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September, 1933

10 Cents
5

DELINEATOR



I. A. R. WYLIE

ROBERT
W.
CHAMBERS

SMART FALL FASHIONS

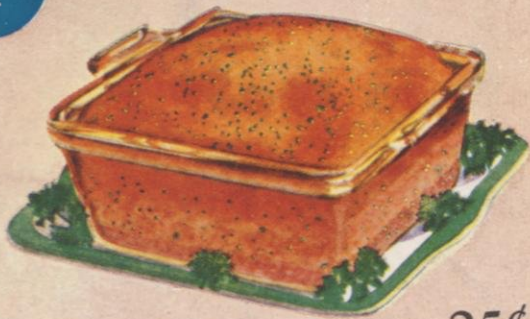
Do You
Believe
In Birth
Control ?

SEE THE LIFE STORY
OF MARGARET SANGER

Page 15

Phyllis

1 FIRST... try these Crisco money-savers!



CHEESE PUFFIT . . . 25¢
Dainty—but filling—with ham and cheese!

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 cup left-over cooked ham | 2 eggs, separated |
| 1 teaspoon minced onion | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 2 tablespoons Crisco | ¼ teaspoon paprika |
| 2 half-inch slices soft bread | 1½ cups hot milk |
| ¼ lb. fresh yellow cheese | 1 tablespoon Crisco (additional) |
| 1 tablespoon minced parsley | |

Put ham and onion through grinder. Pan-fry gently 3 minutes with 2 tablespoons Crisco (the vegetable fat that is so wholesome!). Arrange in a layer in deep baking dish rubbed with Crisco. Break bread (crust, too) into small pieces. Sliver cheese into small thin slices. Combine bread, cheese, beaten egg yolks and heated milk. Add additional tablespoon melted Crisco, salt and paprika. Let stand 20 minutes, or until ready to bake. Add parsley. Then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into baking dish containing ham. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) 45 minutes, or until silver knife inserted in center comes out clean. This soufflé does not collapse if kept in a warm oven for a short time.



PRISCILLA'S PET PIE . . . 44¢
A thrifty, digestible substitute for chicken pie

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1½ lbs. veal rump | 2 cups water |
| 3 tablespoons Crisco | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 2 onions, minced | ½ teaspoon pepper |
| 1½ cups diced celery | 3 tablespoons flour |
| 2 hard-boiled eggs, sliced | |

Trim veal. Cut in small pieces. Brown in Crisco (the digestible vegetable fat!). Add onions, celery, water. Cover closely. Simmer until meat and celery are tender (about 25 minutes). Add salt, pepper. Add flour, smoothed to a paste in a little cold water. Stir until sauce thickens. Pour half of mixture into baking dish. Add a layer of egg slices, then rest of meat and remaining egg slices. Cover top with—

Digestible Crisco Pastry: Sift 1½ cups flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Add ½ cup Crisco. Cut into coarse flakes. (Sweet, digestible Crisco makes digestible pastry.) Add 4 to 6 tablespoons cold water, using only enough to hold ingredients together. Roll out ¼ inch thick on lightly floured board. Cut a small hole in center. Wet edge of baking dish. Fit on pastry. Bake in a quick oven (425° F.) 20 minutes.



PEACH WAFFLES . . . 22¢
A new, luscious and digestible dessert

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| ½ cup Crisco | ½ teaspoon salt |
| ½ cup sugar | 1 cup milk |
| 2 eggs | ½ teaspoon vanilla |
| 2 cups flour | ½ teaspoon lemon juice |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder | 1½ cups diced peaches |

Blend fluffy Crisco with the sugar and eggs. (Crisco is the delicate and digestible shortening!) Stir briskly. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, then add to the first mixture alternately with the milk. Then add the vanilla, lemon juice and diced peaches. Cook on a waffle iron, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve hot. Or, if desired, serve with sliced fruit or whipped cream.

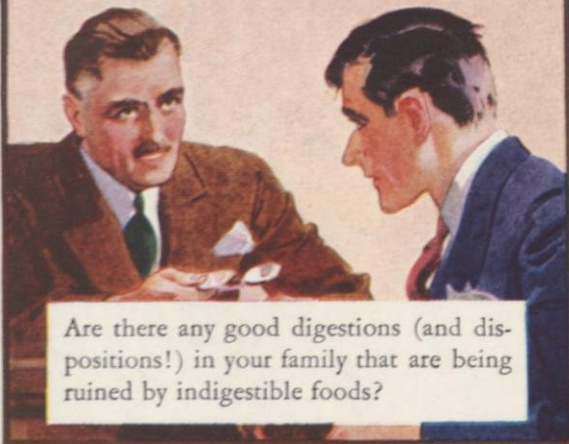
Crisco is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

FREE: "Secrets of Deep Frying." The French have made an art of deep frying (French frying). This new book puts their success secrets in your hands. Send your name and address to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XD-93, P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

2 THEN... read this important health story!

You're a good man, Jim but lately you've been hard for people to work with—

Sorry. I've been feeling under the weather—



Are there any good digestions (and dispositions!) in your family that are being ruined by indigestible foods?

Jim's boss called him down for being cross. I'm sure it's these stomach spells that make him irritable.

Try Crisco, Doris. Why, Jack digests pies and fried foods easily—now that I use Crisco.



Protect your family's health by cooking with Crisco, the digestible vegetable shortening—it doesn't overtax the stomach.

And the Boss went out of his way to say that he'd noticed the change in me!

I was sure he would! You're feeling so much better since I've been cooking with Crisco!



Why does Crisco digest quickly? Because it isn't a heavy or greasy fat. It is the creamy-light and creamy-sweet shortening.

3 NOW... give your cake-lovers a new thrill!

GLORY CAKE

Easy to put together, because Crisco needs no creaming!

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| ¾ cup Crisco | 2½ cups flour |
| 1½ cups sugar | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 2 eggs | 3 teaspoons baking powder |
| 1 teaspoon lemon flavoring | ¾ cup milk |

Blend Crisco (the velvety shortening that needs no creaming) with the sugar and the eggs. Beat till fluffy. Add lemon flavoring. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk. Blend well. Pour into 3 Criscoed layer-cake pans (8-inch). Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Cool. Then prepare—

Paradise Filling: Soak 1 cup of dried

apricots in warm water for 1 hour, then bring to a boil. Put through sieve. Drain strained apricot pulp of excess juice. Then mix 1½ cups powdered sugar, 1½ tablespoons cornstarch and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup of strained apricot pulp and cook 10 minutes over hot water, stirring occasionally. Peel and slice 5 bananas. Add to apricot mixture. Cook 5 minutes longer. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Remove from heat. Beat until creamy-smooth. Cool. Spread filling between cake layers and over top and sides, covering entire cake. Sprinkle top and sides with 1 cup shredded coconut.



CRISCO

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

digests quickly

What a FOOL She is!



Keeps HER FINGER-TIPS A-GLEAM . . . BUT HER
TEETH ARE DULL . . . HER GUMS TENDER . . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

This young lady keeps her finger-tips beautifully manicured. People admire and comment on her lovely hands. They are discreetly silent, of course, about her dingy teeth—but *they do notice them.*

Examine your own teeth—and gums!

If your gums are flabby and bleed easily—if you find "pink" upon your tooth brush—the attractiveness of your smile is in danger.

For neglected, "pink tooth brush" may lead to

serious gum troubles—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even to pyorrhea. It may cloud the brightness and sparkle of your teeth, and may even endanger teeth that are perfectly sound.

IPANA AND MASSAGE DEFEAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

To have firm, healthy gums and good-looking, bright teeth, do this:

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. And

each time, put a little extra Ipana on your tooth brush or finger-tip and massage it into your tender gums.

Today's foods are too soft and creamy to give proper stimulation to your gums. But the massage with Ipana corrects this.

Get a full-size tube of Ipana today. Follow the Ipana method, and very soon you'll have brighter, whiter teeth. Within a month your gums will be firmer. "Pink tooth brush" will disappear.

I P A N A
T O O T H P A S T E



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-93
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

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

THE LIVING DELINEATOR



I. A. R. Wylie

NEXT MONTH, A NEW NOVEL BY I. A. R. WYLIE

THIS hard-boiled editor, as you may know, rarely loses his head. But he's lost his head now to the new serial that begins in *DELINEATOR* next month—"A Feather in Her Hat," by I. A. R. Wylie.

I'm not going to tell you much about it. It's a novel composed of dreams and romance and youthful love. And there's one character in it who is superb—superb in herself, superbly drawn by Miss Wylie. This is Clarissa Phipps of Little Egbert Street, Clarissa who was neither young nor beautiful but, as Miss Wylie describes her, "short, squat and so plain you wanted to laugh" yet who went through life in a black hat "with a red feather that waved at you—not so much in defiance as in a sort of gallant greeting."

It's to Clarissa I've lost my head. And my heart. Now I want to confess something even though it does make me a little ridiculous. I was finishing the final chapters of "A Feather in Her Hat" at my desk in my office and toward the very end—although it might be called, I suppose, a happy ending—I found myself crying conspicuously. At this inopportune moment my secretary, Miss Pagel, turned around and gazed at me in alarm. "What's the trouble?" she asked in consternation.

"Oh, nothing!" I said, whisking out my handkerchief and trying to pretend I was simply blowing my nose. But what a fool I felt!

Authors should not do things like that to editors. You just wait and see, however, what the last few pages of "A Feather in Her Hat" do to you.

HOW often you have seen that unassuming signature, "I. A. R. Wylie," in the best magazines. Including *DELINEATOR*. Unassuming, yes, but in back of it a remarkable personality and an amazing life.

When Ida Wylie was very young and living in London, her mother died and Ida's father had rather peculiar ideas on bringing up a child. When she was ten

years old, her father gave her a five pound note and a bicycle and told her to go off and amuse herself for a few days alone. She bicycled to Cambridge and came back when her money was gone. Again, when she was fourteen, he bought her a ticket for a cruise to Sweden and Norway. Later she was sent to Germany.

Now Miss Wylie spends her time, except for occasional trips to Hollywood, in London and New York: mostly New York.

Again, this month, *DELINEATOR* discusses a "forbidden" subject. *DELINEATOR* believes in being fearless in its editorial contents. More than three years ago, when it was not considered respectable to question prohibition, we published Ida M. Tarbell's "Troubled Thoughts about Prohibition." This was followed by several articles in our Child Training Department on frank sex education. Now the forbidden subject is birth control. Or, rather, not birth control itself, but the woman who has devoted her life to its cause—Margaret Sanger.

All my life I have known the name, "Margaret Sanger," but I have never known much about the woman herself. This story of her life was as intensely interesting to me as it will be to you. Persecuted, reviled, arrested and jailed, she has continued to fight dauntlessly for the thing in which she believed. A great woman!

We are proud to publish her story.

Besides I. A. R. Wylie's new novel, next month, the October *DELINEATOR* will contain many stimulating features. Chief of these is contributed by H. L. Mencken, the famous editor of *The American Mercury* who contributes the first article he has written in years for a woman's magazine. In the same issue is a story by Sara Haardt who also happens to be Mrs. H. L. Mencken. Plenty of other good things, too.

And speaking of a new deal and a changing world, I notice *DELINEATOR* carries its first beer advertisement this month. Well, here's looking at you! **Oscar Graeve, Editor**

Cover Note

The lady gazing at you with mesmeric eyes from the cover this month—painted in Paris for *DELINEATOR* by Dynevor Rhys—is wearing a hat from Marie-Christiane in rose-pink silk and wool mixture cloqué. Madame de San Carlos who conducts her business under the name of Marie-Christiane predicts that high drapery in trimming will be an important fashion note in hats this season.

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IF YOU ARE GOING TO MOVE:

The following notice to all *DELINEATOR* subscribers is important. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to cover copies not received through failure to advise us in advance of your change of address. Be sure to give both the old and new addresses, preferably clipping an old address from last copy received. No copies will be forwarded to you by the Post Office from your old address unless you supply the extra postage that is needed.

Gentle, Jealous Guardians of an Exquisite English Skin



TEXTURED like velvet, colored like a bit of Dresden china or a Botticelli portrait, there is a story-book quality about the Englishwoman's exquisite complexion. And it's a story with a happy ending. For everything she does to achieve that lovely skin is as easily possible to the American woman.

She uses three preparations, only three, but all are of finest quality . . . "England's best," and all are from a single famous perfume house: Yardley of London.

First, Yardley's English Lavender Soap, for the Englishwoman knows that nothing . . . *nothing* . . . will replace a thorough soap-and-water cleansing with a mild, pure soap.

Then Yardley's English Complexion Cream, supplementary to the soap-and-water ritual, and for cleansing at odd moments during the day; as an emollient, to lubricate the skin and rebuild the tissues while she sleeps; and as a foundation for Yardley's English Face Powder . . . so fine that

only the smooth, warm bloom of your skin attests to the fact that you have used it at all. (There's magic in the right face powder.)

There are many other preparations in the Yardley series, about which you will also want to know. May we send you our booklet, D-9, "Complexions in the Mayfair Manner"? It is free. Yardley & Co., Ltd., British Empire Bldg., 620 Fifth Avenue, New York City; in London, at 33, Old Bond Street; and Paris, Toronto, and Sydney.



BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY



THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

Yardley's English Face Powder, scented delicately with Yardley's Lavender. It blends indistinguishably with your natural coloring and not a particle is perceptible after you have powdered. In six new shades, including *English Peach*, a new rachel with a trace of pink. \$1.10 a box.

Yardley's English Complexion Cream . . . cleansing cream, skin food, and powder foundation; and Yardley's English Lavender Soap, to give your skin the mild stimulation that results in a clear and healthy coloring. The cream, formerly \$1.50, now \$1.10; the soap, 35 cents a cake; bath size, 55 cents; guest size, six in a box, \$1.05, or 20 cents singly.

Yardley's English Lavender, the best-loved fragrance of all. The national English perfume, it is treasured throughout the world. In purse-sized flacons or elaborate decanters, \$1.10 to \$15. The bottle illustrated, \$1.10.

YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER

ARE MOVIE STARS ACTORS?

by FLORENCE FISHER PARRY



True to the stage, and the stage alone, is Katharine Cornell, whose perfect acting depends upon the living response of her audience

UP Main Street, near the public square, was our town's saloon, and next to it the pool-room, and next to that a shabby little hole-in-the-wall which only lately had held a peep-show, or penny arcade. "Hole-in-the-wall" was no misnomer: it was, literally, just that. A round, roughly hewn hole, about the size of a barrel hoop, was cut through the wall that faced the street; and through this strange aperture we children could discern, in passing, a strange phenomenon.

Inside, upon the back wall, there stretched a sheet upon whose wrinkled surface shadowy figures jerked through what seemed to be perpetual, fine, black rain. These figures were engaged in mad pursuit, or were throwing pies, or, at full gallop on a horse, were racing neck and neck with a locomotive. They moved with incredible speed.

Much of this weird entertainment we had to snatch surreptitiously; for all of us "nice" girls had been adjured to keep away from that side of the street. The saloon, the pool-room and the nickelodeon were the town's three sinks of iniquity. Indeed, until the hole had been cut in the wall of that place, it had been a matter of whispered conjecture just what kind of entertainment was provided for those who passed through its door.

The suspicions of the wary became allayed in time; and it was not long before the ticket window assumed a prosperous new dignity. Two imposing doors, one on each side of the ticket cage, denoted "Entrance" and "Exit." Blood-curdling three-sheets of train robberies and perilous floods were displayed. A few adventurous spirits of the town's élite began to "slum" the place; and it was not long before it became quite the thing for the very best people to go to see the nickelodeon show. Pictures boasting two reels, even three, were being shown; the boys had started calling out for Broncho Billy and John Bunny; and even we girls were known to inquire bashfully at the ticket window: "When is that Mary girl going to come again?"

I don't remember when it sifted to us that her name was Mary Pickford; but it was not long afterward that

the name of Charlie Chaplin also entered our movie vocabulary. It was not considered nice to admit a liking for this vulgar little comedian; but the children went in transports over him, and fathers and mothers found that the old reliable "circus" excuse served them equally well at the nickelodeon.

Now at this very time—alas, I must throw discretion to the winds and make an admission that will forever date me—our town was thrown into painful convulsions over the news that one of its daughters (in fact, myself) had had a stage offer and that her parents were going to allow her to accept it! It seemed that she had been observed in a students' matinee at a New York dramatic school, and that she was engaged to appear in a play by the Reverend Thomas Dixon, author of a then highly successful melodrama, "The Clansman."

THE title of this play was "The One Woman"; and the leading man was a lean, Cassius-like male who thought too much and ate too little and called himself David Wark Griffith. By day he sat by a lone window of our Southern Railway day-coach, brooding upon the impoverished landscape which our one-night-stand tour afforded us; and when he spoke it was in the voice of the ghost of Hamlet's father, edged slightly with hauteur.

But after some weeks, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Griffith (who was my understudy) received their two-weeks' notice; whether because our leading man was not quite so inspired an actor as their joint convictions testified, or whether it was because his salary was "three figures" while that of the others was only "two figures," I am not prepared to report. Suffice it to say that the post-war (Civil) landscape thenceforth lacked the appreciative contemplation of D. W. Griffith, and the seeds of "The Birth of a Nation" departed with their husbandman, to flower in the parched soil of the early Biograph lot.

One prophetic incident occurred on the last day of Mr. Griffith's brief engagement with us. He was sitting in his red-plush car seat, hunched and brooding, while our "company" car was being jerked to a dismal sidetrack, there to endure its daily interminable delay.

A few village stragglers approached the car, peered into the windows, and spat thoughtfully upon the pane.

"Be them actors, you all reckon?" asked one.

"Seems so. They ain't doin' nothin'."

"What do you reckon they're waitin' foh?"

"Oh, jes' waitin' foh dates ahead."

And so it proved. For our unhappy leading man, when next we met, had well served his terms of "waitin'." His date "ahead" had indeed arrived! He had become, overnight, the most talked-of man in the whole amusement world.

This takes me to the old Liberty Theater on Forty-Second Street, New York, on a spring night of 1915. It was the last performance of a play in which Otis Skinner was then starring: "The Silent Voice" (from which the recent screen version, "The Man Who Played God," was recently devised for George Arliss). In the play I played his wife, who was untrue to him. In the movie Bette Davis was permitted to go no further than being engaged to him. This illustrates the influence of the Will Hayes office upon erstwhile stage successes.

NOW this particular night was one of deep agitation both to star and "leading lady"; for the star was being subjected to an unprecedented indignity to his art, and the distracted leading lady was saying "forever farewell" to her beloved stage. So storms were raging in their separate breasts, and both craved dramatic expression, as is the weakness of all true Thespians.

In his dressing room, Otis Skinner was thundering: "It's an outrage! A blankety-blank imposition to end our run for such a preposterous reason! And for what? For what!" His voice rose. "For another star? For another New York hit? No! For a moving picture. A movie! Allah!"

"Wh-h-hat!" I ventured from the door. "Not for an engagement in a theater, Mr. Skinner?"

"Yes! In a theater! Such effrontery!"

"What is the moving picture?" I inquired timidly.

"Ohhhh," roared the Skinner, shaking his great head about like a charging bull. (Turn to page 54)

Photograph of Miss Cornell by Vandamm
"Birth of a Nation" photographs by D. W. Griffith, from United Artists Corporation



"The Birth of a Nation" fired a shot heard round the world. In it Lillian Gish first began to hypnotize her still-loyal adorer

BEDTIME STORIES
POLLY & GEORGIE



& SPOT

ONE sunny Sunday morning Polly and Georgie were coming home from Sunday School. And all of a sudden they saw Spot, standing under a tree and BARKING!

What do you suppose he was barking at? A KITTEN—a tiny scared little baby kitten! Spot had chased it up the tree.



"Spot, come here this minute," cried Polly. "You catch him and take him home," said Georgie. So Polly did—for even a nice dog like Spot will chase poor little cats.

But then a funny thing happened. The little kitten didn't know how to get DOWN. She tried to—but she slipped and scratched and finally began to mew and cry!

So Georgie took hold of the trunk of the tree and SHINNIED right up to the big branch. Then he took hold of the kitten and brought it down to the ground.



After that—you should have seen Georgie's new SUNDAY CLOTHES! They were just covered with brown dirt and stains from the trunk of the tree.

"Oh Georgie! Where have you been?" asked Mother. But when Georgie told her about the poor little kitten she wasn't cross at ALL.

"Never mind," she said, "we'll wash that dirt out quickly with P AND G soap. But I'm certainly glad to know about P AND G . . . with two children like you to wash for!"



"My children aren't the kind who sit and play dolls!"

Little panties, bloomers, petticoats, play frocks—Mrs. H. E. Hubbard of Pittsfield, Mass., has dozens of them to wash for her two little tom-boys, Beatrice, age 7, and Betty Ann, age 4.

"I'm certainly glad of P AND G's help," she said earnestly. "It's beyond me why anybody wants to use gummy soap—nothing's more aggravating than sticky soap spots you have to rub out of clothes. Give me P AND G Naphtha every time. It loosens the dirt and rinses out so easily.

"And P AND G's so white," she went on. "It really whitens the children's underwear—no matter how many mud pies they happen to sit on!"

Yes, P AND G does whiten clothes, and, as Mrs. Wm. Cochran, of Sunbury, Ohio, says, "I think a

white soap makes clothes smell better." No stale, soapy smell left in clothes washed with P AND G!

That smooth, firm cake of P AND G never gets gummy or stuck to its wrapper. It doesn't jell up or waste away in the water, either. It stays firm to the last white sliver.

P AND G is sudsier than other soaps—because it is made of better soap materials. That's why it's so safe for colored things too, and so easy on your hands in dishwashing. Yet fine white P AND G costs less than crude gummy soaps, because P AND G is made in such huge quantities. Stock up with a dozen cakes of P AND G to tide you through this month's laundry, cleaning and dishwashing. PROCTER & GAMBLE

P AND G Takes the dirt . . . rinses fast . . . safe . . . never gummy

THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP

YOU may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake

**Clever Girls use this Soap—Camay—
to Help them in their Daily
Beauty Contests**

you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Wide awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

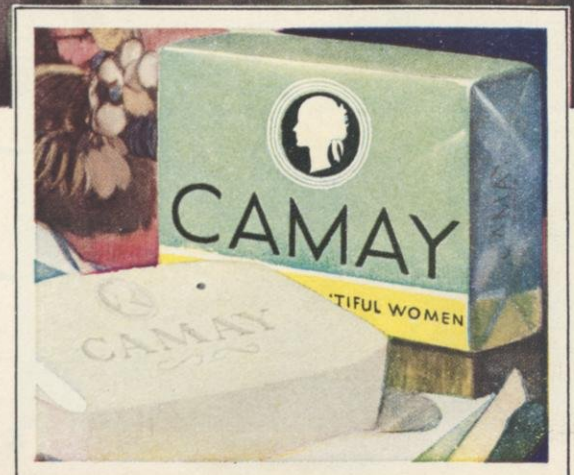
You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check *that* up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!



She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty is her radiantly lovely skin. Clear and fresh—her complexion is her greatest ally in life's Beauty Contest!

Camay is pure—creamy-white—mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Camay comes in a smart green and yellow wrapper, its freshness protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands—and in your bath!

CAMAY the Soap of
Beautiful Women..





TRIUMVIRATE

A fascinating picture of Washington where women at last have won full recognition. Three great women of the Labor Department



Frances Perkins (left); Mary Anderson (above); and Grace Abbott, in conference with Senator Wagner

by **FRANCES
PARKINSON
KEYES**

Photographs by Wide World; Keystone

MRS. ROOSEVELT gave a party at the White House in honor of Frances Perkins, the Secretary of Labor.

This is the way it came about. Every year that famous organization of journalists known as the Gridiron Club gives a dinner at which the President of the United States and the members of his Cabinet are guests of honor, together with diplomats, Justices, Senators, Representatives, Governors, and other outstanding national and international figures. That is, outstanding *masculine* figures.

So Mrs. Roosevelt apparently argued, with admirable logic, that since a Cabinet officer was to be disbarred from a Gridiron Dinner for the first time—for the simple reason that now, for the first time, there is a woman in the Cabinet—she should be asked to a dinner of her own, and that the temporarily deserted wives of the other Cabinet officers should be among her fellow guests. Going still further, Mrs. Roosevelt apparently argued that the President's wife might well give this dinner herself, especially since the President would have gone his own smiling way to the Gridiron Club, leaving her behind at the White House! At all events, she sent out invitations to the ladies above mentioned; to Mrs. Garner and Senator Caraway; to the women members of Congress; to Ruth Bryan Owen, who had just been appointed Minister to Denmark, but had not yet sailed for the tidy little

kingdom; to Nellie Tayloe Ross, the first woman who was ever governor of a sovereign state, and is now the first woman to be Director of the Mint; and to numerous others, including the women journalists who are accredited to Mrs. Roosevelt's own press conferences.

I hope that the readers of *DELINEATOR* who are accustomed to having me express myself conservatively will forgive me for saying that the result was a party which was simply grand, because there is no other way in which to describe that party!

We went in at the beautiful front door under the white portico with its lovely classical columns; and in the great entrance hall where we left our wraps, the Marine Band, gorgeous in its gold and scarlet trappings, was playing with such gusto that we passed buoyantly along in the direction where we were gently guided, feeling as if we were walking on air.

At the entrance to the East Room, Mrs. Roosevelt stood waiting to welcome us, wearing a beautiful white moiré dress, with a V-shaped bodice and a circular skirt which fitted closely around the hips and swept out, full and graceful, to the floor. Frances Perkins was standing near her—Frances Perkins, whom the American public has come to visualize as being invariably clad in a dark, serviceable suit and a severe tricorne hat; and she was wearing a misty black lace, with brilliants glittering around the décolletage—the sort of dress that just one

adjective, exquisite, can adequately describe. Indeed, almost my first impression of the party was that I have seldom seen on one and the same occasion so many beautiful dresses beautifully worn. Mary Norton's perfectly cut, perfectly draped dark green crêpe was a triumph of sartorial skill. Nellie Tayloe Ross was in crêpe too—a lattice-trimmed blue crêpe that matched her kind, bright eyes. The folds of Ruth Bryan Owen's black ciré satin had been caught together with a great pale water-lily. There was a film of cream-colored net over the rich cream-colored satin in which Edith Nourse Rogers was gowned. Mrs. Warren Delano Robbins, whose husband is our new Minister to Canada, was in rustling royal purple; and as she tints her snow-white hair to blend with her gowns, this was a lustrous lavender! The younger women looked like a cluster of flowers: Mrs. Curtis Dall, the President's daughter, in Dresden-patterned organdy; Miss Susannah Winslow Perkins Wilson ("Oh, Susannah!"), the Secretary of Labor's daughter—for Miss Frances Perkins is, in private life, Mrs. Paul C. Wilson, the wife of an eminent engineer—with a wide cherry-colored sash belting in her accordion-pleated white voile.

I was still assimilating these and other pleasing details when dinner was announced; so we passed gaily through the Green Room and the Blue Room and the Red Room, all charmingly decorated with flowers, and into the State Dining Room, which never looked (Turn to page 40)



THE SPINDLE AGE

by
MARGARET CRAVEN

He said: "Say, Sunie, where you been all my life!"

MISS SUNIE COOPER, who was nobody at all except a rather long-legged member of the spindle age, walked slowly home, concentrating in deep melancholy upon the state of her eye-winkers.

She wished very much that they were long and curly, but they weren't. And although she annointed them faithfully each night with so much goo that she could scarcely open her eyes in the morning, nothing sprouted. Not even a hair.

While she was about it, she wished that several of her bones would stay where they belonged, and not hump up in the wrong spots. And she wished very much that she had a beau.

Miss Sunie Cooper had attained fourteen years, eight months and seventeen days, but she had already learned one of life's greater truths—that almost any beau is better than no beau. Now she was upon the threshold of another truth—that if a girl has no beau, and the state becomes chronic, life is of no practical use to her. Sunie was very much afraid that her state was going to become chronic.

She turned the corner, and in front of the Demings' white Colonial house, she saw what had once been her best friend, perched on the running board of Mushroom McAndrews' little yellow car.

Well—it was too late to cross the street now. Mary Dell Deming had seen her, and though she was only four months older than Sunie, she assumed the air of a woman-of-the-world about to say hello to an infant in a baby-buggy.

"Good afternoon, Sunie," she said sweetly from a great height, and when Sunie had passed, she added for Mushroom's benefit, "That's Sunie Cooper. Such a nice little girl."

Sunie's very soul froze within her, but she walked right on.

To think that only a few months before, she and Mary Dell had spent every Saturday afternoon secluded in the darkest booth offered by The Cave, ordering mountains of ice cream with avalanches of nuts sliding down the sides into marshmallow lakes, and pledging each other eternal friendship!

She wished that Miss Linda Upshur, the nicest older girl in the whole town, would drive by right now in her long red roadster, pull up to the curb, and call out, "Hello there, Sue. Going somewhere? Hop in!" Just like that, woman to woman.

That would show Mary Dell who was grown up around here.

But no red roadster came zooming by.

She was thankful to see her own home looming up down the street, and she hoped to make port before she was beset by any more of life's smaller calamities. Then she noticed that Mrs. Pierson, who lived next door, was out in the front yard cutting roses, and that on the Pierson's side gate hung all that was left of a battered sign—



"She is the nicest little girl in town," said Linda angrily. The widow shrugged. "One doesn't enjoy having somebody snoop behind the hammock," she said

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now"—but they'll be tears of laughter. For this story is hilarious!

Illustrated by H. McCaig Starrett



Linda Upshur was once all that Sunie dreamed to be



BUD PIERSON'S DOG-WASHING STATION
LARGE DOGS—75 cents
SMALL DOGS—50 cents
FIERCE DOGS—one dollar

Was it possible that last summer when Bud had yelled, "Hey, Skinny, want a job?" she had crawled through the hedge and answered him? Was it possible that she had stood by, while he raised a lather on some frightened little dog that whined pitifully for Sunie to come to his aid for heaven's sake?

It was enough to make any nice girl feel absolutely sick, and thank goodness it was behind her. And thank goodness Bud was away at school, where he could remain forever, as far as Sunie was concerned. And thank goodness Mrs. Pierson didn't see her coming.

But she did. She dropped a rose, and as she stooped to pick it up, she saw Sunie creeping by like a mouse, and said, "Hello, Sunie. How's my nice girl?" and began to fumble around in the pocket of her golf sweater.

Sunie was stuck, and she knew it. Didn't Mrs. Pierson know that even though Mushmellon McAndrews lived in the same town and only three blocks away, he wrote Mary Dell every day of his life on the nicest stationery provided by Appleton's drugstore?

Mrs. Pierson said now, "Bud enclosed a letter for you, Sunie. I guess he's saving stamps," and handed over a piece of scratch paper, as if it were a prize.

Sunie opened it and read—"Say, we've got to write four letters a week in this dump, or we don't eat, so this is my meal-ticket. Say, how are you anyway? Why don't you write? Have you got the pip or something? Well, I'll be seeing you. Don't let anybody give you any brass nickels. So long, Bud."

Mary Dell slept with Mushmellon's letters under her pillow, but Sunie couldn't sleep on this. She said gravely, "Thank you, Mrs. Pierson. Thank you very much."

Then she walked on, and on the front steps she saw her brother, Peter, waiting for her.

Peter Courtney Cooper was only one year and four months older than she was, and didn't even shave, having nothing on his chin but a little fuzz. He lived only to make her life uncomfortable, a pastime at which he never tired, except when asleep. It was Peter who turned Sue into Sunie for no better reason than because it rhymed with looney.

"Well, well," Peter greeted her, "if here isn't ole menace to men."

Sunie ignored him, and entered the front door. On the hall table was a letter for her, but it was only an advertisement, and on the hall chair with her back to the door sat her mother, engaged in her favorite indoor sport—the telephone. Sunie removed the advertisement and sat down on the bottom step to open it.

"But, Eloise, you don't mean to say that Mushmellon gave her a whole ounce," her mother was exclaiming.

"Why, it costs eighteen dollars. I priced it when Jorgenson's had their big perfume sale. I'd certainly like to see Mrs. McAndrews' Scotch face when she finds that out."

Eloise was Mary Dell's mother. Sunie couldn't hear her reply. She could hear only a buzz-buzz, and presently Mrs. Cooper said, "I know just how you feel. Thank heavens, Sunie is still a little girl. I do hope she won't grow up too fast."

It was Mrs. Deming's turn now, and as she went at it, Sunie arose and prepared to retire to the privacy of her own room. Then something in her mother's voice stopped her.

Mrs. Cooper was making that funny, fast little "tck-tck-tck" noise with tongue and teeth, peculiar to women when they hear an especially interesting bit of news, and she was following this with a prolonged, "Oh, no-o-o-o!"

Mrs. Deming evidently replied with an equally prolonged, "Oh, yes-s-s," because she buzzed quite a while, and then Mrs. Cooper said, "You don't mean to say that the widow actually took Phil Gregg to Mrs. Penfield's tea, when she knew that Linda was going to pour?"

Mrs. Deming actually did, buzzing even a longer while about it, and then Mrs. Cooper said sadly, "Poor Linda. She's such a fine, sweet, sensible girl. Honestly, Eloise, that widow ought to be cut up for mincemeat."

Mrs. Deming must have had a lot to say about what ought to happen to the widow, for it was a long time before Mrs. Cooper got in another word. "Yes," she declared when it was her turn again. "That's just it. Everybody will talk, and nobody will do anything. It's just a shame!"

Sunie sat perfectly still upon the bottom step. She had been practically raised on Linda Upshur. She had been fed regular doses of Linda along with her cod liver oil. She had done her best to grow into another Linda, confident that it was the Lindas who inherit the earth and received as reward such prizes as Phil Gregg.

And now the first widow who moved into town, settled herself in a house with a wall around it so high that only the top of a banana tree was visible from the road, had walked off with the man Linda had every reason to believe was hers for life.

FOR the first time in her fourteen years, it dawned on Sunie that things in this world are not quite as your mother wishes them to seem. And for the first time in her life it occurred to her that the nice girls do not always inherit the earth and the Phil Greggs thereof, but that, alas, it is apt to be the Mary Dells who are rewarded with the Mushmellons.

She went up the stairs and shut the door behind her. She would have locked it, only Peter had made off with the key.

She sat down on the bed and looked around her. It was the room, she thought, of a nice little (Turn to page 57)

THE YOUNG MAN'S GIRL

The fascinating new novel of a man who hated

marriage, and of the girl who loved him and who

through her forbidden love rose to lofty heights

Illustrated by

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"**T**HIS child is a perfect model!" John Wyndward thought exultantly.

The little girl, high up on the dummy horse, bombarded him with roses. And as the sculptor sketched her, a strength and beauty entered his work which had never been there before. Chiyu Clyde, daughter of a fireman who had lost his life in the service, became—unknown to the artist—the force that made his Firemen's Memorial for Riverside Drive a monument of lasting greatness.

A selfish young man; yes, clever and insensitive. He had been kind to the child, the night her father died, when for the mere excitement Wyndward had joined his friend, Dr. Terry Quinton of Calvary Hospital, clanging in an ambulance to a water-front blaze. Thus Wyndward had come to know Chiyu. He was sent to find her, that night, in the Park, to tell her gently what had happened, to lead her home to the tenement where she lived. The thought never entered his aristocratic head that from then onward this little girl might love him utterly.

Chiyu, at Terry Quinton's suggestion, posed for a child figure in John Wyndward's memorial group. For six years the vast work went on. The child's brief weeks with him were completely forgotten. With fitting ceremony, at last the monument was unveiled.

Weary and with a sense of loss because the work was over, Wyndward went alone that evening to his studio. Suddenly Chiyu was there beside him. At first he did not recognize her—so grown, so radiantly golden. In answer to his questions, she told him of her life—her convent schooling, her present work as a shopgirl, her hope of a place in Ziegfeld's Follies, her eager presence that day at the unveiling.

With charming uncertainty she dined that night with Wyndward. At parting:

"I can't t-tell you—" To her consternation, Chiyu's voice broke childishly and her fingers closed convulsively on his.

"I can't tell you either," he said, "how welcome you have been, Chiyu. Don't quite forget me."

"No, I won't."

After a minute she lifted her face and they kissed, lightly. *Here the story continues:*

UNTIL John Wyndward was nearly thirty, the agreeably spinning world remained a Luna Park to him, including everything from Shooting the Chutes to the Barrel of Love.

Success had been easy. He and his work quickly become fashionable. He already possessed a little money; he made a great deal more. Smart New York, too busy to bother with Death, squared conscience by ordering elaborate mausoleums for those neglected while alive. But the old-fashioned broken column and the cemetery angel were out. Tombs now were guarded by Sybils, Griefs, Thinkers, and portrait busts.

Sculptural elaboration of mortuary villas kept John Wyndward, and a large studio force, busy. He did little more than design and sketch the composition, stick a few plasticine pellets on armatures, knock a few marble chips off the jowl of some dead dowager, or sketch in the whiskers of some financial power. He did a little more than that in garden sculpture, the taste for which now raged



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"He locked me out," she said, not looking at him. Wyndward thought: "What a wedding night for a girl!"

by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

among the rich. Commissions and dollars rolled in and the merry years of plenty rolled on.

Those were the heydays for making hay. He could have doubled his commissions and his office force, so wholesale became the profiteer situation and the hysteria in Wall Street. But Wyndward, long ago, had shortened his working hours. The studio was becoming, to him, something between a business office and a resort for physical culture.

At thirty he was a good-looking, well-knit young man—about-town of whom the social columns took friendly notice and whose name was familiar to the classified and unclassified alike.

He liked everything that was fashionable, both from inherited instinct and personal inclination. He dashed about Virginia in a pink coat when some unhappy fox was afoot; he golfed from Piping Rock to San Diego; he went once or twice to Scotland to shoot grouse with his blond and fashionable father; he bet at Belmont and Saratoga; he slugged a tennis ball on Newport courts.

He liked the opera, theaters, smart parties and gaudy revels. His lithe, well-made figure in its glittering gold-sealed skin, gold half-mask, and golden bi-corne, was widely remarked at the Beaux-Arts Ball. So was a tango he engaged in with Queva d'Arrios—loveliest of exotics—at a party in the private ballroom of the Parthenon Theater, sponsored by the sport population of Broadway.

Nothing ever really troubled this extremely popular and successful young man except the memory of his memorial on Riverside Drive, and of the six blessed, youthful, happy years while he was accomplishing it.

Those hopes and fears and trepidations and passionate emotions never were to be duplicated. The boy in him was dead.

And it annoyed him when people referred to that memorial as his best work.

Why? What had failed him? His work was mature, now; beautiful, brilliant, in demand. Technically his creations and interpretations were splendidly adequate. How, then, could he be one of those unfortunates whose bolt is sped in the first effort—one of those who write only one book, paint only one picture—one of those remembered only by a single opera, a solitary song?

Nevertheless he knew black moments of doubt when memory of his Firemen's Monument and of those youthful years smote him suddenly like a slap in the face, knocking every atom of equanimity out of him, presenting a depressing picture of himself as a jaunty juggler with clay and marble, dexterous and glib and suave as a three-card expert at a fair.

In one of his not too frequent and fugitive heart-affairs—Queva d'Arrios being his careless preoccupation of the moment—she emerged exasperated and prophetic from an April storm of tears.

