint but I wish some one had taught you to keep still about some things. Listen, I like you, and I am going to tell you something.

"That hat is from Agnès, in Paris. It cost fifty dollars. Within a block or two, you are going to discover that your mood has changed and that the hat is no longer part of your personality. You will no doubt hand it to the first street-sweeper you meet and tell him to bury it. What's fifty dollars? Hats were made for beautiful women to enjoy. Be a whim. Be a fantasy. Wear mimosa in the twilight and lavender when the spring rains fall. Lose

your temper. Beat your maid. But for heaven's sake, as long as you expect to make a man's heart stand still with delight, don't drag in your old socks. A-whrr." And turning up his coat collar, he went out of the maiden's life completely and forever.

And quite right, too. The time has come for women to breathe gently on their world. If your lover says your eyes are pools of lapis lazuli or your eyes are wine, do not, I beg of you, cross your knees and jovially ask for a match.

Be tender and a little sad. There are some visions that must be caught on the wing. There are enchanted gardens where the gates close swiftly. We need our illusions. Let the men again ascend their ancient pedestals, and maidens crown them with garlands. American women are restless because they have slain their heroes with this pal philosophy, this free and equal nonsense, this fifty-fifty stuff.

I am tired of being man's equal. I have no desire whatever to be a captain of industry, President of the United States or the first woman to reach the South Pole. Old Lady Experience with the wrinkled neck and the vertical line between her brows has taught me that when the modern woman reaches her goal and peeks over the hill, she doesn't find anything she really desires.

THERE is no thrill, not even for a lady Arctic explorer, like the kiss of a young man who thinks she is the moon who got hung up in the tree.

But what of truth, what of justice, you may shout? True, many women are superior or at least equal in ability to men. That isn't the point. The game of life, pleasantly played, doesn't demand that men be superior or vice versa. We just say to man, "You are it," and

then we members of the weaker sex gallop forth with the timbrel and harp and the lute and "ring a rosy" around him.

That is, we do if we are smart. At present the world is chock-full of women who are so overcome by the modern ideal of female effectiveness that they have gone charging forth with fixed bayonets into a no man's land where there are no rules and no comforts. They did not discern the Walter Raleigh lurking in the lad whose arms and feet dangled out of his suit. No, they faced the facts, they saw the cruel man-made world for what it was, a trap to inveigle the female of the species, and they chose to have careers, by gum, and maybe when it was convenient, a romantic moment or two.

ONE of these lady Lancelots is forty-four, and she is facing a nervous breakdown because of a poor old married man with baggy trousers who puts pansies on her desk once in a while. She is positive he loves her. She looks on those pansies as the most subtle form of courtship. The poor fellow would be terrified if he knew it. He leaves pansies on all the girls' desks.

Exhibit Number Two is high in the social service world. She has attached herself to a man three times divorced. She pays his bills, takes care of his mother, and makes him save his money. She has just discovered that he is spending all his substance on a young and lovely girl. That the young lady is already engaged to another man does not ease the situation.

Exhibit Number Three is high in the home economics world. Although she has helped thousands of her sex to build happier homes, she faces a loveless and lonely old age. Her chief recreations are clothes, novels, and the theater. But there was a time when (Turn to page 55)





What strange ideas  
old maids have!—  
the girl seemed heroic



## LIKE ALL TRUE LOVE

The author of "The Deepening Stream"  
and other fine American novels tells us  
another story of the Basque country  
which in her years abroad she grew to  
know so intimately and to love so well

"NEVER did have any luck—but once," said the school teacher, when somebody mentioned match-making, "trying to arrange young people's love affairs for them. Love affairs are like children—do better for a lot of letting alone."

"What was the once?" I asked.  
"I call it once," she said, smiling to herself, "but when it happened, it seemed like many times—like twice, at least."

"Was it here?"  
"Well, part of it. I told you it was complicated. Yet it started like water running down hill or the sun rising in the morning—with sweethearts who were boy and girl on adjoining farms, always a convenient marriage for farmers' children to make. They were of suitable age, both pure-blooded Basques as sound as nuts, and everybody approved of their marrying. They weren't perhaps exactly formally engaged, but neither of them had ever looked at anybody else; Pedro's parents were thinking which room to vacate for the young couple, and Emiliana had begun to get her household linen ready.

People thought no more about it than they did of the wheat ripening in the fields. Why wouldn't it ripen,

planted in good earth with the sun shining down on it? Pedro and Emiliana, endlessly talking to each other on a corner of *la place* on market days, always meeting each other at the door of the church after mass and strolling slowly back to Etcheonda (that was the name of Emiliana's home) or dancing light-footedly together at a wedding or christening party—to us, their elders, they were indistinguishable from a good wheat-field turning golden in the sun of a good summer.

That was all we knew about it. If I learned anything from that experience it was that men and women are never like wheat-stalks, or anything else that's simple, and vegetable. They are always human beings, complicated, incalculable.

INTO our town one fine day in May there came an automobile, one of the first of those infernal machines ever seen here, bringing people who were perfectly in their right place in a noisy, expensive, bad-smelling machine. If there's one thing I detest more than an automobile, it's a Basque who's gone Aryan. Of course the Basque country is very poor, and our Basque boys can't all stay here. Some of them must be sacrificed to go off to Argentina and get rich. But most of those who do have proved that such a fate needn't necessarily turn them into foreigners! In that car sat one who had turned into I don't know what. A Basque born and brought up in Zurrugne till he was sixteen. I remembered him well at that age, a narrow-hipped, supple, bright-eyed boy, one of our best *jai alai* players. I was in *la place* the day they arrived and was one of the first to see him, but if he hadn't called out to me, giving his name, I'd never have recognized him, poor thing! A great white waistcoat, stuffed full of flabby paunch, hung down on thick thighs as he sat there in his Hispano-Suiza; wrinkled pouches of skin under his eyes hung down on clay-colored cheeks. Could that be Ferdinand Lamberbaita!

And such a wife and daughter as he had for his sins! Painted, hatted women in gaudy colored dresses, with dreadful little humped misshapen feet in high-heeled slippers.

They were making their first trip to Europe, it seemed, and when they got as far as Biarritz he had decided to stop a day, before they went on for a motor tour in Spain, and run up to Zurrugne to show his wife and daughter his

old home village—"Not changed at all," he cried, looking around him.

They got out of the car and we walked across the square, his crippled women hobbling beside us in their dreadful shoes. He kept exclaiming to me, turning his head from side to side. "But it's positively as if I had never gone away! The *jai alai* court—I know every inch of that end wall! And those battered old benches for spectators! By God, there are boys playing this minute—look like the very same ones who used to play with me!"

That's what he saw. What his wife saw I can't imagine—probably nothing more than that her slippers were dusty.

What his daughter saw was plain from the first—Pedro Elissagaray playing *jai alai*. Emiliana's Pedro was not one of our best players—too lazy to drive himself hard enough to get the lungs for a long match. But he was one of the most ornamental. And *jai alai* is one of the most becoming games a good-looking supple young man can play.

"No, I don't believe I'll go into the church," she said coolly to her father. "I can survive if I don't see the font where you were baptized. I'll just sit here a while and watch this game."

I didn't think it decent to leave a girl alone on the benches of the *fronton*—the boys were only practising for the next match, so there weren't any other spectators. But it was no affair of mine. So I said goodbye to them at the church door and went my way, very sorry for a Basque who looked like that and had such women-folks.

THE next day I heard from everybody—for, of course, everybody made it his business to walk by the *fronton*, or to watch from behind closed shutters—that the bold ill-bred girl never took her eyes from Pedro's face, and when her father and mother came out she called them over to watch, too. And then Pedro somehow had stopped playing and was talking to them, and then they took him off to the inn where they all drank more *Izarra* than was good for them, and Monsieur Lambert (that was the absurd way he had clipped off his good Basque name) bragged about what a grand *jai alai* player he had been in his youth. Pedro had no head for alcohol, and the innkeeper's wife, who naturally kept track of all they said, told me that in no time he was playing the fool,



making up to the daughter and being respectful to the parents. It ended by their taking him off right as he was, back to Biarritz with them.

We never dreamed, of course—that being the first American-brought-up daughter we had ever seen—that anything would come of it except a headache for Pedro. They were—you'll remember—to leave the next day for that motor trip in Spain. But they didn't. Mademoiselle Lambert it was who had the headache—or toe-ache—something which made her, she said, in no condition for travel. So they stayed on in Biarritz, and Pedro most of the time with them. He hardly came home at all, and when he did he looked and acted as if he could scarcely see Zurrugne at all any more. Neither Zurrugne, nor his family, nor Emiliana. Every time he came he brought some new piece of news more fantastic than the others: Monsieur Lambert was crazy about his pelota game, was going to take him back to Argentina to play *jai alai* there. Then that he was playing often now on the stylish *fronton* at Biarritz, and a big bank-note every time he made a specially good showing. Then that he was learning to dance, not those Basque dances that are just acrobatics for men, but real French dances, and with Mademoiselle Lambert in his arms half of every night on the ballroom floor of the costliest hotel in Biarritz. And then—of course—what was to have been expected only we could not imagine such a thing: Mademoiselle Lambert was mad over him, wanted to marry him, and her parents could refuse her nothing. But he—he said this to a group of older people one evening on *la place*—he, of course, felt himself bound to Emiliana whose heart would be broken if he took advantage of this golden opportunity. Yes, said his parents, steadfastly, that was true.

But Emiliana released him as soon as this speech of his reached her, which you may be sure it did in less time than a magpie would take to fly from *la place* to Etcheonda. She sent for me—I'd had both her and Pedro in my class, of course—very pale and tearful and noble and dignified, bade me tell Pedro that she would not for anything in the world stand between him and good fortune, that she would never forgive herself if she did, that she knew her duty when she saw it, and gave him back his troth. I remember thinking—what strange ideas old maids have!—that she was one of the most heroic creatures I'd ever

heard of. Yes, I learned a thing or two out of that story.

This had been going on so long that there was now only a fortnight before the end of the school year. I never put in a worse two weeks. I couldn't sleep for rage, for pity, for indignation. Emiliana's desolate white face was constantly before me, replaced by Pedro's complacent smirk. Was he to be allowed to succeed in this infamy, this treason to everything there was in him of any value—his love, his Basque inheritance? Wasn't there any way of bringing him back to that splendid girl at Etcheonda!

On the last day of school Pedro happened to come back to Zurrugne for one of his rare, short visits to his parents, and that settled the matter for me. I could have endured perhaps his screaming yellow leather shoes, perhaps even his French clothes and his outlandish hat! But he had grown a little mustache! A Basque with hair on his face like a Frenchman! That pushed me over the edge.

That night again I did not sleep; but before morning I had thought of two ways out. And the next day I went down to stay at Biarritz for a while, myself. A poor school teacher at Biarritz? Bah! It's simply a part of purse-proud European insolence to forget that Biarritz is also—in the old quarter—just another Basque town. I had an aunt and a cousin living there, in the grocery business, and I invited myself to make them a visit.

But the grand promenades and the chic beach and the costly shops and the glittering streets of the expensive quarters are open to anybody, even poor school teachers, and it wasn't long before I succeeded in running into Pedro.

AT FIRST he looked a little surprised at my friendliness; but soon—I could see the thought coming into his eyes as clearly as I used to see plans for some school naughtiness come into his little-boy face—he thought to himself. "Oh, yes, of course, all my poverty-stricken old acquaintances, who never paid much attention to me before, will be making up to me now I am going to marry a millionaire's daughter and play *jai alai* in Buenos Aires." He began to twist one end of his little mustache and to be condescending to his poor shabby old school teacher.

But he stopped that soon enough. After a day or so, meeting him here and there, and smiling on him like any dotting aunt, I brought out little by little the first of my plans. I suggested to him lightly—one day one idea, the

next day another—that he was, after all, an inexperienced boy, with a tendency to think things were just what they seemed, which they almost never were. What, when it came down to facts, did anybody know about these Lamberts? Perhaps they didn't have any real money in spite of all they were throwing away here; that, for all he knew, they might be running up huge bills here at the hotel. And so forth and so on.

BUT that was no go. Pedro had much more capacity for directing his grabbing than I'd given him credit for. He went right to the hotel management and by a little tipping (with Lambert money, of course) found out their bills were paid on the dot and big tips thrown around like pebbles. And one day when Monsieur Lambert was talking business with his lawyer down from Paris, Pedro contrived to sit there in the room listening, and learned that the Lambert fortune, solidly distributed in the best securities, was ten times bigger than he'd dared to dream. He told me all this the next time we met, and I all but dropped dead of apoplexy.

So then, hoping that Emiliana wouldn't have thrown herself into the river before I could get things going, I brought out my second plan. I had already begun to trail another young man—in case the first plan didn't work—and to be amiable at street-corners where I met him. This was the son of our Deputy, who—blessings on democracy and universal suffrage!—had been brought up never to slight anybody who might swing a few votes. The school teacher in a Basque village can't vote herself, being a woman, but she always has a few votes she can deliver—grateful parents, scared parents, or what-not. So though I never had much use either for fat Monsieur Gaudreau *père*, with his ugly red face and greasy politician's manners, nor for slim Gaudreau *fils*, with his handsome white face and his gambler's debts and expensive lady friends, I'd always had a pleasant nod and a lifted hat from both of them whenever we met. They were both in Biarritz as usual that season.

You'd have laughed to see me make up to them, bending my Basque backbone till it was as limber as a piece of cotton string. It was "Oh, how do you *do*, Monsieur le Député?" And how is dear Madame Gaudreau this fine morning?" And "Well, well! Here we are running into each other again! Seems to be a fate (Turn to page 46)

by DOROTHY CANFIELD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH M. STAHLEY

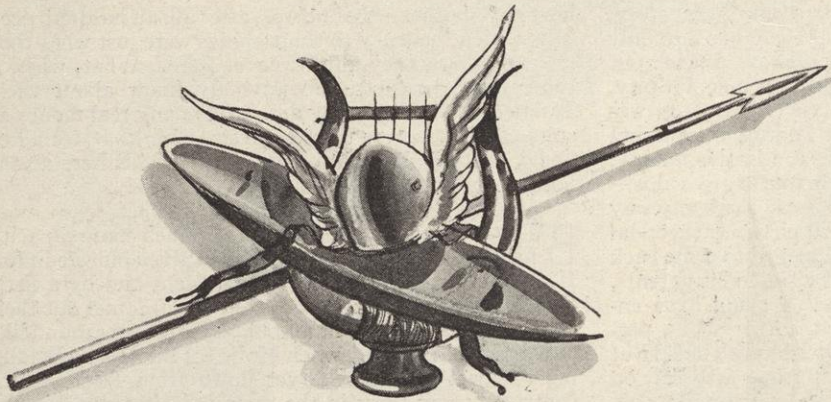


He lifted his heavy eyelids enough to watch the alluring Miss Lambert

Cheeks glowing, eyes brilliant, a tableau of young love triumphant







# BRUNNHILDE'S HOLIDAY

The hilarious tale of a prima donna  
who disrupts a little American town

MARY F. WATKINS

OLD Dr. Melville Drum was a familiar figure in Ricket Center. His family had been "summer folks" there for so many seasons that they had become, to the natives, just "folks"—a high compliment. But now, for the first time, the Drum camp was to be let, and almost every one in town knew that the doctor had been up half the night working with a foreign servant-girl and a young woman who called herself a secretary, getting ready for the tenant. Lint Allen, the nearest neighbor, had seen lights burning after midnight, when he went out to the barn to tend a sick cow.

The tenant had been temporarily established in the best parlor bedroom of the Beldon House, as every man, woman and child could testify before the fact was an hour old. But grand opera's reigning prima donna meant very little up in the sugar country. That Inga Runquist should be there among them in the flesh quickened the Center's pulse scarcely at all. But apparently not so with the doctor.

He was seen driving into Main Street the next morning in a great flurry, parking his car by the curb before the hotel. Straight into the office he plunged, and then on into the dining-room. No one was in sight but a girl cleaning bird-cages.

"Has Madame Runquist come down for breakfast yet?" the doctor gasped.

The girl looked up curiously. "Not her!" she laughed. "But say, is she a crazy woman, or somethin'? She's been ringin' fit to bust the bell every five minutes. We don't answer it no more . . . guess she don't know herself what she does want. There she goes again! Don't that beat all?"

Dr. Drum shuddered. "I'll go up myself!" he said.

At the head of the corridor he paused before a plain, varnished door, and knocked. Within there were quick steps, and a familiar voice called, "Well, what now?"

"You rang, madame!" The doctor made his tones obsequious and heard at once the key turning in the lock.

"If you're the waiter, come in! I'm starving, I tell you!"

He entered, posed effectively, chuckled, and held out his hands. Inga, the fabulous, the irresistible, the fêted darling of three continents . . . for others she might be the great and famous Runquist, but to Dr. Melville Drum, who had peered down at her vocal chords and prescribed for all her preposterous ills ever since she was a slip of a scared young debutante, she was still the adorable, naughty child. Now she was going to run to him, laugh, and call out, "You precious old imbecile . . . thank heaven, you've come!" But not at all.

In the window stood a haughty figure, pale and grim, in traveling suit and hat. On all the chairs reposed hand luggage locked and ready.

"Now, what in the name of . . . ?"

She held up a rebuking hand, already in its glove.

"Don't waste breath," she said. "Get me a time-table!"

"A time-table?" the doctor gasped.

"But certainly! And get me out of this God-forsaken hole as quickly as possible. Fancy you bringing me here!"

The old doctor opened his mouth to protest again, even as he had protested steadily, week in and week out since first this notion of summering in America seized upon the prima donna's imagination. "Why travel four thousand miles, I ask you, just to sit under a pine-tree, when there seem to be plenty of them right up in your Vermont?" she had demanded on Good Friday afternoon when he came in to spray her throat between the acts of "Parsifal."

"But what, in the name of . . . ?" And then, as now, she had stopped him with a gesture.

"I met Lillie Lawrence the other day . . . she says she used to sing with me . . . she has a camp . . . whatever that is . . . where she wears old clothes, and swims all summer, and teaches singing to a few girls who go up with her. Now there is a smart woman, I tell you! Why shouldn't I do something like that?"

"Every reason in a sane world!" said the doctor firmly. "I know Lillie Lawrence all too well; her place is near my sister's up on Lake Champlain. But my dear child, it's not in your line, that's all. Why, those people up there think that Wagner was a baseball player!"

But eventually, and as usual, the Runquist had her way. Miss Sarah Ann Drum conveniently fell ill and went abroad to take the waters, while Inga, the opportunist, ruthlessly bullied the doctor into letting her have the family camp.

He temporized now. "Well, my dear, there's no train south until three, so we might as well lunch right here . . . and even then you'll have plenty of time to drive out to the camp and give the cook and Miss Bird your parting orders!"

LUNCHEON at the Beldon House was, fortunately, served at eleven for the benefit of drummers going on to Burlington. Inga, glaring belligerently about her under her hat, sat down at the corner of a long table and gave heed to a menu such as she had never before encountered.

"Of course, if one could exist only on pie . . ." she muttered, a glint of amusement beginning to flicker in the shadows of her blue mascaroed eyes. "But at least things taste clean," she said jovially to the waitress. "I shall come down here often, after I am settled up at my camp!"

The doctor choked a little at this unexpected change of front, but the waitress smiled the baffled, tolerant smile of one ministering to idiots.

After the dining-room was cleared, and before she settled down to dish-washing, the waitress called up her chum, Ruthie Allen.

"You seen the folks up to Drums?" s'e asked.

"No," said Ruthie, "I ain't, but pop was over there

Inga's little joke had not won the Ladies' Aid. But her trump card remained—a simple song!



this forenoon a-purpose to git a good look. Didn't see much, though!"

"Well, there's nothin' to see, as I know of! Hear tell she's a singer in grand opera, but I dunno's I'd set much store by it. Acts like all get-out, though. Rang her bedroom bell the hull mornin'."

Porter, Ruthie's sixteen-year-old brother, came into the Allen kitchen just then with an armful of wood, his honest eyes wide with a new interest. "Say, mom," he called eagerly to his mother who was sewing in the back parlor. "It's an o'pra singer over to Drum's place! Do you s'pose we'll ever git to hear her sing? Do you, mom? Oh, gee!"

Mrs. Allen snipped sharply at her bastings. "Git all I want o' sech stuff on Gramp's radio!" she said.

At that moment the opera singer was standing in the middle of the Drum hearth-rug before a blazing fire. It was a pleasant room, carpeted by native weavers, full of rustic wood and wicker chairs and low tables.

"So this is a camp!" said Inga solemnly, gazing about her.

"Yes," said Dr. Drum, with bated breath.

"Yes, quite," agreed Miss Bird, the thin little secretary.



Illustrations by **RIGGO LEBRUN**

Her anxiety was almost worn down to indifference by the fatigue of unpacking eleven trunks.

"So this is a camp!" Silence. They could not look at her. The next train went at three . . . eleven trunks to pack again!

"But why are you all so glum?" cried Madame Runquist suddenly, flinging off her hat. "We simply love it!"

The doctor found that he had to sit down. He was really getting too old for this sort of thing. Inga, during the opera season, was all very well—at least her obligations kept a certain rein on her caprice; and when she became particularly exasperating he could always go and hear her "Brunhilde," or her incomparable "Venus," and forget everything but the wonder of her art. But the unpredictable quality of her recreations was certainly wearing! He pulled out his watch.

"I'M TAKING the three o'clock train myself," he said. "So let's look at the rest of the house, and then you and Miss Bird can drive me down."

On Inga's return from the station the sun was still warm enough to tempt her out of doors. Whistling the Forest Bird's notes from "Siegfried" and carrying an

iron-pointed walking stick, cherished relic from the Tyrol, she swung through the rustic gate and out upon the highway, her long strides bringing her soon to the next house, a quarter of a mile beyond the cross-road leading to the lake. In a field a man was ploughing, and Inga's nostrils quivered with the impact of the moist earth's delicious freshness. She paused a moment by the fence and watched the man until he turned her way. When his shrewd, inquiring gray eyes met hers she smiled, but there was no flicker of response on the weather-gnarled features.

"How do you do!" she said when behind his great black horse he came down the furrow nearest her. "What lovely work, and how happy you must be! May I ask your name?"

The man gave no sign of having heard until he made his corner. Then he stopped, pulled out a handkerchief and wiped beneath his hat brim.

"Ask all you've a mind ter!" he said.

"We're neighbors," she answered, a little dashed by his manner. "Perhaps you've heard about me; I am Inga Runquist!" She spoke with well-considered modesty, in order not to overwhelm this humble tiller of the soil.

"Yeah, heard the name this mornin'. Dutch, ain't it?"

The singer gave him a withering look, but seeing only frank inquiry on his face, swiftly changed her attack.

"Ah now, that, you know, is a famous mystery. The Runquist comes from everywhere—from nowhere!" She spread her arms dramatically and bestowed upon him the arch and inscrutable glance that had been so often the undoing of weaker men. But Lint Allen's impressions were not influenced by her eyelashes.

"Folks hereabouts don't like mysteries!" he said. "But you kin ask the missus about milk an' eggs if you want, seein' as you're 'most the fust of the city folks to come." He pointed with his thumb, chirruped to his horse, and lurched off down the line.

"RUDE creature!" thought Inga, "I'll get no milk from them!" She turned away and was about to retrace her steps when a boy came around a tree holding three shining fish strung on a twig. He was almost as tall as she, but he was as awkward and wary as a young colt. His broad face was pleasantly freckled and his eyes studied her from thick, dark lashes.

Inga exclaimed at the silvery burden in his hand: "Oh, the beauties! Where did you get them? Why, they're *Forellen*!"

"Naw they ain't," the boy corrected her, "they're speckled trout. Got 'em up to the dam."

"How charming they are!" she said. "And of course they are *Forellen* . . . That's the German for them, and so much prettier. Don't you know the song?" She hummed a line or two of Schubert's:

*"In einem Bächlein helle,  
Da schoss in froher Eil,  
Die launische Forelle . . ."*

then broke off suddenly to smile into the boy's eyes. "Poor little babies!" she cried. "So happy this morning, and now they are going to be eaten. How will you cook them?" Her mouth fairly watered. "But come, of course," she said suddenly, "you shall sell them to me!"

"No, ma'am!" said Porter, drawing back, "they ain't for sale. An' I guess," he added, "they're about the only thing that ain't, on the hull Allen farm!"

"Well," exclaimed Madame Runquist, "you surprising young man! Do you by any chance know who I am?"

Porter nodded silently, then—

"Say," he asked awkwardly, "when you sung that verse just now I was wonderin', does your singin' always sound that way, or louder?"

"Well, it depends," she said, greatly surprised, "mostly louder, I suppose. Why?"

"Gee, that howlin' and screechin' goin' on down to Mis' Lawrence's sets me near wild. I'd rather stick pigs!"

"There!" cried Inga, highly delighted. "I never howl or screech, if that's any comfort to (Turn to page 57)

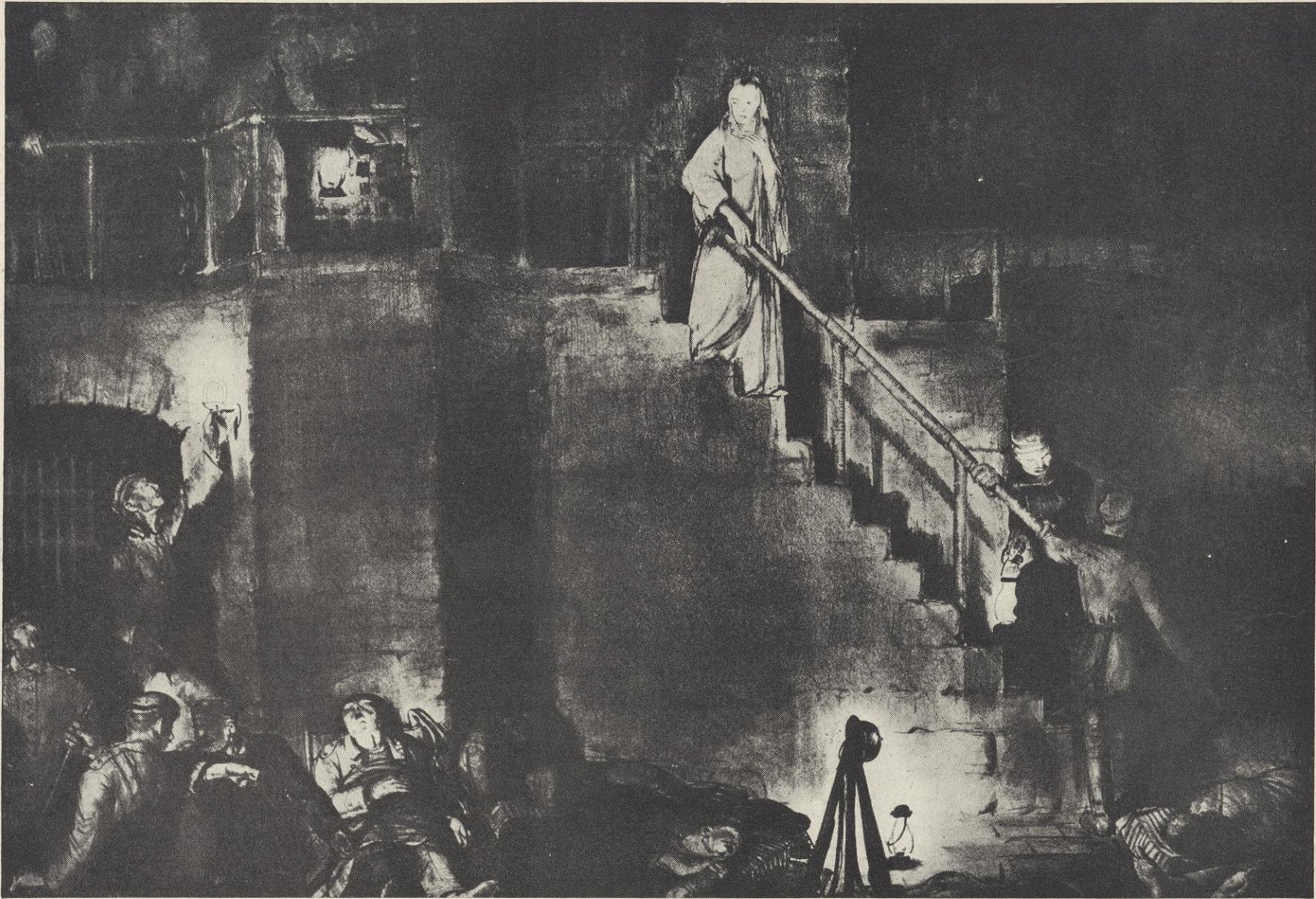
"Look at me, you funny boy.

I'm alive . . . I'm real," cried

Inga, enjoying Porter Allen's fear







A superb example of courage—Edith Cavell in the dark hour before execution. A famous lithograph by a great American artist, the late George Bellows

# COURAGE

by

WILLIAM

LYON

PHELPS

COURAGE is not the greatest or the highest of the virtues, because so many evil men and women have it; but it is the foundation of all other virtues.

The older I grow, the more I am impressed by the impartiality of God. Although we are told in the New Testament that He treats the good and bad people with apparently equal respect, for he sends his rain on the just and on the unjust—still, it is sometimes surprising that we can draw no inferences of rewards and punishments in this world. And what is even more remarkable, He leaves us to work out our own salvation as best we may.

Every human being, every boy and girl, has the fateful power of choice. The fact that we are unfitted for such power, both by our ignorance and by our natural instincts, makes no difference. We have it.

In this world, every one is the architect of his own character. One may make oneself bold, self-reliant,

resolute, self-denying, useful, generous, fruitful in good works; or one may go to ruin by any one of the thousand roads leading to that destination. Many of those who have failed say it is not fair—but what thoughtful man ever said life was fair? Life is a game one must play as well as one can. We cannot change the rules. But perhaps we can change our style of playing.

The best combination for security and success is courage and wisdom. Those that have at the start only a little wisdom must acquire more; those that are naturally timid—which means nearly everybody—must become brave.

There can be no real courage without ignorance. And I do not mean the ignorance of folly. When a person at the steering-wheel of an automobile drives the car on an unknown road at three o'clock in the morning at sixty-five miles an hour, that is not courage; that is folly.

The true courage is the courage that exists along *with ignorance of the outcome*. When a young man lines up in football and waits for the whistle; when a man leaves his home and enlists in an army; when a woman leaves her father and mother and goes to live with a husband; when she decides to have a child; the result may be defeat, disaster, death; or it may be success and happiness. If one knew in advance, then there would be no courage.

Physical courage we salute; there is nothing that stirs the blood more than the contemplation of headlong courage. And yet we should remember that with the mass of men, that is, in war, nothing is more common. Men in large organized groups have always shown courage, and there is little to choose among them. Black men, yellow men, red men, brown men, white men, will all fight about equally well.

THE cause makes no difference. Men will fight as well for a bad cause as for a good one. Yes, even mercenaries, who have no cause, but who hire out their swords as a lawyer or a teacher hires out his brains, will fight well.

Military and naval history is full of the glorious deeds

of the common man; what is it that raises this man, who in times of peace may be vulgar and debased, to the stature of a hero? For men in the mass are both worse and better than individuals. Just as a mob is more stupid and more cruel than the individual, so is an army more brave.

Since the courage of troops, however glorious, is so common as to be expected, we shall have to isolate men from the mass, select individuals, if we wish to see how sublime the courage of ignorance of the outcome may be and has been.

Courage is greater than common sense; for common sense means caution.

OF ALL the famous characters in history, I know of none more absolutely brave than Lord Clive, who in the eighteenth century won India for England.

We are told of an incident in his life that for sheer desperate courage is hard to equal. While he was still a civilian clerk in India, he used to play cards with the officers every night. Although they despised civilians, they allowed Clive to play with them, because he had what is now called a "poker face," and took his losses and his fortunes without a complaint or a change in expression. He sometimes wondered, however, that the losses were so frequent. One night, while playing with a general, he saw his adversary cheat, and immediately spoke out. It is possible that the general thought he might cheat with impunity, because the clerk would not dare to mention it. If so, he was in for an unpleasant surprise. When Clive said, "You cheated!" the general remarked, "I suppose you clerks don't understand what it means to insult a gentleman." "Oh, yes, I do," said Clive. Accordingly, they determined to settle the matter then and there. The two adversaries, each with a pistol, faced each other, and at the word, Clive fired first and missed.

Under the rules, the general now had a free shot—a very different thing from shooting under excitement. Fully intending to kill Clive, but (Turn to page 62)



The game of love and the game of  
tennis, intermingled in a story as bright  
and charming as a perfect summer day

slick, black hair, and to rub its owner's thin, straight nose against the sidewalk. . . Tommy realized he must be scowling and made a conscious effort to look indifferent.

"I came up for the tournament," he said, watching Archer's face.

"Good boy," commented Archer blandly. "We need some new blood around here. How are you these days—pretty hot stuff? You've certainly filled out. Hasn't he, Marty?"

Tommy felt himself scowling again. He looked from Archer to the girl. She was studying him with frank interest. When his eyes met hers she gave him a grave smile.

"How d'you do, Tommy," she said, holding out a slim brown hand.

Tommy reddened. The touch of her fingers sent a prickly feeling up and down his spine. Could this really be Martha, the tomboy Martha of his childhood, with whom he had made many sand-pies and climbed trees and quarrelled periodically? Could this be the Martha to whom he had pledged, and who had pledged to him, undying love? Could this beautiful creature, with polished nails and waved hair and the carriage of a princess, ever have been the spindle-shanked, tousled, freckly little girl who had promised to marry him even if she had to wait till she was a hundred? It seemed impossible. She was incredibly changed, while he, though he had grown, was still what he always had been, an uncouth, red-headed kid, with over-large hands and feet. Or so, at least, he felt, standing there with her appraising eyes upon him.

"How d'you do," he said, stuffing his hands in his pockets and shuffling awkwardly.

Before he could think of anything else to say, Archer Morgan broke in:

"Let's go, Marty," he said, "it's getting late. So long, Tommy. See you again." He slipped his arm through Martha's and began to lead her away.

"Come to see me, Tommy," called Martha, over her shoulder.

"Sure," he said. But to himself he murmured: "Fat chance. Not with that mutt hanging around." He kicked viciously at a fragment of clam-shell on the sidewalk. "The big louse," he muttered, "I'll lick the pants off him."

The humbling of Archer Morgan had been uppermost in Tommy Coyne's mind for four years. It was the thing he lived for. Archer Morgan had humiliated him before the whole of Sayport. He had never forgiven him.

Tommy had been fourteen when it happened. Sayport then, as now, was a community of tennis enthusiasts. Most of the residents had been coming there every summer since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. They had been brought up on two sports: sailing and tennis.

If he had not been a delicate child, young Tommy would have been handed a tennis racquet almost as soon as he could walk. A succession of illnesses, however, together with too rapid growth, had made it unwise to let him play. It was not until he was thirteen that the doctor removed the ban. Though he got a late start—late, that is, for Sayport—Tommy picked up the game quickly. He loved it, but he also hated it. It looked so easy and it was so difficult. He lost patience with himself for not being able to do it as well as he wanted to. But he persevered.

Toward the end of his second summer of tennis—he was past fourteen, and played fairly well, for a boy—he asked his father to let him enter the Sayport tournament. It was not an unusual request. Many boys did enter, not with any hope of winning, but to gain the experience that only tournament play can give. The older men thought it was a good idea.

"You may go in," said Mr. Coyne, regarding Tommy seriously, "if you'll promise me one thing."

"What's that, dad?"

"Keep your temper. I've meant to speak to you about it before. Several times I've seen you throw down your racquet in a rage. Tennis is a great game, but it's only a game, remember that. If you can't be a good loser, then you ought not to play."

"But, dad—I don't mind losing. Only I get so dog-gone mad at myself. When I flub an easy shot—"

"That's why I'm telling you, son. You can't help having a temper, but you can learn to control it. And you must. Run along, now, and put in your entry, but remember, you've got to expect to be beaten, and if you make a show of yourself, I'll never let you play again."

The luck of the draw put Tommy against Archer Morgan in the first round. Archer was then going on nineteen and had his eye set on the club championship. Tommy Coyne was nothing in his young life. To him the boy was just a minor obstacle, to be brushed aside as speedily as possible. When the day came for their match, Tommy, who had dressed at home, not having yet attained the dignity of a locker, went into the clubhouse to report that he was ready. Archer, immaculate in knife-edged flannels, was carefully combing his hair. Even then he had the faculty of making Tommy feel unkept and inferior.

"ALL right, kid," he said, "I'll attend to you in a minute." And, as Tommy went out, he added to a friend: "You won't want to see this performance, but wait for me. I won't be long."

Tommy heard the remark and gritted his teeth. "The big bum," he said to himself, "all he's got's a serve and a drive."

The match started with few spectators, most of whom drifted away to other courts before it had proceeded far. Tommy's father and mother, and Martha Randall, were the only ones who remained.

Warming up before play was called, Tommy looked quite good. He had a nice, free swing and stepped into his shots crisply. But, as every tennis player knows, it is one thing to look good while merely rallying, when no points are at stake, and quite another to look good when the battle is on. Every player knows, too, that however fast a ball may seem to a spectator, it seems much faster to the man on the court. Tommy had watched Archer play time and again, and knew that he served hard. It

Illustrations by

OSCAR HOWARD



In the four years Tommy was away, Archer, his enemy, grew up, and so did Martha, his childhood sweetheart. But he remained a "red-headed brat"



# THE RED HEADED BRAT

by

JOHN  
CHAPMAN  
HILDER

TOMMY COYNE hadn't been in Sayport two hours before he ran across the one person he wanted least of all to meet. He was strolling along the main street of the old fishing village, looking at the changes it had undergone during the four years he had been absent, and lamenting the red brick business blocks which had crowded out some of the quaintest of the ancient white clapboard buildings. As he came to the new limestone post-office, Archer Morgan emerged, accompanied by Martha Randall. Tommy might have turned away, pretending not to see him, but it was impossible for him to pretend not to see Martha. Archer spoke first.

"Hello, Tommy," he said easily, "when'd you blow in? Thought you'd given up Sayport for good."

"Oh, no," said Tommy. He felt hot all over. Archer was just the same: smooth and self-possessed and condescending, looking as if he never perspired, or got his hair mussed. It would be a great pleasure to muss that





"That was a beautiful thing  
you did this afternoon," said  
Martha softly to Tommy Coyne.  
"Not even Archer knew it"

was not until he actually faced the service, however, that he realized just how severe it was.

The first ball was a clean ace that whistled past him. The second struck his racquet as he made his backswing, jarring it out of his hand. The third he managed to return, but weakly, so that Archer could kill it from mid-court. The fourth service was another ace. One game to Archer, and Tommy had practically not hit a ball.

As they changed ends for the second game—Sayport was punctilious in such details—the demon of panic seized young Tommy. The utter hopelessness of his situation overwhelmed him. He stepped up to the baseline to serve, feeling as if his muscles had turned to milk. And he served double faults.

There is no need to describe the match, if such it could be called. Archer Morgan, smiling but ruthless as a cyclone, swept through the twelve games in less than twenty minutes, with the loss of scarcely a point. And Tommy

Coyne, under the reproving eyes of his father and the suffering eyes of his mother and Martha, behaved abominably. Whimpering like a hurt young animal, barely able to see because of his tears, he lashed out savagely at every ball, regardless of aim, regardless of whether or not he could even reach it. And to cap the climax, when the ghastly farce was over, instead of running to shake hands with his conqueror, he flung his racquet across the court and rushed headlong from the grounds.

They found him at home, sprawled on his bed, sobbing. His father, disgusted and himself out of temper, began to order him to stop it, and to tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself. Mrs. Coyne led her husband out of the boy's room.

"It's no good shouting at him, Jim," she said. "You can't make him any more ashamed than he already is. Don't you understand—"

"I understand he's a yellow pup."

"No, Jim, he's not."

"He's a disgrace," raged Mr. Coyne, "he ought to be thrashed to just about an inch—" He took a step toward Tommy's room, but his wife blocked the way.

"Go downstairs, Jim, please." Her face was drawn, but her eyes were blazing.

"He ought to be taught—"

"You can't beat spirit into a boy," she said, "but you can easily beat it out of him. That's what's happened. Can't you see? Oh, do go, dear. Please!"

Grumbling, Mr. Coyne stepped heavily down the stairs. When he had gone, his wife went back to Tommy's room and sat on the edge of his bed. He was still sobbing violently. Gently, barely touching him, his mother began to smooth his hair and to talk to him.

"It's all right, Tommy boy," she crooned, "it's all right, old son. Don't be upset. I know how you feel."

After a little, the boy quieted somewhat. He sat up, but, as his mother tried to slip her arm around him, he drew away and began to sob afresh, beating his fists on his knees.

"He didn't give me a chance," he choked, "he didn't give me a chance, the big mutt . . . I'm so damn weak . . . I wouldn't have cared if I'd had a chance. . . . I knew he'd win . . . I didn't care. I didn't care, honest . . . I knew he'd win. But he hit so hard . . . The dirty skunk. He didn't have to do that. I wouldn't do that to a young kid . . ."

The boy grew calmer, although tears still streamed from his eyes and, beneath his vivid red thatch, his face appeared streaked and ashen.

"Never mind, old son. It's all right. Another time you'll do better."

At this Tommy shook his head and buried his face in his hands. "There won't be—another time," he mourned. "I broke my promise to Dad . . . He'll never let me play any more—"

"Perhaps he'll change his mind," said Mrs. Coyne.

"No, he won't," stated Tommy miserably. "I'm through." He sighed and sniffed a little and wiped his eyes with his knuckles. "Mother," he said at length, "can we go away from here?"

She nodded. "Perhaps," she said. "I'll see."

The light burned late in the living-room that night as Mrs. Coyne battled for her son. Ever a bitter-ender, Mr. Coyne, in whose eyes Tommy had disgraced not alone himself but the family, their friends, the club, in fact, the whole community, was all for forcing the boy to make public apology to both Archer Morgan and the board of governors. Against this heroic notion, his wife brought to bear all her gifts of logic and persuasion. Tommy's hypersensitiveness, she argued, was not mere perversity, but was due to his earlier physical frailness. Handled with sympathy, he would grow out of it. Browbeating him would only make it worse. As was usually the case, in the end she prevailed.

THE upshot of it all was that next day Tommy, still shaken and ashamed—too ashamed even to say goodbye to Martha—accompanied Mrs. Coyne back to their winter home, there to remain until the re-opening of school. And a further result was that the following summer, instead of coming up to Sayport, Tommy, by exaggerating his age, got a part-time job near Forest Hills, Long Island, and spent every spare minute at the West Side Tennis Club.

For four summers he followed this same régime, living, breathing and dreaming tennis; watching, practising, playing and studying it. He took lessons first from the assistant professional and later, to his intense joy, the great George Agutter himself consented to take an interest in him. Week-ends, he played in tournaments here

and there, on the Island, in Westchester and Connecticut. Sometimes, in his third and fourth years, he won these tournaments, but he was not keenly interested in winning. Frequently he lost for the simple reason that, considering these matches as mere practise sessions, he threw away point after point experimenting with shots. In all of this, he was animated by a single purpose: to learn enough tennis to be able to go back to Sayport and make Archer Morgan look like a novice.

When he heard Archer had become the Sayport Club champion and had won two legs on the president's cup, he chuckled grimly. To take his title away from him would be an even greater satisfaction than simply to put him out of the running.

His mother knew what was in his mind, of course. In the beginning, she had made it possible for him to prepare for this hour of redemption, not because she held with the principle of vengeance, but because she hoped his desire for revenge would be consumed by his enthusiasm for the game itself. When she found it smoldered unabated, however, she let him go on, realizing that only through its consummation could the boy attain freedom.

NOW he had come to Sayport again, the day before the start of the tournament, ready to make his fight. He had arrived with confidence, confidence not alone in mastery of his game, but in mastery of himself. But the brief meeting with Archer Morgan and Martha unsettled him. For he found that Archer still had the power to make him feel inferior—a feeling that the sight of Martha, so greatly changed, had only intensified.

He had started out that morning intending later on to visit her. His mother had urged him to do so, saying that Martha was anxious to see him again, not mentioning that the girl was friendly with Archer. He knew Martha must have been disappointed in him that day four years ago and hurt by his having gone away without telling her goodbye, or even writing afterwards. Yet somehow, so self-centered had he been, he had firmly believed that once he had achieved his triumph, Martha would again be his for the claiming. To find her interested in some one else would have been bad enough. But that the some one else should be the man he hated was doubly ironic.

He spent the remainder of the morning at the shore, on a little rocky promontory he had always loved, staring out to sea and wrestling with himself. During lunch, he was at first subdued and uncommunicative. Quick to sense his moods, Mrs. Coyne did not press him into conversation. At length he realized he was being churlish.

"The old place has changed quite a bit," he said.

"It's been discovered, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Coyne. "There are new people moving in all the time. Some of them seem to be quite nice, though. Still, we have to expect change nowadays."

"Yeah," said Tommy, "I guess so." He ate for a few moments in silence.

"Martha called up just before you came in," said Mrs. Coyne. "She wants you to go over to tea this afternoon."

"Did you say I would?" asked Tommy quickly.

"No, dear, of course not. I told her I'd give you the message, but that I didn't know what your plans were."

"I'm going to the club to practise."

"You'd better telephone her then."

"She won't care. She's a friend of Archer's now."

"She said to tell you she'd be alone."

"Well, I'm not going," said Tommy grimly. "She can't be friends with him and me both. She knows I hate him."

"Did you ever tell her so?" inquired his mother mildly.

"Everybody knows it," he said.

"You're mistaken, dear. Nobody does. It's a family secret. You don't suppose your father and I have been telling people you've stayed away from Sayport because you were beaten at tennis when you were a small boy, do you?"

Tommy stared at her in astonishment.

"I thought you understood," he said dully.

"I do understand. And I've made it possible for you to do what you wanted to do. In a few days you'll have your chance. Meanwhile, I think it behooves you to act like a normal human being and not like a fanatic. Martha's a very sweet girl. Lots of boys are crazy about her. And if she still likes you well enough to bother to call up and invite you over, it seems to me the least you can do is to acknowledge the invitation."

Tommy shook his head. "She's changed," he said.

"She's grown up," observed his mother, pointedly, "if that's what you mean by change." (Turn to page 34)



## THREE POEMS

by FRANCES  
PARKINSON  
KEYES



SUNSET  
AT RIO DE JANEIRO

The harbor lies  
Smooth as a silk sheet on a silver bed,  
In sapphire splendor for an empress spread;  
While round it rise,  
Beyond the crescent curves of snowy sand,  
The mansions of a mighty wonderland,  
White as the palaces of Paradise.

The glamorous afternoon  
Passes, and soon,  
Plunging into the sea,  
The sun sinks suddenly;  
And through the mellow haze  
Its amber rays,  
Extending, form a halo of live gold,  
Which garlands with manifold  
Glory a transfigured world,  
And in wide unfurled  
Splendor crowns the sovereign night.

Long sequences of light  
Link sea and city in a chain of gems,  
And edge the waterfront with topaz hems.

A mighty granite cone,  
Majestic and alone,  
Stands sentinel beside the guarded bay.  
Hills, starkly gaunt and gray,  
Their sharp points shining with the piercing sheen  
Of daggers drawn from velvet; others green,  
Mysterious and soft,  
In tropical luxuriance slope away.

A marble figure stands  
With outstretched hands  
Above the city—  
A monument of pity,  
Of loving and giving—  
Crucified but living.

The faded light lingers  
Over "God's fingers."  
These shall endure,  
Though shadows obscure  
Outlines and eminence,  
And, in their permanence,  
Assurance is given  
Of guidance to Heaven.

The benediction which the evening brings  
Gently descends upon all earthly things.



LAST HOPE

Ultima Esperanza—the last hope—  
Not that first hope that brings with it so much  
Of yearning and of eagerness and zest  
For all that lies beyond it—not the hope  
Of untried youth and unfulfilled desire,  
Impetuous and arrogant and glad;  
The hope for conquered cities and mined gold,  
For wreathed renown, and consummated love,  
Which blossoms, like some sweet exotic flower,  
By every easy path and broad highway.

Not such a hope as this, but that which comes  
When youth has vanished and when joy has waned,  
When hostile hosts have stormed our citadels,  
When fame and fortune both have passed us by  
And love lies buried in a lonely grave.

Last hope—we find it when we thought it lost  
And now it seems it is not lost, but last—  
We find it after homeless wandering  
Through bleak and dreary country, in a place  
Laughterless, lustreless, perilous,  
A place beyond swift currents and high winds,  
A place of bitter lakes and frozen slopes,  
A place hedged in by snows and silences,  
A place so hard to reach that only those  
Who travel far and bravely come to it.

Last hope—so strong that only God Himself  
Can take it from us, and so beautiful  
That only Heaven can reflect its light,  
And only angels' voices sing the music  
Which echoes from this one unbroken string  
Still stretched across life's mute and shattered harp.  
Last hope—thank God in Heaven—found on earth!

*Author's Note: The territory of Ultima Esperanza—Last Hope—was discovered by a band of pioneers who, failing to make their way overland in Patagonia, attempted to reach it through the dangerous fjords that lie northwest of the Straits of Magellan. Their boat was sucked into a whirlpool, and then swept into the swift current of a narrow channel. The captain of the apparently doomed expedition, exclaiming that this channel represented their last hope, was rewarded for his intrepidity by finding beyond it the promised land which he had been seeking, and which he named in commemoration of the adventure.*



TODOS LOS SANTOS

Todos Los Santos—lake of all the saints—  
Pool of deep calm and perfect purity,  
Transcended by enfolding sanctity,  
Your beauty is unblemished; nothing taints  
The molded white of the encircling snows  
Upon the mountains, or the tranquil green  
Of your translucent waters, or the sheen  
Of light that turns the azure sky to rose.  
A clearer vision comes to eyes unsealed  
By your beatitude; and all along  
Your sacred shores a great and glorious throng  
Of martyrs, saints and angels stand revealed;  
While from their robes a radiance seems to rise,  
And form a golden path to Paradise.



# HALF A LOAF

"TWO old bums together—travelin'!" . . . that was the family war-cry of Susan and Timothy Hale. They had gone adventuring all over the United States in the early days of their marriage. He was an unknown writer then. But with the publication of his novel, "God's Own Country," Timothy Hale became a familiar and much discussed name in every home in America. So much so that rest and an escape from controversy became absolutely necessary.

"Let's see Europe," Tim and Susan agreed. So with their small son, Roger, off they set for farther flung adventures.

England first—and the fun of meeting England's greatest literary celebrities—Galsworthy, Bennett, Wells, and Shaw. Then France—but Tim soon tired of Paris, and set out ahead of his wife for Rome. When Susan joined him she was immediately aware of a change in Timothy. And it was not long before she learned the reason—an adoring woman whose flattery had turned Tim's head.

A storm of jealousy broke loose within Susan, and her love and loyalty were bitterly hurt. When Timothy tired of the Roman episode and returned to London to get to work on a new novel, his wife stayed on in Rome. And she found comfort in the admiration and companionship of a charming Italian—Andrea Venza, a war hero and archeologist, who—to her profound surprise—pleased her with his glamorous love-making. *Here the story continues:*

"SIGNOR, signora, a most beautiful room for two with a magnificent view. Please to come this way."

"Andrea, why are these men all murmuring about rooms for two?"

Venza was never embarrassed. He might have been explaining the alphabet to a child when he answered with, "Piccina, Anzio was a watering-place beloved of Cicero in the hot summer. It is still a watering-place and still beloved—by lovers."

"Oh!"

"But I brought you here in the sweet spring so that we might sail on the Mediterranean. But first, lunch. There is a little restaurant on the wharf where we can eat the 'fruit of the sea'—beautifully fried crawfish, octopus, whitebait or something like it, and other mysteries. There is the sea now, and the boats."

"Andrea, see the one with the red sail! Could we engage that before any one else takes it?"

"Naturally."

Rapid bargaining of which Susan only caught "vela rossa." Red sail.

"He is charming, the owner of the boat. His name is

Baldassarre, a fine name. He says with this wind we can sail to the Rock of Circe and back in time to catch the eight o'clock train."

"The Rock of Circe? You mean Ulysses' Circe, and the pearls and swine?"

"So they say, and it might be. Believing is all that is necessary . . . Cara, you must not cry."

"But I am so happy—and so hungry!"

Susan had never thought to enjoy octopus, but how good the crispy tentacles were, washed down by the dry white wine that Andrea always chose. "Because it is never the same. The *vino da pasto* changes with every hundred yards in this vine-growing country of mine, and since the bottled wine business has become a trust it is better to drink these locally made wines from open casks."

The captain of the boat wished to bring his boy along. Andrea said, "It will not be necessary. I will help you."

Once out of the harbor, Andrea removed his coat and waistcoat and took the tiller. His hair glittered in the sunshine. In the wind his white silk shirt clung disturbingly to his deep chest. He took off Susan's hat of mauve felt and tied her silk muffler around her curls. "Now we both belong, is it not so? Sit down close to me. See, the captain has gone to the bow. He trusts me and he respects my love for you. He is old but strong, and it pleases me that he called me *bambolo* which means, how do you say, little rascal? Everything is quite right now. The sky, the sea, this boat, the old man, and you, *gidia mia*."

The rightness of things. Andrea was always saying that. It had nothing to do with social laws or a fixed etiquette or a moral code. But when everything was in accord you felt the harmony and you were a fool to question it. For five months now Susan had been seeing Andrea almost daily. She knew their intimacy had been commented upon by the dowagers who sat all day like ravens bonneted by Reboux, in the Hotel Russie halls; by the young secretaries at the Embassy; by those intensive friends of a season—she knew, because they had made some of their comments to her. He was known to be a poor man, and the ugly word "gigolo" was uttered. Susan, who had never consciously met a gigolo, asked Andrea naively if it could possibly apply to him. He flushed angrily.

"Suzie, I forgive you because you do not know what you are saying. You know that Mrs. Davis with the parrot face and too many diamonds, seen everywhere hanging on the arm of a silly boy whose muscles are too weak even to hold in his eye-glass?"

"Yes, her son-in-law."

"Son-in-law! Tch! The daughter was engaged to

Close to the very heart-break of life

now sweeps this extraordinary novel

by the talented former wife of one

of our greatest American novelists

**GRACE  
HEGGER  
LEWIS**

him, then she had the wisdom to break it off and leave Rome. Mother has consoled him! . . . Come here to the mirror."

In the war Andrea had been a grenadier, he was over six feet tall. He was forty-one and his face had an austerity that verged on the ascetic. He caught Susan close to him. "Do we look like Mrs. Davis and her young man?" Susan's blue eyes in the mirror apologized to Andrea's brown ones.