"The trouble with you, Jack Wyndward, is that you never have known the grief of love, only its laughter."

"When I'm agreeably in love I don't blow up like a pack of fire-crackers—"

"God knows you don't. What's a kiss, a caress to you? A friendly pastime! What does a girl's heart signify to you? Nothing!"

"Well, hang it all—"

"Yes, hang it all, what about it? I am not trying to



"Will you come back to me?" he asked when Captain Jauncey cut in. "I'd better not," Chiyu said, distressed

marry you, am I?" In Queva's voice was a note of defiance.

"No. But I don't quite understand—"

"You don't understand what a girl—any girl—wants when she's in love? I'll tell you: She wants you to love, too, and raise hell about it!"

"I don't raise hell, you know—"

"You will if you ever are really in love—"

"Oh, no—"

"Oh, yes! I am of Latin blood. I know. I know too that your beautiful, nerveless, heartless and artistic work is no better than an instinctive trick which you have cultivated and which has no other value."

Tears blinded her again and she had trouble with her lovely, impassioned voice.

"I am not complaining; I know it was only a game we played. I've often played it; so have you—not so often. It's my fault. My own funeral. But one can't help taking one's own funeral a little seriously."

Wyndward had no use for marriage. Marriage! That stupidity? It seemed to be lodged in the minds of all women except the very richest. Plenty of them had made that plain to him, even with his modest income. But he had a real horror of being hobbled with hand-cuffs and leg-irons.

As for the lady's sting regarding his work:

"What's the matter with it?" he wondered. "Am I really only a contented cud-chewer? The stuffed prophet of all that is smooth and smug? I sweated once. And

knew despair." With that, his head sank into his hands.

He thought of the American sculptor, David Barrak, glorious once, youthfully great; now degenerated to a public jest. Now only a mop of hair, still golden, shadowing a ghastly, caved-in face.

But it had been asinine dissipation that had infected the once superb work of David Barrak; and had nearly finished him, now.

"What a fall!" Wyndward mused: that lean, six-foot Lucifer of flame and light, stricken amid physical and domestic wreckage, tumbling through the social void, down into the nasty bog of modernism.

ONE evening, in his Park Avenue penthouse, still wearing a silken lounge-robe over his white evening waistcoat, Wyndward stood before his mirror, pulling and twisting a white evening tie to suit his taste.

Something made him think of his marble group on Riverside Drive; he gave a last nervous, irritated tug at his tie; then, as though his reflected features suddenly sickened him, he turned away and stood with lowered head beside the lamp-lit table, gnawing at his upper lip.

He dropped into a deep armchair and rested his freshly shaven cheek against one strong young fist. Zest for anything impending had vanished.

Was the fact that he once had done something fine—and only once—going to haunt him (Turn to page 71)

THE ADOPTED CHILD

by **JESSIE TAFT**



Photograph by Ruth A. Nichols

THE baby was asleep in the playroom crib when I picked him up, to carry him into my office where the prospective parents sat anxiously waiting. His blue eyes opened just enough to betray their color and, as he resumed his nap trustingly, the round head with its wisps of softly curling hair burrowed into my shoulder. I walked down the hall, loving the pressure of the soft rounded body, so unaware of the momentous decision about to be made for him! How did we dare to do it; how could anyone venture to choose parents for another human being?

"There isn't anybody in the world good enough to have such a precious baby," I said to myself, fiercely. "If they find fault with the shape of his head or want him to have more hair, I can't bear it. And if they ask me whether he is sure to go through college, I shall scream. I hope you don't cry at the sight of them, baby, for they probably wouldn't take a baby who cries."

By the time I had reached my office door, I was mindful once more of the feelings of the man and woman who sat waiting.

I opened the door and prepared to help both them and the baby through a trying hour. This I am fitted to do by virtue of long experience in a child-placing agency whose business it is to find suitable homes for children who are legally free for adoption.

Adoption, in case the reader does not know, is a legal procedure, varying somewhat in the different states, by which a foster child is given all the rights, privileges and obligations of an own child. It is quite possible to adopt a child psychologically and humanly, without adopting it legally. Child-placing agencies usually engage in this type of placement also, retaining the nominal guardianship while the foster family takes over the real responsibility and uses the agency as a friendly resource in case of need.

The reader may think from the description of my immediate feelings, that giving a child to a family for adoption is a hasty, impulsive affair. And so it is, alas, too many times, when uninformed husbands and wives,

with great need for a child, allow an irresponsible doctor, hospital, clergyman, maternity home or benevolent individual, to hand over an unknown baby with no guarantee of any kind that the baby will be right for them or they the right parents for the baby. Only the responsible and experienced child-placing agency is in a position to work out such decisions without too much damage to children and prospective parents.

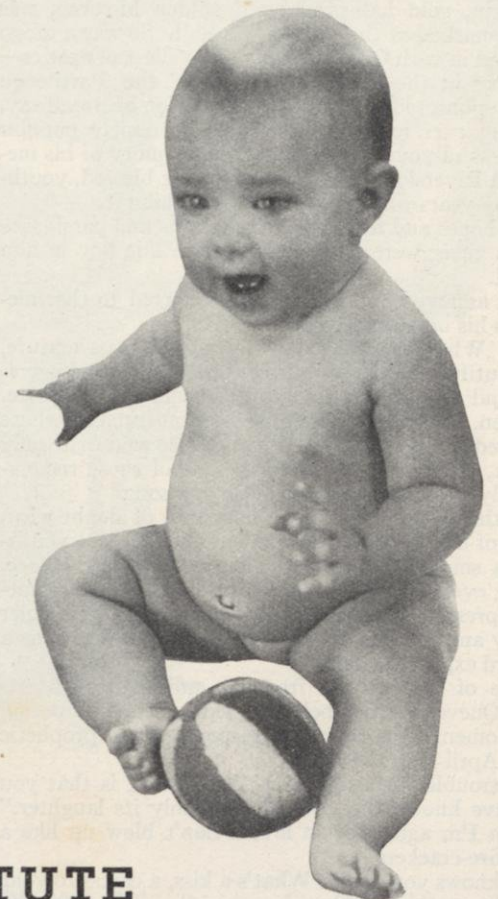
Perhaps you would like to know what you, reader, could expect if you came to a reliable social agency, whose business it is to place children in foster homes, and asked for a child.

It would be the task of the social worker to find out from you, perhaps even to help you to find out, just why you want a child and what you expect of it; to get a picture of the kind of child who would fit into your home, to find out what traits of character, what bodily peculiarities, what social factors would be absolutely unacceptable. She would want to assure herself of your ability to take on a child financially with some guarantee for the future, and to convince herself of reasonably normal health and a good marital relationship. For these purposes, there would doubtless be several visits and talks with all members of the family who were immediately concerned.

Perhaps you are wondering on what basis the agency might refuse to give a child to those who ask for it. I can only indicate very generally some of the possible bases of rejection and assure you that any such decision is made with the greatest care and consideration. There are people in the world who think of a child as a toy, not very different from a cat or a dog; something to dress up and play with while it is cute and little. They have no conception of the responsibilities of parents. There are cranks who are looking for a child on whom to try out their various theories—of health, education, religion or what not. There are individuals who will take a child to punish some other member of the family; who want to use a child as a weapon in a fight. There are neurotic women who ask for a child as a cure: the doctor says they need to occupy their minds; a child in the house would do them good. There are failing marriages which hope to mend the situation by introducing children. These, in addition to the parents who are financially, physically or morally unfit, are the types of people to whom the agency would not be justified in giving a child.

I have assumed that the applicants are married, with a normal father-and-mother relationship to offer. But

suppose you, a single woman (single men rarely apply), have the means and the desire to bring up a child, what would be your fate at the hands of a child-placing agency? I must be frank with you. No agency with the interest of the young child at heart will accept a single woman as an adoption parent, if a normal home can be found. Every child needs a father, and every child needs more than one parent. Two women, a father and daughter, a mother and a son, a sister and brother, are better than a lone woman, in our opinion. However, there is always the possibility of a particular situation which makes it possible to give a child to a suitable individual without the orthodox family set-up. *(Turn to page 57)*



DELINEATOR INSTITUTE

Department of Child Training



She knew her husband wouldn't like her to be at a gay supper party, but in those days she was very young and reckless, and she did enjoy it so

SCAPEGOAT

by **GRACE ZARING STONE**

Illustrated by Carl Mueller



THE train stopped outside Evansburgh in a cornfield full of yellow light. Mimi lifted her hat to wipe her forehead with a handkerchief.

"It certainly is hot down here," she said, "and Mamma always hated the heat."

Old Mr. Albright rested his immaculate elbow on the back of the seat and leaned forward to look out the window.

"It is going to storm," he said. "It will be cooler by morning."

"What are we waiting for?" Mimi asked.

A traveling man sitting across the aisle answered her: "They switch over to another track, lady."

The train gave a sudden lurch and Mimi clutched Mr. Albright's arm to keep from falling.

"Well, here we go." She smiled wanly at him while a tear slid down her cheek.

At the L. & N. station they got a taxi.

Mr. Albright looked out as they drove. "It is certainly going to storm, and that will scare Louella to death."

"Yes," said Mimi, "Mamma always puts a pink satin cushion over her head to keep out lightning . . ."

"I feel so badly," she added, "not being with her when she was taken sick. She is such a child about so many things. Even—" Mimi hesitated—"even when she is a little thoughtless like a child, it is part of her charm, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Mr. Albright.

Mimi turned to the window at her side. She wished she hadn't made that remark about Mamma. It had sounded unkind. They were passing the old Vendome Hotel and a solitary man was sitting in a rocking-chair before it; from the darkness of the entrance behind him Mimi could imagine the smell of stale cigar smoke and boiled food.

"What a place!" she exclaimed, "and Mamma says it was considered a bang-up hotel in her day."

Mr. Albright didn't seem to hear this, and Mimi remembered that for all his fastidiousness he always stayed at the Vendome. When people don't talk to me, thought Mimi, I get nervous and say anything. I didn't mean just now, for instance, that Mamma was actually selfish; I only meant thoughtless. I hope it didn't sound as though I meant selfish.

"You'd better sit back and relax now," said Mr. Albright.

He was sitting back himself, fingering the elk's tooth on his watch chain. He looked very small and bleached, and his clothes were too new-looking. In his tie a small bright diamond glittered like a drop of water. Mimi knew, without knowing much about men, that Mr. Albright wasn't quite "correct"—perhaps because he was always so very careful. He was, however, what Mimi called chivalrous. No one could be more thoughtful, in his way, than Mr. Albright.

He had first appeared in Chicago ten years ago, with a letter and message from Mamma. Friends of Mamma's

were always turning up in Chicago, the kind of men that Mimi was already used to in Evansburgh. Mr. Albright was quite different from any of them. Mimi had really liked him at once. He was arid, humorless, rigidly dainty in his movements, his gray eyes were filmed over slightly, like a crow's eyes, and it was impossible to guess his age, except that he must be old. There was a remoteness about him, but Mimi always felt that somewhere in him was not only a real concern for herself, but a reserve of strength and decent feeling. The only trouble was that he was hard to talk to.

They were driving along the Ohio now, through the little strip of parkway. The finest houses were along here.

They passed the parkway and drove by empty lots full of fennel and jimson-weed, past rows of wooden houses, more empty lots and then the gas works. Beyond this the road turned from the river to run through truck gardens, but at the iron fence bounding Mrs. Hargraves' property, it made an angle and came close along the edge of the high clay banks. The fence was broken in one or two places and the peaches in the orchard were rotting on the ground.

"Poor Mamma," said Mimi. "She certainly has let the place run down."

The house itself was of brick and seemed in good condition, but its big porches and the little iron boy holding an umbrella in a fountain, now dry, gave it the melancholy of an abandoned country house.

When they stopped, Mimi jumped out, leaving Mr.

Albright to speak to the driver and take out the bags. She ran up the steps breathlessly, pushing open the unlatched front door. Just inside she paused. On the floor at her feet lay the familiar patches of red, blue and yellow light reflected from the colored glass fan over the door, and seeing them, she recognized at once what had checked her.

In the world outside she managed to live well enough with an image of her mother that she had made for herself, through long years, and was still making. But these colors, so quietly a part of the genius of the house, brought already that break which must occur when her image was faced by its reality.

In the drawing-room she heard Mrs. Hargraves clear her throat; then her sweet, husky voice saying:

"Is that you, baby?"

Mimi ran through the door and the length of the drawing-room to where Mrs. Hargraves lay on a sofa.

"Oh, Mamma," she exclaimed, dropping her head on to the cushiony shoulder.

Mr. Albright coming in, said: "Well, Louella, what are you trying to do? Sending us telegrams and all, and here you are up on a sofa."

A trained nurse stood in the pantry door with a cup of milk. "Why, it must be Miss Hargraves!" she exclaimed. "Your mother will certainly be glad to see you."

please. Mimi, looking at her, saw why the image she made was not strong enough to stand before her mother's superior vitality and saw too why it was not necessary that it should. Mrs. Hargraves' physical presence had some power which made the things she said and did, what she was, for the time endurable. Only when Mimi could no longer see the easy flow of life in all her mother's posturings did she become intolerable. Then something brutal and naked remained, and an image, however fictitious, had to be made.

"Well, Mamma, you look fine," Mimi said.

Mrs. Hargraves finished her milk, wiped a drop spilled on her bed-jacket and fluffed out her laces. Then she looked closely at her daughter.

"But you're pale, baby, you've been working too hard."

"Oh, no, Mamma, it is only the trip and the heat. I'm all right."

"But I don't like you looking pale. It makes you look old. What are they paying my little girl now?"

Mimi lowered her voice: "Seventy-five a week. I have charge of the whole misses' floor. I'll be a buyer first thing you know."

"Good. That's fine. Still, I don't like you working too hard."

The nurse said that Mrs. Hargraves had better be getting a little nap and Mimi got up. "We'll come and

across the pane. Well, if it doesn't lightning much, she thought, Mamma won't need her satin pillow.

She went over to the bed and lay down, her hands clasped behind her head. This room was the one corner of the house that did not seem a part of Mrs. Hargraves. It had meant two things to Mimi: first, peace, the place of childish escapes from Mamma, feeling the sudden relief of being alone, the sense of refreshment in her own cleanliness and narrowness; but then it had meant also the place of fear and bad dreams. She was never long here before she began to both dread and hope for the living presence to comfort her. There were no nightmares when Mamma was about. Darling Mamma, so unfortunate, so loving, so defenseless, how could she have helped what happened? So the bright wavering image would begin to form, driving away other images that could not be endured.

Mimi dozed for a few moments. She pulled herself awake with a start and got up. It was still raining, but the sky had lightened and she went downstairs.

The nurse sat by Mrs. Hargraves, who lay with her eyes closed. The nurse smiled and put a finger on her lips. Mimi tiptoed about the room, looking at various familiar things. In the gold cabinet, behind glass, was a collection of tiny silver filigree objects, chairs, tables, grand pianos, guitars, and to show the advance of civilization, a tiny silver automobile. Mimi, as a child, used to



Mr. Hargraves always kept a pistol in the drawer of the desk in the library. He tried to kill them both, but there was a struggle and—

"And my old friend, Mr. Albright," said Mrs. Hargraves.

"Mr. Albright." The nurse came forward, nodding brightly. "Now, I can only give you good folks a few moments. We mustn't tire her while she takes her nourishment, but later you can all have a nice cosy talk."

She sat down by Mrs. Hargraves and began to feed her the milk through a glass tube.

Mr. Albright wandered over to a window. Mimi sat by Mrs. Hargraves, trying to keep an affectionate, unworried smile on her lips, nodding from time to time.

Mrs. Hargraves often reminded people of those gilded figures with the faces of coy, voluptuous cherubs and the bodies of mature women that lounge on the ceilings of old-fashioned theaters and opera houses. This resemblance was such that they were almost tempted to look for dust on her blondined curls. Her face was swollen and florid but her little ears, crisp and precise as shells, and the sharp blue of her eyes remained intact in the midst of heavy flesh, and all the gestures of her hands, swollen so that the rings bit into them, and even the movement of her lips as she sucked milk through the tube, were those of a woman who has never failed to

see you after you've had your rest. Come on, Mr. Albright."

She leaned over and kissed Mrs. Hargraves. In the hall, the nurse carefully closed the door.

"What does the doctor say?"

"Well, we're a wee bit worried about her heart. The kidneys have really improved. But what the doctor wants now is for her to take a good long rest."

"Louella won't rest," said Mr. Albright.

Mimi moved uneasily in the gloom of the hall. Mr. Albright fingered his elk's tooth. "I guess I'll go along to the hotel," he said. "Get settled. What time will the doctor be here?"

"He comes about seven-thirty."

"I'll come with him." He took his hat from the rack.

Mimi went slowly upstairs to her room. It was so dark that she could scarcely see, though it was only five o'clock, but she groped about, taking off her hat and coat, washing up in the little dressing room. There were a few flares of lightning outside. She carried a hand-mirror over to the window to smooth her hair and stood looking over the inky blue sky, the river, and a vivid, furry line of willows on the Kentucky shore. As she stood there, rain lashed

get these out sometimes and play house with them. She created domestic dramas around them, a mamma who was enacted by herself, a doll, who was the little girl. The little girl couldn't behave, she did awful things, but the mamma was very good and always forgave her. There were no fathers, no brothers, no men at all.

"Mimi."

She turned and saw the nurse had noiselessly left the room. She hurried across and took her chair by the sofa.

"I want to talk to you."

"Don't tire yourself, dear."

"I won't. Now listen, baby, first of all I want you to know that in case anything happens, I've made Mr. Albright my executor. He understands all about my investments, and he is a good man. You won't have any worries."

"That's all right, Mamma." Mimi did not even pause at this choice of Mr. Albright. It seemed entirely fitting. "But don't let us talk about it, Mamma."

"Only one more thing, baby. My jewel-box is locked in the desk drawer there. You take the key." She fumbled for a gold chain lost in fat and laces, and Mimi slipped the key off. "There! All my (Turn to page 49)

CRUSADER



Associated Press Photo

Her quiet ways, her gentle voice, the shy charm of her, have been known to disarm even Congressmen

SOMETIMES there stands, behind one of those fragments of human evolution called causes, an individual so remarkable in herself that the story of her as a person, her development as a human being, her struggle against the barriers set up for her by the world and the vocation of her choice, is even more stirring than the story of her crusade.

The best of these crusaders are apt to hide very far back behind the surface of their jobs. But if you succeed in disentangling them from their causes, you may find that you have a genius where you knew only a name.

Such a person is Margaret Sanger. Did you ever see her? Small and slender and shy she is, looking not at all like one's preconceived idea of a great woman leader. She is too slim and too essentially feminine. She wears her clothes too well. These, like the red-gold hair that used to swirl across her forehead in a flaming cloud and now is coiffed so quietly, are the outward and visible signs of a strength that is held in leash, and fires that are banked.

She was a fighting, red-headed rebel in the old days, with more than a touch of Celtic mysticism and Irish humor to give her faith in herself and the power to win others. Now she looks as harmless as a dove, but she still wins others. Her quiet ways, her gentle voice, the warm, shy charm of her have been known to disarm even Congressmen. Her gray eyes are spaced wide apart and she seems always—even when she is talking most intimately—to be seeing through you to some future, imagined but not quite achieved.

There is a statue of Joan of Arc which has something of her gallant poise, and the memory of it hovers in your mind as you talk with her. She, too, has heard voices and led forlorn hopes, has held steadfast to her purpose though the whole world cried out against her. Joan wanted freedom for her country and the throne for her king. Margaret Sanger has fought all her life for the rights of women.

Yet she is the great unknown. Ask most people about her, and they will look vague, mention birth control, and venture uneasily, "Didn't she get arrested or something?"

Here is the story of Margaret Sanger: the person, first, and then the outline of what happened to her when she attempted to tell women how their own bodies behaved in

the marriage relationship and the bearing of children, and what they could do to improve the one and regulate the other. It is a story of drama and terror, of the surging up of the spirit of persecution that in the old days burned witches and cut off Quakers' ears; of how prejudice and blind emotion were exorcised and pent-up fury led into the cool paths of economic theory and the mathematics of population control.

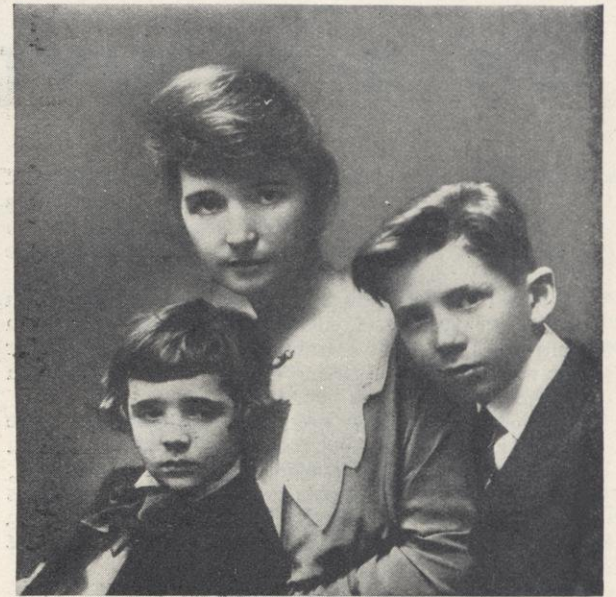
Margaret Higgins she was, in the beginning, a little red-head born in Corning, New York, the sixth child in a family that was to have eleven children before the weary body of her mother rebelled and died. Her father was a stone-cutter by trade, a stormy, powerful Irishman who adored Bob Ingersoll, the agnostic; worshipped Henry George, the single-taxer; and would rather hold forth in argument than earn a living any day. Her mother was a devout Catholic. Between their two diametrically opposed views, the child Margaret grew up, half persuaded by the mystic power of her mother's church, half swayed by the downright words and the biting wit of her father's argument.

There was very little money in the house. By careful, patient stretching, it could be made to cover bread and shoes; but all the sewing, the washing, the cooking, the scrubbing, the caring for the children and the nursing when they were sick was done by Mother Higgins. Babies came as regularly as the years rolled around, and were welcomed with a warm affection that no amount of pain or hardship or poverty could chill. And if one of them died, he was mourned as deeply as though there would never be another one to take his place.

Mrs. Sanger herself tells a story that illustrates better than any amount of analysis the almost savage strength of the emotion that ruled in the household. A baby boy died, and her mother's grief was made more bitter by the fact that she had no picture of any kind to keep her memory of him fresh. So one dark night her father went to the graveyard, and giving little Margaret the lantern to hold, warned her to watch the path and see that no one disturbed him. In the dim and flickering light he opened his son's new grave, dug up the recently buried coffin, and taking out the body, made a plaster cast of the little dead face. Then he filled in the grave again, (Turn to page 46)

Whether or not you believe in Birth Control, Margaret Sanger, its champion, is a great woman, a thoughtful woman, whose life story can't fail to interest you

by **MILDRED ADAMS**



Margaret Sanger, as she looked at fourteen. Above, with her sons. From the family album



MADAME of the

by **I. A. R. WYLIE**

The story of a wayside inn, by the author whose

THE long white car flashed between the double rank of tall black poplars. Its immense headlights turned the dusty Grande Route to a silver ribbon. They sent long inquiring shafts far ahead into the narrow street of a village.

Michael Stormont dropped from sixty to forty, from forty to twenty. French villagers—not to mention French poultry—had a trick of sauntering out straight under your wheels and then calling down the wrath of heaven and the gendarmerie on your head.

Stormont didn't know why he had stopped—any more than he knew why he had been traveling sixty miles an hour for six hundred miles over bad French roads.

He switched off the engine and yawned. What a mess he'd made of his life. And what an irrational reflection and how ridiculous to make it, parked in the street of a

strange village. Suppose he knocked up one of the villagers who probably lived on potatoes and *pot au feu* for six days out of seven and explained that having written—without travail—six best-sellers, eight long-run plays, having discovered the source of a river in South America, crossed the length of Africa by plane, shot lions in India, survived the Great War with just an appropriate scratch, he was a complete wash-out.

Stormont lay back and looked up at the strip of night sky between the pointed roofs. Well, he'd better be getting on. The thought of that plush-and-gilt hotel at Dieppe gave him the shudders. Still, one had to sleep somewhere. Tomorrow he'd take Sylvia by the scruff of the neck to a registry office and get it over. They'd been messing about too long. At thirty-eight one has to do something decisive, even if it's decisively wrong. And

anyway Sylvia liked going sixty. And she couldn't stay anywhere more than a week. If they kept moving, they might be all right.

He was beginning to notice the silence. After the day's roar and rattle, it almost hurt. The insipid light of the moon faintly illuminated a square-built old house and a sign hanging overhead. Stormont made out the painting of a bird in flight, and the quaint lettering: "*Auberge au Chant d'Alouette.*"

A gust of wind gave the sign a little push so that it murmured faintly and the bird's wings seemed to flutter. "Inn of the Lark's Song," Stormont translated. Rather quaint. But probably the place itself was awful. So for less reason than usual he unpeeled himself from the driver's seat, shook the cramp out of his limbs, climbed the steps to the inn door and pushed it open.

He was hungry. And he hadn't known it—hadn't known it for years. It was the odors—exquisite, subtle, going straight to a man's heart. It was the kitchen itself—because, among other things, it was a wise, consoling old kitchen that had been mixed up with the queer affairs of men for a long time and had learned to take them as they came.

Between the fire and a long table a little man in a tall white cap and wrapped in a huge white apron was preparing something very serious in a big bowl. To right and left of him red-faced lobsters lay in serried ranks, like grenadiers awaiting orders. Stormont reckoned fifty of them and was relieved. Two would be enough. A little pink-cheeked serving-maid with a pile of plates up to her eyes came through a swing-door and stopped dead to stare at him. Stormont smiled. She smiled back, blushed and vanished. Stormont laughed.

The little man in the white apron looked up.

"Monsieur is amused?"

"I was thinking of Chartres Cathedral," Stormont said. "It is like this kitchen."

"Perfection—" said the little man—"is perfection."

"Quite," Stormont murmured.

"There is nothing like Chartres or my kitchen in France, monsieur." He picked up an exceptional lobster by a whisker and inspected it earnestly. "Monsieur desires—?"

"Just that particular fellow with whatever sauce is causing that exquisite, atmospheric disturbance."

"Sauce Bonet. I am Monsieur Bonet—the inventor of the sauce."

"Congratulations, monsieur."

They waved to each other. The little serving-maid had come back with more plates, to look at Stormont. Through the half-open door he caught a glimpse of a long table at which innumerable gentlemen were seated in solemn waiting. They were elderly and very French. They had napkins tucked in their waistcoats and bristled with fierce gray whiskers.

"It is to be regretted that we should be at the limit of our resources—" the little man said.

Five minutes before, Stormont would have declared that nothing in the world mattered. He had become suddenly and passionately determined to have his dinner.



"Here I am," Stormont said, pleadingly, "the dust of continents in my hair and in my throat"



LARK'S SONG

new novel begins next month in Delineator

Illustrated by OSCAR HOWARD

"Are you turning me away from your table, monsieur?"
"Voyons, monsieur, I have no choice. And Dieppe is only forty kilometers——"

"You suggest Dieppe to me after savoring the Sauce Bonet——"

The little man wavered. Finally he shrugged his shoulders. "I will ask the patronne." At the foot of the stairs he called up into the shadow. "Madame Dupont—here is a gentleman who desires to eat."

"Now, if it is a woman," Stormont thought triumphantly, "I am saved!"

She came at once. But she was halfway down the stairs before he saw her clearly. She was a big woman. She was like the kitchen. Like Chartres Cathedral. Stormont who hadn't eaten all day and was a little drunk with fresh air and speed and the heady delicious odors, swept off his motoring helmet.

"Madame—you are the spirit of kindness and charity. You would not turn away a starving dog——"

Fortunately you could say absurd things like that in France—even if you were an Englishman. He spoke French very well, with an English accent that he had managed to make charming. At least French women had told him so. This French woman looked at him thoughtfully. She had a broad, calm forehead from which the brown hair waved back to a neat coil at the nape of the neck. He couldn't tell the color of her eyes. Or her age. Thirtyish. With French women you couldn't be sure. At any rate, mature and settled. Probably a husband in the background. Yes—Monsieur Bonet had called her madame.

"The gentleman desires to eat," Monsieur Bonet repeated.

"I regret, monsieur——"

"But madame——"

"You see for yourself—all these gentlemen have preceded you."

"Forty of them," Monsieur Bonet interjected. "You can count their cars in the courtyard. We are renowned. They come from Rouen, Yvetot, Dieppe, Le Havre——"

"Dieppe—Le Havre," Stormont echoed scornfully, looking up at her. "Do you know where I come from?" He saw a faint change come over her calm face. Her eyebrows lifted and there was a flash of light in the shadowed eyes.

"Where *do* you come from, monsieur?"

"Ah, that depends on your starting point, madame. I think I started from an English village thirty-eight years ago. I have been traveling here ever since—via India, China, the South Seas, Russia. I have been traveling faster and faster. This morning I knew I must make twelve hundred kilometers if I was to be here in time. And here I am—the dust of continents in my hair and in my throat——"

She smiled—very faintly, as though she did not want him to see that she was smiling. She came on down the stairs and passed him, not looking at him.

"We must have a heart for such a traveler, Paul."

"Eh, bien, madame. We'll do our best for monsieur."

"Thank you," said Stormont, bowing. He had won. Well—he always did win. But this time his victory had a savor to it.

They set him at a little table by himself and near enough to a shot-pitted airplane propeller on the wall for him to read the inscription, "Paul Bonet—1917." So Monsieur Bonet, who was now busy breaking eggs in a bowl, had been a dangerous fellow in his day. Stormont who had just eaten *soupe à l'onion* beyond praise, had an absurd desire to tell Monsieur Bonet that he too had been in that old, half-forgotten show.

"Monsieur desires to drink——?"

Madame stood at his elbow. She laid the *carte du vin* in front of him. He found himself looking at her hand again. If a cyclone struck the house she would manage it. Sylvia's white hands were like little nervous claws——

"A remarkable cellar, madame. Your husband must be a connoisseur."

"I have no husband, monsieur."

"Pardon—I regret——"

"There is no cause for regret."

A trifle callous, perhaps. But then the French were notoriously unsentimental. Probably the late patron, for all his taste in wine, had been a disagreeable fellow. Large and red-faced. Stormont, who liked to be the biggest man present, was definitely glad that he was dead.

"I would suggest the *vin du pays*, monsieur."

"As you please, madame," he said.

She was gone. He wished she had waited.

The other guests were going. They strolled through, buzzing contentment. The elderly officer shook hands with Monsieur Bonet. Evidently old (Turn to page 29)



"I was so bored, darling," Sylvia said. "I came from London to see what was un-boring you"

Mr. FORTUNE

THE MYSTERY OF MRS. JOSHUA BUTTER



TO THE proverb that God made the country and man made the town, Mr. Fortune once added that the devil made country houses. It was in a moment of spleen over the affair at St. Gabriel's.

St. Gabriel's is in an angle of Cornwall, still undiscovered. There the family, of which old Lord Colant is now the last shy head, has lived since the darkest ages. The present house is only respectable seventeenth century stuff, but some people say its water garden is the oldest in England. Once Reggie delivered Lord Colant from the mouth of the worst bore in his most dangerous club. Pathetic gratitude produced an invitation, warm and vague, to visit the lilies of St. Gabriel's.

By the next summer this was confirmed in a letter from the lady who rules St. Gabriel's—Lord Colant's widowed niece, Mrs. Duntisbourne.

Observe Mr. and Mrs. Fortune now sitting with Lord Colant in the arbor of wistaria which surveys the lilies, white, red and gold, floating on a blue-green pool.

"All bathed in sort of gray-green-lavender light," Reggie murmured. "Feels highly celestial. Feels highly afternoon." His dreamy eyes watched Arnold Boteler, the last new poet, a handsome little fellow in spite of whiskers. From above came a cheerful noise of games played not too seriously. Boteler made haste to get away from it.

Lord Colant caressed the little white point of his beard and uttered the result of profound meditation: "We're a very long way from London. That is pleasant. I didn't think you would be able to come. There are a great many of us just now." He sighed and again looked sorrow at Reggie. "I hope you won't mind."

Mrs. Fortune made a little gesture to the pool. "This is exquisite," she said. "Worth more than the longest way anywhere."

"Thank you, thank you." Lord Colant seemed to discover her for the first time and dimly admire her, but his eyes returned to Reggie. "You must have to do with many unpleasant things," he said.

"That is my department," Reggie smiled. "Life's revoltin' elements—scheme of evolution produces medical men to deal with 'em—same like good bugs to eat bad bugs."

Lord Colant's fragile face quivered. "You are talking science?" His tone was of fastidious disgust. "Science frightens me. It is so certain and so inadequate. I wasn't thinking of your medical work, Fortune, if you'll forgive me. I meant your work with crime."

"Same department—less important section," Reggie murmured. "Results only slight and superficial. Medical work can handle causes. Work with crime never gets beyond symptoms. And the worst kind of crime don't come up to the police."

"I don't know what you mean," said Lord Colant. Reggie sighed. "Quite clear and dull. Crime as handled by the police, murder and theft and what not, are only

symptoms of disease. Main causes: cruelty, greed, desire to dominate. Worst effects in crime not forbidden by law—destruction of happiness, breakin' peoples' souls."

Lord Colant gazed at him. "Yes, indeed. A terrible world. A helpless world. One does not wish to pass this way again, Fortune. Now you would like to go to your room." He rose with effort. "Dear me, is that somebody calling?"

"Calling for you," Mrs. Fortune smiled at him. "She wants you to pass her way again."

A gay and rosy girl came into sight, still calling upon him:

"Uncle—Uncle Francis!"

"I suppose we haven't had tea," said Lord Colant sadly and gave Mrs. Fortune his arm.

"Have you seen Arnold?" the girl cried.

"Have I? Yes, he was walking down the stream, I think."

"Oh, well!" she said. "Leave him alone and he'll come home, bringing his tail behind him." She fell into step with Reggie. "Aren't you dying for tea?"

The houseparty was spread out at tea on the lawn and as they approached, its members were classified by Reggie's dreamy eyes: only one real niece, Mrs. Duntisbourne, lady of the house, chubby and motherly, fussy and kind; two grand-nieces, the rosy girl, Rachel Dutton, Cicely Boteler, wife of the vanishing poet and Mrs. Duntisbourne's daughter—she knew all about the charms of her small shape and her red hair—rather restless, rather peevish. Two grand-nephews: Rachel's brother Jack, and Cicely's brother Tommy, jovial, noisy young barbarians. Three people not of the family: a man called Eston, who was Bill to everybody, a large, lusty fellow, carelessly pleased with himself and the world; the Orfords, a married couple, sleek and perky.

Nothing new in any or all, except their faces. The old, familiar salad of a party.

Across the lawn Rachel called out, "Arnold's vanished, Cicely. Gone dreaming off somewhere."

"Oh, my dear, shouldn't you—?" Mrs. Duntisbourne fluttered to her daughter.

"No, I shouldn't," said Cicely. "Don't fuss, mother." Then the usual chatter of nothings involved them all . . .

When they straggled back to the house, the afternoon post was spread out on the hall table. Reggie lingered a moment, while his wife—expecting nothing—went upstairs.

On the top of one pile he saw a letter addressed to
Mrs. Josh. Butter,
c/o Mrs. Arnold Boteler,
St. Gabriel's,
Cornwall

Reggie went upstairs very slowly. He saw Cicely's red head come in, bend over the letter table and jerk back. She snatched up the letter to Mrs. Joshua Butter, looked

The poet crushed the pages and flung them away in fury. There, Reggie knew at once, was a clue!

is ON THE CASE!

by H. C. BAILEY

Maybe they did not mean to murder the little poet, but it is just as well that Mr. Reggie Fortune was on hand to work on this cruel and peculiar mystery



quickly all round her, then took the others in her pile and hurried to the staircase.

When Reggie came to the first corridor he found Boteler, the poet, there. The little man sat in the corner of the landing, curled up, one leg under him. He was watching the hall below like a cat.

Reggie walked on to his room and heard a scurry of feet, a muttering of angry voices, and then the slam of a door . . .

He likes to watch his wife brush her hair. He came from his bath into her room, kissed the nape of her neck, laid himself upon the couch and contemplated the rhythms of amber hair and white arms.

From her mirror Mrs. Fortune's amber eyes looked back at him. "He's a dear old thing, Reggie," she said reproachfully.

"Meanin' his lordship? Yes. I think so."

"Why did you frighten him?"

"Not me. No," Reggie murmured. "He was in a state o' fright before. What did you make of the other people?"

"Oh, my dear! Ordinary of the ordinary."

"Yes, I think so. Mass-production types of the well-to-do. Only possible exception, the vanishin' poet. He's written a line or two with mind in it. Why should they bother us? Common people are all right. But old Lord Colant is afraid of this sample."

"He didn't say that," Mrs. Fortune protested.

Reggie smiled. "No. He never says anything. He doesn't know how. He makes you feel."

"He makes me sorry for him," said Mrs. Fortune. "He's so vague and helpless. I suppose you were fishing when you talked crime."

"Yes. Bein' invited to. I didn't catch much, did I? Only fear."

"Do you think he's right? Could there be something horrible here? With these people?"

"My dear girl! Oh, my dear girl! With any people. Sort of thing that goes to the police court? No, probably not. We're all under control. We know our little world. But legal deadly sins—oh, yes."

"You don't expect anything?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," Reggie murmured. "There was an odd thing!" He told her of the letter to Mrs. Joshua Butter and its reception by Cicely Boteler and her husband.

Mrs. Fortune frowned. "That might have a hundred explanations."

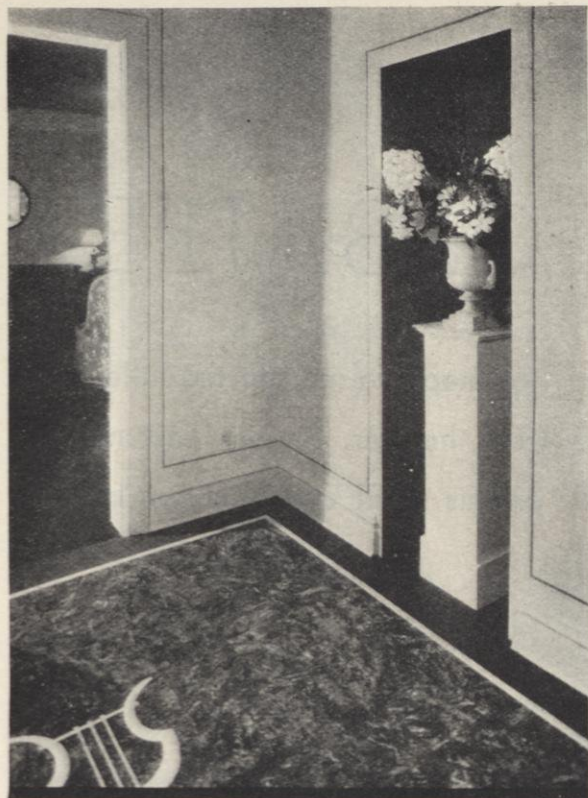
"You think so? I wonder. Letter to Mrs. Joshua Butter put on the top of Mrs. Boteler's letters. Thus bein' obvious to all. That interested me. Natural place underneath those bearing her name only."