"It is damnable, this assumption on the part of all you Anglo-Saxons that because a man comes from a Latin country he is necessarily a *flaneur*, a wife-stealer, a gigolo. When I first went to London I of course kissed every married woman's hand upon arriving and departing. But I soon gave it up, because of the dark looks their husbands would cast at me. And some of the women make it very hard for us. They think anything we say is charming and has a double meaning simply because it is pronounced with a foreign accent. Even you, dear Suzie, smile tenderly at me whenever I say 'infinitely' or 'difficulty.' We Italians like women, of course, and are much more appreciative of them than your men; we have not yet learned to put business and sport before love and God. But we shall, we shall! I see it coming!"

"I love you to kiss my hand. It thrills me every time you do it. I rub my hands every night with rose water and glycerine to make them soft and I put perfume on the back of the right one always before I meet you."

Susan hid her face on his shoulder with a little-girl shyness.

"BELLÉZZA *mia*, what are you thinking about beneath our red sail?"

"You and me . . . This will be our last excursion together. Roger and Miss Ainley and I sail for Southampton from Naples on Monday."

"But you never told me!"

He leaned heavily on the tiller and the boat swung so sharply to leeward that old Baldassarre started up from his doze in the bow.

"I did not want to spoil this last week together."

"Suzie, will you marry me?"

She made no answer.

"Compared with the life you live with Timothy I have nothing to give. I am poor, I shall never be rich in anything but fame, and I question that—there is so little left to discover in my particular field of archeology. I must live in Italy and it is a childish country, more romantic to visit than to live in. Once the novelty of Italian ways wore off, you would be bored by us, by me . . . And yet I love you with my whole soul, with every inch of my body, you are under my skin, and I have laughed with



Timothy's arm went around Mrs. Riggs, and they laughed softly, like two conspirators



"Suzie, I do not think  
that I shall ever love  
in just this way again"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

W. EMERTON HEITLAND



you as I have with no other, not even with the men of my company in the war. I ask you again to marry me . . . You are the first woman I have ever said that to."

None of this scene was real to Susan. It was a part of the blue sky and the blue sea and the Rock of Circe which later, when she would recall the day, she could not remember having noticed.

"Andrea, these five months have been a gift from your Roman gods to whom you pour a libation upon the ground whenever we have a picnic. Shall we accept it as such, and let me be grateful all the rest of my life to the gods and to you, my very dear?" and she ran her hands over his hair, his face, as if to retain the feeling of them in her palms. "Why, the land is on the right! When did we turn about?"

His eyes were closed. His body was still. "This is the 'little death' of my master, Blake. But to be struck," and he beat his breast, "is to be made sound! . . . Suzie, I do not think that I shall ever love in just this way again. After you go I shall visit once more Assisi, where my dear St. Francis is, and I shall wander barefooted in the silver-gray hills. I think, more deeply now than ever, that the day will come when I shall find my holiest happiness in breaking stones upon a road like a common prisoner, or in rising at dawn and doing lowly tasks in a monastery."

They said no more.

SUSAN was leaning over the side of the steamer as it maneuvered into position beside the Southampton dock. Roger sitting on the rail, in his white English navy clothes which Timothy had sent at Susan's request, Miss Ainley, the governess, still in her hand-made silk sweater but with Venetian beads around her throat, Roman shoes on her feet, and a new wanderlust in her heart. Susan wore a black frock bought at one of those "shipment from Paris" exhibitions at the Hotel Excelsior, where you meet all your friends and in the excitement buy something you don't want. Around her head there writhed a Medusa wreath of *bersaglieri* feathers. Between the feathers and Roger's golden hair Timothy ought to spot them quickly. Ah, there he was!

Again that feeling of seeing a stranger, sharper this time than ever. She pretended not to have seen him, pretended to be searching elsewhere.

"Mrs. Hale, there is Mr. Hale now. He is waving his stick with a rabbit fastened to the end. Roger dear, do you see the rabbit?"

"Hello, Timmy, wonderful to see you!" but there was no ring in her voice. And see how carefully he had dressed for her! Gray hat, blue double-breasted suit, chamois gloves, and oh, the little dog-blankets on his

shoes! "Timmy darling," her voice was gayer now, "how long before I can hug you?" and she made a dumb show of tying a bow tie at her throat, and patted each hand, and wiggled a foot at him through the railings. He easily guessed that she was approving of his efforts to please.

HE WAS at the bottom of the gang-plank, one ungloved hand reaching over the shoulder of a short woman to touch Susan. She drew back sharply.

"Tim, what's the matter with your hand?"

He snatched back his hand. The light died out of his face.

"Got an infection one day, and the darn thing doesn't seem to heal. Revolting, isn't it?"

"N-no, but have you seen a doctor? This sort of thing is dangerous, and isn't it catching?"

Timothy sneered slightly. "I'll try not to touch you and Roger."

"Tim, shame!" and she seized his hand and laid the raw and scaly surface against her cheek.

"Christian martyr embraces leper." He had seen through her gesture.

They shoved their way toward the customs.

"What's the plan, Tim? The Devonshire walking trip seems to be off."

"Can't manage it. Book won't let me. Tell you about it later. We spend the night at the hotel here, then catch the *Mauretania* sailing tomorrow. Excited about going to America, Miss Ainley?"

"I never thought I should! Do you think Roger has changed?"

"He has grown. We'll have to be cutting those curls soon, young feller."

"No, daddy, I like them. Everybody likes them." Roger was not complacent, merely accepting an established fact.

Timothy muttered, "That's what comes of living in hotels. Life on an Ohio farm is what he needs, with a bunch of simple American kids."

Susan and Miss Ainley said nothing.

After dinner Susan suggested that they go for a walk in Southampton. It was rainy and she changed to the tweed suit she had worn on the steamer.

"What's that blue ribbon in your buttonhole?" asked Timothy.

"Oh! I forgot to take it out . . . It's a war decoration of that Professor Venza's."

"I see . . . No, I am not sure that I do see—everything. I did see that after thinking of nothing but you for the last week, making all sorts of preparations for your arrival, even to wearing the dog-blankets, you have not yet kissed me as if you were glad to be with me again. Aren't you?"

The truth was, she wasn't. During the five months in Rome she had worked up through her letters to Timothy

a fondness which she hoped would burgeon into her old love once they were together again. She had not reckoned upon the counteracting love of Andrea. He had come to Naples to say goodbye. It was not until she reached her stateroom and found among some cables an envelop from Andrea which contained nothing but the ribbon she was now wearing in her buttonhole that she realized that she might never see him again. Sobbing she held the inch of ribbon against her mouth. How utterly like him to give her his country's symbol of reward for his wound! "*Piccina, amore, bacio le tue belle mani.*" Never again to hear those velvety words! . . .

"Timothy, I can't answer your question with a simple 'yes' or 'no.' Who knows better than you the complication of emotions?"

"Well, Susan Hale, you will not believe me when I say I have been completely faithful to you since leaving Rome, that I've done very little drinking, and worked like hell. The carbon copy of the book is over there, in that brown bag, and the galleys. We'll finish those on the boat going back. Want to see what Publisher Darcy cabled me? I was saving it up for you as a surprise."

"I'm mad to see it."

"Well, here it is."

She read the cable out loud. "'SURPASSES GOD'S OWN COUNTRY BY THIRTY THOUSAND CIRCUMNAVIGATING MILES PUBLICITY STARTED WELCOME HOME.' Isn't it marvelous?"

"It's the best thing I've done, I know it, but it's nice to have Darcy agree with me. I don't care a damn what the critics say. Mencken will like it, though."

Timothy had gone over to the brown bag and from beneath shirts and slippers he was withdrawing a bulging red envelop. "Would you like to read some tonight? Let's not go for a walk, we'll have time in the morning." He was excitedly sorting manuscript on the bed. "Say, read this first, the speech at the Fruit Growers' Convention," and he smiled expectantly as he handed the pages to her.

Susan had taken off her hat and had folded her coat so that the ribbon in the buttonhole did not show. She sat down in an armchair and started reading, Timothy watching her face as her eyes slid across the lines. But she was thinking:

"I shall never get used to him as long as I live. Not a husband, not a father, not even a jealous lover. Just an author."

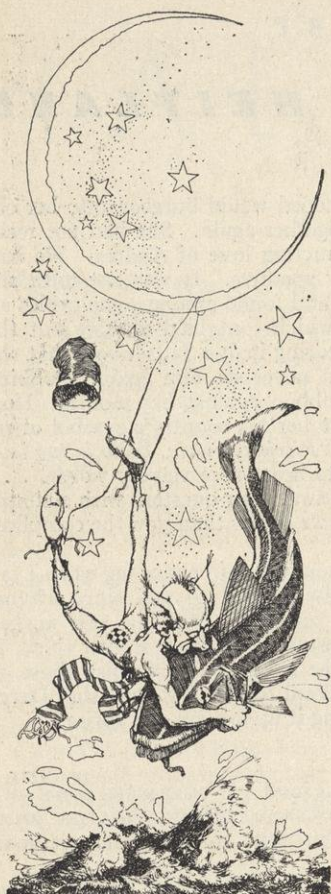
THEY were leaning over the side of another steamer, entering the harbor of the City of Greater New York.

"Miss Ainley, did you ever see such a sky-line?" Timothy was doing his best to stimulate his patriotic feelings with the dumbfounded impressions of this young Yorkshire governess. (Turn to page 50)



"Divorce is impossible." His  
voice was shrill. "I can't  
imagine life without you"





# FROM THE HORN OF THE MOON

by  
**ARTHUR MASON**

**Straight from the Ould Country, to delight young and old, comes this tale of Wee Men and Willie the Wagger**

It was in the dusk of the moon, when the tides were lazy, that something happened to the fish in the sea. Jimmy Breen, who always had luck in netting fine catches of fish, was the first to complain. One morning as he rowed home by the lighthouse he rested his oars and called up to Larry, the lighthouse keeper.

"The top of the morning to you!"

The keeper smiled and answered, "All the day's morning to you, Jimmy Breen!"

"Come down out of up there," said Jimmy. "It's a word I want with you."

"To be sure, to be sure," answered Larry, and slowly he waddled down the long winding flight of stone steps. This was nothing new to Larry, for people rowed their troubles over to him, and good advice he gave to young and old. And it was whispered around that his wisdom came from something not earthly. Be that as it may, he had kept the light burning for over thirty years of nights, and he was hale and hearty at that.

When he had climbed down to the reef that the lighthouse was built on, he spoke: "Is there something wrong with you, Jimmy Breen?"

"Indeed and there is," answered Jimmy. "It's three nights now that I've drifted my nets down in the sea and not a sight or a sound or a scale of a fish have I seen."

Larry looked away over the sea, and said he, "Sure'n it's not to be wondered at, at all. Do you listen to the wind in the night now?"

"How could I listen to anything," said Jimmy, "with not a tail or a fin to make a splash in the sea? What I want to know of you, Larry, this morning: what's happened to the fish in the sea? Are they coming back, or have they gone away for good?"

"You're putting stiff questions to me, Jimmy Breen," said Larry, "but I'll be answering you the best I know how. There is a puff of trouble around here among the things that are and the things that are not, and what it's about I haven't heard yet, but as I listened last night there came a wail in the wind, and there was arguing on the reef down here. That much I know. Now here's my advice to you: put the thought of fish out of your head, and when night comes, walk the tide's water edge till the morning. If you should see or hear anything just keep it to yourself. But mind you, don't cast your nets into the sea, for they will be fishing tonight."

Jimmy stared at old Larry. There was a strange look in his old eyes.

"I'll take your advice," said he, and away home he rowed.

That night when the sun had waded into the sea,

Larry lit the lighthouse light and climbed down the stone steps to the reef. He took a seat on the kelp and stretched out his legs, listening for the sounds that ran out on the ebb. He lit his pipe and pondered on the comings and goings of things in the sea.

"Ah, the troubles there are in this world and that world! It would seem there's no peace anywhere. What I would like to know: what has happened to the Wee Fishermen? I suppose they have misunderstandings, just like the rest of us. But it must be serious trouble they're in. There hasn't been a fish left for me for three nights now. If I only could help them! But they're queer little people and have their own ways of settling things. It's few bones I have to pick now from those they leave for me, and it's strange I don't hear the gulp of a fish on the outgoing tide. Well, I'll climb up the lighthouse steps again and take my spyglass and have a look around."

THAT night after the ebb tide turned and the flood came in on the run, Wee Fishermen gathered together on a green mossy mound that looked over the sea. So tense were they that they were hardly on speaking terms. Trouble was abroad, and the Tanner of Nets had caused it, not only to the Wee Men but to the fish in the sea as well.

The Tanner of Nets was a proud Wee Man. He was the leader of the clan. His herring scale cloak had to be

fresh each evening. He had a quick temper and a loud voice and his eyes were always watering so that the clan never knew whether he was laughing or crying.

The Tanner now spoke. "Are you all here?" he asked. "Where would you have us?" answered the Haddock Boat Sculler. "Down by the sea's mouth breaking bubbles?"

The Tanner stared at him. "Have a care," he said, "or I may tuck a clothes-pin over your nose, and make you swallow your tongue, and send you down in the sea to hunt for Willie the Wagger."

"As if that would do any good," replied the Sculler. "Willie has wits—too much he has for the Tanner."

The Cockle Gatherer was a Wee Man with a pink nose and flat feet, and his breeches were always rolled up to his knees. He carried a basket over his (Turn to page 39)



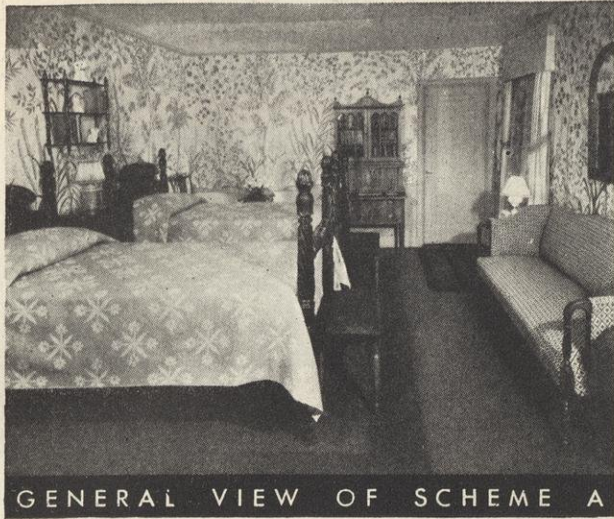
"Come down out of up there," called Jimmy. "Something terrible has happened!"

Illustrations by **ROBERT LAWSON**

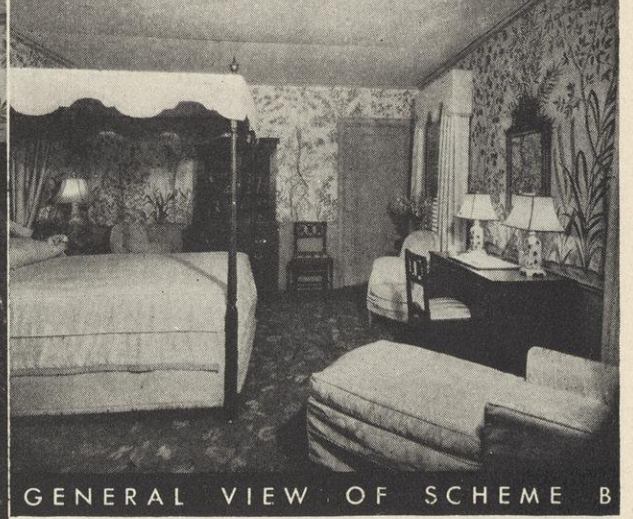
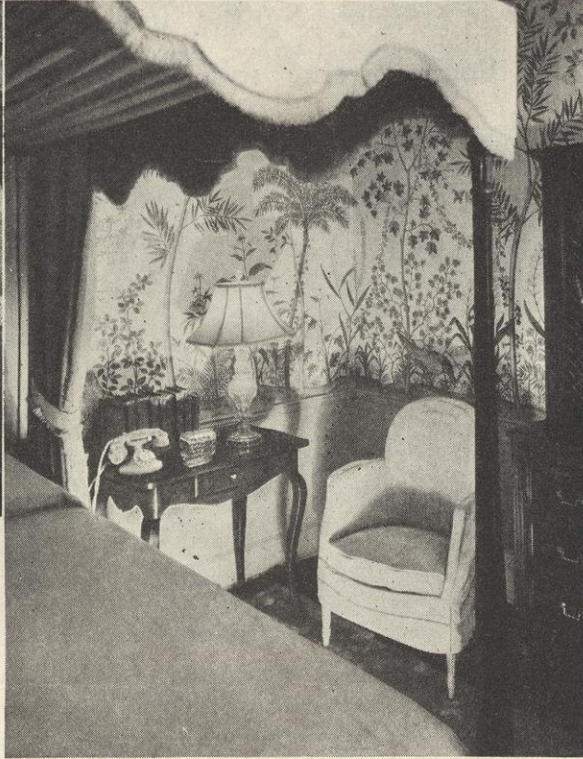


The clan, terrified, watched their leader cast a spell upon Willie the Wagger





GENERAL VIEW OF SCHEME A



GENERAL VIEW OF SCHEME B

## WHICH BEDROOM FOR YOU—INFORMAL OR FORMAL?

"WE'LL have to do something about our bedroom this fall," you'll be saying to yourself one of these warm summer evenings as you sit rocking on the porch, watching the fireflies glint in the garden, and listening to the mosquitoes hum outside the screen.

A grunt, a sudden creak of his chair, a few vigorous pulls at his pipe, will warn you that your words have not been as private as you imagined. You'll know the thoughts that are running through your husband's mind. "Nuisance. Expense. Always changing things. What's the matter with the bedroom. Why can't she leave it alone?"

You'll remember, however, that he is the first to be annoyed when anything in the house is not just so. So you'll let the subject rest for a while, knowing that you have sown the seed of an idea.

These pages have many uses. You can employ them to remind your husband, ever so casually, that bedrooms have to be redecorated every now and again. But their greatest value is that they are packed full of ideas that will help you in planning just what form these new decorations will take.

Careful planning is the basis of all good decoration. Really charming rooms are almost never happy accidents. However casual their effect, they are generally

the result of discriminating choosing, discarding, selecting, and eliminating among the marvelous fabrics and furnishings manufactured in this country today.

There are several methods of working out a scheme of decoration. One is to visualize the scheme completely, either in your mind or on paper. Another is to work it out with actual materials, selecting those that you think might do, and discarding them if they don't. To the amateur home decorator both ways present many difficulties. And certainly the latter is very expensive—though actually it is the method people use who go into a shop and buy indiscriminately.

Delineator Institute of Interiors has gone through these preliminary processes for you. We combed the markets to get just the right things, and we combined them in the ways that we think are the most attractive. On these pages we are presenting the finished results. Our bedroom is furnished in two ways, informally Colonial and more formally French, so that you can see for yourself which will be the most suitable for your home.

We know that perhaps you will not find it practical to reproduce either of these interesting schemes in its entirety, but we are sure that you'll find in each, plenty of attractive ideas that will adapt themselves nicely to the present scheme of your house and its architecture.

These alternate schemes for a bedroom were built, furnished, and decorated by Delineator Institute of Interiors, on the fifteenth floor of the Butterick Building

Everything in these rooms—the fabrics, the furniture, the floor coverings, and the wall-paper—is manufactured in this country. This means that duplicates are easily found and that their cost is not excessive.

Since the background is exactly the same in both rooms, we'll describe the background first.

The flooring is plain linoleum, a deep Chinese blue with narrow strips of brown and tan, inset about a foot from the edge all around.

The walls are covered with a new coloring of a Chinese wall-paper on which light blue-green trees and pink flowers grow against a faint peach sky. It is as fresh and as colorful as a summer woodland, and gives you the same feeling of repose. This paper could also be used in a dining-room, a hall, and even in some living-rooms. It should always be hung above a dado, as we have hung it in our bedroom, otherwise the most interesting part of the pattern will be down near the baseboard where no one will notice it.

We painted all the woodwork light, soft, and dull raspberry pink that brings out the pink flower notes in the paper.

A rather deep cream ceiling is bordered with an inch stripe of blue and one of pink, echoing the colors in the paper and the border in the floor.

Notice the hardware in the room. (Turn to page 44)

### FABRICS FOR SCHEME A



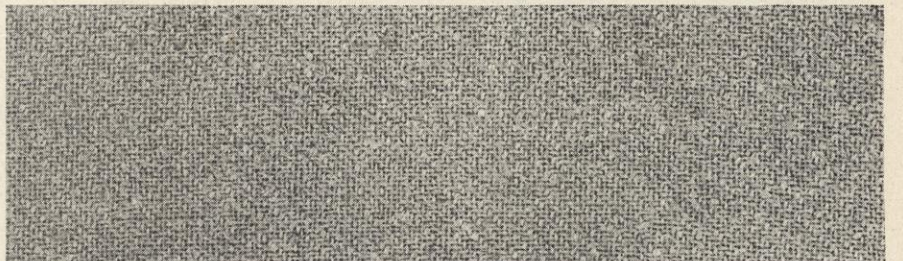
Raspberry percale draperies, above; below, glass curtains of green organdie



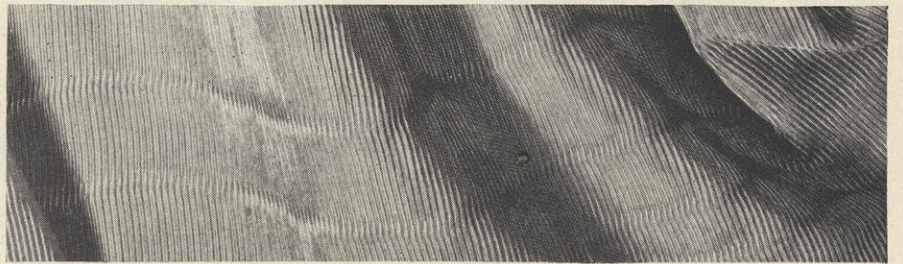
The sofa is slip-covered with sturdy green and white cotton tapestry, below



### FABRICS FOR SCHEME B



Ivory Bourette de rae curtains, above; below, slip covers of ivory rayon moiré





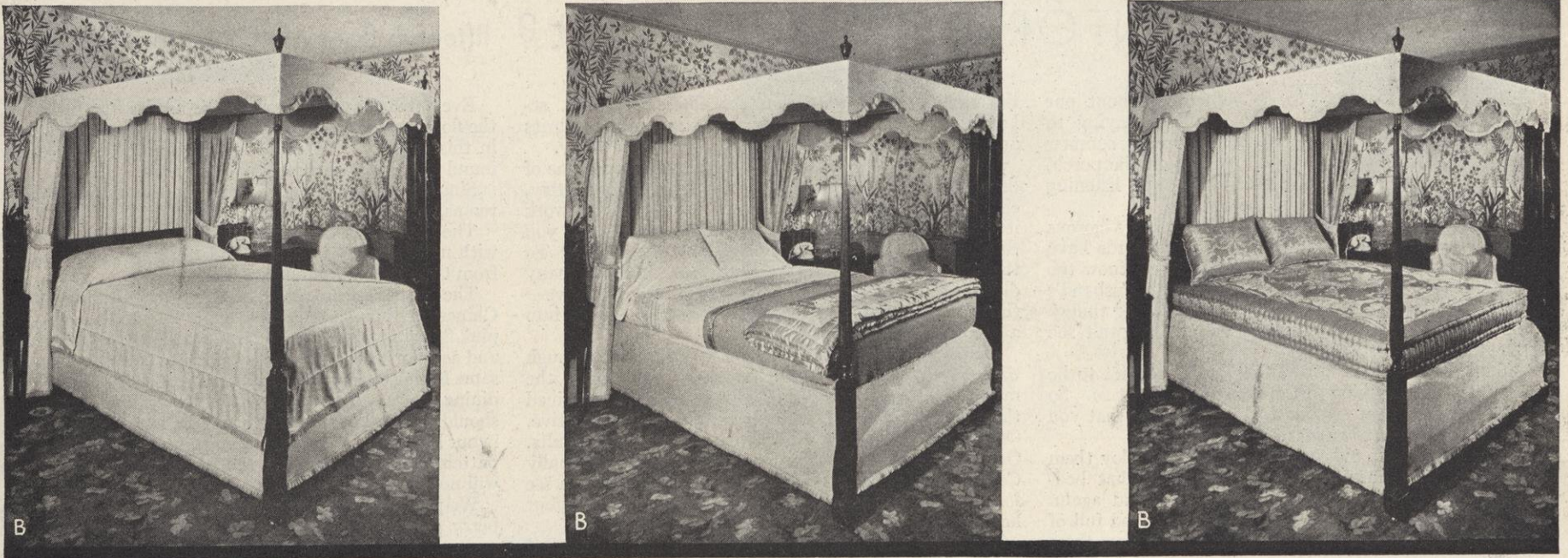
**A** is a scheme that achieves pleasant informality by the use of sturdy mahogany, plain rugs, and gay cotton fabrics in a room with Chinese floral paper, soft raspberry woodwork, and Chinese blue linoleum



Cotton bedspreads (above) have white daisies woven in a green ground. Ivory Bourette de rae dressed the bed below; it is trimmed with ivory wool fringe

Sheets of fine white, percale are used in both the schemes. The blankets and comfortables shown above are light green; those below are in tones of beige

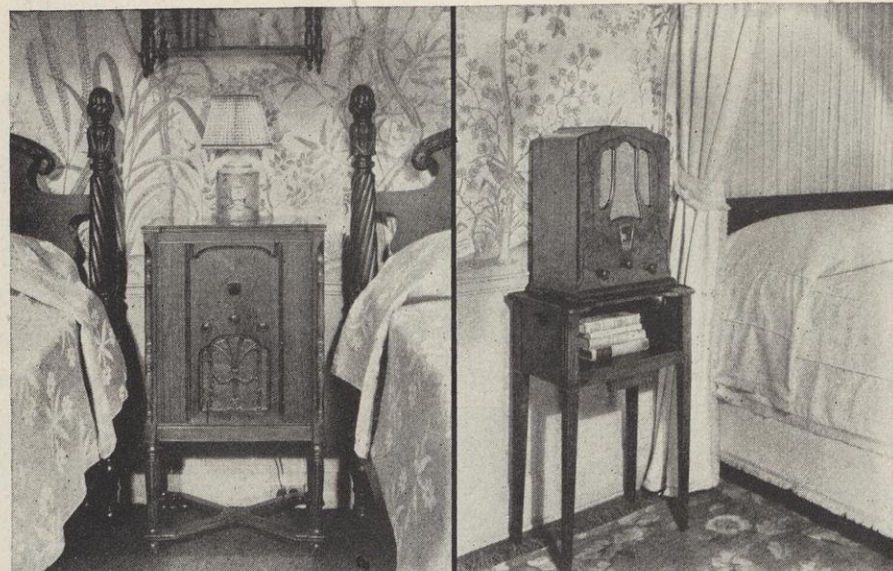
Nowadays mattresses and box springs are made with covers that harmonize with a room; we chose green and white damask for the bedding of both schemes



A

RADIOS

B



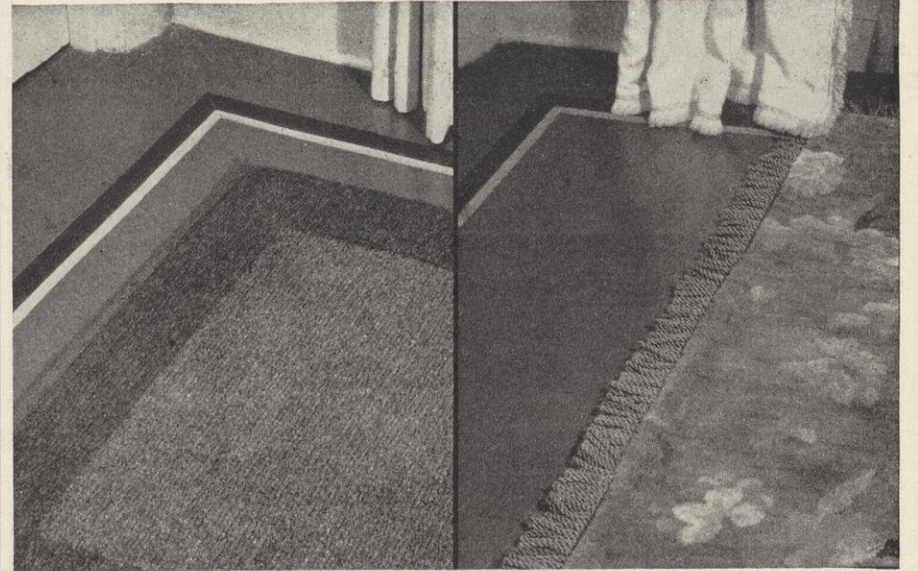
The radio, a sturdy floor model, stands squarely between the beds

We placed this self-contained, small radio on the bedside table

A

FLOORS

B



The rug's wood-brown tones contrast pleasantly with Chinese blue linoleum

This copy of an Aubusson carpet is bound with fringe in tones of green



**B** is a more sophisticated scheme in which greater formality is brought to the same setting by the graceful use of walnut furniture, a copy of an Aubusson carpet, and ivory rayon hangings and slip covers smartly simple



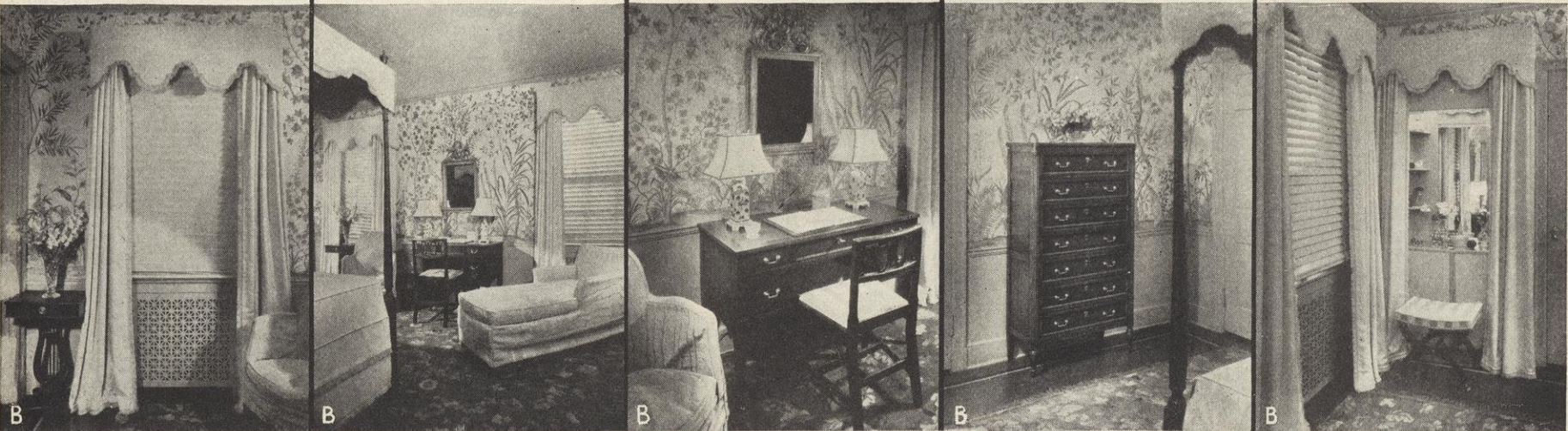
Overdraperies of raspberry percale and glass curtains of green embroidered organdie, above. Curtains of ivory Bourette de rae, below, are used with pink Venetian blinds

The sofa above has a slip cover of green and white tapestry cloth. The upholstered pieces below have slip covers of rayon moiré which matches the ivory hangings

Both the secretary above and the desk below have letter portfolios instead of blotters and both are equipped with those convenient fountain pens that stand upright in their sockets

An electric clock, a bowl of flowers, and a lamp enhance the dignity of the chest of drawers above; and a single bowl of flowers gracefully adorns the high chest below

The dressing table made in a shallow closet is hung with raspberry percale, edged with green pleated ruffles (above); below, we have treated it as if it were one of the windows



## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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

**THE BACKGROUND FOR BOTH DECORATIVE SCHEMES:** Windows, doors, and trim, Curtis Companies, Inc., Manufacturers of Curtis Woodwork, Clinton, Iowa.—Paint for woodwork, E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, Inc., Paint Division, Philadelphia.—Wall-paper of Chinese Floral Design, Richard E. Thibaut, Inc., New York.—Linoleum floor, Armstrong Cork Company, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

**SCHEME A.** RUGS: Reversible Duo Velvety Rugs, Olson Rug Company, Chicago. **THE DRAPERIES:** Drapery Hardware, Kirsch Company, Sturgis, Michigan.—Tontine Washable Window Shades, E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, Inc., Tontine Division, Newburgh, New York.—Glass curtains of plain and embroidered organdie, overdraperies, dressing table skirt and pleated ruffles of glazed percale, slip cover for couch of Moquette Tapestry, H. B. Lehman-Connor Company, Inc., New York. **THE MECHANICAL EQUIPMENT:** Arco radiators and Arco radiator enclosures, American Radiator Company, New York.—Ivory hand set telephone, American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Associated Companies in the Bell System.—General Electric Junior Console Radio, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.—General Electric clock, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut. **THE FURNITURE:** Beds, secretary, Sheraton chest, benches, chairs, tables and mirrors, Charak Furniture Company, Boston.—Sheraton sofa, Mayflower Upholstering Company, Boston. **THE EQUIPMENT FOR BEDS:** Deepsleep mattresses, Deepsleep box springs, Royalty Brand pillows, The Simmons Company, New York.—Chatham blankets, Chatham Manufacturing Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.—Comfortables (*Priscilla*), The Palmer Brothers Company, New London, Connecticut.—Pepperell Fine Count sheets and pillow-cases, Pepperell Manufacturing Company, Boston.—Bates bedspreads, Bliss Fabyan and Company, Inc., New York. **THE ACCESSORIES:** Writing portfolio, hand blotter, John Wanamaker, New York.—Desk pen-set, The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.—Glass bottles, atomizers, boxes, John Wanamaker, New York.—Vase, Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, West Virginia.—Metal lamps, Kanné and Bessant, Inc., New York.—Hanging wall bracket, Conant-Ball Company, Courtesy of Young and O'Connell, New York.—Bohemian glass vases, opaline lamps, and cigarette boxes, Lindemann and Zenishek, found in gift shops throughout the country.—Door handles and escutcheon plates, P. & F. Corbin, New Britain, Connecticut.

OF PROVED MERIT  
DELINEATOR  
INSTITUTE

**SCHEME B.** CARPET RUG: Bigelow Imperial Aubusson carpet, Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Company, Inc., New York.—Fringe trimming for carpet rug, Consolidated Trimming Corporation, New York. **THE DRAPERIES:** Drapery hardware, Kirsch Company, Sturgis, Michigan.—Venetian blinds, The Columbia Mills, Inc., New York.—Fabric for valance, overdraperies, dressing table skirt and bedspread of cream Bourette de rae, Witcombe McGeachin and Company, New York.—fabric developed by Du Pont Rayon Company, New York. **THE MECHANICAL EQUIPMENT:** Arco radiators and Arco radiator enclosures, American Radiator Company, New York.—Ivory hand set telephone, American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Associated Companies in the Bell System.—RCA Victor Superette—a self-contained 8-tube superheterodyne receiver, RCA Victor Company, Inc., Camden, New Jersey.—**THE FURNITURE:** Bed, chiffonier, night tables, cabinet, mirror, desk, bench and chairs, Baker Furniture Factories, Allegan, Michigan.—Biscuit rayon moiré for chaise longue and chairs, F. Schumacher and Company, New York.—fabric developed by Du Pont Rayon Company, New York. **THE EQUIPMENT FOR BED:** Dupré Taffeta for bed canopy and lining of bed valance, H. B. Lehman-Connor Company, Inc., New York.—fabric developed by Du Pont Rayon Company, New York.—Slumberlure box spring, mattress, and pillows, S. Karpen and Bros., New York.—Chatham blanket, Chatham Manufacturing Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.—Comfortable (*Velvora*), The Palmer Brothers Company, New London, Connecticut.—Pepperell Peeress sheets and pillow-cases, Pepperell Manufacturing Company, Boston. **THE ACCESSORIES:** Desk pen-set, The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.—Letter-paper, Eaton, Crane and Pike Company, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.—Glass bottles, atomizers, boxes, B. Altman and Company, New York.—Pottery lamps and parchment shades, Kanné and Bessant, Inc., New York.—Bohemian glass vases, crystal lamp, and opaline cigarette boxes, Lindemann and Zenishek.—Door handles and escutcheon plates, P. & F. Corbin, New Britain, Connecticut.

The curtains pulled together (below) to conceal the dressing table make a nook for the moiré covered chaise longue

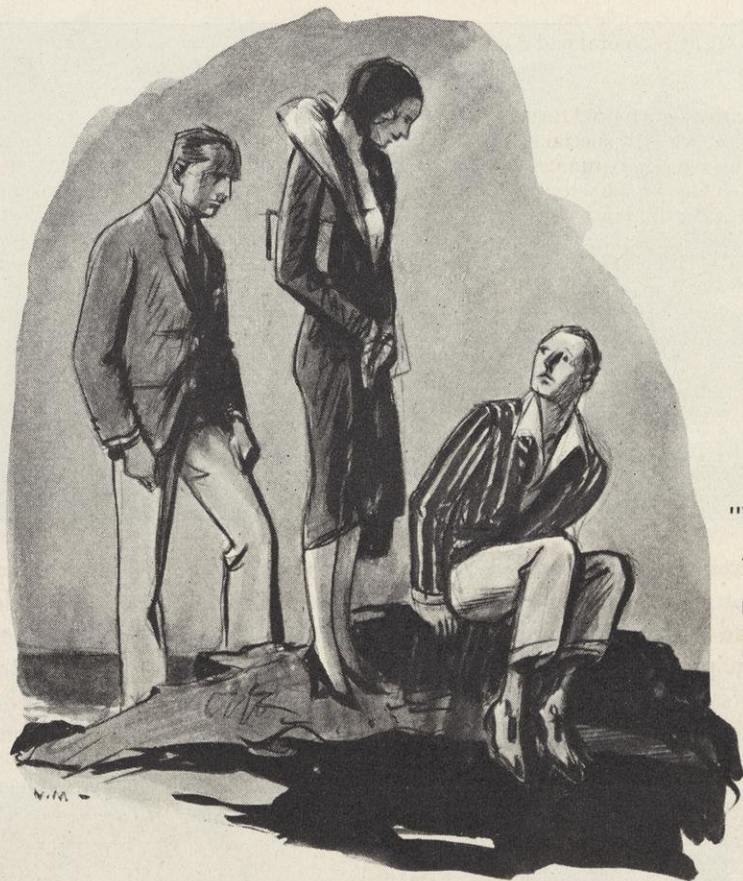


Photographs by the GOOLD STUDIOS

INTERIORS . . . JOSEPH B. PLATT, Director



by G. B. S T E R N



# THE SHORTEST NIGHT

"You know the truth, you'll have to tell me!" Lal first begged Rosalind, then Heriot

must stay here *auprès de ma brunetle!* And he laughs, the *crapaud!* 'Ah, and who has sent you then?'—'It is my chief, it is *le Commissaire*. The villa is to be under surveillance once more. Discoveries have been made. I am forbidden to tell you, but he is coming presently to make an arrest.'"

"Lal!" burst from Nancy, in a panic . . . so that the others swung round and stared at her. Nancy buried her face in her hands. She was trembling. Sophia slipped a comforting arm round her.

"Non, non, *mademoiselle*, have no fear; it is not Monsieur Lal who is to be arrested. It is, *ce crapaud* tells me, Madame Root Jackson."

"Rumples!"

"The poor silly unenlightened wees," remarked Rumples (Mrs. Ruth Jackson) cheerfully, "playing their baby games. Why me?"

"I ask, too, madame, and he, the gendarme, talks some nonsense that he has heard from the Commissaire about a letter from London."

"They're still on the one from your doctor about poisons! Look here, Rumples," cried Prunella, "do stop sitting there, finding excuses for the police. We've got to act. Sophia—Paul—back me up! I've a marvelous plan. We've got the start of them, you see. We're in a—what d'you call it?—advantageous strategic position, away from the house, out here on the island with three boats. Juniper Gregg must take Rumples at once in *Dandy* and rush her over the frontier into Italy, and Paul and Joe and I will shoot into the row boat and tear away in the opposite direction, pretending we've escaped, and put them off the trail!" . . . She left it to be supposed that the rest of the party, including Lady Humber, should return to the mainland in the lobster-red canoe.

"My lamb," murmured Rumples, "such a pretty thought!"

"Oh, you're a lunatic! You'll have to be saved in spite of yourself. Oh, Paul—Heriot! Do make her *see* that this isn't a game!"

BUT Heriot inquired, irrelevantly addressing Silvère, not Rumples or Prunella: "Did you see Monsieur Lal before you crossed over?" Before Silvère could reply, or Léonie could intercept him, they were all startled by an interruption from Sophia Framlingham, self-appointed sleuth and hostess of the Aloës party.

In her most authoritative manner, which always compelled silence and even apprehension, she said: "Juniper Gregg, I definitely accuse you of the murder of Fred Poole, and I think I can prove it. Do you want to hear my case against you, or would you prefer to confess it yourself?"

"Sophia," Paul Slade spoke sternly, feeling that she must be restrained at once before she committed herself to any more libelous statements, "you've absolutely no right to spring a charge like that without justification!"

"I have plenty of justification. You can't stop me, Paul. It's my villa, and I'm responsible, and I have my duties as a hostess. We've all been through a terrible time. I thought it was over, and that we could get normal again, but now, look! One word, and we're back where we were: Léonie in hysterics, Nancy crying, Lal missing, Rumples to be arrested, Prunella off on some utterly hare-brained scheme—God knows where it will all end!"

"Well," drawled Juniper, lazily, his blue eyes very bright and round, "suppose you pour out your case

Now comes the exciting conclusion of this mystery story. And at last we know who really committed this most baffling of murders

LAL CLIFFORD was little more than a schoolboy, and with all the ardor of youth he adored Mrs. Rosalind Poole. She was a woman older than himself, who encouraged him not at all, who in fact madly adored Nigel Poole, her husband out in Ceylon. And she was returning to him, when a radiogram to her ship called her back to France. Her brother-in-law, Fred Poole, had been murdered.

When she reached Aloës, the scene of the house-party where Fred Poole was found dead, Lal Clifford, to her amazement, walked into her life again. And with this astounding confession: "*It was I who killed Fred.*"

Could this be possible? It is true that Fred Poole was not popular with the group he was visiting at Aloës—or with a neighboring house-party at Balmoral. There had been suspicions between the two villas, but these had led to no arrests. In fact, the French police commissioner and his gendarmes had retired at last from the scene of the mystery—and both groups were celebrating their freedom on an island nearby. Lal had left the picnickers to go fetch a phonograph, so that their moonlight revels could be even more gay. And it was then that he met his adored Rosalind in the empty garden of Aloës.

Now follows the solution to this mystery story:

"LAL'S been gone a devil of a time."

"There he is!" said Nancy Rhodes, who had been listening for the plash of oars ever since Lal had left them, and had heard it before anyone else. How empty the island seemed to her without Lal!

"Hooray! Now we can have 'Can't help lovin' dat man!' for me and Paul. I'm feeling rather deep and

throbbing and sentimental." This from Prunella Quentin. "Who's Lal got with him?" Prunella's brother Joe was puzzled at the chatter of voices, as the row boat ground against the rocks.

"Madame! madame!"

"Why, it isn't Lal at all. It's the cook, Léonie—Léonie and Silvère."

"Ah, madame! It is terrible news that I bring to you. The gendarmes, they have returned. They are at Aloës again!"

"What?"

"It is not true!" Prince Louis, Lady Humber's prize guest at Balmoral, leaned forward. Heriot Bannister had sprung upright. The rest of the party were dumb with consternation.

"Yes, yes, it is true!" cried Léonie hysterically. "That they went away it was only to deceive us, so that we might feel free . . . ah, the cunning ones, and we so innocent, so happy, so glad they have departed. And now, suddenly, he returns!"

"Who? The Commissaire?"

"No, no! That will be presently. He—Pierre Lestocq, the gendarme of whom my Silvère is so jealous, just because he follows me, follows me, follows me round, as though, *Nom de Dieu*, I could prevent it!"

"What's all this about the withdrawal being a blind, Léonie?" asked Sophia Framlingham.

"Madame, it is we who are blind, not they. Only a few minutes ago, while we servants were also feasting a little, suddenly he appears again and will not go. He sits down. He stares at me. My Silvère orders him away, '*Va-t-en!*' But no. 'I have a right here,' he says. 'I am sent. I



against me. It might be interesting. What's that, Heriot?"

"Nothing," said Heriot. (He had just seen Lal Clifford sitting with Rosalind Poole on the rocks by the bathing pool in the Aloës garden.)

"I'd no idea," went on Juniper, "that Sophia was an amateur detective. Was that why you asked me, so kindly, to stay with you after I left Balmoral?"

"It was one of my reasons," replied Sophia coolly, "but I must say you didn't give away much."

"No. I'm a hardened criminal."

Sophia turned full face to Juniper: "I believe that you brought Fred home that night from Balmoral in your motor-boat, and poisoned him on the way, from some motive that you can tell us, because I can't; that you landed in the next-door cove from ours, undressed the body, put it into pajamas that you found in the suitcase, put the rest of his clothes back into the suitcase, and

but, oddly enough, again at Heriot, who nodded with rather a grim smile. "Yes, all right. Go on."

As though by some tacit consent, the Aloës group had drawn together, separated from the Balmoral party. They were not consciously inimical, but all the same, something queer, something terrible had happened at Aloës . . . and those staying at Balmoral had known about it all the time.

"WE WERE all surprised when Fred turned up at Balmoral that night, with a very special book which he had bought for Heriot on his trip," Juniper began, "and especially surprised when he let out that his amorous adventure with the beautiful unknown lady, whom he'd gone to meet in Marseilles, was only a dutiful impulse to see his sister-in-law, Mrs. Nigel Poole, off to Ceylon. One hates to say it of a dead man, but Fred Poole was probably the vainest creature that ever tried to impress

Written in the Eighteenth Century to Blanche de Quimperlaine (Eudisia, Sœur de Charité) and only Recently Discovered at the Burning of the Couvent des Filles de la Madeleine, in Normandy, where the Letters Were Found Intact, albeit Somewhat Charred, under a Flagstone."

"Poor girl, what a shame!"

"Ah, Auntie, *darling!*" Lal collapsed, and rocked with laughter. "What *do* you mean?"

His Aunt Lucinda was not at all sure what she meant. She was too preoccupied in wondering whether Mr. Poole, whom she did not like very much, and whom she had not expected as a caller that evening, would very soon depart. She was giving a party at the Casino fête, the Fête of Saint Silvère, on purpose to introduce Prince Louis of Lemburg-Boissy to Madame de Chaumet, Lord and Lady Pennant and young Sir John Newhaven, and she did not at all intend this actor, this Mr. Poole, this



Illustrations by  
WALLACE MORGAN

Silvère, vowing furious vengeance on the gendarme, dragged Léonie down the path; she all the while screaming and violently protesting her innocence

carried it and the body up the balcony steps into his room, between half-past eleven and twelve. You put him in his bed, and arranged it superficially to look like suicide, with a cup of herb tea beside the bed, and then you unpacked his things as though he'd undressed and scattered them about the room. Unluckily for you, however, you forgot to unpack his tie, which still remained folded up inside the suitcase, where I found it. Now then!"

She glared at him triumphantly, prepared for a guilt-sodden refutation.

Juniper thought it over. "Yes, that's accurate enough, and some of the details are excellent—that bit about the tie, for instance" . . . and his listeners experienced a thrill at his bland manner . . . "But there's still a great deal you don't know. We Russians have a proverb which says: 'As one door closes, another opens.' " (Joe gave vent to a hysterical hiccup of laughter.) "Now, I wonder if you'd like me to tell you exactly what happened that night?" He was not looking at Sophia now,

himself on the world—and our distinguished member of parliament, Heriot Bannister, in particular—as a reckless, swashbuckling Don Juan. He was furious with himself when he made the mistake and let out what a liar he was, especially as we all shouted with laughter. All of us, that is, except Lal."

*Here is what actually happened that night:—*

HERIOT BANNISTER screwed in his monocle, and examined the exquisite volume just presented to him by Fred Poole.

Lady Humber leaned forward with the gracious air of one interested in literature both for its own sake and for the sake of helping the poor scribes: "But what's the title of the book, Heriot? Nothing indiscreet, I hope, though I'm sure it's most beautifully bound."

Lal, leaning over Heriot's shoulder, read aloud: "The Most Pardonable and Not Unnatural Lapse into Error of Cardinal Pissarro, an Authentic Account from Letters

odd segment of poor Sophia's riff-raff at Aloës, to be of her distinguished party. They ought to be starting almost at once. It would be nicer if Mr. Poole went away first, without knowing that he was being politely but firmly eliminated from the most exclusive society of the Côte des Maures.

Fred was palpably waiting to be thanked, so Heriot did his duty manfully. "I can't tell you, Poole, how grateful I am to you for 'The Most Pardonable and Not Unnatural, etc.' It'll raise the whole tone of my library."

"It's only for the sophisticated public, of course," Fred hazarded in an offhand tone. He was always liable to overdo his easy swagger at Balmoral, telling himself that these were far more his natural surroundings than the careless shabbiness of Sophia Framlingham and her satellites.

Meanwhile Juniper Gregg, who alone of the company had the primitive simplicity to be attracted by the "Pardonable and Not Unnatural" (Turn to page 73)



# LITTLE BITES FOR PORCH AND PICNIC PARTIES

by  
**ANN BATCHELDER**

**When the usual pales, try the unusual.**

This good advice is ably seconded by the new and appropriate suggestions you will find described on this page

The perfect sweet for any party you may have, this glazed fruit and cream tartlet makes good

Ham Cassolette, in case nights turn cold and you want a hot and hearty little supper dish

And here is none other than the graceful artichoke heart made very stylish with a new dress

Much praise should be given to a beautifully stuffed egg set in translucent cucumber aspic

Last, but not least, you see the lobster or crab à la Pierre in a setting of lettuce and lemon

**N**O, indeed, summer is not waning. Not yet. There are still two months to go. Long, lazy days are these, with an amethyst haze over the full-blown earth. The month of Ramadan is here, when the tents of Omar are being sewn against the frost to come. And out in the marshes the loons are calling, crying amid the sumac's dying fires.

Oh, well, two good months are ahead. Two of the best. Never mind the heat. Earth is conserving it that another summer may be assured. Full of fulfilment are these last days of summer, and full of promise, too, real and implied.

Having completed my opening remarks on the days of the year that are with us, I would go on to speak of what a certain great man once referred to as "the subject that is nearest my heart," or something like that. I would finish our summer and vacationing time with a flourish. And that means that I'd have you give such a flourish to the little parties and picnics of these remaining hot days and moonlight nights that they will never be forgotten. I'd have you say it with delicious little bites of goodness, filled with all the sweet surprises and the zest of living that mean so much to us all.

For of course you are still gathering of an afternoon and getting together of an evening, to listen to the tree-toads and watch the last trolley hit the end of the line. The moon is up, and mystery, like a silver curtain, hangs in the air and is reflected in the fountain.

You'll have exhausted most of the usual tasty food combinations by now, and long for new worlds to conquer. Try, therefore, some of the notions I've set down here, and before you know it you will be planning bigger and better parties, more and loftier picnics, and the last rose of summer will be left blooming all too soon, forlorn in the forsaken garden. This is very sad, is it not? But plenty gay, also.

Open, to start, then, some nice skinless and boneless sardines. Have handy good fresh horseradish. If there's chutney in the house, that's a good idea, too. Dip the sardines in the chutney, put each on a finger of toast, dress with a little horseradish. Serve with a beverage of glittering and jade-like lime, iced to a frost.

Or, make a very large pitcher of iced coffee. Let me tell you something I found out. When you make iced coffee, pour the coffee, very strong, too, over ice while the coffee is hot. Then chill in the automatic refrigerator. Put a little rich cream or evaporated milk into each tall glass when serving, add some crystallized sugar and an ice cube or two. There I go again, forgetting for the moment that I was going to give you another idea for a bite and not for a beverage. But I just *had* to say coffee. Such a perfect thing, oh, like amber it is, like a carnelian under crystal, when properly iced and served. Well, with the above superior drink, you might, with real good results, serve some crisp and cold and tender stalks of celery. Stuffed, *you* know. Take some mayonnaise and beat into it a very little whipped cream. Then add enough soft Camembert cheese so the cheese flavor is quite obvious. Pipe this into the hollows in the celery. Chill. And do some of the celery with lobster, chopped very fine, added to mayonnaise and highly seasoned with lemon juice and a dash of cayenne. Endive done the same way is delicious. Serve (Turn to page 61)

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This salad is so abundantly garnished that it has no need of extra blandishments. But it is good to add a service of icy cold olives, toasted crackers and cheese

The first course salad should be as carefully composed as a fugue or as a poem. Dress it with discrimination. Serve it with distinction and aplomb

# THE SALAD IS A SMART FIRST COURSE

by ANN BATCHELDER



THIS is only gossip, but I've heard that a certain famous hostess in Washington started it, and that others, weary of the usual and trite, adopted it—this fashion of serving a salad as a first course. And so it has become smart. What a word that is! Smart clothes, smart parties, smart shops—curious, isn't it? When a few years ago we used this word to mean cleverness, and to characterize a person as smart meant that person was bright. And even bright has lost its old meaning and is something else now. And it all sums up into this: that smart has become a smart word. We use it in connection with food, even. Smart and sophisticated, and so we arrive at the *summum bonum*.

Well, as I started to say, it is smart now to begin a luncheon with a salad. Instead of waiting until the lagging appetite needs a revivifying treatment just before dessert, the salad makes its appearance at the very first, and why not? Seems like a good idea to me. For with such a beginning one need not serve a too hearty main course, and the dessert, light and frosty, I hope, will in itself be the perfect climax we need these August afternoons.

For the tender salad greens are as refreshing as a dewy morning. Indeed, I fancy that the dew has entered into their crisp greenness to become part of their beguiling. Haven't you all seen lettuce growing in its shady corner of a country garden? And noted that, long after the sun was over the gilded weather vane on the barn, the lettuce leaves were wet with dew? Sun and dew. These go to reclaim from the rich earth the succulence and spirited purpose of lettuce.

I feel that salads as a first course should be very light, unless the salad is to be both first and main course at luncheon. For dinner we should remember the formalities and begin with other delightful appetizers, leaving the salad to its appointed place. But luncheons are more flexible. So we shall deal only with the salad that comes before the main course, and the salad that is the hearty part of the meal in itself and needs no appetizer.

The salad you see on this page being tenderly lifted from bowl to plate is right for both the first course and for the main dish of the luncheon. And so simple, too. But right here let me take issue with myself. One may always quarrel with oneself, and no hurt feelings. When I said *simple*, the thought flashed across my mind that, after all, no salad is as simple as it looks. Very deceitful, salads. Like the tiny cottages one finds on country roads. They look so little, just the size for one or possibly two people, and you're amazed to find that once a family of nine lived and flourished beneath the attenuated roof-tree. And had plenty of room, too. Well, salads are often just as misleading. There is the proper crispness, the perfect degree of coldness, the mixing and dressing and serving, and the superb resulting reward.

The salad we show in the octagon bowl is compounded of the very choicest of lettuce hearts, of pale sheaves of endive, of young and inexperienced scallions, and slices of avocado. These all are of a coldness and a crispness unexcelled, having been taken care of by the automatic refrigerator. Thin slivers of cucumber, too, iced and marinated a moment in salt water, are introduced to give a cooling touch, and the whole is dressed with mayonnaise made into a mousseline dressing by the addition of whipped cream and the inclusion of a little chopped olive. And this same salad would be just as good done with French dressing. Of course the bowl was well rubbed with garlic before the salad was put in.

Now can you not taste this on a blazing hot day, in a cool dining-room, and can't you imagine how good a "spot" of cheese and some crisp crackers would taste with it? And if it was followed by a delicious mousse and a frost-smitten glass of iced coffee, wouldn't it satisfy you completely? It would me.

Hearts of lettuce, separated into lettuce leaf cups and filled with thoroughly chilled fruit such as orange, pineapple, grapes, dressed with lime juice and sugar or a little lemon juice and Kirsch so cold it fairly sparkled—

what first course for a luncheon could make a more poignant appeal?

You may choose to go original in these first-course and main-course salads, and make your own particular contributions to the lore on this inexhaustible subject. But don't forget to try the really perfect combination of grapefruit sections and avocado pear. Serve these, well marinated and chilled in fruit dressing, on lettuce. As an appetizer this salad is delicious and most attractive to look at.

Or see what happens when you stuff halves of pear with cheese, grate or slice some preserved kumquat over the pears, dress them with Bar-le-Duc, and top with mayonnaise beaten up with a little whipped cream.

Little ripe tomatoes may be scooped out, salted inside, and chilled in the refrigerator. Mix the yolks of hard boiled eggs with mayonnaise, add caviar, chopped onion, and lemon juice to taste. Stuff the tomatoes with this mixture. Serve in lettuce cups and garnish with the white of the eggs put through a ricer and liberally sprinkled with caviar. Serve these in little nests of shredded lettuce.

Make a French dressing, using three tablespoons of oil, with a very little sugar. Then add lemon juice, grapefruit juice, and pineapple juice until the dressing is tart and thin. Beat well and chill. Use this to dress a first-course salad of shaved pineapple and strawberries cut in two, and served in lettuce cups.

When it pleases you to serve a lobster salad as a first course, instead of a lobster canapé or cocktail, marinate the lobster meat in French dressing and make very cold in the refrigerator. Arrange the (Turn to page 49)

INSTITUTE

MILDRED MADDOCKS BENTLEY, Director





# • THIS IS WHAT IT MEANS •

by **ANN BATCHELDER**

**D**O YOU sometimes wonder what we mean when we use certain cookery terms? And do you often wish a word or a process might be made more explicit and save you bother and confusion? If such is the case, you'll get light on the path from this page of meanings. And there'll come a day when I shall "take up my parable" again and tell you more. For unusual words do crop up in recipes. Let's start, then, with a word I often use.

**ASPIC:** This is a savory jelly made from stock, broth, consommé or tomato juice with gelatine. And it is used to denote fruit juice jellies, too. At least by me.

**BASTE:** To dip liquid upon a food in cooking. Poultry and meats are basted with fat and drippings. Fruits are basted with syrups or the juices in the pan. The object is to add succulence to the food.

**BIND:** This is to bind together the ingredients and complete the making of a sauce. We bind with egg, butter, cream. Binding is simply a holding together to prevent curdling or separation of the sauce and to complete the texture.

**BLANCH:** We use this term to denote the process of plunging food into hot water and then into cold to produce firmness and preserve the color. An example is the blanching of sweetbreads. And we also blanch nuts to make it easier to remove the skins. Fruits, tomatoes and some vegetables are often blanched to aid in removal of the skin.

**CANAPÉ:** Simply a small open appetizer. It is usually round and the base may be bread, crackers, or a specially designed wafer-like shell that comes ready to fill with any desired appetizer, such as caviar, relish, fish, or vegetable. It serves as a first course at luncheon or dinner, or is often served with the cocktail before a meal.

**CARAMELIZE:** To melt sugar to a liquid. We do this by constantly stirring the sugar in a frying pan over a low flame until the sugar is entirely melted. It is then added to scalded milk, as in a baked custard, or boiling water is added to the melted sugar and the whole simmered to a syrup.

**COATS:** "Coating the spoon," a term many cooks understand but some do not, is the only way to tell when a boiled custard or cream is cooked to exactly the right point. The custard or cream completely covers the spoon with a film that does not run off when the spoon is taken from the double boiler. Watch for it and get to know it. Coating the spoon is an absolutely infallible test for this kind of cooking.

**COMPÔTE:** In case you've forgotten, a compôte is made by gently poaching fruit in a syrup and serving chilled, or hot with rice. All kinds of fruits may be done so. Try plums, sometime.

**CREAM:** To cream means to convert an ingredient into a creamy stage. We cream shortening before adding sugar, in making cake. And it is simply beating and manipulating any substance into a consistency of softness. The word also applies to combining ingredients, "creaming together," so the resulting texture is very smooth and delicate.

**DREDGE:** Here is a simple word that is used to cover the process of working flour or sugar into food, or sprinkling them over it. Flour is dredged into meat or poultry to give a well seared surface when cooked. Cakes and cookies are dredged by sprinkling with sugar or spice. The best way to dredge is to sift the substance over the food so it will be lightly and evenly covered. Floured has the same meaning.

**DRESS:** To me this implies a finishing touch. It is also used to mean getting something ready to cook. You read, "dress the fowl," "dress the fish." That is usually done at the market. Dressing a salad is adding, at the last moment, the oil or mayonnaise that completes the dish.

**FOLD:** Folding in an ingredient signifies a light touch. You fold in beaten whites of eggs in cake or dessert by folding the mixture over and over just enough to take in the eggs or cream or whatever. It is not a beating process but a gentle persuasive incorporation of the ingredient by using as few and as light strokes of fork or spoon as you possibly can to complete the batter. A light-handed process.

**GLAZE:** Just reduced stock or juices or syrups, cooked down to the almost jelly stage, used to lightly cover meat or any dish that is enhanced by a beautiful glazed appearance.

**GRATIN:** Briefly here, this term means a dish covered with crumbs and cheese and baked either in the oven or under a broiler.

**GRENADINE:** Briefer still, grenadine is the juice of the pomegranate. I use it for color and flavor in jellied dishes, ices, and salads. Delicious fruits come preserved in it, notably stuffed oranges and pineapple slices as well as pears and apricots.

**JULIENNE:** Cut in fine strips or strings. Vegetables, mostly, and French fried ones in particular are oftenest done julienne. Also those for garnishes. A real good soup comes nicely canned, bearing this name, derived from a famous French chef of long ago.

**KIRSCH:** I often speak of this, so to set you straight, I will say that Kirsch is a flavoring liqueur made from cherries. It is wonderfully good, especially with fruits and particularly with berries.

**LARD:** I should say *to lard*. That's different. The process is to draw through poultry and meat thin strips of salt pork or bacon. It is done with a larding needle. Fish is sometimes larded, too. The object is to add fat and succulence to the meat or fish and to overcome any possible dryness.

**MARINATE:** Just allowing fruit, vegetables, meat, or fish to stand in a liquid to improve texture or flavor.

**MASK:** To cover with a jelly or glaze. Or to incase in a gelatine or sauce, in order to add a contrasting color and flavor to the dish. It is done with a spatula or by pouring the glaze over the food, or by congealing in a cold sauce.

**MINCE:** This means cutting or chopping to a fine degree either in a bowl or with a knife.

**PARBOIL:** Partly boil. Very simple. The technique is to put the food into cold water, bring to a boil, then simmer gently until the right stage of cooking is attained, avoiding violent boiling.

**PIPE:** Here is an old word with a dozen meanings. What I mean by it is to decorate. Use the metal decorator or pastry bag and tube to make designs and patterns of icing, purées, and mayonnaise on cakes, salads and vegetable service.

**POACH:** Merely to cook gently in water, cooking wine or syrups, as in poaching fish or eggs and fruits, in making dishes that are to be dressed with a sauce. In the case of fruits, the syrup forms the sauce.

**PURÉE:** Vegetables and fruits put through a colander or sieve so that the juices and pulp are preserved together and blended into a thickened whole. Most foods are cooked before being puréed.

**RICE:** Potatoes and other vegetables put through a ricer. Eggs, hard cooked, are riced as a decoration for hors d'œuvres and salads.

**ROUX:** When you see this word, remember it means only a blend of fat and flour used to thicken sauces, soups, and gravies.

**SAUTÉ:** The light and pleasant browning of meat, fish, fruits and vegetables in a frying pan, with as little fat as possible. A gentle process.

**SEAR:** When you sear anything, you apply a high degree of heat to the surface in order to quickly seal and preserve the juices. Steak and all roasts are seared at high temperatures, then the heat is reduced to conclude cooking.

**SHRED:** Just what it sounds like. A good sharp knife or a silver fork. And *shred*. Making fine slivers and splinters of any fruit, nut, or leafy thing that makes a dish attractive or easier to serve.

**SUPRÊME:** The best part, cooked superbly. For example: suprême of chicken. The breast and filet, with the upper part of the wing attached, cooked in butter and cooking wine or baked in cream, and served with a rich sauce. And suprême applies to other dishes prepared in a similar manner.

**TOSS:** Doing this, we lightly turn and overturn anything we are making. So—we toss the greens in a salad by tenderly turning over and over with a fork in either hand, in order to cover every bit of salad with the dressing, and making a blended whole. We follow the same process in cooking many vegetables, when completing the saucing and serving.

**TRUFFLE:** Oh, you know what this is. An underground mushroom grown in France. Comes in cans. Dandy for flavor, garnishing, and style.

**WORK:** We all know what *this* means. I have an added meaning though. I work in shortening, with the hand, or with a knife or spatula. Just lightly rubbing together ingredients, or combining a sauce. It's really not work to do it, still it *is* work.

Is this all clear?



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# Back from the very heart of good cooking...with French recipes for you!

LAST summer, just before I began my Crisco radio talks, I made a quick trip to France. Now I'm going to tell you about it. And I *won't* talk about Paris! I want to take you right to Perigord . . . a province famous for its geese, truffles, castles—and cooking!

When I registered in the old Sarlat Inn, I tried out my French upon plump, rosy-cheeked Madame H—, who rules over a kingdom of shining copper pots and pans.

I must have confirmed her suspicion that all Americans are a trifle mad. I presented her with a 3-lb. can of Crisco and asked her to cook her dinner with it.

"It is like cream," said Madame. "Can I cook with it?"

I told her that Crisco is America's *modern* shortening that blends delicacy into cakes . . . crispness and tenderness into pastry . . . and wraps fried foods in a thin golden crust. So she waddled off excitedly to experiment with Crisco.

I could simply rave about that wonderful dinner. But I must confine myself to the duck with orange sauce—and the cherry tart. You don't need a duck to try out this orange

sauce. It will be the pride of your life if you serve it with roasted or fried Sunday chicken. Orange sauce is glorious to look at and even more glorious to eat. Sweet, pure Crisco brings out its ripe sunny flavor.

Madame's cherry tart is really a dressed-up version of Perigord's famous dessert, "clafoutis." Cherries spill their ruby-hearted sweetness into the creamy lap of custard, so to speak. All the fruity tang, all the melting smoothness is brought out by a flaky, sweet-tasting Crisco tart shell.

You should have heard Madame exclaim over the ease of making pastry with Crisco. "It cuts in like feathers," she said, "I have never seen anything so beautiful as this American Crisco!"

We agree with her, don't we? And we know that if the thrifty Madame were here, she'd quickly sense the economy of Crisco—the shortening that tastes as sweet as new-churned butter. Particularly the 3-lb. size which the grocer often offers at a special price.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

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## CHICKEN OR DUCK WITH ORANGE SAUCE

1 duck or roasting chicken	3 tablespoons Crisco
2 teaspoons salt	1 cup boiling water
¼ teaspoon pepper	2 teaspoons onion juice

Clean chicken or duck for roasting. Rub with Crisco and add salt and pepper. Bake until bird begins to brown, then add 1 cup boiling water and onion juice. Baste frequently.

If you prefer to fry the chicken, unjoint it, rub with flour and seasonings and fry in hot skillet with 5

tablespoons Crisco until brown. Add 1 cup boiling water and onion juice; cover and cook slowly.

When bird is tender, remove it to warming oven. Use remaining stock as basis of *orange sauce*. To make sauce add 2 cups hot water, thicken with 5 tablespoons flour mixed with ¼ cup cold water. Cook until smooth. Peel one medium-sized orange to get red outer skin. Sliver skin very finely and parboil 10 minutes. Drain, add orange-slivers and 2 tablespoons lemon juice to sauce. Garnish with slices of orange.

## CHERRY TART

2 cups cherries	¾ cup scalded milk
1 cup sugar	1 egg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon	1 tablespoon cornstarch
⅛ teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon fine dry bread crumbs

Line medium pie-plate with Crisco pastry; brush bottom with melted Crisco, then sprinkle it with bread crumbs. Put in cherries; sprinkle them with cinnamon and half of the sugar. Mix remaining sugar with cornstarch and salt. Add lightly beaten egg and hot milk. Mix well. Pour over cherries. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) until edge begins to brown, then reduce to moderate (350° F.). Bake about 30 minutes or until custard is firm.

To make Crisco pastry (so flaky because Crisco is 100% shortening—so sweet-tasting because Crisco tastes sweet and fresh all by itself). Sift 1½ cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt. Cut in ½ cup Crisco with two knives until size of small peas. Add only enough ice-cold water to hold mixture together. Roll ⅛ inch thick on lightly floured board. Line pie-plate, folding over a narrow rim.

All Measurements Level—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Send for Winifred S. Carter's cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes." Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XD-81, Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.



TRY IT IN CAKES,  
TOO . . . Crisco is now  
so fluffy you can cream  
it in 10 quick stirs



Liane Birnbaum N.Y. 1931

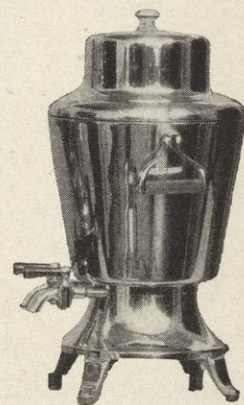


# YOURS FOR BETTER COFFEE POTS

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THE coffee pot is a friendly article—a symbol of good cheer, of hospitality to friends, and of sociability in the family circle. Many informal gatherings center about the cup of coffee and many dull moments have been brightened by this cheering beverage. The coffee pot itself from which this pleasing brew issues seems almost to have a personality of its own. There is a feeling of friendliness toward it, and no matter what its age and its appearance, one becomes attached to it.

Quite possibly accustomedness and affection for the old coffee pot blinds us to some of its faults. Perhaps it is cracked or chipped, and should be replaced with a new one. Just because it still makes coffee is not proof that a new one wouldn't make better, or make it more conveniently, and be easier to keep clean. We should not be blinded by the pleasant associations connected with the well-used pot. Nor

should we overlook the possibility that, if our coffee is not all we wish it to be, the pot may be at fault. You know how interested we long have been in the cause of better coffee—always trying to realize that good day when no more indifferent coffee will be served in the homes of our readers. And, as coffee must be made in coffee pots, it's to those we have addressed ourselves in this article, giving each and all coffee makers a thorough study. Now we pass on our findings to you—all, as we said before, in the high cause of better coffee!

The same coffee used in exactly the same proportions, when made by different methods or in different coffee makers of course will show varying results. As is well known there is a difference between boiled coffee, percolated coffee, and drip coffee. Some like one best, others prefer another. Each one to his own, but make it the best of its kind.

Boiled coffee, well made, is excellent, and coffee pots used for this are of simple construction. They need only facilities for pouring easily and to be of such material and design that they are easy to keep clean. It is possible to make boiled coffee in almost any utensil, but a clean, attractive coffee pot makes the task easier, more pleasant, and the results more certain.

Percolators aren't made exactly alike, as you have no doubt observed. Our studies and tests at Delineator Institute have revealed much as to their anatomy and devious workings. For one thing the percolator stem may have a valve in the bottom, or it may not. If there is a valve the water that passes up through it to come back through the coffee does not reach a boiling temperature while the coffee making is going on, unless the process is continued too long. The coffee percolator without the valve in the stem is sometimes called the "hot

water" percolator and the one with the valve in the stem, a "cold water" percolator. With the "hot water" variety, all the water in the percolator must become heated nearly to boiling point before any of it rises through the stem to spread over the coffee. Only a short period of actual "percolation" is necessary with this type of percolator. Five minutes or even less is usually sufficient. If a longer period is allowed the coffee will become bitter. With the "cold water" variety, a small amount of water is heated very quickly so that it comes up through the percolator stem and spreads over the coffee. After a short interval more water is heated and comes up to spread over the coffee. Gradually the temperature of this water rises until after ten to fifteen minutes it is well toward 200° F.

as it reaches the coffee; but it has not reached the boiling point. The coffee in the percolator is by this time of good strength and is hot. The percolation should not continue longer. The exact length of time necessary will depend upon the individual percolator and the quantity of water used. Coffee made with water kept below the boiling point is better in flavor than coffee boiled for any length of time, whether in a coffee percolator or in any other utensil.

The coffee baskets which hold the ground coffee in percolators and drip

pots vary in size. Now and then one is too small in proportion to the water capacity of the percolator to make coffee of good strength. Of course, the answer here is to make a smaller quantity of coffee.

OUT of twelve coffee makers which we have been examining here at the Institute ten have coffee baskets that will hold what we consider enough coffee. The other two are decidedly too small, and out of the ten only two have any extra room to allow for the swelling of the coffee. In order to

standardize our results we used three level measuring tablespoons of coffee to one measuring cup of water. This equals about two heaping tablespoons or about one heaping cooking spoon of coffee to the measuring cup of water. The measuring cup of water is somewhat more than the usual coffee cup as it is filled for serving. A measuring cup will furnish one and a half to two servings of coffee. You will find the capacity of many coffee makers given in serving cups, not measuring cups. When buying a coffee maker you should have this

in mind to get the size you need. While coffee is best in flavor if it is not cooked at too high a temperature, it should be hot enough when served to have a good aroma and be palatable after cream is added, and it should remain hot so that the second cup will be hot also. This means a temperature in the completed coffee of 165° F. or over.

Drip coffee makers have a variety of differences, too—in material of both coffee pot and strainer, in the size of the coffee baskets,

and in the number and size of the holes in the basket. These coffee pots are made of earthenware, porcelain, metal or glass, and the strainers are of these same materials, sometimes with a filter cloth or paper used in addition. The filter cloth or paper often aids in producing sparkling, clear coffee.

THE strength and quality of the drip coffee will depend upon the length of time the water stands upon the coffee grounds as well as upon the quantity and fineness of grind of the coffee used. In making drip coffee the temperature of the water is not dependent upon the coffee pot itself, since the water is usually heated separately to the boiling point and is then turned over the coffee.

A new drip coffee pot which recently came to the Institute has a small heating element so that the coffee as it drips through will be kept hot and will also be kept hot for "seconds"—but it will not reach boiling temperature under ordinary conditions. This coffee pot can be removed from the heating unit for cleaning—and this is a great convenience.

Drip pots as well as percolators should have coffee containers of ample size to hold the necessary amount of coffee.

In choosing your percolator or other style of coffee maker, think of the care it will require as well as of the coffee it will make. Coffee pots should be kept scrupulously clean. Just because they are used only for coffee making is no reason for slighting their washing. Keep them just as clean as any other utensil. Clean the spout by using a small brush, and after they are washed and dried leave them open a bit instead of closed tight. This, because there is always a bit of moisture left. A coffee pot treated in this way should not have any odor about it.

The number of pieces to be washed and the ease of putting them together should be thought of. Some materials are more easily cared for than others.

Electric percolators with self-contained units cannot be put into water. These must be washed by putting suds into them. There is at least one percolator on the market which merely stands on a unit. It is removed from the stand to pour the coffee and for washing—the latter a great convenience. A percolator with a self-contained unit should have a fusible plug or other device to protect the unit. Then if the water boils out at any time or the percolator is inadvertently connected with no water in it, the fuse will melt and shut off the current, and the percolator will not be injured.

A new fusible plug makes it as good as new. This is one way in which quality counts in a percolator. It counts in other ways, too, whether in a percolator, drip pot, or what. A good coffee maker of either variety, kept clean, and used rightly will brew a beverage that is fit for the gods. And what more can man demand?—or woman either?





# THE RETURN OF THE LONG LOST LOCKS

**Hair styles have completely changed.**

**Romance is here! And this article**

**tells young and old how to achieve it**

**by**  
**CELIA**  
**CAROLINE**  
**COLE**

**A** LONG about last March, hair sprang into the public eye like a Jack-in-the-box whose spring somebody had pressed. For years before, hair had been a rather private affair—one's friends knew what kind of hair she had, evening parties saw smooth, shining heads going about uncovered; but the human parade that wanders up and down streets saw only hats, close little hats that hugged every woman's head and revealed only a wisp or two of hair making arabesques upon her cheeks.

Then all of a sudden forth they came—all those long lost locks! It was as if a good-hearted king had mounted the throne and, having settled himself nicely, shouted, out of sheer good will, "Set all the prisoners free!" And out from those cells of hats burst long-confined locks to disport themselves in the radiance of public approval and the blue sky and the stars. In joyous abandon, they waved and curled and pushed hats 'way over on one ear.

Well, it was high time. There are very few faces in the world that can do without hair—both around the face and on the neck—to soften and sweeten them. The stars in their courses have seen fit to make us feminine again. Gone is the South Sea Islander! Faces like moon-flowers, like glowing dawns, like roses, like lovely cameos, have come back into the world; with hair, soft and mysterious as mountain mists, framing them. Nothing sleek and hard is left in the feminine world today. Faces are rouged very lightly or not at all; lips are vivid but not vulgarly insistent; eyebrows are natural in line—only unruly, stray hairs are disciplined. Once more we are ourselves.

**B**UT before we leave the subject of eyebrows, just one word more. *Brush* them and your lashes at least twice a day—to exercise, to vitalize, and to polish them. Brush them the wrong way with a clean little eyebrow brush and then finally the right way to groom and shape and polish them. Brush your upper lashes up, with smooth, firm strokes, and your lower lashes down. Always have three brushes, one that you use directly after you have powdered your face (wash the brush frequently); one with your mascara; and a spotlessly clean third one which you use after your mascara has had time to dry—very soft, this last one.

There was a moment, in this evolution of hair out of restrained boyishness into feminine curls,

when the fashionists and coiffurists came to blows. "We'll keep the bob!" the coiffurists cried, thinking of their shears and ducats. "Let it grow!" the fashionists shouted back, their minds on ruffles and bows and shallow little tip-tilted hats.

Then they went into a huddle and came out holding hands. Each had won something. Older women keep the bob, a longer, softer bob, beautifully brushed and beautifully waved in the back to keep it from looking scraggly, brushed away from the brow and back from the sides (only little wavelets escaping at the ear on to the cheek if you have the kind of face that needs cheek-aids) and a very soft neck-line. The masculine neck-line has vanished as completely as the dinosaur.

On the other hand, young people will let it grow. Not long and heavy—not that disfiguring thing that disguises the lovely line of the head, but long enough to do in charming designs at the neck or along the head at the neck and up a bit on the sides; or long enough to wear that winning, old-fashioned mode of little curls nearly to the shoulder line—like a child whose hair hasn't yet had time to grow long. It's an enchanting style—for the young—with a bright band around the head under the curls. But it's a devastating style for any one who has lived more than twenty or twenty-five years—ages the face and makes one look pathetic and absurd. If your hair is too heavy for this shoulder length, have it thinned a bit and shaped.

**T**HE Dutch bob still lives—especially for little-girl faces that were born for a Dutch bob—but not so severe as it was. There is about this day's Dutch bob a delightfully *dégagé* air.

One of the smartest coiffurists just off the Avenue says that we are going back to the time right after Napoleon for our styles—ruffles and tiny, tiny hats perched here and there—now over one eyebrow, now on the crown, shorter and shorter in the back and as the backs go up, little

puffs will come in to fill in the space, because you can't possibly have a ruffle, a small waist, and a directoire hat with anything like a masculine neck-line. "In fact," he adds, "I shouldn't be surprised if we see combs and hair ornaments and brilliant pins. And blondes!" he whispers. "Blondes are so feminine—hair is going fair—gentlemen are going to get what they prefer!"

So, blondes, protect your blondness as you do your gay, sweet life! This is your hour.

(Never mind, all of us darker ones! We may not have a dazzling fairness but we can look very lovable and amusing and challenging and understanding and a few other of those nice little odds and ends that comfort the world and keep it interested!)

Life looks a bit these days like a fancy dress ball. Weary of realism and boyish, frankly displayed bodies, we're going to play at romanticism. (It'll do us good.)

And out of it will come something that belongs to us—because, of course, we are not going to stay in a fancy dress ball so very long—we've learned to love freedom and frankness too well to lose them. Feminine—yes—but we can still drive a golf-ball two hundred yards—we shan't forget that. Make the most of this mood—styles are only moods—while it is here. Be charming and sweet and romantic—in the evening anyway.

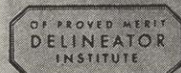
It's interesting how life is rarely more difficult than you can bear. Something always comes along with the problems that saves the day for you—you find that you *can* adapt yourself, that you have more endurance and gallantry in you than you knew, and you emerge all the better human being for the experience.

Hair runs itself on the same basis. In the days of those little cells of hats, we would all have lost the beauty and vitality of our locks, and the weaker sisters among us probably would have lost the locks themselves, but along came hair-pulling, and saved the day. (Turn to page 36)

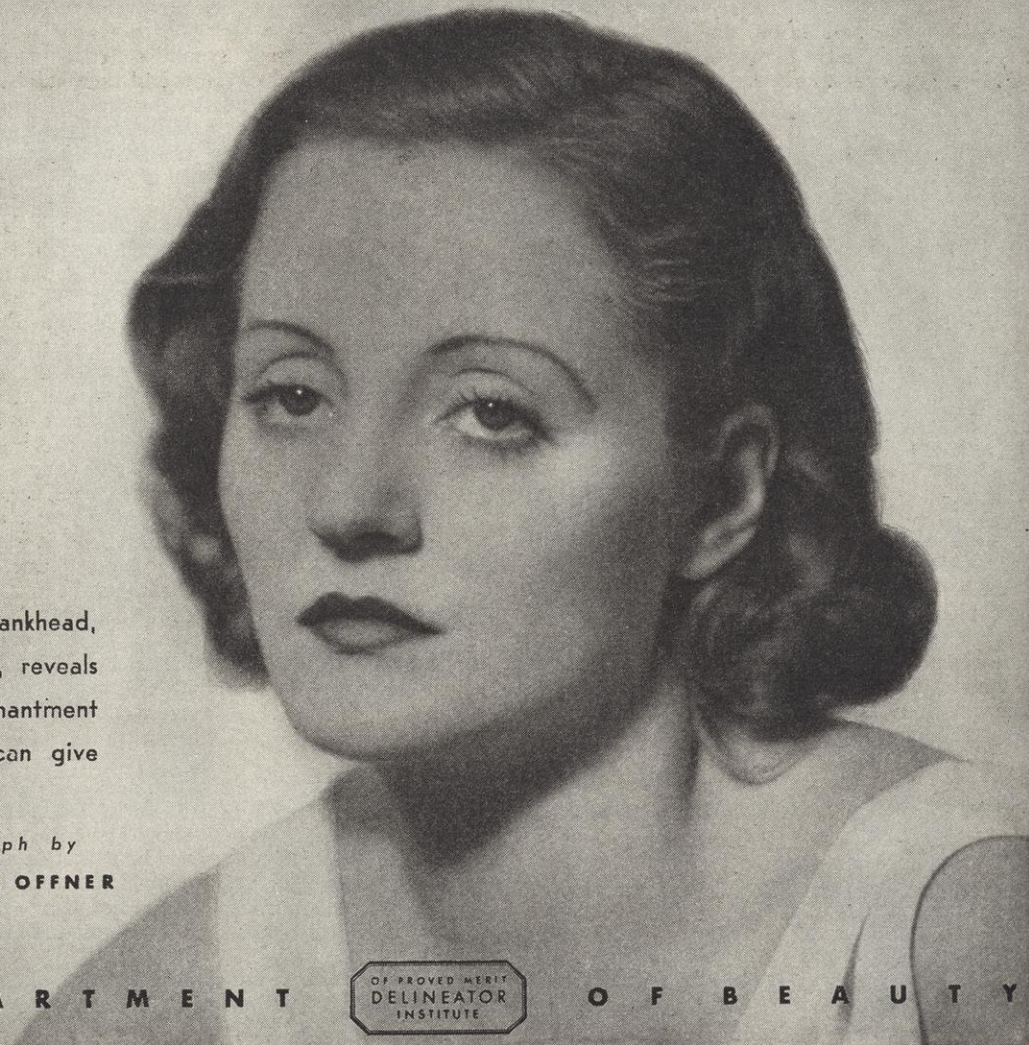
Tallulah Bankhead,  
screen star, reveals  
the soft enchantment  
that hair can give

Photograph by  
**MORTIMER OFFNER**

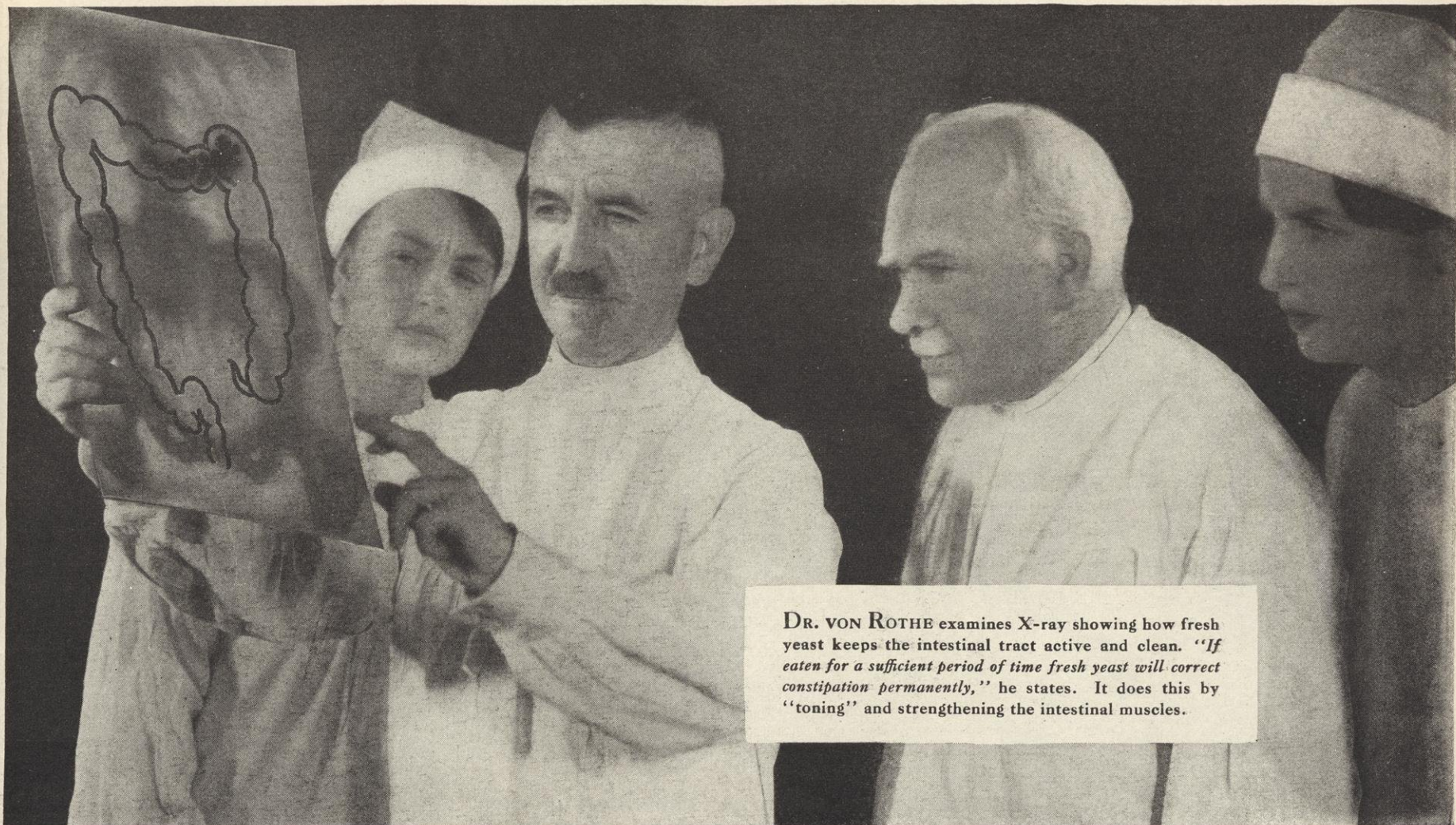
**D E P A R T M E N T**



**O F B E A U T Y**







DR. VON ROTHE examines X-ray showing how fresh yeast keeps the intestinal tract active and clean. "If eaten for a sufficient period of time fresh yeast will correct constipation permanently," he states. It does this by "toning" and strengthening the intestinal muscles.

# "Eating Fresh Yeast cleanses the system . . . *tones it up*"

— explains DOCTOR VON ROTHE,  
*celebrated Berlin physician and Hospital Head*

**D**ON'T be satisfied to feel only "half well"! It's so easy to correct that condition of sluggish elimination that's keeping you from perfect health.

Just listen to what this celebrated medical authority advises. Dr. Alexander von Rothe, head of the famous Wilmersdorfer Hospital, in Berlin, says:—

"For people who are run-down as a result of constipation and intestinal putrefaction, I prescribe fresh yeast.

"My clinical experience has proven that fresh yeast, if used consistently, has a healthful effect on the whole digestive and intestinal process. Intestines are kept active and clean . . . Thus the entire system is regenerated and tremendously strengthened in its resistance to disease."

For over 75 years physicians have relied on the cleansing, "toning" effect of fresh yeast in cases of Intestinal Fatigue. A food, it softens the clogging waste masses in the intestines and stimulates the normal action that carries them away.

Then, as poisons no longer form, digestion rights itself. Headaches are checked. The tongue clears. You feel fresh, alert. And morning energy lasts all day!

Why not try it—in place of habit-forming laxatives? Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today! And write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., N. Y. C.

**Celebrated Clinic Head says:—** DR. MUELLER-DEHAM, of the Versorgungshaus, famous Vienna hospital, states: "Fresh yeast keeps intestines free of poisons . . . improves digestion."



"Yeast put me in condition  
for my championship swim"

"With a change to indoor life and irregular meals, I began to feel miserable," writes James M. Frees, of Philadelphia. "I had no energy—pimples broke out on my face—I lost weight . . . Then someone suggested trying Fleischmann's Yeast. In a month my face had cleared and I had my old pep back. It's splendid for toning up the system."

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(Below) Eat Fleischmann's Yeast any way you like. Most people prefer it just plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water.

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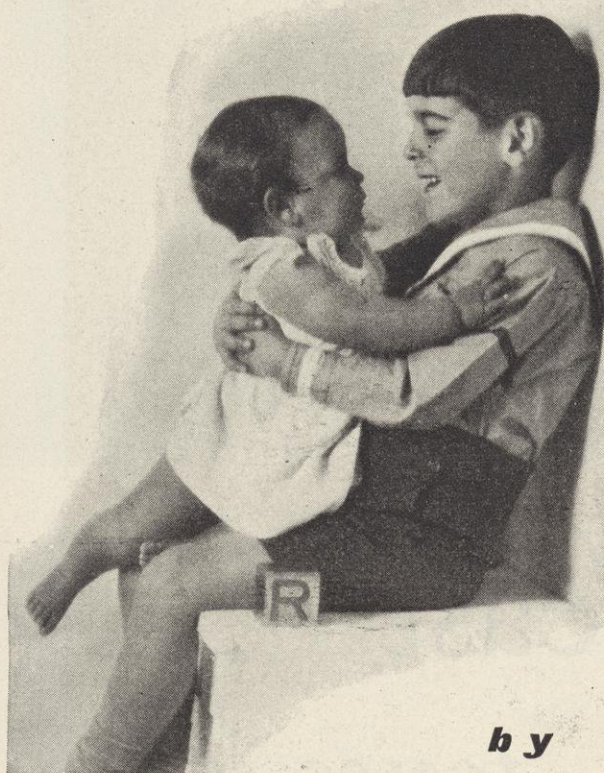


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*Only fresh yeast gives you full benefit • Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh • Be sure that's the kind you get!*



# WHAT TO DO ABOUT JEALOUS CHILDREN



Photographs by Lena G. Towsley

Tantrums, sulkiness, "showing off," are often due to jealousy, which is curable.

If you need advice write Mrs. Miller, this Department's editor, sending stamp

by **CECILE PILPEL**

**W**HETHER or not jealousy is an instinct, it is certainly—like love from which it springs—a universal emotion. History is replete with stories in which jealousy is the main theme. Literature has immortalized its poisonous effects in Shakespeare's "Othello." History cites cases of "righteous anger" and "just wrath"—but there is nowhere any record of noble deeds done in the name of jealousy.

Webster defines jealousy as "morbid fear of rivalry in love or preference given to another." We speak of jealousy as "the green-eyed monster" and sometimes say a person is "green with envy."

But while these two states, envy and jealousy, have their green color in common, they have also this important difference: *jealousy is centered upon persons; and envy, upon things.* Actually we know very little about their mainsprings. We know only that men, women, and children suffer from jealousy and envy, and we know also that both do much to poison life for the individual suffering from them, as well as for everybody around him. Often jealousy and envy are closely interwoven, and in our dealings with our children we must keep this fact in mind; for a child who is both envious and jealous is carrying a particularly heavy load.

There appear to be almost as many different manifestations of jealousy as there are different relationships between people. There are the jealousies between parent and child or between parent and parent vying for the child; there are the jealousies of the older and younger child; the jealousies of playmates and friends.

A form of jealousy which appears very early in life is that of the first child directed toward the new-born brother or sister. So common is this that it is often made light of, or even encouraged by thoughtless adults. Who has not heard the jocular, "Aha! I guess your nose is out

of joint since baby sister came!" Well meant and kindly, no doubt—but if this jester wanted to make sure that the child should miss none of the hard feelings which might come from being dethroned by a wee mite of a sister, he could not have chosen a better way.

It is after all quite natural for little son or daughter to regard the baby as something of an interloper and trespasser upon well-established rights and privileges. But the way may be carefully paved for the new baby's arrival, so that it will come not as a shock but to some degree, at any rate, as a pleasantly expected event. Then, when the baby comes, the older child can be invited to help in its care in many small ways, so that motherly feelings (or, in the case of the little boy, protective ones) may crowd out feelings of jealousy.

Along with this must go a gradual building up of the child's independence. He must learn to feel his ability to do things for himself—not as a responsibility but as a privilege. The contrast between his independence and the baby's helplessness should be emphasized. He should have opportunities to do things "in a grown-up way," and thus find, in his first years, the joy that comes from "doing things"—things that not only bring satisfaction to himself but win the interest and approval of his elders.

Above all, however, we should see to it that the child loses as little as possible of mother's care and affection, despite the new baby's claims to attention. Children vary greatly in their needs and temperaments. Some children—the more sensitive and those who are somewhat lacking in self-confidence—will need more obvious and more frequent proof of our affection than will others. They may have to be told in so many words that the new-born baby will never take *their* place in parental affection.

Not all mothers are wise enough to recognize jealousy when it comes disguised as over-solicitude. Barbara was

a rather slow and introspective little girl of six. Barbara's little sister was two—a vigorous, exuberant youngster who at times made life something of a burden to her older sister. Once when their mother was crossing the street wheeling little sister in her go-cart, Barbara, trotting by her side, suddenly said with great earnestness: "It would be terrible, wouldn't it, if sister got run over!" The mother was surprised: this sweet solicitude seemed hardly appropriate at the moment, when she was herself guiding the carriage most safely. "How she loves her baby sister!" said a sentimental neighbor who heard the remark. But fortunately for Barbara her wise mother recognized in this and other similar indications the fact that the child was still far from being resigned to the little sister's presence.

The first thing parents must face, then, is the realization that hate is a near neighbor to love. We are so used to regarding love as the proper emotion to be felt toward one's family that we are shocked at the equally natural dislike which the little child expresses so freely when he feels himself displaced. Jealousy can readily become hate of the object which threatens the love relationship.

But when we accept this as so, we have made only our first step—though a very big step—toward helping the jealous child. Merely facing the fact, for instance, that Barbara *was* jealous of baby sister was enough to make her mother alert to the child's needs and distress. But Barbara, and other children like her, (Turn to page 56)

To the children on this page the baby brings joy instead of jealousy





“Elegance is the new watchword”



THE FORMER SEÑORITA MARIA EUGENIA MARTINEZ DE HOZ IS THE BRIDE OF A GRANDSON OF THE LATE MR. AND MRS. POTTER PALMER

says *M<sup>RS</sup> POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER*

A SPANISH BLONDE! Velasquez would have thrilled to paint her . . . imagine the exotic charm of clear pale olive skin with golden hair and amber eyes . . .

She is the captivating young bride of a grandson of the late Potter Palmer, famous in Chicago history . . . her elegant distinction recalls that of the celebrated Mrs. Potter Palmer, who ruled as arbiter of Chicago society two generations ago.

Fresh from Paris on her recent first visit to America, with trunks and trunks full of chic frocks and hats, and all the rest of a trousseau in the grand manner, Mrs. Palmer talked of fashions, of beauty care in France.

She summed it up in one vivid phrase. “Elegance,” she said, “is the new watchword. Women are groomed with fastidious attention to detail.”

“But your wonderful skin?” we asked. “How do you ever keep it so enchantingly smooth and fine?”



POND'S EASY WAY TO A LOVELY SKIN

“Daily treatment!” replied Mrs. Palmer, with her flashing smile. “Yes, that’s all-important, but it’s really very simple . . . for Pond’s four preparations are all one needs to keep one’s complexion exquisite.”

You use them in the four steps of Pond’s Method:  
1—Generously apply Pond’s Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing of face and neck, several times daily, always after exposure.

- Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float the dirt, powder and make-up to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day’s accumulation of grime.
- 2—Wipe away with Pond’s Cleansing Tissues, better because softer, more absorbent. White or peach color.
- 3—Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond’s Skin Freshener to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and reduce enlarged pores.
- 4—Always before you powder, smooth on Pond’s Vanishing Cream to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer. This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and forms a wonderful protection from sunburn. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms. And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white!

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## THE RED-HEADED BRAT

Continued from page 14

He contemplated his plate. His mother watched him for a space, then rose and left the room. After a while he also rose and walked slowly to the telephone in the hall. There was a stubborn look on his face.

"Hello, Martha," he said, "this is Tommy. Mother told me you called up. No. I won't be able to come. Thanks for asking me. Tomorrow? I don't know. . . I'll give you a ring. Yes—I'm sorry, too. 'Bye.'"

WHEN Martha had rung off, he stood for some time with the telephone in his hands. Then he went to his room, picked up a racquet, laid it down, and finally left the house without it. Till late afternoon he walked, head down and hands in pockets, his mind a confusion of conflicting thoughts.

At the end of about three hours, having unconsciously traveled in a circle, he came out on to the rocky point where he had sat that morning. The tip of the promontory was hidden from the path where he stood. Automatically he wandered toward it, kicking a loose fragment of stone along as he went. Rounding the last big boulder, he came to a dead stop. For there sat Martha looking straight at him. She was alone.

"Oh, it's you," she said, with a little laugh. "I heard some one coming."

"I was kicking a stone," said he. "That's what you heard, I guess."

"I guess it was," she agreed.

Both were nervous and ill at ease. Martha was shy.

"Don't you want to sit down? There's a nice soft spot." She waved to a depression in the rock.

Tommy did not want to sit down—he wanted to get away—but he sat nevertheless.

"So you've come up for the tournament," pursued Martha presently.

He nodded.

"I hear you play very well now."

He colored, picking up a shell and pretending to examine it minutely.

"Poor old Archer," she said. "He's so set on winning."

"He always was," he blurted.

"It's his last chance," Martha continued, ignoring the thrust. "His firm's sending him abroad for five years. To China."

"I didn't know you were a friend of his."

"You've been away a long time," said she, smiling.

"I suppose he's asked you to go to China, too," remarked Tommy acidly.

"He might have."

"He acted this morning as if he owned you—"

"Nobody owns me," she replied evenly.

Her calm made Tommy furious.

"You acted as if he did, the way you went off with him," he accused her.

"I couldn't very well not go," she said. "I'd promised to help him look at engagement rings."

Tommy stood up.

"That's why you asked me to come over—so you could tell me that. Well, go ahead and marry him. I don't care. Go to China with him. I wish you luck."

His expression a mixture of rage and misery, Tommy stumbled up the path that led from the point.

AS usual, the tournament started on the Thursday preceding Labor Day, the finals having long been regarded by all Sayport as the gala feature of that festival. Archer Morgan, aided by his prestige as club champion of two years' standing, disposed of his opponents in the early rounds and went through to the semi-finals without the loss of a set. Loathing him more than ever since the meeting with Martha on the point, Tommy kept out of his way, dressing at home, instead of in the clubhouse, and appearing only in time for his own matches. His play, in contrast to Archer's, was less impressive. He exerted just enough energy to win by narrow margins. He did this deliberately, hoping to lull his enemy into a false sense of security by attracting as little attention to himself as possible. That he seemed to be succeeding in this was reflected in the reports of the Sayport *Herald*, which expressed the opinion that the cup would once more be fought for by Archer Morgan and Jack Riddle, who had been the finalists the year before. Even when Tommy won his quarter-

final match and then eliminated Riddle in the semi-final, the *Herald* did not take him seriously.

"An unexpected feature of the tournament," wrote the local oracle, "was the upset yesterday when Jack Riddle was defeated by Thomas Coyne. It was a dull match. Riddle was evidently way below form and could not seem to get his strokes working against young Coyne's soft game." Riddle's defeat had been due, not to his being off form, but to the fact that Tommy had shrewdly fed him the kind of shots he did not like. Riddle was a slugger, and heavily spun slices and chops, well placed, were poison to him. Archer Morgan was the same type of player; wherefore Tommy planned to break up his game by using similar tactics. Though their styles were almost identical, however, there was one important element of difference between his two opponents. This was that Riddle was merely another player to be put out of the way, scientifically and dispassionately, whereas Archer was a foe, to be annihilated without mercy.

A buzz of comment rose from the overflowing stands around the close-cropped turf of the championship court when Tommy and Archer appeared. They were a strongly contrasted pair: Archer tall, black-haired, nonchalant; Tommy red-thatched, grim, fidgety. The spectators, with that prescience of crowds, sensed hostility in the atmosphere. While the contestants stood near the small table on which the silver trophies glistened in the sun, to toss for choice of court or service, Tommy heard one man say, in a carrying undertone, "That Coyne kid's as nervous as a cat. I bet he goes a mile in the air before this thing's over." Archer also heard the remark and smiled reminiscently.

When the umpire climbed into his high perch and called for play, Tommy was inwardly seething. Archer had won the toss and elected to serve. His first ball was a fast one down the center line. Tommy drove it out. The second service was an ace. Tommy netted the third and knocked the fourth to the back-stop. "Game, Mr. Morgan," droned the umpire. "Mr. Morgan leads, one love, first set."

As they changed ends, Tommy set his jaw. It had been almost a repetition of that other first game four years before. The difference was that nowadays Tommy had no fear of speed. He knew how to meet it and take the sting out of it. At Forest Hills, in practise, he had stood up against Johnny Doeg's serve and Frank Hunter's drive and returned them for placements. But in his present mood, with only half his mind concentrated on the play, while the other half raged, he had neither the capacity nor the patience for finesse. He endeavored to match speed with speed—and it wouldn't work. Archer outdrove and outsteaded him, and took the first set at 6-1.

Passing from one end to the other, Tommy caught sight of his mother and father, their faces the picture of disappointment. As he looked at them and essayed a smile, they brightened and waved encouragingly. "Doggone it," he thought, "I can't let them down." Farther along in the stands, he glimpsed Martha, with a blonde girl in blue he had never seen before, seated between Archer's parents. He kept his eyes on the ground as he went by. Martha was a turncoat. In all the hundreds of times he had visualized this scene, it had been with his own people that she sat. Engaged to Archer, was she! Going to marry him! Going with him to China! Well, before she went, he'd give her a chance to see what her Archer looked like in defeat. "I'll blow him off the court," he muttered. Taut as a bow-string, he stepped to the base-line to serve.

With Tommy still in a murderous state of mind, the outcome of the second set was not long a matter of doubt. Archer won it, by the same score as he had won the first. Tommy knew he was not playing his game, knew he was as good as throwing away the

victory he had so dearly longed for, but somehow he was powerless to curb his actions. "You damn fool," he swore at himself, "you damn fool. You're giving it to him. Take it easy."

In the beginning of the third set he tried hard to change his tactics. But subtle strokes require perfect timing and a delicate touch, both of which Tommy was too keyed up to possess. And it looked as though Archer would sweep through the match, when suddenly something happened.

Lunging for a cross-court shot, Tommy tripped and fell and slid on his ear. And as he fell, his racquet met the ball, by sheer accident, and lofted it back over the net. The crowd, which had laughed moderately as he went down, roared with mirth when he made the return. He scrambled to his feet, expecting to see Archer, given a wide-open court, smash the ball out of his reach. Instead of that the other, allowing him to regain his balance, patted it easily to him. Not to be outdone in sportmanship, Tommy patted it back. The crowd laughed again and so did Archer and this time Tommy laughed with them. There followed an exchange of gentle shots, in which each declined to accept the point. Finally Tommy, turning his back on the ball, brought the rally to an end, amid laughter and applause from the stands. It was all quite absurd, but things like that happen in tennis, as every enthusiast knows.

The incident was the saving of Tommy.



## AIRPORT

by Grace Hyatt

A robin on our garage roof!

We have an airport—happy proof!

A tall sunflower a beacon stands

To guide each new plane as it lands.

Though soon bright birds will fly away

As autumn leads to winter's sway,

In spring birds home from south resort

Perhaps again will seek our port.

A few moments before he had been a bundle of fury. Now he was relaxed. A few moments before, he had been in a desperate fight, against his opponent and against himself. Now he was in a game—a game in which he faced heavy odds, but a game nevertheless. He still wanted to win, but no longer for revenge, simply for the fun of it, to show himself that he could.

The score was thirty love against him in the second game of the third set when he really began to play. Relieved of the tension that had gripped him, he regained control of his racquet, able now to mix pace with craft, to follow full length drives with soft, tantalizing trap shots that would just drop over the net and die. Archer tried hard to win that third set, but he did not have the weapons. He tried to soften his own game, but he had never learned how. Tommy ran him from side to side and from base-line to net and back again, until the sweat dripped off him and his tongue was

hanging out. "Gosh," thought Tommy, with a sudden flash of enlightenment, "all he can do is smack 'em. That's all he knows." And he began to pity Archer. Not to like him, mind you, but to feel rather sorry for him. He won the set with ease.

During the rest period, he was disturbed by a new idea. He didn't want to sit down and possibly get stiffened muscles and he had brought no other clothes to change into, so he slipped through the locker room out into an alley behind the clubhouse and walked up and down. It was then that the new idea came—so very radical that he attempted to dismiss it. Despite his efforts, however, it bored into his mind.

Although it was a disturbing, even an exciting idea, it was not a destructive one. It did not interfere with his game. In fact, in the fourth set, as its hold on him grew, he played better tennis than ever. Archer did, too; perhaps because Tommy's baffling control over the ball challenged his competitive instinct, perhaps because he realized that if he failed to win this set he could bid the match goodbye. He served and drove with all his power. But Tommy tamed his fiercest shots and won the set, 6-3. It was Archer now who was grim. Tommy was smiling.

With the match even, they started the deciding set playing fast, though obviously weary. Each won his service up to four-all. Then Archer, apparently the stronger of the two, broke through, to take the lead. Spurred by this advantage, he put everything he had into his own delivery. The first ball, a screamer, was a clean ace. Tommy shook his head as it whizzed by. The next he returned, with backhand drive that would have been beautiful, had it not gone out. Then Archer, pressing, double-faulted. In the stands a woman laughed hysterically. "Thirty-five," droned the umpire. A hush fell over the crowd. Two more points would give Archer the match. Tommy prayed for control—control so perfect that he could hand Archer those two points without appearing to do so.

HE DID not hate him any more. In the first place, he had discovered him to be a sportsman. In the second place, upon realizing Archer wasn't in his class, as a player, he lost the desire to beat him. There was no glory in it, or satisfaction. Winning wouldn't bring Martha back. Neither would losing. He had treated her shamefully. But there was one thing he could do. She wanted Archer to have the cup. He could give her her wish . . .

Archer's next service sped to his backhand again. With careful aim, he sliced it down the line, so that it curved outside by a couple of inches. Tommy looked at the sky, as if in despair. The crowd groaned. "Forty-five," called the umpire. There was complete silence as Archer stepped into position to serve once more. Tommy tried a soft return, risky to make, but impossible to reach if it went over. He hit it a little harder than he meant to and for an instant he held his breath as the ball struck the top of the net and seemed to balance there. Then, as it fell back on his own side, he ran to mid-court with outstretched hand, amid cheers.

"You ought to have won," said Archer. "You had me tied in knots."

"Couldn't keep it up," said Tommy. "You were too steady." He turned away, afraid the other would detect the lie.

"Wait," said Archer, taking his arm. "Come and meet my girl. She's over there, with mother. She'll want to meet you." He quickened his step.

Tommy's heart turned a somersault. In a daze he allowed himself to be led along. He was vaguely conscious of being presented to the blonde girl in blue he had seen sitting next to Martha. He was conscious, too, of the glint of a diamond on this girl's left hand. He was dimly aware that his father and mother and a lot of other people patted him on the back and told him how well he had played, and that some one made a speech and gave him a medal. But it was not until he found himself standing alone with Martha, on the little point of rocks by the sea, that he fully came to.

"You said he had" (Continued on page 36)



# It's time you knew the truth about soaps you use on your face

*Palmolive tells you willingly . . . it is made of olive and palm oils—no other fats whatsoever!*

**Y**OUR complexion is priceless. Don't expect it to remain lovely if you abuse it with wrong soaps. What are wrong soaps? Find out for yourself by asking what soaps are made of. Demand to be told.

Some soaps, mild in appearance, may roughen and irritate the skin. They cleanse, perhaps—but at what price?

Do such soaps tell you they are made of cosmetic oils? No! Vegetable oils? No! Olive and palm oils? No! Few soaps tell you what they are made of. Palmolive does.