"Oh, but that's too subtle, Reggie," Mrs. Fortune cried.

"Well, well. And I thought it so simple," Reggie complained. "However. There's the (Turn to page 32)

Illustrated by MARSHALL FRANTZ

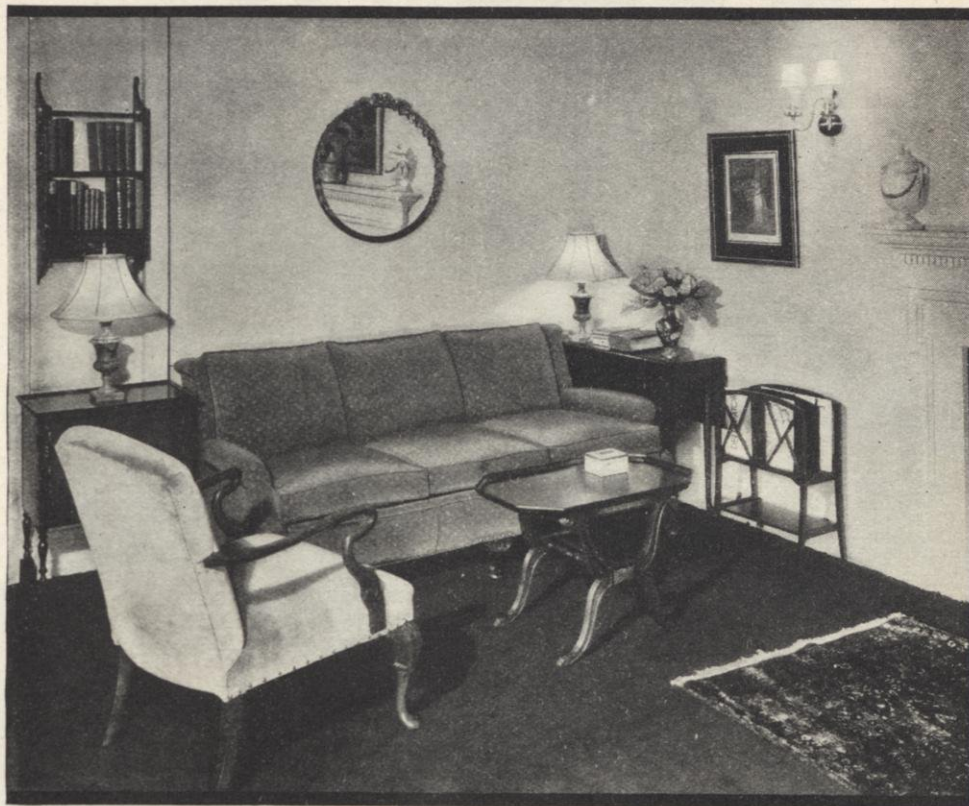
HOW ABOUT A NEW DEAL



Unusual linoleum and niche make small hall seem large

The outer, six-inch border is a chocolate color; the white line within is one inch wide. Walls and woodwork are painted a light turquoise blue. There is not room in this hall for furniture, so we sunk a niche in the wall, thus adding another dimension which flat walls would not provide. Niches give an architectural and furnished quality to small halls. We painted ours a rich plum color. The flower urn on the pedestal is plaster, painted a terra-cotta.

Your hall and living room change and replenish them remember that Delineator, saves many dollars spent



Buy a new couch, an armchair, hanging bookshelf, coffee table, round mirrors, or a hearth rug



Chair-side table cabinet gives "remote control" of radio



Walnut dining room set, of semi-formal design

- LET us consider, as a unit, the downstairs rooms of our homes, this month. Do you realize that it is by our "downstairs"—our hall, living room and dining room—that our neighbors chiefly know us? And that it is these rooms that shelter us during most of our waking hours?
- SO LET's survey the situation, at this time when the fall and winter months are just around the corner. Let's come indoors and check our downstairs rooms for maximum charm and comfort.
- DELINEATOR Institute of Interior Decoration has assembled here three rooms containing the newest and spiciest downstairs furniture gossip. In them you will find ideas that will bring a new zest to familiar surroundings. Choose one idea—or all. It's time for a new deal in the home sweet home. And we are proud that all the items here shown were assembled from the resources of a single home-furnishing store. True, it is a knowing, well-conducted store. But fortunately, such well-equipped stores are to be found in many towns and cities of America.
- ENTER the little hall, shown in the upper, left-hand corner. Note the decorative linoleum floor. In a field of marbled black, a white lyre is centered.

- is a light terra-cotta. The curtains are cherry red silk rep.
- IT is a small room, yet the symmetrical placing of tables and lamps keeps it from looking jammed. Conversational needs are taken care of by the couch group and the French chair—gold and Elaine blue—at the opposite side of the hearth.
- A FLOOR of all-over carpeting is a pleasing thing. This one, mulberry color, enjoys the extra cosiness of a fine small hearth rug, in front of the chimney. The leather fire screen—richly painted in a flower design in the eighteenth century manner—can be converted at an instant's notice into a bridge table. The mantel is exceedingly simple, with its pair of urns, one at either end. Above, a framed scenic wallpaper panel—glazed to the quality of a rare old painting—is hung. The other pictures in the room are English color prints, "Street Cries of London," with gold and black glass mats and frames. A pair of round mirrors, on facing walls, gives a nice balance to the room.
- THE COUCH, upholstered in soft green rep with a small gold design, and the adjoining open armchair covered in Emperor gold velvet, are light and well

GOOD TASTE AT 10 CENTS A MONTH DELINEATOR

FOR DOWNSTAIRS?

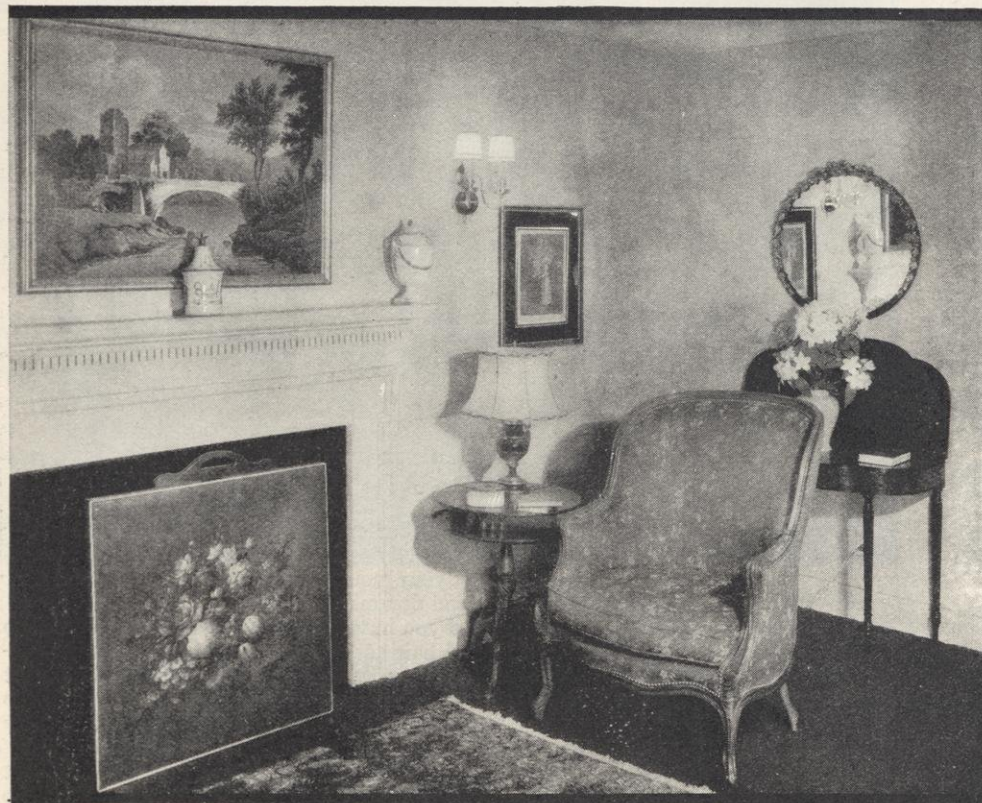
and dining room—why not for the coming winter? And costing 10 cents a month, on furnishings you regret

scaled for an average size room; yet ample. The hanging bookshelf, the coffee table, offer stay-at-home decoration ideas.

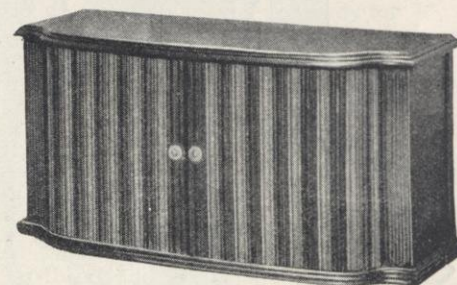
- NO LIVING ROOM is complete without a place to write and telephone. The small mahogany desk, here shown, serves these purposes. Near it is another comfortable reading chair or radio listening chair.
- AND speaking of radios, we have selected two new types to show you: the "lazy X" model, with remote control housed in a graceful low cabinet, to be placed beside the radio chair, while the sound cabinet can be advantageously located in a distant part of the room. Or, if you prefer it, a table-type, "carry-



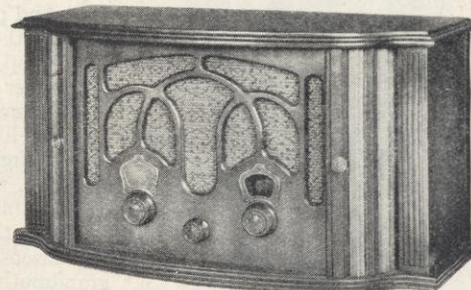
A writing table and telephone are living room assets



French bergère—an excellent reading chair. Convenient lamps. The fire screen is a bridge table



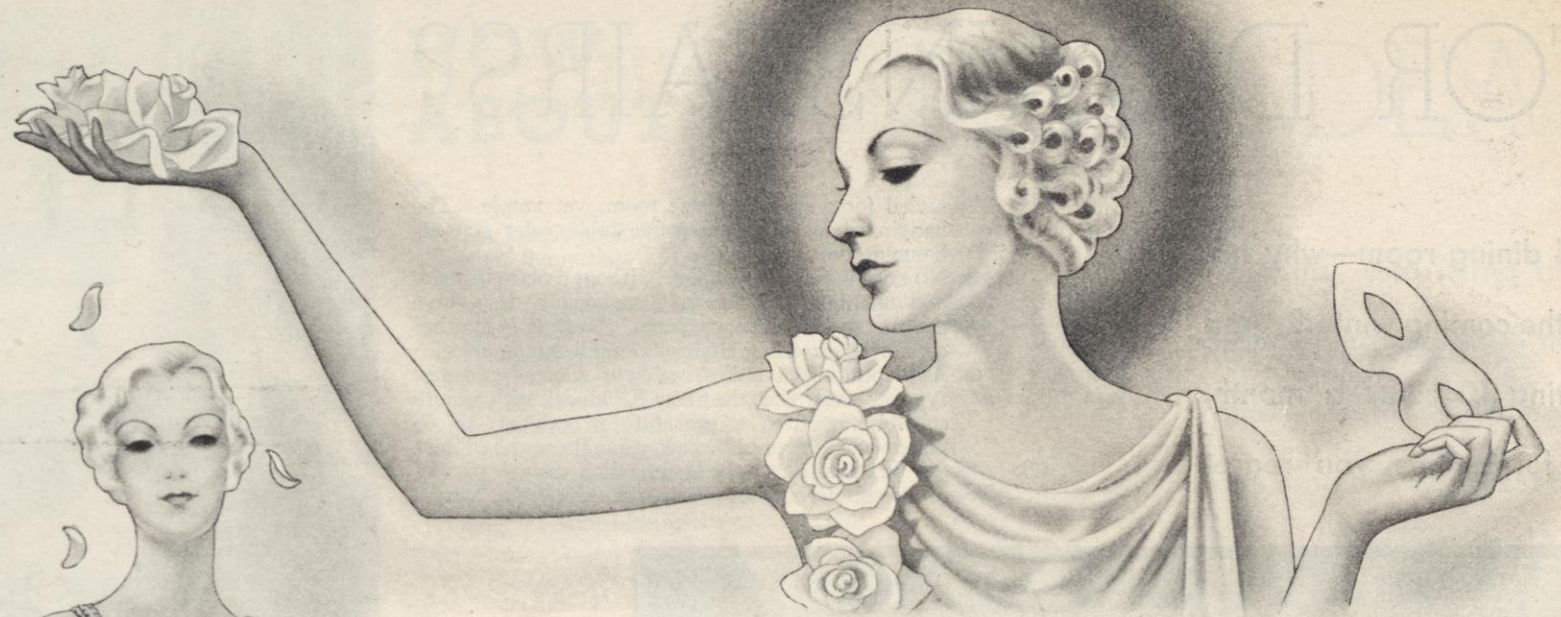
A baby radio, shown closed and open, with disappearing roll doors



Bow-front buffet, hurricane globes, wallpaper panel

- FROM this living room you walk into the dining room, gracious and serene. The walls are a pale terra-cotta pink. The curtains are gray-green silk rep. The floor is a plain plum-colored linoleum over which a pleasant, small-scaled rug of rose and taupe tones is laid. There is a lot of crystal in the room, making it a gleaming, sparkling room. The candlesticks on the table, the hurricane globes on the sideboard, the Federal American wall fixtures and chandelier are all in this mood. And they harmonize perfectly with the walnut furniture, reflective of American Colonial and English 18th century design, of which the bow-front of the buffet is the prize gesture. There are many good reproductions of furniture of this type.
- THE wallpaper panel is a delightful escape from the usual dining room flower or fruit painting.
- HERE is a dining room in which an evening dress or a gingham morning frock are equally becoming.
- SO—how about a new deal for downstairs? The plan we have here laid out provides a background for which no excuses are necessary. It would be *right*—on New York's proudest street—Park Avenue—or in the most modest of suburban developments.

THE SOURCES of the articles in these rooms: **Hall:** FLOOR, marble inlaid linoleum, No. 179 A Gauge; border, chocolate, No. 46; narrow border, white, No. 23; lyre inlay, white, No. 23, Armstrong Cork Co., Lancaster, Pa. URN, Eugene Lucchesi, N. Y. **Living Room:** CARPETING, RUG, Breslin Bro. Carpet Co., N. Y. MANTELPIECE, Curtis Co., Clinton, Iowa. VENETIAN BLINDS, Columbia Mills, N. Y. FIRE SCREEN, Ferguson Bros. Mfg. Co., N. Y. FRENCH BERGERE, Lewittes & Sons, N. Y. SMALL TABLE, Imperial Furniture Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. CONSOLE, COFFEE, AND DROP-LEAF TABLES, Maddox Table Co., Jamestown, N. Y. SOFA, Metropolitan Parlor Suite Co., Passaic, N. J. CELLARETTE, Mutual Furniture Mfg. Co., N. Y. ARMCHAIR, Arrow Upholstery Co., N. Y. MIRRORS, ENGLISH PRINTS, H. Sabel & Co., N. Y. BOOK-SHELF, William Mayhew, Milwaukee, Wis. WALLPAPER PANEL, A. L. Diamant & Co., N. Y. WALL LIGHTS, Leahy Electric Corp., N. Y. DESK CHAIR, Grand Ledge Chair Co., Grand Ledge, Mich. WING CHAIR, Mason Art, N. Y. HAND-SET TELEPHONE, American Telephone and Telegraph Co. RADIO CONSOLE, page 20, Philco, No. 14 LZ-X, Phila. Storage Battery Co., Phila., Pa. RADIO, page 21, Carryette model, No. R-28D, RCA Victor Co., Camden, N. J. **Dining Room:** RUG, Clinton pattern, No. 7539, Bigelow Weavers, N. Y. FURNITURE GROUP, Union Furniture Co., Jamestown, N. Y. CRYSTAL, F. Pavel & Co., N. Y. SCONCES, CHANDELIER, Leahy Electric Corp., N. Y. CANDLES, Will & Baumer Candle Co., N. Y. All photographs by Dana B. Merrill, taken at James W. Greene's, Jersey City.



THE LADY BEHIND YOU

by **CELIA
CAROLINE
COLE**

Drawing by **HENRY LAUVE**

THERE'S a lady behind you! Do you know her? And pay attention to her? She sticks closer than a brother and she works like a Law—all the time and at the top of her ability. And she's a smart thing who knows her stuff. Kind, too.

But sometimes people build things that are too much for her—like the machine age. She keeps right on working, though, and then at last, when she's pretty well whipped, she has to take the most infuriating thing of all—the blame.

"Well, that's Nature! We all have to get old."

Nonsense! Nobody has to get old. Look at today's grandmothers—the exciting, attractive things! That's the direction we're walking in! And if we'd be more aware of that lady behind us—we'd reach the goal a lot sooner.

And haven't I had to be aware of her, these last few weeks! I'm out on the West Coast for the first time in my life, and Nature is simply all over the place. You *have* to pay attention to her. Or go down, weathered and dried.

So many of you have written to me from the West and Southwest, wanting to know what to do with your hair and skin. No wonder you want to know!

But the more I see of that lady, the more I know that she always gives you all she can. When she gives you something that your puny little self finds bad, she slips something grand in with it. Out here the sun is so bright—especially in this Mojave Desert where I sit in a patio and write words to you—so bright (the sun, not the words—you know that) that your eyes burn and you squint so earnestly that lines form all around them like sun rays; and your skin and your hair dry out; and mostly out on this coast, the water is so hard that the skin on your body dries out, too. And you can't put barrels and jars out to catch the rain because there practically isn't any rain.

But at the same time that she does this to you (that lady behind you), she heals you of littleness and fussiness, and your soul and mind—and face—take on serenity. Lovely secrets that you've always suspected existed somewhere, reveal themselves to you and take up their abode with you. She gives you royal, long visions—distant mountains with snowcaps, miles of orange groves smelling like glamour-and-romance, hills that fall in great velvet folds all around you, and the untroubled, basking, spicy desert. It's like a poised, many-mooded, and always fascinating woman who's found out that time has nothing to do with

living. And so your eyes take on the lovely look of far visions, unhurried living and inner peace; effort and tenseness go out of your mouth and it grows soft with laughter and secrets and dreams.

And then if you have the wit to put the oils back into your skin and hair as fast as the lady takes them out—faster—and to wear dark glasses when the sun is brightest and always when driving (all the "movies" do, partly to disguise themselves but quite a lot because their beauty demands it), why, then you have everything!

I ran across a friend the other day who has lived out here for about ten years. She is past fifty now, but she looks younger and much prettier than she did ten years ago. All that strained, *city* look has gone out of her face and eyes, and the high standard of beauty all around her in Hollywood has made her more beauty-conscious than ever she was in the East. So here she is—enchanting at fifty, with bangs and the most subtle of eye-shadows and a young look in her eyes.

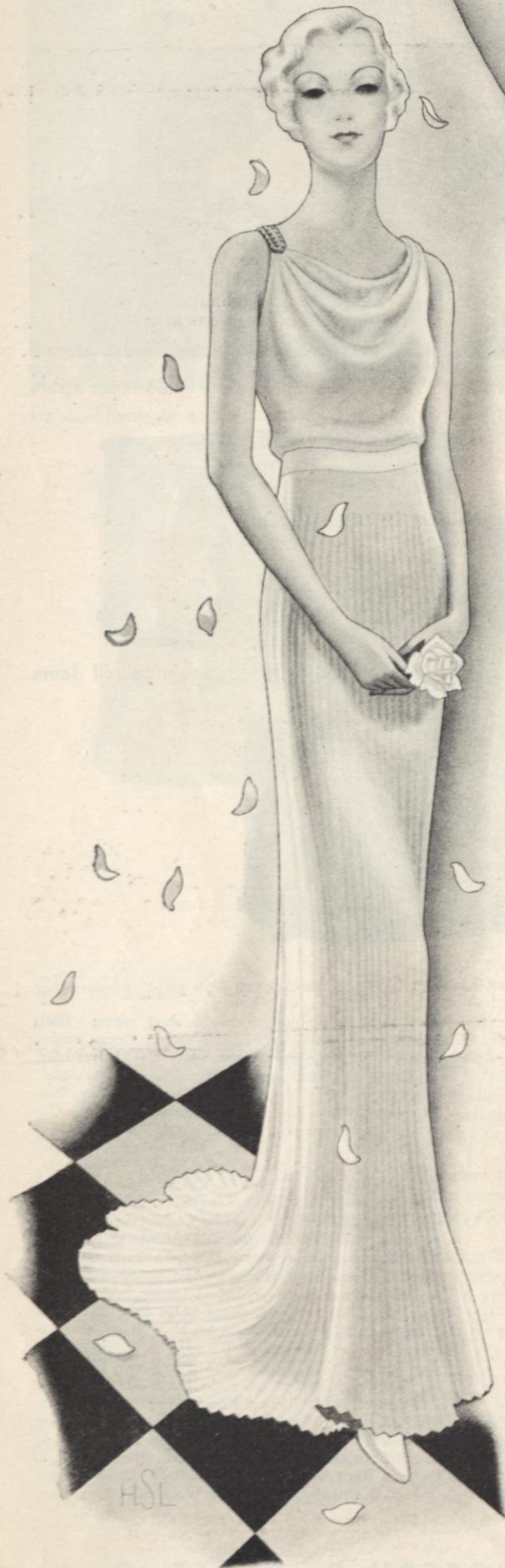
Oily tonics for dry hair are in every wise house. And skin creams and oils—just as in the harems of the Orient.

Out here creams and oils are essentials—not luxuries. The Middle West and all the Southwest need the same treatments: faithful daily application of oils to the skin, three times a week an oily tonic on the hair and nourishing pomade on the temples. Just a few minutes each day. Short on astringents, long on oils. A thin, facial oil, as soon as you are awake, left on while you exercise and bathe. Then the cold water rinse and if the water is hard, another swift application of oil or a rich tissue cream. Oil all over you when you lie in the sun and bake. Oh, dear, don't get old and dried out in this lovely world. It's so stupid.

Never forget that there are no creams or oils in the world that will remove honest-for-sure wrinkles but there are many creams and oils—bless their stout hearts—that will soften up the skin and go a long way towards preventing wrinkles and lines. Every night of the world, after twenty-five or thirty, pat a rich, oily cream in that tender, thin skin around your eyes—life and (Turn to page 34)

**DELINEATOR
INSTITUTE**

Department of Beauty



REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED

and regret because I was never able to eat all I wanted. And so, when I set out to show you on this page, a few good things by way of refreshments, I thought of so many that I gave up. And just chose a few, knowing that out of your experience and imagination you would supply all the lovely things I had to leave out.

Now please don't think for a second that you are or ever would be expected to serve all the things on the table at the same time. My idea was to suggest combinations you could make up from among this array. You see, if you want to serve cake and coffee, there's a gorgeous chocolate cake, and an angel cake frosted and literally dripping with coconut. And coffee. Did I ever leave coffee out of any place where I could possibly include it? I should say not! And cake and coffee are the groundwork of some very pretty refreshments, if you're asking me. Or suppose it's a case of hot rolls and fried bread and coffee, with an apple or some grapes. Or doughnuts and coffee—I could eat these anywhere, whether it was at a Sunday-school picnic or the dedication of the new town hall!

You'll see a platter of cold meat, and to dress it up, I added sliced tomatoes and chopped chicken jelly. With rolls and coffee and a big slice of cake, you are ready for almost anything. And you see how it works? Take any two or three or four, on up to whatever number you choose, from among the dishes and foods you like, and you can combine and recombine and go on practically forever.

For a chafing dish, nothing is better than a real chicken à la king. After all, I don't care what folks say, this dish, when it is made right, is one of the best of all time. I suppose I'd better tell you how I do it, in passing.

I cut up in rather small pieces, about three cups of cooked chicken. To this I add a cup of mushrooms, sautéed in butter and sliced. Then a chopped pimiento goes in. Then the sauce is made. Four cups of sauce ought to be all you'll want for three cups of chicken. Scald milk and cream half and half, and season well with salt, pepper and paprika. Thicken to the consistency of heavy cream, with melted butter and flour well blended. Don't have the sauce any heavier in texture than heavy cream. When the sauce is done, add the chicken and mushrooms. Then season the whole thing to taste, with sherry. Use the new legal sherry. Now serve the mixture on toast or baking powder biscuit. And what a dish it is!

The favorite baked bean is prominent on my table, and to give it an extra, partyish fillip, I added to the beans when I heated them, a parboiled chopped green pepper and bits of crisp bacon all through. You see, when it comes to serving refreshments, I believe in going right ahead and serving them. And no skimping about it.

Olives and pickles and pickled onions you should have in abundance, especially with cold meat or with the beans. Any kind of salad is pretty (Turn to page 32)



If it's a supper—take your choice

by **ANN BATCHELDER**

ONE of the nicest things about a small town is the weekly newspaper. And one of the most fascinating jobs in the world, to my mind, is that held down by the editor of such a weekly. Does that boy have a good time? He does. The fact that most country editors are men proves that the position is full of real sport. But then, once in a while you run across a woman editor, and when you do, you have found a woman who has picked herself a grand job. And she usually makes a grand job of it!

Now, the country editor doesn't sit in a soundproof office and issue orders and assignments to a palpitating staff. As a general rule, the editor is the staff, helped out by a printer and a lanky youth just out of grammar school, whose duties are, like wedding presents, "too numerous to mention."

The editor is reporter, society news gatherer, advertising solicitor and proofreader. He is make-up man, typesetter (in a pinch) and headline writer. He dashes off "fillers" and editorials and obituaries. He should be equal to an occasional poem and is capable of conducting a column and getting the classified ads straightened out by way of the telephone. He is a diplomat, a financier, an artist and an author. He is a critic and a humorist and he knows all about everybody and all about everybody's business. Well, be that as it may, you all have probably seen in your home-town weekly, some item concerning a social or a dance or a meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary to this or that. And usually, at the end of these items will be these four words—"Refreshments will be served." For all sorts of occasions, from lawn-parties to auctions, those words bespeak a full attendance. And I should say rightly so, for there is more here than meets the eye.

But I won't go into that. I look back on those "collations" with fondness and regret. Fondness for the food



If it's simple—here's the answer

DELINEATOR INSTITUTE



If I Know What I Mean

THERE is one thing about staying in the country that I don't like. It's the one thing that proves me hopelessly urban. And that is the noise at night out there. Or perhaps I should say noises. I prefer city nights—they are so quiet, so reassuring. At least to me they are.

Now out at my country place, the most curious thing happens. The early evenings are enchanting. The crickets and other bugs seem so friendly and well behaved. They chirp and visit in the grass, and sometimes battle against the screens in a mad clamor to get in out of the dark. The birds go to bed a little earlier than I do, and in the darkness the fireflies, like tiny, peripatetic stars, go flickering in the tall grass beyond the woodshed. Very serene, very peaceful it all is, and I feel that I've made a mistake not to have moved out there to spend my remaining years and let the world go by. This is all before I get to bed and blow out the lamp.

Then the whole affair undergoes a singular change. The clamor of the night commences. The racket starts. I don't like it. Sounds I never heard before keep me tense in the mysterious gloom. Strange sounds that I cannot account for. And who wants to spend the night with the unaccountable? One night, even, let alone a whole summer!

Things rustle across the roof. Ghostly fingers tap at the windows. Sinister whisperings hiss through the lattice. Footsteps made by no mortal feet creak upon the worn old floors. Leaves and limbs of trees make an unearthly arabesque upon the walls. I don't understand it. I don't like it. I am afraid. With a fear I do not comprehend. I await the morning with a higher blood pressure than my age and habits can account for. I am frankly scared.

Now don't think that I'm a ghost hunter. In me is no fear of supernatural visitors. In fact, I once lived in a haunted house of some repute, and never slept better in my life. But the sounds I've been speaking of are fearful to me because they are incomprehensible to me. They are alien sounds and so have a power that no mere human agency could evoke. And because of this my imagination assigns to them some mystical wantonness on their part. Maybe that is it.

But in town—it is so quiet. To me. The taxis scoot along the familiar pavement, honking their horns as who would say, "We're about our business. All's well." The fire-engines scream along as vividly as ever they did in Poe's most fantastic dream. But they fade in a moment. They do not last. I understand them. Radios broadcast into the night, reminding me that there's music in the air and folks in the next flat. I know about it. I don't mind.

And then, suddenly, the night settles down. Drops, in a sublime silence, her silver cape above me. Fastens her tent of quiet about me. Leaves me in tranquillity, my door of life shut. My windows are fast against the riot of living. My ears are untroubled and my heart at rest. And I know that out in the country the infernal revelry is just starting up. But I don't care. I am at home—and filled with peace.

Ann Batchelder.

★ ★ **FOUR STARS** ★ ★

Air Line Sandwich

Whether you fly or stay on the ground is all a matter of taste. Some like it high, some like it flat, with telephone poles to tell 'em how fast they're going. But flyers and groundlings alike are open to new sandwich suggestions. And here is one to fortify them all.

Air Line Sandwich

Add enough mayonnaise to a cream cheese to make it the consistency of a paste. Butter very thin slices of brown or whole wheat bread and spread with the cheese mixture. Over the cheese spread a good layer of chopped olives. If you prefer, the cheese may be combined with a meat paste, and either way, it is great for refueling! And these are as good for hikers, picnickers or motor hounds as for the folks who travel in the clouds.

Always A Grand Dish

Prepare a chicken as for a fricassee. Put the pieces in a large casserole with a good-sized piece of butter and fry, turning often. Sprinkle over the chicken a teaspoon each of dried herbs, thyme, sage and tarragon. Add a clove of garlic or about one teaspoon of garlic sauce. Dredge the chicken with flour and season with salt and pepper. Add a cupful of chopped mushrooms. Add three cups of chicken stock or canned chicken broth. Cover the casserole and cook in the oven until the chicken is tender and the sauce reduced to a gravy. Serve with triangles of fried bread or with toasted baking powder biscuits around the platter. Have the sauce poured over the chicken on the platter. There should be about two cups of sauce when done. This dish will always retain its caste!

Always A Grand Dish

When a dish is good once, that dish is always good. Like royalty, it may run into reduced circumstances or take to a less glittering environment, or lose its title, but it retains its caste.

Gold Standard Salad

Into very crisp lettuce cups put well-chilled sections of oranges, first marinating them in a fruit dressing made by mixing three tablespoons salad oil with two tablespoons lemon juice, one teaspoon lime juice and sugar to taste. Drain the orange before arranging the salad. Garnish the salad with scoops of cream cheese seasoned with a little salt and beaten up with a tablespoon of cream. Dress with the fruit dressing and serve with unsalted crackers. This salad makes a very nice dessert course, if that's your pleasure.

Gold Standard Salad

We are still on the gold standard—where food is concerned. That means we haven't reduced the sound currency of enjoyment in eating, or the value of exchange in good cooking. As witness—the Gold Standard Salad.

Repeal Favorite

Cook dried or canned apricots to the very soft stage and press through a sieve to make a puree. Whip one cup of cream stiff, sweeten to taste and flavor in good strength with rum or sherry flavoring. Combine with two cups of the apricot puree and serve ice cold in glasses, with small cakes or sweet crackers. By adding two tablespoons of gelatine dissolved in half a cup of apricot juice, you have one of those elegant congealed dishes that everyone likes so well. And this last may be served, nicely decorated, with apricot wafers, or in glasses with ice cream—half and half.

Repeal Favorite

Here's a dessert so delicious it will make you forget all the clamor in the air—all the bad news. And it's as good under the new dispensation as it was under the old. As legal as Blackstone and as smart as a new Congressman!

**DELINEATOR
INSTITUTE**

ANN-A-GRAMS

DELINEATOR INSTITUTE'S
GAME OF GOOD COOKING

■ **TEA:** Tea, the cup that cheers, but not unless it's made right.

■ Taste in tea differs, as to blend or color. But all tastes prefer a perfect brew.

■ Never make tea from water that has long boiled or been reboiled. Have the water fresh and freshly boiling.

■ Always scald the pot before making the tea.

■ A teaspoon of tea or one teaball to a cup is pretty well agreed on as to strength.

■ Pour the water over the tea and let it "steep" a few minutes. Don't let the tea boil.

■ Thick cream doesn't go with tea. Keep that for the coffee.

■ Thin lemon slices make an ideal addition to the teacup. And real tea drinkers take theirs straight.

■ Iced tea and tea punches are ideas to tuck away for hot weather.

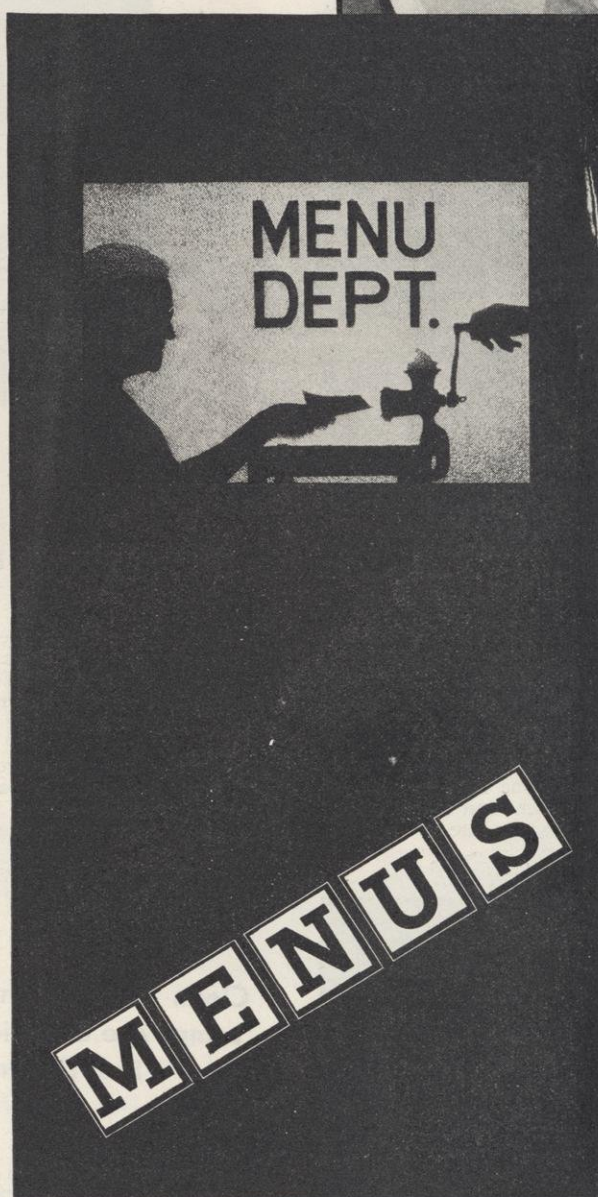
■ Don't use the teapot for anything but tea. Nor the coffee pot for anything but coffee.

■ Think of cheese, especially cream cheese, when you think of afternoon tea sandwiches. Goes so well with jam for the sweet ones too.

■ Things made of chocolate are singled out by most tea drinkers as especially delicious.

■ A particular tea drinker is one who is particular about his tea. So be attentive to quality, kind, and the replenishing of pot and cup.

■ Have a replenished pot filled with fresh tea. Don't depend on over-worked tea leaves. They'll go back on you. Make it fresh each time.



■ **MENUS:** MENUS ARE NOT TURNED OUT OF A FOOD CHOPPER.

■ The good menu need not be elaborate. And the elaborate menu is often not so good.

■ A menu without imagination is just a bill of fare.

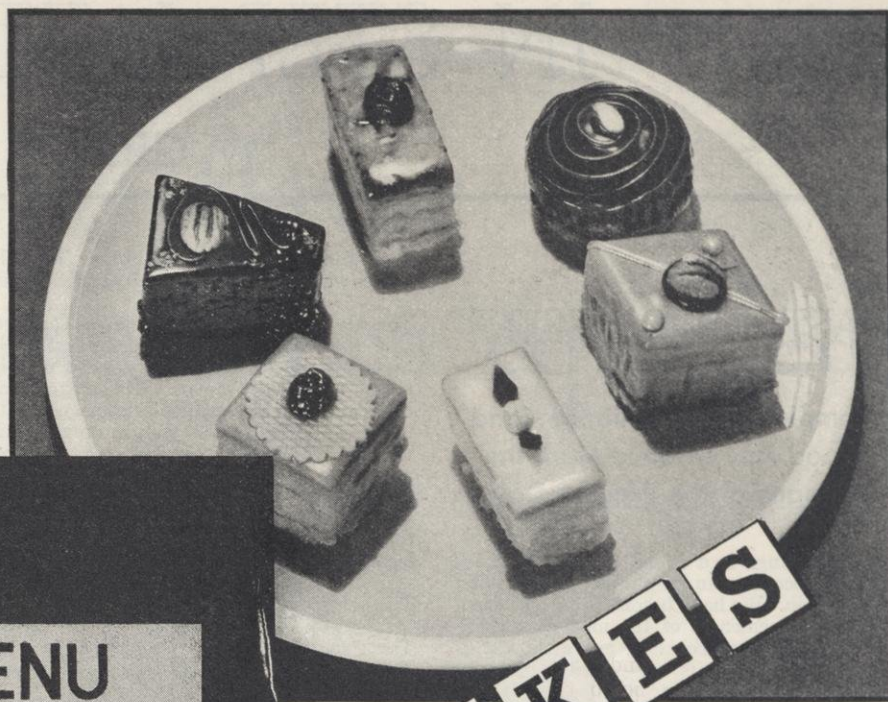
■ Choose dishes that go together with some compatibility. Otherwise you'll have a list, not a menu.

■ Menu means slender. So don't spoil the silhouette with too many dishes.

■ Look to your courses. Keep them simple. Give the menu a new dress occasionally and make occasions for wearing it.

■ Have at least one dish every week that is a complete surprise.

■ I like stories with surprise endings.



■ **CAKES:** The most light-minded food I know is cake. And the most sensitive.

■ Cakes may be rich or moderately well-to-do. A poor cake is a poor investment.

■ For small cakes, the same mixture will make a dozen different shapes and colors.

■ Bake in sheets, cut in shapes, fill with various fillings, frost with different frostings. Such cakes are tempting morsels.

■ Nuts and fruits, inside and outside, add to the well-being of cake and eater.

■ Cake cookery, to be successful, is about equally divided between making and baking. Use your oven control.

■ See that you have all your materials assembled before you start your cake.

■ Texture makes a cake good-looking or not, depending on the texture.

■ Well-beaten batter develops an attractive texture.

■ Don't expect more from your cake than you put into it.

■ A cake worth making is worth the best of ingredients.

■ A rich chocolate cake is a complete dessert.

■ A perfect corn muffin is to be preferred to a piece of mediocre cake.

■ All cakes so-called are not cakes at all.

■ There is no mystery in cake-making. Some cooks fail from trying too hard.

■ Regulate the oven and don't worry your cake into falling. This means leaving it alone until it's baked.

■ Frost cakes before they are stone cold.

■ Frosting a cake is easy if the eye is quick and the hand quicker.

■ A "cultivated imagination," says a great epicure, "is part of the cake-maker's equipment."

■ Let us add inspiration as a second requisite to highest success.

IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

by **GRACE L. PENNOCK**

PAST AND PRESENT

Complete Convenience and Good Appearance Mark the Ranges of the Present Day

A good range is a friend indeed. With it, cooking becomes an easy matter and results are certain. We have become so accustomed to the conveniences of the modern ranges, with temperature controls, insulated ovens, rapidly heating units, self-lighting burners, that we take them for granted. We are amazed when a neighbor complains of having spoiled a cake because her oven got too hot while she answered the telephone, that her kitchen heats up almost as fast as the oven, that top-stove units are slow or gas burners are a nuisance to light.

We almost imagined such days were gone. But they are not. Many, many women are still using antiquated cooking equipment even when gas or electricity supplies the heat. We recently brought a twenty-year-old gas range to the Institute so that we might find out just how well or how poorly these old ranges operate. Many of them will still cook—or you can make them—if they were good ranges in the first place. But you work far more than you do when using the modern range with all its conveniences.

Take the matter of oven temperature. With the range provided with an automatic regulator, all you do is to set this regulator, put your food in the oven and forget about it until it is time to take the cooked product from the oven. If there is no automatic control, you must look into the oven occasionally

time and temperature controls. The old ranges won't give you any such service as this.

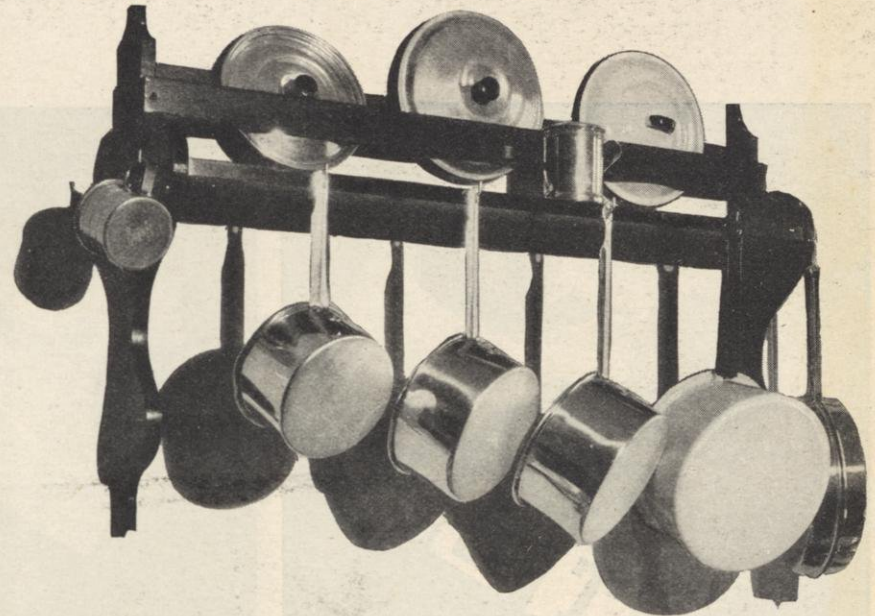
The new insulated ovens are more comfortable to live with—especially in summer—than are the non-insulated variety usually found in the older stoves. The controls, gas cocks and switches are much easier to operate in the new stoves. The old gas range which we used in our tests has gas cocks that remind one of the equipment of a steam engine—large, wheel-shaped handles which have to be screwed and screwed before anything happens. And matches are certainly inconvenient for lighting the gas stove.

These same wheel-like gas controls extend three inches beyond the rest of the range. This means that they are much in the way. They are easy to run against. They catch and tear the clothing of the worker. Then, this range takes three inches more room than a modern one with gas cocks arranged for economy of space as well as convenience.

The outside finish of this old stove is anything but attractive. It rusts easily, is hard to clean, and never looks well. With a stove like this, you leave the kitchen at the end of your day's cooking with a feeling that something is left undone. The stove does just not look well. It is an eyesore in an otherwise spotless room. Even with frequent thorough cleaning and scouring, a stove like this never can be made attractive or even clean-looking. Compare this with the smooth, easily cleaned enamel surface of the modern ranges.

The old range will cook—yes—we tried it. Often it is slower. But even when it isn't an increase in speed that we need, the new range offers ease and freedom that the housewife never dreamed of twenty years ago. It improves the appearance of the kitchen. It offers greater safety than did the old range and above all makes one want to cook, because it is so convenient and so satisfactory to use and so easy to take care of.

USEFUL OVER THE RANGE



A handy place to put the pans and covers you use most frequently

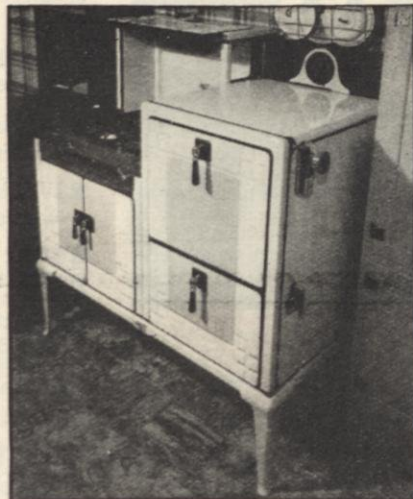
Those who know the convenience of hanging pans above or near the range will appreciate a combination pan and cover rack, and small shelf. Those who haven't hung up their pans will want to try it.

This rack consists of a narrow wooden shelf with a slot above it, for pan covers, made of narrow wooden strips. This slot will hold six or more covers according to sizes.

Along the edge of the shelf are hooks for pans—saucepans, fry pans or what you will. On the shelf stand the salt and pepper shakers, the flour dredger and cans of coffee and tea if they aren't too large. This three-inch shelf keeps the pots and pans from hanging too close to the wall. It is a convenient affair and also looks well on any kitchen wall, and may also convince you that your pots and pans are so delapidated that you need new ones.



The old and the new in ranges; and the difference is not all in looks



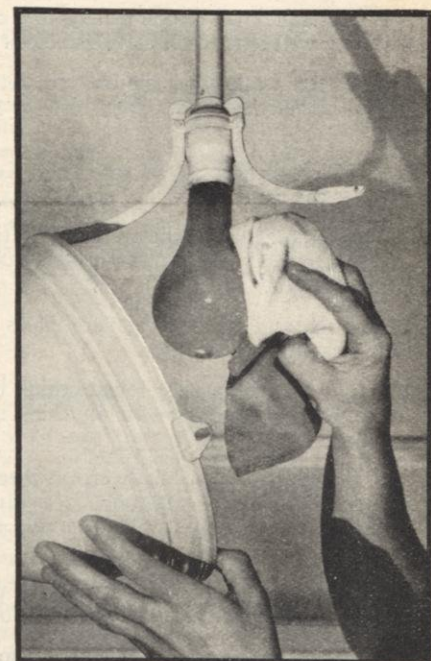
DIRT IS EXPENSIVE

Clean Fixtures and Electric Lamps Are Essential for the Best Lighting

The old saying that dirt is cheap does not always apply. Dirt is sometimes very expensive. When it is allowed to accumulate and remain on electric light bulbs and fixtures, it decreases tremendously the light which can come from them.

Keep your lamps and reflectors clean if you wish to get the most out of them. Be particularly careful to keep indirect fixtures clean. Dirt reduces their reflecting power a great deal. Because they are up high and their interior surfaces are out of sight, they are often forgotten and neglected.

Clean ceilings are very important for good lighting, especially where indirect fixtures are used. Not long ago we whitened the ceilings and cleaned the fixtures in some of the Institute rooms. The change was amazing. That a third of the lighting cost of the country could be saved by generous use of soap and water or even of the dust cloth is easily believed in the face of our own experiences.



Dust indirect fixtures frequently

and regulate the gas flame to keep the proper cooking temperature. If you forget about it, or are called away, spoiled food is apt to be the result.

If your range has a time clock in addition to the temperature regulator, you can go away for the afternoon and find dinner cooked when you return. Of course, you put the dinner in the oven before you leave and set the

MEASURED COFFEE

A new coffee dispenser which can be attached to the wall and which releases accurate amounts of coffee when a thumb screw is turned, provides an easy way to store and to measure coffee. It is simple, substantial, accurate, and it operates easily and quickly.

DELINEATOR INSTITUTE

exists primarily for the developing of more interesting and more helpful editorial articles

Why its flavor has never been equalled!



AN exclusive recipe which cannot be duplicated anywhere in the world. A skill and knowledge of the soup-making art which stand unique and alone. A standard of quality and purity which permits only the best that money can buy. Kitchens which, in modern equipment and progressive methods, command every resource known to good soup-making.

Is it any wonder that Campbell's Tomato Soup has a sunny brightness all its very own? Is it any wonder that it is the most popular soup ever made?

White-clad chefs, with neatly uniformed attendants. Soup kettles of solid nickel, with all the sheen of polished table silver. Everywhere the glow of cleanliness, the strict and scientific regulation down to each fine detail. Only from such chefs and such kitchens can you be certain of obtaining the supreme quality that has made Campbell's Tomato Soup the world's favorite.

To serve it as Tomato Soup, add water. To serve it as Cream of Tomato, add milk or cream. Enjoy it both ways!



- 21 kinds to choose from . . .
- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| Asparagus | Mulligatawny |
| Bean | Mutton |
| Beef | Ox Tail |
| Bouillon | Pea |
| Celery | Pepper Pot |
| Chicken | Printanier |
| Chicken-Gumbo | Tomato |
| Clam Chowder | Tomato-Okra |
| Consomme | Vegetable |
| Julienne | Vegetable-Beef |
| Mock Turtle | Vermicelli-Tomato |
- 10 cents a can
- LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Sunshine all around you—
Sunshine when you play—
Sunshine in good Campbell's Soup,
Eat it every day!



Campbell's Tomato Soup

EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL

No gritty sediment to mar the joy of Bathing



● Look closely at Bon Ami before you clean your bathtub with it. See how soft, pure and white it is. Then notice how quickly and completely it washes away—how smooth it leaves the enamel.

WHAT an unpleasant feeling it is to step into your bathtub and find the bottom covered with gritty particles left by the cleanser. It takes away half the pleasure of bathing.

But that isn't the worst of it. These gritty particles clog the drains also — slow them up, make it harder to clean the tub quickly.

Here are two good reasons why so many women will use nothing but Bon Ami as their bathroom cleanser.

Bon Ami differs from other cleansers. It cleans thoroughly in a few quick, easy strokes — yet it washes away in an instant, leaving your bathtub smooth and glistening.

There are other reasons why you'll prefer Bon Ami, too. It does not scratch the enamel surface. It does not redden your hands or leave your nails brittle. It has no unpleasant odor.

Bon Ami comes in three forms to suit your taste: a long-lasting *Cake*, a sifter-top can of *Powder*, or a *De luxe Package for Bathrooms*.



Copyright, 1933, The Bon Ami Co.

"Hasn't scratched yet!"



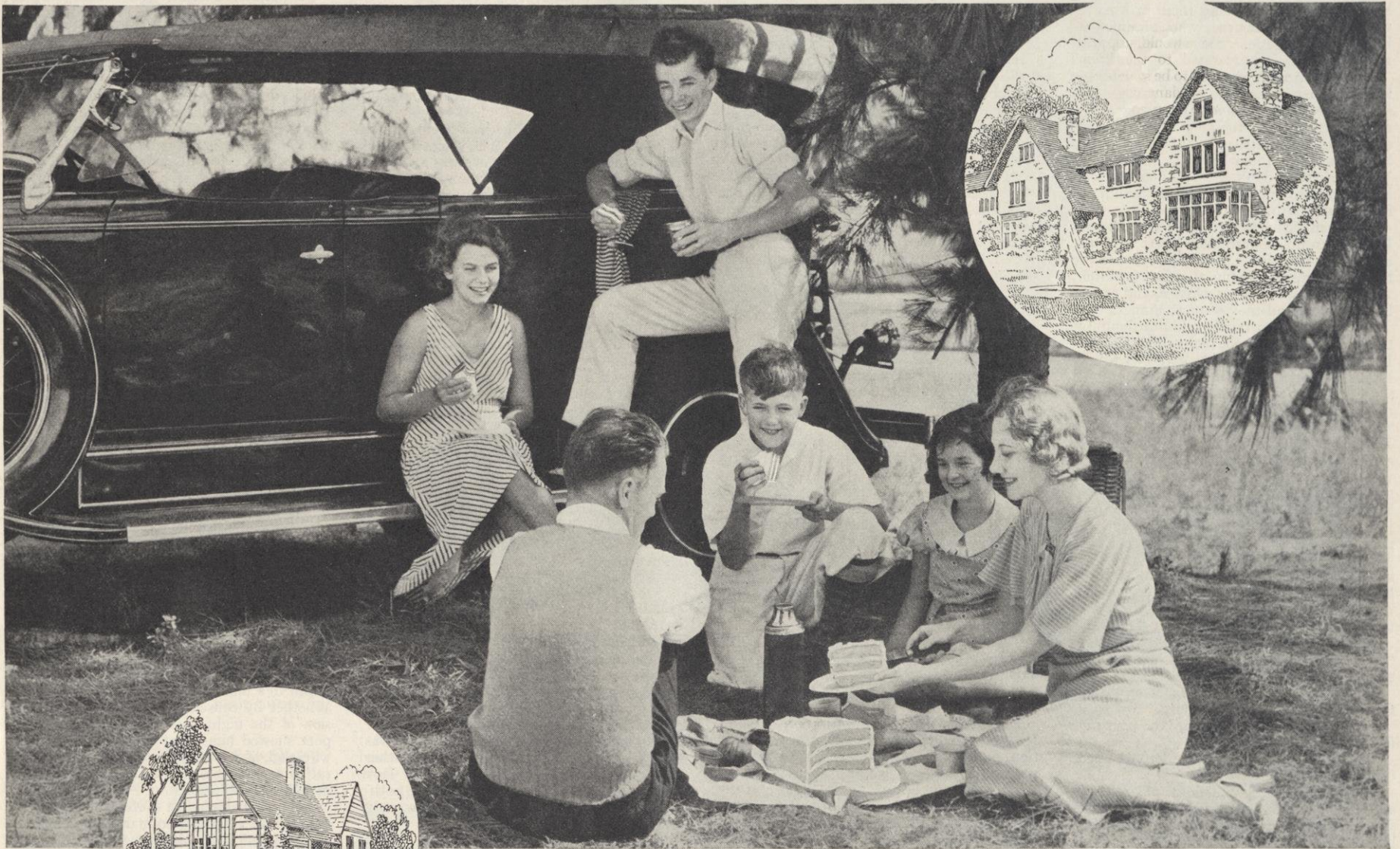
Bon Ami

THE BEST CLEANSER FOR YOUR BATHTUBS AND SINKS

In Indian Hill, exclusive country estate section of Cincinnati, Ohio

ROYAL is used in 86% of the homes

• A recent canvass of the kitchens of 59 large country estates in exclusive Indian Hill, Cincinnati, revealed that Royal Baking Powder is used exclusively in 51 of these fine homes—over 86%!



YET—the cost of this famous baking powder is so low, *only a little over 1¢ worth for a big cake*—that any home can use it, even though pennies must be considered

In homes where quality is the first consideration in every purchase—regardless of the size of the income—you will almost invariably find Royal in the kitchen. Read these significant letters from two women who differ in their scale of living but are both enthusiastic users of Royal Baking Powder.

Mrs. R. C. S., whose lovely place in Indian Hill gives wide scope to her genius for home management and clever entertaining, says:

“There are certain details in every household that cannot be left to chance. For instance, I always take the trouble to see that Royal is used in our kitchen, because it makes such a decided difference in the quality of baked foods.

“Cakes and biscuits made with Royal are better flavored and finer textured. And Royal Baking Powder has a reputation for unfailing dependability that has been familiar to me since my childhood.”

Mrs. E. M. K. is the capable manager of a modest family income and knows the meaning of real economy. She writes:

“When I first started housekeeping, I thought all baking powders were alike, and I’m afraid I considered only the price. But on the advice of a neighbor, I tried Royal and at once got better results in my baking—finer texture, more delicious flavor and better keeping quality.

“I’ve used Royal ever since. Knowing it is the best, I would consider it poor economy to use any other. Quality, I think, always pays.”



• Royal costs only about 1/25th as much as your other cake ingredients. So why not use this famous Cream of Tartar baking powder and be sure of superior results?

ROYAL BAKING POWDER, Product of Standard Brands Incorporated
Dept. 65, 691 Washington Street • New York City • N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the new Royal Cook Book.

Name _____

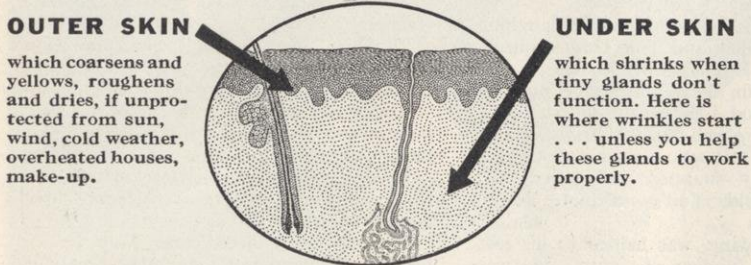
Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada: Standard Brands Ltd., Dominion Sq. Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

What Causes Wrinkles_?

Age-old Question Answered!
The Cause lies in the Fact that
Every Human Being has
TWO SKINS!



Radiant, youthful complexion assured when you give each skin the care it needs



OUTER SKIN
 WHERE
 DRYNESS STARTS

UNDER SKIN
 WHERE
 WRINKLES START

Beautiful MRS. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON, whose lovely skin, free from dreaded lines and wrinkles, illustrates the beauty you can have. Mrs. Hamilton gives both her skins the care they need—Pond's Cold Cream for the under skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for the outer skin.

DO YOU KNOW there is a way to *check* those dreaded lines and wrinkles that spell loss of charm—perhaps of romance—to a woman?

The secret lies in your **TWO** skins. For wrinkles start in the *under* skin before they show in your *outer* skin.

In the *under* skin are tiny glands that pour out beauty oils. When these glands fail, the under skin loses its "tone"—actually shrinks . . . The *outer* skin has to form folds and wrinkles to fit the under skin. You've seen this happening in an apple.

Oil cream for the Under Skin

To *check* wrinkles—you must use an oil cream that sinks way down into the under skin where the tiny glands are failing to function. Pond's Cold Cream

does this—brings the tissues the subtle, delicate oils they need.

Use this pure, silky cream for a deep cleansing and toning. You feel a firming, lifting effect. Sagging tissues are toned. Little lines and creases smooth out, seemingly by magic!

Greaseless cream for Outer Skin

Your *outer* skin needs entirely different care!

This skin in youth contains active moisture cells placed there to counteract dryness. But wind and sun, cold, overheated houses, make-up, tend to extract this natural moistness from the skin. It becomes roughened, coarsened.

For your *outer* skin you need Pond's Vanishing Cream, a delicate, fluffy, greaseless cream which contains a very marvelous substance that checks loss of natural skin moisture. This cream almost magically removes chapping, softens, smooths and clears the outer skin. Here's the simple daily care that famous society women have used for years to retain their youthful complexions.

The Two-SKIN Treatment

1 Every night, cleanse and tone the *under* skin with Pond's Cold Cream. It goes deep and removes any trace of dirt. Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Do this again.

2 Then smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream to counteract the dryness of the *outer* skin, to heal and soothe it. Your skin feels silky—is fragrant, pearly looking.

3 In the morning, another Cold Cream cleansing. Your skin, beautifully firm and smooth, is ready for make-up. Now the Vanishing Cream for foundation. Your powder and rouge go on smoothly, cling like velvet. How lovely you look!

Just try this simple treatment for a very few days!—at our expense. Do it during the day as well as at night. If you keep it up, you can retain the pearliness, clarity and smoothness of youthful skin through years!



- 1** At its peak, the inner and outer skin of the apple are both firm and smooth—perfect!
- 2** A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunk away from the outer skin.
- 3** Still later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. That's what causes wrinkles in human skin, too!



Mail this coupon and See for Yourself!

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J, 115 Hudson St., N. Y. C.
 Please send me FREE samples for 3-day treatment of Pond's Two wonderful Creams and exquisite Pond's new Face Powder. (Check shade): Naturelle Light Cream Rose Cream Brunette Rose Brunette Dark Brunette

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1933, Pond's Extract Company

FREE 3 DAYS' TREATMENT... Try Pond's Creams for 3 days' treatments at our expense. In this short time your skin will be unbelievably younger, smoother!

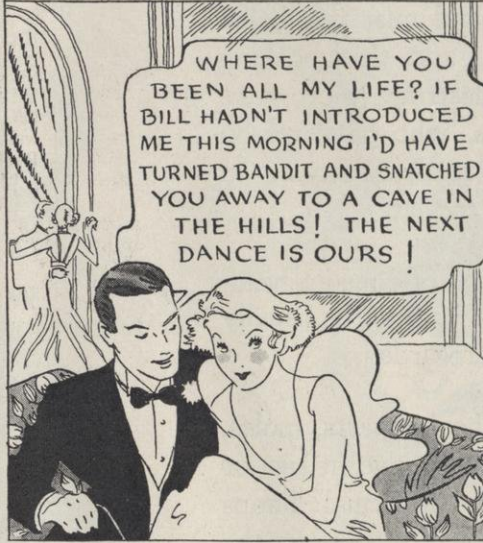
TUNE IN on the Pond's Players Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. WEAF and NBC Network

The Girl of his dreams

BUT SHE
ALMOST LOST HIM



SHE'S JUST AS GORGEOUS AS YOU SAID BILL—COME ON, INTRODUCE ME.



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL MY LIFE? IF BILL HADN'T INTRODUCED ME THIS MORNING I'D HAVE TURNED BANDIT AND SNATCHED YOU AWAY TO A CAVE IN THE HILLS! THE NEXT DANCE IS OURS!



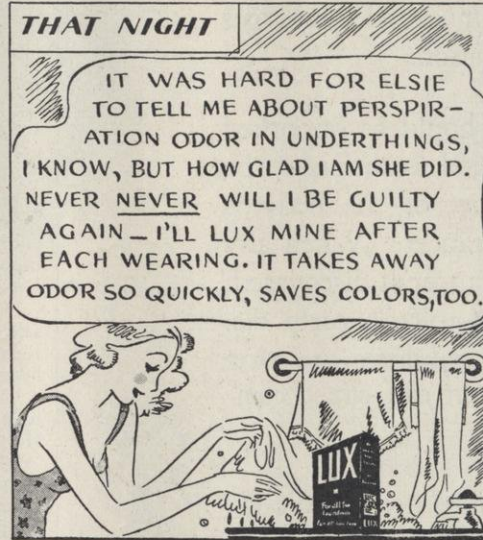
HE'S WONDERFUL—BUT WHY DID HE MAKE AN EXCUSE TO LEAVE SO EARLY ... AND SAY NOTHING ABOUT SEEING ME AGAIN?



LATER

I'M SO UNHAPPY—IF I ONLY KNEW WHY BOB STAYS AWAY

HONEY! I'M GOING TO ASK YOU BOTH TO MY HOUSE PARTY, BUT LET ME GIVE YOU THE TINIEST WEE HINT...



THAT NIGHT

IT WAS HARD FOR ELSIE TO TELL ME ABOUT PERSPIRATION ODOR IN UNDERTHINGS, I KNOW, BUT HOW GLAD I AM SHE DID. NEVER NEVER WILL I BE GUILTY AGAIN—I'LL LUX MINE AFTER EACH WEARING. IT TAKES AWAY ODOR SO QUICKLY, SAVES COLORS, TOO.



THAT WEEK-END

I'M SO GLAD WE MET AGAIN—IT'S BEEN A GRAND HOUSE PARTY

I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO FORGET ME EITHER, YOUNG LADY. FROM NOW ON THERE'S GOING TO BE A DARK MAN IN YOUR LIFE

Mrs. L. Y. Conahey says: "I had no idea until I kept count myself that I could do these 378 small items with 1 box of Lux: 65 pairs stockings, socks 22 nightgowns, pajamas 63 pieces silk lingerie 18 blouses, sweaters 12 suits underwear 83 doilies, tea napkins, towels 10 batiste aprons 105 handkerchiefs And I did the dishes for 5 days."

GIRLS of refinement often say, "I could never be guilty of perspiration odor in underthings." Yet pretty, well-bred girls do offend in this way. Even girls who never omit a daily bath, too often wear underthings two or three days without a change.

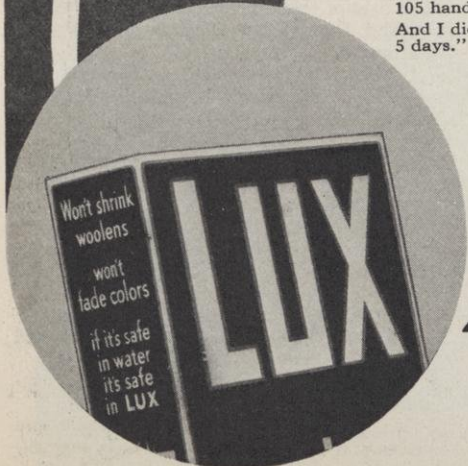
It's never safe! Everybody perspires—frequently over a quart a day, doctors say. And even though underthings don't feel sticky, the offending odor is there. Noticeable to others long before we're conscious of it ourselves. Don't take chances!

AVOID OFFENDING! Underthings absorb perspiration odor . . . Protect daintiness this easy 4-minute way:

Just Lux underthings after each wearing. It takes only 4 minutes! Lux removes perspiration odor completely, saves colors and fabrics.

Avoid ordinary soaps, which often contain harmful alkali. This fades color, weakens silk. Lux has no harmful alkali and with Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux!

-for underthings { Removes perspiration odor—Saves Colors and Fabrics





The majority of cancers
—in early stages—can be
successfully and completely
removed or destroyed by



Surgery, X-rays or Radium

SPREAD the encouraging findings about cancer. Too many people can see only the dark side of cancer.

There is a widespread and mistaken belief that cancer is incurable and that nothing can be done to stop its destructive progress. Such belief leads people, who have reason to suspect its presence, to delay having an examination—until it is too late.

Another reason why cancer often gains headway is because in its first stages it is usually painless and therefore disregarded.

Wounds that refuse to heal—warts, moles, scars and birthmarks that change in size or color or become scaly—abnormal lumps or strange growths under the skin in the breast and elsewhere—unnatural discharges—all call for immediate action.

Jagged or broken teeth should be smoothed off or removed. Continued irritation of the tongue or any other part of the body is often the beginning of cancer. When any one of the first signs of cancer is discovered, there is no time to lose. If an early discovery is made, the probabilities are that surgery, X-rays, or radium can effect complete recovery.

Cancer is neither contagious nor hereditary, although the history of the disease shows that certain types of individuals and certain families are more susceptible to cancer than others.

Some forms of cancer are obscure and can be detected only by a physician who has had long experience with the disease, but many of the ordinary first symptoms would almost surely be discovered in a thorough periodic health examination.

Tell people that cancer in its first stages can usually be entirely removed or totally destroyed. Help to save lives.



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

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MR. FORTUNE IS ON THE CASE!

Continued from page 34

St. Gabriel's. They arrived together and as they crossed the hall saw Orford hurrying downstairs. Reggie stopped. "Hallo! Feelin' better?"

"Thank you." Orford came on more slowly. "My head is a little queer still. You're rather early, aren't you?"

"Sorry to disappoint you."
Orford giggled. "Really, Fortune, I didn't mean that. The bathing was all right?"

"You don't know what you've missed," said Reggie. "Oh, I suppose you do though."

Orford did not answer that. There was a minute of silence before he said, "Where are the others?"

"Safe ashore." Reggie passed on into the drawing-room.

He saw that nothing had been said there of the adventures of the cove. Boteler sat drinking his tea under Mrs. Duntisbourne's wing. Mrs. Fortune held Rachel and Jack in play. Reggie met Lord Colant's wistful, anxious eyes with a smile and talked to him of the perfect tea.

They had finished before Cicely came with Eston and Tom. Boteler gave his wife a queer look which she would not see. She sat down with Eston, she talked rather fast and loud, of anything but the cove of Porthruan. After a little while Reggie went out.

WHEN she came upstairs Mrs. Fortune found him already in his evening clothes. "Heavens, child! What's the matter?"

"Punctuality is the politeness of kings," Reggie mumbled. "Well, well! If I were king!"

"I hope you'd cut that girl's head off," said Mrs. Fortune. "She's hard, oh, she's hard."

"Meaning Cicely. Yes."
"It was perfectly ghastly this afternoon. Do you suppose they meant to drown the little man?"

"Difficult question. Better take it in parts. I should say there was no definite intention to drown him. Only to show up his weakness. But some expectation he might get drowned—with luck."

Mrs. Fortune shuddered. "That horrible lump of a man."

"Eston? Yes. A cannibal, our Mr. Eston."
"If you hadn't been there—"

"I wonder," Reggie murmured. "Rather cramped his style, my remarks. But revulsion becomin' active in the younger generation. I may be quite unnecessary. However."

"Oh, they're nice, wholesome creatures," said Mrs. Fortune. "But what can they do, Reggie, what can anyone do? She's giving herself up to that man Eston."

"Yes. Difficult case. Further investigation required. You'd better get dressed, Joan." He wandered out.

The dinner, like the dinner before it, was laboriously and decently dull. Everyone observed the convention that nothing had happened. Cicely and Eston encouraged each other into gaiety and some noise. With a general command to the men, "You're all going to dance tonight, aren't you?" and a flash at Eston, "Bring 'em along soon, Bill," she followed the women out of the room.

"Orders is orders," Eston grinned as he sat down again.

Reggie dropped into the empty chair on Boteler's left. "Well?" he murmured. "Are you feeling quite fit?"

He was not well received. "Of course I am. Let it go," Boteler said and jerked round to Orford on his other side. Reggie reached for a dish of cherries and ate them with virtuosity while the coffee went round.

Before they had sat much longer Boteler broke away from Orford's anecdotes, turned, and tossed off his coffee. "Well, let us go, shan't we?" He started up.

"Rather," Eston laughed.

Boteler made haste to take the lead . . .

Everybody was swept into the dancing room, though two men thus were doomed to sit out with one another. Even Reggie danced, controlling the vigor of Rachel. For an hour Boteler was strenuous and he exercised every woman but his wife. Then his energy was visibly worn away; he said something to the quiescent Reggie about not having it all to himself, and dropped into a chair . . .

His wife, as usual, was dancing with Eston; they swung away out of sight in the angle of

the room, appeared again, Cicely held close against the big man and laughing. Boteler sat relaxed and limp. He blinked, he yawned, he fell out of his chair on to the floor and lay still.

Reggie slid to him, knelt by him and turned him on his back, felt at him, bent close.

"Switch off that music," Reggie said over his shoulder.

Cicely was down beside him, crying out, "Arnold! What's the matter with you?" She lifted her husband's head.

"No. You mustn't do that." Reggie brushed her away.

"What ever is it?" she cried and looked at him with fierce eyes that were afraid.

"He's tight, what?" said Eston.

She started up, she stared at him quivering and red. "That's beastly!" She spoke with muttered violence. "He's not. You know he's not."

"No. Your mistake, Eston. Not a nice mistake," said Reggie. "Jack, give me a hand. I want him in bed."

"But what is it, Mr. Fortune?" Cicely said.

"I can't tell you. I'm not a physician. Your own doctor must see him."

An hour later, by the bed in which Boteler still lay unconscious, Reggie stood with the hereditary doctor of St. Gabriel's. Dr. Borlase was a gray man of earnest, cautious middle age. "I don't much like it," he frowned.

"Quite." Reggie watched the signs of mental labor. "Disconcertin' case."

"There's the bathing affair today," Dr. Borlase thought aloud. "That would have a bad effect, likely. You tell me he's had some other upsets before. He's a high-strung, nervous constitution. Would you say there's been a succession of cumulative shocks?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, that is so."
"You see what I mean—worrying him into a kind of stroke. I've known that."

"Yes. It could be. Yes," Reggie murmured. "I thought he was in poor health. Rather restless, rather jerky. And tonight, some time, before he collapsed, he seemed very tired and drowsy."

"Ay, ay, ay," Dr. Borlase said quickly. "Well now, what would you make of all that?"

Reggie shook his head. "Not in my line, you know."

"To be sure." Dr. Borlase was pleased. "Well, Mr. Fortune, I've little doubt it's this new sleepy influenza that's got him. I've seen lads taken just so. Well, I'll have to tell the poor ladies."

They went into the next room where Cicely waited with her mother. Dr. Borlase was soothing and paternal. They must not be alarmed. Mr. Boteler had been under a good deal of strain and shock; no doubt it had weakened him. He'd picked up a bad kind of influenza and he would want great care. There should be a nurse or two—

Then Cicely broke out. They didn't want any nurses. She would nurse him herself.

Dr. Borlase looked grave. "I'd not advise that. You're none too strong, my dear."

"I'm perfectly strong," Cicely cried. "I can do everything for him. I'm sure he'd rather."

"I'm not thinking of him so much," Dr. Borlase said. "There's a risk of infection, you'll understand."

"What do I care?" Cicely cried. "Do you suppose I shouldn't be with him?"

"Oh, my darling," her mother wept. "I'll take care of them, doctor."

"And I'm close by, you know," Reggie murmured.

"Well, well, we'll see about nurses in the morning," said Dr. Borlase and gave his directions and went off.

REGGIE came into the drawing-room and surveyed the party, spread about in ones and twos, who fell silent and stared at him. Then Orford said, "What's the verdict, Fortune?" "Verdict?" Reggie mumbled. "Oh, no. Not yet. Doctor says encephalitis lethargica."

"What the devil's that?" Eston growled.

"Sort of sleeping influenza, isn't it?" said Orford.

"Yes. People call it that," Reggie murmured. "So ends this day. Good night."

Mrs. Fortune went with him. "Are you satisfied, Reggie?"

(Turn to page 39)

"A PERFECT DINNER — AND THE PERFECT CIGARETTE... CAMEL"



**Camels are made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than
any other popular brand**

THE successful hostess plans her menu with great attention to flavors. However famous her mushroom soup may be she does not serve it before roast duckling, but offers instead a simple bouillon.

The better her table, the more important becomes her selection of cigarettes. After fine food only fine tobacco can be really enjoyed—that is why Camels are so often served in homes famous for their thoughtful hospitality.

Every woman knows what a difference finer ingredients make. Leaf tobacco for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to \$1.00, but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.

The fresh, mild flavor of every Camel you smoke grew in the tobacco—that is why you like Camels so much better.

Jewels by Marcus

Linen by Mossé

Crystal by Plummer

Flavor and mildness by Camel

Ships are always coming in for those who keep their Youth



AHOY THERE, little skipper! How much will you take for those apple cheeks? How much for that smile? How much for that joy in living that goes with glorious youth?

Can't sell them? Ah, but we can guess your secret—for youth isn't all a matter of birthdays! Sensible food . . . natural food . . . helps to keep us *feeling* young at *any* age. Such food supplies the things that youth is made of: proteins and minerals, vitamins and carbohydrates. That's what the food authorities call these vital elements. You can call them something simpler—Shredded Wheat. For Nature stores these youth-builders in her richest cereal grain, whole wheat. And Shredded Wheat brings them all to you. It's the very food of youth: *whole wheat* with *all* its vital elements, all the bran just as Nature measured it. Whole wheat thoroughly cooked for your quick digestion, crisp-baked to coax your appetite. Whole wheat with nothing added, nothing taken away.


Make this pleasant test

Won't you try this VITALLY DIFFERENT food . . . for at least 10 days? It's ready cooked, ready to eat. Serve it with milk or cream. Add the fresh or preserved fruit that you prefer. And watch it wake your appetite . . . and your youth!

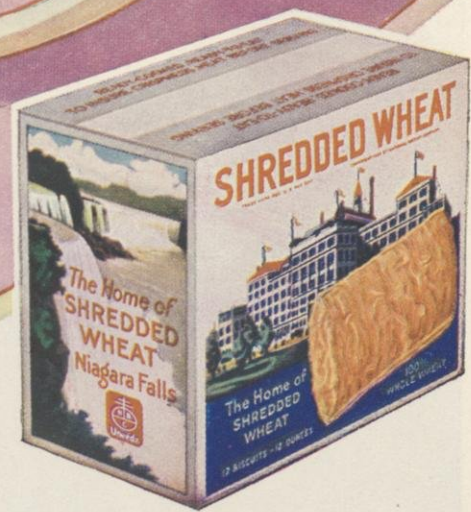


Vitally different!

SHREDDED WHEAT

FOR ALL THE FAMILY  ALL THE YEAR

A product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY "Uneda Bakers"



When you see Niagara Falls on the package, you KNOW you have Shredded Wheat.

MR. FORTUNE IS ON THE CASE!

Continued from page 36

"Oh, yes. Quite. Quite a safe doctor." Mrs. Fortune frowned. "But the little man—how is he?" "Deeply unconscious. With wife by bedside." "Is that all right?" Mrs. Fortune's voice fell low. "Yes, I think so," Reggie murmured. There was no call for him in the night. The hour was not grimly early when he dressed and went to Boteler's room . . .

IN the morning brilliance of the old sun parlor next door, Cicely faced him. The night had left her face pale, her gray eyes were sunken and made bigger and darker by the violet shadows beneath them, but they shone bright.

"He is better, isn't he, Mr. Fortune?" Her voice was low, anxious with appeal and challenge.

"Oh, yes. Yes. Doing quite well." She breathed deep. "I was afraid when he went unconscious again. He did wake, you know—well, a sort of waking. He said 'Are you there?' and his hand fumbled. I know—"

Her voice failed and she was crying. "That was for you. Yes," Reggie said. "Didn't surprise you, did it?"

"Oh!" Her face was hidden while she wiped her eyes. When he saw it again she was blushing. "No, no," she cried. "He's like that in his sleep sometimes."

"He would be," Reggie murmured. "But I don't like him being unconscious again, Mr. Fortune." Her voice asked a question of dread.

"That won't hurt him. Call it sleep," Reggie said. "He's very tired. Not been sleeping very well, has he?" She gulped and shook her head. "No. Began some days ago. How did it begin, Mrs. Boteler?"

She looked at him with eyes that were afraid and ashamed. "You've been here. You've seen," she said faintly.

"I've seen some things. Yes. I should say it began with the letter to Mrs. Joshua Butter."

"You know!" she cried. "I always thought it was fundamental, yes. I don't know the contents. Probably something like: 'Why the elegant alias?' or 'How long can you keep it up?'"

"You do know!" she muttered. "Matter of inference. I've never seen it."

"But you know his name was Joshua Butter!"

"Yes. Now. Didn't you?"

"Of course I did," she laughed. "Do you suppose there's anything about him I don't know?"

"My dear girl!" Reggie spread out his hands. "He told me before we were married," she cried. "Of course he had to change a name like that. How could he write poetry as Joshua Butter? Poor boy, he thought he'd done something dreadful. It never mattered the least till this horrible letter came. I hadn't told anybody, Mr. Fortune."

"I'm sure you hadn't," Reggie murmured. "He saw the envelop. He was awfully upset. And the letter inside, it was just as you said: 'Dear Mrs. Josh Butter-Boteler, don't you know everybody's laughing?' He made me show it him. Then he was furious."

"Oh, yes. And then came the poetry. Then the bathing. Wicked bit of work, wasn't it?"

"Do you know who did it?" she cried. Reggie considered her with grave eyes. "Who was going to gain by it?" he said.

She stared back at him. "Nobody!" she said fiercely and she blushed. "Nobody could."

Reggie bowed. "I believe that," he said gently.