**Palmolive has no secret**  
Palmolive is made of olive and palm oils—no other fats whatsoever. No artificial coloring. No heavy fragrance to mask other

*Read what these experts say about this vegetable oil soap. They are world leaders in beauty culture. Their word in beauty matters is law to thousands of the world's loveliest women.*

odors. It is a pure soap—as pure and wholesome as the complexions it fosters. So pure, in fact, that more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over have united to recommend it.

**Nothing else like olive and palm oils**

What these experts prize in Palmolive is the skin effects no ordinary soap can ever bring. Nothing in all ages has compared with a blend of olive and palm oils for skin care.

Experts know that! But you need not be expert to practice this simple but vital precaution. When you buy soap—just ask what it's made of. You'll learn why millions turn each year to Palmolive—and Palmolive alone—to Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion.



**Hoare of London**  
The famous Marguerite Hoare, of London, says: "My solution to the problem of daily cleansing, is Palmolive Soap. Olive and palm oils have actual cosmetic value in themselves."



**Dumas of New York**  
"Don't think that any soap will do what Palmolive does. Its penetrating, soothing vegetable oil lather cleanses without irritation, leaving the skin smooth, colorful and lovely. This is our advice to all our patrons."



**Pierre of New York**  
Pierre dictates the laws of beauty to the most fashionable of New York's social set. "It is the vegetable oils of the olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing and delicate," he says.



**Mrs. McGavran of Kansas City**  
Mrs. M. B. McGavran, famous exponent of beauty, says: "Repeated experiments have convinced us that vegetable oils in soap are best for the skin. That is why we say, use Palmolive. This soap has a bland, yet penetrating lather."



**Niraus of Madrid**  
Niraus is one of the most famous beauty specialists of Spain. He says: "All my clients are asked to use no soap except Palmolive. The pure olive and palm oils of which it is made give the skin deep, thorough cleansing."



**Cain of Minneapolis**  
Myndall Cain gives this advice: "The modern woman uses make-up, of course. She must guard her lovely complexion twice as well as before. For this purpose we advise home treatments with a soap made of the vegetable oils of the olive and palm."



**Dahlstrand of Stockholm**  
Dahlstrand says: "Oily skin is offensive not only to you but to others. You should guard against it. Use Palmolive Soap. Destroy bacteria that cause excessive oiliness, improve your color. Vegetable oils in soap will help you do it."



**Jim of Hollywood**  
The popular Jim, beauty specialist to the famous screen stars of Hollywood, says: "It gives us great pleasure and satisfaction that 76 out of the 80 Hollywood beauty salons recommend Palmolive Soap."



**Pessl of Vienna and Budapest**  
Pessl says: "No skin can remain beautiful if it is not regularly cleaned with soap and water. Only a pure soap—a soap made of fine, soothing cosmetic oils—will do. That is why I recommend only Palmolive."



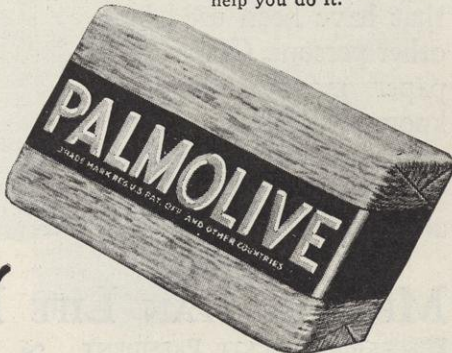
**Rudolph of Detroit**  
Rudolph says: "Women now and then have a mistaken notion that they should use no soap on the face. The trouble, I reply, is that they are using the wrong kind of soap. You should use Palmolive."



**Desfossé of Paris**  
Desfossé says: "Palmolive is so effective because of a unique blending of the olive and palm oils it contains, agents which cleanse and soothe the complexion, and at the same time bring out natural color."



**Rohde of Chicago**  
"This soap has a bland, yet penetrating lather. It cleanses as only an olive oil soap can—effectively, but with a gentleness that prevents skin irritation. Use Palmolive, and you will be giving your beauty specialist the greatest possible help in keeping your skin beautiful."



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



# On the Rim of a Glass



COLONIES OF GERMS GROWN FROM MOUTH SECRETION LEFT ON A DRINKING GLASS

"There are in the United States, on an average, a million persons who suffer or are recovering from some communicable disease . . . Among the most damaging are the so-called 'respiratory diseases' and the ordinary contagious diseases, practically all of which are conveyed . . . by the common drinking cup."

—Surgeon-General Hugh S. Cumming of the United States Public Health Service.

ALL BUT two States in the Union have passed laws forbidding the use of a common drinking cup or glass in public places—meaning a cup or a glass which has not been thoroughly washed or cleansed after one person has used it and before another drinks from it.

Each of these States has gone on record warning against germ infection which may follow the use of an unclean glass or spoon or other drinking or eating utensil. Scientists have proved beyond contradiction that it is highly unsafe to use a glass which was not thoroughly sterilized after being used by someone having a communicable disease.

Disease may be spread not only by common drinking glasses, but also by towels, nail brushes, combs and hair-brushes that have been used by other persons. Coins and paper money are also known to be germ carriers, as are improperly washed knives, forks and dishes.

The common drinking cup or glass has been banished forever from most public places and properly conducted businesses. But there are still too many soda fountains, wayside soft drink stands, carelessly run restaurants, hotels and private homes where scrupulous cleanliness is not observed.

Perhaps it is because germs are invisible to eyes unaided by powerful microscopes that their presence is usually unsuspected. Thousands of them can lodge on a spot no bigger than a pin-head, while millions of them can be found on the rim of a glass which has been in public use without complete cleansing.

Like nearly all great forward movements for better protection and consequent better public health, the movement to outlaw the common drinking cup depends on complete public support and universal personal cooperation.

Never drink from an unwashed glass.



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

## THE RED-HEADED BRAT

Continued from page 34

asked you to go to China," he said to her reproachfully.

"I only said he might have," she corrected him.

"But you let me think——"

"You wanted to think it. You didn't give me a chance to explain. You ran away."

"That is because I'm a red-headed brat."

"You aren't any more, Tommy. It was a beautiful thing you did this afternoon. Not even Archer knew."

"How did you know?" he asked.

He took her hands as she said softly, "You thought you were doing it for me."

## THE RETURN OF THE LONG LOST LOCKS

Continued from page 30

The arteries that run up over the ears to the scalp are the main ones that supply all the hair roots. Those tight hats—which we wore so constantly—pressed the arteries against the skull, and they became strictured. The hair would have died for lack of blood. The arteries grew smaller and smaller. But all this cutting of hair, this pulling it up to be cut, saved us—the heat of the drying lamps also drew the blood up and made the shriveled arteries pop out to more than their natural size, and the blood took advantage of the moment and rose in a freshet up to the roots. Now those hats are gone—glory be—and with sun and air and a little (quite a lot) of judicious massage, we'll get our arteries back to normal.

If your hair has grown thin on the temples, begin at the ears and massage straight up to the top sides of the head—that firm, lifting, circular motion with the cushions of the fingers. Then apply a scalp food—a good, oily, nourishing pomade. The cheapest and best hair tonic in the world is the sun—not the hottest summer sun, but a reasonably warm sun that will bring up the blood and expand the arteries. The next best tonic for baldness or incipient baldness is the ultra-violet rays of a mercury-vapor quartz lamp. And always massage.

Brush the hair up and away from the scalp—vigorously—and once a day give your hair a little pulling spree. Try pulling it up straight and evenly and firmly—in kindness, not in wrath—and see how glowing and alive and ready for anything your scalp feels when the affair is over.

Whatever other virtues a scalp should have, it must be loose. Pulling the hair, massage, plenty of rest to free one from that prevalent scourge in America, "nervous fatigue," all help a scalp to go on the loose. When it feels tight and thin, go straight off to a good hair salon and take a treatment every day for a week or two—you'll get much better results than if you go once a week for several months. And don't let anyone massage you who *digs in* or uses the ends of her fingers instead of the soft cushions or who lets her fingers slide around—that's meaningless. You're just wasting your time and money, for massage should be soothing, restful, firm, and softly invigorating.

A famous soap-maker has just got out a new tonic that should be used after one of his shampoos and leaves the hair soft as silk and glowing as sunlight. And there is a lavender (that lovable fragrance) shampoo and rinse that are glamorous to use and glamorous in result. And there are two or three soaps on the market that simplify life and space considerably by being exactly as effective for shampoo as they are for the face and hands. The home shampoo need not be a trying, messy affair, with all these fragrant shampoos and heaps of running water. Like

everything else in life, you can take it standing or lying down. Stand under your shower and the whole matter is as simple and pleasant as strolling in a summer rain clad in a bathing suit. Or lie in your tub and keep the water running all the time and the stopper out and swim your hair. But be sure that your last water is quite free of all soapiness.

Brushes should be washed in warm water—not hot—and with flakes, then rinsed in cold water. Don't ever use ammonia—it softens the bristles. Dry on a bath towel and stand the brush in a milk bottle in the sun and a current of air. No artificial heat—takes the life out of the bristles.

Don't try to clip your hair yourself if you are suffering with split ends; let a hair-dresser do it.

Permanents have reached the desirable aim of being harmless if done by a skilled and conscientious operator. They won't even

hurt a natural wave; in fact, they help it. Your permanent has given your mind the habit of placing your waves with your fingers and this encourages the natural tendency to wave.

Every now and then a letter comes in from a hospital—somebody who has had a baby or an operation or has been ill for some other reason. Hair reflects one's condition always—physical, mental, nervous. The first step is to stop worrying about it—it can be cured—and worry is one of the worst enemies hair has. Get a couple of good hair-brushes with long, firm, but not too stiff bristles, and have your nurse brush your hair two or three times a day. It will rest you and revitalize your hair. If the scalp is too dry, get a tonic for dry hair and put it on before the brushing, and wipe off the brush on a towel after every five strokes. If it's oily get a tonic for oily hair and do the same thing. After the brushing apply a scalp food—a very little bit—

too much is worse than none at all. Even oily hair needs nourishing. You'll be surprised how gallantly your hair will respond.

Because of perspiration, hair should be cleansed frequently—either washed with a good soap or cleansed with tonic and towel. White hair (lovely thing) has to be particularly careful in summer—the sun may yellow it. And never should it have hot irons on it, or hot air, or very hot water.

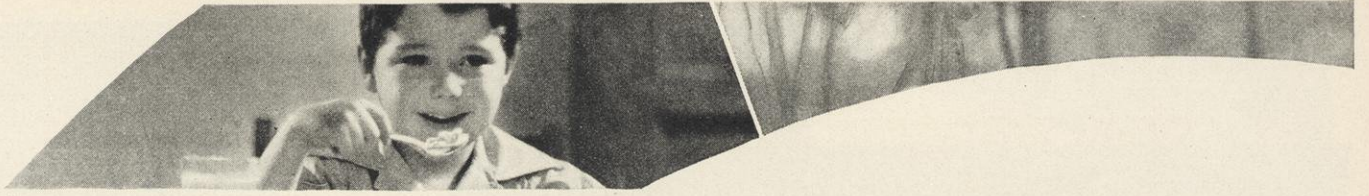
There's always a way out—there always is—and it's never by running away from the condition, whether it's your life or your top-knot, but by facing it and then doing the most intelligent thing that can be done about it. Lovely hair is a great asset—there's a restaurant in New York that has in one of its rooms only red-haired waitresses—and they have to keep enlarging the room. Those flaming tops are magnets.

All tops can be magnets if you give them a real chance. Come on and do it!

## MUSIC LESSON BLUES

Every once in a while we come across a story that's thoroughly satisfying—and that's the sort of story "The Music Lesson Blues" is. It's about a little girl who hates her music lessons and runs away to the circus instead of taking her lessons—with rather dire disasters to herself. The story is by that new Delineator favorite, Margaret Craven, and it's Miss Craven at her jolliest. We'll bet you a big red apple that you will love this story—  
next month





# Here's the cereal children in 42 states voted *most delicious*—

Super crisp to make them more delicious . . . shot from guns to make them richly nourishing, quickly and easily digestible.

JUST ask any child, as we did, what cereal he likes best. "That's easy," he'll answer, "Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat." Do you know why? Because shooting grains of wheat and rice from guns makes them deliciously different from any cereal children have ever had before. It makes them crisper, crunchier, far more appetizing.

But actually, of course, they contain wholesome, hearty cereal nourishment. They're good for children. Good for everyone. And so wonderfully good to eat . . . now even better than ever.

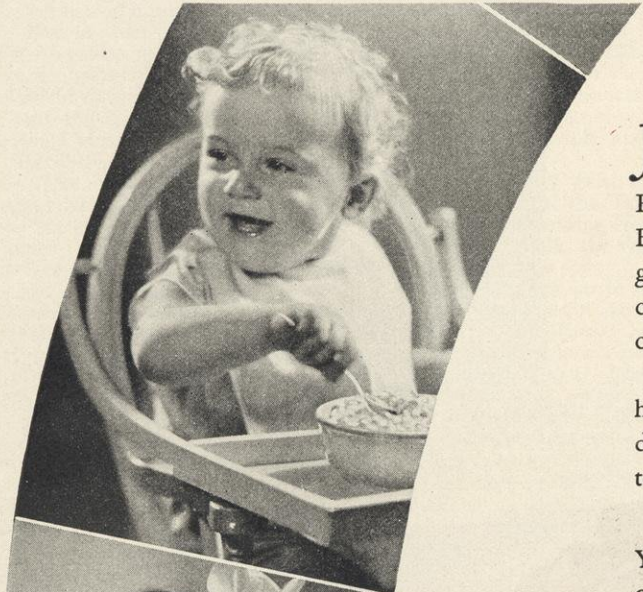
#### *New seal-crisp package*

You think you know how good Puffed Grains can be. You don't. Not till you pour some out

of the new seal-crisp package. They taste like a new food altogether. Twice as delicious. Twice as crisp. As if they had just come out of the oven.

#### *Why nutritionists advise this cereal*

The very ingenious new package seals all the original shot-from-guns crispness into the grains till you're ready to eat them. Makes them a breakfast treat you'll never tire of—variety—delicacy—rich, substantial nourishment; but concealed so that children and grown-ups both ask for more. Nutritionists consider Puffed Grains a wonderful way to get children to take more milk. So do mothers, once they've tried it. Buy the new seal-crisp package today! Serve Puffed Grains tomorrow! The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, Illinois.



#### Different because Shot from Guns

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



Try Penijohn's . . . a delicious, old-fashioned rolled wheat cereal that cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. Makes dry bran eating unnecessary.

## Quaker Puffed Rice *and* Puffed Wheat

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





## *"For Sunday morning breakfast"*

MUFFINS have a pleasant way of making their appearance on "special occasions."

When you want to please someone you love, you like to take special pains to have things a little nicer, a bit better to eat. If it weren't for that, there wouldn't be a muffin in the world . . . And for just the same reason, you use Snowdrift . . . to have things *nicer and better to eat*. Because the shortening goes into the muffins, and when you eat the muffins, you eat the shortening too . . . That's why the *Wesson Oil* people make Snowdrift for women who like to have things a little nicer to eat. That's why they cream it from an oil as pure and delicious as a choice salad oil . . . and nothing else. That's why they go to the trouble to pack it in sealed pails so that it comes to you as sweet and fresh as new cream.





## FROM THE HORN OF THE MOON

Continued from page 18

arm. "I want to say something," said he. Water dribbled out of the Tanner's eyes. "Don't talk now," he answered. "It's silence I want from the clan, for I'm thinking of the tastes of Willie the Wagger while he was one of us."

Ever since the sea had had its way about its goings and comings the Wee Men had fished in it, and they were a happy band of fishermen. But trouble came when the Tanner lost patience with Willie the Wagger. Willie was one of the best fishermen of the clan. His catch was twice that of any other Wee Man, but Willie was not always reliable. He had habits that annoyed the Tanner. He was double-jointed and would wag his head back to his wee hips, and besides he could see just as well behind him as he could in front of him. When he went on a wagging spree the Tanner was quite upset. When Willie got into a school of herring, instead of using his net he would sit still in his boat and wag his head, and the herring, for lack of better sense, would jump out of the sea and into his boat. But Willie went a step too far with the Tanner. One night the Wee Fishermen were all ordered out to fish.

"Don't count on me to fish," said Willie to the Tanner.

The Wee Men looked at Willie. Never before had one of them dared talk back to the Tanner and they were scared, for more water than usual was bubbling from the Tanner's eyes. The Haddock Boat Sculler whispered to the Cockle Gatherer, "Look out for yourself! Something is surely going to happen."

The clan didn't have long to wait, for the Tanner kicked off his hip boots and began scratching in the sand. At the sight of this the Wee Men made for their boats, but Willie the Wagger stood his ground. The clan whistled to Willie to come along, but he paid no attention to them. Every man of them held his breath as they heard Willie the Wagger say, "Scratch all you want to. I won't fish tonight."

The hair on the Tanner's legs stuck out like needle points. He turned a complete somersault, so angry was he. Then he steadied himself and looked out over the sea as if wondering what he should do next.

There was a wee bald spot on the top of his head, and his hand went up to it. He rubbed it and rubbed it, and pretty soon his big right toe began to draw something in the sand. Willie stared at the scrawling toe and he said to himself, "I must stop the Tanner's toe from drawing." So he braced his feet and began to wag. He wagged so fast that the clan grew dizzy from watching him, and before the Tanner could look down to see what his big toe was doing, Willie had wagged a mist in from the sea. The more Willie wagged, the thicker it grew around the Tanner's big toe. The Tanner all at once called out to the clan:

"ARE you about anywhere? I can't see one of you, not even the Wagger. But when I do see him, what my big toe has drawn—that shall be Willie the Wagger."

Wee voices reached the Tanner. "We're here, but we're lost in the mist."

"Come here," called the Tanner, "and gather around me while I settle with the Wagger."

As the Wee Fishermen came, they heard the creaking of Willie's wee spine while he continued his wagging.

"Where are you?" cried the clan.

"Over here," the Tanner answered.

The Wee Fishermen began to creep on their hands and knees. "Keep together," cautioned the Haddock Boat Sculler, "for this is a mist of mists."

"I don't want to be scaring any of you,"—it was the voice of the Cockle Gatherer—

"but the crabs from the sea are out grazing."

"What!" came a cry from the clan. "The crabs out grazing, and us lost in the mist!"

"Let us run!" shouted the Haddock Boat Sculler.

Before they had run the length of themselves, they heard a yell from the Tanner. A scally-wag crab, quick on the run, had nipped the big toe that scrawled in the sand.

"Oh! oh!" screamed the Tanner. "Stop Willie from wagging! My toe is in the mouth of a big sea crab."

WHEN Willie heard this, he had to stop his wagging to laugh, and he laughed so hard that he forgot all about wagging again, so that in no time at all the mist had cleared away and the crabs were running back into the sea.

When the clan saw the Tanner, his big toe had stopped scrawling in the sand.

He looked at the clan, then he turned a stare on Willie, who was still laughing.

Said he, "None of you speak to me. I may forget myself and do more than I intend."

The Haddock Boat Sculler backed away out of reach of the Tanner while he whispered, "Something terrible is going to happen to Willie the Wagger. I can see it in the Tanner's eyes."

"Hush!" came answering whispers.

The Tanner now wiped the water from his eyes. "Come here!" he commanded, and there was that in his stare that drew Willie toward him in spite of himself.

"Stand still!" ordered the Tanner of Nets. "Now that I have you where I want you—when I see you again as I see you now, you will have learned to behave yourself." Then to the clan he said, "Huddle yourselves behind me. Don't get within reach of my power, or some of you will not be yourselves."

When the clan were well beyond the Tanner's reach, they began to wonder what the Tanner was going to do with Willie the Wagger.

"Whatever the Tanner does," said the Haddock Boat Sculler, "I hope he doesn't blunder in the doing of it. I know he's too angry to get the best out of himself."

The clan were not kept long in suspense, for the Tanner now stooped down to see what his big toe had drawn in the sand. Then quickly he straightened up and began to spin like a top around Willie the Wagger. He spun so fast that the wind from him fluttered the eyebrows of Willie.

All of a sudden the Tanner stopped his spinning and made one leap in the air, and when his feet hit the sand again he shouted:

"ROCK COD!"

Instantly the

Waggar turned into a Rock Cod.

"Away to the sea with you now," said the Tanner, "and swim for the next few thousand years."

As the Rock Cod wiggled into the sea, the Boat Sculler walked over to the Tanner and said, "Now that it's all over—why did you turn Willie into a Rock Cod?"

The Tanner pointed down to the sand. "You can see for yourself," he said, "what my big toe drew."

"It's a Rock Cod, sure enough," said the Sculler, "but did you take the wag out of Willie?"

"I did not," snapped the Tanner.

"Then you made a big mistake, and you'll have more trouble from him now than when he was Willie the Wagger."

The Tanner looked at the Sculler. "Are you getting uppish, too?"

"Oh, no, no," said the Sculler politely, "I was just thinking what a big change you've made in the Wagger."

The Tanner called to the clan. "Get into your boats again," he ordered, "and a-fishing you go. And mind that (Turn to page 40)

## The season's best catch!



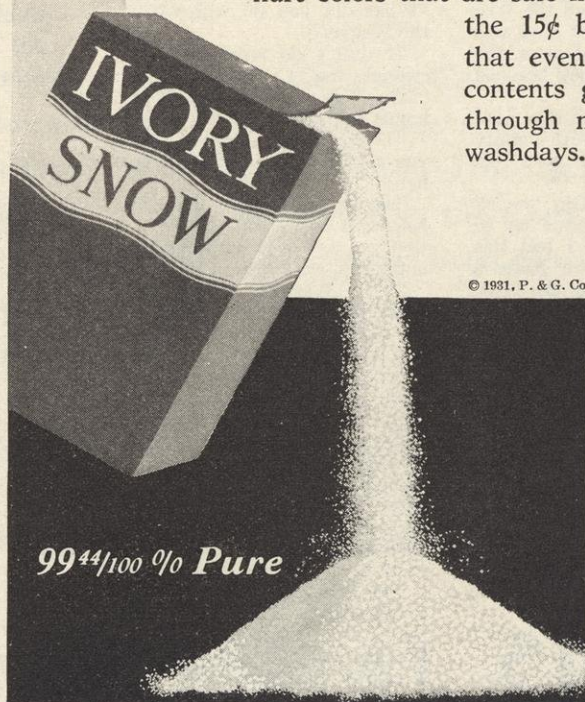
## Silks and woollens love this new IVORY SNOW

Suds instantly in lukewarm water

Ivory Snow is the new star among fine-fabric soaps! It's so quick. So attractive. And . . . very, very kind!

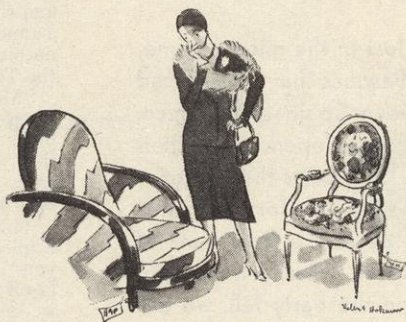
Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap in a new instant form. No "beating" to give suds. Just add lukewarm water—and swish, these white snow pearls go *completely* into velvety suds. No undissolved soap particles left to spot your fabrics.

Don't hesitate to use enough Ivory Snow to make a *thick* suds. Ivory Snow can't possibly hurt colors that are safe in clear water. And the 15¢ box is so very big that even when you use its contents generously, it lasts through many silk-and-wool washdays.



## Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woollens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa Blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.



Modern or antique? A question our Institute can help decide



## FROM THE HORN OF THE MOON

Continued from page 39

you bring back your boats loaded with fish."

The Wee Fishermen bowed to the Tanner of Nets. Then they climbed into their boats and hoisted their wee sails, and sailed away to the fishing grounds.

Before the cock's crow in the morning they were back with empty boats.

"What!" exclaimed the Tanner. "No fish?"

"None," answered the Sculler sharply. "That big toe of yours has a lot to answer for. There is not a fish in the sea that doesn't know the Rock Cod—once Willie the Waggoner. We saw him many times during the night."

Wee rivers of water ran from the Tanner's eyes. "I never make a mistake," said he. "The fault lies in your fishing. And to prove it—I'll fish with you tonight."

THE next night, after the sun had gone down and the shadows grew on the shore, the Wee Men put out to fish as usual. The Haddock Boat Sculler sculled the Tanner out to the fishing grounds. As they passed the lighthouse, the Sculler stopped sculling.

"Look behind you!" he said to the Tanner.

The Tanner was surprised to hear an order come from any one but himself, but he obeyed the Sculler and looked behind him. What he saw was a Rock Cod with a smirk on its face sticking its head up through the lid of the sea. The Cod and the Tanner stared at each other. Then the Tanner spoke. Said he, "If you are Willie the Waggoner, lately turned into a Rock Cod, prove it, or go about your business."

At that the Rock Cod began to wag his head at the Tanner.

"That's Willie!" exclaimed the Sculler.

"It is, it is," answered the Tanner meekly.

"I should have taken the wag out of him."

"Shall I scull on?" asked the Sculler.

"No," snapped the Tanner. "Stand still, and don't rock the boat. There may yet be a way to hook the wag out of Willie."

"You're only wasting the night's time," said the Sculler. "Look! The other boats are far ahead and the Rock Cod has disappeared. Our fishing days are over, and you may as well know it, Tanner of Nets."

The Tanner sat with his head between his knees and water piping out of his eyes. After a while he sat up and said, "Bail the boat out, and scull on."

All night long the clan fished, but not a fish could they catch. And every which way they looked a smirking Cod would pop up out of the sea and wag at them.

The Tanner of Nets seldom went fishing, but when he did, he caught fish that were fat; and plenty of them. Tonight he had only one thought—to hook the one fish that ought to be caught—the Waggoner. So he baited his hook with young cockles.

"You'll never catch the Waggoner on that," said the Sculler, "for when Willie was himself, he had to have his cockles dipped in butter."

The morning star, pilot of daylight, came up out of the sea. Not a fish had the Wee Fishermen caught, and the Rock Cod was still unbaited. Tired and out of sorts, the clan set sail for the land. As they beached their boats, the Tanner spoke:

"Men," said he, "you've had two hard nights. Twice you're back with empty boats. But it's not your fault, as I had thought."

The Sculler interrupted. "Oh, we all know whose fault it is. And let me say to you, Tanner of Nets, the way I feel this morning, I wouldn't care if you made a change in me. I'm tired sculling the boat. I'm hungry for a taste of fish."

"We're all hungry for fish!" wailed the clan.

"Hold on!" said the Tanner. "The taste for fish has not left my mouth either. But tonight, I promise you, we'll catch Willie the Rock Cod. Don't ask me how. I'm doing some deep sea thinking. Away with you now, to your nooks in the rock shadows."

Three nights the Wee Fishermen fished, but not a fish could they catch. On the third night the Tanner brought out a box, not any larger than the nail on his thumb. He opened it and scattered its contents over the stern of his boat.

"I'll powder Willie with limpet horns," said he.

Willie the Rock Cod had already turned tail, and down he dove into the depths of the

sea. Then before the Wee Fishermen knew what was happening, Willie had shooed a school of fish up from the bottom to sniff the powdered limpet horns that floated on the face of the sea. Up they came, herded by the Rock Cod.

"Have an eye to your nets now, men!" the Tanner called to his Fishermen. "The Waggoner should mesh himself now any minute."

As the Sculler stooped down to have a look at his webbed toes, something strange began to happen. The fish that Willie had shooed up to the surface of the sea were now sniffing the powdered limpet horns, and in no time at all they began to cough. All at once the sea was choking with white caps that the fish coughed up, and before the Tanner could issue an order to his men, the fleet of wee boats had capsized, and the clan were dumped into the sea.

"Where now?" bellowed the Sculler.

"Larry's lighthouse!" answered the Tanner.

Then one behind the other swam the Wee Fishermen. The Sculler was the most powerful swimmer of them all, and he was in the lead. Away back at the tail end swam the Cockle Gatherer. The wake from the others hindered his swimming.

Suddenly a Rock Cod with a smiling face and blinking eyes swam in between his legs. The Cockle Gatherer threw his arms about the Rock Cod's neck and hugged him tight as he whispered, "Larry's lighthouse."

The Rock Cod jockeyed the Cockle Gatherer from off his dorsal fin and away he swam for the lighthouse. Then past the line of swimming Wee Men skimmed the Rock Cod with the Cockle Gatherer astride of him. Every man of the clan could see them plainly. The Tanner called to the Cockle Gatherer:

"Beach the Waggoner and hold him till I get there!"

As the Rock Cod came abreast of the lighthouse he stopped and humped his back, then bucked the Cockle Gatherer on to the rocks.

"Oh, Willie!" cried the Cockle Gatherer. "Yours is the grand life."

The Rock Cod wagged and winked at him, then disappeared.

The horned moon was low in the sky when the clan swam up to the lighthouse. One by one they came out of the water and shook themselves.

When the Tanner set eyes on the Cockle Gatherer he said, "What did you do with Willie the Waggoner?"

"I didn't do anything," answered the Cockle Gatherer.

"When we reached the lighthouse he flung me off his back."

"Do you mean to tell me that you couldn't hold him till I got there?"

The Cockle Gatherer shook his head and answered, "The Willie that you turned into a Rock Cod is the slipperiest fish in the sea."

"The Waggoner would be,"

spoke up the Sculler. "Well—our boats and our nets are gone, and Willie the Waggoner is still loose in the sea. Our fishing nights are over, and the Tanner of Nets is to blame for it all. Yet there he stands, looking up at the horned moon, while we are hungry for lack of fish, and we're chilled from the sea water."

"Stop!" roared the Tanner. "You've said enough. I'm the Tanner of Nets, and I ought to know what is best for you all. And we shall fish tonight in spite of the Waggoner."

"But how can we fish?" cried the Sculler. "Our boats and our nets are gone!"

The Tanner raised his hand. "Listen!" he whispered. "Something is floating in my wits." He looked across to the mainland. The horned moon was setting over there and a trail of light, like spilled yellow corn, ran out to the lighthouse rocks. "Men," said the

Tanner, "give me time to think, and before another night has passed I shall have Willie the Waggoner in my power again."

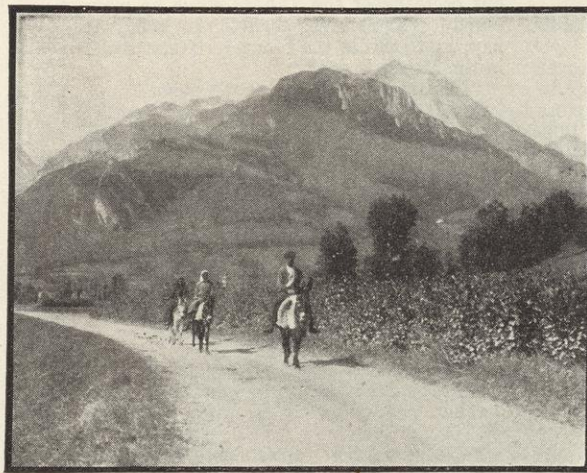
Then down over the rocks scrambled the Wee Fishermen and out on the moonlit trail. Over the sea they ran to the land and away to their shadowed coves.

The fourth night came, and the clan were gathered together on a green grassy mound that looked over the sea. There they sat while the Tanner still brooded on a way to outwit Willie the Waggoner.

LARRY beyond, on his rock in the sea, struck a match and lit the lighthouse light, and Jimmy Breen in his clogs, with wide open ears, was out walking along the rim of the sea. The gulls and the pelicans wore a hungry look, for they too had had no fish for three days and three nights. Sadly they sat on the rocks and gazed out over the sea.

The Tanner had rubbed his wee bald spot sore. "It's no use," he said, "I thought I had something, but it fiddled away from me."

"I expected as much," said the Haddock Boat Sculler. "Your eyes are dry and your wits are gone. Besides, your nose is purple."



Courtesy of the French Line

## The Basque Country

SO OLD that their origin is lost in the mists of time, century after century the Basques have inhabited that romantic country between Spain and France, maintaining always their sturdy independence, their own customs and language. The stories that Dorothy Canfield has written about the Basques for Delineator are generally considered to be in the front rank of this distinguished novelist's work. Prior to book publication of the entire series in the early fall, we are publishing two more of these Basque stories—"Like All True Love" in this issue and "Ancestral Home" next month.

—don't miss these stories!



"Purple? Purple?" cried the wee Knitter of Nets.

"Yes," said the Sculler. "Look at him. His nose is purple!"

The Knitter went up to the Tanner and looked into his face. "Yes," he said. "It's true; his nose is purple."

"Well?" snapped the Tanner. "What has my purple nose got to do with you or the clan?"

"Oh, I'll tell you," answered the Knitter, "but first promise you won't lose your temper."

The Tanner bowed his head. He was sorry for the hardships his temper had brought on the clan, but never would he say so. Then he raised his hand and looked at the clan. "Men," he said, "my temper is silent."

The Sculler stepped up to the Tanner.

"Give me your hand," he said. "I want to shake it. I've been hard on you, I know, but after all is said and done, there's a goodly Wee Man in you still."

The Tanner turned to the Knitter. "Tell me," he said, "why you're so put out by my purple nose?"

"Oh," said the Knitter, "it's pleased I am to see it. It reminds me of the days when Willie was a Wee Wool Gatherer and went off on purple egg spees. The Chief of that clan couldn't put up with him and turned him into a Tumbling Pigeon. That time he was caught because he couldn't withstand the lure of purple. The sight of the Tanner's nose made me think of it. I believe Willie still loves purple—and the Tanner's nose is purple."

The Tanner's hand went up to his nose to feel of it, while the clan stared at him.

"I think we could catch Willie," went on the Knitter, "and here's my plan. I have yarn that I have spun from long summer evenings. This yarn I might heave over the horn of the moon. Then there would be two loose ends hanging down—a fishing-line for the moon. To the loose ends we would tie the Tanner by the heels, so that his purple nose would drag in the sea. Now, if the Rock Cod saw the moon fishing with a purple egg nose, it might stir memories in Willie. Likely as not the Rock Cod would take a nibble."

"It's a chance worth taking," said the Sculler.

The Tanner rose slowly to his feet. "For the sake of the clan," said he, "I'll hang by my heels from the horn of the moon, and dip my purple nose in the sea. More than likely Willie the Rock Cod will snap the nose off my face. But it's my duty to capture him. There's just one thing missing in the Knitter's plans. Now you all know that if I should capture the Rock Cod, I would have no power if my heels are where my head should be. I must have something to stand on if I am to change the Rock Cod into something else."

"You're right," said the Sculler. Then turning to the Knitter, "You've forgotten that we have no boats."

The Knitter crept over to the Tanner. "Lower your head down," he said, "while I whisper."

The Knitter then whispered and whispered into the ear of the Tanner. The clan could hear nothing, but in a few moments the Tanner was giving orders.

"Men," said he, "on your feet! Keep your ears open to what I have to say! All of you know that the mortals around here wear clogs. It's in clog boats we'll be putting to sea tonight."

The Tanner turned to the Sculler. "I have a special job for you," said he. "The rest of you be off to the houses of the mortals we know, and every man of you fetch a clog, and a spoon to paddle."

In no time at all the Wee Fishermen had scattered—all except the Sculler, who stood waiting to hear what the Tanner expected him to do.

The Tanner pointed to the beach. "Do you see Jimmy Breen walking down there?"

"Who wouldn't?" answered the Sculler.

"Get his clogs," said the Tanner. "They're long and wide,

and are just the right size for handling Willie the Rock Cod."

"But I can't take them from off his feet," objected the Sculler.

"Get his clogs!" roared the Tanner.

AND the Sculler hurried down to the beach.

There Jimmy Breen was walking along the rim of the sea. The wee Boat Sculler crept up behind him. He could hear the crunch of Jimmy's clogs in the sand. Jimmy stopped and stooped down to light his pipe. As he struck the match, the Sculler blew it out. And as fast as Jimmy would strike another, out it would go, too.

"Where in the world is the wind coming from?" said Jimmy to himself. He looked behind him, fearfully. Nothing was there that he could see. So (Turn to page 42)



# THIS TOOTHPASTE

**KEEPS MORE PEOPLE'S  
TEETH CLEAN THAN ANY OTHER  
DENTIFRICE IN THE WORLD—AND  
HAS FOR OVER 30 YEARS...**

yet sells for **25c**



See if the seal of acceptance is on the toothpaste you buy

**C**OLGATE'S has *healthfully* and *completely* cleansed more people's teeth than any other toothpaste the world has ever known.

Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

And now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—Colgate's has been accepted by the American Dental

Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

Colgate's sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

## COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



# 4 WARNINGS OF THE SKIN'S CRITICAL AGE

**How new, medically-sound beauty method corrects the 4 dreaded signs of age:**

1. You first cleanse pores with new liquid solvent
2. Then clean pores "take up" nourishing cream

Next time you pick up a baby look carefully at the child's skin. You will find it firm, fine-textured, rosily clear. You will love to stroke it, love to kiss it.

That's the way skin ought to be.

Now examine the 4 little photographs on this page. Each is of a woman in her twenties. Each shows one of the warnings a skin gives when it reaches its critical age.

Would these complexions appeal to you? Yet they could!

## New method replenishes oil, corrects skin defects

A baby's skin is fine and firm because it has a normal supply of natural oil. As years go by, alkaline cleansers may dry out this oil. Exposure to sun and wind further dries out the skin. The face may then look 8, 10, 15 years older than need be. The skin reaches a critical age.

To smooth away dryness and wrinkles, natural oil must be replenished. There is now a way to do this, a way tested and proven by 789 skin examinations recently made by a great New York doctor. Here is what you do:

Cleanse with Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid solvent. It floats away deep-lying dirt. Acts as an antiseptic. Does not push dirt into pores as greasy cleansers may. Thus it prevents blackheads and blemishes, leaves skin zestfully clean and refreshed.

Now apply Ambrosia Cream. Clean pores actually absorb this colloidal fluid, particles of which are five times finer than particles in milk. The first cream ever made of a blend essentially the same as the natural oil of a healthy skin. Has no wax to clog and coarsen pores. With natural oil replenished, wrinkles smooth out and dry skin becomes as firm as a baby's cheek.

## What to do for large pores, blemishes

If your skin shows the other 2 critical-age imperfections, large pores and blemishes, follow with Ambrosia Tightener. This aromatic astringent, made to a doctor's directions, constricts large pores, makes oily skins normal. Is healing and tonic.

Watch your skin for the 4 warnings of critical age. Then decide whether you will risk continuing with the method of cleansing that brought on these defects. Or begin now with the new, medically-sound Ambrosia method and regain youthful charm.

\* All statements based on clinical tests of N. Y. doctor who watched use of Ambrosia products on all skin-types... a total of 789 skin diagnoses.

You can secure Ambrosia products from any drug or department store. Follow carefully the directions which come with every bottle. They are printed there just as a great skin specialist gave them to women who saw him personally in New York City.

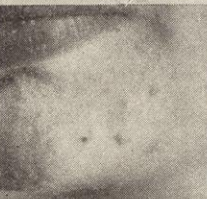
## Send 10¢ for book

Read all about this great doctor's clinical analysis of women's skins. 100-page beauty book, "New Faces for Old," also gives correct treatments for leading skin problems. Send 10¢ now to: Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. D-8, 114 5th Ave., New York; 69 York St., Toronto, Can.

**1ST WARNING... DRY SKIN.** Does powder flake on your skin? Follow directions below to end dryness, replenish natural oil, thus make dry skin smooth. \*



**2ND WARNING... WRINKLES.** Ambrosia cleans thoroughly. Clean pores then absorb Ambrosia Cream which replenishes natural oil, smooths away wrinkles. \*



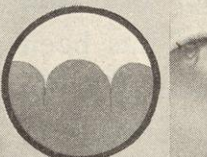
**3RD WARNING... BLEMISHES.** Regain clear, radiant skin with Ambrosia. It prevents blackheads, blemishes, is healing, tonic, and antiseptic. \*



**4TH WARNING... LARGE PORES.** Ambrosia cleans out the dirt that makes pores gape open. Tightener then constricts pores, improves color and tone. \*



**ORDINARY CLEANSING.** Cross-section of skin, showing how ordinary cleansing may leave greasy dirt to clog, enlarge pores.



**PORE-DEEP CLEANSING.** How Ambrosia cleans pore-deeps. Thus ends blackheads and blemishes. Pores become fine.

© 1931, Hinze Ambrosia, Inc.

Doctors use only liquid solvents for surgical cleanliness

AMBRÖSIA .. \$1.00 .. \$1.75 .. \$3.00  
AMBRÖSIA CREAM .. \$1.00 .. \$2.00  
AMBRÖSIA TIGHTENER \$1.00 .. \$1.50



## FROM THE HORN OF THE MOON

Continued from page 40

he pulled the tail of his coat over his head to shelter his match, and as he did, the Sculler poked him in the ribs. Jimmy snorted and jumped clean out of his clogs.

"What could that be?" he whispered. "Was it a poke, or a stitch in the ribs I felt? Well, whatever it was, it's into my clogs I'll be getting and it's home I'll be taking myself. But where are my clogs? Sure they were here the wink of an eye ago, and now they've disappeared entirely! May the Devil take the one that took my clogs! But it's home I'll go barefooted, anyway."

[T was not long before the fleet of clog boats put out to sea. In the lead was the Knitter, in one of Jimmy Breen's big clogs. And in the heel of that clog sat the Tanner. He looked uneasy. "It's a dangerous business we're on tonight," said he.

"It is," answered the Knitter. "But don't think of it. Put your mind on something else."

"I wish I could. Yet I can think of nothing but the teeth of the Rock Cod."

South of the lighthouse the Knitter laid his paddle down on the instep of the clog. Then he said to the Tanner:

"The horns of the moon are over us now. Sit still, while I get the rigging up."

The clan formed a circle of clogs around the Knitter and the Tanner. Not a whisper came from one of them, and the sea lay sleeping.

The Knitter of Nets stood up and began unwinding from his wrist the yarn that he had spun out of long summer evenings. Coil after coil he unwound from his wrist, and the big clog looked as if it were loaded with spider web. Then he reached into his hip pocket and brought out a pin feather from a bald eagle's breast. His fingers worked fast. He clove-hitched the end of the yarn over the eagle's pin feather, and, gathering a coin in his right hand, he swung it three times over his head. Then he let go. Up and up soared the eagle's feather, and through the blue curves trailed the yarn.

The Knitter threw back his head and watched the yarn that he had spun out of long summer evenings trail away out of reach. The eagle's feather curved up and over the moon's south horn, then down it came speeding again, bringing back to the Knitter the end of his yarn.

Quickly the Knitter untied the pin feather, and taking both ends of the yarn that now hung over the horn of the moon, he ordered the Tanner to stand up on his head in the heel of Jimmy Breen's clog. It was no time at all before the Tanner was tied up by his heels and the Knitter was easing him into the sea.

"Keep your eyes open," whispered the Knitter, "and if Willie the Rock Cod sights you, don't call for help till you've woven your arms in and out through his gills."

Then, led by the Knitter, the fleet paddled into shadow and the Tanner was left alone, hanging by his heels from the horn of the moon, with his purple nose trailing in the sea.

And as he swung this way and that, the Rock Cod came up and swam around him. The Tanner could see the full white belly of him, and he clenched his wee fists that lay against his hips and squinted at the Waggoner.

As Willie swam around and around that purple nose, he was wondering where, in all his changes, he had seen purple before. And

here it was again, floating in the sea—that fascinating purple. Willie was unable to swim away; nor could he take his Rock Cod's eye from off the purple. He scratched his dorsal fin with the feelers on his chin, and floated while he tried to remember.

Then it came to Willie, like a purr of autumn wind—the memory of his purple egg days. He wiggled his tail and feathered his fins, as forward he swam toward the Tanner's purple nose.

Just as Willie opened his mouth wide, the Tanner—with a yell—caught him by the gills. Then followed such a commotion as the sea had never felt before. The Tanner held fast by the gills, while Willie walloped him with the flat of his tail. But the Tanner was without any power, heels up as he was, and he roared for the Wee Fishermen to hurry along in their clog boats.

In a very little while the swinging came to a stop, and the Knitter paddled Jimmy Breen's boat up under the Tanner and the Rock Cod. Then he called to the Boat Sculler: "Paddle alongside here and take hold of the Rock Cod while I unhitch the Tanner."

When the Tanner stood on his feet again, he slapped himself on the breast. "Men," said he, "the job is done, and it's me you have to thank for this night's work."

Willie lay blinking in the arms of the Sculler. The Cockle Gatherer reached over the heel of his clog and stroked the Rock Cod.

"Ah, Willie," he cried, "you will be good!"

"Get back there!" ordered the Tanner. "If you only knew what I've been through! I'm black and blue, and I must have stretched, for I can see over all your heads."

"There is something else wrong with you," said the Knitter. "The purple has run from your nose."

"Good!" said the Tanner. "I shouldn't want to be known as the purple-nosed Tanner of Nets."

"Look here!" cried the Sculler. "I can't hold him much longer. I have this to say: Change him back into the Waggoner again."

The Tanner was unwilling to turn

Willie into the Waggoner again, but at last he was persuaded, and he began to spin like a top in the heel of the clog. And all of a sudden he stopped spinning and cried: "WILLIE THE WAGGER!"

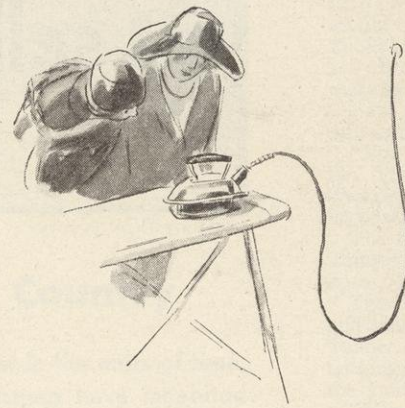
The Rock Cod disappeared and the Sculler found he was holding Willie the Wee Fisherman by the neck. As he pulled him into the clog, Willie yawned and stretched himself. He looked at the Tanner, whose clog boat lay alongside of the Sculler's, and said, "Hello!" And to the Wee Fishermen he gave a wee wag.

"Now, then," said the Tanner to Willie the Waggoner, "wag the wee-est fish out of the sea and load all our clogs!"

Willie stood up and wagged himself all around the compass. He wagged from his wee hips down to his toes. He wagged so fast that the clan couldn't tell where his head might be. Then something happened. A shower of wee silver herring tumbled into the clogs.

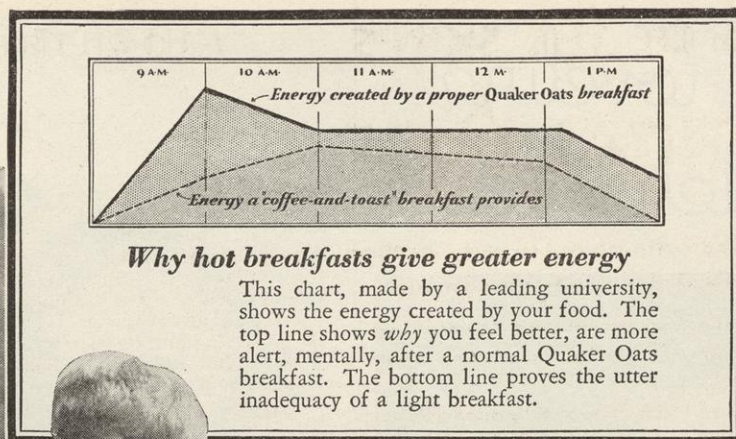
LARRY, in his lighthouse tower, stood looking through his spyglass. As he laid his spyglass down he whispered to himself, "It's a grand night, so it is. I wouldn't be surprised if I had fresh fish for my breakfast."

Meet an Institute iron! It knows how to turn itself off



**LETTERS!** Don't forget that we are eager to hear from our readers. If there's some feature of Delineator that you particularly like—or even some feature that you violently dislike—write and let us know. It is our ambition to have you consider Delineator a most friendly magazine





## Each morning .. Restore their energy with an energizing Quaker Oats breakfast

**QUICK Quaker Oats . . . cooks in 2½ minutes . . . costs but 3 cents for a family of five**

"MOTHERS worry when their children bring home poor report cards," say teachers. "They urge them to study harder. They visit school to ask our advice. If we could only tell them the one thing that would help most of all . . . good, hot oatmeal breakfasts!"

For the child with the oatmeal breakfast has a tremendous advantage. Here is a cereal that stands by all morning long. Supplies lasting, stimulating energy. No other grain that grows, says science, gives such perfect balance of health, growth and energy foods.

**An energy breakfast in 2½ minutes**

And this breakfast that does so much for children and grown-ups alike, is so quick . . . so easy to prepare. For Quick Quaker is made to cook deliciously done in 2½ minutes. Just stir these

thin, tender flakes into boiling water, and by the time the coffee's done there's the very best breakfast you could give your family . . . prepared in the least time.

**Why Quaker Oats has a richer flavor**

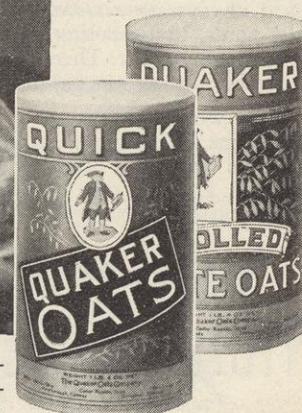
Added to this, Quaker has a rich, nut-like savoriness no other oatmeal has ever been able to imitate. This flavor comes from a special Quaker process that roasts and toasts the choice whole oats through 14 different ovens—till they're just bursting with rich goodness.

Don't be satisfied to give your family less nourishing breakfasts. The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

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



Some of the other cereals made by the Quaker Oats Company are Quaker Hominy, Quaker Cornmeal, Scotch Brand Pearled Barley. All Quaker cereals have superior quality . . . delicious flavor.



"I attribute Dorothy's sturdiness and lack of sickness to the fact that she starts every day with a Quaker Oats breakfast," writes her mother, Mrs. Engle.

## Quaker Oats . . . and . . . Quick Quaker Oats



# Six stars.. and loveliness in a garden...



## IS YOUR SKIN AS LOVELY AS MY MANNEQUIN'S?

"Only a healthy skin can stay young" . . . by Frances Ingram

THERE I found her—in Atlanta, in the loveliest of gardens . . . head bare, hands busy among her flowers. And we talked on and on of another day, in another garden—in Spain.

"Do you know, ever since I met you that April, I've kept my skin cleansed with Milkweed Cream in some of the dirtiest cities and dustiest trains of the world! And when I came home, and my husband was afraid I'd spoil my complexion working in my own garden—I just smiled, and kept right on using your starred method with Milkweed Cream every night." . . .

Her skin was lovely—like her own Georgia peaches and cream. And there wasn't a blemish nor a line nor a wrinkle.

I want you to try my starred way to soft, smooth, unblemished skin. First, keep your skin always immaculately clean, deep into the pores, by spreading Milkweed Cream generously over it. Then remove—and follow the instructions given at the right.

And won't you listen in on my radio programs "Through the looking-glass with Frances Ingram," Tuesday mornings at 10:15 E. D. S. T., over WJZ and associated NBC stations?

# INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

THREE SIZES . . . 50¢ . . . \$1. . . \$1.75

★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of brow.

★ **THE EYES**—To avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward over brow and inward under lower lids.

★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by placing thumbs under the chin and stroking with index fingers upward and outward toward the ears.

★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover generously with Milkweed, and from the hollow at the base, stroke upward toward the chin.

★ **THE NECK AND CHIN**—To prevent a sagging chin, stroke with fingertips from under the chin outward, under the jawbone, toward the ears. Then pat firmly under the chin and along the jaw contours.

★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, massage with palm of hand in rotary motion with plenty of cream.

### MY INTRODUCTORY TUBE AND MY BEAUTY BOOKLET WILL DELIGHT YOU

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. D-81  
108 Washington St., New York

(Check in square below)

☐ Please send me your introductory Milkweed Cream treatment and your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young". I enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

☐ Please send me your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which is free.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## WHICH BEDROOM FOR YOU?

Continued from page 19



A modern electric time-piece in a Colonial case—used in Scheme A

It is solid brass, cast in a good Colonial pattern. As we say, almost every time we mention hardware: the best is the most economical for those who build for permanency.

A dressing table niche made from a shallow closet should appeal to the ingenuity in you. We hope you will be able to copy it for one of your own bedrooms. This closet, you see, was no longer necessary, since we had insisted on plenty of closet space when we planned the bath-dressingroom next door.

TO MAKE the dressing table, we simply removed the closet door, installed a broad shelf about table height, and then built in several little corner shelves, above and below, to hold all those creams, lotions and powders that help the American woman maintain her reputation for beauty. A good strong light concealed behind a valance at the top, a long strip of mirror fastened flat to the wall, and a smaller sheet of mirror which fits the table top, were all that we needed to transform an almost useless closet into an attractive beauty nook. The cost was negligible.

That was our background—as colorful, as fresh, as spontaneous as a summer day—ready for any degree of formality we chose to give it by the furniture and fabrics we selected and by the manner in which we used them.

To simplify matters, we have labeled the scheme with the sturdy twin beds, informally Colonial, Scheme A, and the one with the graceful canopied bed, more formally French, Scheme B. Whichever you choose, you will doubtless be glad to know that one is not greatly more expensive than the other.

The keynote of each scheme is sounded in the rugs. Those in Scheme A are plain wood-brown with borders of a deeper tone of the same color. They make a pleasant contrast with the waxed surface of the Chinese blue linoleum which is the basic flooring. The rug in Scheme B is made up of three strips of carpet which reproduces a delightful Aubusson flower pattern in all its gorgeous mellowness. The general effect is one of brown and pink, and the pile has a silken sheen that makes it seem dusted lightly with a golden powder. All four sides are finished with double fringe, sage green under blue-green.

You'll notice that we have selected related groups for these rooms, not too strictly matched, because we felt that pieces that have a subtler relationship make a more interesting whole. The twin beds in Scheme A are dark mahogany carved in simple motifs that recall the vigor of Colonial times. With them we used a Sheraton chest and secretary in light mahogany. In Scheme B the canopied bed, the high chest of drawers, the secretary with its wire grill, reproduce in dark walnut the refinement of line that was typical of eighteenth century France. With these pieces we used charming formal chairs that show an eighteenth century Italian influence.

Even the radios are consistent. The one placed squarely between the twin beds in Scheme A is a sturdy floor model. For Scheme B we chose a smaller model and placed it conveniently on the bedside table.

Fabrics have an extremely important effect on the atmosphere of a room. You should give at least as much thought to their selection as you do to the choosing of your furniture. Don't just buy any material that will do; find the perfect answer to your problem among the amazingly beautiful things that are being manufactured in this country today. If your dealer's stock doesn't produce exactly what you want, write to one of the good fabric manufacturers, stating your problem. He will be glad to send you information and tell you where his materials can be bought.

Look at the fabrics on page 19 and see how the informality of those used in Scheme A contrasts with the sophistication of those in B.