"I thought it was just Tom ragging—till last night."

"The boy Tom? Oh, no. No. Much deeper," Reggie murmured. "However. Matter can now be dealt with. I suppose you won't want to come down?"

"Yes, I do. I can, can't I? Mother is with Arnold. I'm not afraid. And I ought to."

"I didn't think you were afraid," said Reggie.

When they went in to breakfast, he took the talk to himself. Boteler was better. But he had been in a grave condition, he would need a lot of care. And so on with a cloud of vague warnings . . .

"You look washed out, Cicely," said Eston. "Been up with the little man all night?"

"Yes!" She met his eyes fiercely. "Jolly!" Eston growled.

"Thank you. The house won't be very jolly for you. You'd better go."

Eston scowled at her. "Finish, eh?" he sneered. "Back to little Josh." He stood up laughing. "I dare say you're right. Good luck to him, Mrs. Butter."

Jack made an exclamation and looked at Tom.

"I say!" Tom pushed back his chair. "You had better go, Eston. Good and quick."

Cicely was white. "I've been a fool," she said quietly. "But you're a beast, Bill."

"Get out, Eston," said Jack. "Or you'll get out on your face."

The two large lads marshalled him to the door and out.

Cicely looked at Reggie. "I'll go back now," she said.

"Oh, yes. Yes. All clear." He moved her chair for her and opened the door, came back to survey those left with a dreamy gaze which stopped at Orford and became contemplative and inquiring.

Orford fidgeted. "Really that was too bad of Eston, wasn't it?" he appealed to Reggie. "Quite disgraceful!"

"You think so?" Reggie murmured. "I wanted a word with you. Come into the smoking-room."

"Well, I should be delighted," said Orford nervously. "But of course we mustn't stay, with poor Boteler so ill." He turned to his wife. "We ought to go and pack."

"I shan't keep you," Reggie spoke without civility.

The door of the smoking-room slammed behind them. "Now what can I do for you, Fortune?" Orford beamed.

And Reggie drawled, "You could let me use your typewriter."

"Typewriter?" Orford repeated. "I'm so sorry. But I haven't got one."

"Too bad," Reggie sighed. "I wanted it to type out the report to the police. However."

"Well, I'm very sorry, I'm sure," Orford stammered. "But I don't understand?"

"Oh, yes. You understood quite a lot. Typewriter not here now, because you posted it off yesterday while Eston took us bathing. I arranged for information about that in the morning. I called at the post-office in St. Ewe in the afternoon. They remember you all right. Yes. Your anxiety very natural and helpful. Demonstratin' your typewriter was the machine on which the anonymous letter and the faked poetry were typed."

"Anonymous letter? Really, Fortune, I know nothing about any anonymous letter. And the poetry—that vulgar practical joke of the poetry—well, really, if that was done on my typewriter, it was without my knowledge. Someone must have got into my room."

"That's going to be the story. I see. Eston worked the whole dirty game."

"Why, what else can one think?" Orford's words tumbled over one another. "His behavior just now—it was disgraceful—one couldn't but see he knew he'd done unpardonable things—quite unpardonable, Fortune."

"Yes. Quite. When did you stop pardoning him? Before the attempt to murder Boteler developed? Or after?"

Orford shook. "Fortune! You don't mean to say—"

"I do."

"The affair in the bathing cove? Well, you know I wasn't there—"

"No. You were careful not to be. But you were here last night."

"When? What, when poor Boteler was taken ill?"

"Ill!" Reggie murmured.

ORFORD stumbled back as if he had been hit, his lips moved and made no sound. Then he cried out: "Good heavens, Fortune, you mean he was poisoned?"

"And what makes you think of poison?" said Reggie sharply.

"I didn't think—I knew nothing about it." Orford stammered. "I swear I didn't, Fortune. It's devilish."

"You feel that?" Reggie murmured. "Yes. Might have been very awkward for you. But you won't hang. Not this time. Goodbye." He wandered out . . .

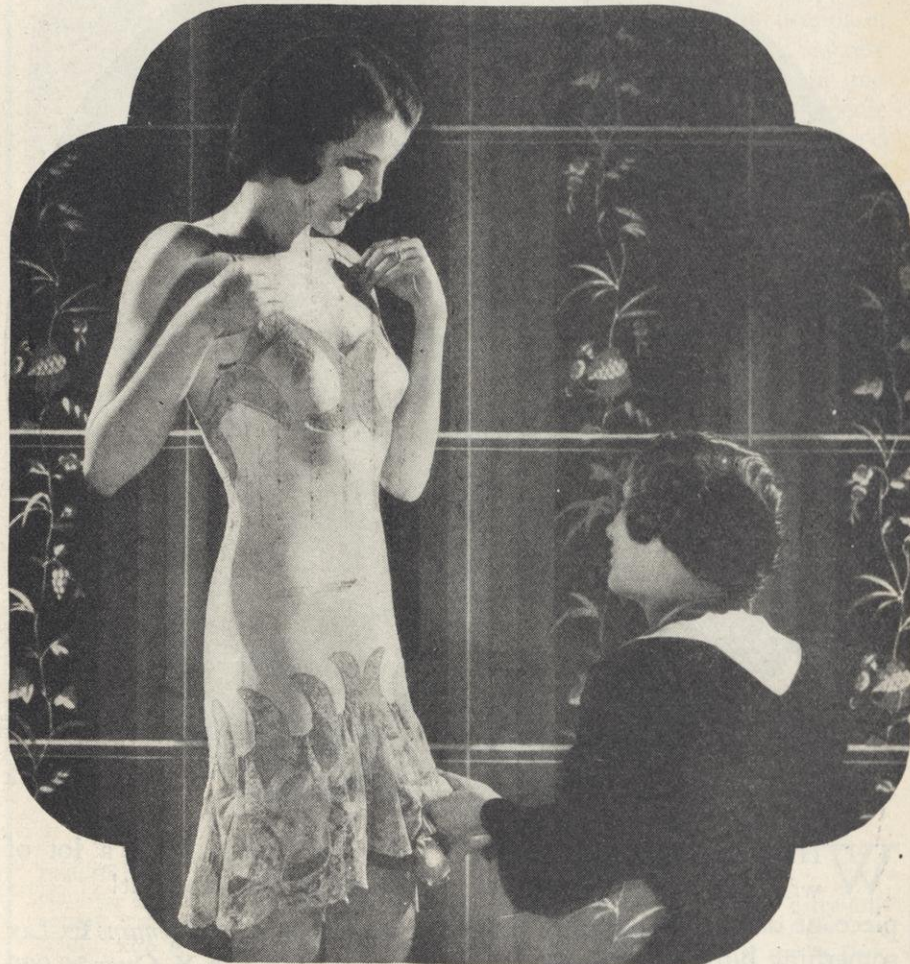
Two hours later he (Turn to page 40)

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MR. FORTUNE IS ON THE CASE!

Continued from page 39

was recumbent in the arbor of wistaria which looks upon the lilies on their pool. But he was not looking at them. His eyes were closed and his round face childlike in the beatitude of sleep.

Mrs. Fortune stood between him and the sunshine. His eyes slowly opened. "Darling," he mumbled and made room for her and shut his eyes again.

"Why do you hide?" said Mrs. Fortune. "Wasn't hiding," Reggie murmured. "No further need for activity. Sleep after toil doth greatly please."

"What did the doctor say?"

"It's a nice doctor. He doesn't think it's encephalitis this morning. He says it was just nerve strain and cumulative shock and he's pleased with Mrs. Boteler. So that's all right. Did you see the Orfords go?"

"Yes, they simply fawned on everybody. I hate that man. I believe he's worse than Eston."

"Difficult problem," Reggie murmured. "Bully and sneak. I wonder. Original project—makin' a fool of Boteler before his wife—obviously Eston's. Method and material no doubt supplied by Orford. General workin' out, joint effort. Dangerous couple. However! I don't think our Orford will be very kindly to Eston henceforth. He has had a bad fright. I gave it to him."

"Do you think they meant to get him drowned?"

"I wonder. Not Orford. He faked it. People often don't mean murder. It just comes along. I should say it was coming if we hadn't interrupted. And a very neat murder. No ugly crime. Sad, undeniable accident."

Mrs. Fortune sat silent. "And then?" she said in a low voice. "Do you suppose Cicely—"

"Would have let herself go to Eston? No. I don't think so. I'm not going to think so. Not now." He looked up at Mrs. Fortune's face which was grave and sad.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I don't understand her. How she could let that man Eston behave so! How she could endure him at all! And yet she really cares—"

"These little things do happen," Reggie murmured. "People really care—and every once in a way, it's a bore, it's maddening."

"No," said Mrs. Fortune. "It's not a bore."

"Yes, I think so. And things were carefully arranged to madden her. She really cares for her little man, he's a decent creature, he has a mind and she knows it, but he's odd, he's rather helpless. And the big blond beast prowled round and showed him up and made an ass of him and told her to come along and be swept off her feet and have a hell of a time. Issue doubtful to the outsider. You doubted, didn't you, Joan? Oh, yes. So did I. Experimental investigation required. Crucial experiment happily arrived. Little man goin' sick. She found that hurt her hard. Between the man who needed her and the man who merely wanted her, only one choice possible. Found herself quite a woman. Also found the beast was wholly beast. Very satisfactory and gratifyin'."

"Reggie—" Mrs. Fortune looked at him intently, but he held up his hand. Lord Colant was close upon them . . . he contemplated the water . . . his wayward feet brought him at last and reluctant to the wistaria.

"Ah, yes," he sighed. "You are here. I'm afraid you have had a very unpleasant time, Fortune."

"Not me. No. Very interestin' and pleasant. I like people."

"Dear me," said Colant.

"Don't you?" Reggie smiled. "But you talked about getting to what's real. There's not going to be anything more real than what Cicely is today."

Colant looked at him a long time. "You may be right," he said and drifted away again.

"Reggie," said Mrs. Fortune, "what was really the matter with Mr. Boteler last night?"

Over Reggie's face came a slow, benign smile. "Well, well," he said, "call it one of the barbituric acid group. Very interestin' experiment. Chemical compound producin' spiritual reaction."

"It was you!" She looked at him wondering and half afraid. "And I thought they'd poisoned him. It was you. Oh, you're desperate."

"Not me. No. Only careful. Sendin' husband to sleep and wakin' wife up. Thus conjugal bliss is produced, Joan. Darlin'."

For the present, the last of Mr. Fortune's cases next month—and it is probably the most exciting of them all. The name of it is "The Mystery of the Gypsy Moth"

TRIUMVIRATE

Continued from page 7

more lovely. In the middle of the great oval table was a silver ship—for the President's deep, abiding love of the sea finds expression in all sorts of ways—filled with pink roses and tall white lilies; on either side of it rose pale candles and silver candelabra; and silver dishes and platters were scattered over a snowy cloth. Mrs. Roosevelt, standing in front of one of these, began to serve creamed oysters; while we were urged to help ourselves to translucent slices of ham, crisp, rich salad, tiny hot biscuits, slit and buttered. Then as we settled ourselves at the little tables which encircled the big one, we divided instinctively into small congenial groups, and made a merry meal. And when we had eaten until we could eat no more, Mrs. Roosevelt made an informal little speech of welcome to us all, and, introducing the honor guests one after the other, asked each one to greet us in her turn.

Afterwards movies were shown in the great hall which bisects the second story. When these were over, Mrs. Roosevelt announced that we might go through all the bedrooms and upstairs sitting-rooms if we liked. Then, later on, big pitchers of orangeade and big platters of sandwiches were passed, and under the expansive influence of more good food and drink we settled down to visit again with our particular friends once more.

It was all delightful. But it was that inter-

lude between dinner and the movies that really marked the climax of the evening for me: because Mrs. Roosevelt was so gracious in her words of welcome, so felicitous in the manner in which she presented her guests to each other; because Mrs. Julius Kahn told such an irresistibly amusing story about a statue and an apple tree; because Mrs. Norton paid such a sincere and telling tribute to Frances Perkins, the Secretary of Labor, in whose honor the party was given and whom we in Washington have begun to clearly visualize.

We do not see her merely as the highly efficient, widely experienced, intensively trained specialist in labor problems. We do not see her merely as the harassed and hard-driven executive, to whom personal publicity seems obnoxious and who appears aloof and unapproachable to those who do not comprehend the underlying causes of her attitude. We do not see her merely as the terse and vivid writer, whose own excursions into print are revelations of the woman who produces them far more enlightening than any interview can ever be.

We also see her as a welcome and brilliant fellow guest at the outstanding functions of the season, as a fascinating conversationalist, as a facile and accomplished public speaker, as a notable addition to the official circle of the Cabinet. We are intrigued by the alert

carriage which so unmistakably reveals her vitality and energy, by the beautiful hands which she uses with such graceful expressiveness and expansiveness, by the fine dark eyes which see so clearly and so swiftly and in which still seem reflected the dark shadow of the horrible Triangle Factory fire. (As eye-witness, she beheld one hundred and fifty girls clinging to window ledges, leaping to their death on the pavements below, or lying in burned and smothered heaps upon the factory floor—and beholding, resolved that she would never rest until the conditions responsible for such a holocaust had been made impossible.) We are interested in the fact that her bridge is bad, but that she painstakingly tries to play it, for the sake of her husband, whose bridge is good; and in the fact that she likes needlework and often resorts to it in time of strain and stress, just as Mrs. Coolidge did; in the fact that she dislikes "anything that makes a noise"—telephones, automobiles and airplanes, for instance!

And how we enjoy her good stories! There was one which she told, to illustrate her inherited faith in statistics, which caused chuckles of merriment which have reverberated ever since.

"My grandfather, when he was ninety-nine years old, made life a burden to his cobbler by insisting that his shoes should be so stoutly built that they would be practically indestructible," she said. "And at last the cobbler rebelled. 'How can you expect to live long enough to wear out these shoes, Mr. Perkins?' he inquired tauntingly. 'Why not?' retorted my grandfather. 'Don't you know statistics show that very few men die after ninety-nine?'"

From the outset, Frances Perkins' advent to Washington was the subject of paramount interest, but this interest was tinged with some misgivings.

"For the first time a woman is to grace the Cabinet circle as a Cabinet officer," one of our ablest political commentators observed. "She is a sociologist and has been a member of the New York Industrial Commission and for the last three years of the State Industrial Board. Probably no Cabinet officer will be more closely watched than Miss Perkins. She is taking over the office of Secretary of Labor despite the protests of many leaders of organized labor, who did not want a woman and who did want a recognized leader of labor in that office. She is taking over the office, too, at a time when there is tremendous unemployment in the nation and when labor troubles are a possibility, unless, indeed, times take a turn for the better."

Frances Perkins has been closely watched; but she has borne inspection triumphantly. I shall not soon forget the vibrant answer of a Cabinet officer whom I lately heard questioned, half jocosely, half derisively, at a dinner, as to "how it seemed to have a woman sitting in at Cabinet meetings."

"It seems to me that she is the ablest person there," was the telling and immediate reply.

I have not attempted to trace for you the steps by which Frances Perkins has risen to her present high position, though the account of these makes thrilling and inspiring reading; but in the next few years I hope you will watch her closely as she fulfills the duties and responsibilities of her office; and I believe in her case the fulfillment will be even more thrilling and inspiring than the apprenticeship.

INEVITABLY, a division of governmental administration as large and complex as the Department of Labor has many different subdivisions; and it is extraordinary that two of these subdivisions should be under the direction of women who challenge the attention of the country hardly less than their chief.

"The Children's Bureau has come to be one of the outstanding activities of the Department of Labor over which I preside," Frances Perkins herself said in a recent speech. And in a recent article: "Fortunately, we have a leader to whom we look continuously for inspiration and example—Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau, who for fifteen years has been working untired and undiscouraged, in defense of the nation's children... Under her direction its services to parents, to children's agencies and institutions, and to state child welfare departments, have been invaluable, while day and night she has called attention to the evils of child labor and the necessity of safeguarding the health and the general welfare of the nation's children, confident that, in the words of Theodore Roosevelt, who first urged upon Congress creation of the bureau she now heads, 'Public sentiment, with its great corrective power, can only

be aroused by full knowledge of the facts.'"

The admiration which Frances Perkins so sincerely feels and so frankly expresses for Grace Abbott is one of long duration, with a firm foundation of common cause: Both in their youth served novitiate for the good of humanity at Hull House, in Chicago, which has served as the center and the background for so many great and consecrated women—Jane Addams, Julia Lathrop, Florence Kelly, and a score of others.

It is an illuminating experience now to sit with Miss Abbott in the pleasant living room of her little apartment in the historic house adjoining the Children's Bureau, and listen, after a copious dinner, to her own accounts of her early experience at Hull House. The atmosphere is at one and the same time tranquil and mellow. There is a golden radiance about the shaded lamps, a wood fire glows under a marble mantel, clear glass vases of flowers from Virginia gardens are scattered about. The bookcases bulge; the deep-cushioned furniture is chintz-covered. It is revealingly the room of a sociologist who has been a teacher and who would love to be a painter.

Grace Abbott's mother was a Quaker suffragist, and feminine refinement of dress as this lady and her husband—a pioneer lawyer in Nebraska—interpreted it, was epitomized in that worn by Susan B. Anthony on her frequent visits to their home; a heavy black silk with white ruching. Grace Abbott herself, though she has modified the pattern, still reveals the traces of its influence. Her dark dress falls about her in soft folds; her abundant dark hair, silver threaded, is arranged with severe simplicity; her slim fingers are intertwined with a long delicate chain of wrought silver. She is a figure of repose—and of strength. Her profile is remarkably fine; her head is superbly set upon her shoulders; for all her progressiveness, there is something of medieval calmness and dignity about her.

Her own association with Hull House was entirely accidental, she tells you, with unaffected self-disparagement. She was preparing to take her Ph. D. in political science in the University of Chicago, and found that her courses were uninspiring; a professor suggested that she might find her needed stimulus at Hull House; she went there to spend the spring—and remained seven years!

This period is largely coincident with her directorship of the Immigrants' Protective League—the period of the "floodtide of immigration in the United States," and during the course of it she took a trip to Europe and "went back to immigration's sources," traveling through remote regions of Hungary, of Poland, of Czechoslovakia. Her reminiscences of this journey and others that she has taken are absorbingly interesting, but she indulges in others of lighter vein. She and Ruth Bryan Owen were sorority sisters at the University of Nebraska, and acted together in a play where Ruth was the hero, and Grace, wearing sideburns and clad in the Great Commoner's shirt, was the butler! More intriguing still is her account of the first lesson she took at the age of four.

"In those days children were taught to write a letter at a time," she says with a twinkle in her eye, "and when I had covered a blackboard with 'A's' quite successfully, my teacher erased these and gave me a model 'B' to copy. 'I cannot write 'B's!'" I said defiantly; and I laid down my chalk, and stalked out of the schoolroom and went home. But afterwards I repented. I shut myself up in the parlor—which had green rep curtains and black walnut furniture—and stayed there all day. And when I finally let myself out again, I had achieved, all alone, some perfectly beautiful B's to take to my teacher!"

Ever since then, it seems to me, Grace Abbott has been achieving perfectly beautiful "B's" by means of the same perseverance, the same determination, that impelled her to self-imprisonment in the family parlor. As she herself whimsically expresses it, the Children's Bureau is provided only with a baby carriage, while the Department of Commerce has a handsome limousine, the Department of State a dignified barouche and the Department of Justice a noisy patrol wagon!

"I stand on the sidewalk with a great deal of timidity, watching traffic becoming more congested and difficult," she says, "and then because the responsibility is mine and I must, I take firm hold on the handles of the baby carriage and wheel it into the traffic, though there are some who wonder (Turn to page 42)

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"The woman next to me simply ruined my evening—because she very evidently had not included the use of an underarm perspiration deodorant in her toilet.

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Mum is so easy to use—takes only half a minute! No fuss, no effort. And if you should forget to use it while dressing, use it afterwards, any time. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

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too. Indeed, you can use it right after shaving the underarms!

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TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY THE MUM HABIT HELPS. Fastidious women use Mum on sanitary napkins. They are grateful for the complete protection it gives from unpleasantness here.

TRIUMVIRATE

Continued from page 41

how I got there with it and what I am going to be able to do with it, and some who think it does not belong there at all."

Perhaps. But there are many others who know that she has guided her baby carriage with an inspired hand. If there were not she would hardly have been the first woman recommended by Congressional nomination to a President as candidate for a Cabinet post. (That was when Mr. Hoover was still President, and Mr. Hoover held different views on the subject of women in office from Mr. Roosevelt—otherwise he could have stolen much Democratic thunder by having a woman in the Cabinet and a woman in a foreign legation here and there and elsewhere, before November eighth!) If there were not she would hardly have been awarded the gold medal of the American Social Science Association two years ago; nor would she have been acclaimed "one of America's twelve greatest women" in the popular vote taken by the subscribers of a magazine of large circulation, and described in this as the woman "who knows—and cares—more about our forty-three million children than anyone else in the United States."

The "B's" which Grace Abbot has learned to make have come to stand in the minds of a large portion of the American public for the babies who are under her competent care.

I HAVE always been frankly fond of stories that are symbolic. That is one of the many reasons I like the one I have just told you so much; and that is why I was equally impressed with the story which Mary Anderson, the chief of the Women's Bureau—the other great division of the Department of Labor which I hope to interpret to you through its head—told me one evening, just before she sailed for the Labor Conference in Geneva.

The Women's Bureau, according to an official statement, "primarily serves women, but more indirectly it brings benefits to the family, the home, the fields of industry and business, the community, and the nation in the final analysis."

That the Women's Bureau actually does do this and much besides I have been well aware for more than a decade; and the principal reason that it functions with such marked success is because the director of its destinies is so extraordinary a person.

Mary Anderson was the object of one of my first great enthusiasms after I came to Washington. In writing an article about a Convention of the Consumers' League held here in November 1922 I "featured" an address entitled, "How the Public Can Help the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor," given by Mary Anderson, "that sweet, strong and serene woman who has worked herself up from the humblest surroundings to the position of chief of this great government office." The admiration I voiced then has increased and deepened with time; and it was the source of my conviction that next to telling the readers of DELINEATOR about the close harmony now existing between the White House and the rest of the country, I wanted most to tell them about the great feminine triumvirate which is impelling the women of the United States to "an understanding that out of the welfare of our wage earner in this country flows also the welfare and prosperity of the whole community."

So I went to see Mary Anderson one evening, in the pleasant apartment which she shares with her elder sister Mrs. Lind, who is the housekeeper of the establishment. ("Every business man needs a wife, and I'm a business man," Miss Anderson says jestingly, presenting her sister; and her benign eyes beam with affection as she speaks.) It was a muggy night and I knew that I looked as warm as I felt; but Miss Anderson, in her light foulard dress of black and white and yellow, looked as cool as she would have done if our meeting had been staged in some refreshing spot in her native Sweden, instead of in Washington at its climatic worst. We settled down in the attractive sun-parlor, with bubbling ginger ale and crisp home-made cookies at our elbows, and Bobby, the family dog—a fluffy fawn-colored Eskimo Spitz—at our feet. And then I urged Miss Anderson to talk to me about Sweden—

So she talked to me about the farm where she had lived as a child, about the spinning and weaving and reading aloud to her father on long winter evenings. Political and economical questions, even then, were what interested her most, and though she practised the domestic arts, her heart was never wholly in them. She talked to me about the lovely "High Hill" and the lovely "Seven Lakes" near Linkehoping, the village which was her home, and how these developed and fostered her love of natural beauty. She talked to me about the veneration in which education is held, the pride which even the humblest Swede feels in the work of Sweden's outstanding writers and painters and musicians, and his familiarity with this; and—unconsciously repeating something Mrs. Roosevelt had said a few weeks earlier—she talked to me about the value of folklore, and its significance in the teaching of history. For a long time I listened to her, enthralled—for this was a leisurely visit, with no sense of haste on either her part or mine—we were both at the end of a long day's work, and relaxing with the contentment of companionship. Finally I asked her a question.

"Miss Anderson, how did you happen to come to this country? I know nearly all the main facts of your life, I think: that you were about fifteen when you did come; and that you worked nearly twenty years in a shoe factory; that you served on the Women in Industry Section of the Council of the National Defense Advisory Committee during the World War; and what most of the steps were that led up to your appointment as head of the Women's Bureau. But how did you come here in the first place?"

"Well," Mary Anderson said quietly, "the harvest failed."

"The harvest failed?" I echoed.

"Yes. The seed that we planted was not even rounded when it came from the ground. We couldn't make bread out of the flour—it wouldn't form. So it was a very hard year. My father was one of those chosen to go before the King and plead for a reduction in taxes. But the petition was denied. And we lost our farm—we didn't have enough money to pay the taxes and buy food too. Then my sister and I were sent over to a relative who was in the United States. Because, you see, the harvest had failed."

"Yes, I see," I said slowly. And as I said it, I thought of that verse in the Bible, "Yet a little while, and the time of her harvest shall come."

For this was a symbolic story too, a story even more significant than the one Grace Abbott had told me. The Swedish emigrant girl starting courageously out with her arm around her little sister to seek a new home where they should not go hungry, could not see what fair fruits that spoiled seed, scattered over a desolate and deserted hearthstone, would eventually bring forth. She had not begun to see them when, "because she was so lonely," she joined a trade union league in Chicago. She still did not see them when Mrs. Raymond Robbins came to her early one morning in Warner, where she was trying to settle a strike of garment workers and told her that she must catch a twelve o'clock train: Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, was forming a wartime committee on which there was no woman, but there might be, if Mary Anderson were only in Washington! It took all Mrs. Robbins' eloquence—and Mrs. Robbins is a very eloquent woman—to persuade Mary Anderson to leave the strikers to the care of her lieutenants and board that train.

BUT she did it. And by the time she learned that there was to be a new bureau in the Department of Labor called the Division of Women in Industry, that her friend Mary Van Kleek was to be chief of this and that she was to be Mary Van Kleek's assistant, her vision had become as clear as it had always been steady.

When she became chief of that Bureau itself, she could not help knowing what everyone who comes in contact with her also knows so well: that the time of her harvest has come after all, and that she has been enabled to share it with millions of women and children, who, but for her, would have gleaned empty-handed in bare fields.

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LET'S admit very frankly that Glazo has always been a high-priced polish . . . designed to appeal to the most fastidious women. And so great is its vogue that for many years it has far outsold any other polish of its price.

So it's sensational manicure news that Glazo now costs even less than ordinary polishes.

But even more sensational—that Glazo presents new improvements beyond your fondest dreams of what a perfect polish should be.

A new-type lacquer, developed by Glazo, gives higher lustre . . . gives 50% longer wear.

Six color-perfect shades . . . to suit your whims and

your occasions. And the Authentic Glazo Color Chart on the package presents the one sure way to select the exact shades you wish.

The new metal-shaft brush . . . just can't come loose . . . allows shorter flattened bristles that make application far, far easier.

We have even put Glazo Polish Remover in an extra-size bottle, so that there'll be ample to last as long as your Polish.

The new Glazo, in its striking new package, will please you as no other polish can. Glazo Polish and the Polish Remover are now only 25c each . . . the twin kit, containing both, is but 40c.

THE NEW GLAZO PREPARATIONS

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Choice of six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, and Colorless. 25c each.

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. Easily removes even the deepest shades of polish. Extra-size bottle, 25c.

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. An improved liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c.

GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c.

GLAZO

The Smart

MANICURE

25¢

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GD-93
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)
I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish,
Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover.
(Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .
 Natural Shell Flame Geranium



Have you heard of the improvement in Kaffee-Hag Coffee? Kellogg has spent a million dollars making it better.

Delicious! Blended of the finest Brazilian and Colombian coffees. Roasted to perfection. 97% caffeine-free! Decaffeinated by a new process. Taste-tests prove that its flavor matches the very highest coffee standard.

Maybe you've thought of Kaffee-Hag just as a "health" coffee, because doctors recommend it. Forget about that. Judge present-day Kaffee-Hag on coffee flavor alone. Serve it to your family without telling them. Listen to them say, "Good coffee this morning!"

Ground or in the Bean . . . Roasted by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Vacuum packed to protect its flavor. Buy Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag Coffee (97% caffeine-free) from your grocer. Satisfaction is guaranteed, or your money returned.

Kellogg's
KAFFEE-HAG
Coffee

MOSES AND HIS MAMMY

by JOSEPH NICHOLS



Drawings by
Inez Hogan

Children, how would you like to be a barber pole, like the boy in this story?

ONCE upon a time there was a little colored boy who was blacker than any other little colored boy that there ever was. His name was Moses. Perhaps you have heard of little colored boys who were called "Midnight," because they were so black. But there simply isn't enough time to tell how black Moses was.

Moses was so very black that when he closed his shining bright eyes, and shut his mouth over his gleaming white teeth, he couldn't be seen at all. His Mammy would look all around for him. Then she would call, "Moses! Here, you, Moses!" as loud as she could. And all the time Moses would be standing right in front of her, and she wouldn't see him at all until he opened one eye to find out what she was doing.

One day Moses was lying on his bed, sound asleep. All his Mammy could see was his gleaming white teeth and the tip of his red tongue. She said: "I declare to goodness, I'll fix that boy so I can see him."

So she took some red paint, and painted red stripes all around him. Then she took some white paint, and painted white stripes all around him, between the red stripes. And when she looked at him again, she had no difficulty in seeing him, for he looked like a piece of bunting.

When little Moses woke up, he didn't notice what his Mammy had done. When she called, "Moses, come here!" he just shut his shining bright eyes and closed his mouth, and thought she wouldn't be able to see him. And wasn't he surprised when she walked up to him and smacked him hard, right on the moment. His Mammy had never smacked him so hard before. For that matter, she hadn't smacked him before that time. Oh, well! Anyway, he was startled.

He was so startled that he ran out of the house and down the street. He ran until he felt too tired to run any more, or even to take another step. He felt that tired just as he was passing a barber shop.

Now, the barber had a barber pole in front of his shop. It was striped red and white just like Moses. It was just as tall as Moses, and just about as big around, for Moses was not plump. It was a very good barber pole, for it stood on a turn-table that was turned round and round by an electric motor. I mean that the barber had had

a barber pole out in front of his shop. The day before, he had noticed that the paint was dull on his barber pole. So he had taken it to the painter, and had asked the painter to put fresh paint on it.

When the barber looked out through the barber shop window, he saw Moses leaning against the front of the shop. He supposed the painter must have painted his pole, and brought it back and left it in front of the barber shop. So he went out and picked Moses up and stood him on the turn-table. Then he closed the switch that started the motor.

Moses had run until he was out of breath, so he wasn't able to say anything when the barber picked him up and placed him on the turn-table. And when the turn-table began to turn, he couldn't say anything. All he could do was stand there and whirl around and around.

NOW, after Moses had run away, his Mammy went on with her work and didn't worry about him. But when he didn't come back for supper, she began to be afraid that he was lost, for Moses had never before failed to come home for supper. She called and called, and then she put on her hat and started out to look for him.

She walked all over town, but she didn't find Moses anywhere. Though she asked everyone she met, no one had seen him. At last she had to sit down and rest, for she was very tired. And when she sat down she was right in front of the barber shop.

While she was resting, the barber came out and locked the door of his shop, for it was time for him to go home. Then he turned off the switch that ran the electric motor, and went down the street.

The turn-table stopped turning, and Moses opened his eyes very wide, and opened his mouth very wide, and cried, "Mammy!" And his Mammy opened her eyes very wide and said, "Moses!"

After she took him home and gave him his supper, she said, "You poor child! I would rather not see you, than have the barber use you for a barber pole."

So she washed the paint off with a big scrub-brush. Although the scrub-brush tickled and scratched, that was one time that Moses really enjoyed a bath.

And after his bath and forever after, Moses was several shades lighter than he had been before. He was just a little blacker than midnight. However, his Mammy could see him perfectly, even when his shining bright eyes were closed and his mouth was shut tight over his gleaming white teeth.

But he never cared to go near that barber shop again.



let's be very modern and have

AN OLD-FASHIONED DINNER

next Saturday night

by Josephine Gibson



IT is smart to be "homespun" about our meals. And, glory be for that, because now we can all enjoy with gusto, the simple, wholesome American foods.

The things we eat are ruled by *style*, even if we don't always like to admit it, but our natural tastes are with us just the same. If you could have taken a *secret* ballot of palates most any time since our Pilgrim Fathers landed, you would have found baked beans elected our national dish, by a delectable majority.

The patient art of baking beans did not go out with the olden times, but the need of practicing this art by today's housewife *has* disappeared. Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans solved that nice problem, perfectly, and they will be the main course of our old-fashioned dinner.

These tender, savory morsels seem, miraculously, to have come from an iron pot hanging on a crane in a blazing Salem fireplace. Close by, of course, will be Heinz Tomato Ketchup, with its tantalizing tang; sly teaser of the taste at millions of tables.

SO as not to be too logical, we'll start our old-fashioned meal with a new-fashioned drink of ice-cold Heinz Tomato Juice . . . the whole goodness of pedigreed aristocrats, sun-ripened on the vine.

Next, we will have soup; one of the fourteen delicious varieties, prepared by Heinz. Perhaps you'll choose Clam Chowder with its tang of the sea, or that other early American soup, Pepper Pot. Whichever you choose, know this: Each Heinz soup is slowly simmered, with patient art, in open kettles; just exactly as you would make soup at home. Heinz Soups are all ready for you to eat — just heat them, that's all.

You will probably wish to end your old-fashioned dinner with a pumpkin or apple pie. Before you get up from the table, take a vote and see if it isn't unanimous that this has been the most welcome meal in many a day. And *you* will know that, thanks to Heinz, it has also been the easiest one to get ready.

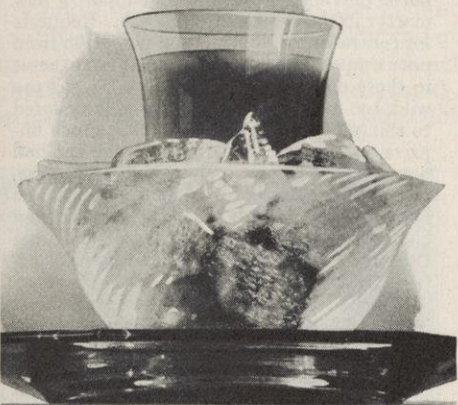
OUR NATIONAL DISH . . . Heinz Baked Beans are actually *oven baked*, in hot dry ovens. Each plump bean is a golden nugget of goodness, packed with flavor and lusciously satisfying. There are four distinct Heinz styles of baked beans; each ready to heat and enjoy. That bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup you see, is the world's favorite condiment; for it gives sparkling zest to almost any food that you can name. Another touch to our Old-Fashioned Dinner is a dish of pickles and olives. Heinz offers you eight types of fascinating pickles; and those wonderful olives come from Heinz's own establishment in Seville, Spain.

HERE'S HOW . . . A toast with a tang! A gay start to any meal, Heinz Tomato Juice. This is not the juice of ordinary tomatoes but the pure goodness (only a pinch of salt added) of prize, red beauties, grown from registered seeds in carefully selected soil and pressed the self-same day they are harvested. Here's health!

Perhaps you would like me to send you a timely booklet of ours about baked beans . . . it is full of tempting surprises. Just write to me in care of H. J. Heinz Company, Department 13, Pittsburgh, Pa., and ask for "Thrifty new tips on a grand old favorite."



SUCH SOUP . . . Serve any one of the fourteen delicious varieties of Heinz Soups and hear welcome little squeals of delight. These soups are made exactly as you would like to make soup in your own kitchen . . . slowly cooked in open kettles . . . real home style soup . . . made from the very choicest of ingredients and just too good for words. They simply require heating.

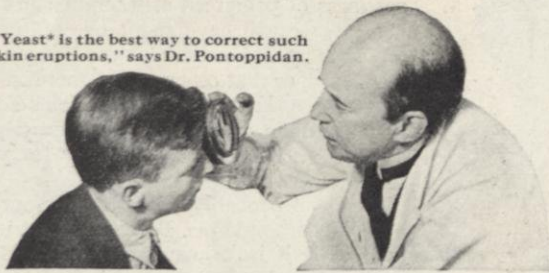


57
HEINZ VARIETIES

This famous skin specialist reports—

"In 3 weeks not a pimple remained..."

"Yeast* is the best way to correct such skin eruptions," says Dr. Pontoppidan.



SKIN SUFFERERS, if you don't know what to do for your trouble you'll be interested in the following case, because it's so very typical.

The doctor who describes it is the well-known Dr. Borje Pontoppidan of Copenhagen, Denmark, distinguished member of the Danish and Scandinavian Dermatological Associations and Physician-in-Charge of the Copenhagen Municipal Hospital. *He writes:*—

"The patient—a young man—came to me in a very depressed condition. His face was covered with pimples, which he had been treating with various external remedies.

"IF THERE'S anything I hate it's pimples," writes James Givens, Tulsa, Okla. "Not long ago I had them, and I tried to get rid of them, but nothing did any good.

"The doctor said the trouble was with my blood... suggested eating Fleischmann's Yeast... I started. My skin cleared up... My health now is perfect. I never felt better."



***IMPORTANT!**
Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind world-famous doctors advise.

Copyright, 1933 Standard Brands Incorporated

"I attacked his trouble at its source—with yeast.* As it restored normal and regular evacuations of his intestines, his skin cleared completely. In three weeks not a pimple remained."

Fresh yeast, you know, actually strengthens "tired" intestines, at the same time softening the poison-forming wastes that cause so many cases of bad skin.

Just eat three cakes a day of *Fleischmann's Yeast*—plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water. Eat one cake before each meal, or between meals and when you go to bed.

And keep this up—until your whole system is purified. Fresh yeast should also greatly improve your digestion and whole physical "tone."

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Add it to your diet—now!

CRUSADER

Continued from page 15

and holding Margaret by the hand, went home to make a portrait head of the child, that his wife's sorrow might be assuaged.

Something of the pity and the terror of that night has always hovered over the child that became Margaret Sanger. Something of its emotional force has given her a power, a pool of strength from which to draw when she was hardest-pressed. She learned very young the kind of courage that is moral as well as physical, that faces a fact as bravely as it faces a policeman, and that stands steadfast when it is most scared.

When she was only sixteen her mother, worn out by hard work and constant child-bearing, died. The father was half crazed with grief. The household was desolated. Her elder brothers and sisters were already beginning to earn; the five children younger than she were almost a separate family still to be brought up. Margaret herself was half way between the two, and, deprived of her mother's wise patience, she became for the moment almost a problem child, too active and too pretty to be allowed to run wild, too old and too sure of her own strength to submit to the authority of the older sister who took command of the household. Her father was torn between his theories of freedom for the individual and his tendency to solve all problems by saying, "No."

MARGARET found the solution herself, and that was characteristic. She had had all the dreams of conquest that fill the heart of every girl who is bright and ambitious. Romance, adventure, the stage, all called to her, but it is significant that only medicine was insistent. She dreamed of going to Cornell University and studying in the medical school, but she had neither the money nor the necessary preparation. A chance visit to an old schoolmate brought her the opportunity to become a probationer in a new hospital, north of New York City. It was the open door she craved. Margaret Higgins, the unknown daughter of a poor Irish stone-cutter, took her first definite step toward becoming the famous Margaret Sanger when she put on a nurse's cap.

But first there was a whole section of life to be lived. Most people would consider it enough to last the average woman all of her days; but this was not an average woman.

Young, vivid, beautiful, in her own words "incurably romantic," she fell in love with an architect who was almost equally young and romantic, and married him. They moved to a New York suburb, and for a while her restless spirit seemed contented in the familiar ways of wife and mother. They had three children, a girl and two boys. For twelve years Mrs. Sanger was a merry housewife, a devoted mother, a good neighbor. She even had a bout with tuberculosis, and beat it. There are people who will feel it a pity that the normal feminine activities did not fill her time, satisfy her spirit, take all her energy. But something was working within her, some fever of necessity pushed her on to tasks that another would have been "too busy" to do. More and more she left the actual care of the children to her husband's mother while she herself helped out the family income with a bit of social work, a case needing a trained nurse, the care of a pregnant mother or a new baby. She was learning how the rich managed, seeing again how the poor suffered.

Hospital training had been the first step toward the fulfilling of her destiny; social service with its insights and its tragedies was the second. The helpless sorrows of the poor filled her hands and her head, the injustices, the miseries, the makeshifts, above all the endless series of pregnancies and the pitiful succession of children for whom there was not strength or room or money, who were born in agony, and lived short lives filled with suffering.

"There seemed no sense in it all," she says, "no reason for such a waste of mother life, no right to exhaust women's vitality and throw them on the heap before the age of thirty-five. Their houses were too crowded, their hands too full. The menace of another pregnancy hung like a sword over the head of every poor woman I came in contact with."

And in her innocence she conceived the idea that if you could teach women how to keep from having so many children, it would make life a little easier for them.

Out of such elemental need and such passionate pity was born the movement that has

shaken churches, courts, and countries, and bids fair to change laws on the statute books of this nation.

How much the memory of her mother's exhaustion and early death spurred her on, she herself cannot tell. Perhaps if her own husband had been less of an absorbed artist and more-aware of the turmoil that was filling his wife's mind, perhaps if she herself had been of calmer, less imaginative, less emotional fiber, had she been less sensitive to suffering, more able to develop a detached laboratory attitude toward injustice—

But those are useless ifs. One is what one is, and can only make the best of it. He was William Sanger, and she was Margaret Higgins Sanger. He wanted to study art in Paris, she wanted to find out what other countries did about instructing their women in ways of caring for the delicate machinery of their own bodies. In the peaceful autumn of 1913 they packed up their three children and went abroad. She and the children came back alone in December.

Then began one of the most curious movements ever carried on in this country of ours, where movements and causes are part of the very breath of life. Looking back over these twenty years that have passed since Margaret Sanger made her first public appeal, it is easy to set up a sort of fever chart of its peaks and valleys, easy to note the points of high drama and the stretches where the movement seemed asleep. But that is true of most movements in retrospect. Two things, perhaps three, distinguish this movement from others. It has been to an astonishing extent a personal movement, yet the person has always stayed submerged in the cause. It has asked for legislation last instead of first, preferring to arouse people with agitation and education before going to Congress to demand a law. And in the third place it has proceeded from the simple to the complex.

The birth control movement began with one woman's desire to help other women, became a crusade for the right of free speech, and progressed to scientific discussions of population increase, the subsistence level, the limitation of the food supply.

But if all that looks very clear now, it was hidden even from Margaret Sanger's Irish vision on the day in 1914 when she issued her first challenge to a world very busy about a lot of other things, including a threatened European war. The challenge appeared in the shape of an unimposing little sheet called *The Woman Rebel*, of which she herself was editor, publisher, circulation manager, and bookkeeper. It spoke out in public about a lot of things that were seldom mentioned even in private. It attacked the obscenity laws which Anthony Comstock had shoved through Congress forty years before. It championed free speech and a free press. And most and worst of all, it actually talked about the right to prevent conception.

Even its friends judged it guilty of "rather unconvincing excitedness and intolerance," and Mrs. Sanger herself admits that it was "as flaming as possible." Not for nothing was she the daughter of an Irishman who lived on fiery argument.

LABOR newspapers carried items about the new crusade; radicals, whose banners she had borne previously, prepared to support a new martyr in the cause of free speech. Requests for contraceptive information poured in from poor women. But to the world at large, beset in those days with women rebels, it was too wild, too unheard of, too exclusively devoted to things one did not say, to make much impression. Even the suffragists, who she had hoped would help her, showed little but displeasure. They had no time for "cranks," no strength to cope with the opposition which a championing of birth control would bring their own unpopular cause. By painful experience they had learned to concentrate on getting the ballot, and they had no interest in a red-headed insurgent who wanted to teach women their bodily, rather than their political, rights.

But if the world and the suffragists were inattentive, the post-office department was embarrassingly alert. They declared that the issue of March fourteenth could not go through the mails. They said the same thing about issues in May and June. In August, they got the Federal (Turn to page 48)

Why Ponce de Leon

never found

The Fountain of Youth

With information like this, the modern woman could have spared him his search

OF ALL the early explorers of America, Ponce de Leon was the most unique. Others sailed to the New World seeking gold, land, fame or royal favor. Ponce de Leon, however, came in quest of a mythical "Fountain of Youth".

History tells us of his hardships and struggles in the Florida Everglades. Each new stream, each gurgling pool, spurred him on — ever searching for a source of eternal youth.

Today we smile complacently at the superstitions of bygone days—in fact, we would laugh heartily at anyone believing in a fountain whose waters would transform ageing people into spirited youths

Scientific Knowledge Versus Ignorant Superstition

Within the past thirty years, medical science has raised the average span of human life. At fifty years and more—there is still energy and vigor in the average man and woman. How has science done this?

First of all, the study of foods and dietetics has proved that "we are what we eat". ALL the necessary elements to strengthen and sustain the human body come from the foods we eat or drink.

If we seek the source of human activity, we discover that bodily energy comes principally from car-bo-hy-drates. Carbohydrates act as fuel for the human engine.

But just as there is a difference between ordinary and high speed gasoline, for instance, there is a difference between slow-acting and quick-acting carbohydrates. Fortunately, quick-acting carbohydrates are the most easily digested and are instantly available to the body as a source of energy.



There are many simple, delicious and economical ways to serve your family energizing Karo Syrup. Why not send for the interesting booklet offered below?

changed into Dextrose by the system. Karo is a partly pre-digested food, easily absorbed by the digestive system.

Dextrose is truly a sugar identical with the sugar of the blood and tissues. In fact, because it is identical with the sugar of the body, Dextrose is often injected directly into

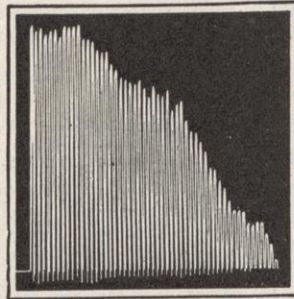
the bloodstream through the veins, serving to sustain life when acute conditions of the digestive organs make feeding by mouth inadvisable.

So it is easy to understand why Karo is such a reliable source of energy and bodily vigor.

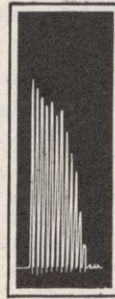
In recent years, the medical profession has recognized in Karo Syrup one of the most valuable, fatigue-banishing foods. As a result, Karo is widely recommended for infant feeding, for growing children, for active men and women...and even for invalids and elderly people who fatigue easily. "Throughout Infancy and Childhood...from Childhood to Old Age" covers the entire range of Karo's contribution to the health and vigor of human life.

Every grocery store in America sells Karo Syrup. For more than twenty-five years Karo has been known and served in homes everywhere. It is delicious in flavor, remarkable in its quick-acting nutritive qualities, and very economical in price. Below are several of the many, many ways, Karo Syrup can...and should...be served as a daily ration.

If any member of your family...or yourself...tires quickly, suffers nervous irritability, or generally "eats poorly", start on a Karo schedule today. Both Red Label and Blue Label Karo are equally effective in quick-acting results. Karo Syrup is rich in Dextrins, Maltose and Dextrose.



No. 1
A Fresh Muscle in Action



No. 2
A Tired Muscle

This chart (No. 1) indicates how a fresh muscle acts. Repeated activity gradually diminishes its reflex action until complete fatigue takes place. During this activity, the supply of Dextrose stored in this muscle is gradually consumed. Now here (No. 2) is a tired muscle lacking the necessary supply of Dextrose. Notice how few reflex actions it can withstand. See how quickly it tires when compared with the sustained action of the fresh muscle.

A preferred source of quick-acting carbohydrates is Karo Syrup. Karo contains Dextrose, which is the normal blood sugar of the human body—a pure carbohydrate—and in addition, other carbohydrates (Maltose and Dextrins) which are quickly



If you've never tried Karo on fresh fruit, you've missed a treat. Try it in fruit salads, too



In all fruit drinks, Karo is a flavorful sweetener: try it with lemonade, orangeade, etc.



Satisfy youngsters' between-meal hunger with Karo on sliced bread... quick energy.

FREE!

"The Miracle of the Match" is a startling book which tells you in simple language why quick-acting Karo Syrup gives instant energy... also dozens of new recipes for serving Karo in many delicious ways.

Write to: CORN PRODUCTS REFINING Co., Dept. De-9 P. O. Box 171, Trinity Sta. New York



Medical authorities recognize Karo as an ideal food for infants... Ask your doctor about it.



Serve Karo as a sauce or sweetener for desserts. It imparts a rare, delicious flavor.



Your family will enjoy Karo served with cereals. Karo adds delicious flavor and nutrition.



Palmolive green

...the signal of safety

it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

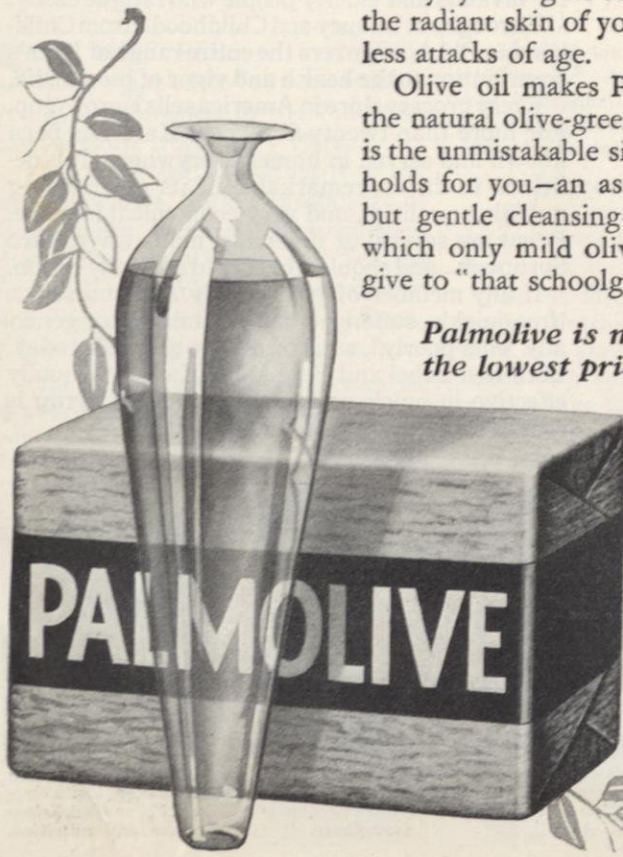
THOUSANDS of beauty fads and fancies have come and gone. But ever since the days of Cleopatra, lovely women have treasured olive oil in their beauty treatments. For never have they found olive oil's equal. Like a sentinel on guard, the olive tree has watched over feminine beauty—yielding its soothing oil to shield the radiant skin of youth from the relentless attacks of age.

Olive oil makes Palmolive green and the natural olive-green color of Palmolive is the unmistakable sign of the promise it holds for you—an assurance of thorough but gentle cleansing—of skin protection which only mild olive and palm oil can give to "that schoolgirl complexion."

Palmolive is now selling at the lowest price in history.

This much olive oil goes into every cake of Palmolive

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive. Is it surprising that 20,000 beauty experts endorse Palmolive Soap, among them the celebrated Vincent, of Paris?



CRUSADER

Continued from page 46

Grand Jury to indict Margaret Sanger under the very obscenity laws she was attacking.

And then, for the first and last time in her life, the little Irish rebel ran away. She says, with a little reminiscent smile in her eyes, that she is still impenitent. She argues now as she argued then; but she always admits that she is one of those people who do things, and then reason about them afterwards. She "had a hunch" that it was time to move, that she'd better go away and learn a great deal more before she faced the implacable processes of the United States Government. It was one thing to go to jail for your principles, but quite another to go before you had accomplished your purpose.

She wrote the judge and the district attorney, telling them she would not be in court the next day, reminding them that she had asked for a month's postponement to prepare the case and been denied, announcing that therefore she was compelled to take a year!

That night she calmly boarded a train and escaped from the United States into Canada, where she set sail for Europe.

SHE stayed abroad for a year, talking with Havelock Ellis and the Neo-Malthusians in England, working in the British Museum, studying birth control methods and clinics in Holland, talking methods, habits, customs endlessly in France, gathering books, pamphlets, information wherever she went.

Europe was at war, but that seems to have been the least of her troubles. She was bent on finding the answers to the questions that beat on her brain, and every answer opened new doors and evoked new questions. When she finally came back to America, it was with enough answers, enough knowledge, enough solid foreign support so that she could go on with her work whatever happened.

That year abroad was really a post-graduate course in the education of Margaret Sanger. She was still naïve when she came back—for that matter, there is even now a curious naïveté, a sort of unworldly walking by herself which haunts you with its charm. She was still enthusiastic, still inclined, like any ardent propagandist, to underrate the opposition and to think that she could work what would have amounted to miracles simply because she saw the need for them so clearly. But she no longer looked on her problem as an isolated one. She still felt the burning necessity of helping poor women to lighten their burdens, but she had as a tool the knowledge of what other countries were doing in the same direction. She had made her first contacts with the modern disciples of Malthus, who laid down long ago the principles which made it possible to translate warmly controversial birth control into the cool economic phrases of a World Population Conference.

But that was to come later. First, she had to face the trial she had fled from. Second, she had to open a clinic like those in Holland which Queen Wilhelmina had stamped with the seal of her royal approval.

Margaret Sanger's own story of her fight for birth control fills a fat book, and there is no reason for detailing here all its victories and its defeats. You have only to see the sadness in her eyes to realize that it has not been altogether a happy fight. There can be no particular pleasure in making a speaking engagement and finding the door barred in your face. It is not fun to be hustled into a police wagon and rushed off to the station house like any common criminal, to serve thirty days in jail, to fight off finger-printing with sheer desperate strength.

There is, of course, the exhilaration of a cause to uphold you, the much-advertised Irish love of a fight which may buoy you up. But what of the moment when you see your perfectly legal clinic raided, your furniture broken, your private medical records carted off to police headquarters? How about having spies set on your trail to trip you up by means of the very pity and human kindness that suffering always rouses in you? How about seeing yourself anathematized as a public menace when you know that you are doing a work of public welfare? How about being spat at and clubbed?

All those things and many more have happened to her in the slow seventeen years that have passed since she returned home armed with the proper tools of knowledge to fight

for the far-reaching cause she believed in.

Her first clinic was opened in October, 1916, in a poverty-stricken section of Brooklyn which swarmed with clotheslines, pushcarts, children. It was raided by the police, and Mrs. Sanger and her sister were arrested and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment. Her second clinic was opened in 1923, under the protection of a court decision arising out of the first arrest. Six years later it, too, was raided, but this time there was no jailing. The cries of physicians, lawyers, and an outraged public made it quickly apparent to the police and the magistrates that the raid had been a horrid mistake. The best measure of that six years of work lies in the fact that, after the excitement was over, an official apology was tendered Mrs. Sanger.

Meanwhile she had been acquiring an international reputation. In 1922 she went to Japan on the invitation of two titled sociologists who felt that she alone might help their country to stave off just such a situation as exists today. It looked for a while as if the authorities would not let her land, but she had been learning tact and diplomacy in a hard school. A Japanese statesman on the steamer found her so charming and wise, sane and unwilld, that he did some influential wiring and won her entrance. In China, as in Japan, her quiet traveling took on the appearance of a triumphant procession. Influential Indians begged her to stop over, if only between boats, and lecture to their hordes. A year previously she had called a National Birth Control Conference in New York. In 1925 she gathered speakers for an International Birth Control Conference. And two years later she was the power behind the scenes in a World Population Conference of scientists, economists, sociologists in Geneva. The little red-headed daughter of the Irish stone-cutter was coming into her own.

And what, by the way, was happening to the person whom her friends call lovingly "M. S."? In spite of growing approval of her cause, no one was handing her the keys to any city, no one pinned medals on her breast. Famous she was becoming the world over, but it was a personal, not an organized fame. Today letters pour into her office by the daily hundreds, yet this welling up of gratitude and faith are individual and strictly private things. The mystery, the magic, the secret fear, the intimate deep awe, that have always surrounded birth, all tend to wall off the advocate of birth control from public recognition. Even in these frank days one does not talk much about it, and by an extension of the taboo one does not talk much about Margaret Sanger.

The effect of this on her has been to deepen her instinctive wish to bury herself in her job. She is, her friends say, in spite of public speeches by the hundreds, a shy person. But shy persons have been known to blossom out in the sun of public approval. Mrs. Sanger made her first appearance in the role of a shy person thrusting on the world a salvation she was convinced would ease some of its bitterest burdens, only to find that the world, instead of thanking her, rose up and slapped her face.

EVEN the stuff that martyrs and mystics are made of is seldom fond of face-slapping. Mrs. Sanger was neither discouraged, nor convicted of sin, but did take refuge behind her beliefs. To reach through to her nowadays you have to keep saying "Yes, but—" Otherwise she is apt to quote clinical findings at you, and discuss population statistics. You have to ask all sorts of prying and sometimes absurd questions—what are her hobbies, which is her favorite sport, what does she do on week-ends? Otherwise, the woman, Margaret Higgins Sanger Slee, will disappear before your very eyes and leave you face to face with Margaret Sanger, the founder of the birth control movement in the United States.

So far as most people are concerned, the individual is completely submerged in the birth control expert. They scarcely knew when the inevitable divorce was secured from William Sanger, nor did they know until two years after it happened, that she had later married a business man.

Last spring the public knew that a birth control bill was up before the Senate and had actually reached the point of being argued before a committee, but they did not know that after the hearing was over, the bill's distinguished advocate went with her hus-

band down to Nassau. She is fifty now, and looks about thirty-five. It was on that ship that a plump lady leaned over to the slender occupant of the next steamer chair and whispered, "They say Margaret Sanger is on board. I'm dying to see her. I'll bet she's a regular old war-horse." The slender one smiled and returned a noncommittal, "Really?" The card above her head read "Mrs. J. N. Slee."

It is as Mrs. Slee, the wife of a retired business man, that Margaret Sanger lives in a big country house outside of New York City, where swimming and horseback-riding, the care of a garden and the delight of all the music she can crowd into a week-end, keep her body and her mind supple for her absorbing work. There her two boys come—her beloved daughter Peggy died in 1916, and she has never lost the tragic shadow that clouds her face when that name is mentioned. Both boys are intent on medical careers. Stuart, the older, graduated from the Yale School of Engineering and was settled in a good job when the same deep longing that had moved his mother in her youth proved too much for him. A doctor he must be, even though it meant going back to school again. His younger brother Grant, who at the age of fourteen had accompanied his mother around the world and acquired the fine art of diplomatic manners, went direct from Princeton to medical school. Both of them are her joy, and her fast friends.

SHE has not many friends. Life has been too busy and too tumultuous for the forming of those swarms of amiable acquaintanceships which are so pleasant a part of life in a big city. Moreover, "They'll tell you I'm hard to work with," she warned, "and I'm afraid they're right." She does not belong to clubs or go to teas. She is a good politician in that she has learned to be an extremely clever strategist. She is in no sense a "glad-hander." But the friends she has cleave to her, and talk of her with a kind of adoration.

Within her family she has the reputation of being a very merry person. If you see her in her own quarters above the New York clinic you get a sense of dignity and poise, of hidden fires, great wisdom about human beings, and deep tolerance. She is one of those rare people to whom you feel you could tell anything.

She and the clinic occupy lovely quarters in a graceful old house that once was a fashionable brownstone mansion. Intricate Chinese hangings, silk from Japan, bits of lovely old furniture in her own rooms on the top floor

testify to a real feeling for texture and color and a passion for beauty. Graciousness dwells here, and a warm human quality that shows itself again in the clinic downstairs, where pleasant colors and gay children's pictures warm the heart of scared applicants for help.

That clinic, the first to be established after the disastrous Brooklyn demonstration of 1916, is her great pride. There are a hundred and twenty others established over the United States now, operating legally under their respective state laws, still hampered by those federal laws she is trying to persuade Congress to remove. This one has facilities for research as well as for education and treatments, and in its ten years of life it has piled up the records of 33,000 women, to be used some day in a thorough scientific study of birth control methods and effects.

Opinions about Margaret Sanger are much gentler than they used to be. In the old days, if you had heard her name at all, you were apt to attack or to defend her with passion. In spite of that calm brow and those wide-spaced eyes, she was an impetuous young person, full of undigested phrases, burning with a desire for justice and not yet skilled in the devious ways sometimes necessary to get it. She was liable to moods of exaltation in which she lost sight of everything but the cause. She still says—and it is a key to the understanding of her character—"It is a marvelous sensation to have a period of apparent fanaticism. No obstacle can discourage you. The single vision of your quest obscures defeat and lifts you over mountainous difficulties."

The status of the cause of which she has spent her best years is very different now from what it was when she first issued her challenge. Then it was an outlaw which shocked the conservatives and moved the Federal Grand Jury to indictment. Now it has the formal indorsement of all sorts of thoughtful people—physicians' societies, club women, trade unionists, even the Committee on Marriage and the Home of the Federal Council of Churches.

She has done marvels, but no one knows better than she that the fight is not yet over. Until the penal code and the tariff act are amended, Margaret Sanger will not stop, and even then she is apt to find some bit of educational work which cries out for attention. And it is no use to tell her that "it can't be done." She has been hearing that all of her life, and doing it just the same.

There is more than one reason for believing her a genius.



"... What, Signor, thees spaghetti I love so much weel stain my lovely teeth?"
 "EVERYTHING you eat stains your lovely teeth, Signorina."

7 kinds of stains discolor teeth — Colgate's removes all seven

WHEN it's mealtime in Italy, or America, or anywhere the wide world over—it's staining-time for teeth.

From spaghetti to vodka—from hors-d'oeuvres to sauerbraten, everything we eat and drink leaves some kind of stain on teeth. Yes, even the simplest foods.

All told, seven kinds of stains discolor teeth!

Some, such as blueberries, can be seen right after eating. Others are not immediately visible. Yet even white bread can eventually cause a stain that dulls teeth.

Most toothpastes — because they have only one cleansing action — fail to remove all these stains. For all stains will not yield to any one action.

So it may be that you're not getting your teeth as lustrously clean and sparkling as they can be.

What to do about it? Get Colgate's. All seven stains yield to Colgate's—completely yield—because Colgate's has TWO cleansing actions—not one.

An emulsive action that loosens some of the stains and washes them away.

A safe, gentle, polishing action that polishes away the stains that are left; leaving your teeth bright, gleaming—beautifully clean.

Try it, and see for yourself. Get a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream today. Use it night and morning. In 10 days look at your teeth in a mirror—and see what a difference two cleansing actions make.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

- Group No. 1—Starchy foods, Group No. 2—Sugar foods, Group No. 3—Protein foods, Group No. 4—Fatty foods, Group No. 5—Minerals, Group No. 6—Fruits, Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.

Colgate's removes all seven

SCAPEGOAT

Continued from page 14

things are for you, of course. The really good piece is the diamond sunburst. That will look nice on you, Mimi."

"Please don't, Mamma."
 "Well, why shouldn't I say it? Don't you know you're a handsome girl, though you are—let me see, how old are you?"

"Thirty-eight."
 "Goodness! That old? That makes me fifty-six, doesn't it? Well, you don't need to begin to worry yet. What I don't like is your being so thin and pale. Of course I know they like them thinner nowadays. The fashion magazines say so. But tell me, Mimi, honestly—" her voice sank to a mischievous whisper—"do men really like women thin?"

Mimi tried to smile. "I don't know what they like, Mamma."

Mrs. Hargraves looked at her and a crease of worry came between her eyes.

"Mimi, I'm afraid you don't have a good time. I'm afraid you work too hard."

"I'm pretty busy, but I like it."
 "What time do you get off each day?"

"About five."
 "Well, then what do you do?"

"Usually I'm so tired I go straight home. I have a cup of tea. I read, I listen to the radio Mr. Albright gave me. Sometimes a friend and I go to the movies."

"A girl friend?"

"Yes."
 Mrs. Hargraves sighed. "Are you happy, baby?"

"Of course I am. As happy as anyone is. What is all this about being happy anyway?" Mimi laughed faintly.

Mrs. Hargraves roused herself. Her voice became vigorous.

"Now, baby, that sounds so cynical, I don't like it. Of course you are meant to be happy. We all are. But it is the human relationships that make us happy. All the rest—riches, fame, they are nothing. We must have understanding and we must have love."

Mimi's face seemed to grow thinner. "Well, I've always had you, Mamma."

"I know, but that isn't enough. I won't be here forever. What are you going to do then? Mimi, baby—" she put her fat hand on Mimi's arm and looked anxiously up into her face—"tell your old mother, isn't there any one?"

"No, Mamma, I'm afraid not."
 Mrs. Hargraves sighed again.

"I guess I didn't do the right thing by you," she said. "You were brought up too sheltered perhaps. I never did let the world come near you till you went away there to Chicago. You never had many children around and you had a lonely childhood."

"No, I didn't. How foolish to say that."

"Yes, you did. I sent you away to schools and only once or twice let you have a friend here. You see I didn't want you fooling with these children around here. Awfully common children. And besides—" her eyes took on a look of secrecy, with a tiny glint perhaps of mischief—"I didn't want them talking too much. Give you wrong ideas. You never did hear anything, did you?"

"No," lied Mimi, "of course not."

"Well, you wouldn't have understood then." Mrs. Hargraves twisted a bit of lace on her bed-jacket. "Now," she said hesitatingly, "you might."

Mimi sat with her defensive smile of strain and affection on her lips. (Turn to page 50)

SCAPEGOAT

Continued from page 49



Jean McLain has used Imperial Glenfast No. 3303 with fine decorative effect in this room.

New Youth for Old Rooms

Jean McLain's Free Decorative Service will help you brighten up with correct papers

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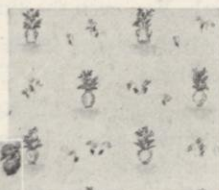
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Jean McLain, c/o Imperial Paper and Color Corporation, Dept. D2, Glens Falls, New York. Please send Imperial Wallpaper Scheme at no charge to me . Please send your booklet . I expect to paper my Living Room Dining Room Hall Bedroom (whose?) Sun Room Bath Kitchen . The Room is Large Medium Small Sunny Dark . The Furnishings of the Room are (period?) . Color scheme preferred . Extra details. Name Street and Number City State

Mrs. Hargraves appeared to listen to the rain a moment; then suddenly her voice was stronger, began to take on contour like a rounded human body.

"Oh, I wish you could have a fuller, richer life!" she exclaimed. "Like I did. I had everything, Mimi, great sorrow, the whole world against me, the shadow of death. But I had a great love too, and I wouldn't give all the peace there is for that. Yes, a great love, Mimi, a great love."

"I don't think you ought to tire yourself now, Mamma."

It was Mrs. Hargraves who was beginning to look fresher, and it was Mimi who was looking more tired.

"When I was young, Mimi, I was full of dreams, yearnings. I wanted to have all the fine things of life. I never thought of sorrow. But I couldn't get away from sorrow."

"Mamma, dear, don't let's go back over those unhappy things. It will only make you worse."

"I was only sixteen when I married," said Mrs. Hargraves, and while Mimi had heard this before, something now told her that this too was untrue. She suffered a tiny added stab of shame for Mamma.

"Only sixteen," said Mrs. Hargraves, "and that was young to marry even then. Mr. Hargraves was a good man, but a stern, hard man, very religious. He wouldn't smoke or touch a drop of liquor and I never heard him swear, really to swear. He was much older than I, but I was the first woman in his life—the only woman. He used to say I was like a flower—well, I respected him of course, but I didn't love him."

"I wish you hadn't married him." Mimi spoke so low that the thin sound of rain nearly covered her voice, but never a murmur of reproach had reached Mrs. Hargraves' ears before. Her eyes opened in the shock of it.

"But I couldn't help it," she cried. "I was an orphan. You know that. And Aunt Lil and Uncle Walter had children of their own. I never had a home—"

"Yes, Mamma, I understand."

MRS. HARGRAVES looked broodingly at Mimi. "I wish you did. I want so much to make you understand, now, when perhaps it is my last chance. It would be awful if I went out of life, Mimi, and then someone were to say something to you, and I not be here to answer it. To tell you what really happened." She stopped and Mimi saw she was thinking out how to go on. "Well," she said, "Mr. Hargraves brought me right here to this house. It didn't have the south wing then nor the porches, and there was only the orchard, no gardens. He added that all in the first year and completely refurnished it. At first I was so delighted to have my home—you can imagine after Aunt Lil's house—but after the first year it turned into a gilded cage. I didn't seem to belong here any more than at Aunt Lil's and yet I had everything the heart of a girl could desire, or so you'd think. But every night I used to ask myself again, what is it all about, what does it all mean, and there was never any answer. There was still some awful lack, I didn't know what. Of course, Mimi, this is all nonsense to you, isn't it? You can't understand."

"Yes I can, Mamma."

"No, you can't. You are too much like your father. I always said so. I don't say that to be mean, baby, because he was a good man."

"He was always away all day at the distillery," she said, "and he would come home tired at night. Then he made trips every now and then to interview different hotel men. He supplied to hotels chiefly and his plant was so small, there was lots of competition and he had to keep personal touch. Anyway I was alone a great deal. And this house was further from town than it is now."

"Well, when you came, Mimi, I thought I would never be lonely again, that my life would mean something. But that wasn't so. Remember, Mimi, I was only seventeen, a baby can't fill the life of a girl of seventeen."

"No, of course not, Mamma. But you just mustn't talk any more now. You will make yourself much worse. I will have to call the nurse if you won't be good." And still smiling her painful smile, she tapped Mrs. Hargraves playfully on the cheek.

Mrs. Hargraves caught at her hand. "What a daughter you have been to me, Mimi! I haven't deserved it."

Tears suddenly sprang to Mimi's eyes. Mrs. Hargraves was able to communicate a genuine vivid moment of love, all the more poignant because it was only a fragment. Mimi was warmed in it. Mamma won't go on, she thought. She will know I can't stand it.

But after a pause Mrs. Hargraves said, "You were certainly a sweet baby. I loved dressing you up and taking you places. But your second summer was a hard one. It was awfully hot that year and you fretted and cried the whole time. I was just worn out. Then in September Mr. Hargraves went away again and I was alone. I used to sit by the window and look at the trees on the Kentucky shore all changing their colors, all ready to die and I'd say to myself, what's it all for, what can my life possibly hold that is strange or beautiful? I give up—oh, Mimi, how little we know!"

Mimi pressed her hand nervously in a final plea for silence. But Mrs. Hargraves didn't notice.

"One evening," she said, "I was sitting here at supper by myself. I remember I had on a flowered challis because the evenings were cool already. It was one of my trousseau, with big sleeves and black lace ruching around the neck, a black satin sash, very fashionable as we wore them then. I remember Isabel, my colored girl, was waiting on me and she said 'Why, Miss Louella, you look too pretty to be sitting here all alone.' And just then the door bell rang."

"Isabel came back to say it was a young man to see Mr. Hargraves. I was just finishing my supper and I said 'Show him into the drawing-room. I'll go see what he wants.'"

"Well, we met right here, Mimi, right here in this room. When I came in he was standing by the window there. We saw each other. It was the beginning of life for me, Mimi." She clasped her hands and closed her eyes.

Mrs. Hargraves opened her eyes and shook herself a little like a dog.

"You must try to see, you must try to understand what happened to us both at that moment. Otherwise, Mimi, there is only tragedy in what I am going to tell you now."

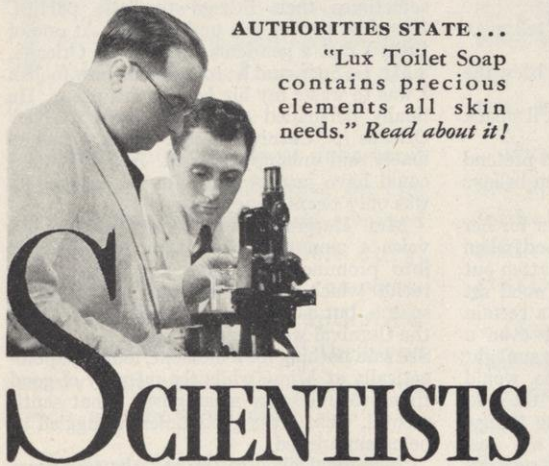
"Don't tell me, Mamma. I understand, I know."

"No, you don't know. It wasn't like the world said. Of course you've heard. How could I be so stupid as to imagine you hadn't. But it wasn't like that, Mimi. All the time, inside of us both it was something else. Maybe I can't make you see it that way." Again she stopped, thinking over how to say it.

"Mr. Hargraves was gone a month and the young man stayed on. His father owned a chain of hotels and one of them was the Vendôme. I always told you it was the good hotel here once. One night he invited some friends to the hotel for a supper party. You know in those days I never would have thought of going anywhere alone with a man. Everyone would have talked. But you see I had gone to a show that came up from Cincinnati with Aunt Lil and Uncle Walter. One of their girls, Rose, was there with her husband, Joe Pendleton. Well, afterward he invited me and some others, among them Rose and Joe, for supper—about twelve people. I had on a blue satin dress trimmed with iridescent passementerie and we sang songs—I remember, and one gentleman drank some champagne out of my slipper. I guess he'd read about that in a book! Supper was served in a private room upstairs and two of the actresses from Cincinnati were there. Well, I knew Mr. Hargraves wouldn't like it, but youth is reckless, and I did enjoy it. No other party has ever been like it. It was special, can you see that, Mimi?"

"Oh, yes, Mamma."

"Well, when it came time to go home nearly everyone was feeling pretty high, especially Joe. Rose could hardly get him into a cab. We all stood on the sidewalk, laughing and talking and fooling, and finally the young man and I just got in a cab by ourselves—I don't quite know how. I looked at my watch and saw it was almost morning, and, my, I was startled. But I said to myself, it doesn't matter. I wasn't a bit tired. I couldn't believe a whole (Turn to page 52)



AUTHORITIES STATE . . .
 "Lux Toilet Soap contains precious elements all skin needs." *Read about it!*

Photographed in Hollywood . . . where 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because it keeps skin young looking. The Hollywood stars in the foreground, reading from left to right, are GENEVIEVE TOBIN, 'BOOTS' MALLORY (Fox star), GWILI ANDRE and ANITA PAGE.

SCIENTISTS EXPLAIN: It contains precious elements skin itself has...and must have to stay **YOUTHFUL!**

HOLLYWOOD! Beautiful movie actresses! 694 of them!

Have you ever wondered why 686 of these 694 important actresses, the loveliest in the world, use *this* beauty soap—have used it for years?

If you've ever stopped to think of it, you realize a sad fact about your skin. Year by year, imperceptibly, it *ages*.

But did you ever hear that, as your skin grows older, it *loses* something? That something goes *out* of it?

The Secret of Youthful Skin

Skin, science has found, contains certain precious elements. These elements, found in youthful skin of every type, keep it fresh, smooth, attractive, young . . . help guard it

when exposed to wind, dust and sun.

The gradual loss of these elements is what makes skin get old looking, dry, rough, unattractive. But scientists give this welcome and all-important message—you can now *check the loss* of these precious elements.

This Soap actually contains Precious Elements found in skin itself

For years women everywhere have learned from experience how Lux Toilet Soap makes their complexions fresher—more youthful—more attractive.

And scientists attest the fact that Lux Toilet Soap with its complete freedom from harshness, ready solubility *and its content of such precious elements* is an unquestionable aid in keeping skin young looking . . . softly smooth.

Small wonder that Lux Toilet Soap is used by nearly all of the famous screen stars, who *must* keep their skin radiant, smooth,

young looking! Small wonder it is the *official* soap in all the large Hollywood film studios.

A Younger Looking, Lovelier YOU

SCIENCE tells you that pure, safe Lux Toilet Soap actually contains precious elements all skin *must have* to look youthful. These elements are found *in* the skin itself—an abundance in fresh, youthful skin, less in skin that is growing old, unlovely.

HOLLYWOOD has proved through years of daily use this soap actually keeps every type of skin younger looking.

MILLIONS of women (and men) everywhere confirm Hollywood's experience.

Won't **YOU** prove the beautifying effect of this fragrant, white soap?



"It really has made MY skin look Younger . . ."

"What the Hollywood stars say about Lux Toilet Soap is exactly what I've found out in my own case," writes Miss Evelene Miller of New York. Miss Miller adds: "I've been using this soap for three years now and I find it really has made my skin much younger looking. It's certainly a marvelous soap all other ways, too. I will never use any other!"



For EVERY Type of Skin
 . . .oily...dry...*"in-between"*— **BEGIN TODAY!**

It Saves Your Dresses It Spares Your Friends

Get the sure protection ODO·RO·NO gives!

In less than ten minutes, underarm perspiration can defeat you socially and undermine you financially.

For the unfortunate odor that inevitably follows underarm perspiration wrecks your charm and distresses and offends your friends. Certainly, it's not flattering to you!

And the acids of perspiration stain your dresses and fade their colors... something even the best of dry-cleaning cannot rectify. Good dresses cost good girls good money! Isn't it safer and a lot more economical to prevent such disasters with Odorono?

Odorono Saves Dresses Protects Daintiness

A famous physician discovered the safe, sure defense against perspiration and its odors. Odorono prevents perspiration, as perspiration *must be prevented* if both dresses and friendships are to be saved!

With Odorono's protection you are free from perspiration for days at a time.

Odorono not only secures your daintiness. It spares your clothes from early discard and your friendships from unhappy endings.

And it sets your mind at ease to know that odor, too, is completely banished.

Choose with confidence the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono Sanitary applicator.

ODORONO REGULAR
(ruby-colored) is for use before retiring. It gives 3 to 7 days' protection against underarm perspiration and its odors.



INSTANT ODO·RO·NO
(colorless) is for quick convenient use while dressing or at any time of day or night. It gives 1 to 3 days' complete protection.

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*Saves
Clothes*

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Dept. 9-D3, 191 Hudson St., New York City
I enclose 8¢. Please send me samples of Odorono Regular and Instant Odorono. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

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Address.....
City..... State.....

SCAPEGOAT

Continued from page 50

night had passed. We just laughed and talked all the way. When we got out of town the birds made almost as much noise as we did. I remember all sorts of little things, a man coming out of the cabin of a dredge to look at some lines he had left out over night and the funny wet feel of dew on the iron gate. When we got to the house he suddenly didn't say a word and neither did I. We came in together in perfect silence and he shut the door behind us.

"Inside," she said, "the air was warm and a little sweet and sharp like chloroform."

She stopped and closed her eyes again. Mimi leaned forward her head in her hands. "Well, now you've told me, Mamma."