In Scheme A the curtains are soft raspberry percale hung from a straight valance which is trimmed with two pleated ruffles of light green percale. The glass curtains, newest, smartest and loveliest organdie, are light green embroidered with clusters of white daisies and dark green leaves; they are trimmed with ruffles of plain green organdie, and they hang straight down to the floor. The overdraperies have organdie tie-backs, also adorned with pleated ruffles of organdie.

The skirt of the dressing table is soft raspberry percale trimmed with two pleated ruffles of the light green. A similar ruffle outlines the scallops of the wooden valance which conceals the light.

The consistent and extremely decorative bedspreads in this room are made of green cotton woven in a design of white meadow daisies. The green and white note is repeated in the sturdy cotton tapestry cloth with which the Sheraton sofa is upholstered.

The fabrics in Scheme B strike a more sophisticated note because they are of one color—pale ivory—and variety is achieved subtly by the use of different textures. The curtains are made of a lustrous rayon serge called Bourette de rae; they are lined with cream sateen, and interlined to give them weight. They hang straight from beneath a formal valance of the same material. Both curtains and valance are edged with ivory-colored wool fringe.

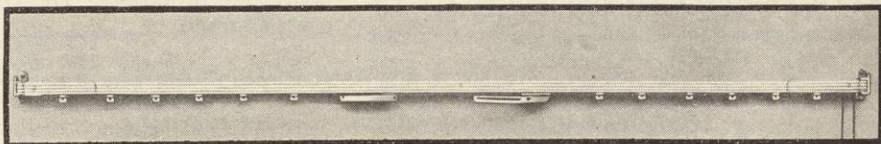
Venetian blinds painted flesh color—a stock color, by the way—do the work of both shades and glass curtains, and contribute an added note of formality to the room. Beneath each of the windows, radiators are concealed behind most decorative metal shields painted to match the woodwork.

The dressing table is hung with curtains exactly as if it were a window, and the curtain material has been stretched on buckram to form two sort of doors which conceal the lower shelves.

Ivory Bourette de rae was also used to fashion the bed coverings and hangings, and these, too, are edged with ivory wool fringe. The canopy and its valance are lined with light green rayon taffeta, and the tailored bedspread is lined with cream sateen.

LUXURIOUS ivory rayon moiré was used to make slip covers for the armchairs and chaise longue in this scheme. There is an increasing tendency among smart decorators to use slip covers on upholstered pieces. This is especially practical when a light-colored fabric is used, because a slip cover can easily be removed for cleaning.

On page 20 you will see photographs of the beds in various stages of undress. The pillows, box springs and mattresses in Scheme A are covered with green and white damask. Those in Scheme B are also covered with green and white damask; but the design is less elaborate. These mattresses come in several different colors; but we decided on green because it fits in with our color scheme.



A curtain-rod like this is practical equipment for heavy or sheer fabrics





## Know the truth before accepting substitutes for Kotex

Doubtful substitutes for Kotex may be health risk—  
you *know* Kotex is safe—it's used in leading hospitals

**B**E cautious—when you hear the expression, “just like Kotex.” How do you know it's just like Kotex? How *can* you know, if it is an unknown substitute? Who stands back of it? Where was it made? How? By whom? Is it, like Kotex, used by hospitals from coast to coast?

Surface resemblance, you see, does not make a pad “just like Kotex.” It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex. Far, far harder to make one that meets the rigid Kotex standards of *purity*, of cleanliness, of perfect hygienic safety.

### Hospitals buy 10,000,000 Kotex pads

After all, why take chances? You know Kotex is safe. Last year more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals alone—their choice of Kotex should be your guide.

Kotex may cost a few pennies more than some

questionable substitute of whose makers you know nothing. But those few cents guarantee a product that meets your personal ideals of cleanliness as well as hygienic safety.

### Perfect comfort

You have every possible comfort in Kotex. Careful shaping, for comfort and inconspicuous lines. Super-softness . . . that lasts . . . because Kotex is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. These layers absorb scientifically, away from the surface. Kotex can be worn with equal protection on either side. It is adjustable. It is treated to deodorize.

Kotex is sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores, and singly in vending cabinets, through West Disinfecting Company.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

### IN HOSPITALS . . .

- 1 The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 2 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
- 3 *Kotex is soft...* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 4 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 5 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

### The new Kotex Belt

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

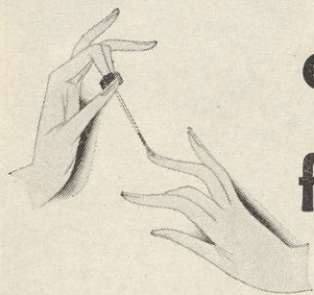
(U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

# KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins



# Before you face appraising eyes, groom your fingers with Glazo



THE YOUNG and the smart do not need to be told how the little differences between nail polishes make a very great difference in the charm of the hands.

And the special glow that Glazo alone gives has been its fortune, for once a woman comes to know the charm of Glazo texture and color it is almost impossible to please her with any other polish.

But with all its loveliness, the best part of the story is that Glazo brushes on easily and evenly, never "piles up" or chips, and never appears purplish under evening lights. Whichever of its several lovely shades you choose, its thin glorious sheen lasts a week or more.

Famous as Glazo Liquid Polish and Polish Remover are,

there are many Glazo innovations that by all means you ought to know.

For the other Glazo manicuring aids are as smart and as praiseworthy as Glazo polish itself. The new Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème introduces a method of cuticle care far in advance of all others. This soft, white cream gently removes excess cuticle, and leaves the edges smooth and even. It is quicker and easier to use, for it is applied directly from the convenient tube tip.

Glazo Nicotine Remover quickly banishes nicotine, ink, and other stains from the hands. Glazo Nail White and Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream play important parts in making your manicure perfect.

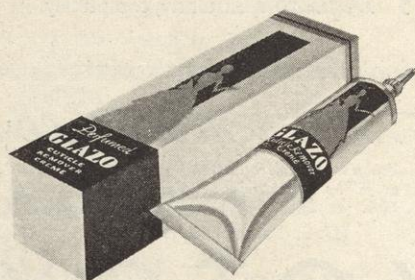
You'll find Glazo preparations at your favorite toilet goods counter.



(Above)—Perfumed Glazo Liquid Nail Polish comes in this smart new package. Natural, Flame, Geranium or Crimson—in a large bottle, 50c. Perfumed Glazo Polish Remover, 35c.

(Right)—The famous Glazo twin package contains both Glazo Liquid Polish and Polish Remover—conveniently packaged together, 50c. Your choice of Natural, Colorless, or Deep Shell.

(Below)—Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème presents a new and superior method of cuticle care. Emollient oils soften, while excess cuticle is gently removed. In a convenient tube, 50c.



## GLAZO

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc. Dept. GD-81  
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

I enclose ten cents. Please send me samples of Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and the new Cuticle Remover Crème. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

Name.....

Address.....

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

## LIKE ALL TRUE LOVE

Continued from page 9

about it, isn't there?" I watched them from a distance, too, and thought they both looked glum and anxious when they weren't bowing or smiling at somebody with a vote. And this pleased me, you may be sure. Probably sonny-boy's debts are larger than usual, I thought with light heart, and they are facing a stone wall. The bigger the better.

All this time, Mademoiselle Lambert and those simpletons, her parents, and our Pedro were parading up and down the public places, the two women changing their dresses every half hour. The girl and Pedro, sitting with their heads very close together over a café table, became a familiar sight, and so did the girl watching him play pelota and applauding every stroke he made till people stared and laughed at her. It was quite easy for me to point them out one day to careworn Monsieur le Député and his haggard son, and quite natural for me to pass on to them all the information I had about them—the father's immense solid wealth, the mother's idiotic parvenu absorption in her toilettes, the daughter's mad wilfulness.

"It's simply a crime," I said, "to let this affair with that wretched boy go on any longer. No good can come of it, either for them or for him. He's no man—ignorant, dumb, weak peasant that he is—to cope with that girl, or to inherit that fortune. He'd lose it for them in no time. What they really are looking for, of course, now they are back in France with all those millions, is somebody who could introduce them to society, and secure for them the position which millions deserve."

Yes, Monsieur le Député and his son quite caught my point, nodding and looking thoughtfully down at their beautifully cut trousers that probably weren't paid for. A day or so after this, as I stood talking with them for a moment, I saw Pedro and Mademoiselle Lambert approaching on the other side of the street, he in all the chic clothes money could buy, she in one of her outrageous get-ups that revealed to any woman's eye what a cheap creature she was at heart. They might have passed the dowdy old school teacher from Pedro's home town without seeing her, but noting that I was chatting to Monsieur le Député and his fashionably notorious son, they gave me the kind little nod of people who feel superior and want to show they don't.

"Oh, you know them personally?" exclaimed Gaudreau père, after they'd passed. Gaudreau fils had lifted his heavy white night-club eyelids enough to watch the girl's gaudy figure as she went on down the street.

"I knew that millionaire," said I, "when he was Ganich Lamberbaita, with only one pair of alpargatas to his name and glad of an extra hunk of arto for his supper of a night." And then I asked them, with the impulsiveness that naturally comes with an idea newly popped into your head. "See here, wouldn't you be interested in meeting them, Monsieur le Député? Of course, I know they are only an undistinguished new-rich couple. But I suppose a statesman feels it his duty to meet all kinds of people."

"WELL," said the school teacher with a long breath, "I needn't take up your time telling what you know already—the quick hash that was made of the bungling village boy by that experienced, money-famished Casino frequenter. Pedro had never had but one sweetheart and she was an honest girl. Gaudreau fils knew all there is to know about women—one kind of woman—in five languages. A girl with ordinary decent instincts couldn't have endured him in the room with her. But he—with his slick manners and social prestige and bad reputation—was exactly the man to impress a woman like that Mademoiselle Lambert.

In fact, it went so rapidly and so conclusively—very much like the snap of a large,

well-oiled steel trap—that in no time I was thanking my aunt and my cousin for their hospitality, and was buying my third-class ticket back to St. Jean Pied-de-Port.

My cheerfulness about what I'd done lasted me till I got off the train and was trudging up the street to the corner where the diligence to Zurrugne passes. But you know how it is in travel. Long before your body gets to where you're going, your mind has arrived and is walking around looking at things. As I sat on my satchel on the sidewalk there in St. Jean, I really was on my way up to Etcheonda to tell Emiliana that her lover would soon be back. I even knew the day and hour to announce, for on my way to the station at Biarritz I had met him, loitering idly, pale and dispirited. On seeing me joyfully starting for home, he had burst out in a sudden sullen desperation, "I'm going home, too. I'm sick and tired of it all down here. I won't wait a day longer. Tell my folks—and Emiliana—will you, that I'll be back tomorrow on the afternoon diligence."

YES, I knew that he would be along after me in a mere twenty-four hours, but waiting there at St. Jean I had a strange difficulty in thinking how to announce this to Emiliana. My imagination walked me easily up the road toward Etcheonda, but every time I actually approached the house and would soon have to see the girl and tell her—her whom I'd last seen, proud and pale and desolate—my imagination balked and stood still. Not a word could I find in my head to tell her that her lover was returning to her, not a tone of my voice could I find that would fit the news that she was again to be favored with the attentions of a worthless, fickle, shallow-hearted, mercenary fellow.

No, what came bursting up explosively into my mind was not a joyful cry, "Emiliana! Your lover is returning to you. Smile and be glad!" but a savage "Emiliana! That trash is on his way back to pick you up from where he dropped you. Have nothing to do with such a cheap piece of goods."

But—you will be asking—if I felt this way, why in the world had I cut myself into little bits to prevent Pedro's marrying that outlander and to make him return to Emiliana. The point is that I hadn't felt so till that moment. I had been so angrily occupied with punishing Pedro that there had been no fiber in my brain left for considering Emiliana's position. I saw that now. And I wasn't ashamed of it, either. Nothing can be accomplished by anybody who is thinking of two things at once. No, I was not ashamed, but, I must admit, rather disconcerted to find my thoughts once more lava, only flowing out of the volcano in another direction.

The diligence came along and I climbed in, my mind rushing from one possibility to another. For I knew, as soon as I thought of her, that one glimpse of her lover, repentant and despairing, would be enough. She would fall into his arms with but one thought—to console him. I knew, I told myself, the heart of womankind enough to foresee that.

But however in the world could I—could anybody—keep Emiliana from seeing him? I couldn't even number over to you all the crazy plans I thought of in that ride. I would invite her to go over the frontier with me to Spain, to visit some Spanish-Basque relations. I would work on her religious fervor to make a retreat in a convent. I would tell her that Pedro had contracted a dreadful disease. I would engage her as help for me and never let her out of my sight. I would this and I would that. The diligence arrived at Zurrugne and I climbed down and went home, still in a trance. But before I fell asleep I knew there was really only one thing to do, to make an alliance with Emiliana's mother, and contrive something with her help.

When I did fall asleep I fell hard—worn out by all that feeling. (Turn to page 49)

## Will you be lovelier this fall?

You owe it to yourself to be. Begin the habit of loveliness now and start at once to make your hair shine, your skin glow and your figure young and supple. It can be done, and Delineator Institute beauty booklets will tell you how. You haven't a moment to lose! Read the list on page 80 and mail the coupon at once.





# "I've followed the 'Big Top'"



*yet* you'll find me at home with the folks"

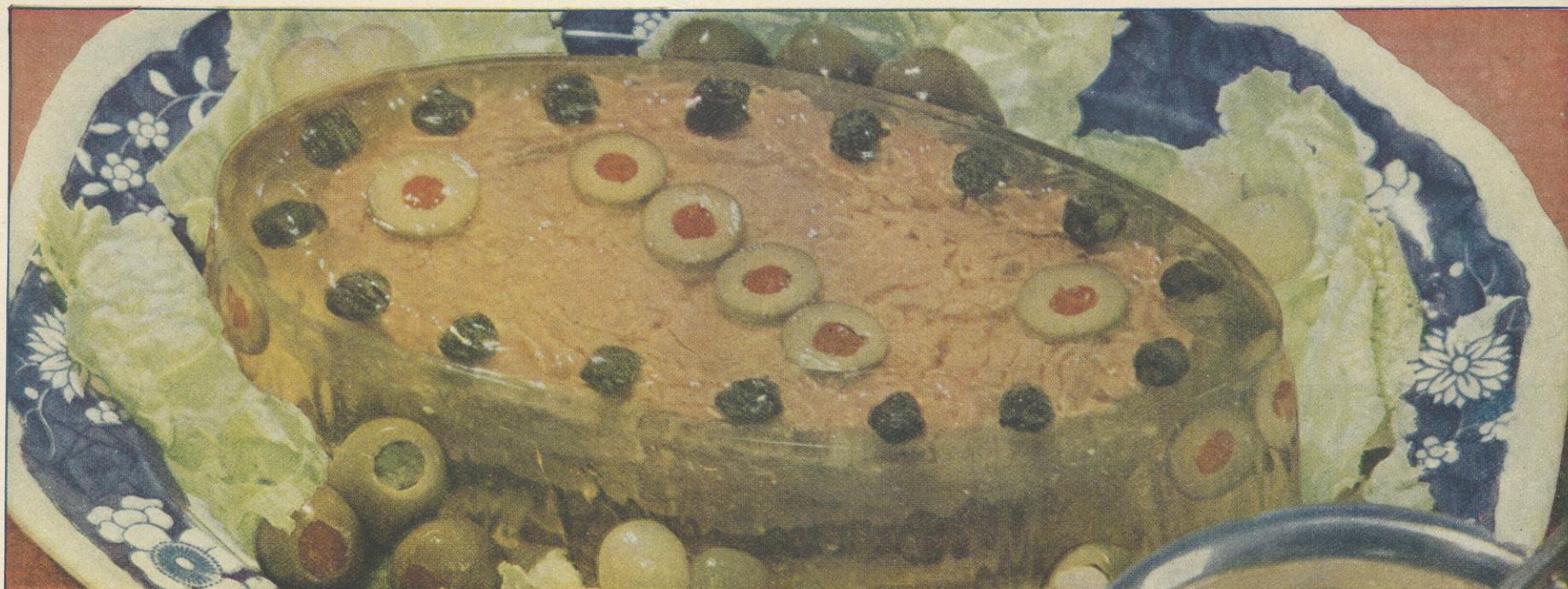
Children or grown-ups, we swallow the circus whole—and like it. But ballyhoo has no place in cigarette choice. What counts in a cigarette is how it *tastes*. And that's first a matter of how good the tobaccos are. Chesterfield uses tobaccos of better quality and blends and cross-blends them to give you *more* taste, *more* aroma. And greater mildness too!

*Chesterfield*



They're MILD—and yet they SATISFY!





## SALADS FOR HUSBANDS

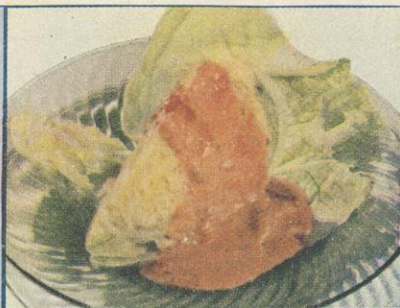
who "never eat  
salads"

### Salmon Steak in Aspic with Mayonnaise

Here you have our Salmon Steak—Royal Chinook from the Columbia River—molded in lemon aspic. Served with Mayonnaise—our creamy, piquant Mayonnaise—it is a dish to arouse the most languid mid-summer appetite. Specially refined oil and golden egg yolks go into the making of our Mayonnaise—with fragrant East Indian spices and fruit vinegar—these are blended harmoniously by our skilled and meticulous dressing blenders.

### Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing

"When it's good, it's very good—and when it's bad"—it's not *our* Thousand Island Dressing! For ours is indeed the perfect Cosmopolite. Its ingredients hail from almost every nook and cranny of the whole wide world. And then to blend them all into a single gastronomic pattern . . . heroic achievement! Try it—we dare you—on hearts of lettuce.



### Citrus Salad with French Dressing

This is a salad . . . Made, with no bother at all, from our Peeled Segments of Orange and Grapefruit—packed together—all ready for your cocktails, salads or desserts. . . . Our Own Idea and we don't mind saying it's a peach! Here you see them playing the principal role in what we call Citrus Salad—ably supported by our French Dressing.



### Vegetable Salad with Salad Dressing

Vegetable Salad with a good boiled dressing—made just right—always means a lot of work for somebody. But this salad was made in just three minutes—one to open our Vegetables for Combination Salad, one to remove the top of our Salad Dressing, and the other to put them together. Six vegetables in one tin—a miracle in a way—and utterly delicious!



**H**USBANDS who eternally shy away from the salad course should not be discarded lightly. Often it is easier to change salads than husbands.

We recall several extremely stubborn cases that were cured overnight by our Royal Chinook Salmon in Aspic with Mayonnaise. Our Thousand Island Dressing on hearts of lettuce has made its converts too.

But if you want to see the most mulish of men become absolutely docile in this matter, try feeding him with Orange and Grapefruit segments marinated in our special kind of French Dressing. (There's a Gallic deviltry about it that's irresistible!)

Salads can be so utterly various! We gather ours from all the pages of the Geography. You could select a different one for every day of the year.

Richelieu and Ferndell and Batavia stores everywhere are headquarters of the movement for making satisfied salad eaters out of refractory husbands. Glad days these for salad shoppers—with imagination!

### Send for this New Book

"*Forty Miracles for Your Table*"—is jam-full of new and different menus, recipes, suggestions for table decorations and services for many an occasion. Send the coupon with 10c for your copy.

SPRAGUE, WARNER & COMPANY, P. O. Box L, Chicago, Ill.  
I enclose 10c for my copy of "Forty Miracles for Your Table".

Del., 8-31

Name.....Address.....

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

My grocer's name is.....

Please check ☐ if you wish address of a nearby grocer-agent.

# **RICHELIEU or FERNDELL or BATAVIA**

Three complete lines of 500 Epicurean foods, including the finest Fruits—Vegetables  
—Coffees—Flavoring Extracts—Condiments—Cheeses and other good things to eat.



## LIKE ALL TRUE LOVE

Continued from page 46

When I woke up, the sun was high and I heard the morning diligence lumbering by. It must be nearly ten, I thought, and sleepily aroused myself to dress and get a bit of breakfast. There was no need for haste, of course, and I took my time. Along about noon as I started up the road toward Etcheonda, I felt quite restored by sleep and being once more in decent foot-gear.

Nobody was in sight as I toiled up the steep slope toward the house, and nobody visible as I stood at the door. I knocked and called. No answer. I looked in. Nobody there but the cat dozing in the window-sill.

Harvest season, I remembered. They were probably all out in the fields with their sickles. But they'd soon be home for the mid-day meal. I went around the house. There was a sort of terrace built up there, and I thought I'd sit down to wait on the bench by the door, which commanded a fine view.

And what, far down in the field at the foot of the hill, was the fine view that met my eyes?—Emiliana embracing Pedro and being embraced by him with a fervor beyond anything.

I fell backward upon the bench.

"Not possible!" I shouted at the top of my voice.

But it was possible. There was no mistaking Emiliana's tall splendid figure, although it was no longer stately, but vibrant and as charged with electricity as a bolt of lightning. She drew herself now from Pedro's arms, held him at arm's length to gaze upon him, and once more flung herself into his embrace with an ecstasy of emotion that crackled all around me on the terrace, far away and tiny as the figures of the lovers were. Still enlaced in each other's arms, they moved back along the path as it wound into the woods, and vanished from my sight.

SO I was too late. Pedro had changed his mind and come in by the morning diligence. And while I dressed at my leisure and ate breakfast, he had flung off his nightmare city clothes, had changed back to shirt, cotton trousers, sash, alpargatas and beret—and had leaped up the hill to Etcheonda to find the constant heart that awaited him.

I tried in a stunned, dumb kind of way to think what I now ought to do, and decided that the only decent thing left was to keep a shut mouth.

I soon had occasion to do so, for Emiliana's mother now emerged from the house, very

much surprised to see me. After the greetings were over and her explanation of how she had been in the barn doctoring a sick sheep, my eyes strayed to the two lovers emerging from the trees, as their path wound upward. Emiliana's head was on Pedro's shoulder now, his arm evidently supporting her, his beret-covered dark head bent tenderly over hers.

The mother's eyes followed mine. She smiled happily.

"YES, isn't it wonderful," she said, "how God makes everything turn out right in the end for those who have faith. After all our anxiety for our dear girl!" I nodded.

She went on: "We just decided half an hour ago when the wedding would be. They've been down to announce it to my husband. It's set for a fortnight from today. We hope you will be one of the family party and sit at the table with the kindred." I nodded.

She looked down the hill again. But now, following the windings of the upward bearing path, they had disappeared once more. "I shall never repine again at any trial God sends," she said devoutly. "All that trouble and sorrow, it just cracked Emiliana's child-heart open so that it could let in real love. She used to be so cool and quiet, I almost feared that she had no vocation for marriage."

I gathered there was no doubt about that now.

My silence perhaps made her feel that she was being rather emotional, for she said briskly, "And now of course, it's a great satisfaction to Emiliana's father that his farm lies next to Etcheonda. It will be so much easier to plan the farm work that way."

What could I do but nod again? What was there to say?

She decided to change the subject and sat down by me. "You've been visiting your Aunt Marie, haven't you? How did you find them all? Well, I hope."

But I never answered that polite question. For now the lovers emerged from the trees just below the terrace, close to me. They looked up, their cheeks glowing, their eyes brilliant, a tableau of young love triumphant. They saw us sitting there, and waved their hands gayly to us.

And—you probably guessed this at once—it was not Pedro who had his arm around Emiliana. It was Paulino Arinty, whose farm lay next to Etcheonda on the other side.

## SALAD IS A SMART FIRST COURSE

Continued from page 25

lobster with sliced tomatoes on lettuce, and mask with mayonnaise. Then garnish with sliced egg and paprika. Serve small portions.

With these salad-y things you should pass lightly salted and toasted crackers. One of the nicest accompaniments is the pretzel. But there are scores of crackers to choose from, and if the sweet crackers are shied away from in the salad course, you will find among the many delicious unsweetened ones, just the cracker for your purpose.

I do want you to try a very special caviar dressing when some particularly opportune occasion comes along. Take a cup of good mayonnaise and grate into it a very little onion. Add a few drops of lemon juice. Then beat in two tablespoons of fresh horseradish. Add three tablespoons of caviar. Fold all together and chill. Serve in little center hearts of lettuce or with sliced tomato and hard cooked egg.

Cress and endive and romaine are all adapted to the salads that are both salad and appetizer, but to me there is nothing quite like lettuce for these. And for dressing I like best the ones I've told you about. But there is one more, and that is one with nuts. It can be made either with mayonnaise or French dressing, and the pistachio nuts are delicious with fruit juice dressings. Use the nuts crushed to a pulp, moistened with a bit of cream, and beaten into the dressing.

You may serve tiny aspics as first courses,

using tomato juice, fruit juices, or ginger ale as the basis of the jelly. And in these you can embed any sea food, fruit, vegetable, or appetizer. And if they are small, perfectly molded, and served with a piquant dressing on a crisp green bed, they make rare and delicate first courses for the summer luncheon. For how we do crave cold and sparkling things these hot days. We are lucky, too, because all of the cold foods may be and must be prepared ahead of time, and our automatic refrigerators take the best of care of them. It's such a comfort to know that our chilled dishes can be left safely in the refrigerator and we can go on our way rejoicing, serene in the certainty that when meal-time comes we shall have the beautifully cold and delicious result we had planned for, to offer family and guests.

AND will it help to know that it is just as smart to serve a salad as an opening course for luncheon—for luncheon, mind you—as it is to be thrifty? And you all know how smart that is. A convenient word "smart". With a meaning all its own. Well, times change, and manners, too. Styles come and go. But good food goes on forever. At least I hope so. I'd hate to have it go out of style. In that case I feel it would be smart to be old-fashioned. And I mean that in the old sense: vigorous, lively, brisk, bright, showing a quick wit, which is the way the dictionary puts it. And don't we all?



## Relief for HAY FEVER Victims

from those damp, soggy  
handkerchiefs you detest

Disposable Kleenex tissues are softer, more  
absorbent . . . use in place of handkerchiefs  
. . . for removing creams and cosmetics, too.

WHAT a wonderful relief is Kleenex during hay fever!

If you are a victim—don't endure another season with damp handkerchiefs that inflame and irritate the skin each time you touch them to your face.

Hay fever season is at hand. Don't delay. Buy a package of Kleenex, large or small, at any drug, dry goods or department store. Or send for the free sample offered below.

These gentle tissues will provide grateful relief from irritating cloth. Just try Kleenex. You'll never carry damp, soiled handkerchiefs about with you again.

### Doctors recommend Kleenex

Many already know Kleenex from its widespread use during colds. Doctors are recommending these disposable tissues in place of handkerchiefs. Schools are teaching their use.

Kleenex is a soft tissue . . . utterly unlike any you have ever seen. It's so exquisitely soft! So marvelously absorbent.

### Less expensive than laundering

It actually costs less to use Kleenex and destroy it than to pay for laundering handkerchiefs. If handkerchiefs are

washed at home, the use of Kleenex eliminates this most unpleasant of all washing tasks.

Kleenex comes in distinctive packages . . . Cellophane-wrapped, to keep tissues fresh and sanitary. You may select Kleenex in any of four exquisite pastel tints, as well as white.

### "Kleenex protects against two grave beauty dangers"

Says IRENE DUNNE, brilliant "Sabra" of the great screen success, Cimarron

"... the danger of leaving particles of dirt and cream in the pores . . . and the danger of carrying germs to the skin through the use of unsanitary cloths. There's no doubt in my mind that the best way to remove cold cream is Kleenex."



Kleenex Company,  
Lake Michigan Bldg.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a trial  
supply of Kleenex free.

(Please print name plainly)

Name.....

Street.....

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

In Canada address: 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

**KLEENEX**  
DISPOSABLE TISSUES





## Let your telephone take you shopping!

"Eight single sheets and pillow cases, at the sale price . . . a set of mixing bowls in blue and ivory . . . and a dozen cakes of your special hard-water soap."

THE telephone simplifies shopping. Try it, even when the stores are miles away. Many of them have special telephone sales people to handle your orders.

Wherever you want to go, your telephone will take you . . . to children away at school . . . to friends in other cities . . . to the folks "back home." It is *personal*, quick and inexpensive.

To most places 15 miles away, the day station-to-station rate is about 15 cents; 25 miles away, 25 cents; 40 miles away, 35 cents. Many rates are lower during the evening and night periods.



"It is like a fairy tale with all its towers, but I have seen so many post-cards from New York that it does not surprise me as much as I had expected. And the Statue of Liberty is so very small and shabby. I thought it would be enormous and shining."

Susan was experiencing the same disappointment. As for Roger, he was sailing an empty match-box in the gutter that ran at the base of the railing. His only cognizance of his return was, "Shall we see Oma soon?" Oma being Grandmother Brooke.

FAR more exciting to Susan than the skyline was being photographed with toothy smiles by large cameras, and assuring reporters that the United States were the only United States. As their taxi doors slammed, Darcy and Loose waved wildly at them, and Tim waved wildly back and shouted, "We are staying at the Rochester, meet us there!"

One of those smallest smart hotels where the head clerk deigns to recognize you after the fifth visit, where the telephone girl is in love with the cigar-stand boy, to the confusion of your telephone messages, and where the room-service food is hot.

The Hales had hardly closed their doors on porters when the telephone began to ring. "Show 'em up," said Tim.

Two publishers, three reporters, and Chuck Smiley—how did he happen to be there?—crowded the sitting-room. Each had brought a bottle of prohibition gin or whiskey. Susan, who had been receiving roses for six months, regarded raw alcohol as a sad substitute. Nor did she feel that these gifts were complete gifts. Chuck Smiley presented his quart, but it was obvious that he expected Hale would share that quart with one Chuck Smiley, and at once.

Susan ordered dinner for eight—Mr. Loose had gone home to Englewood. Clear soup, soft-shell crabs, guinea hen, mixed green salad, and raspberry ice. "Do you all want black coffee?"

Susan remained sober. How stupid to give them nice expensive food, when they had no idea what they were eating.

"Say, Hale, whaz thiz about the Prince of Wales never marrying? Did jever meet him?"

"Say, Hale, whaz thiz about Mussolini thinking himself the little Napoleon? . . . Gawd, I've got the hiccups. How do you get rid of 'em?"

"Hiccups, my friend, are largely a matter of forgetting. Drink a glass of water and talk about something else."

"Took he pledge never drink water. Rather have hiccups."

"Lez drink to the greaz author in America, and his greaz publisher," and Darcy lifted his tall glass of harsh whiskey. "And to the greaz author's beauchous wife." Darcy's gray flannel arm encircled Susan's waist and squeezed tightly. She drew away. This was insupportable and had nothing to do with the publishing business.

"Whaza matter with your wife? Trying to high-hat me?"

"Don't pay any attention to her. She thinks she has written everything I wrote. Got to humor her. Wives like that. What about another lil drink?"

FOR six weeks Susan felt as if she were dwelling in Grand Central Station. The telephone rang all day, and even in the bathroom she was not safe. Some merry soul would blow cigaret smoke through the key-hole to hasten her appearance. Not that she completely shared Tim's popularity—her dislike of promiscuous kissing and back-slapping made her enemies—but Tim insisted on her constant presence, perhaps to prove to her that others appreciated him.

The offices of Darcy and Loose lived only to produce the new book. Every one, from the heads to the errand boys, had his part in the planning and projecting of the vast Hale campaign. Traveling salesmen armed with dummies and laudatory resums written by Timothy himself had long ago stimulated big sales in the department stores and book shops.

In the publishing world June had always been given over to what was called, in a surviving Victorian term, "hammock books." Darcy and Loose decided that the American brain in June did not differ vastly from the

## HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 17

American brain in October, and that it might be a clever stunt to publish a serious book in the trivial season.

They were right.

Heywood Brown, F.P.A., Stewart Sherman, Carl Van Doren, and H. L. Mencken fell upon their typewriters and rattled out praises which reverberated from coast to coast. Each saw in the new novel what he wanted to see—exposition of the booboisie, super-wise-cracking, proof positive of the aristocracy of brains, a touching glorification of the Average Man, a scientific dissecting of American Standardization, the fantastic creation of a national symbol, the supreme example of photographic realism.

"Have I become a yauthor's wife?" Susan finally lamented to Timothy. "It's terribly easy to put on airs when people pander to you so. I'm getting so I'm positively affronted when I mention your name and there is no gleam in the eye. And I'm actually prejudiced against my hostess if I don't see at least one of your books lying around somewhere. And when you are not present they always make me talk about you and the famoosers we have met, and then as soon as my back is turned I know they call me conceited and say I hog all the conversation."

"There's no pleasing everybody. I want

## PORTO RICO

*Beautiful, opulent, unhappy island! Governor Theodore Roosevelt asked Frances Parkinson Keyes to come down there and write about Porto Rico for Delineator. And her article—it's called "The Golden Chain"—is worthwhile, important, and, best of all, tremendously interesting. This is a Delineator feature next month that we beg you not to miss. Mrs. Keyes' articles giving the life histories of prominent women will continue through the coming year*

to love my little brothers, but when they won't let me, then kick 'em in the face—or they'll kick you."

"It's a goldfish's life, Tim, isn't it? Now if we had a home of our own in the country—"

PEACE. Across a field, half-ringed by a pine-starred hill, flew a belated swallow. Maple and locust trees cast long shadows over the croquet lawn where lay three mallets and three balls with which Susan and Timothy had been playing a game with Roger before his bedtime. Now they were seated on the porch in chintz-cushioned chairs, she in a blue dotted Swiss, he in white flannels. It was pleasant to realize that in half an hour they would be consuming a well-seasoned meal served by a uniformed maid.

On three sides of the property they were protected by ninety acres of privacy, and though a public dirt road ran beside the croquet lawn it was rarely used and they felt the hill and field were theirs.

"Intimate views are the most satisfying to live with," murmured Tim.

"I'm so happy." Susan's voice was drowsy with twilight content.

"Dinner is served, madam."

But dinner hardly was served before a

ringing at the door was followed by a defiant voice shouting, "Say, does Tim Hale live here?"

"Mr. Timothy Hale resides here," came the reproving tones of the maid.

"That's the guy. Tell him an old friend is here—no name—want to surprise him."

Tim, with his napkin in his hand, hurried out into the hall. "Why, Allen, you old son of a gun, where did you drop from? You're just in time for dinner."

"Gee, we didn't mean to arrive at meal time, but we'd heard you were somewhere in the neighborhood and we couldn't pass by . . . Swell dump you have here!"

"Where can Sue be?" worried Tim, while he asked the visitor, "Who is 'we'?"

"The wife—out there in the old bus."

"Old bus" it was, a small and muddy coupé with bent fenders. From it was descending a pretty young woman with a dirty face and rumpled clothes and grimy hands.

"Tim, the missus."

"Mr. Hale, it is dreadful to descend upon you at this hour but we have been driving all the way from Maine, lost our way several times, and," in a low voice, "I'm afraid all Allen had for lunch was a highball."

They were in the hall now and Timothy, seeing that Susan was no longer in the dining-room, called up the stairs, "Sue, come down. Old friends!"

When Susan had heard the unfamiliar and definitely inebriated voice she had fled upstairs, automatically defending herself against the unexpected. Through the curtain of her bedroom window she sized up the shabby car and its occupants. Here they were for dinner and of course they would spend the night and probably all of tomorrow, keeping Tim from work, though he'd be glad of the excuse . . .

DAINTY and irritatingly well-bathed she descended the stairs and greeted the visitors with her chilly "Howdyuhduh."

"We were just sitting down to dine. Don't you want to come upstairs and wash a bit. Of course you are spending the night?"

Allen's voice lost its boisterousness, and his wife's smile stiffened on her face. They followed Susan like naughty children.

Tim awaited her, furious. "Sue, how could you be so unwelcoming? These people sensed it at once."

"Sensed what? And who are they? He's drunk and she has dirty fingernails."

"His name is Allen Riggs, a newspaperman, but one of the few who has an excellent novel to his credit. They have come a long way and are no more unrepresentable than you and I used to be in our old Ford days."

"Except that we did not blunder into strange homes drunk just at dinner time."

"After your glowing welcome I doubt very much if they will want to stay to dinner . . . If I could only rely upon you!" and he strode out to the pantry to mix cocktails.

Drinks and food warmed the atmosphere. Allen, being a man, was quick to forget his cool reception, but Susan knew she had made a permanent enemy of the wife. All through dinner she did her best to make up for her uncontrollable reaction, but her efforts were not convincing, and she could see that Tim was adding this, her latest crime, to the list he subconsciously kept.

Mrs. Riggs had one of those heart-shaped faces, with blue eyes and black lashes and a short nose and short upper lip. Her legs were American legs at their best, and as faces and legs were all that the philandering Timothy ever noticed, he noticed Mrs. Riggs.

While they were drinking coffee on the porch, Susan excused herself.

"I have a little boy. The governess has gone to town for the day, and I am terrified lest she come back and find I have tucked Roger in all wrong."

Mrs. Riggs smiled perfunctorily.

It is unpleasant to feel that your guests find you unwelcome. Susan knew that they would be happier downstairs without her, so after kissing Roger's cheek, she powdered her nose and smoothed her hair and looked into the guest-room to see that all was ready for the night. Catharine had unpacked the Riggs' bags and disclosed their poor contents—the stained satin mules and shapeless leather slippers. Over Susan there swept the memory of those week-ends (Turn to page 52)



# Take them to the Dentist, *Mother,* before school starts!

Their future health, their school work, may well depend on the condition of young teeth. Make sure they are in good repair



## FREE *Amos 'n' Andy* PRIZE

Have them right in your own home on card-board cut-out figures. Six inches high, full colors, with fold-back flaps so they can stand on your radio. Be sure to get yours. AMOS



MOTHER: Simply write a note giving your child's name and address—also name of dentist and date of visit. Address the Pepsodent Company, Chicago, Ill. The free Amos 'n' Andy prize will go forward at once. Expires October 1st.

BILL HAY

**I**N CHICAGO nine children in every ten need dental care! That is true in Cleveland, New York and other cities. Those are tragic facts brought out by dental surveys.

Shocking, that such conditions can exist. But don't lay it to parents' carelessness too quickly. Few people realize how rapidly children's teeth decay. Still fewer know it is important to keep first teeth repaired.

It's a wrong but common belief that baby teeth don't matter. First teeth diseased may ruin those to follow. Many systemic troubles of later years are the result. Watch them—guard them constantly under your dentist's supervision.

### *Why we sponsor this advertisement*

The Pepsodent Company publishes this advertisement because our business is built upon the vital prin-

ciple of better teeth. We know that as people go to dentists they become "tooth conscious." They pay more attention to their teeth at home.

Hence our interest becomes partly selfish, for it's those who are most concerned about their teeth that eventually turn to Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste.

Your dentist will tell you about film on teeth. That

it should be removed because it harbors destructive germs of tooth decay and other troubles. He will recommend the twice daily use of Pepsodent due to its special film-removing properties.

### *What film does*

Film glues germs to teeth so stubbornly ordinary ways cannot remove it. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It discolors teeth and makes them unattractive.

Pepsodent tooth paste removes film—gently. It embodies the finest, softest polishing agent known—one whose discovery makes a great advance in tooth pastes. Pepsodent is safe, completely safe, to the most delicate enamel.

Go to the dentist and take your children. Let them win the Amos 'n' Andy prize.

Afterwards have them use Pepsodent tooth paste twice each day. It is the finest precautionary method science knows. Get it at your drug store today.



# Pepsodent—Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.



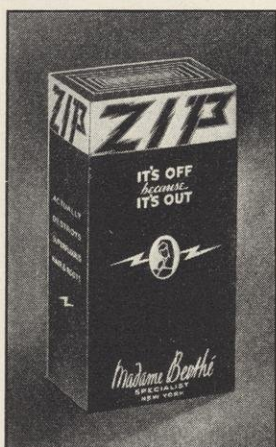
A \$5.00 PRODUCT

WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYONE

NEW LOW PRICE



## Permanently Destroys Hair



**ZIP**  
IT'S OFF  
because  
IT'S OUT

TODAY, ZIP is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths, by removing the cause. Tested over a period of

twenty years, ZIP has met every requirement and has been used by hundreds of thousands of women for permanently destroying hair on the face, arms, legs and underarms.

So simple. So quick. ZIP leaves no trace of hair above the skin;...no prickly stubble later on;...no dark shadow under the skin... That is why so many screen stars and Beauty Specialists recommend ZIP.

ZIP is pleasant to use, safe, and delightfully fragrant. It is this product which I use at my Fifth Avenue Salon. It acts immediately and brings lasting results. Now, in its new package, it may be had at \$1.00. Your dis-

figuring hair growths will not only be removed but also destroyed under the skin.

**New Package \$1.00**  
(de luxe size \$5.00)

To permanently destroy hair ask for  
**ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT**  
The only registered Epilator

## Madame Berthé Discovers A New Safe Depilatory Cream

As delightful as your  
choicest cold cream

**ZIP** • JUST spread the new **ZIP Depilatory Cream** over the hair to be removed, rinse off with water, and admire your beautiful, hair-free skin. If you have been using less improved methods, you will marvel at this white, fragrant, smooth cream; safe and mild, but extremely rapid and efficacious; in a giant tube, twice the size at half the price. **ZIP Depilatory Cream** leaves no unpleasant odor, no irritation. It is the most modern, instantly removes every vestige of hair, and relieves you of every fear of later stubble or stimulated hair growths.

For removing hair and discouraging  
the growth, ask for  
**ZIP Perfumed Depilatory Cream**

At my Salon, Treatment or  
FREE Demonstration

And if you insist on using the harsh razor at times, . . . take this advice from one who knows: Protect the skin before applying the razor. Simply spread **ZIP-SHAVE** over the surface . . . and shave. The application of **ZIP-SHAVE** not only speeds up the razor, but overcomes chaf. Giant tube, 50c. (Treat your husband to a tube of **ZIP-SHAVE** if he dreads the morning shave.)

**SPECIALIST**



If dealer cannot supply you . . . use coupon

**MADAME BERTHÉ** (58)  
562 Fifth Ave., New York

I enclose \$..... Please send me  
☐ **ZIP Epilator-Fragrant** (\$1.00)  
☐ **ZIP Perfumed Depilatory Cream** (50c)  
☐ A Tube of **ZIP-SHAVE** (50c)

Name.....  
Address.....  
City & State.....



**Giant Tube 50¢**

## HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 50

in her youth spent with rich friends, which were a horror from the moment she knew the maid was unpacking her shabby bag, through the various hours revealing the pitiful inadequacies of her wardrobe. She would go downstairs at once and be awfully nice to the Riggses.

As she made the turn at the top of the stairs she saw Timothy and Mrs. Riggs standing close together in the lower hall. They each had a tall glass of whiskey-and-soda in the right hands, and were laughing softly like conspirators. Then Timothy put his arm around her and they kissed, and laughed again, and went out on the porch.

IT WAS a ladylike farm in Westchester with two gardeners, stables, a tennis court, and a pool, which they had rented for the summer and early autumn and to which they had come a month ago. Two hours distant from New York, it was beyond the limit of suburban traffic, but it was not too far for any reporter, editor, or chance acquaintance to hop in his car and present himself at the Hale door with demands for an interview, an article, a meal and always a drink.

"Tim, is this the quiet country home to which you retired to write a serial, or are we running a road-house?"

"Hells bells, a fellow can't work all day long, and I'm mighty glad to see these creatures of flesh-and-blood instead of the mummies who live around here."

"Your mummies are families who have spent their summers here for generations, they have welcomed us who are complete strangers, and I like the serenity of their Edith Wharton atmosphere after those hysterical weeks in New York. There is a fast-changing order, Tim, so why not relax and regard it as copy even if you can not enjoy them as human beings?"

"Because I am conscious of being on trial every minute, and I don't consider their desiccated standards are worth living up to. I am not interested in the past . . ."

And meanwhile, what about small Roger Hale? Was he having a good time?

He was now five and extraordinarily articulate. He could read small books with large print, was being baffled by multiplication tables, and he had manners. When he was three Susan had said to him:

"You must learn how to shake hands properly. One of these dead-fish handshakes, my darling, but a hard grip even though your hand is so tiny . . . Now you go out in the hall and pretend you are calling on mother . . . How do you do, Mr. Hale?" Susan extended her hand.

"Very well, thank you," answered Roger, taking his mother's hand, and with a screwed-up face he tried to squeeze it hard.

"Cocoooh, what a strong feller! Always look people in the face, dear, when you shake hands, and smile a little to show you are glad to see them."

"But supposing it's Tom? I don't like him."

"I am sorry you don't like the furnace-man, but you must not hurt his feelings by letting him see you don't like him."

Now, at five, Roger's manners were excellent. But was he having a good time?

Except for an occasional amble on an old work-horse and watching the milking of the two cows, Roger might as well have not been on a farm. On his birthday his father had given him a white collie puppy, which Timothy had named "Milk of Magnesia"—a joke to which Roger instantly responded. Susan encouraged the boy and dog to wander about the fields unaccompanied by Miss Ainley, until Roger said he had itchy spots and for a week he was as blind as a mole with poison ivy. Then, as always, Susan marveled at the patience of little children when they are ill. He would lie for hours with his eyes covered by swollen, burning lids while Miss Ainley read to him, or grope about the room on his hands and knees in his blind effort to find a toy. But never once did he complain.

There were no children his age in the immediate neighborhood; in fact, there was no immediate neighborhood. That was the trouble. What he needed were children in dirty clothes running in and out casually, not brought over by the chauffeur from a home three miles away, making what was hardly more than a prim call. The swimming pool

was an attraction, but Roger could not swim and he would stand on the edge envying his visitors yet refusing to let them teach him, for the pool was a fearsome twelve feet deep.

Miss Ainley was also a problem; she was as isolated as Roger. When Susan took the child to tea parties, Miss Ainley was brought along, but Susan was rendered uneasy by the rude ignoring of this pretty young woman by her hostesses. They treated her as a servant, and Susan could see that quite properly she resented it. Nevertheless the constant presence of the governess at their own table prohibited easy personal talk, and Susan observed that Timothy was chafing under it. Dared she discharge her?

One day after a visit to New York, Miss Ainley approached Susan with, "Will you think badly of me, Mrs. Hale, if I ask permission to resign? I have liked being with you and Roger and am most appreciative of all you have done for me, but frankly I am not contented in America. I found out today about the sailings for England and I have saved enough so that I can more than pay my passage home. Once there, I shall of course have my family."

Susan's first reaction was the shock one always has at the thought that an employee could possibly want to leave one. Her second feeling was relief. What fun to have Roger all to herself, and to dine with Tim without expurgating the conversation! When she announced Miss Ainley's departure to Roger, she watched the child's face closely for signs of grief. "I am sorry," he said politely, then added, "Will you give me my bath now, mother? And read to me in bed?" Sadly Susan thought, "Have I been cheating my little son all these years, lazily putting him off with hired service and affection?"

The first weeks after Miss Ainley's departure were happy ones for Sue. As on Cape Cod the three drew together as a family unit. Tim had chosen the unused chauffeur's cottage to work in, and at midday Susan would frequently appear with a picnic basket and thermos bottles and Roger, and would snatch Tim away for two hours to eat lunch on a hilltop out of sight of the house. She made him stop work at six so that they might play tennis for an hour before dinner. Or they would drive in the car until they came to one of those beckoning side roads of dirt which the speed-mad motorist flashes by regretfully, and, leaving the car, would walk for several miles into the deep country. Twice before bedtime, with no prompting from Susan, Tim cuddled Roger in his arms and chanted for him the ballads of Rudyard Kipling. The boy was enrapt by the rhythm of "Boots, boots, boots," and "East is East and West is West."

Cocktails had become a pre-dinner habit, even when they were alone, and Susan noticed that Tim was no longer satisfied with two. She had tried to substitute for cocktails an inferior red wine with dinner, but Tim wanted cocktails—he liked the mellow haze which enveloped him after his walk or tennis sweat, his cold shower and a clean shirt. There was no doubt that Tim was drinking more than he did abroad. But so did every one they knew.

TIMOTHY had finished a serial for one of the weeklies for which he had been paid handsomely. The mere sight of the check in the mail stirred him to action.

"Summer's over, Sue. I'm ready for a holiday. Let's go to Germany."

"But, Tim, we have just paid the second instalment on the rent and the place is ours until November first. Don't let's be too reckless with our money."

"Do you realize I received a check for fifty thousand dollars this morning? More than most men save in a lifetime? I don't think you appreciate how much money that is."

"No, I don't. Perhaps if it had come in gold pieces, but a check is after all only a piece of paper."

"My God, you talk as if you had never been on a job yourself!"

"But that was different. Each week I received a small envelop with several five-dollar bills in it, which were at once translated into a leg of lamb and the gas bill . . . Now honestly, can you realize that fifty thousand? I think we're both rather sweet about money. We wrangle (Turn to page 54)



# How to Correct Underweight and Curb Nervousness in Your Child This Summer

*A Delicious Swiss Food-Drink That's  
Bringing Weight Increases of a Pound or  
More a Week . . . Curbing Nervousness  
and Increasing Appetite in Children*

**Please Accept 3-Day Supply  
Use Coupon Below**

**D**ID your child come out of school underweight, nervous, or "finicky" about meals—does he show signs of lassitude, irritability, lack of energy and appetite? Then you should use this summer to make that child over! You can add more than a pound a week in weight; you can relieve nervous and irritable conditions; you can build abundant new mental and physical energy.

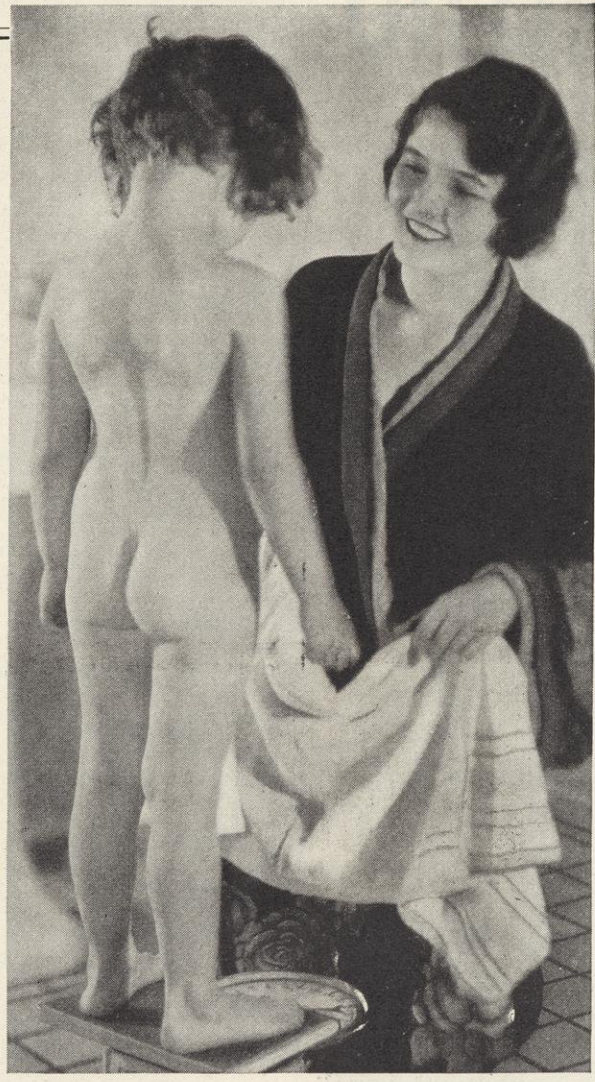
You don't give a drop of medicine to do this—and you don't need to coax your child to eat. A food chemist in Switzerland has solved the problem for you, in a very remarkable and novel way.

Thirty-eight years ago this Swiss food chemist developed an unusual method of *processing* certain natural foods. A process that gave these foods certain values which none of them have when taken alone or in an ordinary mixture. It created world comment then, for it solved the problem of feeding invalids. It is called Ovaltine and today its use has spread all over the world and it is solving the problem of child feeding for modern mothers.

Ovaltine is made by a unique process—it is prepared under vacuum, thus preserving all vitamins and enzymes. Further, it is processed in such a way that it digests almost at once, without effort. It will digest when nothing else seems to "agree." And constitutes in itself a complete food.

## FAMOUS OVALTINE OATMEAL TEST

Put 3 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine into a full glass or cereal dish of cooked, warm oatmeal. Stir a few times to mix. Then watch and you will see the oatmeal liquefy before your eyes. You will see how a small amount of Ovaltine digests the entire starch content of the oatmeal in the same way that your own digestive organs should. It is a perfect demonstration of how Ovaltine, if taken with a meal digests the starch content of other foods in your stomach. And why it speeds up digestion and creates the sensation of hunger.



You mix it with milk and drink it as a beverage. And when mixed with milk it will break down the curds and make the milk digest twice as easily. (For milk alone, as you know, turns to solid curds in the stomach.)

Children drink twice as much milk, when it's mixed with Ovaltine, because they like the taste.

It also contains a natural but vital property called "lecithin", which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. A few days use of Ovaltine usually curbs nervousness noticeably.

### Increased Appetite

Ovaltine has a high content of the appetite-producing Vitamin B. But of greatest importance is its high proportion of the remarkable food element known as "diastase." (A substance that gives one food the power to digest the



**FREE**  
To OVALTINE Users  
a **50¢ Shaker**  
SEE COUPON BELOW

starch content of other foods in your stomach.) Ovaltine is so processed that it contains enough diastase to digest from 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods! It is this digestive power which chiefly distinguishes Ovaltine from any other health food in the world, and is the main reason why Ovaltine actually stimulates appetite.

### Quick Digestion

By breaking down the curds in the milk, by digesting the starches in the stomach, Ovaltine speeds up digestion and empties the stomach sooner. This makes a child hungry. For the sensation of hunger is caused by the walls of an empty stomach pressing together, and hunger is the basis of appetite. Child specialists will tell you that usually when a child refuses to eat, it is because he hasn't fully digested his previous meal. "Poor eaters" invariably have slow digestion.

### Not New

Ovaltine is not a sugar-loaded chocolate drink, but a scientific food concentrate that has stood the test of time. It is used today in 54 nations. Over 20,000 doctors endorse it. It has been used in hospitals as a food for invalids and convalescents for over 35 years. During the World War, it was a standard ration given by the Red Cross to nerve-shattered, shell-shocked soldiers.

For the sake of your child, we urge you to try it this summer. Results will surprise you. Note the almost immediate difference in your child's weight and nerve poise, and in greater strength, energy and appetite.

Give it at breakfast always. At meals and between meals. You can get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send the coupon for a 3-day test supply.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine, on physicians' advice, to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also recommended for sleeplessness, nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

## MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY OR FREE SHAKER

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. F-29  
180 N. Michigan Avenue,  
Chicago, Illinois.

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

(These offers not good in Canada)

### SPECIAL FREE OFFER

If you are an Ovaltine user now, we'll send you a genuine 50¢ shaker, free. Send no money—just mail this coupon with one of the white pamphlets you find inside every can of Ovaltine.



Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(One package to a person)

# OVALTINE

*The Swiss Food-Drink*

Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula





## THE EDITOR OF VOGUE IS ON THE AIR

Every Thursday morning at 11:30 Eastern Daylight Time, over WJZ and associated N.B.C. stations, Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, the talented Editor-in-Chief of Vogue, will give her advice on what to wear and how to wear it. Tune in on this Instant Odorono broadcast, and, as you think of your clothes, don't forget that Instant Odorono is the best means of protecting your dresses—as well as your charm—from perspiration.

## PERSPIRATION CONTROL IS INSTANT AND COMPLETE WITH THIS MIRACULOUS NEW

# Instant Odo-ro-no

**1** *With the New Instant Applicator* you may apply this amazing new Instant Odorono in a moment. Just pat it on quickly—any time, day or night. No need to use cotton! Nothing messy or greasy! Entirely sanitary! Underarm perspiration is stopped . . . perspiration odor is prevented—instantly!

**2** *With Its New Quick-Drying Formula* Instant Odorono dries almost immediately. Before you have finished with cream, powder and lipstick—it's dry! And you are ready for your frock.

**3** *It Guards Your Frocks . . . It Guards Your Charm!* Instant Odorono saves you money—preventing the costly damage or ruin of your dresses by the acids of perspiration. It eliminates that social handicap, underarm odor . . . so offensive to others. With all the famous Odorono dependability, Instant Odorono keeps the underarms completely dry and odorless from 1 to 3 full days.



### FAMILIAR TRAGEDIES No. 2

AT THE RACES HE SPENT . . . \$30

SHE RUINED HER FROCK . . . \$89

At the races she was charming—in a new French frock. But the day grew warm, and soon she began to perspire, under the arms. She knew the French frock was ruined, for those perspiration stains were sure to fade the color. She thought, too, of underarm odor. So *gauche!* Why had she trusted an ineffective preparation—when Instant Odorono, so simply and surely, would have saved her frock and her charm.

THE ODORONO COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

## HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 52

about our souls' account but never about our bank account. Tim, if we should separate we'll never be beastly and grabbing. Even the word 'alimony' gives me the horrors."

"Sue, what's mine is yours. We're business partners and you've earned these tidy sums as much as I have."

"ALL of which reminds me, my beloved partner, that that unknown female voice called you up again this afternoon. She refused to leave a name, but said that you would understand. What an ass she must be to say such a thing to what is undoubtedly the voice of the author's wife!"

"What did she say exactly?"

"She asked you to call her up at six this evening . . . Tim, you aren't carrying on, are you?" Susan tried to make her voice gay. "It is five minutes to six right now, time for Roger's bath. Better telephone your latest Egeria. The murmur of your cooing will not rise above running water."

"Susan, stop it! You sound very generous, but of course you are furious. That voice over the telephone has become a fairly serious one for me. The fact is, I have become pretty sick of your dictatorship this summer—of my drinking, my friends, my exercise—yes, doubtless meant in utter kindness—and so I have had to turn to some one who accepts me as I am. I want to get away from Mrs. Mussolini for a while. In fact, I think I am going away tonight!"

"Tim, you have had two whiskeys and now you are pouring yourself a third. Do you really know what you are saying?"

"Well, I have watched you this summer trying to saddle me with a country house, trying to make me safe for the aristocracy. But I won't be caught, I tell you! Stay on here if you like with Roger, but I'm going back to town where I'm understood."

"Zo-oooo!" Her voice had a judicial quiet. "Would you like a divorce so that you could be completely understood?"

He slapped down his whiskey glass so hard on the table that the liquid splashed. She involuntarily leaned over and with her handkerchief wiped the corroding alcohol off the rented mahogany table.

"What are you talking about?" His voice was shrill. "Divorce is impossible. I can't imagine life without you around the corner. But let me run away for just a few weeks—please?" He might have been a child begging to stay up five minutes more.

"Tim, this restlessness of yours is getting rather monotonous. If you go tonight, I shall never see you again!"

"You don't mean that and you know you don't. And I'm going! I shall take only bags and my typewriter and go to a hotel where I shall, I suppose, automatically ask for a double room, and then in the morning be surprised to find the other bed empty and—"

"Will it be empty?"

"I shall order one orange juice instead of two. One coffee with cream and hot milk. One thin buttered toast, well toasted, do you understand, Room Service? And waffles? and little sissies? Let's, with lot's of maple syrup! . . . Oh, what fun are waffles without Susie? . . . But I'm going!"

SUSAN helped him pack two bags. She chose his most becoming pairs of pajamas. "Do you want evening clothes?"

"No. They suggest you. The people I shall play with wear just what they happen to have on."

"And batik scarfs and dirty necks . . . Tim, I had forgotten that we are giving a dinner tomorrow night. What shall I say?"

"Nothing."

"How preposterous you are! I must say something."

"What is there to keep you from giving the party without me?"

"Nothing whatever. I suddenly realize I am just as amusing as you and a darn sight more attractive to the eye. The dinner party stands!" She was angry now.

"Of course they will be disappointed to find me gone," he remarked complacently.

"For about five minutes. Then it is possible that they may be relieved by your absence, enchanted to do some talking themselves instead of listening to the usual Hale monolog."

"How jealous you are of me! I expect the wives of all well known men are jealous, but it seems to me you are especially resentful. Surely somewhere in the world there must be a simple modest girl who is willing to sit back and rejoice in my success."

"What you want is a fat *hausfrau*, that is what every man wants, with a blonde mistress on the side. All this tripe about intellectual equals, the perfect companion, the pal, the single standard! . . . Put your foot on this bag while I close it."

The moonlight patterned the tree-arched road as Susan drove Timothy to the station. They said nothing at all. When the train came in, she smiled at him politely as if he were any departing week-end guest. But as the train drew away he leaned out from the platform and his arms went out to her, and she pressed her hands to her lips and hurled a kiss after him with all the agony of that parting in Rome—more, because there was no Venzia limping down the platform.

She was the only one on the road that late September night.

Fools, fools that we are! No control, no willingness to concede, to wait. Always flinging off. Is it better to face the music, or cut and run? I don't know, I don't know. This can't go on. Each time he will find it easier to run away. Better leave the car at the entrance. Wake up servants if I drive to the garage. "Mr. Hale has been called away on business." Will they believe me? I don't think I shall sleep tonight. I must sleep tonight, night thinking is so distorted.

**"I certainly appreciate the cooking department. It is so modern . . ."**

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**Other food booklets  
on page 80**

"MRS. HALE, isn't it dreadful the way time flies? I have meant to call on you all summer but I have been in Bar Harbor and Newport and very little here. Do you like our quiet old-fashioned part of the world?"

"I like it very much, Mrs. Haverstraw. The beautiful trees and lawns and my kindly neighbors have made me think of England, Buckinghamshire especially."

"Oh, you are English. I did not know."

"Yes, my father was a Brooke, and I was brought up as an English child, though we lived mostly in New York." Susan's accent became Oxonian.

"I am giving a dance next Saturday. I hope you and Mr. Hale will come."

"I should adore to, though I can't count on my husband who had to go to town yesterday quite unexpectedly about some movie contract . . . Sugar, cream, lemon? . . . One child, a boy . . . Only five, and just started riding . . . Oh, yes, I've always ridden. I have admired your horses so much when I have glimpsed you in the side roads" . . .

Dear God, would she never go home!

Susan was like a patient coming out from under the influence of ether. She was answering Mrs. Haverstraw in a daze, she moved about the house all day in a daze. Each reminder of Tim, each time she mentioned his name, was like a sharp new pain piercing the numbness of the anaesthetic. The empty closet in his bedroom; a razor blade on the glass shelf in his bathroom. He had left his spectacle case behind, he *would* be sore!





... Downstairs there was nothing to suggest him but a nobbly country stick in the umbrella stand. She wandered out to the chauffeur's cottage where he worked. Here he again sprang to life. The table where the typewriter had stood was gray with eraser dust, the wastebasket half full of rejected and crumpled manuscript pages. Half-burnt matches and cigarets were everywhere. A glass smelling stalely of whiskey was on the rickety wooden washstand which any self-respecting chauffeur must have hated. Oh dear, he had forgotten the green eyeshade which he used at night! She must mail this and the spectacle case to him at once, but with no comment. Not one word would she write, not if she were dying, though of course a death-bed scene would have its charms. Susan began to laugh.

"This lovely place is mine for six more weeks. I am going to enjoy it. Harvest. Make jam. Rake up leaves and burn them. Long walks. Riding with Roger. I'll send for mother, and brother Frank will come every week-end. I'll go to that dance on Saturday and I'll flirt with the first handsome man who drops his left eyelid."

New York, Hotel Stanilas  
September 11

YES, Susie, this is a new typewriter, turned in the old one, but it has a touch which I am not yet used to, and quantities of oil have been secreted about it by zealous mechanics, hence the gloomy looking blotches, and I don't think much of the tail of the pppppppppppp. Dear, there are so many things to say. I have wanted not to write to you until I had done some solid thinking. You have been with me day and night since I left on that late night train. I have been conscious of you planning little surprises, of you climbing into bed so dear and sleepy a child, of all your superb care of me and Roger. I have almost called out loud for you when the river steamers went zzzzzzzzzzz in the fog, when Roland Hayes' accompanist played and sang some spirituals I did not know, when drinking admirable dark beer in a marvelous bierhalle.

But on the other hand— You have of late become extraordinarily bullying, you give orders grimly, as though I were a drunken private and you a colonel. Your theory has been that you had to do this because I was drinking so much I was no longer dependable, but actually you were depriving me of self-government. But here in my little apartment with all the drinks I want at hand, I have been drinking incomparably less. All my life, whether in relation to my father, my university, my bosses on jobs, or to you, I have functioned better when I have been in charge, not bullied by some one else. More and more you want to have a settled life with intelligent but definitely respectable neighbors, while I want an unsettled life with unrespectable neighbors. You have denied this, because we apparently do have a number of friends in common. But as we have grown more prosperous you have made it increasingly difficult for me to invite just any one to the house without first submitting him to you for inspection and fumigation. But what is the use of recapitulation?

The main issue is that we must remain apart for several months rather than weeks, with the possibility of maintaining for the rest of our lives completely independent establishments. We shall be free to come and go and no questions asked. Free to choose such friends, loves, drunks, theories, clothes, hours, as she or he pleases. Then a sudden desire to see each other, an elopement, but with no vexing claims.

And Roger belonging to both ménages, not homeless but with two homes, happy ones. And without your unintentional but nevertheless constant comparing of us, seeing him as handsome, cosmopolitan, loyal to you, and me as ugly, provincial, disloyal. Perhaps this way he and I will become friends.

How quickly life's outlook can change from bitterness to joy ... and back again. The next instalment of "Half a Loaf" will reveal amazingly how divorce is an accumulation of little resentments and not—as many suppose—one mighty crash

LET'S BE ROMANTIC

Continued from page 7

life was serious, and only noble and cold tomes engaged her attention. The poorest old mother, whose children have all disappointed and deserted her, looks more fulfilled and peaceful. She may not have faced all the facts, but she has done a lot of living. If golf were subjected to the modern clinical method, what would be left? Bunkers, sand traps, sore muscles, blistered feet, lost balls—my dears—just heaps of realism. But sex has not entered the realm of golf. Therefore no attempt has been made to lift the spell which renders golf entrancing. If a man tried to play golf with as little ceremony as he goes about his wooing, there'd

This separation is going to be harder for you than for me, for it is easier for a man to call up somebody and propose a party when he feels lonely. But be resolute, think of yourself independently of me, and call up every one you like, and others you have not let yourself like. Come to New York for the winter, for I shan't be there as I hope soon to go west for material for the new novel.

Last night alone here as I stood by the window watching the East River flow on like the dream of a minor god, it came to me suddenly that perhaps I should never see you again to work for and aspire for, and life seemed grotesquely empty. For so many years—years before we even met—I have sought everything, from money to scenery, to show them to you, and without you to behold them they are all purposeless.

Dear lamb, God bless you and keep you and make you happy. May He give you your own place, your own friends, your own ambitions, unolluted by mine. And I do love Roger—

Hillview Farm  
September 14

THANK you for your letter. It was fair, generous, and very moving. Your plans for the immediate future seem wise. You are what you are and always will be. I am only a little what I am, and a great deal what you made me. Both of these me's are suffering, one from exhaustion and almost complete annihilation, and the other from the frequent recurring job of washing the dirty dishes.

You have walked out to independence of action and fresh surroundings, to your work and your sympathizing friends. I am left with explanations and lies; to a house and garden filled with tender memories of you; to a child who alludes to you daily and with whom I must affectionately discuss a father who may never again exist. I am left to six weeks of radiant autumn which have been rendered interminable and barren, with each day ending in an evening of gray horror. ... Also, I am left with all the packing, the inventory, and the mess of moving.

This is no bid for pity, or plea for your return. I need to be alone for a while as much as you. I also have been bullied. You insist so frantically that your way, your friends, your gods, are the only ones. But your greatest fault I think is that you have not the grace to forgive and forget.

We have been so pathetic in our interpretation of marriage. So careful in the beginning with our separate bedrooms and our elaborate evasions of the "jolly little coarsenesses of life," which are really what draw people comfortably together. We never dared to be *en negligee*, not even mentally, with each smiling tolerantly at the other's dishevelment and thinking: How sweet his soul looks with its hair tousled! I love to see her brain brushing its teeth! Bless me, he hasn't wiped all the lather off his heart!

I think separate bank accounts will be simpler. ... I expect our friends to take sides.

Roger will be a good horseman. ... I shall probably take a flat in New York this winter, and send the child to a day school to let him discover if he likes being an American.

I might, as you did, end with God bless you, except it would mean nothing from me. Have a helluva good time, Mr. Hale!

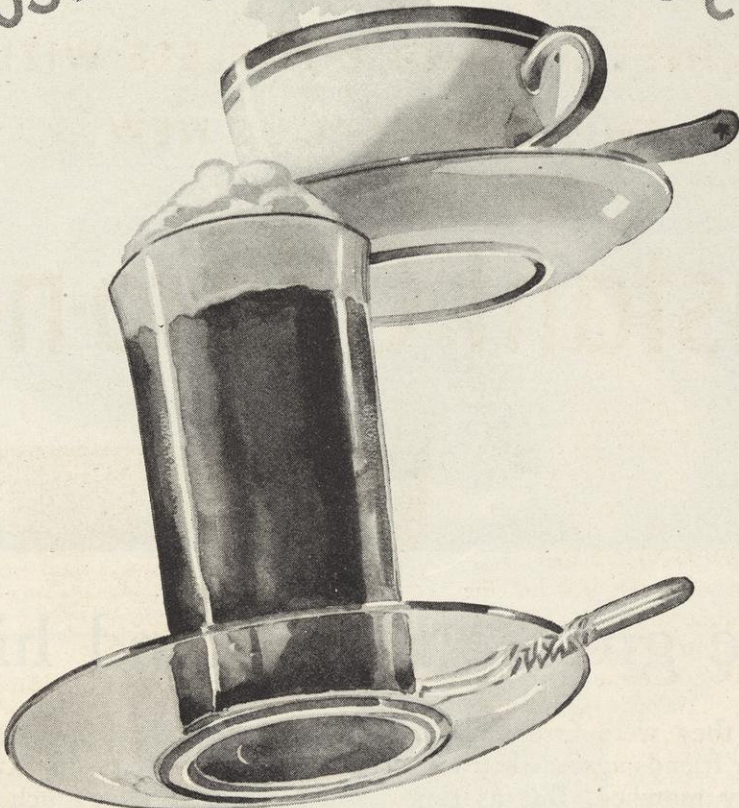
Midnight, Hillview Farm  
October 14

"TIM! ... But you frightened me so, telephoning at this hour. Are you ill, has anything happened? ... Yes, of course you waked me up. We country people go to bed at ten ... *What!* ... But I thought you didn't want to see me for months ... You have actually bought the steamer tickets for next week? Aren't you rather confident? ... Yes, my heart did jump with excitement at the thought of sailing away with you ... Yes, I'm crying ... I don't know whether I love you or not ... Yes, I'll be at the hotel tomorrow at twelve ... Timmy dear ... old bums ... travelin'!"

be no golf. Consider a youngster honking at his lady-love from the roadster while she hangs out of her bedroom window shrieking, "Just a minute, Bill." Did you ever see a tee-off conducted in such a noisy and haphazard fashion? I am all for teaching courting youngsters to walk precisely up the front walk with a posy in an old-fashioned frill. The timing should be perfect, too, just a little faster than a wedding march. The lady should sit on a tall carved ivory chair in a satin gown. There'd be some class to that. Illusion, that's the stuff of which realism is made. (Turn to page 56)

DELICIOUS  
BOTH WAYS

POSTUM IN A STEAMING CUP



POSTUM IN A FROSTY GLASS

LET THE weatherman say what he will, Postum is prepared! For this drink is delicious, hot—and just as delicious, iced.

Try Postum in the cup to-morrow morning, when you need a hot drink to start the day right. Drink it plain—or add cream and watch the deep brown color turn to gold. Then taste that delightful flavor—rich, mellow, satisfying!

You'll find the same wonderful flavor in Iced Postum. And remember this—*Postum contains no caffeine*. It won't set your nerves on edge, or make you sleepless ... it won't give you indigestion or headaches ... as caffeine-containing drinks now may be doing.

Made from roasted whole wheat and bran, Postum is safe and wholesome. Try it for thirty days—in place of caffeine-containing beverages—then see how much better you feel and look!

Another thing: Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer—or mail the coupon for one week's supply, *free*, as a start on your thirty-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

Recipe for Iced Postum

Dissolve 8 level teaspoons Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water. Mix with 5 cups cold milk (or cold water). Serve with sugar if desired. (If water is used, serve with sugar and cream.) Serve with cracked ice.

This is a sufficient quantity for four tall glasses. More, or less, may be made in the same proportions. The attractiveness of either drink is increased by putting a tablespoon of whipped cream on the top of each glass—or by beating into the drink, with an egg-beater, a heaping tablespoon of vanilla ice cream for each glass. If ice cream is used, no cracked ice is needed.

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I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum.  
Please send me, without cost or obligation,  
one week's supply of  
INSTANT POSTUM ..... ☐ Check  
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Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario





## The girl he left behind him

WHEN they were first married, all their friends agreed they were perfectly matched. But as time went on, things changed.

He kept his youthful energy, was always full of life, always ready for a swim, a tennis match, a dance. She became listless, was always tired, and wanted to stay at home. Her complexion lost its freshness. Her eyes became dull. Soon her girlish beauty and health were things of the past.

That's the trouble with constipation. It is so treacherous. Its poisons spread over the body before you realize what is wrong. Headaches, loss of appetite and energy follow. Even serious disease may develop.

Yet most cases of constipation can be avoided by including a delicious ready-to-eat cereal in the diet—Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Two tablespoonfuls, eaten daily, provide the "bulk" needed to cleanse the system, and prevent

and relieve both temporary and recurring constipation. Results are guaranteed. How much safer, how much more natural than using dangerous pills and drugs.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is one product you can enjoy day after day without losing your appetite for it. Milk or cream brings out its tempting nut-sweet flavor. Add fruits or honey for variety. Equally tasty when used as a cooking ingredient. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN also contains iron, which colors cheeks and lips naturally.

But remember, there's only one ALL-BRAN, and that's Kellogg's—by far the largest-selling all-bran cereal on the market. In the red-and-green package. Served at all restaurants. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

### WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "THE MODERN FIGURE"



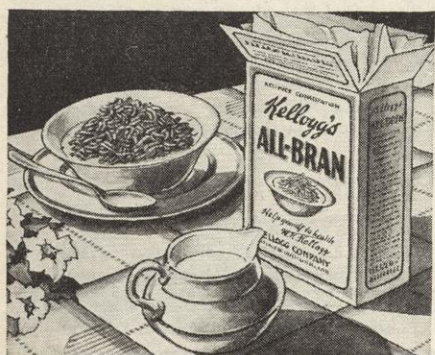
Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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## LET'S BE ROMANTIC

Continued from page 55

The technique I am trying to describe may be summed up in the words of two children playing school. The boy who is a realist threatens to disrupt the whole business by showing his worst side. The girl who is old-fashioned and an illusionist finally blurts out, "Listen, George, this is Serious. We want to have some fun."

Oh, lady of Shalott, weaving at her loom! She will be remembered when lady generals are unregretted dust. The weaving of spells is a serious business. It takes more skill, more poesy, more tenderness, than marrying some impressionable youngster and then showing him up. I am all for making sex mysterious again.

### WHAT if the illusion of love does not last?

That isn't the important thing. The important thing is that it should happen. When a girl falls in love, she should seem a creature of tenderness and grace. She should bring the tears to one's eyes, not because she is going to broil beefsteak and iron shirts all her life for some brute of a man but because she is pausing for a breathless moment on a pinnacle of human experience.

A woman's blooming is brief, despite all this modern chatter about the charms of older women and the ingenious devices for making youth extend into old age. When all is said and done, forty is forty and that is all there is to it. A certain amount of experiencing has mellowed the sharper outlines. Full blown flowers are often wonderful but a bud, my dears, has the dew on it.

Every girl should feel at some time in her life that she has tasted living at its sweetest, that fire and moonlight and jewel flame have swept through her veins. It should happen while she is still young enough to believe it. Through all her later years it will run like a thread of scarlet.

Men are not ashamed to remember until death some woman who has represented all of life's promise and beauty. Out of a crowd the memory leaps. For a second the stranger

speaks a laughing word or two in a voice that is dear and familiar, and again the plum trees are blooming under a May moon. It hurts, but the pain is youth itself.

Why such a matter-of-fact world? Why all the clinical discussions of love? The most inert soul alive can take any form of social endeavor—politics, religion, business, and by digging down into the raw bones discover enough realism to convince him that the whole race should go jump in the lake.

It doesn't do a bit of good to have some one describe the measles. When you get it, it's entirely different. The same applies to courtship and marriage.

I do not know how to teach girls of this generation to put imagination back in the world. Maybe they won't need teaching. There are signs a-plenty (and I don't mean long hair and long skirts) that the present crop is not engaged in trying to out-spell, out-fight, out-run and out-do the sterner sex. Daily association with mother grabbing her hat on the run, hasty meals and haphazard family life is causing some deep resolves in the youth of the land, men as well as girls. An ancient wisdom is at work, whispering to our daughters that those who walk sedately and harmoniously are just as likely to pluck the flower growing by the wayside as the violent young ladies who think the first claim to a young man's attention is action and plenty of it.

The idea that girls must make their mark in the same world as men and use the same catchwords has been another illusion as foolish as the one their feminist mothers tore down. There are values in this world that have nothing whatever to do with security or superiority and women will never be fulfilled until they again believe in romance.

So let the tree sitters from now on be women and let them wear lace-edged ruffles and pluck on zithers.

Something has been dreadfully wrong with the world for at least ten years, and if it will help at all, I am all for wearing pantalets!

## JEALOUS CHILDREN

Continued from page 32

need much more than that. They need not only understanding, but positive remedies as well. More than anything else, perhaps, they need help in building up a feeling of their own adequacy. They need to be given a wholesome balance between security and independence. In Barbara's case the mother looked back upon this whole developing situation, and realized that she had taken too much for granted. Barbara had been a delicate baby, needing much special care. Then came this second baby, a happy, healthy, robust young creature. Her mother's too evident joy in this delightful child was hard for Barbara to hear.

Carefully this mother retraced her steps. She tried earnestly to get to know the real Barbara and succeeded in discovering personality expressions in this child in which to find joy. Barbara, for example, was enormously helped by piano lessons and by her mother's interest in her progress. It was found that she had considerable talent for music, and this discovery bolstered up her self-confidence. Her more confident attitude, in turn, made it much more likely that she would make other friends, and she slowly began to do so. Furthermore, the music turned her attention outward, toward something concrete, away from herself, and soon became a real and wholesome outlet for the rather tense emotions pent up in her small frame.

Teasing is another fairly obvious form in which this jealousy of the older child toward the younger may show itself. Much quarreling, too, has jealousy at its source, especially where one child seems to be always just "picking" on the other without really seeming to have sufficient cause. If the parent tries to settle quarrels upon the basis of the superficial difficulty of the moment—a dispute about a toy or a move in a game—he will be not only neglecting but probably intensifying the real issue: the jealousy of which

the child himself may be only vaguely aware.

There is another manifestation of childish jealousy which, for some reason or other, seems to amuse many adults. Who of us has not seen some such picture as this:

Mother is sewing in the living-room, while four-year-old daughter plays contentedly with her blocks on the floor. In comes daddy, home from the day's work, and daughter is off like a flash to greet him. But mother is eager to tell him the day's news and, pulling daddy down on the sofa beside her, she soon monopolizes his attention and interest. Small daughter is furious—and shows it. She tries to push mother aside as she wriggles her small self into the space between the two on the sofa. Greatly amused (and not a little flattered) by this obvious play for exclusive possession, daddy exaggerates his attentions to mother, while the little one is driven into all sorts of futile antics to win the attention of her daddy. Finally, in impotent rage, she kicks her mother—and is promptly carried off to bed as a "bad, wicked little girl."

All types of jealousy, whatever their source, are of course intensified when they are also nourished by feelings of inferiority, physical, mental, or social.

THE most frequent cause of inferiority feeling is an actual lack of affection from normal sources—notably from the mother. The child who feels this lack is very likely to attach itself to some mother substitute: a teacher or an older friend. We see examples of this sometimes in schools in poor districts where the harassed, overworked mothers have little time to devote to the less obvious needs of each child; but such neglect is found among "poor little rich" children, too.

Maternal neglect, however, is only one of the many possible causes of such difficulties. It sometimes happens that a parent unconsciously resents certain things in her child



because they duplicate qualities that she has disliked in herself or in her husband. One very sensitive and intelligent little girl, who had inherited her mother's stringy hair and sallow skin, was continually made to feel that she was ugly. The mother's "pity" was ill-disguised; the child reflected the mother's resentment of her own "ugliness." Very early in her childhood this little girl developed an inexplicable hatred of a girl cousin who was very much less intelligent than she, but who had lovely blond curls and was always held up to her as a paragon of good manners.

All too often a child thus develops feelings of inferiority, because of physical or mental handicaps which she has been made to feel too strongly by those who ought to be her main sources of self-confidence—her parents. Such a child, if she attaches herself to some other adult, is very likely to undergo the worst pangs of jealousy, since the handicap of unattractiveness makes it more likely that some other child will be preferred to her. Also, if the child's affection is not returned, the inferiority feeling will be intensified.

Sometimes jealousy may be due not to feelings of inferiority, but to inharmonious relations between the parents—the child being used, consciously or unconsciously, as a buffer. A little boy who has been told, often and with many caresses, that he is the "only comfort" of a mother with a "neglectful" husband, is likely to be very jealous indeed of any attempts upon the part of the husband to regain friendly relations with his wife, because the feelings of affection of the child toward his mother, naturally already strong, will have been unduly stimulated by her excessive affection and the general emotional tenseness of the family situation.

The little boy with an overstrong attachment to his mother can often be helped to better balance by finding new interests in common with his father, such as carpentry, ball games, history, stamp collections, and the like. The father has a chance, in this way, to reinforce the ideals of good sportsmanship, self-control, and courage in his little boy, and to build up in him healthier attitudes toward the masculine sex in particular, and toward the outside world in general.

Much of the pain brought about by jealousy might be avoided, if parents could only reconcile themselves to individual differences in their children. "As like as two peas in a pod" may be true of peas but is rarely so of children. When we demand of our rather dreamy and imaginative Mary the same high marks in mathematics that are distinguishing her older sister at school; when we urge our timid John to make a name for himself in football as his brother is doing, we are sowing seeds of jealousy that will almost certainly bear unwanted fruits.

**SIMILARLY** the old saying, "Like father like son," has its dangers. The father who has outstanding abilities and acknowledged successes sets a pace that keeps his less brilliant son straining after the impossible. The mother who is very charming, very beautiful, socially much sought, often unconsciously creates a standard that is the despair of her growing daughter, whose inability to equal or surpass her mother gives rise to painful feelings of inferiority and jealousy. Not that we would demand of parents, therefore, that they hide their light under a bushel; but such parents, if they are aware of the possible effects on their children of their own personality make-up, will be on their guard and will stand ready to help their growing children to realize fully the value of their own powers and contributions.

Where the child is secure in his self-confidence because he knows that he can count upon the love and understanding of his parents and because he has been helped to find happy and congenial outlets in work and play, there is little likelihood that the canker of jealousy or petty envy will thrive in him.

It begins to look as if, in prescribing for the single ailment of jealousy, we have outlined here a whole program of education. This is very true, and inevitably so. For jealousy seems to depend essentially upon such deep-rooted feelings of insecurity or inferiority that we can fight it successfully only by building up all of the individual's power.

Only so may we help the jealous child to attain a happy relationship with himself and with the world.

BRUNHILDE'S HOLIDAY

Continued from page 11

you. One can have volume without noise, you know!"

"Yes'm?" said the boy, a quick gleam of interest lighting his frank eyes. With his father at that moment turning toward them again, he hurriedly thrust his slimy twig of fish into her hand. "Here, take 'em!" he said, flushing deeply, and without another word loped off.

**THE** opera singer, bearing away her *Forellen* in amusement and triumph, encountered some one at her gate. A woman, large-bosomed and dressed with slightly soiled elegance beneath a flapping cape, unfolded her suddenly in her arms, and pressed a casually painted cheek against hers.

"Oh, darling!" the woman cried in a booming contralto. "I've just been down to see you; I was simply too thrilled to hear you had actually arrived. You're looking marvelous, my dear, simply superb! This air . . . what did I tell you?"

"Yes?" said Inga without marked warmth. "I hope I'll be able to stand it; I don't feel very happy. Such strange people!"

Lillie Lawrence laughed with hearty sonority and linking her arm in Inga's drew her down the path to the camp. Evidently her visit would take place as planned. "My dear, of course, of course! You're still the prima donna, you see. But you'll soon learn to forget that, just as I have had to." Inga controlled a slight sniff—"Talk to them in their own language, meet them half-way, as I do . . . Why, Inga Runquist, you're going to like it so well that you'll be buying a piece of land here before the summer's over!"

A piece of land! Those magic, dangerous, irresistible words! Inga looked at Lillie in a sudden agony of apprehension, as Eve at the serpent. She never told the world about her forefathers—those stocky invincibles whose lives were tied up tight in their tip-tilted acres, their land, which took their strength and nourished it again in the eternal round of planting and harvest; but she had fought

her natural heritage and desires up and down the highways of Europe.

But here was a new world waiting to claim her! Her winter's *cachet* itched in her bank account. But, "No, no!" she protested, "Inga Runquist is only a gipsy, a wandering minstrel."

Over her head, however, the pines rubbed their branches together and ruffled their needles. A red squirrel peered down and shrilled his abusive opinions. Somewhere deep in the woods an ax rang sharply, and the village clock down over the hill struck faintly, five o'clock. Inga was lost!

"You are right, dear Lillie," she said softly, and her face was suddenly luminous, as when, before the footlights, she began a great aria. "This is where I belong!"

Lillie nodded with approval. "You'll see . . . You'll even build yourself a house. You're going to forget all about palace hotels and opera houses, and be a real human being. Why, you're going to be absolutely jealous of me even, when you see the lovely tract of woods I've been offered!"

Mrs. Lawrence went away, however, feeling slightly disgruntled. Despite her "dears" and "darlings", Madame Runquist was so beautifully cool and aloof. Confound her, she was a great prima donna, and she knew it! While she, Lillie Lawrence, was just a singing teacher, who gave an annual recital in a hired metropolitan hall in the hope of press notices and a consequent engagement or two at the spring festivals. They had sung in the same choir, back in Minnesota twenty years ago, although Inga refused to remember it clearly . . . and now look at them! Well, for once at least, she was in a position to even things up. This particular little backwater of New England was Lillie's own . . . Before the sugar maples reddened in September, Inga Runquist would have played a new rôle!

Inga, after feasting on her trout and playing a dull game of Russian bank (Turn to page 58)

Every 1½ Minutes  
a New Bride!



95 out of every 100  
asked meet the  
Dishpan Problem  
this way . . .



A glamorous bride and the smartest of weddings on her parents' country estate! Yet she will start married life in a modest apartment, professionally proud of being cook and "dish-washer," too. Thanks to Lux in the dishpan, her dainty hands will never betray her home-making tasks.

(Right)

What a thrilling sort of wedding—in the air! And the bride—chic, modern girl that she is—plans to keep house in up-to-date fashion. Naturally, she chooses the Lux method for dishes. So quick—and no danger of old-fashioned dishpan hands.



(Above)

Young, in love, and just married . . . she won't mind washing dishes for two—for Lux will keep those small white hands of hers lovely as on her wedding day!



So many soaps dry the oils of the skin, leave it rough and old. Lux protects the beauty oils, thus keeping hands softly young.



This charming young bride of an army lieutenant may keep house in far corners of the world, but wherever she travels she'll find Lux to keep her hands charming, no matter how busy!

**RADIANT** young brides! Every 1½ minutes, somewhere in the United States, a new one!

And 95 out of every 100 questioned, in 11 big cities, plan to wash dishes with Lux . . . to guard the young loveliness of their hands.

Beauty experts in 305 famous shops advise this Lux care for the hands. It keeps your busy hands as fragile and exquisite as though you had maids. Do try it today! Costs almost nothing—less than 1¢ a day.

**LUX FOR DISHES**  
keeps hands lovely  
for less than  
1¢ a day



# A laxative must be more than effective

If all you had to find in a laxative was something to move the bowels, a thousand of them would do.

But the right laxative must be more than effective. It must check on a number of other very important points.

## What doctors expect

Here are a few requirements doctors set down as important about laxatives:

A laxative should limit its action to the intestines. It should not rush food through the stomach—thus disturbing the digestive processes.

A laxative should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

A laxative should be mild and gentle in action. It should not irritate and overstimulate the intestines—for this would weaken the natural functions.

It must not shock the nervous system.

It should not form a habit.

It should not gripe.

## Ex-Lax checks on every point

Ex-Lax is an exclusive scientific formula for the relief of constipation—pleasantly and effectively. The only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein—a laxative that is recognized by the medical profession internationally.

And it is the special Ex-Lax way of combining delicious chocolate with the phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—that accounts for the splendid results millions are getting from Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action—naturally, but surely. It assists the intestines—does not whip them! It does not gripe or form a habit.

## Take Ex-Lax on Vacations

Always have Ex-Lax with you, wherever you are. Take it on trips, on vacations, to be sure of always having it when needed. Get Ex-Lax today. 10c, 25c, 50c, at all druggists.

Keep "regular" with  
**EX-LAX**  
—the safe laxative  
that tastes like chocolate

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P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## BRUNHILDE'S HOLIDAY

Continued from page 57

with Miss Bird, went up early to bed. She lay wide-eyed for a while on her sleeping porch, listening to the creeping noises of the night forest and musing upon Lillie's conversation. Why must this specter of passion for the land come up just now to haunt her? Her parents were dead, her ancestors forgotten. She, the great Runquist, with her voice and her art, was the most glorious blossom on all that humble vine. It had grown to produce her, and why should she revert this way?

YET here she was, among the Yankees! Good publicity, according to Bernstein, her agent. Yes, a piece of real American ground... her own house! Excellent stuff for the papers. And the natives, loyal, devoted... She would win them... She smiled happily as she felt sleep arriving.

The next morning was clear and beautiful, and she came down to an appetizing breakfast served on a little table before the open fire. Later, at the decrepit piano, she discovered herself to be in superlative voice.

"I could sing an Isolde!" she told Miss Bird exuberantly, and as promptly as upon an operatic cue, arrived an invitation for her to do so, at a date a few weeks hence.

Coming from the telephone, Miss Bird wore the radiant look of one whose sentence has just been reprieved. "It was a call from the railroad station, madam," she said. "A cable from Munich. They want you at the *Festspiel* in July!"

Inga flushed with pleasure. Munich! She had not spent a night there since the year of her divorce. But that couldn't last forever, that memory! The *Festspiel*! They so seldom invited outsiders... an honor, a great honor! She could sail on the *Rheinland*, just as she had originally planned! Miss Bird watched her kindling face with intense approval.

"Shall I say you'll consider it, at terms, madam?" she begged. "I can drive right down and send it!"

The singer struck a chord. She ran through the arpeggios of the music of the sunrise upon Brunhilde's rock. Her eyes danced, she opened her mouth to sing. Then suddenly she shut it again and her hands dropped from the keyboard. Through the window she saw the breeze playing across the low, silvery berry bushes in the pasture by the gate; the morning light glistened on the new green candles of the pine boughs; and along the road a plodding white horse pulled a cart of gleaming milk cans. America... her country now! Rest voice... a new public... a piece of land!

"You should know better than to annoy me!" she said crossly.

"You mean that you're refusing?" Miss Bird waived.

"I'm sorry, my dear child," replied Inga, "if you want to be taken abroad, you'll have to find another position!"

MRS. ALLEN was entertaining the Ladies' Aid of the Union Chapel that afternoon; the new pulpit required additional funds, and so an apron sale was in preparation. Eight ladies in Mrs. Allen's dining-room cut patterns on the round oak table, admired her begonia plant, stitched on her machine, and breathed contentedly the fragrance of coffee due to be served them, well they knew, with something more substantial, at four o'clock.

Mrs. Allen and Ruthie were just dishing up when Madame Runquist came up on the back porch and knocked.

"Mom!" Ruth called a little shrilly. "Here's the madam from over to Drum's!"

"Pleased to meet you!" said Mrs. Allen, wiping her hands on a dish-towel and dusting off a chair. "Figured you'd be comin' around here soon. Beats all how summer folks usually does come right off after some-thin' ruther. Our hens ain't layin' so good right now, but I guess maybe we could accommodate you with a matter of a dozen eggs maybe. We're churnin' Tuesdays now, an' Fridays... do you want we should save you a pound?"

Through the open door Inga heard the clatter of tongues, her nostrils sniffed the good coffee, while on the floor beside her she perceived a burlap-covered freezer. "Why, you are having a party!" she exclaimed. "I mustn't disturb you, I'll come again!"

"Fiddlesticks, don't you budge a mite!" insisted Mrs. Allen cordially. "Dunno but one time's as good as another to make you acquainted, come to think of it. The Ladies' Aid'll be real pleased."

Inga was seized with a sudden and totally inexplicable wave of shyness. "Oh, no!" she cried. "I almost never go out to teas!" "Nonsense!" said Mom, "You come right along! Say, girls, I want you should meet a neighbor."

It was a trying moment. Inga had never seen so many bright, shrewd faces, so many nodding, tightly coiled heads, so many flying thimbles, and thin, stern mouths frozen to immobility and utter silence at her approach.

"Well, isn't this nice," she said, looking around her with an eager tremulousness quite foreign to her temperament. There was a sort of click as the Ladies' Aid gave its concerted greeting. No one moved.

Inga's roving eye, desperately seeking inspiration, fell upon the melodeon standing beneath the brackets of fern and begonia by the bay window. "Why," she cried, "I remember one of those in Minnesota when I was a child! I didn't know there were any left on earth." She clumped over the floor in her Tyrolean boots and seated herself at the instrument. Absent-mindedly she swept into a heap some sewing that cluttered the cover. She pumped the pedals vigorously and drew a wheezing succession of chords from the organ's reluctant interior. Throwing back her head, she laughed heartily. "But this is too quaint for words!" she exclaimed, and looked around eagerly for the glances of amused admiration to which she was accustomed in all gatherings where she chose to be playful.

THE Ladies' Aid seemed to be busy biting threads, however. She distinctly heard the snap of jaws, a strange *chk-chk* which she failed to interpret. But no one was smiling! She had not won them yet, she decided. Well, her trump card remained. "I will sing for you!" she exclaimed, with a wide gesture of gracious surrender.

Something simple for them, she thought, and remembered the English songs she had learned for encores on her first tour. "Max-welton's braes are bonnie"... She sang it through, putting as much emotion as the line would hold into the final "I'd lay me dune an' dee!"

She waited for the applause, but there was none. Only Mrs. Allen came over to her and patted her on the shoulder. "That's real pretty," she said. "We always liked that one."

Inga shrugged her shoulders a little. "All right, here's another that's bound to please," she assured herself. "I'll make them think of their girlhoods, of their first romances."

"Do you remember the path where we met, Long, long ago, long ago! Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget, Long, long ago, long ago!"

When she had finished, her own eyes were moist. What a ridiculous talent was hers, wringing her heart like this over a silly old song in a New England farmhouse! She winked the tears back as she heard the mild clapping of palms together. They had paid her the compliment of putting down their sewing, at least. Should she give them another? But Ruthie was coming in with the tray of coffee cups. Plainly the concert was over. She rose to leave. "Eh, bien, au revoir, mesdames," she said.

Some of the ladies, not already holding cups, stood up to let her by.

In the kitchen Mrs. Allen poised a knife above a fine layer cake. "You set right down here, madam," she said with bustling hospitality.

"Ruthie, lay a plate for madam! I want you should taste my cream, and you'll be easier here, away from them clucking hens."

Inga was about to remark that an embarrassing lack of clucking seemed to prevail during her sojourn with the Ladies' Aid and that she really must go at once or her secretary would worry. But the lovely thick moist cake and the saucer of rich yellow ice cream were a temptation to her. She sat down obediently and fell upon the food with her customary gusto.

# WHY DO

## A MILLION

## WOMEN USE



1. BECAUSE it stops odor instantly.
2. BECAUSE you can use it any time.
3. BECAUSE there's no "drying" delay.
4. BECAUSE it does not irritate the skin.
5. BECAUSE it does not injure fabrics.

MODERN women know they must use special weapons against that tricky old enemy, underarm perspiration odor.

Today, they have their choice of a number of safeguards. And more than a million of them choose Mum!

It is easy to see why. Mum is the simplest, quickest way to protect yourself.

Think of a magic snowy cream which you can use any time when dressing or afterwards. There is nothing in Mum to harm your clothing or irritate your skin!

No difficult directions to follow; no waiting. Just a fingertipful to each underarm—and there's no more need to worry for that day or evening.

Mum doesn't interfere with normal, healthful perspiration. It just destroys that clinging odor of perspiration which every careful person so abhors. It's so soothing you can even use Mum right after shaving!

And here's another way Mum helps. Rubbed on the hands, it kills every lingering trace of onions, fish, gasoline or other clinging odor!

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# MUM

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Women are also finding that Mum is invaluable as a deodorant for the sanitary napkin.



"Marvelous! Glorious!" she exclaimed, as Mrs. Allen passed in and out. "I've never eaten such cake anywhere."

She accepted another piece and was about to raise her fork when a member of the Aid thrust her merry, apple-cheeked countenance through the doorway and followed it by a teasing, knotted forefinger.

"When you've finished your lunch," she said, "we want some more of that singin', mind you!" It was a friendly overture in the best vein of Mrs. Riggs, always the life of any party. Appreciative titters supported her sally from the rear. But the Runquist was not amused. To her mind, this was a sudden and undreamed of impertinence. She had, from the generosity of her heart, sung for these strange females and they had said nothing. Now, all at once, they were laughing at her and presuming to exact her favors. Pushing her plate away, she rose in scorn and fury.

"Woman," she said, in level, cutting tones, "you don't know what you ask! Inga Runquist has refused three thousand dollars to sing at a private function!" Picking up her stick she stalked from the room and down the back steps between the pans of chicken-feed and the empty milk bottles.

With a rush of concerted action, the Ladies' Aid gathered to watch her from behind the parlor curtains.

"Well, I vum!" said Mrs. Riggs, and suddenly nine clacking tongues were unleashed. Even kindly Mrs. Allen felt affronted.

"Who does she think she is, anyway? Actin' so high and mighty," put in Ruthie.

"Well, that ain't the wust," said her mother. "Who does she think we are, is what I'm figurin'. Singin' nursery rhymes at us like she thought we wa'n't able to take nothin' else in. If she gets three thousand dollars for each piece, my butter's wuth that a pound!"

"The melodeon wa'n't good enough, did you hear? Does she have a pipe organ everywhere she goes?"

"And did you see her whisk my dimity aprons on to the floor like they was so much trash?"

Mrs. Riggs, the hardest hit, however, chose to pass off the incident in her customary spirit of bright comedy. "Woman!" she said haughtily to the convulsed Ruthie. "Bring me another cup of coffee."

"You don't know what you ask," giggled the girl. "We got a hundred a cup!"

THERE were two lawyers in Rickert Center; Judd Bronson, to whom the villagers went in life-long trust and friendship for the drawing of their wills and the conduct of such litigations as their small affairs required, and Walter Kemp, who lived in Burlington and only opened up his little office on the green when the summer visitors began to arrive. His business was more in the line of real estate, and it was through his lively enterprise that most of the neighboring lake shore was rapidly being turned into camp lots.

To him, the morning after Madame Runquist's debut before the Ladies' Aid, came Mrs. Lillie Lawrence.

"Hello, Walter!" she said breezily. "I've got a proposition, and you're the man to help me!"

Kemp knew Lillie and liked to work with her. She was as shrewd as he was, but she sometimes looked at things in a way so large as to take his breath. "Well, ma'am," he said, plucking a nasturtium from his window-box and adjusting it in his lapel, with a vague idea of complimenting his visitor, "I'm pleased to see you looking so well and handsome!"

"Save your compliments, Walter. This is business. Now, you know, I've always been after those old glebe acres?"

"Sure," said Walter, "and likely as not to get 'em in a week or so, if you'll sit tight. I saw old Allen yesterday."

"Well, I don't want them!"

"What! But I've gone ahead and . . ."

"Ssh, that's all right! Now listen to me and don't say a word until I'm through. Maybe you've heard that we've a great personage in town? Inga Runquist, one of the most famous opera singers in the world—and one of the richest, I may add. I've known her since she was a girl, and between you and me, I know a little too much. However, it was I who brought her here, and it's an honor to the town, and all that, and the town will owe me something before I get through. To speak plainly, Walter Kemp, that woman beat me once to something that I wanted, she got where I started for. But believe me, this time, I'm holding the trumps!"

Walter nodded and fitted his finger tips together. "Talk English, lady."

"WELL, it's this way: the glebe acres are not really so desirable as the old Wickes shore land!"

"Haven't I told you a dozen times you'll need the glebe for right-of-way?"

"But I can get the Wickes place dirt cheap, can't I?"

"Sure, and good reason why!"

"Never mind! You buy the option on that for me now, see, at bottom price, and keep my name out until the deal is closed!"

"All right, but what are you going to do—use boats or flying machines?"

"Walter, do hush up about that! I know what I'm doing. Madame Runquist will want to buy up here before long, I'll see to that. And if she thinks the glebe is the place we're all after, she'll never rest till she gets it. And we're going to let her have it, but only after I've bid her up so high that the price will let you retire from business years before your time. But the right-of-way will be my commission! Now do you see?"

"Well, said Walter precisely, 'if this Madame Runquist don't love you any too well, lady, she's not likely to let you cut a swather through her woods!'"

"That isn't necessary. My road will run right along the new church land at the end of the property!"

"Pshaw! The wardens wouldn't sell an inch of that for love nor money!"

"Who wants them to? How stupid you are, Walter! You'll get me this strip off the glebe!"

"O-ho! So that's your game, is it?"

"Game, Walter? Don't be crude! It's only a matter of measurement, after all."

"Now look here. Allens and Riggses bought in that glebe. They're queer, testy folks, but they're honest as shoe-leather. If they thought for a moment . . ."

"It's up to you, then, not to let them think. And besides, Mr. Kemp, I don't care for your insinuations! If the owners decide at the last minute to sell a foot or two less than they first expected, and if it's written plainly in the deed, I don't see anything to question!"

"Well, seems like shady business when first you look at it, but still and all, I don't know that 'tis, come to think it over. How much you calculating she'll pay?"

"I could have had it for four, wasn't it? Well, we'll start her at seven and she'll pay fourteen! Figure that in with my money for the Wickes place, Walter, and you're cleaning up a tidy sum."

A FEW days later, on a fine windy afternoon, Inga was out planting a vegetable patch with Miss Bird, a spade in one hand, a seed catalog in the other, when Lisa, the cook, called loudly from the house, "Bitte, gna' Frau, Besuch!"

The Runquist looked up to smile radiantly upon a rather plump young man approaching her along the garden path.

"Ho-yo-to-ho!" she shouted and lifted her spade high in greeting. Walter Kemp jumped; he felt the flesh creep along his spine. So she really was (Turn to page 60)



Redecorating? Don't worry. Our Institute gives you first aid



## Now he is six pounds heavier and gaining strength and vigor every day

"I USED to feel terrible when I saw other boys taking advantage of Edward just because he was frail and delicate. I did my best to build him up, but the child simply couldn't gain an ounce. He was just skin and bones."

"I finally took my doctor's advice and began giving Edward Cocomalt with his meals instead of plain milk. He liked it so much I gave him a glass every afternoon about four, and another at bedtime. I soon discovered that this extra nourishment was doing him the world of good; he sleeps soundly and wakes full of energy. Now he is six pounds heavier and getting to be a real husky fellow."

Mothers all over the country write to tell us of cases like this—many of them even more remarkable.

### A delicious food drink

Children who rebel at plain milk, love Cocomalt. It tastes so good. And Cocomalt adds 70% more nourishment to milk . . . almost doubling the food value of every glass the child drinks.

Thin, lanky, growing-too-fast youngsters need the extra nourishment that Cocomalt gives. Mixed with milk, Cocomalt provides practically every element the child needs for healthy, sturdy growth.

The extra proteins, carbohydrates and minerals supplied by Cocomalt help the child to round out while he shoots up. Yet no matter how often the child drinks it—at meals or between meals—it imposes no burden; for Cocomalt is easily digested, readily assimilated. Furthermore, this tempting food drink contains enzymes which help to digest the starches in other foods.

### Your child needs Vitamin D —contained in Cocomalt

Vitamin D, the same element produced by summer sunshine, is present in Cocomalt. Vitamin D helps to prevent rickets, to build strong bones and teeth.

### Special trial offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk—hot or cold. Three sizes: 1½ lb., 1 lb., and the 5 lb. family size. High in concentrated food value, low in cost. At grocers and leading drug stores.

Or mail this coupon and 10 cents (to cover cost of packing and mailing), for a generous trial can, enough for the whole family to try.

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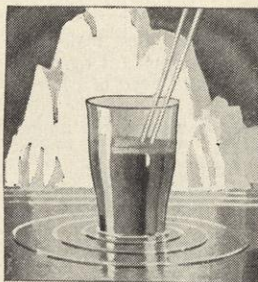
I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

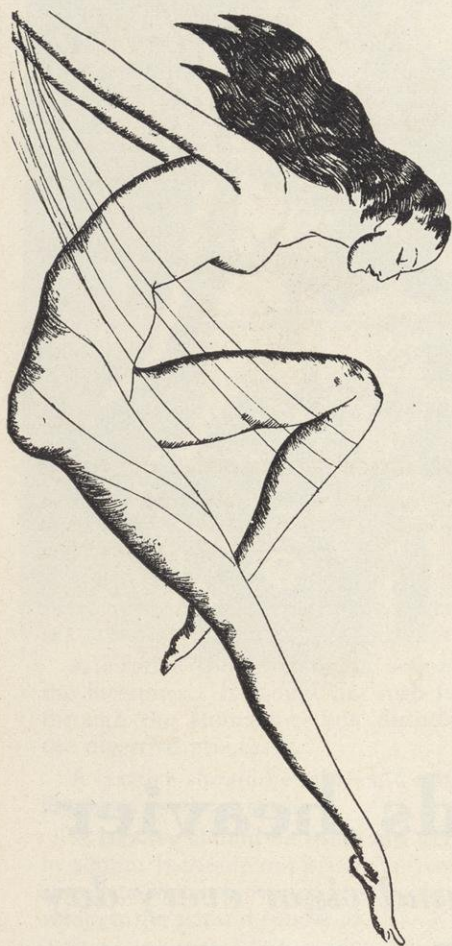
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THE precious creams and unguents of the cosmetician's art—priceless aids though they are—cannot hide a sallow skin, dull eyes, lack of verve and sparkle in your manner. Charm, attraction for others, good looks themselves are impossible without *internal cleanliness*.

You can't be at your best while poisons in the system cloud your skin, weary your body, depress your spirits.

Don't just miss being attractive, alert, clear-eyed, good-looking.

Keep clean internally. The saline method which Sal Hepatica offers you is a simple, effective way.

Europeans of fashion and wealth travel hundreds of miles to take the "saline cure" at Continental watering places. But you can have its benefits here at home—through Sal Hepatica, the practical American equivalent of these health springs. By eliminating constipation, it frees the body of poisons, restoring the brightness to your eyes, clearing your skin, warding off colds.

Begin this famous saline method with Sal Hepatica today. In a month you'll feel better, look younger, regain your natural charm.



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crazy! He had heard the several tales current in the village. But after this first shock, he found that he got along with her famously. Never was anything quite so easy, or fruit so ripe for the picking. It was almost a shame. Drat that Lawrence woman with her painted face!

"You see, madam," he explained, permitting himself almost too long a look into those famous shadowed eyes, as, seated beside him in his sedan, Inga was on her way to inspect the glebe acres, "Mrs. Lawrence has been here quite some time, and she knows what's what in property values. She'll probably over-bid you when she hears. I warn you!"

Inga laughed. "My bank account is excellent. We'll see who wins!"

In a day or two Mr. Kemp's doubts were confirmed. "She's gone up to eight, madam," he told her over the telephone, "and she hints it's not her limit."

"Well," said Inga thoughtfully, "I've been over on that land all this morning, and it's perfectly beautiful. Dr. Drum is coming up next week and I'd like to have it settled to surprise him. Suppose we say ten?"

"Well, that certainly ought to fix her," declared Walter, with enough truth to salve his conscience.

THERE was a letter from the doctor in the mail that day;

"My dear," he wrote, "don't worry your lovely head about the natives of Rickert Center. They're bound to adore you as soon as they're over thinking you are a bigger and queerer Lillie Lawrence. However, if you simply will force the issue, give them a party, a neighborhood affair, all the farmers on your ridge. Give them enough fancy food to make a topic of conversation, and hire a fiddler in the village, if you like, and let them dance on the road. Only don't sing for them. Mind your physician!"

Inga was delighted with this plan. "We'll have it the night Dr. Drum arrives," she told Miss Bird. "And I'll write the invitations with my own hand!" she confided also in Mr. Walter Kemp.

"Perhaps they'll realize what a good neighbor I'd make when they taste Lisa's *Strudel*—!" she chuckled. "But should I ask La Lawrence? Of course, we don't even meet these days."

"I wouldn't, madam. The old girl's as sore as a wet hen. She made it twelve-fifty this very morning, I was just going to tell you!"

Inga pursed her lips. The spending of large sums was never easy for her.

"This is getting pretty steep, Mr. Kemp, but make it thirteen for me, that's my lucky number!"