"Yes, I've told you, Mimi. The rest I guess you know. Mr. Hargraves came back on the morning train. He always kept a pistol in the drawer of the desk in the library. Mr. Hargraves was a good man and he was within his rights. He tried to kill us both, but there was a struggle and it was Mr. Hargraves who was killed."

Mimi felt a very slight relief because she would never have to hear that story again.

SHE remembered the first time: a long, hot evening full of the tiny shrill of mosquitoes, and the pink inner lip of a Negro nurse yawning continuously in the lamp light.

"Now you go to sleep, Mimi, or I'll smack you. I surely will smack you."

"No, you tell me a story, Isabel, tell me a story and then I'll go to sleep."

Well, perhaps the first time had been the worst.

"And if you ever tell I told you, I'll smack you. I surely will."

"No, I won't tell. I am going to pretend it didn't happen. I am not going to believe that story."

And as a child, it was much easier for her not to believe it. During her childhood, when she thought of it, it would usually flatten out very curiously like a piece of cut wood set against a wall and only sometimes a certain note in Mrs. Hargraves' voice, or even a familiar aspect of the house, like the sunlight streaming through the colored glass, would make it come real. But she had the bad dreams and she was afraid of some things. The older she got, the more afraid she was. She idolized Mamma, but she was so nervous it seemed better when Mamma said for her to go away, to school, then Chicago. You can't go on living like I have, thought Mimi.

"Well, I wanted you to know this, Mimi and now you do. You see, don't you, how different it was from what people said?"

"Oh, yes, Mamma."

"It just was something different." Mimi smiled vacantly and nodded. She still didn't quite realize the full cause of her relief. Then the words formed almost on her lips. I don't have to cope with this any longer. I can wipe it all out.

"The rest," said Mrs. Hargraves easily, "was all terrible. You can imagine! The funeral and then the trial and the retrial. All the papers, even the Chicago papers, were full of it. They tried to prove he did it in self-defense. Then it was appealed and tried again. Well, I don't know why I thought I could keep it from you! Except that after such an awful fuss, it just suddenly died down. Lots of times I'd meet people who had never even heard of it. And I somehow never thought a child would hear."

Mimi patted her shoulder in her nervous way, intended still for comfort.

"What became of the young man?" Mrs. Hargraves' face took on an expression new to Mimi, to whom all her expressions were so familiar. It seemed to be a look of timidity, of humility, but it quickly vanished.

"He got life," she said.

"Oh—"

The room was now nearly dark, though the rain was slowing up, and there was a twilight still outside. All the windows had been closed, and Mimi knew she could open them now without rain coming in on the carpets. She made a movement toward getting up, but Mrs. Hargraves tightened her hand on her arm.

"There is just this much more I want to say, Mimi, and in a way it is the hardest. Anyone can explain a great sin. What I mean is, that can be understood by whatever is big in us, our generosity perhaps. But it

is hard to explain little things, little meannesses, little weaknesses, perhaps just foolishness. So you've got to try and understand now how hard my life was after all this. I was very young, and pretty, so they said; I was a widow and had been the principal figure in one of the most scandalous murder trials of the Middle West. Well, what was I to do? It turned out I didn't have near as much money as people thought I would. I was hard up and I couldn't sell this house, even cheap, because no one would buy it on account of the murder being committed here. Of course the women wouldn't have anything to do with me. That is, not nice women. Aunt Lil and Uncle Water just went right back on me, and only Rose tried to stand up for me as best she could, but she was sickly and Joe felt the disgrace pretty badly, claimed it injured his business. Finally I gave them money to move to Peoria and start over there. Anyway I was alone.

"For a year or two it was pretty bad here in this house. Then gradually—I just don't know how it started—men began being nice to me. The first was Mr. Walters, the manager of the Vendôme. He'd been at the party that night. He got to coming to see me. Then he'd bring friends. He used to say, 'Louella, you'll kill yourself moping out here all alone. Aren't you ever going to let yourself have any more fun out of life?' Well, sometimes then I'd go to little parties. Harmless parties you understand. At one of them I met a gentleman from New Orleans, a Mr. Le Suer, and he too told me how foolish I was to waste my life here in this place. He finally persuaded me to go down to New Orleans for Carnival Week. Well, I was so lonely and unhappy I went. And I found I could have just as much fun as anyone. I was only twenty-one then—"

Mrs. Hargraves was trying to keep her voice a monotone, to betray no one word into prominence or give any life to this recital which was the epilogue to her heroic speech, but as she spoke of New Orleans and the Carnival week, her lips broke into smiles. She said nothing for a moment, looking apologetically at Mimi, while the memory of good times (Mimi knew what gusty, what sentimental, what gross good times) struggled at being suppressed.

"I found I liked to travel," she said more sedately, "especially places where people didn't know about me, though usually they found out sooner or later. But even if they did, men are always broad-minded; they didn't usually care. After that trip I went around a great deal. There was a Mr. Hart of Cincinnati—I met him one year at the races in Louisville, or maybe it was French Lick."

Mrs. Hargraves was still watching Mimi closely to see if these names meant anything to her. Mimi remembered the profile of Mr. Hart and his fat fingers on her chin. A shudder she couldn't control shook her slightly and Mrs. Hargraves said in haste:

"Of course, he was quite an elderly man. Just like a father to me really. He used to think I ought to go on the stage, but I didn't take to that idea. He was interested in me though. It was he found a school for you. That's how you came to go to boarding-school in Cincinnati."

"Well, I made friends and perhaps it wasn't always wise, but I was less lonely. I could go on living. Of course you, Mimi, are like your father, independent of people. You don't care if you see them or not. Neither did he. Mr. Hargraves was willing to sit night after night out here and never see a soul. But I can't do that. I am not *anybody* unless I am with other people."

"Well, what's the use of going on? Either you understand things or you don't. I don't believe your life has given you much understanding. Life has to teach you, Mimi, both how to live and how to understand the lives of others. But, oh, how hard to learn! I never did learn to live, I'm afraid. I really wanted it to be always like that morning with the cold dew on the gate, the house so sweet and warm. And it never was again—"

Mimi made no attempt to reassure her, though for the last time she was forgiving her everything. Forgiveness out of this bitter, final knowledge was enormous and filled her completely, carried her like a great wave. Then like a wave it (Turn to page 54)

What you should know about pain and How to relieve it



"So we went to the party after all"

Medical Authorities Approve New Scientific Formula

TELL me what my pain really is—millions of men and women ask. How can I safely be free from it?

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Tiny muscles of the eyes and head, tense and stiff from too much work, contract like a clenched fist. The blood vessels constrict, causing heavy pressure on the nerve ends, which results in headache, neuralgia, and other severe *pain.

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HEXIN—an amazing new scientific formula—relaxes these tense muscles, capillaries, and blood vessels almost instantly. In doing so, it stops pain simply, quickly and prop-

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Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility, and foster acid stomach. Modern science has long since discarded such outworn remedies in favor of HEXIN.

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Try 2 HEXIN tablets with water the next time sleep won't come easily. Excessive cigarette smoking—too much coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can tighten up your nerves—keep you tossing and turning all night long. Let HEXIN relax those jangled nerves and gently soothe you

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The only test of any remedy that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to combat acidity. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store—nothing else is "just as good"—or make this personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

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The Quaker Oats Company, Dept. G-23, 1850 Board of Trade Building, Chicago. Canadian address: Peterborough, Canada.

Pancake sample Buckwheat sample

Name.....

Address.....

SCAPEGOAT

Continued from page 52

passed. She was exhausted and Mamma cared nothing for her forgiveness. Anyway, I don't have to go on living, she said to herself. When she goes, I'll see everything even worse than ever before, and I can't stand it. I guess I'm the one who can't learn to live, I guess I'm not made for it.

The nurse came in and exclaimed over the darkness of the room. She turned the switch by the door and the chandeliers broke into light, showing her with a thermometer held in a piece of cotton. "Time for our temperature," she said.

A car stopped outside and Mimi heard the Negro girl she had not yet seen, shuffling to open the door. Mrs. Hargraves, the thermometer in her mouth, rolled her eyes toward the door to see who it was. It turned out to be the doctor—a young man with glasses, and Mr. Albright.

Mimi got up and said good evening to the doctor. She gave him her chair by the couch and while he held Mrs. Hargraves' wrist she stood beside him. But she scarcely noticed what he said or did. When he got up he seemed satisfied.

"Very good, very good," he said cheerfully. "Now we'd better have these strong lights out and let Mrs. Hargraves get a good night's sleep."

They followed him to the door. "Your coming has done her good," he said to Mimi, "but I've left a sedative with the nurse in case she is too excited to sleep. Can I take you back to town, Mr. Albright?"

"No, I'll stay."
The nurse had turned off the light, leaving only a shaded lamp by the couch. Mr. Albright and Mimi tiptoed back to the couch and Mr. Albright stood looking down at Mrs. Hargraves. Mimi saw him reach down and touch her hair with a fussy, stroking movement. Then his face suddenly lighted tenderly as though he looked at a child.

"Louella," he murmured, "what a bother you are to me."

Mrs. Hargraves smiled back, not her too ample arc of gaiety, but with gentleness, and she closed her eyes without having looked once at Mimi.

"Let's sit down somewhere and wait till she gets to sleep," said Mr. Albright. "Any objection?" he added aggressively.

The nurse shook her head.

HE AND Mimi went to the far end of the room and Mr. Albright opened a window. They sat down and he began to finger his elk's tooth.

"If she isn't much better tomorrow," he said, "I'll get Sanders down from Chicago. But this young fellow thinks she is improving and I must say he seems to know his business. I made inquiries at the hotel and everyone speaks very highly of him."

"You're awfully good," said Mimi in a low voice. "You're a good man."

The only good man, she said to herself,

that she had ever known. She felt goodness in him, and something more besides. In this room of gilt cabinets and satin portières where all these things had happened, he brought something endearing, some smallness of scale, the smallness of scale she was always longing for.

"Well, you're a good girl, Mimi," he said calmly. "You've been a good daughter. A little too serious perhaps. Yes, you take things too hard. No use in that."

"I know I do," said Mimi in a whisper. "But I can't help it. People can't help the way they are made, can they? Mamma can't. She can't help what she has been. Well, I can't help it that I am the way I am. Mamma is safe, I can see that. She talks about understanding but she is safe really because she can't understand. She doesn't know what sin is. She may speak of it but she doesn't feel it. I do. I have felt it all my life. Horribly. Someone has to suffer for it and I've suffered for Mamma. Yes, I have. I'm her scapegoat. Can't you see that? Her sins are on my head. I don't mind. I would rather it should be me than her. But that's the way it is. And now I can't stand it any more!"

Mr. Albright looked at her with eyes intent but still somehow remote, seeing distant things. His old fingers, clean as bone, fingered his elk's tooth.

"YOU'RE too serious," he repeated. "I always said so. But I see what you mean. In a way you might say I've been a scapegoat too. I spent twenty-seven years of my life in prison. But there is no use taking even that too hard. And as you say, Louella is all right; there isn't any real evil in Louella."

Mimi heard him and repeated his words to herself so as to receive them completely.

Then it was Mr. Albright.
It was Mr. Albright on whom, even when giving up her hold on life, Louella still leaned, on whom until one second ago she had leaned. And looking at him now could discover no difference in this fresh second. Mr. Albright, murderer and lover. He was sitting before her without guile—a little fellow who handled things as they came, with his own small integrity.

No rich torments of revulsion overcame her. Not for Mr. Albright. Oh, not for Mr. Albright. But something else came to life deep in her and spread through her swifter and stronger than forgiveness. Bending forward she dropped her face in her hands and rocked with laughter.

"Oh," she laughed, "it was you all the time. It was you."

Through her fingers she looked down the long room and toward the figure on the couch, stripped now of all terror. And laughed.

Mr. Albright found a clean handkerchief in his pocket and held it out to her.

"Now, don't get all worked up," he said.

ARE MOVIE STARS ACTORS?

Continued from page 4

"Some dam' patriotic exhibition called 'The Birth of a Nation.' A fellow by name of Griffith thinks he has something new!"

Word spread like poison-gas that we had to close, because that scorned and vulgar foundling, the movies, was to take up its residence in a respectable theater. Maybe, I comforted myself, it was just as well that I was leaving the stage before it lost its dignity entirely!

After the curtain went down that night upon my last, last scene forevermore, I stood there, for a moment dazed, and quite forgot to hasten from the stage so that my star could take his final curtain alone. But the big warm clasp of Mr. Skinner reassured me; and signaling to the stage manager to cease his well-timed curtains, he gently wiped the tears from my mascara.

"Do you mind so much, then, leaving the stage, my child?" he asked.

"It's not exactly that," I blubbered. "It's

... it's leaving this part of mine that I've been playing so long. It's so ... unfinished. That's what I mind! It's knowing that I won't have the chance again to change it and work new meanings into old lines!"

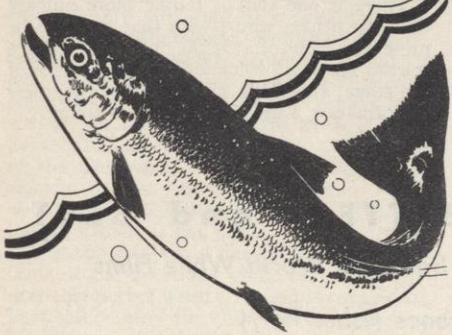
He patted me, he smiled; and what he said I have not forgotten.

"You're right, my girl, that's what acting is—fluid. Changing. That is the secret of our art; it recreates itself, keeps itself fresh. But this other thing that calls itself an art ... It will go just so far; then stop. For you can't fix the mold of acting. You can't confine it to a film. You can't set it down. It won't record. It is a ... process; never an arrival!"

A FEW nights afterwards, I sat in the Liberty Theater on the other side of the footlights—only there were no footlights that night; the stage was curiously "dark" for its audience. A white, empty, oblong space stared down at us from the curtain, like a



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canvas awaiting a brush. When suddenly—the space became alive; a miracle occurred, a miracle in gray human shadows ineffably pitiful, moving upon the impoverished landscape of the beaten South.

I leaned forward. Where had I seen those bleak unkempt stretches . . . that unpicked cotton . . . those paintless, genteel ruins?

And suddenly the picture came to me: of a somber, stooped figure slumped in a red plush coach . . . of pale, sick eyes brooding out upon the shifting scene . . . of a toneless voice and a bleak sweep of gesture: “There's a story here! What a story is here!”

“The Birth of a Nation”! Its tides of pity and passion swept that audience, tore it, reduced its cheers to tears. The motion pictures had sprung alive! The world had found a new form for drama!

I went back to my hotel and lay staring at the shadows on my wall, restless portents of a changing art. Was it true, was it true, that the stage had found its rival at last? How far could it go? What next could it do? What a field it was opening up for producer—director—photographer—technician—scenarist—why, the world was their oyster!

And the actor? What of him? And the words of my star sifted back: “Acting isn't a record! You can't set it down! It's fluid. It won't take a mold!”

And I thought of those few unknowns of that screen play, whose names were destined to become celebrated the whole world over. And I wondered then—and I have never ceased to wonder: how must it seem, to see one's hastily rehearsed characterization set down, unalterably crystallized?

To the movie-trained actor, who has not known the work-shop of the theater, its traditions, its fidelities—well, perhaps this substitute may serve.

But what of the stage-trained actor of the legitimate theater who finds himself catapulted into this “talking picture” medium, which offers him *everything on earth* but a creative outlet—what of him? What rewards can it supply him who has put in weeks, months, sometimes even years, of prayerful, yes, and agonizing study upon one role?

What does he substitute for his audience, that indispensable gage of his effort?

What does he make of these hasty, slipshod, “crystallized rehearsals” which movie actors call screen performances? How does he regard this new “art medium”?

I'll tell you. In his secret heart he looks upon it as a blasphemy. He looks upon it as a racket, an Arabian Night out of which one must grab all one can before his ephemeral day is over. In his soul he despises it. Let no true actor tell you differently.

YOU have heard repeatedly of actors who have left the projection room while a film was being shown in which they are appearing.

Have you thought why? It's because they are sick at the compromise they have made with the art they grew up in. They know that the performance they saw congealed there on the celluloid wouldn't be counted even a fair rehearsal on the stage.

I've watched these performances, one after another: performances by the Barrymores, the Lunts, the stage-trained men and women of the theater. And I can see the eye of the camera on them, and the chalk-marks on the floor, and the Kleigs above them, and the microphone trailing them. Not visibly. But *through their performances*. And there isn't one of them who wouldn't like to break loose and give one sustained, cumulative performance from start to end, to cheers and tears and curtain calls and that unearthly silence that means the “house's” heart has stopped beating from sheer concerted response.

Before the arrival of George Arliss in Hollywood, just a few years ago, rehearsals were an unknown practise. It was the rule just to go over the scene about to be shot, for lines and cues and lights and camera angles—that's all. Never with the idea of building up a scene by the subtle interplay of actors.

We are told that Greta Garbo dislikes and avoids rehearsals, they make her “self-conscious”! This, from the screen's idol, is nothing short of preposterous to the stage-trained actor who knows that there isn't such a thing as solo acting!

And our minds gratefully turn from this decided preference for individualism to the other attitude, as exemplified in the life and work of one of the theater's most notable actresses: Katharine Cornell.

Resisting every persuasion to lend her gracious art to the screen, this star remains steadfast in her undivided devotion to the theater, towards which she (Turn to page 56)



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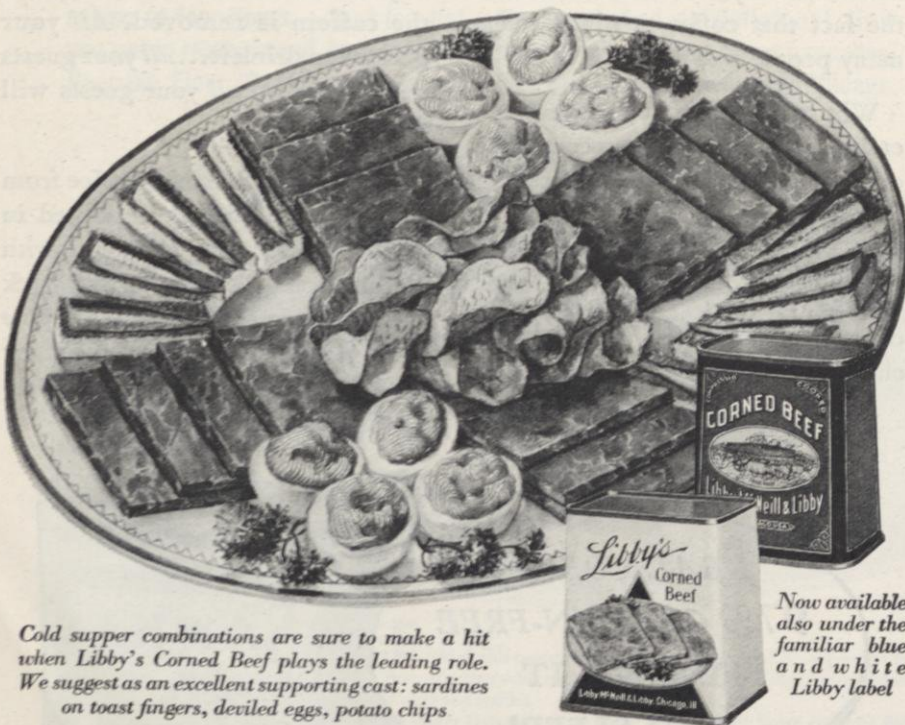


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"Hot days," another woman writes, "don't worry me, now that I've discovered your Corned Beef. I keep a supply chilling in the ice box; we have it often. Always it's delicious . . . so tender and mild."

And this came from a happy budgeteer: "I'd like to shout 'Libby's Corned Beef' to every woman who is trying to economize! Really, it's one of the best values I know. Low-priced, all solid meat with no waste, and so good!"



Cold supper combinations are sure to make a hit when Libby's Corned Beef plays the leading role. We suggest as an excellent supporting cast: sardines on toast fingers, deviled eggs, potato chips

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ARE MOVIE STARS ACTORS?

Continued from page 55

feels a student's deep humility and reverence. With an unflinching determination to improve, this woman has let no ulterior consideration interfere with her program. If she should ever be induced to appear upon the screen, we may feel assured that it will be only to record a characterization which she has already developed through arduous experimentation in her own medium—the stage.

When this high resolve animates our better actors of the screen, most of them theater-trained and fully aware of the compromise they are making in subscribing to hasty and slipshod performances; when they withhold their performances from screen recording until, through rehearsals, they can approximate a stage performance—only then can we expect to see on the screen the art which we enjoy in the legitimate theater.

D. W. Griffith had an imposing dream as he sat stooped in the red-plush car seat of our "company" day-coach. Its technical aspects have been more than realized. Of all the contributors to the screen's progress, the actor

alone has been remiss. He has been guilty of a carelessness which he knows that the stage which he forsook would never brook. This is not entirely his fault. The limitations of his complicated medium restrict him. The fact remains, however, that our stage stars, when transferred to Hollywood, are giving performances which, judged by theater standards, would not rate better than a fair rehearsal.

MANY waters have run under the bridge since that day when the hole-in-the-wall was cut in our little storeroom façade, to attract the passerby from the humbler walks of life. The stage has since been drawn through that small hole. And one by one its familiar vignettes are fading.

There is one that is fading more quickly than the others, and I wish that it might be preserved. And that is the curious reverence toward his work which animated the actor of the stage, and made his role, with each new performance, a growing, recreated thing.

MOVIES—GOOD, BETTER, and BEST

Delineator's List of the Past Season's Worth While Films

Compiled by Florence Fisher Parry

GOOD

"The Masquerader" (Goldwyn-United Artists). One never takes a "chance," with a Ronald Colman picture. Even when dissolute, as "half" of this dual role requires him to be, this favorite actor can be depended upon to be first-class, an excellent thing in acting.

"Looking Forward" (MGM). Mild story for the middle-aged. Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone have things all their own way, and deserve it. I do wish, however, that Lionel would straighten his shoulders and be given a few more erect, spirited roles before resigning himself entirely to seedy old men in the humbler walks of life. Time enough for them later.

"M" (Nerofilm). This probably will not reach many of you, and maybe this is just as well; unless you like grisly, clinical stories of childlike men who like to murder little children. Masterly psychiatric treatment of a horrible theme.

"The Little Giant" (Warner). Amusing variation of the Edward G. Robinson vulgarity role. This time he is a reformed Big Shot who does not reform too heartily to spoil a priceless ending to an otherwise trite farce.

"Be Mine Tonight" (Gaumont British-Universal). For "musical" people, who like to "see" their tenors; in this case, Jan Kiepura. Otherwise tedious.

"Peg o' my Heart" (MGM). Nice family picture, if its members did not see Laurette Taylor in the title role yabs and yabs ago. Marion Davies does well enough, and Michael, the dog, is an angelic mongrel. The rest is mediocre; but one is so thankful for a refreshing, safe story.

BETTER

"Gold Diggers of 1933" (Warner). With "42nd Street" as its prototype in a new form of musical fireworks, "The Gold-Diggers" sets off a dazzling unburst of cinematic splendor. Busby Berkeley, young creator of its geometrical dance figures, evolves what seems to be an authentic new medium of screen art: a pictorial, kaleidoscopic, musical form, as original to the movies as the close-up and dissolve.

"The Nuisance" or "Never Give a Sucker a Break" (MGM). Whatever its titular disguises may be, this is Lee Tracy's best. Frank Morgan as the inebriate shyster "doctor" who assists the ambulance chaser, and Charles Butterworth as the "victim" accomplice, justify this corner's claim that here are Hollywood's two best comedians.

"When Ladies Meet" (MGM). Excellent

transfer of a successful play to the screen. Women are flocking to this wise, friendly, and even dramatic "discussion" of the comparative claims of wives and mistresses. The wedding ring, as always, wins; in this case, hands down; due to the casting of Ann Harding as the wife, and Myrna Loy as the tentative usurper.

"The Silver Cord" (Radio). Another substantiation of the fact that Hollywood is utilizing not only the technique of the theater, but the talents of its "legitimate" actors as well. Laura Hope Crews, brilliant comedienne, gives a valuable lesson in sustained characterization, as the stranglehold mother. Frances Dee suddenly becomes a good actress.

BEST

"Dinner at Eight" (MGM). MGM'S bored lion might well sit up and take notice of this super-transfer of the Kaufman-Ferber stage hit to the screen. It outstars, outperforms, outproduces, out-Hollywoods all prior screen versions of legitimate plays; and offers the most conclusive evidence yet produced that Hollywood is getting a blood transfusion from the legitimate theater. John Barrymore's performance of the "actor who is dead and doesn't know it," Jean Harlow as the gold-digging wife, and Marie Dressler as the old war-horse star are deadly cartoons from life. Grand entertainment for everybody.

"Adorable" (Fox). At last a screen love story which our Marys can see with their boy-friends without risk of one moment's embarrassment. A younger (though not so disarming) Chevalier in the person of Henri Garat makes enchanting love to Janet Gaynor in a fairy-tale which, like "Alice in Wonderland," bewitches the hearts of all ages, so don't let the title keep you away! Let's have more of such pictures!

"Reunion in Vienna" (MGM). Diana Wynyard and the Hays Vigilance Committee may account for the reticences noted in this screen version of Sherwood's madcap play. John Barrymore, the only conceivable choice for the role of the Archduke Rudolf, more than lives up to his royal uniforms and princely privileges; but the chaste Diana does only partial justice to the liberal opportunities he vouchsafes her.

Best Performances: Dorothy Jordan in "Bondage"; Frank Morgan in everything he touches; Henrietta Crosman in "Pilgrimage"; Miriam Hopkins and Jack la Rue in "The Story of Temple Drake"; Joe E. Brown in "Elmer the Great"; Aline MacMahon in "The Gold-Diggers"; Violet Kemble-Cooper in "Our Bitters"; Roland Young in "Pleasure Cruise."

THE ADOPTED CHILD

Continued from page 12

But, you ask, what happens on the other side? What special consideration is given to the applicants for a child? The applicants have, first of all, the right to reject any child who "feels" like the wrong child to them. I say "feels," advisedly, because there is a purely personal, subjective factor which can only be determined by the way they and the child come together. It clicks or it doesn't. If it feels right, and it may take a little time to be sure of that, perhaps after several meetings or some expedition together, they are safe to act impulsively, for the social agency has already safeguarded their choice by presenting a child it can recommend to their particular home on the side of health, mentality, background and general suitability. There are additional safeguards, however—first, in the fact that they will be told frankly and honestly whatever the agency has to contribute regarding the child's parentage, his previous experiences and relationships, his physical history and present condition, his personality and behavior, as well as his mental equipment as determined by reliable psychological tests; and second, in the time which will be required by the agency to test out the placement before adoption is permitted—often a year or longer, if there is any doubt.

Perhaps you would like me to answer now some of the questions which invariably present themselves when adoption is considered. Is it safe? May the child not develop some hereditary taint later, become a criminal, or prove to be feeble-minded? I will answer the second question first because it is easier. You may be quite sure that you have not taken on a feeble-minded child, even if you choose a four-months-old baby. There are reliable tests today which, if used by an experienced psychologist and combined with the known physical and social facts, give assurance of normality and often indicate a tendency to superior development. A feeble-minded individual is feeble-minded in infancy too. Feeble-mindedness does not come upon him suddenly.

As to heredity, the experience of child-placing agencies indicates that its influence has been greatly overestimated, especially when the child has not been subjected long to poor environmental influences. The best

adoption risk, all things being equal, is a young child, preferably under five, who gives every evidence of a sound make-up.

As between a baby and a toddler, you choose your own risk. The baby will be more your own, less influenced by other than your own family, but he is, of course, a comparatively unknown quantity as far as future personality and behavior go. The older child is more obviously a person. You can tell more certainly what he is like and whether he has the kind of personality which suits. But for that reason he is less open to your influence, although he will undoubtedly change in response to your love and care.

Criminality is a bugbear which has been laid low long since. It is not a single trait, capable of being inherited: it is a complex of personal, social and economic factors, which grow out of a total situation. Given a child under six, of good personality and average mentality, the results in social behavior will be largely your responsibility, the outcome of the family relationship you have provided.

There is one other question which gives rise to anxiety in the mind of the prospective foster parent. "Shall we tell the child he is adopted and, if so, when?" I believe it is better and safer to admit the difference between own and adopted children from the first. There is considerable prestige in having been picked out, consciously chosen, and not just born into the family.

The giving of information about own parents is something to be determined by each family in terms of their particular child. It is our conviction that children who have been thoroughly accepted and happily assimilated by the adoption home, do not worry about their origins except as all young people look for trouble at adolescence and wish their parents had been otherwise.

If you ask me finally whether it is really safe to adopt a child, I must answer, "No." It is not safe to adopt and it is not safe to bear a child. There is no safety which can be guaranteed in advance to the fearful parents of own or adopted children; only the normal, average possibility, which is all we have the right to expect: that a child whom we love wisely, and allow to grow freely, will finally develop away from home ties, into independent, courageous manhood or womanhood.

Marion M. Miller, editor of our Child Training Department, will answer all questions that parents or children wish to ask. But be sure to send her a self-addressed, stamped envelop

THE SPINDLE AGE

Continued from page 9

girl. It contained a motley collection of cast-off furniture, and it was white enameled, and ruffled in all the usual spots.

Sunie's room had once been her kingdom and her haven, but no more. She had outgrown it. In the past fifteen minutes she had outgrown a lot of things.

In her hand still lay the letter. It must be an advertisement, because in the upper left-hand corner was printed "120 Broadway, Chicago," where she knew no one, not even an aunt.

She opened it. Out fell a letter on heavy, impressive paper. She opened that too. She read—

DO YOU WANT TO BE FASCINATING TO MEN?

Sunie did, and she was honest enough to admit it.

Then learn to lure. Let Madame Alva teach you complete mastery over the other sex as she has taught it to thousands of women. Madame Alva is the first woman to reduce the secrets of the siren to a science. It took her fifteen years to evolve the formula. It will take you twenty minutes to learn it.

Sunie felt herself getting hot and cold all at once.

Do you believe that Madame Alva can make you, too, absolutely irresistible? Do you believe?

Sunie believed. She was ready to believe anything if it would get her a beau by summer vacation—one who was at least as nice-looking as Mushmellon. Also, if it wasn't asking too much, she would like a picture, please, of some smiling young man which she could preserve under the glass top of her dressing table.

Look in the mirror. Would your appearance be enhanced by long, silky, curly eyelashes?

Sunie looked. She saw a nice, frank, open, little face, and a pair of serious brown eyes with no eyelashes to write home about.

Would a rose-petal skin add to your beauty? With her beauty treatments, Madame Alva will send a copy of her booklet, "Learning to Lure," in a plain wrapper and a money back guarantee. Act now.

This was not one of those things you can discuss with your mother. Sunie loved her mother, of course, but after all, what could you expect her to know about being fascinating to men with only Sunie's father to practise on?

He was home from his golf now, because Sunie could hear him romping around among the gladioli, looking for his evening paper, and presently she heard him plunk down into a chair on the porch. (Turn to page 58)

The ever increasing demand for good old Blue Ribbon Beer is an unmistakable indication of its outstanding quality. Wherever you go, you'll find it recognized as the best of the better beers!



**PABST
BLUE RIBBON**
Best of the Better Beers



Why run the risk when it's so easy to be sure

Pepsodent Antiseptic is more effective in fighting Halitosis . . . it is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics . . . goes 3 times as far . . . makes \$1 do the work of \$3

ONE can't be too sure about some things . . . for example, that breath is pure and sweet and fresh. Smart clothes or a charming personality don't count for much when breath offends.

Now unpleasant breath (Halitosis) is really inexcusable. For modern research puts at your command a way to be far surer of a pure, sweet breath than ever before.

More effective way discovered

Pepsodent Antiseptic is more effective because it is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Add water and it goes 3 times as far—thus makes \$1 do the work of \$3. For economy and for peace of mind remember: there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth antiseptic that must be used full strength to be effective.

In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe even if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted

with two parts of water and *still kill germs in less than 10 seconds.*

It is bad enough to have unpleasant breath *before* you gargle . . . it's worse to have it *after* you gargle. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic. Be sure! Be safe—and save money!

COLDS!

Clinical research reveals that Pepsodent Antiseptic is particularly effective in reducing the number and severity of common colds.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds	Cuts and Abrasions
Head Colds	Chapped Hands
Smoker's Throat	Dandruff
Bad Breath	Skin Irritations
Mouth Irritations	Checks Under-Arm
Irritations of the Gums	Perspiration Odor
After Extractions	"Athlete's Foot"
After Shaving	Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

THE SPINDLE AGE

Continued from page 57

She arose and descended the stairs. Her father was alone, his nose buried in the financial section.

"Father," said Sunie, "if something were necessary to my life's happiness, could you get it for me?"

"How much is it going to cost?" asked Mr. Cooper.

"Only \$3.40," said Sunie brightly, "but I've spent all my allowance, and I need it right away."

"Are you sure it's necessary to your life's happiness?" asked Mr. Cooper, who was too easy in such matters.

"Yes," said Sunie, "but don't ask what it is, because I can't tell you."

Mr. Cooper took a long look at her serious little face.

"Hmm," he mused, "in that case I guess there'd be nothing else for me to do but come through."

ONE evening a month later Mrs. Cooper waylaid Mr. Cooper when he came home from the office, and took him into the library.

"John," said Mrs. Cooper in the voice of trouble, "there's something I must say to you. It's about Sunie. John, that child is acting too strangely. She told me today that she guessed Mary Dell had met her true love all right in Mushroom McAndrews, and when I said that was silly, because what did those youngsters know of true love anyway, Sunie just looked at me, and said exactly as if she were quoting something, 'Mother, love is not a matter of age. It is a matter of understanding.'"

"That's too deep for Sunie," said Mr. Cooper. "She's way over her head."

"Yes, and that isn't all either," declared Mrs. Cooper, "she spent the whole afternoon watching the Pierson's cat walking on the fence. And then she strolled up and down the yard like nothing human. When I asked her what on earth she was doing, she just said, 'Please don't disturb me, mother. I am only trying to walk like a cat.'"

Mr. Cooper gave way to a chuckle.

"You can't tell me," said Mrs. Cooper. "Sunie's coming down with something."

"Nonsense," announced Mr. Cooper, recovering himself. "Sunie is a nice, sensible little girl, if there ever was one. She's just growing up. Let her alone. It's just a phase."

"I don't know," sighed Mrs. Cooper. "I've never had a moment's worry with Sunie. She's always told me everything. But she won't talk about this. She just shuts herself up in her room for hours, and she gets the strangest packages through the mail from 120 Broadway, Chicago, and she doesn't breathe a word about what's in them to anybody, not even to me."

In the meantime Miss Sunie Cooper was secluded in her own room, quite unconscious that she was causing her family this perplexity. It was amazing, she thought, how quickly a girl could be ready for life and love, when she put her mind to it.

She had pulled down the blinds, put on the lights, and sat herself down at her dressing table, the top of which held a large collection of bottles and jars, and what not, all bearing Madame Alva's label.

Then she began to perform strange rites. She began on her hair, which she did eight times before it suited her—pulling it back over her ears, and pinning it violently to the nape of her neck.

This accomplished, she began on her face, which required one hour and ten minutes, and last of all she picked up and prepared to attach Madame Alva's "Stickfast Eye-winkers."

When she was all done, she just looked at herself, too thrilled to move. Then she opened the dresser drawer and removed one of her father's cigars, which she had wrapped in perfumed cotton.

She did not smoke it. She knew better than that, having tried it the day before in the seclusion of the bathroom. She was content to hold it, and look at herself in various poses.

Presently her mother called upstairs, and asked her to run an errand, so Sunie arose, hid Madame Alva's bottles in the second drawer, wiped off the evidence upon a towel, put "Learning to Lure" in the pocket of her sweater, and started on her way.

Madame Alva's classic was small and com-

pact, and Sunie knew it all by heart. It contained no startling revelations. Learning to be fascinating to men seemed to require some practise, but where was Sunie going to get it?

Pretty soon she passed Mary Dell's house, and Mary Dell, herself, arose from the hammock and sallied forth to greet her.

"Good afternoon, Sunie," said Mary Dell. "Are you going to the country club dance next Saturday?"

Now Sunie wasn't, and Mary Dell knew it.

"Well, yes, I think so," said Sunie casually.

Mary Dell's eyes popped very wide.

"Well," she said, "I must say I didn't know children were invited."

Sunie tried hard to think up something to this one, but just then a car pulled up by the curb, and a voice called out, "Hello there, Sue. Going somewhere? Hop in."

It was Linda Upshur, and Sunie hopped.

"Goodbye, Mary Dell," she called out sweetly. "Don't let anybody give you any brass nickels." And off they went in a cloud of dust.

Linda Upshur was very lovely, if a little sad, and Sunie almost forgot that she had stopped trying to grow like her, and started to be like somebody else.

"Linda," she said softly, "will you do something for me?"

"If I can. What is it?"

"Will you call up my mother and ask her if I can go to the country club dance? All the others are going. Mary Dell's going."

"It's done," said Linda.

Then they just drove along, and pretty soon they saw two people coming along the road on horseback, and Sunie saw that one was Phil Gregg, and the other was the widow. Linda saw them too, but she didn't turn around. She put her head up, and drove right on, and when they approached, she slowed down and pulled alongside.

"Howdy," said Linda.

"Hello, there," said Phil Gregg, too casually. "We're out for a little ride."

It seemed to Sunie that if the widow smiled, her face would crack. It was so confident, and cold, and hard.

"Congratulations," said Linda to the widow, "I didn't know the woman lived who could take Phil away from me," and held out her hand.

The widow was so surprised she looked as if she could fall off her horse, but she took the hand.

"Now that I see you, I'm surprised myself," she answered.

After that the red roadster moved down the road very fast, and when they came to the house where Sunie was to do her errand, Linda didn't even see it, but went right by.

Sunie sat perfectly still, and pretty soon Linda remembered the errand and went back, depositing Sunie eventually at the Cooper house.

"My advice to you is let those who will, be good, Sunie, but you be clever," said Linda.

"It's tough to lose the man you love."

This was Sunie's cue.

"When love is dead, life is over," she said promptly.

"My gracious," said Linda, "where did you get that?"

"Out of a book," said Sunie softly. "Out of a book on learning to lure. You see, I got tired of being such a nice girl. I didn't think it paid."

"Because of me and Phil?" asked Linda.

"Well, yes," admitted Sunie.

"Sunie," said Linda, "I think I ought to read that book."

Sunie took it out of her pocket. "Don't tell anybody," she said, and handed it over.

That night about bedtime, she heard her father and mother in a huddle in the hall.

"She's too young," her father was saying, "I won't have any daughter of mine running around nights at fourteen."

"Fourteen and eight months," said her mother, "and Linda says all the youngsters are going. Their fathers are taking them, and their fathers are bringing them home. They'll only dance the first part of the evening."

"Hmm," said Mr. Cooper, "all right then. But Peter has to bring her home at eleven sharp, and I don't mean twelve."

Mrs. Cooper sighed. "I hate to think of our little Sunie growing up so fast," she said, "but what can I do? I'll buy her a pretty little white party dress."