Before the Runquist was called upon to sign her check, however, she had an adventure. On a certain day photographers from a Boston paper invaded her retreat, and wearying of the dull and domestic posing with egg-beater or with buck-saw, pictures calculated to impress a credulous public, she suddenly disappeared, and the noise of trunks dragged across the floor, of bureau drawers opening and shutting, resounded from above stairs.

When she rejoined the reporters on the terrace, they sprang to their feet with exclamations of delight. Brunhilde stood there before them full in the afternoon sunlight, all ablaze in armor, magnificent in white-winged helmet and long, tawny hair streaming over a blood-red cloak. Laughingly she charged them with spear and shield, then sprang away out into the woods.

"Come on!" she cried. "I've always wanted to wear these things where they really belonged. Isn't this red glorious among these dark trees? Now all that I need is a horse! But no matter, there's a rock on the edge of the pasture jutting up against the mountains in the distance. You shall photograph me there . . . Brunhilde at home!"

The photographers were quickly alert as hounds on the scent; this was really the stuff! When they had finished all their films and Miss Bird had driven them to the three o'clock train, Inga was loath to remove her regalia. In these garments she had realized great moments of her life. The

feel of them was good, the faint, clinging smell of grease paint rose enticingly from their folds. Urged on by the lengthening shadows of the woods, she leapt over moss and rocks and smooth pine needles, her cloak flying in the stiff breeze from off the lake.

And thus she came upon Porter Allen, sorting a string of fish in a little clearing. The boy looked up and saw her as she stepped into the sunlight, and with a choking sort of cry, started up and away. He paused for one more glance, however, and staring at her with blinking eyes, his face which had drained of color, slowly turned to fire. Without a word he dropped down beside his fish again. Inga, pleasantly aware of the fright she must have given him, laughed delightedly.

"You funny boy!" she cried. "Look at me—I'm alive . . . I'm real!"

Porter lifted his eyes reluctantly and sat cautiously back on his heels. "Thought likely," he said.

Inga took off her helmet and settled herself comfortably beside him.

"Do you know who I am?" she asked, as once before.

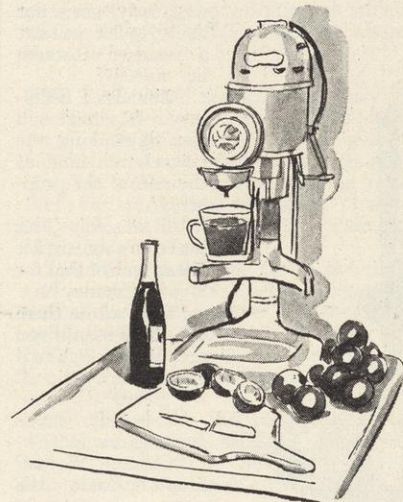
"The op'ra singer!" he mumbled.

"Brunhilde, darling!" she corrected him.

"Wotan's daughter, who rides on the clouds and snatches heroes up from battle-fields. I live in Walhalla and I own a flying horse!"

"Yeah?" said Porter, fascinated and uncomfortable.

"Yes, absolutely," went on Inga, and



This member of Delineator Institute is a good mixer

began to tell him the story of the opera, seeing it all so plainly herself that the words made a stage of the little clearing and scarred the moss with the heavy footprints of the gods. Porter saw it, too, as perhaps Wagner would never have recognized it, but it always remained for him the most wonderful vision of his youth.

"Yes, and there's music in all this too, you know," the Runquist told him. "Marvelous music to make your hair stand straight on end! I can't sing it here for you, because that is forbidden n.e., out of doors. But some day you shall come to my house and I'll play it for you. You would like that?"

"I've heard you singin'," ventured Porter gruffly.

"And does it please you, perhaps?"

"Aw gee!" said Porter, with a foolish grin.

Inga was enraptured. A foothold in the enemy's camp! She threw her arms about the boy's neck and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Slush!" said Porter, and shook himself like a puppy. But he looked at her with the light of a sudden resolution gleaming in his eyes. "Listen here!" he said solemnly. "Had you in mind to buy that glebe land off my pop?"

"Darling child!" cried Inga. "It's the dream of my life! Why I'm going to build a house

here like the houses of the Old World—long and low, with sheltering eaves and bright shutters!"

"Well, then, by cricky, I'm gonna set you wise to somethin' that's a-foot. Think you can walk in them things?"

She nodded brightly, put on her helmet with the sophisticated gesture of adjusting one of her little Paris hats and drew her cloak about her. "Well, come on then," said Porter, and swung his fish impatiently in his hand.

They made an odd procession; the youth with his rod and his trout, walking with bent knees like an Indian, followed by Wotan's daughter in full panoply of war. Suddenly Porter stopped, frozen in the very act of parting a bush on the edge of the glebe land. "Holy mackerel!" he whispered. "Jest take a look!"

HE motioned her to the opening through which he had just peered. There, not thirty feet away, were Lillie Lawrence and Walter Kemp. In Walter's hand was a small sledge hammer, and beside him on the ground some brief lengths of iron pipe. Walter laid his tool down and measured off a width with a tape-reel from his pocket. "Bout here, eh?" he grunted, and marked the place with his heel.

"That will do nicely," said Lillie. "Now be sure and note down the measurements on the plan—we don't want unpleasant complications, even if you are a lawyer!"

Walter must have found the exertion taxing. He mopped his brow and looked around cautiously. "I saw both Allen and Riggs last night," he said. "They're satisfied with her bid of thirteen thousand, and glad to close. They made no bones about granting you the road; moreover, they said that it seemed like the hand of Providence removing your singing school from their grove!"

"Humph!" said Lillie.

"And now, lady, if you're dead sure the madam isn't in the habit of assimilating legal documents too thoroughly, I guess you're sewed up safe and sound!"

There was no answer.

"I say," he went on, "it would be safe as a church to close the Wickes deal right now too . . ."

Lillie's continued silence disturbed him. He looked from the rock upon which he had spread his papers, and beheld his client, pale and trembling, staring fixedly at a spot between white birches and elders, just over the line. Then slowly she brought her wild eyes back to rest upon his anxious face. The paint on her cheeks was hideously splotted against the livid color of her flesh. "Walter!" she gasped. "Did you see anything?"

"Where?"

"There—moving in the bushes!"

Walter took a wary look. "Huh, only some kid with a fish-pole . . . maybe Port Allen. I saw him down by the lake awhile back."

"Oh, no," gasped Lillie, wringing her hands, "a figure all in armor and winged helmet, staring at me with great baleful eyes!"

Walter laughed on a shrill, high note. "Chk, Chk, now, perhaps our conscience is troubling us just a little mite, making us see things!" But he gathered up his tools and papers with a certain alacrity and bustled off up the hill almost faster than Lillie could follow.

WHEN Dr. Drum arrived the following afternoon the Runquist showed him the bill of sale which Walter had duly delivered before luncheon. "He seemed a trifle upset when I told him that my business adviser was coming and that I wouldn't sign without you—and no wonder!"

"What are you going to do, my dear girl?" the doctor asked.

"Do?" sang Inga. "I'm going to have the time of my life—and don't you dare to interfere! My charming neighbors are coming here tonight and I shall feed them magnificently; I've ordered everything from Burlington. And when the merriment is at its height, I intend . . . but no, it is better you should wait and see!"

"Oh, lord!" groaned the doctor.



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See page 80 for other food booklets.

THERE had never been a gathering quite like Madam Runquist's party in all the history of the town. The night was moonlit and the fragrance of sweet fern mingled with the waxy smell of Chinese lanterns dangling among the trees. A little orchestra played on the back porch of the lodge and some younger couples jiggled on the roadway in a merry attempt at dancing. Almost everyone else sat about on benches in pairs or groups holding plates stiffly on their knees and talking only a little, in hushed voices. Inga, dressed in an old but devastating concert gown of peacock brocade, moved about from group to group, her diamonds flashing on throat and wrist.

"Looks like a Christmas tree!" said Sam Riggs to Lint Allen. "But she's real pleasant spoken!"

"Pears as though, but the folks can't abide her since she come to the house and raised Ned on the old melodeon!"

"Yeah, heard tell... but ssh! Look there, is she a-goin' to sing or somepin?"

Inga was standing on the front steps of the camp as on a stage, clapping her hands together, and lift'ng her chin as if to speak. Then quickly she threw wide her arms, beckoned right and left with her extended finger-tips. "Come closer!" she called. "I want to tell you all a secret!"

Staring, puzzled, her guests put down their plates shook out skirts and coat-tails, and approached.

"My neighbors!" cried the Runquist dramatically. "My neighbors who might have been! I wanted you to come here tonight and be happy with me—(some feeble clapping)—because I wanted you to like me!—(silence)—I wanted to know you all, but, alas! it was no. to be. And so this is my farewell to you!"

"I was prepared to build a house among you, to be one of you. I had chosen my place. However..." her voice took on a biting edge, "however, Inga Runquist is nobody's fool. She reads her contracts and she measures her land. She does not pay for what she does not get. Listen! I am thirteen thousand dollars richer than I might have been. And you have lost a citizen in whom some day you might have taken pride. I can only hope that my dear friend, Mrs. Lillie Lawrence, finds another road to her fine new property, but it will never be across a stolen right-of-way!"

With a dramatic gesture she thrust into the flame of a lantern swinging close beside her a folded paper which she had clutched in her right hand. "And so good-night and goodbye!" she cried, and turning, rushed within doors. Those who lingered a moment in their consternation, heard the sound of her great piano struck in tempest and fury, while above the clamor rose such a voice as they had never dreamed of, for all their

radios and phonographs. "Ho-yo-to-ho! Ho-yo-to-ho!" it sang, with that defiant exultation that opera audiences had worshipped in all the great cities of the world.

But when the old doctor sought Inga in the darkened living-room, he found her a heap of dejection upon the bear-rug before the fire. "That was a naughty exhibition my child," he said, "and so unnecessary!"

"What do you mean? Are you against me, too?"

"Peace, my dear, of course not. But it happens that the deed which you burned in such arrogant fashion bore the measurements of the entire tract. I talked with Walter Kemp just now, and it seems that Lillie went home last night and had a chill or something; she called off the whole business this morning and was even willing to lose her payment for the Wickes option. Walter was decent about it; he was going to share his commission with her, and he made you out a new deed!"

Inga sprang suddenly to her feet. "Then it isn't too late, I can have my land! Call him up at once!"

"Certainly not!" said Dr. Drum. "You've rung down the curtain here with splendid finality!"

"Oh, doctor!" Inga's face was stricken. "And I loved it so! Where shall I go now? Oh, what shall I do?"

"What shall you do?" The doctor looked important and wise. "Why you're singing in Munich... and sailing next week! So cheer up, and pack your trunks!"

"What!" shrieked Inga. "Are you crazy? I sent them a refusal days ago. O Weh, how 'at would have been the right thing after all!"

"Well, you have, it seems, a very canny secretary. Miss Bird wired to me, not to Munich, I cabled them to wait and... there you are!"

"That darling Bird!" Inga was crying happily now. "I'll raise her salary in the morning before she even begins to pack!"

UP THE road little knots of people paused to disentangle at successive dooryards, or climbed into their cars to hasten home with the news. Lint Allen stopped a minute by Sam Riggs' gate.

"Wall, that beats anythin' I ever see! And I wouldn't take a million for it!" Sam said reflectively. "Calculate, however, it's the first time city folks has got the best of us hereabouts. Kinda mean feelin'!"

Lint Allen chuckled softly. "Don't let that stick in your crop," he said. "Twan't city folks, fust nor last."

"Do tell! Wall, then who, in blue blazes?"

"Twas my boy Porter who spilled them beans—he's all gone mushy on the madam. Walloped him good, but hated to like all get-out... But what's pestrin' me now is, we got to fix us a new way to lose Lil!"

## LITTLE BITES FOR PORCH AND PICNIC

Continued from page 24

both on beds of cracked ice, and don't forget to have a plate of crisp, fresh, delicate crackers to pass with them.

Speaking thus, I may add that if you choose one of the biscuits that are designed to make canapés, you may take a can of crab meat and flake the fish fine. Add some lemon juice and a touch of chopped celery. Then a few sweet pickled onions, minced fine. Combine with mayonnaise. Spread on the canapé shapes and chill. When ready to serve, top each with a piece of chutney or pickle.

There's smoked salmon, redolent of the fires of hickory and oak, ready to be made into one of the choicest of tiny bites. Sliver it off in shaving with a sharp knife. Dip each sliver in Russian dressing. Lay the salmon on biscuit bases or toast rounds, then season with lemon juice and cover with pearl onions. As the lady buyers say: "A snappy little number!"

SLIGHTLY more elaborate is the toothsome tidbit made by spreading thin slices of toast with anchovy paste, adding a few drops of lemon juice. Then cover with iced chopped cucumber and finely minced lobster tossed in tartare sauce. If you choose, you may do this with salmon or tuna instead of lobster. And of course the kindly crab will yield gracefully to this treatment and it will behave with

much good taste in this precise environment.

I've shown you a picture of a stuffed egg in cucumber aspic. Make the latter by slicing and simmering cucumbers in water. Season with salt and pepper. Add a touch of lemon juice. In two cups of aspic, dissolve one tablespoon gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water. Then cool the aspic. Boil the eggs hard, cool, and put the yolks through a sieve. Add a little anchovy paste or some spiced ham spread. Mix all with mayonnaise to make a soft filling. Fill the halved egg whites with this, pour a covering of aspic into small molds. Put into the refrigerator. When the aspic is nearly set, put half of an egg into each mold, fill with the cooled aspic, and congeal. Serve on lettuce with crackers and cheese.

Also, may I direct your eyes to the artichoke heart, filled with caviar and resting on a nicely marinated slice of ripe red tomato? Here we have a decoration of tiny pickled onions and cucumber rings. Of course the tomato is done with French dressing and the caviar has received a baptism of lemon juice. Ah, I could eat several of these, this minute, if, in a silver and amethyst goblet beside me, some cooling beverage, composed of the juices of pineapple, orange and lime, and frosted with shivery ice was waiting to go with my artichoke. And I'd like a little thin, slightly salty cracker or so. (Turn to page 62)

# 3 summertime BATHS



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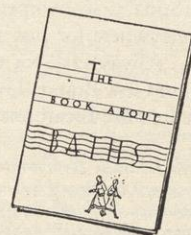
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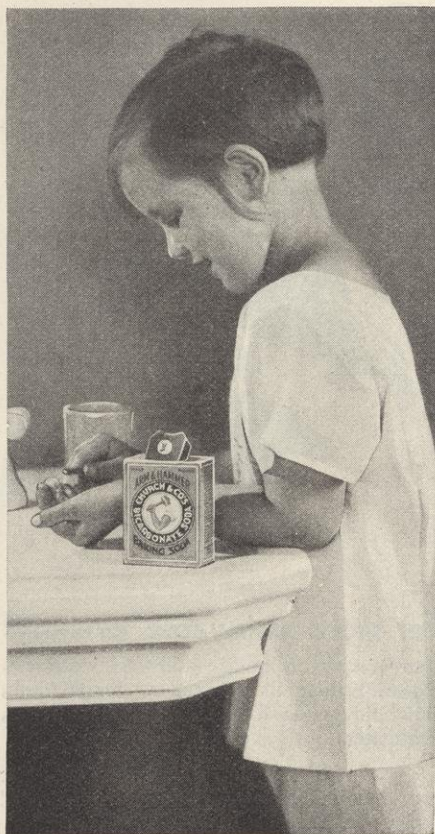
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S-13

## LITTLE BITES FOR PORCH AND PICNIC

Continued from page 61

You will want a sweet or two. Let me tell you of one right now. Make some very small pastry shells. Partly fill them with whipped cream or evaporated milk to which you will add enough gelatine, dissolved over hot water, to hold the cream. Don't have it too stiff. Then lay in some crushed canned apricots. On top of these, a layer of shredded pineapple. Lightly melt a jar of quince jelly and pour carefully over each tart to glaze. Chill. Serve. A divine eatable.

HAVE you done it yet? Am I three minutes too late in telling you to secure at once some extremely small cream-puff cases and fill them, right off, with chicken or lobster salad? And I will divulge, because you are my friends and I want to do right by you that if you should be making pie crust, make it extra "short" and rich. Cut rounds, large ones. Then on one half of each round place a spoonful of this mixture. Drain a can of red cherries and chop them fine. Add a few pieces of chopped preserved ginger. Add to this a can of crushed pineapple. And a little sugar. Cook for five minutes or so, and cool. Fold your rounds of pastry to make "turnovers," wetting the edges and pressing together well. Sprinkle the turnovers with ice water, dot with butter and bake in an oven at 400° F. for twenty minutes.

Crystallized grapefruit peel, the nice soft kind, should be chopped and mixed with a ripe soft cheese. Spread between slices of whole wheat bread which has been spread with orange butter. Or spread it between whole wheat crackers.

Lobster or crab may be dipped in Russian dressing and arranged on hearts of lettuce, along with artichoke hearts, lemon slices, and spiced preserved cucumber rings. The whole

is sprinkled with paprika, and at the last moment a tomato dressing is added to each portion. Take a can of tomato juice. Season it with salt, pepper, sugar, and lemon juice to taste. Add enough mayonnaise to hold it to a good consistency. Chill it very thoroughly.

Cucumbers are lovely things, aren't they? Cut some in two, lengthwise, scoop out the inside and add salt and pepper and the fish from a small can of salmon, being sure to flake it very fine. Mix with mayonnaise to make a filling. Fill the hollowed cucumbers, chill well, and serve with rich cheese and salted crackers.

And there will be a cool evening when the clan has gathered and the fire is ablaze against the chimney. So you'll be wanting a cassoulette of ham to give just that bite needed to go with a steaming pot of coffee. Maybe you will get out the waffle iron and the maple syrup bottle, too.

But get ready your cassoulettes in the morning. Slice plenty of ham from one of those delicious canned ready-to-eat hams. Make a rich cream sauce. And add to that, yellow cheese to give a good cheese flavor. Into each casserole put a slice of toast to fit. Then a layer of ham, cover with the sauce. Put in a sliced hard-boiled egg, more ham, and finish with the sauce. Bake in a moderate oven for about fifteen to twenty minutes.

Well, I believe that's plenty. This ought to finish your season nicely. And what a season it has been! Full of all kinds of things, and now the page is turning. Soon we shall watch those leaves that burst so optimistically but a little while ago, falling, falling. The last rose of summer will bloom and fall. Already her "lovely companions are faded and gone." But Indian Summer is waiting. Can't you see the amethyst haze over the wood-lot?

## COURAGE

Continued from page 12

wishing to torture him first, he advanced slowly toward him, with an evil smile. Had Clive shown fear, he would have been shot like a dog. But he looked the general in the eyes with cold contempt. Finally the general pointed the pistol at his face, and said, "Now, did I cheat?" Clive replied, "Go to hell!"

The general admitted his cheating and left the room.

Yet, amazing as was the courage of Clive, I know another instance of still greater daring. Clive was apparently one of those exceedingly rare individuals who are without the sensation of physical fear.

When as a boy I read of the magnificent courage of Marshal Ney, and of what Napoleon thought of him, I supposed that Ney, like Clive, was without fear. It was not so. We are told that on the morning of the battle of Waterloo, as he climbed into the saddle, his knees shook. They shook because he was afraid. And he was so wild with rage because he could not control the shaking of his knees, that he looked at them and said, "Shake away, knees! You would shake worse than that, if you knew where I was going to take you!"

That seems to me the highest type of individual courage in danger. The body is afraid; but the body is not in control. Up in the conning tower of the skull is the mind; and in this instance, the mind decided what the body should do; and took the body where the body did not want to go.

For it is this that separates the brave from the cowardly. Nearly all men and women are instinctively afraid. But the world is divided into two classes—those whose bodies control their minds, and those whose minds control their bodies. Perhaps the majority of people are the slaves of their impulses, of their inclinations, of their instincts; but there are those who have disciplined bodies and disciplined minds, and they are the salt of the earth.

It is sublime to read of the courage of one man against the crowd, or against panoplied Authority. In the eighteenth century, there was a Scotsman on trial for his life. He had been accused of treason, always the unpardonable sin. But he had done simply

what he thought was right. During the trial, in a courtroom filled with hostile spectators, friendless and alone, he calmly faced his enemies. Then the judge, in his robes of office, made a threatening remark. The prisoner turned to the judge and said, "It is quite unavailing for your lordship to threaten me, for I have long since ceased to fear the face of man."

But apart from historical figures, it has been my good fortune to know many humble and obscure persons who have shown day after day a serene and noble courage. For it takes more courage to live well than to die well. When a murderer is led to the electric chair, and shows no trembling; when he speaks scornfully to the parson or to the reporters; when he says with a grin, "Step on it!" many newspaper readers imagine that he is very brave. As a matter of fact, he has a far easier death than most of us are going to have. He has also some spectators to jack up his nerve; and he never had the courage to live decently.

WOMEN have more courage than men, because they have more need of it. It takes courage just to be a woman. And I have known women who have had the most terrible calamities, women who have lost their husbands and their children, and are left alone, with apparently nothing to look forward to. And yet they have shown, not the spirit of defiance or scorn, but calm, even smiling, courage in accepting and in facing life.

Some of these have been fed by the hidden springs of religious faith. But we must remember that faith itself is not knowledge; it is hope.

There is no demonstrable certainty of reward. Honesty is not always the best policy. The best policy would be to acquire a reputation for honesty and then to cheat at the psychological moment. There can be no courage, as there can be no virtue, without ignorance of the outcome. The right man or woman says: "I am going to follow this course of action because I believe this to be the ideal course, not because I think it will have the most profitable results."

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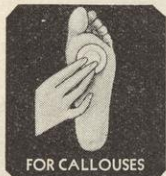


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## DELINEATOR INSTITUTE

# FACTS AND FALLACIES OF NUTRITION

by **DR. ESTHER LORD BATCHELDER**

### WATER AND MILK IN SUMMER

**C**LEAR sparkling water, bubbling up from a roadside spring or rippling down a hill—it looks safe, but how many of you would let your children drink it without first making sure of it, or boiling it to destroy any disease germs that might be present?

And how many of you would give your children "fresh country milk" without first finding out whether it was produced under the safe conditions of a "certified" farm or protected by pasteurization? If there is any doubt about the milk supply it is much better and more convenient to use evaporated milk which comes safe and sterile and in a convenient form for many uses. In any case, never use milk about which you are even slightly uncertain without first bringing it to a boil quickly and then cooling it, keeping it thoroughly refrigerated until used.

For cool summer drinks which inspire a shout of joy when the children see them coming, there are many delightful combinations containing evaporated milk diluted by fruit juices instead of water, and healthful malt cocoa preparations, cocoa, or malted milk, which may be used to glorify a prosaic drink of milk into a beverage deserving a soda fountain name. In such ways you can achieve the glamour of "fancy drinks" and still provide good nourishment even for special occasions.

### BABY'S CEREAL

A new baby food that has the general texture of the more refined cereals but furnishes minerals and vitamins has been used successfully in a hospital in Toronto. The development of such a food mixture is interesting, especially in view of the increasing evidence that many infants and children can profitably use more vitamin B. (This is the appetite stimulating vitamin which also has a favorable effect on disordered nerves, low muscle tone and constipation.) The cereal mixture contains wheat meal, oat meal, and corn meal. In addition to these, wheat germ and brewer's yeast contribute rich amounts of vitamin B, while bone meal adds the bone and tooth-building minerals—calcium and phosphorus—and alfalfa provides abundant iron and vitamin A value.

### VITAMIN A RESERVES

The body appears to be more extravagant with its vitamin A supply when it receives a large amount daily than when it receives a little, according to experiments by Rowntree of the State University of Iowa. But although more is spent every day, more is also saved, so that children whose food is rich in vitamin A are apparently building up better reserves against a time of need.

### VIRTUES OF WATERMELON

"Of course, it's nothing much but water," said many a mother as she watched dripping red slices of young America's favorite fruit disappear rapidly before an onslaught by her offspring.

If that thought was a comfort to her when she saw such apparently huge quantities of material going down in the guise of food, she may now settle back with a happy smile and

say, "My, that is going to be good for Johnnie's teeth, and help him to grow, too." For she knows now that the Bureau of Home Economics has found vitamins hiding in the rosy interior of watermelon, especially vitamins A and C.

### VITAMINS IN GRAPE JUICE

Apparently grapes and commercial grape juices are not interchangeable so far as vitamins are concerned. Dr. Munsell of the Bureau of Home Economics reported results at the spring meeting of the American Chemical Society which show that the vitamins present in fresh Thompson Seedless and Malaga grapes are absent from the two grape juices studied. Thus, although grape juices will provide the minerals and sugars of the fresh grapes, they cannot be counted upon as a source of the vitamins A, B, and C of the fresh fruits.

### "BACHELOR SCURVY"

Men living alone and "doing for themselves" can apparently at times actually promote the development of scurvy, because, in their zeal for the simple life, they subsist mostly on bread and cereals and leave out entirely fresh foods containing the vitamin C which would protect them. Apparently women living alone have sufficient interest, or training, in the culinary arts to achieve more variety in their meals. At any rate it is the men, in almost every instance, who show the most extreme symptoms of this painful illness. The doctors who report nine cases of this "bachelor scurvy" in Boston hasten to point out, however, that probably there are

very large numbers of individuals who have avoided the bleeding gums, the painful joints, and the brittle bones seen in extreme cases of vitamin C deficiency, but are suffering from minor symptoms such as poor appetite and loss of energy. It would seem to be the duty of every woman to teach her men-folks how to squeeze oranges or open cans of tomatoes, for by such simple procedures men can be sure of vitamin C even when they are living alone.

### VITAMINS IN VEGETABLES

Canned turnip greens are as rich as spinach in vitamin A value, according to studies by Drs. Kohman, Eddy and Gurin, reported at the spring meeting of the American Chemical Society. These investigators, among other things, made a comparison of whole and shredded carrots as sources of the scurvy-preventing vitamin C. As might be expected from our knowledge of the destructive action of air, the vitamin C value of the shredded carrot decreased appreciably on standing from one to three hours.

### VITAMIN G IN GREEN LEAVES

The green leaves of beets, turnips and carrots contain five to six times as much vitamin G as do the roots themselves, or white potatoes, according to some studies reported by Dr. Day to the American Chemical Society. Since G is the vitamin that appears to prevent pellagra it is interesting to know that in this respect, also, green leaves are valuable.

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## CHALK WHITE

LEADS AT SMARTEST SUMMER PARTIES

**"POURED IN"**

4039 This is the way the smartest new dance frocks make one look—they're sleek and fitted to the *nth* degree. This white satin dress has the diamond yoke that is seen in many new fall models, and the décolletage takes the same line. For 36 (size 18), 3¾ yards 39-inch satin. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

**STIFFENED PEPLUM**

4026 The crinolined peplum makes this frock especially the dress for youth. We suggest white taffeta because it is one of the youngest of evening fabrics and because youth wears it so well. Ankle length for dancing and deep V at back. Very simple to make. For 34 (size 16), 6 yards 35-inch. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 38.

**SKIRTS DROP BEHIND**

4041 The Paris openings showed many evening frocks with skirts longer in back than in front. This lace gown illustrates just how much longer. Plenty of flare below flat, slim hips. It's a gown with which to wear Molyneux' new shaded slip, for a very lovely effect. For 36, 4¼ yards of 35-inch lace. Designed for 32 to 44.



PYJAMAS NOW GO TO DANCES, TOO



**THIS IS A FAMOUS GOWN**  
3985 And it is worn by women famous for their chic. Loveliest of all in white lace, it follows the lines of the body from the "uplift line" of the bodice to the hips, where the graceful skirt starts to flare. Other smart colors for lace are green, dark brown, light red. For 36, 5¾ yards 35-inch lace. This frock designed for 32 to 40.

**DIAMOND CUT**  
4039 At the opening of a smart night club in Paris recently, over a fourth of the gowns had this fitting at the waist and hips by means of diamond-cut bias yokes. This is a dinner frock of white triple chiffon, with very important looking sleeves. For 36 (size 18), 4½ yards 39-inch chiffon. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

**PYJAMAS HAVE "COME OUT"**  
4035 As modern as a skyscraper, as graceful as a skirt, these wide, wide, lace pyjamas are a gay and amusing thing to wear to country club dances, and to dinners that are not too formal. Satin jacket For 36 (size 18), 4¾ yards 35-inch lace and 1¾ yards 35-to-39-inch satin. Pyjamas designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 42.



# WOOL

## IS TREMENDOUSLY SMART FOR THE FALL FROCK

### COWL NECK . GORED SKIRT

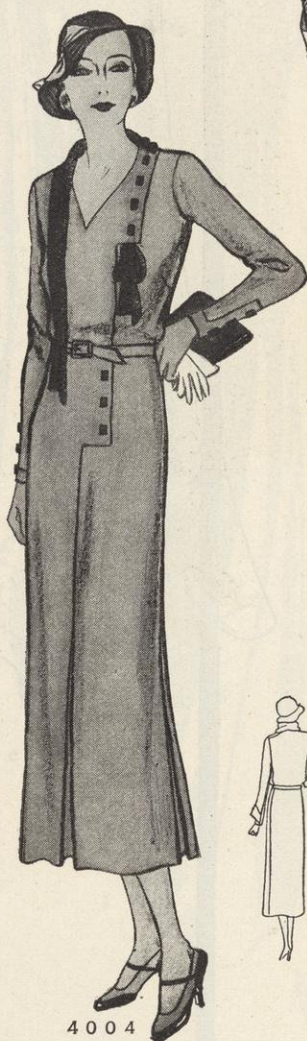
4010 4016 A new blouse and skirt offer endless combinations. This pair is simplicity itself. The blouse has the cowl neck—so flattering smart women won't give it up. Six-gored skirt. For 36 with 39 hip, 4½ yds. 39-in. crêpe. Blouse designed for 32 to 40; skirt for 35 to 47½ hip.

### FALL IS ANOTHER SUIT SEASON

4038 In dark green herringbone tweed with a brown Persian lamb collar, this suit will carry you smartly straight through the fall to Christmas. Shorter length, slightly fitted coat, slightly flared skirt. For 36 (size 18), 3¾ yards 54-inch wool. Designed for 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.



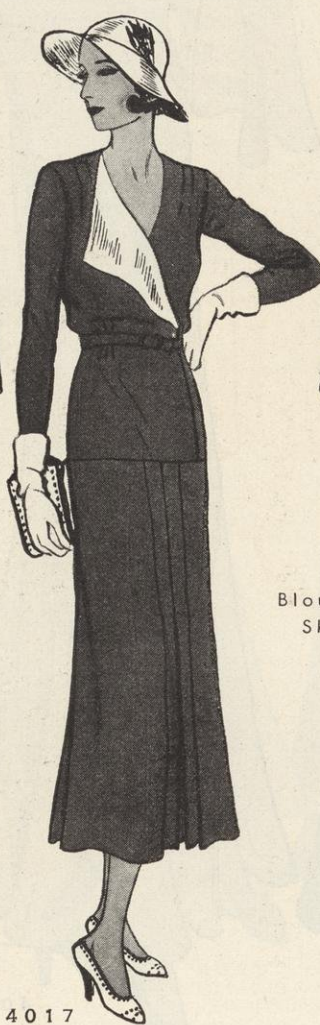
Coat 4033  
Frock 4004



4004



4036



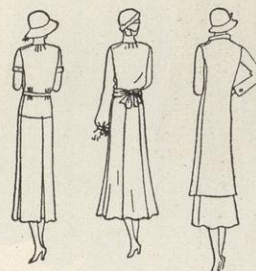
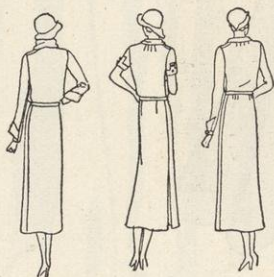
4017



Blouse 4010  
Skirt 4016



4038



### PEWTER GRAY TWEED COAT

4033 The knee-length coat of this ensemble is accented by a white galyak scarf. It is slightly fitted and may be worn with or without a belt. Many of the new coats show these curved bands on the sleeves. For 36 (size 18), 2¾ yards 54-inch novelty wool. Designed for 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

### PEWTER GRAY TWEED FROCK

4004 Pewter gray featherweight tweed accented with shiny black buttons and one-sided scarf—this is the frock of a new ensemble—the coat is at the left. Three inverted pleats keep the new trim line. For 36 (size 18), 3¾ yards 39-inch crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

### THE WOOL COAT-FROCK

4036 Diagonal navy blue wool, white piqué collars and cuffs, red patent leather belt and red buttons—those are the merits this coat-frock stands on. Those, and the beautiful simplicity of its lines. For 36 (size 18), 2¾ yards 54-inch diagonal wool. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

### PLEATED WOOL FROCK

4017 Wide revers of white crêpe on a frock of the new featherweight woolen-wool georgette. Pleated skirt—because pleats are important. In spite of its two-piece air, the body and skirt are attached. For 36 (size 18), 2¾ yards 54-inch wool. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, and 32 to 44.



WHITE CRÊPE

4009 Midsummer is the right time for one of the smart all-white dresses—you can wear it until fall and then dye it for the winter. The bow-tied neckline is an unfailingly becoming thing. Flared skirt. For 36 (size 18), 3¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

BLACK SATIN

RETURNS,

WEARING TOUCHES OF WHITE SATIN



4009



4030



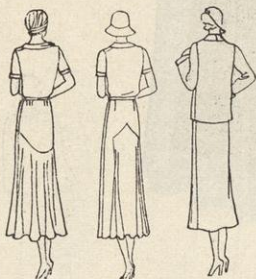
4032



4011



4013



THE NEWEST HAT  
COMES DOWN TO  
ONE EYEBROW ON  
THE FOREHEAD  
AND ROLLS UP  
AT EITHER SIDE

PIN SEAL IS THE  
NEWEST LEATHER  
FOR FALL PUMPS  
OFTEN TRIMMED

PATENT LEATHER  
IN ACCESSORIES  
IS A CHIC PART  
OF THE VOGUE  
FOR BRILLIANCE

FIFTEEN INCHES  
AT THE TOP IS  
THE WIDTH OF  
NEWEST GLOVES  
HANDSTITCHING  
IS IMPORTANT  
TOO, FOR FALL

BLACK SATIN AND WHITE SATIN

4011 This dress shows a new trend in cowl necklines—draped on one side and flat on the other, with big white buttons for further interest. The skirt is sewed to a yoke. For 36 (size 18), 2½ yards 39-inch satin crêpe; 1½ yards 39-inch contrast. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

PRIMITIVE GREEN

4030 A color from the Colonial Exposition in Paris is suggested for this frock. The draped bib and cuffs in a deeper shade. Flared skirt curved at the top to follow the line of the bib. For 36 (size 18), 3¾ yards 39-inch crêpe (skirt cut bias). Frock designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

BLACK SATIN

4013 The black satin dress with a touch of white satin will be an important fall fashion. The white touch here is particularly interesting. The flares are cut on the bias and fall to the figure very slimly. For 36 (size 18), 3¾ yds. 39-in. crêpe. Frock designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

BLACK SATIN SUIT

4032 The dinner-jacket suit in sleek black satin. Wear it with a white hat—to accent the white satin bodice with its draped neckline and the white revers and cuffs of the jacket. For 36 (size 18), 4¾ yards 39-inch black; 1½ yards 39-inch white. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 32 to 42.



# SLENDERNESS

## FOR THE LARGE WOMAN

### WITH SOFT NECKLINES

3901 Lace increases the charm of the most charming woman. It's used here to give that soft effect so becoming to larger figures. It makes too generous lines indefinite, and it centers interest in the face rather than the figure. Flared three-quarter sleeves. For 40,  $3\frac{7}{8}$  yards 39-inch silk crêpe. The frock is designed for 34 to 52.

### WITH A JABOT

3889 A large jabot is an excellent foil for curves. Besides being a slender up-and-down line, it hides the contours. If you are tall, you can wear this almost flat pelum—it will not add width. But omit it if you're short—the dress is quite as smart without it. For 40,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch crêpe. The frock is designed for 34 to 48.



4024



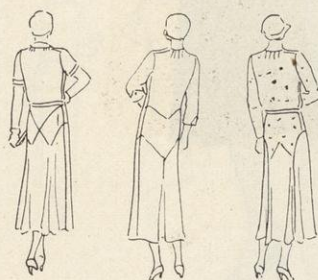
3901



3889



3997



4000



3987

### WITH THE SLING

4024 The sling scarf (created by one of the big French dressmakers) follows a long vertical line that accents height and thereby makes one's width appear less. The hip seams—curving inward—also give this impression. For 40,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch crêpe satin (skirt cut bias) and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 39-inch contrast. It is designed for 34 to 48.

### WITH NARROW PLEATS

3997 Pleats are very much back in fashion and they are good news for the inclined-to-be-larger figure. They, and the diagonals over the hips, the beltless waist and the lengthening U neckline, account for the slim look of the frock. For 40,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yards 54-inch wool;  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 39-inch crêpe de chine. Designed for 34 to 48.

### WITH SLANTING LINES

4000 The conspicuous diagonal seams at the hipline are especially good for figures inclined to be large there, for they produce a slender effect. The deep V neckline, the absence of a belt and the slight blousing are also for slenderness. Four-piece flared skirt. For 40,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch crêpe satin. The frock is designed for 34 to 48.

### WITH NO BELT

3987 Some figures look much slimmer in beltless dresses, like this. The oblong lace vestee and the revers are designed to help create a slim effect, as is also the curving seam at the hipline. In soft fabric the flare is worn most becomingly by larger women. For 40,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch silk crêpe. The frock is designed for 34 to 48.



## TRIM LINES

3967 The new trimness of line is in very good standing with the mature woman, for it is youthful and becoming. The flared skirt of this frock with its inverted pleat hangs in a slim line. A pale color in a fan jabot and double tied bands at the wrists is a smart touch. For 40, 4 yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Frock designed for 34 to 44.

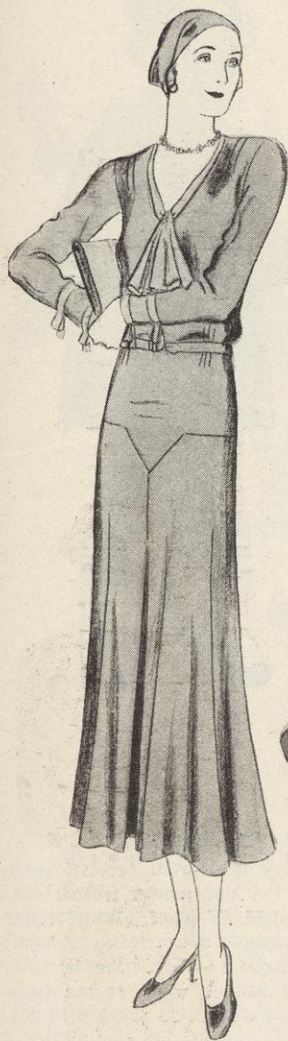
## MATURE CHIC

3983 The necklace collar will take years from one's looks and add to one's reputation for chic. The unbelted waistline and pointed seaming of the flared skirt produce a slim effect at the hipline, if that interests you, and the flare itself is slim. For 40, 4½ yards 39-inch crêpe satin; 1¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Designed for 34 to 44.

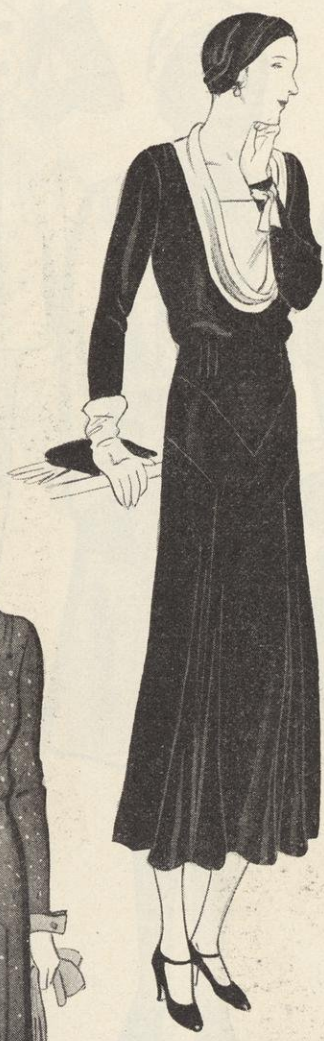
# DIGNIFIED LINES

## FOR THE

### SMART MATRON



3967



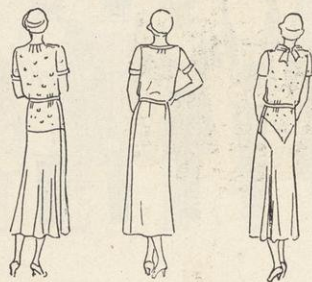
3983



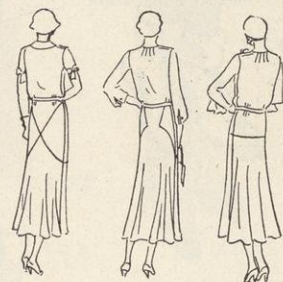
4002



4019



3991



3940

## A SINGLE REVERS

4019 A very long one, from shoulder to belt in a surplice line, is a dignified version of an important fashion. Wide box pleats keep the fulness flat. This belt is placed just slightly below the natural waistline. For 40, 2¾ yards 54-inch novelty light weight wool and ¾ yard 32- to 39-inch plain. The frock is designed for 34 to 48.

## DRAPED NECKLINE

3991 Drapery at the neckline is still very good, and new ways of handling it are being seen every day. This is one of them. Above the slightly flared skirt the frock is fitted by the diamond cutting that is so smart and so slenderizing. For 40, 4½ yards 39-inch satin; 1¼ yards 35-inch contrast. The frock is designed for 34 to 44.

## DIGNIFIED LINES

4002 There is dignity in the lines of this frock as well as great chic. Bows, as every woman knows, are a becoming detail and the bow of this frock crushes the bodice slightly in its tying. White vestee, flat hip yoke with slenderizing seaming, and flared skirt. For 40, 4½ yards 39-inch silk; ½ yard 35-inch plain. Designed for 34 to 44.

## SEMI-SHEER CRÊPE

3940 Is the smartest thing you can choose for your afternoon dress—the one you wear to luncheons, to tea at the club, and for dinner at home. All the lines are soft—the draped neckline and jabot, fan-shaped drapery on the sleeves, and flared skirt. For 40, 5 yards 39-inch crêpe. (skirt cut cross-wise to avoid piecing). Designed for 34 to 44.



# A JUNIOR ASSEMBLY OF SMART NEW CLOTHES



## LOTS OF WHITE

4007 White collar, white cuffs, a white leather or string belt, and a touch of white on the pockets will double the chic of a school-girl frock of simple lines. There is an inverted pleat at each side. For 34 (size 16),  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35-inch linen. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 38.

## THE MODERN GYM SUIT

4029 Is made like this, with shorter bloomers, a simple blouse, and a hundred times more style than the old kind. One just steps into it from the top and fastens it on the shoulders. Simple to make. For 34 (size 16),  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 32-inch chambray. Designed for sizes 6 to 18 and 24 to 44.

## THIS LOOKS TWO-PIECE

4023 It is the box pleated peplum that gives it that appearance. Frocks that button up close to the neck are very smart and detachable collars and cuffs are very practical for the school girl. Tailored belt. For 30 (size 12),  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 35-inch linen. Frock designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

## A SMART SCARF COLLAR

4028 It slips through itself in a clever way giving quite an air to this double breasted coat. It can be worn open, too. We suggest flecked tweed or homespun. For a dress-up coat the same style in velvet. For 23 (size 4),  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards 54-inch tweed. Designed for 20 to 25 (sizes 1 to 7).

## THE WOOLEN FROCK

4025 It is navy blue—that favorite color of little girls. A red patent leather belt keeps the box pleats in place. White collar and cuffs complete the tricolor scheme. Matching bloomers are worn. For 30 (size 12),  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch wool for the frock only. Designed for 24 to 38 (sizes 6 to 20).

## A DOUBLE BREASTED COAT

4018 It has that trim belted line that little girls wear with so much chic. Right now it is worn with the wide lapels open and a bright scarf in gay contrast. Later on it is buttoned close about the neck. For 30 (size 12),  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54-inch polo cloth. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

## CUT DOUBLE BREASTED

4003 Little girls adore double breasted frocks and we know they will be especially fond of this one. The scalloped panel is simple but unusual. Bright buttons and bright cuffs and criss-cross collar. For 25 (size 7),  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35-inch print (incl. shorts). Designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).



# FIRST APPEARANCE

## OF BACK • TO • SCHOOL CLOTHES



### SLIGHTLY NAUTICAL

4020 The school suit has a sailor collar of navy blue to match the shorts and contrast with the white blouse. Mothers appreciate the smartness of big white buttons on the shorts. For 23 (size 4),  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 35-inch linen and 1 yard 35-inch contrast. Designed for 21 to 24 (sizes 2 to 6).

### FOR THE TWO-TO-SIXES

4005 The simplicity of this dress is interesting with its yoke forming a panel and its widely spaced inverted pleats all around. Frilled collars and cuffs are quite the rage. One-piece panties. For 23 (size 4),  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards 35-inch printed cotton (incl. panties). Designed for 21 to 24 (sizes 2 to 6).

### A PRINTED FROCK

4008 The first days of school are more like summer than autumn, so a frock like this will be useful, with its short sleeves and crisp collar and cuffs. The curved waistline gives an Empire suggestion. For 25 (size 7),  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards 35-inch print. Designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).

### IT'S THE YOKE

4027 Cut in two sections like a double belt—that is what gives this frock its smart look at the waistline. These wavy diagonal plaids are something new, and we think the white collar and cuffs are smart. For 30 (size 12),  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35-inch print. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

### SOMETHING RUSSIAN

4031 Something quite picturesque, too, with its gay cross-stitchery down the front and across the raglan shoulders. It's smartest in linen or cotton for school wear. Made of crêpe, it achieves quite a partified look. For 23 (size 4),  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35-inch linen. Designed for 20 to 24 (sizes 1 to 6).

### TWO COLORS FOR THIS

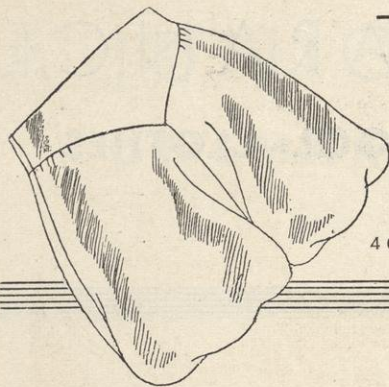
4015 And two sleeves or rather that effect—a sleeve fashion that we will see lots of this fall. The yoke of this flared skirt is cut to make the waistline look very slender. For 34 (size 16),  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 39-inch silk crêpe;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch contrast. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 38.

### "CHAUFFEUR-JACKET FROCK"

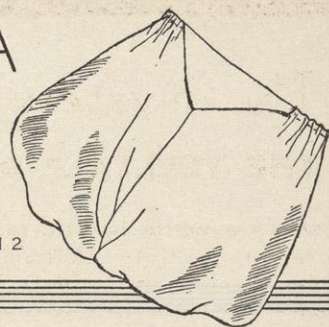
4040 This is what Paris calls it. The jacket-blouse can be buttoned up close about the neck—some like it best that way as more buttons show and buttons are smart. Back fitted by tucks. Six-gore skirt. For 34 (size 16),  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch wool. Designed for sizes 14 to 18; 32 to 40.



# THE FASCINATING PYJAMA AND THE 'JAMA SLIP



4021



4012

## BREVITY FOR BLOOMERS

4021 Bloomers are now as short as shorts—even shorter, and the especially nice thing about these is the yoke which fits the figure flatly front and back, and requires no elastic. Glove silk and soft crêpe de chine are wise choices. For 37 hip (size 16),  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35-inch glove silk. They are designed for sizes 14 to 20; 35 to 41 hip.

## NEXT TO NOTHING

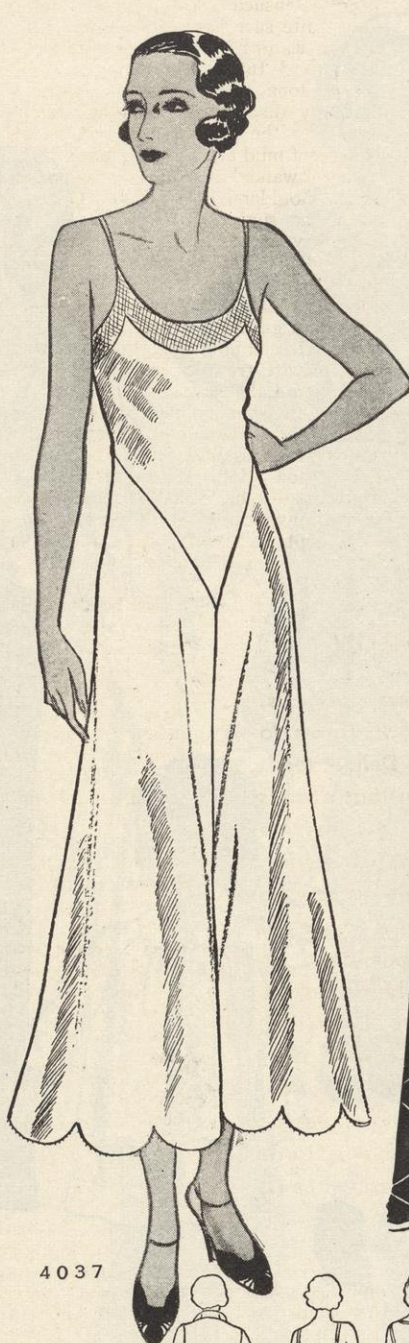
4012 Solving just about one-half of the underwear problem. These bloomers are extremely short and chic. The tiny yoke at front insures a flat line, and there is elastic around the back and sides. One makes them of crêpe, satin or glove silk. For 37 hip (size 16),  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 35 to 41 hip.



4014

## LOUNGING

4014 The three-piece type, with swaggeringly full trousers and a knee-length jacket. When made of satin or crêpe they look especially smart and are eligible for the run of the house at all hours. Revers in blouse color. For 36 (size 18),  $5\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35-inch crêpe;  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch contrast. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.



4037



## THE 'JAMA SLIP

4037 The thing to wear under the pyjamas you dance in and the pyjamas you receive in at home. It is as inevitable as the slip you wear under silk frocks. It has the "two-skirt" fullness that belongs to new pyjamas, and it stops short of the ankles. For 36 (size 18),  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 42.



3937

## LEISURE

3937 One-piece type. This is simple in cut but quite elegant in appearance made up in black crêpe, for instance, with a gleaming touch of white at the neckline. Its high-waisted look is accentuated by the snugly tied sash that ends in a bow at the back. For 36 (size 18),  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch silk. Designed for 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.



3752

## LOADING OR WORKING

3752 Another one-piece type. Wide trousered lines, the one-sided revers and the big buttons that are such a success this season. In gay printed cotton for your morning's work, or in printed crêpe for the hours when you want a dressier type. For 36 (size 18),  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch printed crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.



## The mystery of THE TELLTALE RING

A RING around the bathtub means **hard water**—water laden with harsh alkalis. And such a ring means that baths are not as satisfactory as they should be, that more soap is being used than necessary, and that lathering and rinsing are difficult.

But add two or more tablespoonfuls of Mel'o to a bathtub full of the **hardest water**. Instantly it is made soft as dew. Suds are rich and thick and soft, rinsing quick and thorough, tender skin is saved from irritation.

Mel'o aids and simplifies every washing and cleaning operation. Sold by your grocer—10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (Also makers of Sani-Flush.)



**HARD WATER PLUS MELO MAKES SOFT WATER**

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The Presto Jar Ring fully meets the requirements of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Approved by Good Housekeeping, Delineator Institute and the Household Searchlight.

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## THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 23

Lapse into Error" of an eighteenth century cardinal, had taken the volume and was deep in its perusal. Fred was not pleased at the sight of this. So he exaggerated still more the ardor and acuteness with which he had searched for it and bought it at last from a seller of rare and precious volumes in Marseilles. "I said to myself, Marseilles is the place—Marseilles or Vienna! Between ourselves, that was the real reason why I slipped along for two or three days, to see this chap and find out if he had the book. It happened that my sister-in-law was leaving for Ceylon at the same time, so it all fitted in quite well, and I was able to see her off, too, though she thought I'd come over especially for that, poor Rosalind!" Fred laughed heartily at his relation's vain delusion.

"Rosalind!" The cry came from Lal Clifford. He sprang upright, his eyes blazing.

Simultaneously with "Your sister-in-law, eh?" Juniper had looked up from the book, with a bellow of mirth; and Heriot, too, grinned happily . . . for Fred had given himself away, too late to recall it. He miserably realized it for himself. It was not many days ago that he had boasted, in front of Heriot Bannister, that he was called to Marseilles by some gorgeous creature—no, he wouldn't give her name, it wasn't fair—but the insinuation was conveyed that here was romance at its very zenith.

Lal plunged into despairing, incoherent curses. "She was there . . . at Marseilles . . . Rosalind! As near as that! And you never told us . . . you lied to us. Oh, you fool—you fool! If you hadn't lied, I—oh, God! I might have seen her!" And, smitten by the full realization that Rosalind had been so near, and was now so irrevocably out of reach, Lal's anger against Fred surged wildly beyond control.

He did not know that he had sprung at Fred, got him by his skinny throat, until he heard Aunt Lucinda's cry of distress, and Heriot's "Lal! Are you mad?" . . . But even then he did not let go. . . . Sliding, stumbling on the parquet. Fred helpless under his hands, little mangy rat of a man! Yet he had the strength to destroy Lal's whole life.

Crash against the marble pillar!

Then Lal felt his hands being forced away from their clutch. Fred, released, staggered into a chair, holding his head.

A little enamel clock struck ten in little clear silver notes, like cooling water splashing on the heat and friction of the scene. And Lady Humber, grateful for her cue, took the opportunity to display her quality that approached social genius: "Good heavens! Ten o'clock already?" she exclaimed. "Then his Highness and I must go at once. They will be waiting for us at the Casino. That would never do . . . my guests. I told Sir John . . . You will excuse me, I know, Mr. Poole . . . some other time, perhaps, but his Highness and I . . . and you will bring Lal over directly, Heriot?"

BUT Prince Louis' instinct of courtesy would not permit him to be rushed from the room without first saying goodbye to this odd little intruder from Marseilles, and hoping that this might not be the last time that they would meet. Fred, flattered to a state beyond temporary discomfort, immediately whipped to his feet, and drew out his pocket-book, glad that he could display a new one, purple suede with flexible gold edges, which he had bought in Marseilles that afternoon. There was no doubt but that this elegant foreign prince had taken a particular fancy to him! He presented his professional card: "Any time you're in London, your Highness,

just show this at the box office, wherever I'm playing, and they'll fix you up."

Gravely the Prince thanked him and accepted the card. Formalities being now in order—and Aunt Lucinda almost in a swooning condition at this final atrocity of behavior—she and the Prince departed for the Casino.

THERE ensued a long silence. Heriot was not quite sure how to solve the situation. Lal was leaning back against a pillar looking dazed; and Juniper, reverting to type, obviously took a Russian view of the affair: that any display of emotional agony was normal to the participants and, to the on-lookers, of mild and amusing interest.

Heriot walked over to Lal, and put a hand on his shoulder: "Hadden't you better apologize?" he suggested. Lal looked at him haggardly, as though he did not quite understand what was being said to him. Heriot repeated more insistently: "You'll have to apologize, Lal. You've made one of Aunt Lucinda's guests feel extremely uncomfortable. There's no excuse for that, whatever your private troubles may be." He knew what were Lal's private troubles, better than any one else who had been present; knew how the boy had for five or six years unwaveringly adored this Rosalind Poole who was now on her way to Ceylon. He was sorry for Lal, and would gladly have kicked Fred Poole, but in the conventional world, conventions have to be kept. That little rat had a just grievance, and might easily turn unpleasant.

But Fred had decided he was not going to be unpleasant.

"That's all right, that's all right. I don't want an apology. I don't believe in standing on ceremony with friends. I expect there's been a mistake. Say no more about it."

They said no more about it. And for about thirty seconds they said no more about anything else, either, for the simple reason that not one of them could think of anything to say. Fred had given Lal a cue for: "It's awfully decent of you, old fellow! Can't think what came to me. Must have been mad. A touch of the sun perhaps." But Lal was just not present, and failed to grasp what was being said. He was away somewhere with Rosalind, fighting with a disconsolate, a hopeless conviction that he would never see her again; that she had gone—gone out to that husband of hers, that Nigel Poole, who had been the cause of their parting six months before.

"Well, I must be toddling along. Pick up a taxi somewhere, I suppose."

"Well, have a drink first," said Heriot, trying to restore pleasant harmony.

"D'you know, I think I won't. Nothing of that sort. Don't want to complain, but—well, I wish you could feel my head. Never had such pains before. I'm feeling sick, too," Fred added plaintively.

"We'd better give you a couple of aspirins, or—look here, Lal, haven't you got some stuff that's good for headaches? You have, haven't you? That caffeine and phenacetin mixture that you gave me last week. Fetch a dose for Poole; quick, a strong one. Quick!" Heriot repeated, raising his voice, as Lal stared at him and did not move.

The boy left the room, and came back presently holding a bottle in one hand; in the other, a glass with a dose already poured out.

"Thanks." Fred took it from him, and gulped it down. Lal still had not uttered a word.

"You're looking just about as cheerful as death," remarked Fred in an effort to be facetious. "These youngsters, you know," turning to Heriot, "take their blooming little first loves so—"

(Turn to page 74)



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## THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 73

Suddenly he stopped, and turned a ghastly color. The glass dropped and broke.

"Good God, what is it?"

Heriot rushed forward.

From the doorway the cry was repeated: "What is it?" and Lady Humber entered quickly and shut the door behind her. She stood appalled, as Fred's figure pitched forward, and fell heavily on the carpet.

Heriot knelt by the body, turned it over, rapidly examined it.

"Dead."

And Juniper remarked, as though in simple statement of what could almost be taken for granted: "Lal must have given him the wrong medicine."

[LAL, shocked at last into consciousness of what was going on around him, looked at the bottle he still held in his hand. It had no label on it. "It—it's not the headache stuff."

"What is it?"

"I'm not sure. I took it down from the same shelf. Yes, I know. It's that lotion—that special prescription we were using against mosquitoes." He smelt it. "Yes, it is."

"You didn't look when you poured it out?"

"No... yes... I might have... no, I didn't notice much what I was doing."

Heriot remembered the boy's queer, stunned expression when he sent him out to fetch the headache mixture, and cursed himself for not having kept a more watchful eye on what Lal was doing. Before he could put any more questions, Aunt Lucinda, in a state of passionate agitation, tore the authority of life and death from their hands, and brandished it herself: "I won't have it!" she announced, stupendous in unreason. "With the Prince staying here. I won't have it!"

Heriot lifted Fred's body and placed it on the divan in an alcove, where it would not lie so indecently in the midst of them, while Aunt Lucinda repeated her despotism assertion that she, at any rate, was not prepared to sanction death in her villa. She had left the Prince at the Casino with her guests, and had driven home to satisfy herself that all traces of the disgraceful episode of the quarrel between Lal and Fred, the quarrel in her drawing-room, in front of her royalty, had been finally obliterated. And now to find this... this monstrous and incredible melodrama!

"You've got to get him away," commanded the hostess of Balmoral. "I won't have it here. I won't have it known that it happened here. It has not happened. Get it away at once. I don't care. Throw it in the sea. Nobody will ever know."

"They've got to know," said Lal. "I'll give myself up. I'll go straight to the police."

"You will not," retorted his aunt, gathering together all her powers of authority. "I forbid it. Sit down and keep quiet, Lal, and don't talk nonsense. Leave this to me to settle. I will not have the Prince mixed up in this affair. The man's dead. Very well, I'm sorry. I didn't like him, but—I'm sorry. It was a terrible accident. But if he's dead he might as well be at the bottom of the sea as hanging about causing trouble at the local morgue. Juniper's got a motor-boat. The body needn't ever be traced, if we all use our intelligence and not our sentimentality. There'll be an inquiry. A man's disappeared—not, however, an important man. Disappeared. Nobody will connect it with this villa. Why should they! Were any of the servants about when this happened? No."

Heriot looked at her keenly. Prince Louis had seen the struggle in the drawing-room. "Lal's got to be protected," murmured Heriot, thinking aloud.

Lal flared up: "I won't be protected. What do you take me for? As I've done this, I'll face the consequences."

"You won't do any such thing!" from his Aunt Lucinda, magnificently unreasonable.

"All right," said Heriot quietly, "keep perfectly calm. Everything shall be exactly as you wish it. I promise. Juniper shall take the body presently and drop it overboard, and meanwhile you're going to help in the most subtle way you can by going back to the Casino with Lal and keep the Prince entertained, and your party. Nobody need ever know anything. Leave this to Juniper and me."

"I tell you I won't have my guilt concealed by trickery!" cried Lal.

Heriot swung his attention towards the boy: "As for you, you're making me tired. This is real life, and I can't cope with any childish, self-sacrificing-hero business."

This allusion to the crudeness that Lal hated most at once punctured his attitude. "What do you want me to do?" he asked submissively; and Heriot, giving him a treatment of alternate hot and cold water, at once appealed to that very sense of heroics which he had just condemned: "It's not going to be easy. You're to go back with Aunt Lucinda now, to the Casino, and make a show of being cheery, as if nothing had happened at all. Can you do it?"

Lal nodded. Very well, if that was what Heriot demanded of him. He threw back his head and laughed... then walked over to Aunt Lucinda, offered her his arm: "Come along. We mustn't keep them waiting."

Heriot, pulling the shining silk curtains over the window, smiled at their manner of exit... So that was Lal's idea of not being heroic! The smile was gone, however, when his eyes fell once more on Fred's supine body.

"And now—what are we going to do?"

Juniper remarked nonchalantly, less affected by the catastrophe than any of them: "I'm not sure that our Aunt Lucinda isn't right, and that overboard isn't perhaps the best place for Mr. Fred Poole."

Both men started. A discreet step sounded along the terrace outside the open window. Then a tall figure wearing an elegant, if somewhat fantastic evening cloak, stood on the threshold.

"I hope I am not in your way," said Prince Louis courteously, "but—but I thought perhaps—are you in any trouble here? Can I be of some assistance?"

"Did Lady Humber send you, sir?" said Heriot.

"No. Lady Humbert left the party at our table several minutes ago. I imagined that I would find her with you."

Prince Louis of Lemburg-Boissy was a man of very human sympathies and curiosities; nor did he need any special astuteness to realize that Heriot Bannister and Juniper Gregg were keeping something from him. His eyes searched the room. The alcove was in shadow, for Heriot had turned out the lamp that lit it. And in the shadow, on the divan, was stretched a man's figure in stiff unnatural lines. The Prince did not hesitate now. Certainly they were in trouble. He crossed the room and looked down at what he had last seen as a very quaint little English bouncer, presenting him with a visiting-card...

"He lives no longer." It was an affirmation, not a question.

Rapidly Heriot explained what had happened: the accident; the ghastly difficulty of their present situation; and the way they had humored Aunt Lucinda.

"Yes, I see. You were right. When ladies are excited it is always the quickest way to say 'yes' to their most extraordinary suggestions, and afterwards to do as you think best. Now, give me a few moments—" The Prince paced up and down the room, gravely musing.

"YES—I think I see what can be done.

One must be practical and at the same time a little imaginative—on behalf of the police who are not imaginative at all. Now, this accident—was undoubtedly an accident for which no one was to blame; and that being the case, I will take the responsibility for it: I regret, I deeply regret, but in a moment of absent-mindedness I gave Monsieur Poole the wrong medicine for his headache. If this unfortunately fatal mistake had actually been committed by me, they would be only too glad, the Sûreté, the Préfet—the Government, even—to hush it up. I have still quite a considerable amount of influence, you understand. The same mistake committed by the boy, Lal, and it will not be so easy. Yet the result is the same. The man lies here, he does not breathe, and nobody meant to do it. But the boy had quarrelled with him. One cannot be sure that a motive might not be discovered... It would be a great pity and a shame—he is so young. He is a delightful boy. What do you say, Monsieur Bannister?"

"What exactly do you propose?"

"I propose to write an affidavit to my own consul at Nice, stating how I gave Monsieur



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Poole the wrong medicine by mistake and he succumbed to it. I will ask him to communicate at once with the Préfet, and I should be grateful if the police would proceed no further in the matter, and keep quiet about all that they already know. Then they can send immediately and fetch away the body."

"What about sending the body with the letter, and get the whole unpleasant business off the premises straight away? Juniper, you're not squeamish, are you?" said Heriot. "About corpses? No. I've seen too many. Where do you want me to take it?"

"Straight to police headquarters at Nice. Perhaps you, sir, would write them a letter as well, referring them to your consul, who knows all about it... The suitcase and the bottle of lotion had better go, too."

The Prince nodded approval, and going to the desk began to write the necessary letters. Suddenly Juniper laughed aloud.

"What is it?" curly from Heriot.

"Just Aunt Lucinda. When she sees that I and Fred Poole have both gone out to sea together in *Dandy*, she'll think we've taken her orders nicely, and that I'm going to drop him overboard."

"Let her think so!" Heriot was seized with a sudden inspiration, not wholly free from a schoolboy pleasure in thwarting the Head. "Let her think so. It'll save a lot of trouble. She's sure to kick up hell at hearing that the Prince, who isn't to be mixed up in it at all—" and Prince Louis smiled a little ironically, a little sadly, over his pages of fine pointed handwriting in violet ink—"is not only taking charge of the whole affair, but actually says that he's done it. You know, Aunt Lucinda'll blow up."

"Afraid of her?" grunted Juniper.

"Yes, of course I am. So are you. But seriously, when she finds that you've taken it away from her villa, and out to sea, she can think we've dropped it overboard as she commanded. The police'll have the letters and their instructions; the whole affair will be hushed up, and nobody any the wiser."

"Lal?"  
"Lal had better know what we've really done. Later on. He doesn't feel so sensitive about princes as his aunt. God, Juniper, this is an enormous relief!"

THE Prince sealed his letters with his signet ring. Then he turned to discuss the details of their plan.

They decided that Heriot should help Juniper with the grisly job of carrying the body down to the boathouse, while the Prince kept watch for a favorable moment when none of the servants should be about. Then Heriot would go straight on to the Casino to reassure Aunt Lucinda, who, having returned to the other guests at her supper party, would be wondering why the Prince was absent. Heriot—this was Prince Louis' wicked idea—was to say that he had passed him in a quiet corner of the Casino balcony with a lady. Then the Prince, joining them, would beg, with a whimsical look, that he might not be questioned, for on such a night as this he felt twenty-two instead of fifty-two...

To any other man but Juniper, it might have seemed a macabre experience, tearing through the water on a windy night, his prow cutting the waves as though they had been soft cheese, with no other company in the dark except the rigid body of a man who had died of poison that night. But Juniper, as he told Heriot, took horror in his stride. Why not?

Suddenly it occurred to Juniper that it would be a far better plan, in spite of Heriot and Prince Louis, to land Fred at Aloës after all; to smuggle him as secretly as possible into his room, undress him and put him to bed, and, leaving silently, let him be discovered there the next morning with the poison beside him, and the whole tableau arranged to look like suicide. He was astonished at the simplicity of this plan, instead of all that fussy concern of police and consuls.

Without any further ado, he abandoned completely his instructions; and with simple,

childish faith that he was doing the very best for everybody, he turned his boat into the cove next door to Aloës. It was well sheltered by rocks and scrub, so that he was safe not to be perceived by any of Sophia Framlingham's party who might still be roaming about, though this was unlikely, for they usually went to bed early, down here.

BUT before he had finished what he had to do, he noticed to his surprise, through a dip in the rocks, three figures moving like marionettes down by the bathing pool... Presently they came up the steps that led to the Aloës garden, and disappeared from his sight. He waited about a quarter of an hour. Then with Fred Poole, undressed and in his pajamas, lying like a sack across his powerful shoulders; Fred's suitcase containing his everyday clothes which Juniper had just taken off him, in one hand; the bottle of poisonous lotion in his pocket—he went stealthily through a gap in the shrubbery next door, up the Aloës garden, past the bending aloe and the corktree, thankful for wind and waves raving at each other so noisily that little else could be heard; up the steps to the balcony that led into Fred's room; and rolled his load off on the bed...

The villa was dark; but in the room that led out of Fred's a light was still burning, and the door between was open. Juniper peeped in, cautiously. It was empty, but the bed had been slept in. He shrugged his shoulders, closed the door, and turned to his arrangements. Fred was placed in the bed, the sheet untidily drawn up, and the mosquito-net pulled round. Then the suitcase had to be unpacked; and the clothes flung about as though a living man had undressed there, and undressed in a state of mental agitation that might herald a suicide. Next... the poison beside him. Here was the perilous moment of the enterprise. No use leaving a bottle that could be traced back to Lal. There was no cup or glass in the room. Juniper listened intently at the door of the empty bedroom that adjoined Fred's. Still no sound. He went through it, through the hall and into the salon, where he thought he would be sure to find a glass. He did better than that; he found, lying about, five or six cups which had held herb tea. In two of them the herb tea was only half drunk. He took one of the cups with the remainder in it, and tiptoed out of the salon. The cup half full of cold herb tea he put on the night table beside Fred; and then slipped the bottle of poisoned lotion out of his pocket, poured the equivalent of a large tablespoonful into the herb tea... turned out the light, and departed by the balcony.

When he was some way out to sea again, Juniper threw the bottle of lotion overboard; and also, weighted with a large stone which he had thoughtfully picked up from the beach, the letters which the Prince had written to the consul and to the head of the police at Nice. Gently and sweetly congratulating himself on having done the best for everybody concerned in tonight's business, Juniper raced homeward to Balmoral.

Juniper continuing his story:—  
"THE door between the salon and the hall was banging in the wind, so I closed it, in case one of you should wake and come and close it at the wrong moment for me. It was luck having found the left-over herb tea. I carried it through the empty bedroom into Fred's room, closed the door between, put the cup down on the night table next to him, took the bottle out of my pocket—"

At this point in his narrative, Juniper suddenly became aware of Heriot's hand warningly pressing his shoulder.  
Heriot had not been squatting in the circle with the others, intent upon what Juniper was telling them. He knew the story of that night well enough, from the Balmoral point of view. Besides, he was uneasy about Lal's failure to return to the (Turn to page 76)

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## THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 75

island. If Lal had heard from the screaming foreign cook that Rumples was to be arrested, he might in headstrong chivalry have gone off to give himself up to the police. His promise to Heriot only held good while no one else was definitely in trouble for the murder. Of course, it was all rubbish about the withdrawal being a blind and a trick of the police. Everything was bound to be all right, considering that the Prince had personally been to Cannes yesterday, to see his friend the Minister of the Interior. Everything was bound to be all right, as long as Lal did not give himself away to the police as the actual perpetrator of the accident for which the Prince had declared himself responsible. Heriot had been torn between the necessity for vigilance here on the island while Juniper was telling his story, and over there on the mainland, keeping Lal in order. While Lal was down there on the rocks with Rosalind, he could not be doing much harm to himself or to the Prince... But now Juniper was approaching the critical moment in his chronicle. Heriot strolled up behind him, as though chance had brought him there. He had forbidden Juniper to say that the lotion had actually gone into the cup. Would Juniper remember, and be obedient?

He pressed his hand warningly on the man's shoulder.

JUNIPER checked slightly... and then resumed. He was completely befogged as to the why's and wherefore's of Heriot's mandate, but continued to follow orders blindly. Once again amazed at his own readiness of invention, he produced what he deemed a first-class lie:

"... took the bottle of lotion out of my pocket, and was just going to pour a dose of the poison into the cup when I was disturbed by the sound of some one coming down the stairs into the hall and going into the next-door bedroom—yours, Paul, isn't it? If he opened the door and discovered me, I was done. So I put the bottle back in my pocket, switched off the light, and escaped, as quickly and as silently as I could, down the balcony steps and back to Dandy. And that was why," continued Juniper, grandiloquently, in case Heriot had not sufficiently noticed his illuminating powers as an impromptu liar, "that's why, when they analyzed the drink, it was found to contain no poison."

Heriot smiled. Not so bad—for Juniper! And they were safely over the dangerous bit, now. He had been chafing for some time against his detention here in charge of this Russian speed-boat lunatic. Instinct was warning him that it was time for him to go over to Lal. He wandered idly away from the intent group of Aloësiens and Balmorals till, out of their sight, he reached the steep path that zigzagged down the island to the east side; Heriot ran swiftly then. There the motor-boat, the rowboat and the canoe lay on the burnished silver water. Choosing the canoe, he paddled quietly away.

Juniper was again in full swing to his extremely attentive audience.

The party had returned from the Casino about one in the morning and found Juniper writing letters, looking very unlike a man who had just thrown a body into the sea. Yet Aunt Lucinda had believed that her drastic measures for the protection of the Prince's peace of mind had been rightly obeyed, and she was unrepentant. Juniper also allowed Heriot and the Prince to believe that their plans had been carried out, so that his inspiration should surprise every one when Fred's body was discovered next day.

Lal, inspired by bravado, had been in a perilous state of high spirits all the evening, talking recklessly, and Aunt Lucinda feared that at any moment he might betray to the Prince, the poor innocent Prince, what had happened; so she suggested conspiratorially to Heriot and Juniper that her nephew should be sent down to Aloës for the rest of the time that the Prince was honoring Balmoral. Heriot thought this a good idea.

"... And I volunteered to bring Lal over myself early the next morning, directly it had been fixed up for Sophia to have him, because I thought that that way I might actually be present, and not miss the fun, when Fred was discovered by all of you!"

Juniper's retrospective relish of this pearl of a joke was received coldly by Sophia's house-party. They turned pointedly away from him, even Léonie; and Sophia begged the Prince to enlighten them as to the rest of the story and his share in it.

"There is not very much more to tell, madame; only I must ask as a great favor that you will intercede on my behalf with my witty and gracious hostess, who, I am afraid, is terribly angry with me." And it was true that Aunt Lucinda was holding herself more stiffly than ever, and was extremely red in the face.

"When Lal telephoned, the next morning, of what had happened at the Villa Aloës," the Prince related, "we could not help realizing—Monsieur Bannister and I—that Monsieur Gregg had, with the most benevolent intentions in the world, I have no doubt, betrayed our arrangement with him to take my letters to Nice. Matters had gone too far by then to trust to mere letters any more. The local police would undoubtedly be in action, called in at once by the doctor; and once they are in action, it is not very easy to stop them, unless from the highest quarters. Fortunately my old friend, the Minister of the Interior, was, I knew, on a visit to his villa at Cannes. I waited until Lady Humber had left for Aloës that morning, and then departed at once by the next train from St. Raphael. I did not find the Minister at his home; and it was not until the afternoon that I could finally arrange with him to eliminate further investigation and withdraw the local police from the villa of my friend, Madame Framlingham, who, I represented, should not be inconvenienced because I, in my culpable carelessness, had given this Englishman the wrong dose of medicine for his aching head. The Minister condescended with me, realizing my remorse at such carelessness. We parted on the best of terms."

"Then," asked Sophia quickly, "then the withdrawal is not a blind, and Rumples isn't going to be arrested?"

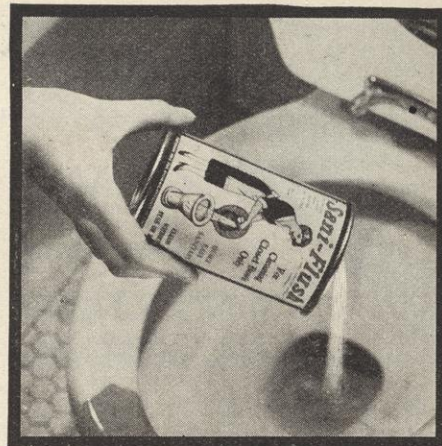
"Indeed, no." The Prince shook his head. "No one is going to be arrested, not even myself."

Sophia's brain was snapping it up. She looked at Léonie. "But then, what has Léonie been bothering us about? Why has the gendarme returned?"

The Prince smiled, with the smile of one who in his time had condoned the human behavior of many gendarmes. "It is late. He has no doubt spent some time at the estaminet in the village. And he returns to the kitchen at Aloës with this story, for the same reason that many other and more eminent men have invented stories that have no foundation in fact; as an excuse, good enough, bad enough, to be near the woman they love."

"Ah-h-h!" cried Léonie merrily, "le blagueur!" She was flattered, not only by the gendarme's return, but that Monsieur le Prince, so handsome, so elegant, should be witness of the infatuation she could arouse in the breasts of men. Silvere was furious. Silvere for once forgot respect to his superiors. So that was how he was to be tricked—and his wife laughing! No doubt she had encouraged that thief, that lying pig, to return, destroying the peace of an honest man's hearth. *En effet*, he would show whether he were master of his own *ménage*! Vowing every sort of vengeance upon the gendarme, he dragged Léonie down the path, she all the while screaming and protesting, flung her into the rowboat and pulled furiously for land.

SUCH a broadly bucolic masque was refreshing, after so much serious drama. For the second time within the last few hours, the party on the island was released from a panic of fear and oppression. Nancy, especially, was nearly sobbing with joy that Lal should thus be cleared of the reproach which she had seen hovering about him like a fog ever since the morning they had all discovered Fred lying dead behind the mosquito curtains. Now at last they all knew. Lal was guilty, but Lal was also innocent. It had been an accident—an accident—nobody's fault! She wandered a few paces off, turning her back so that the others might not see the tears blinding her eyes. Behind her rose an exultant clamor and hubbub. Rumples was embracing Rumples: "Darling, I'm so very glad you're not going to the stake, after all!"



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It's been an education just to live in the house with a martyr—a real martyr, not a bogus one—and I'm going to be a vegetarian myself. And so's Paul, when we're married... Oh, yes, Paul threw my last young man down the drain, and we're engaged—"

Nancy was glad for the moment she need not join in this sudden new excitement. One could not be grudging or mean about Prunella's love affair, especially when it was with Paul whom they all liked so much. Presently, she would make an effort. They were all drinking to the betrothal.

Nancy was afraid of hearing her name called; of being drawn in before she was quite ready; of having a full glass of champagne held out to her while her throat was still tight with that choking sensation... And yet it hurt too, that they had not noticed that she was standing apart and a little lonely. She moved still farther away, into the shadow of a clump of bushes...

Suddenly she saw three figures silhouetted in black against the lightening sky, on the rocks by the bathing pool. She recognized Lal first, and the other man was Heriot. Heriot had his arm round Lal, protecting him. A woman stood in front of them, very still, submissive, as though Heriot were her judge, yet proud as though she had already judged herself and did not very much care what others had to say. Nancy knew at once that this was Rosalind—Lal's Rosalind.

And suddenly she realized, by an instinct responsive to the structure of the tableau, some taut significance in their pose and grouping, that a romance was dying—was dead, perhaps, and that she might dare to hope! "Not yet," whispered Nancy to herself, but her limbs felt light as though she could fly, her heart was light, and the choke in her throat was gone. She could talk to Prunella now, and Paul; tell them warmly, truthfully, how glad she was!

But she waited while the dawn, tremulous and cold, broke in faint enchanted colors over the waiting sea. Then the first chilly gold of the sun was thrown up into the sky, and reflected across the water. The shortest night was over...

Early that night in the Aloës garden:—

"YOU must know it now," said Lal. "It was I who killed Fred."

"You?" Rosalind did not believe him. "You? No, Lal."

"Not on purpose. His head ached, and I gave him a dose from the wrong bottle. I didn't know what I was doing."

"Lal," cried Rosalind, "what are you saying? This is a nightmare. You've dreamt it all!"

Lal stared across the sable bathing pool. "Fred told us that he had just seen you off at Marseilles. If he had told us before he went, I might have rushed over and could have seen you. Rosalind, Rosalind, why didn't you let me know where to find you for so long?"

He lifted her hand by the wrist, and with one of his queer impetuous movements did not kiss it but laid it across his head. He had been having so many headaches lately, and always he had imagined her lovely cool hand lying just like that, lightly pressed over his eyebrows, stilling the throb: "Please don't move—Rosalind, please!"... She drew his head down so that it rested on her knees. "I'll have to give myself up presently," he murmured. "Not yet. Let's have this for a few minutes."

Her hand stopped its rhythmic stroking. "I don't understand, Lal, why have you got to give yourself up? You're not still imagining that you killed Fred?"

"I did kill him. I told you. It was an accident. First I sprang at him in a rage, but the others pulled me off. I might have killed him then, if they hadn't. He was all right after that, only I'd knocked his head against a pillar. Heriot told me to fetch him a dose of the stuff I'd been using for my own headaches. I was thinking of you... I didn't know what I was doing... Your

ship might have passed so near that I could have seen it from our garden, only I didn't know... I gave him the wrong medicine. He fell dead almost at once."

ROSALIND remained silent. And Lal went on, finding it easy to confess now that he had begun: "I wonder how you feel about this? He was related to you, of course—at least not a blood relation. Your husband's brother. But you can't have been very fond of him. He was rather a little horror. Or haven't I the right to say that, as I killed him? You don't feel, do you, because of that, a sort of recoil, as though you oughtn't to touch me?"

"Does it look as though I did?"

No, she was not angry about Fred. Sorry, perhaps but not revolted as he had feared. "The vice-consul at Nice told me, when I saw him tonight, that it was all settled; that the police had been withdrawn from the villa, and the authorities were satisfied. So why need you—?"

"You heard what Léonie said when she passed us in the garden. Apparently it was all a blind, and the gendarmes have come back. I don't know why, because the Prince had fixed it all up, but you can't go against facts. If they're going to arrest Rumples... I promised Heriot that I'd only keep quiet about it as long as no one else was accused. I was responsible. I suppose it amounts to manslaughter."

"Lal, Lal, you weren't responsible for Fred's death. Can't you believe me?"

"No, because you're talking nonsense. I tell you I saw him pitch forward from the chair on to the carpet... I'm sorry; it isn't pleasant, but there you are: I saw it."

"It isn't true. It's a fantasy. And I've got to break this fantasy."

He looked at her, wondering at the queer, urgent thrill in her voice, wondering... Then elation streamed into his heart. Surely at last she was beginning to love him as much as he loved her? Otherwise why should she be so persistent in her refusal to allow him to take what was due to him for killing Fred? Suddenly, made bold by his glorious discovery, he reached back his arm and drew her head down till her mouth was near his. Rosalind was bewildered, yielded, then quickly saw what illusion had occurred to the boy.

"I love Nigel," she said. Lal's backward stretching arm fell limply. She saw the curves of his mouth grow bitter again, and the shadows cross his eyes. But he would have to understand.

"I love Nigel. I'm going out again to Ceylon. I'm going to him as soon as I possibly can. I don't ever want to leave him again. Lal, do you hear?" "Clearly," said Lal. "Then you'd better go at once. Good night."

"I won't stir till you promise me you won't give yourself up to the police!"

Lal was sitting upright now, his hands clasped round one knee.

"I was there, and you weren't. How can you possibly know?"

"I do know. Can you take nothing on sheer faith?"

"Not when I did it myself, and saw it myself."

Rosalind looked at the sea. There was no help for it, then. She was pushed to the utmost extremity.

"Lal, Fred was poisoned before he came to Balmoral that night." (Heriot was advancing quietly over the rocks towards them.)

"Before?" repeated Lal, bewildered.

"Yes. He had been given poison before he came to Balmoral. Before he left Marseilles. Do you believe me now?"

But still Lal could not understand. He had seen the incident. He had given Fred the wrong dose. He had held the bottle in his hand. Fred had died immediately after.

"I saw it, I tell you!" "Yes, but there's such a thing as delayed poison, you know," said (Turn to page 78)



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Ethyl Sykes

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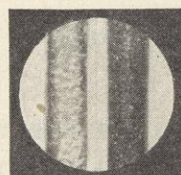
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Microscope shows failure of two plain-water rinsings to remove soap curds from hair—sample at left—and how one lemon rinse has completely cleaned another hair (at right) from the same head, disclosing all its natural lustre. Unretouched microphotograph from test under actual conditions by W. F. Herzberg, Ph. D.

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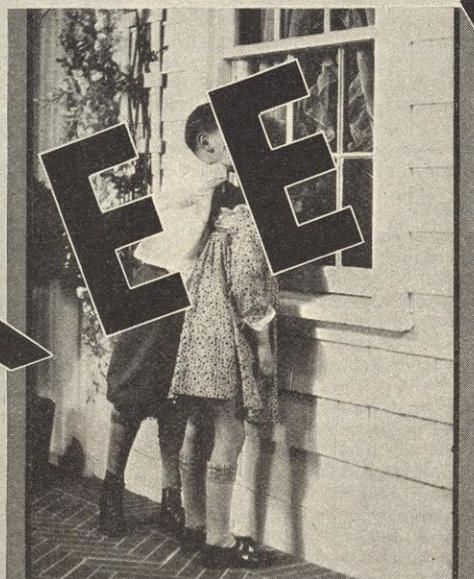
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## THE SHORTEST NIGHT

Continued from page 77

Heriot, joining temperately in the conversation as though he had been there all the time.

Rosalind turned slowly and faced Heriot. She was very white in the moonlight. Heriot smiled at her, a smile which began in a crisp, sardonic spirit—but changed into compassion. Lal was stupefied.

“Delayed poison? Yes—but I saw him. You were there, too. And Juniper and all of us. It was an accident.”

Heriot replied: “Yes. A strange accident—that the poison which he had already taken some hours before should have worked the moment after you had given him the wrong dose.”

“Then I *did* give him the wrong dose?”

“YES, but it was harmless. That damn fool Juniper poured some into the herb tea that he put next to the bed. His brilliant idea of making it look like suicide. He came to me after the inquest, when the herb tea had been analyzed and proved harmless. He thought it was devilcraft. So I went into Cannes this afternoon, after the funeral, and saw the Minister of the Interior myself.”

“Why?”

“He obviously had to know, as he’d taken the Prince’s word for it that the lotion had been to blame. The police had to look for some one who might have poisoned Fred before he came to us. They are looking—now. They won’t bother us any more. Aloës and Balmoral are clear; they’ve got all they want from us.”

“They are going to bother us. The withdrawal was all a blind. Didn’t Léonie come across and tell you? They’re going to arrest Rumples—God! I’d forgotten! They may be there now. I must—”

“Steady,” said Heriot. “No one’s going to be arrested, for the moment. Léonie’s amorous gendarme is a bit drunk, that’s all. The withdrawal is perfectly genuine. It’s the result of the Prince’s visit yesterday. Things take a bit of time to get moving. But on my private information, the Minister has put it in the hands of the Sûreté at Marseilles. They’ll have begun the hunt already.”

“The hunt? For whom?” Lal put his hands to his head. He was dazed.

“For the person or persons unknown,” Heriot spoke with ominous distinctness, “who gave poison to Fred Poole some time during the evening of the nineteenth, before we saw him.”

Lal swung round towards Rosalind. “That was what you were trying to tell me—that it happened before we saw him. You must know. You said you knew. You’ll have to tell me!” Suddenly his mind gave a wild, inconsequent leap . . . “Supposing it had been you!” he said in a whisper. He stared at her in increasing horror. Then he cried: “Oh, I’m mad! God forgive me—I just don’t know what I’m saying,” and recoiled again on to Heriot, pleading with him for reassurance. “You know who it was, don’t you? Don’t keep it secret any longer! You see why I must know?”

As both Rosalind and Heriot remained in their queer silence, Lal continued to plead, first with one, then with the other: “You’re behind all this,” he accused Heriot, “much more than any of us imagined. Then—who was it? When you came across just now—when you came over the rocks—it was to tell us, wasn’t it?”

“When I came over the rocks just now . . . I didn’t know.”

“But now?”

“Now he believes I did it.” It was the first time Rosalind had spoken since Heriot joined them.

Passionately, Lal contradicted her. “No, he doesn’t! You don’t, do you, Heriot?”

“I believe,” said Heriot, “Fred was murdered, that evening in Marseilles, by his wife.”

LAL drew a deep breath of relief. He had been suffocating, and yet cold with terror, as though he had been packed in ice. But now all was well. Both he and Rosalind were now free of the weight of responsibility . . . From his seat on the rocks he looked up at Rosalind, expecting to see her face alight with joy. He would have to ask her quite simply to forgive him, if indeed there were forgiveness for what he had dared to suspect. “Rosalind!” But there was no joy in her face.

“Yes, it is true. Fred was my husband.”

Heriot put his arm round Lal’s shoulders, as though to protect him from what he would have to hear. He had been dreading this shock for the boy, ever since his visit to the Minister of the Interior that afternoon, when he had heard that Fred’s dossier, wired to the consulate from England, had revealed that he had been married to Rosalind Carr for nearly ten years.

Then, as though echoing his thought: “He had been my husband for ten years,” Rosalind confessed. She spoke simply and hopelessly, without any sensational effects of remorse or self-excuse. “I didn’t try to hush it up, you know. It was Fred who did that. We were both terribly young. He was on tour when we got married, and I was a nobody. Then he got his chance through Chard’s wife. Chard was his manager. She was crazy about him, prepared to run him—through Chard, of course. But Fred was afraid she’d draw back if he owned that he was married, so he kept it quiet, and she got him a big London part. It went on and on. He sent for me to London, and was seen about with me sometimes, but then he had the happy idea of saying that I was Nigel’s wife. Yes—” seeing Lal lift his haggard face with a start—“there is a Nigel Poole, out in Ceylon, only he—he’s my brother-in-law, and Fred my husband, instead of the other way round. Nigel came back for six months, just before Chard put on ‘Double the Pace’ with Fred playing lead. It was a marvelous part, and a marvelous salary for Fred, so he still took no risks.

“Nigel didn’t mind—nor did I. I didn’t know it was possible to care like that; to care as much as we cared. I still don’t understand how Fred could have believed we were only pretending. Nigel had to go back . . .

“THERE’S a very strong poison, taken, I think, from the venom sac of a Ceylonese fish, and I knew Nigel always carried a few drops of it about him. So I stole it from him just before he left, in case things got too bad, and I couldn’t bear it any longer. I meant to take it myself, of course . . . because Fred”—she shuddered—“it wasn’t only that he neglected me. That would have been easy. But lately . . . he was not neglecting me.

“‘Double the Pace’ ran for another six months. Then it was over at last, and Fred came down here; I believe he was keen on somebody staying in this villa, a Mrs. Jackson—but it didn’t matter, because I meant to be dead before he came back. And then suddenly I thought that, instead, I could go to Nigel. Why not? It was so much simpler than dying, a shorter way to heaven. Just go to Marseilles and take the boat and go out to Nigel . . . But Fred got to hear of it. A rumor must have reached him that his sister-in-law was going to rejoin her husband. So he came to Marseilles. He was waiting for my train. I saw him on the platform. He was in a beastly mood . . . he made me come and dine with him. My boat was due to sail in an hour. I wondered if he could prevent me from going on board. I told him he couldn’t, that I loved his brother, and that he couldn’t stop me from going. Fred laughed and said he wasn’t going to try any more, but he wasn’t going to let us be happy. If I went, he would spread the scandal out in Ceylon, and wreck Nigel’s career . . . make him a beggar. While he talked to me, I could see Nigel sinking and sinking, and all of it my fault, and Fred with his hateful face grinning over the *bouillabaisse* . . .” She paused. “The poison—it takes two or three hours to work, but then it’s painless and quick. Fred asked me to give him a second helping; he always ate and slept a lot; nothing ever disturbed him. I thought that he wouldn’t notice the taste, as both were made of fish . . . I suppose that was childish.”

There was a long pause. She looked at Lal. He was quite still now, looking out to sea. She could not tell what effect her story had had upon him. It was Heriot who spoke first of the three. He remarked gravely: “Your first impulse was a better one.”

She understood. “To have taken it myself? Yes, I know that now. But there was Nigel.”

The trio had been, till now, too intent to notice the sounds of voices quarrelling up in the garden of the villa.



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Rowing home from the island, Silvère had vowed all the way that he would deal with the gendarme directly on landing, in such a fashion as to teach him not to tell lies in order to afford himself leisure and opportunity to dally with an honest postman's wife. Léonie, delighted at the rôle of heroine, was yet terrified at the rumble of anger in his voice. The boat ground on the pebbles, and he sprang ashore, dashed up the beach and steps, Léonie rushing after him, weeping and protesting that she had never encouraged *le crélin*. The gendarme was sprawling on the bench under the pergola, outside the kitchen quarters of the villa. He had been drinking, and was fierce with passion and wine. Silvère shouted, and he shouted back. They were both of Provençal blood; it was easier for them to fight than to abstain from fighting; Léonie threw herself between them, and succeeded in parting them, but her triumphant: "Ah, voilà!" changed to a shrill scream on seeing Silvère hurl himself to where he kept his gun, on the wall just outside the door.

Heriot, hearing the scream, started up from the rocks, swung himself from cleft to cleft, and tore up the beach towards the steps that led to the garden. On the island they had also heard the voices, the quarrel and the scream. Paul was the first to take action, scrambling down towards the motor-boat and calling loudly to Juniper to take him across. The rest of the party, stunned by the sight of the tiny wrestling marionettes a hundred yards away, remained against the pale sky, straining to see what was happening. Rosalind was left alone with Lal.

No need to wonder how he had taken the destruction of his idol. Lal was standing, leaning against the rock, arms folded, a stern, white, intolerant judge. Rosalind smiled ruefully, recognizing that he had suffered the violent reaction she had always expected, from his former blind devotion. How young he was, and did not even know it! He would have hated to know it. But he had never been so young as now... the best she could do for him, perhaps the best she could do for Nigel, the man and the boy who had both loved her, each in this fashion, was to slip over the rim of life, quietly into the sea. It was not fair to let your tragedy touch too closely on the lives of a boy and a man—she dared not visualize Nigel too brightly now, in case she faltered. Lal—Lal was easier. He would recover first. Perhaps now that his obsession for her was destroyed, there would be a girl, a girl like meadows and fresh spring water... There might be one already—a very young girl, to match his own youth. It would be nice to be sure beforehand that Lal was going towards a happy fate. So Rosalind began impulsively: "Lal let me ask you—just one thing—"

THE sound of a shot—then another scream from Léonie. The gendarme fell prone, and Silvère ran up to him, gun in hand.

"Ah, miserable, il est mort!" Léonie cried. "He is dead!"

"Dead!" Lal dashed up the rocks after Heriot.

Rosalind, left by herself down by the sea, heard Sophia's commanding voice from the island, calling out: "Dead? Good God! Send for the police!"

### Epilogue:—

THE summer was over. Every night, in its ruthless southern fashion, seemed to carve a longer, darker slice from the end of the day. Heriot, the last of the Balmorals, had just arrived to fetch Sophia Framlingham, the last of the Aloësiens. He was motoring her as far as Paris, and she was grateful for his escort; and still more grateful for the moral support he had given her during all those difficult weeks after Prunella's birthday picnic.

"Not sorry to be going, are you, Sophia?" And he added, not too kindly: "Of course, you'll miss the rest and the peace."

"Quite!" was her grim response. "My sanctuary in a garden by the sea, where you could all come and refresh yourselves from the hurly-burly of town... Well, well, Mrs. Framlingham's intentions were excellent, but this hasn't been one of her more successful experiments. In many ways, I'm a broken woman."

"We're all a bit broken. Except Rumples, who is unbreakable. Aunt Lucinda has suffered the most, though. I feel that it may take more than Vichy to cure her. To have witnessed her most exclusive, expensive Minor Royalty well mixed up in two murders and a suicide! He enjoyed it, of course.

Went away very brisk and refreshed. But Aunt Lucinda will persist in thinking that his visit was a failure."

Sophia murmured: "Poor Lucinda, she wanted it all to go without a hitch."

Reviewing the events of the last few weeks, Heriot concurred that "without a hitch" could not, even in kindly exaggeration, be admitted as a fair description of Prince Louis' stay at Balmoral. And Sophia, too, her eyes straying over the parched shimmer of garden was impelled to people the empty space with queer, sudden little dramas, shifting and sliding, as though her memory were a kaleidoscope, and she were shaking it:

THE group at the gate: herself, the Prince, Paul, Nancy and Prunella, and a car arriving: "With the compliments of Monsieur Rodney Sant."... And then, a boy and a girl chasing each other, slim, swift, she in a bright yellow bathing-suit, laughing, forgetful for a moment of a darker background to their truant half hour. Lal, Nancy...

She spoke the names aloud, and Heriot asked: "What about Lal and Nancy?"

"Do you remember," Sophia replied inconsequently, "at least, no, you weren't here—when the gate swung and clicked, and the Commissaire walked down the path and up to the house, solemnly followed by his two gendarmes? And that was the beginning."

At least, no, not quite the beginning. The evening before that, when they had sat here on the porch, where she was standing now with Heriot, to await Fred's coming, his welcome prepared... But it had grown cold, and mistral had blown up, and the frogs were croaking, and still Fred did not arrive. Fred was lying dead in the big drawing-room at Balmoral... She looked at Heriot. But Heriot's mind was more lightly engaged:

"You've heard, of course, about *L'Estaminet du Gendarme Amoureux*?"

"They're not really going to call it that?"

"They ought to. Or *Café Crime-Pas-sionnel*."

The trial of Silvère, for slaying the gendarme who had courted his wife, had been the great popular local sensation. Léonie's speeches; Léonie's tears; Léonie, torn and rent by a hundred emotions, *le petit Hercule* in her arms, intimately addressing the court. Her purity was vindicated; Silvère's honor glowed in colors of scarlet and purple. The whole province was on his side. He had received the lightest possible sentence; and directly he emerged from prison, he and Léonie were to open a café in St. Raphael.

"They'll do well out of it. Queer, though, isn't it, to think that if the fellow hadn't fallen in love with Léonie, and if Léonie's husband hadn't shot him, Lal and I wouldn't have come running up from the rocks at exactly that moment, and Rosalind wouldn't have been left alone, and—" Heriot dropped his voice; his shrewd eyes were for a moment serious—"and Lal and Nancy, I suppose, wouldn't have been together now. What's the moral of all that, Sophia?"

Sophia shook her head. "I don't know. There isn't one. But I think those two children will be all right, when Lal recovers from shock and horror. Poor boy, it was appalling for him—first to have imagined he was responsible for Fred; and then—in a way—to have drowned Rosalind."

"No, I was responsible for that, not Lal. But Rosalind drowned herself. And—what else could she have done?"

"I don't know. She was lovely—even afterwards. It was hard on Nigel Poole, in Ceylon; will he have heard by now?"

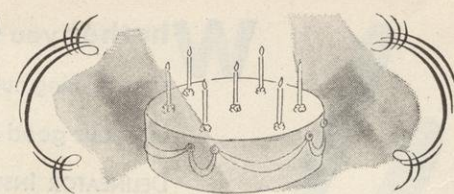
Heriot merely repeated: "What else could she have done? We couldn't all be happy." He respected Rosalind Poole for her swift decision, and the clean, swift way she had accomplished it, while they had all been clamoring and rushing round, up in the garden where Silvère's gendarme lay prone. No, there was nothing else left for her to do. And Lal and Nancy were free to dream their way into a gentler romance, along the paths of an English garden. Paul and Prunella, too, were shortly to be married... and Joe, who had rushed back to London the minute he was free...

"Come on, my dear. We'd better get off."

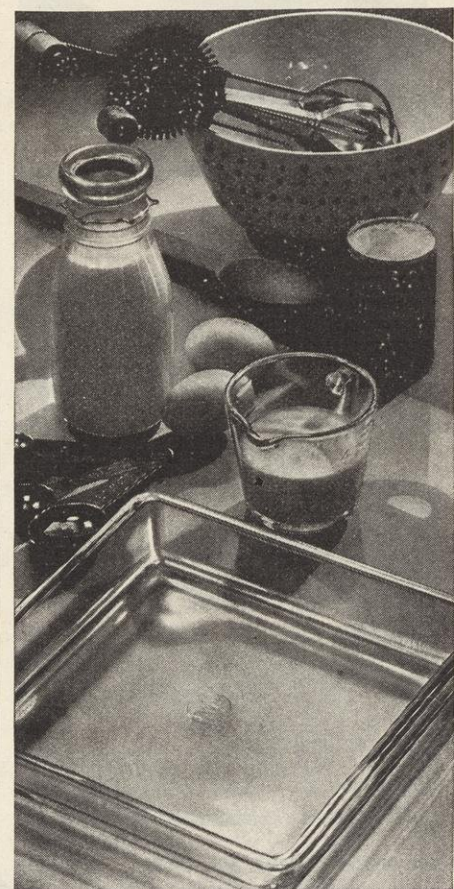
It was no use sentimentalizing.

"The bathing was good," said Sophia, in final valediction. But I don't think I shall come here again next year. I might try Brittany, or Biarritz. Heriot, if I take a villa at Biarritz next June, will you come and stay with me?"

Heriot smiled, pressed the self-starter, and the car shot away up the white glaring road.



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*Sugar in tea  
salt in bouillon*



so...

mix a salad dressing appropriate to the salad

*The simple flavors that hide in the stalks and crisp, cool leaves of salad greens and vegetables find their ideal complement in a tart, stimulating dressing like French, Vinaigrette or Bachelor Club Dressing.*



### ON GREENS . . . *Bachelor Club Dressing*

Combine twelve tablespoonfuls of *Wesson Oil*, and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Add to this mixture seasoning of one teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful each of dry mustard and paprika. Beat thoroughly until the ingredients are thoroughly blended. Then stir in two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped onions

*Fruits, fresh or canned, seem to give us back the full sunshine of their natural flavors when served with Bar-le-Duc, Fruit Juice, Cream Cheese or Nut Dressing.*



### ON FRUITS *Cheese Dressing*

Cream two packages of cream cheese with four tablespoonfuls of *Wesson Oil*. Blend one-half teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon of white pepper and one and one-half teaspoonfuls granulated sugar, four tablespoonfuls *Wesson Oil* and one of lemon juice. Beat into the cheese until it becomes light and fluffy. Then dust with paprika.

*You can bring the salty tang of the sea to your salad course by marinating seafood with French Dressing before serving with Lemonaise (mayonnaise made with lemon juice).*

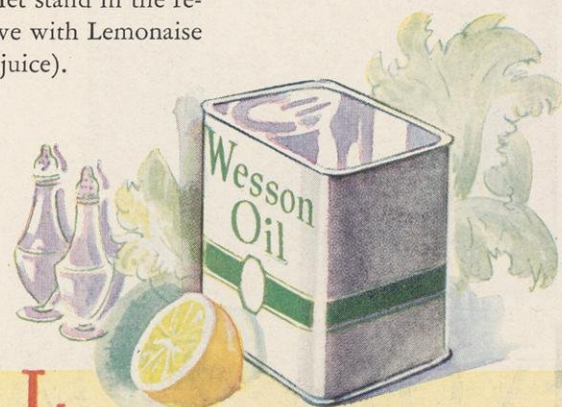


### SEA FOODS . . . *To Marinate*

Mix twelve tablespoonfuls of *Wesson Oil* and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Add one teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper, and a dash of paprika. Mix with the fish and let stand in the refrigerator for several hours. Serve with Lemonaise (mayonnaise made with lemon juice).

SO MANY different things come to the table as salads, with such varied flavors, no one dressing should be used on all of them. Mix the dressing that best suits the salad.

"Salad dressings to suit the Salad" is a new booklet by Mary B. Murray that contains many interesting and helpful suggestions for correct salad service. You may have it if you write to the WESSON OIL & SNOWDRIFT PEOPLE, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans.



W E S S O N O I L



# A girl can't be *too* careful ~

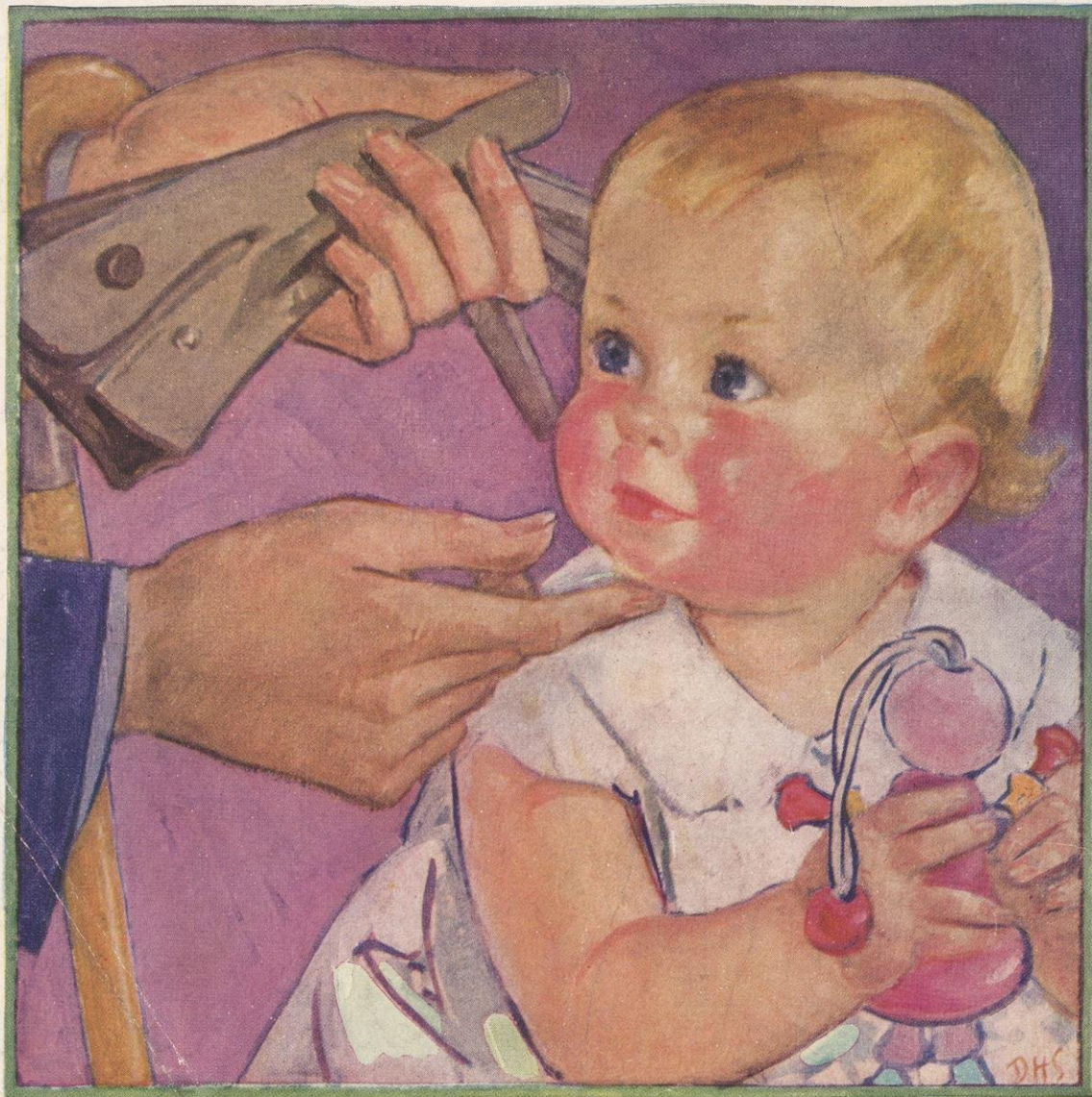
Now that I'm ten months old, I've decided that a girl can't start too young with the *right* beauty treatment.

Why, some gentlemen of my acquaintance have barked like dogs and walked like bears for the privilege of kissing my cheek. And grown-up ladies are really envious of my complexion.

But I'm not conceited. After all, it was the nice doctor at the hospital who suggested the very best beauty treatment for my very sensitive skin. When Mother asked him, he said, "Why not use Ivory? You can't find a purer, milder soap."

In fairness to him, I always mention this fact when I give my exclusive beauty talks in my Ivory bath.

But I haven't told you about Mother yet. Now *she's* using my cake of Ivory. Of course,



it's perfectly all right, as she's always been very nice to me. In fact, I'm glad. She's so pretty that she deserves to use the finest soap!

But one thing is a mystery to me—what Father said to her. "Where are all those fussy lotions and creams you used to have around?" he asked with a smile.

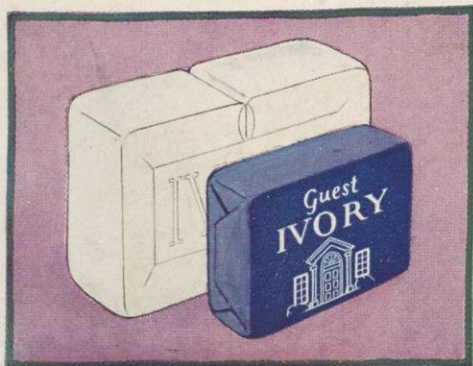
"Don't be silly!" Mother said. I thought she acted a little confused.

Now Mother is going to be prettier still, since she's taking a beauty course with Ivory!

*An Ivory Baby · Her Mark*



## ~ however grown-up she may be !



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P. S. Your complexion is a baby's complexion that has grown up. A bit less silky. A trifle less sensitive. But even more than a baby's your complexion needs Ivory's beauty help. For the skin can create its own fresh beauty. But it cannot clean itself. And its clear fresh tone will be dulled if the pores are clogged by dust and make-up.

There are no "if's" and "but's" about cleanliness. Only soap and water will really cleanse. And you'll find that an Ivory cleansing will "wake up" your complexion so pleasantly. For Ivory is perfectly pure. Can your complexion afford to use a less gentle and safe soap than Ivory—which cherishes the delicate beauty of millions of babies?

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