Sunie sighed too. She could just see it. It would be ruffly and sweet, and it would look exactly like a nice little girl going to her first dance. "Dress to suit your personality," said Madame Alva. Sunie wasn't going to admit that she had a white and ruffled personality. She favored something dashing—black, perhaps, with earrings. She remembered her mother's black evening gown which hung in a bag in her closet, and which she seldom wore, because her husband didn't like her in black. And she remembered also that Mr. and Mrs. Cooper were going to a dinner party before the dance, and that by the time they arrived at the country club, she would have been dragged off by an unwilling brother and put to bed.

It was a nice thought, and Sunie turned over and slept soundly on it.

SATURDAY night her mother put her into her new little white dress, which was even worse than Sunie expected, but after she and Mr. Cooper had left for their dinner, Sunie went upstairs and tried on her mother's black dress. It was very low in the back, and she had to cut a hole in her slip to match, and she had to pin the underside with tiny safety pins to make it tight enough. Then she stood on a chair and looked in the glass at the skirt billowing around her ankles, and she tried on her mother's best crystal earrings.

Peter came to the door and said, "Hey, what are you up to anyway?" So Sunie took off the black dress very quickly and put the white back on. Then she wrapped up the black dress and the earrings, and several of Madame Alva's strangest bottles, and last of all the stickfast eye-winkers, and started out.

Peter wasn't going to the dance, being at the age where he disdained all girls, especially sisters, but he took Sunie to the country club, and didn't even notice the package.

"You behave yourself, see," he told her, as only brothers can, "and don't keep me waiting either."

The locker room was empty. Sunie slid out of the white dress and into the black one, and she put on the eye-winkers, and the earrings, and dabbed her fingers liberally in Madame Alva's goo. She was afraid now, but she entered the big room with her head up.

Mary Dell saw her first. Mary Dell had on a pink dress—her mother's choice—into which she had been poured with protests.

Mary Dell's mouth fell open, and she said, "Why, Sunie Cooper," surprise mingling with admiration.

"Imagine seeing you here," said Sunie from a great height, "I didn't know children were asked to this dance."

Mushmellon saw her next. Mushmellon was not struck dumb. He said, "Say, Sunie, I mean Sue, where you been all my life? Say, can I have the next dance?"

Sunie said, "I guess you can. I guess I haven't this one taken," and with that she floated off in his arms, leaving Mary Dell with nobody to dance with her except that impossible little Jamison boy.

When they saw Mushmellon McAndrews dancing with Sunie, all the other boys wanted to dance with her too. It was as easy as that!

She practised "Learning to Lure" on each of them, and they all went down like a load of bricks, and by comparison, the other little girls seemed a mere twelve and Sunie at least eighteen. It was very satisfactory, but by half-past ten she was pretty tired, and besides she was afraid some of the older people would arrive and recognize her mother's dress.

The other members of the spindle age were weary too from the tremendous effort of acting so grown-up and tremoloscated, and pretty soon somebody suggested they retire to the out-of-doors, and act their age by playing tag.

"I can't play," said Sunie promptly, "I've got on mother's dress, and I might tear it."

"Take it off," suggested Mushmellon. "I've seen lots of slips. They're big as a dress anyway. They're bigger'n some of the dresses my mother wears."

This was an idea. Sunie removed the precious black dress and hung it on a tree, and Mary Dell watched her in open-eyed admiration, and did likewise.

It was very nice outdoors in the cool and the shadow. It was pleasant to know that you were a success, even if the effort had made you tired.

They played hide-and-seek, and when it was Mushmellon's turn to be "it," Sunie looked for a very special place to hide—one that would require quite a little time to find, where she could rest and enjoy this swell new feeling that had come upon her.

She could see the widow's low, rambly house next door. The widow was attending dinner along with her mother and father and

a lot of other people, but the gate through the wall was open and the patio looked inviting.

Sunie raced in, and she hid behind the hammock in one corner. She made herself comfortable on a couple of cushions, waiting for Mushmellon to come and find her, and because she was so tired and so happy, she went to sleep.

A voice wakened her; but it was not Mushmellon's. It was a feminine voice, suave, and throaty, and very sure.

It was too late to run now, but Sunie peeked under the hammock and saw the widow and Phil Gregg walking into the patio. They were talking in low tones, and Phil Gregg seemed to be hanging back a bit, and the widow seemed to be pulling him in, inch by inch, exactly as if he were a fish. Having learned a little about this art herself, Sunie couldn't help feeling a little sorry for him, and a little sorrier for Linda.

Then they reached the hammock, and they sat down, and the widow said, "But my dear boy, love is not a matter of age, it is a matter of understanding."

My goodness! That was right out of Madame Alva's book—hook, line, and sinker. My goodness! There wasn't much chance for Phil Gregg now!

"Didn't you know the first moment we met that we would mean a great deal to each other?" asked the widow.

"Yes, I suppose I did," said Phil Gregg. "I guess that's right."

He was way over his head all right, and in a moment it was going to be all over.

"That's why it hurts me to think of going away just now when we're beginning to mean so much to each other," continued the widow in exactly the right tone.

"You're going away?" He was hooked. She had him now. Sunie knew it.

"Only for a month," said the widow. "I have to run home for a little and see how my business is getting on. But you can write me. I'll expect a letter every day. I'll give you my confidential address, where only you can reach me. It's 120 Broadway, Chicago."

Sunie scarcely breathed. She felt very cold, and a little ill. Before her—almost near enough to touch—sat Madame Alva, but she wasn't thrilled. She wanted to go home to her own bed. She wanted to pick up all of Madame Alva's literature and dump it in the waste-basket. She wanted to crawl out from behind that hammock like a mouse and never come back.

STEPS were coming across the patio. The widow stood up, and so did Phil Gregg. Sunie peeked around the corner again, and saw Linda Upshur and her brother, Peter, approaching very fast.

"We're looking for Sunie," explained Linda. "Peter was supposed to take her home at eleven, and it's past twelve. All the other youngsters have gone home long ago, but we can't find Sunie anywhere, and we're afraid that something's hap—"

Sunie was very chilly in her little pink slip, and she felt a sneeze coming on. She tried very hard to stop it. She tried to swallow it, but she wasn't quick enough, and out popped a queer, choked, muffled sound.

Phil Gregg jumped, and the widow came behind the hammock, took hold of her arm, and dragged her out.

It's difficult to be caught behind a hammock without your dress, but Sunie would have done pretty well, if it hadn't been for Peter. Peter just looked at her with true brotherly scorn, and he said, "Gee, you better wash your face. Gee, you better get that stuff off your face all right, before mother sees you. Gee, she's at the country club now. Where's your dress?"

"I hung it on a tree," said Sunie meekly. "We were playing hide-and-seek, and I didn't want to tear it."

"Well, really," said the widow with a peculiarly brittle laugh. "You don't expect us to believe that, do you?"

This was too much for Linda. She couldn't fight for herself, but she could fight for Sunie. "Don't you dare say that," she said. "I want you to know Sunie Cooper's the nicest little girl in this town."

The widow shrugged. "One doesn't exactly enjoy having somebody snooping behind the hammock, where she can hear every single word . . ."

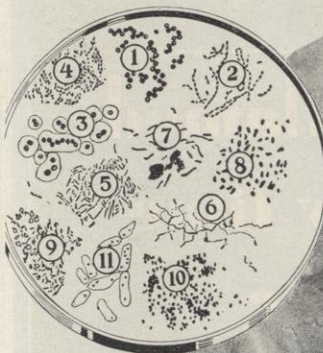
This was too much for Sunie. "I wasn't snooping," she announced with a snuffle, "and you didn't say anything I didn't know already. It's all in your book."

The widow turned purple, but Linda became very quiet, very still.

"What book, Sunie?" she asked, "What book do you mean?" (Turn to page 60)

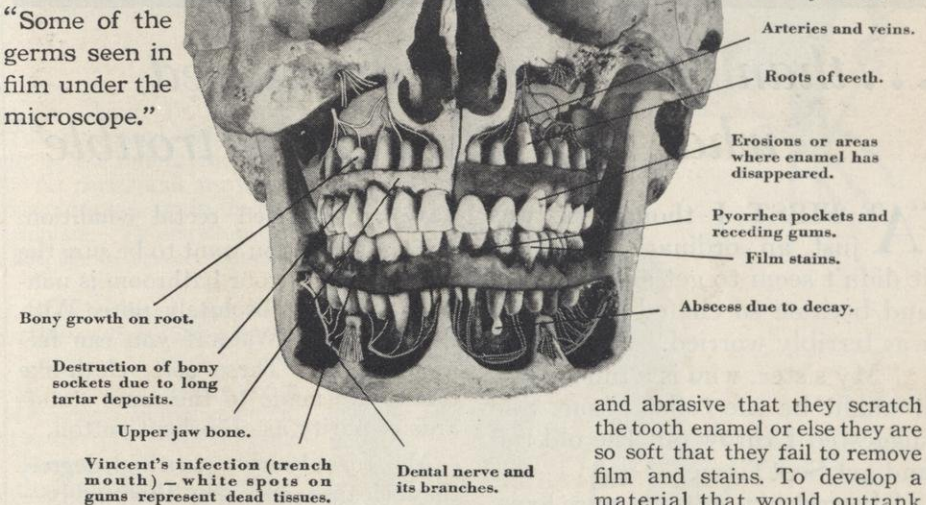
Science Finds 11 Kinds of Germs on Teeth

Curious organisms live on your teeth; now science connects them with tooth decay, gum disorders, and many other ills; how these "unfriendly" germs are glued to teeth by an almost invisible film called "bacterial plaque."



"Some of the germs seen in film under the microscope."

The \$100,000 smiles in the movies are the result of perfect, healthy teeth.



and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. To develop a material that would outrank others both in effectiveness and

THE average person is amazed to find how many germs live on the teeth. When placed under powerful microscopes, a scraping of the film-coat from a normal tooth reveals the presence of at least 11 very dangerous germs. Scientists recently estimated that at least 1,000,000 such germs may live comfortably, thrive, and multiply on just one single tooth.

The most common type of bacteria on your teeth is *Lactobacilli* which are the actual organisms that cause decay. These germs form acids that dissolve the teeth much in the same manner that other acids eat holes into wood and cloth.

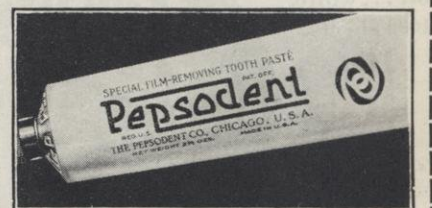
But even worse than germs is the film that forms on teeth. Film protects germs and glues them to the teeth. Film also contains lime which hardens into scales called "tartar." These scales irritate the gums, make them bleed when brushed, and may in time cause serious trouble unless removed periodically by your dentist. Hence the famous radio warning, "See your dentist twice a year."

Removal of film has therefore become an all-important problem for dental science. One of the most noted discoveries in this field was made recently in the laboratories of The Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. Your dentist will tell you that most cleansing materials are either so hard

safety required years of research. Finally the problem was solved . . . a truly revolutionary cleansing material was created.

This new discovery is contained in Pepsodent Tooth Paste exclusively. It is twice as soft as the material most commonly used in tooth paste, hence Pepsodent is absolutely safe. Today Pepsodent is known as the "special film-removing tooth paste" in this and 67 foreign countries.

FREE—10-Day Tube



THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 39, 919 No. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to
Name _____
Address _____
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"Peggy was so inflamed... she cried every time I changed her"

... thank goodness I discovered what was causing the trouble"

"AT FIRST I thought it was just an ordinary rash, but it didn't seem to get any better—and became so chafed and raw I was terribly worried.

"My sister, who is a nurse, said it might be the toilet tissue. She suggested I throw out the old roll and get ScotTissue.

"It was very soft and pure looking compared to the kind I had been using. Within a few days, I'm thankful to say, Peggy's condition had entirely cleared up."

THIS MOTHER'S STORY is not unusual. It is quite common for children, and even for grown-ups, to

have an inflamed rectal condition.

That's why you want to be sure the toilet tissue in your bathroom is non-irritating and absolutely pure. With ScotTissue or Waldorf you can feel entirely safe. These soft, cloth-like tissues are made to the same standards of purity as absorbent cotton.

Moisture absorbing to a high degree, they cleanse and dry thoroughly—assuring an immaculate condition. They are comfortable on even the tenderest skin.

Keep SCOTTISSUE or WALDORF on hand—not only for baby, but as a protection against needless illness for the entire family. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.

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the soft, cream-colored roll.
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THE SPINDLE AGE

Continued from page 59

"The book she wrote on learning to lure," sobbed Sunie. "She's Madame Alva."

Nobody spoke then, and Sunie turned and walked out of the patio, and she plucked her mother's black dress off the tree, and put it on, and started home, Peter following at a respectful distance.

And even Peter knew that something was wrong this time, because after a while he said, "I won't tell mother, Sunie. Honest I won't. I'll go back and get your other dress. I won't say a word."

Sunie walked right on, and finally Peter tried again.

"Say," he said, "one of your eye-winkers has come off."

"Don't," begged Sunie, and fled up the front steps.

TWELVE hours passed, and Sunie's heart was still broken, so she guessed it was permanent. In the seclusion of her own room, she deposited all of Madame Alva's secrets into a place from which there is no resurrection. She put up her hair in the old way, and upon her face she wore the look of one in the last stages of anemia. It was hard work, but she tried to keep it and she imagined the world seeing it and asking, "Who is that lovely girl with the sweet, sad face?"

And she imagined her mother saying, "Oh, John, something's happened to Sunie. She's changed. She's become a woman overnight."

Sunie opened her door and prepared to make an excessively patient and resigned descent to breakfast, and in the hall below, she saw her mother, arranging flowers.

Mrs. Cooper saw Sunie too, but if she realized that her second-born had grown into a woman, she didn't mention it. She just said casually, "Mrs. Pierson just called up to say that Bud's home. I think he's out in the yard now."

Sunie went to the window on the landing and looked out. She saw a tallish young man in white trousers and blue coat, looking very flossy indeed and doubtless feeling so.

This couldn't be Bud, could it? He couldn't have changed this much in a few months.

Sunie glued her nose to the window, and that moment Mr. Bud Pierson turned his face her way, and she could doubt no longer.

She forgot her broken heart. She forgot Madame Alva. She forgot Mary Dell, and Mushmellon, and the black dress.

She went down the stairs three at a time, scooted across the hall like a bounding gazelle, and slammed the front door with a bang that should have left it in splinters.

When she reached the hedge, she stopped. The new dignity came back to her in part, and she said quietly, "Hello, Bud."

He looked up then and saw her, and he whistled through his teeth with surprise, and he said, "Say?" with doubt and then delight. And it came to Sunie that he saw in her the same change she saw in him. The perfect moment of her life!

They didn't talk much, at least not right away. They walked around the yard, and down the street in front of the Deming's house they spied Mary Dell and Mushmellon, and they knew that Mary Dell and Mushmellon had spied them.

Sunie knew something more. Sunie knew also that presently when Mushmellon had left, Mary Dell would rush to her mother, and that Mrs. Deming would rush to the telephone. And she knew also that when it dawned on Mrs. Deming that the boys were going to be as mad about Mrs. Cooper's little girl, Sunie, as they were about her own Mary Dell, nothing on earth would keep her from telling Mrs. Cooper about the black dress upon the tree—a fact which Mary Dell had doubtless relayed by this time without adding that her own dress had been there too.

All the time she and Bud were walking around the yard, Sunie waited for the telephone to ring, and after Bud's mother had called him into lunch, and Sunie was back in the house, she still waited, but nothing happened.

Presently she knew why. From the window of her room, she saw Mrs. Deming approaching on foot. Mrs. Deming was not trusting what she had to impart this time to any mere telephone. She was coming herself.

The windows were open, and Sunie could hear her mother greeting Mary Dell's mother, and she could hear (Turn to page 71)

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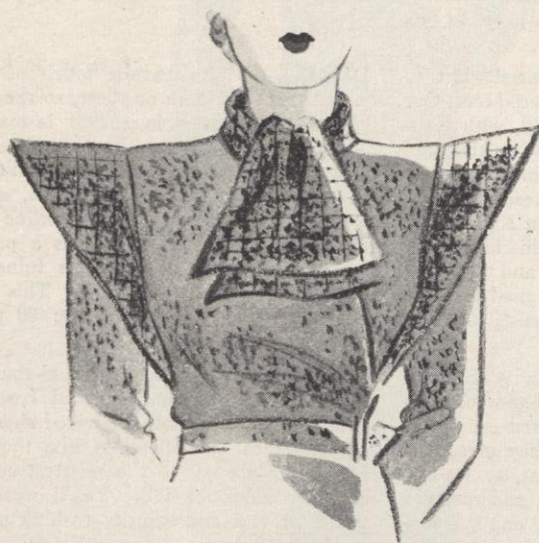
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WHAT TO LOOK FOR WHEN YOU LOOK FOR A WINTER COAT



LOOK for up-standing shoulders first of all. They are the thing that hits one right in the eye when you first see the new coats. Also, we have to add, they are the thing that is going to make last year's coats look *very* last year. It's too bad, but that's the way it is. Schiaparelli, who dearly loves to design crazy things, started these new shoulders last spring, and now all the designers are putting "stick-ups" on their coats. And we might as well break down right here and now and admit that we like them. The first three figures in both columns show the ones we like best. The stiffened sailor collar and the wings on the tweed coat are for the youthful, of course, but any age can wear the other four. These shoulders go out as well as up, you'll notice, and when you try on any of these coats you'll find that the heavy line which broad shoulders give to all but the tall and willowy, has passed right out of the picture. These shoulders look broad, but not stoutish.

■ Look for less fitted lines and less flare. Coats are straightening out and the waistline is not so indented. Some have belts but most don't, and most fasten way, way over to the left.

■ Look for sleeves with slim lines from the wrist to the elbow, but from there on expect anything. In the corner down at the left is the sleeve that is squared off by seams at the top. At the lower right is "the rain-catcher". It has buckram in it to make the fur part stand away, and what happens if the stiffening should soften up in the rain is something we hate to contemplate. Those pillow-case sleeves on the second figure, left, are to be very popular.

■ Look for Ascot ties of fur. Loads of the coats have them, and notice too how many *little* collars there are!

■ Look above the waist-line for all the interesting things about the coat. The lower part is very simple and slim, and all the excitement is right at the top. Even the large fur collars have moved up. The ends come together at the bust-line instead of at the waistline, as formerly. But just as much fur is used as it is set far out on the shoulders in a very luxurious just-see-who-I-am manner. The short boa-collar, lower left, is one that Vionnet likes especially, and she makes the tie of satin. Others tie it with a bow of the coat fabric.

■ Look for fur in odd places. At the top of the sleeve. Around the armhole. Used as narrow edging. In epaulets, and little sleeve capes. And especially in revers. Look for crisp furs such as skunk, wolf and badger. Beaver is very smart. Also, black fox, blue fox, silver fox, galyak and kidskin, and a new darker kit fox.

■ Look for ribbed woolens, nothing could be smarter. And for a new rough woolen called "elephant's hide". Bouclé is to be very, very popular again, and we have seen some very good looking semi-rough flatish ones.

■ Look for oxford grey. The very black kind with just a tiny thread of white here and there, and the dark grey kind. It's a change from the eternal black coat (although black was never smarter than now).

■ Look for eel brown, if you are not pleased with the oxford idea. This is a grey brown, really a brownish taupe and you can wear all sorts of colors with it. Blue fox and beaver are marvelous on it.

■ Look for a swagger coat if you are looking for a fur coat. So far, the swagger fur coats are the best looking of them all. They have fur Ascot scarfs or very tailored necklines.



College Clothes



5296



5275



Swagger
Wrap

Velvet
Gloves



TIPS ON WHAT IS SMART FOR COLLEGE THIS FALL

It's Smart to wear a tweed sports coat on the campus, and there's no better color for it this fall than the new dark oxford gray that is almost black. It's smart to choose one with those new shoulder "stick-ups"—5276 has them in little padded rolls. By far the smartest hat you could wear with it is one of the new square down-in-front berets, and the good news about this one is that you can crochet it yourself. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 46.

It's Smart to have a tweed skirt to match your tweed coat. Our choice is a wrap-around, 4908, with enormous square buttons like those on the coat. The blouse with it, 5304, which is grand because its long "shirttail" keeps it firmly tucked in, we'd have in bright Kelly green silk. Smart alternatives for this blouse are the twin sweaters sketched, and the bow-neck plaid blouse. Skirt designed for sizes 12 to 20; 34 to 47½ hip. Blouse, 30 to 42.

It's Smart to include in your wardrobe at least one wool frock and one of silk that are tailored enough to wear for the daily grind. They must pair off well with your tweed coat, so we say black for the wool one, 5283, and rosy red for the silk (5281). The wool one is a pin-afore with trick clips for its back closing, epaulets to give that high and wide look, and quantities of good-looking stitching. It is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

It's Smart at most colleges to "change" for dinner, which means nothing more dressed up—we hasten to add—than slipping into the simplest kind of silk frock. 5281 is the type, and its shoulders are the smart type for fall—sticking up as well as out. The collar can be worn both open and closed, and the dress can be worn with both your coats—if you follow our suggestion of rosy red for it. This frock is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

It's Smart to have something in the new color eel brown, so we chose it for your best ensemble—coat 5276 and dress 5298. Eel brown is really a taupe—a color between brown and gray, with the accent on brown. It's smart also to have fur epaulets on your coat and a small fur collar like this one. The fur we recommend is brown Persian lamb. This coat is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 46.

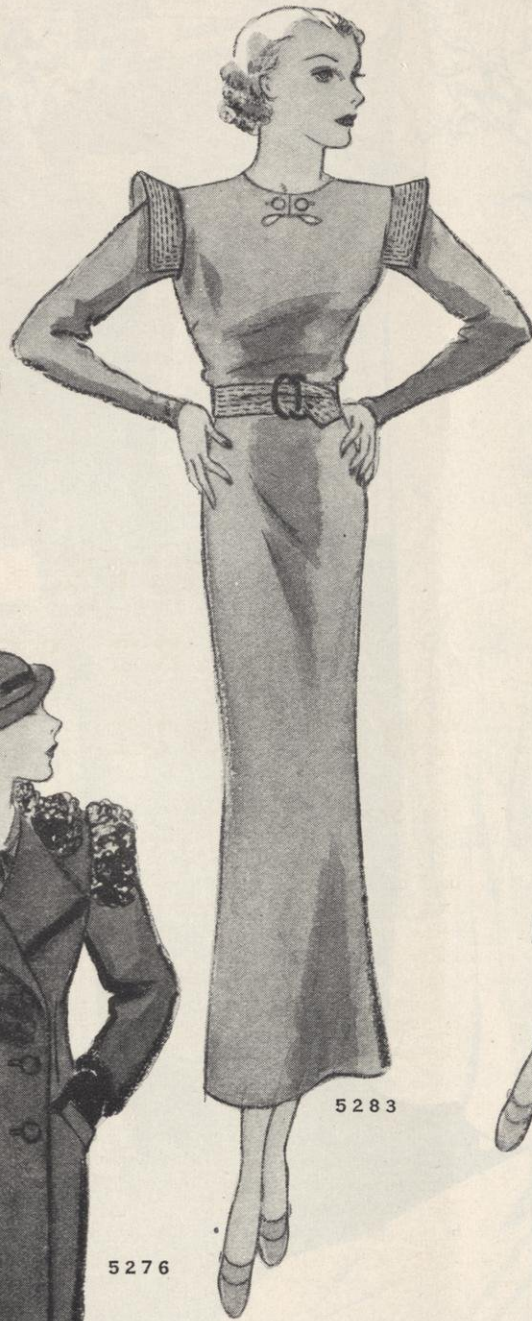
It's Smart to have a touch of satin here or there, so the dress of your best ensemble (5298) is made of both sides of it—the dull for the dress and the shiny for the bow. And we don't have to tell you that bows are smart too, as well as being the most becoming neckline there ever was. This dress also has a pair of those new shoulders—with the fulness in outstanding flaps with points. This frock is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

It's Smart to stock up on as many informally formal frocks as your budget will allow. Covered shoulders are the idea, and flounces like those on frock 5275 are one of the smartest covered shoulder ideas for fall. You'll wear this frock for teas and sorority rushing parties and not-too-dressy dances. Black is your color if you're limited to one, and we urge one black one no matter what number you have. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

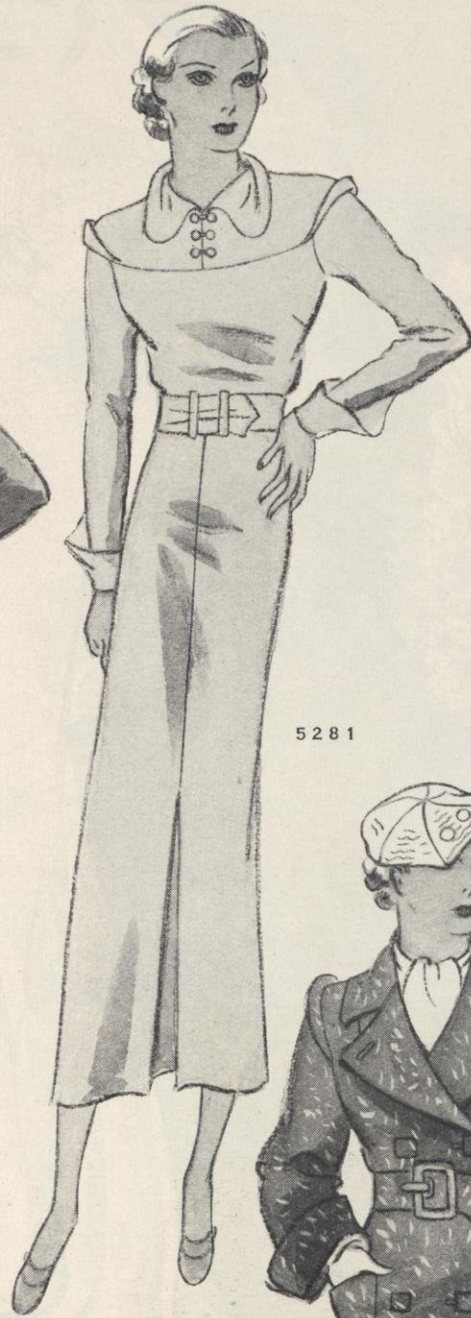
It's Smart to have one formal that will just bowl them over. Such a one is frock 5296, worthy of being saved for such big affairs as Prom and important house-parties. Satin is the last word for it and white is far and away the best color. The evening wrap we recommend for both frocks on this page is the swagger jacket, smart in velvet, worn with matching velvet gloves—smarter still in bengaline. Frock designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.



5298



5283



5281



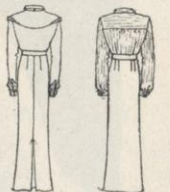
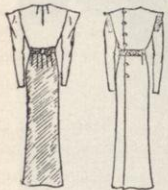
Blouse
5304
Skirt
4908



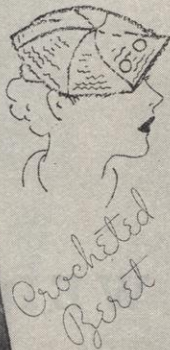
5276



5276

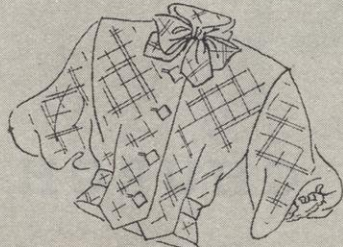
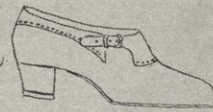


Twin Straps



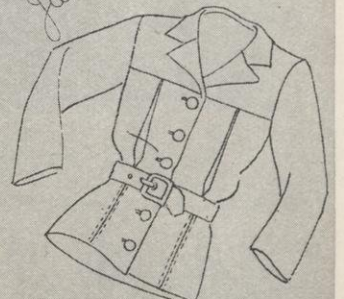
Crocheted Beret

Campus Shoe



Plaid Silk Blouse

Suede Jacket





CHURCH WEDDING



"honor the maid of honor"

5269 Pansy-blue, a new color, with vitality beneath its softness, has a distinction that a maid of honor deserves. The crispness of her taffeta dress, with out-standing shoulders is a foil for the bridal white satin. For 34 (size 16), $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch taffeta. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.

"dramatic entrance"

5299 This is the gown Helen Twelvetrees wears in "Disgraced." The yoke is tucked net but the sleeves are tulle, "melting" pleasantly into the veil. For 36 (size 18), $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch satin; $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 72-inch net and $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards 72-inch tulle (incl. veil). Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

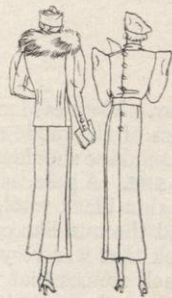
"the bridesmaids' sheers"

5183 Dress your bridesmaids in heavy sheer and they will thank you for giving them something they can wear afterwards. The fichu comes off, leaving a dinner-y dress beneath. Have the hats in velvet. For 36 (size 18), $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch heavy sheer. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

THE BRIDE PICKS THESE FOR HER TROUSSEAU



5273



5298



5283



5251



Wrap
5251



5184

"a go-with-everything wrap"

5251 It's a swagger one—the smartest wrap of the year. It belongs to her white frock but it's worn with the dinner dress too. If she prefers a contrasting fabric, we suggest velvet or bengaline. For 36 (size 18), 3 yards 39-inch satin for wrap. It is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

"her 'grand' evening frock"

5251 To look grandest, this season, white satin is the thing at night. That's why we urge it for this frock with the Vionnetish neckline. The wrap belonging to this dress is the black one. For 36 (size 18), 4½ yds. 39-in. satin for frock. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

"and this for small evenings"

5184 A dress that can take dinners, dancing, the theater, or any other kind of "don't dress" evening in its stride. It's black satin and the coat of the white satin frock will go perfectly with it. For 36 (size 18), 5¼ yards 39-inch satin for dress. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

"the going-away outfit"

5273 She chooses a suit for a dramatic get-away. Or, if she is marrying simply, at the City Hall, she wears this for the ceremony too. It is eel brown ribbed wool and the fur is flattering blue fox. For 36 (size 18), 3¼ yards 54-inch ribbed wool. It is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

"her wool gadabout frock"

5283 For this backbone-of-the-trousseau frock she hits on olive green, with the touch of satin that is inevitable on smart wool frocks. The beret and the gloves are satin too. For 36 (size 18), 3⅞ yards 54-inch wool; ¾ yard 35- to 39-inch satin. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

"her dress-up frock"

5298 It's satin—and she uses the dull side for the dress itself, the shiny side for the small touches. It would be marvelous in rosy red, but every bit as smart in black or eel brown. For 36 (size 18), 4⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (using reverse side). Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.



Hitch his Wagon to a Star

YOU WANT your baby to have the glowing health and vigorous energy that will give him the ability and ambition to gain success in his grown-up years.

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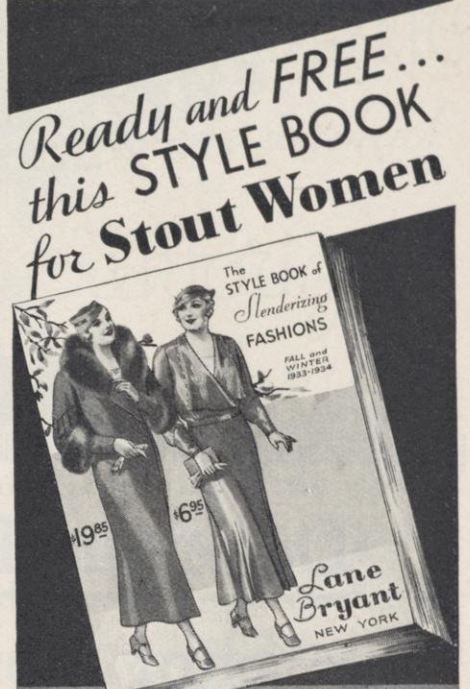
Paris Notes

Paris, France

DEAR DELINEATOR:

There's stirring news in this batch of fall clothes. The French dressmakers not only have thought of a lot of new lines but they've used fabrics that we've either never seen before or haven't seen in years. It's also pretty stirring to think that from your patterns of these clothes, DELINEATOR readers can make and wear them at the same time that they're being worn in Paris. Shoulders, having spread out to noble proportions in the last year, are now asserting themselves by an uprising. UPRISING accomplishes this purpose by darts on the outside of the sleeves and a collar that stands up from the neckline in back. The fabric is bengaline, one that is being used by the French dressmakers with a lavish hand. Here the rib is very fine, but I've also seen a medium and a coarse rib used. Eel brown satin, another fabric in high favor makes RISE AND SHINE. The shiny side is turned out for the dress and in for the sash and scarf. The shoulders stand up for themselves here too. I've seen this same sleeve used on coats and looking very

new. More evidences of the high-mindedness of the mode are the white pique rim around the shoulders and the collar of WHO IS SHE. A pale, ash-blonde wore this dress in thin black wool, the first time I saw it, and the nun-like collar gave her a demure look that was very beguiling. Those good black dresses that we used to pin our faith to have been pretty hard to find lately—that's why I beamed with pleasure when I spied DAYDREAM. I wasn't the only one pleased, either, for four women ordered it on sight, all in black satin with the shiny side showing only in the bows. The upper bow unbuttons from the square collar, by the way, so you can have a soft instead of a crisp neckline if it's more becoming to you. The very big and very gay sleeves in WHY NOT are part of a jacket so don't let any one be frightened with visions of trying to stuff them under an evening wrap later in the season. The dress alone is something to stare at. It has a very high front and a very low back. The original was satin, as so many new evening gowns are, in white



Paris Frocks

with cherry red puffs. The smartest evening wrap in Paris right now is a white bengaline swagger coat. I didn't send you a sketch, DELINEATOR, because I know that you already have a pattern for this wrap. I hear that furs and woolens are creeping upward in price so it seems like a good idea to make a winter coat right away. With a new coat hanging cosily in the closet, anyone can look forward to cold weather without flinching. I hunted down **BIG GAME** because it seemed to me to have a lot to offer. It's definitely new with its trim, almost straight silhouette that broadens out at the shoulders and yet it's not too extreme for a day-in-day-out coat. The way to detect a new sleeve is to look for a straight narrow line up to the elbow and width toward the shoulders. The fabric of your new coat should be a smooth woolen and the collar any kind of fox you please. Black fox is the newest but all the others are still in the running—silver fox, cross fox, blue fox and red fox, the crisp, long-haired furs such as badger and wolver-

ine are very good too. When you say satin you've only told half the story. There are crinkled satins, and ribbed satins, and satins with tiny woven designs. **BLACK UP** is of the ribbed variety. It's a suit and the thing to wear right now. The smartest women in Paris are wearing these black satin suits with blouses or dress tops of white linen or white or pale, dusty pink satin or bengaline. **BLACK UP** has a dress with a white bengaline top beneath its square shouldered jacket. For those indolent souls who have put off going to Chicago until the weather cools off, there's **WORLD'S FAIR**. I saw it going aboard the *Aquitania* in a thin ribbed gray wool with revers and epaulets of black kid. The very high neck is a new line you'll be seeing frequently. It would be equally smart in bengaline without the fur. Up at the top **LIGHT UP** is white, down below it's black and the whole thing is in a new heavy sheer silk that looks like wool—a bright idea for those borderline days when it's still warm but one wants (Turn to page 70)



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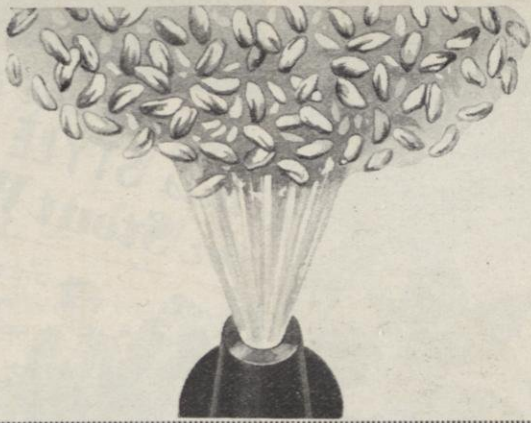
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Delicious Breakfasts Shot from Guns

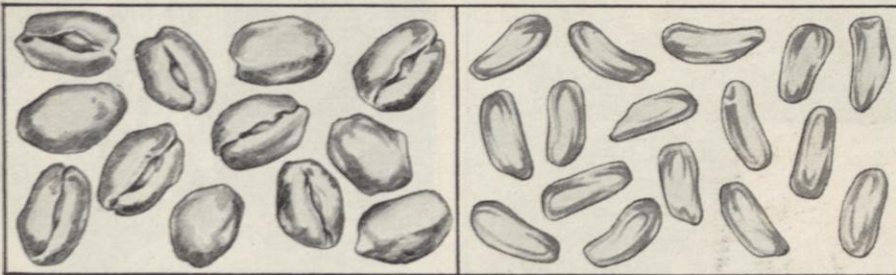
There is nothing else like food shot from guns—nothing even half so good.

By a patented process, the wheat or rice berry is puffed to eight times its size. It is made four times as porous as bread.

Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken; the shapes are unaltered. You have simply the magnified grain.

The result is a food that is crisp and inviting—a food that melts in your mouth. The most wholesome and delicious cereal food in existence.

Exact Size of Grain After Being Puffed



Puffed Wheat, 10c — Puffed Rice, 15c

This is the curious process:

The whole grain is put into sealed bronze guns. Then those guns are revolved, for forty minutes, in a heat of 550 degrees.

The moisture in the grain turns to steam, in that heat, and attains a terrific pressure.

Then the guns are fired. Instantly the steam explodes every starch granule into myriads of particles.

Thus the kernel of grain is expanded eight times. Yet it remains an unbroken berry, either of wheat or rice.

Exploded by Steam

These foods are the invention of Prof. A. P. Anderson, formerly of Columbia University.

His object was to break the millions of starch granules each into myriads of particles.

That is the object of all cooking. For these particles must be separated, else the digestive juices can't get to them.

But other methods scarcely begin to do this. Many of the granules remain unaffected. Under this method, every starch granule is literally blasted to pieces. The digestive juices act instantly.

Prof. Anderson has created the very ultimate in food. Please order one package of Puffed Grains—do it today—just to hear what the children say.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

BACK-TO-SCHOOL CLOTHES



"action pleats"

5306 Besides looking sporty, they're important in a suit that's meant for play and not just for sitting around and being a good boy in, for they allow plenty of arm movement. The separate trousers button on. For 22 (size 3), 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch linen for blouse; $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. 35-in. contrast for trousers. Designed for 20 to 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ (sizes 1 to 5).

"a coat and a beret"

5284 Everything that makes shoulders look higher makes clothes look new. Fur epaulets do the trick here, making the shoulders broader as well as higher. Fabric fur could be used, especially one of those new ones which look so much like real fur. For 30 (size 12), 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yds. 54-in. tweed (incl. hat). Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

"a dress and a hat"

5286 The important points about this frock are the winglike extensions that rise above the shoulder line. High shoulders, if you don't know, are the big news for fall—for all ages. Note the full-top sleeves too. For 30 (size 12), 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch lightweight wool (incl. hat); $\frac{1}{8}$ yd. 35-in. taffeta. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

"sailor-collared"

5294 Sailor collars are very much in fashion and it's smart to make them large enough to stick out a little as this one does. Another interesting bit about this coat is the full-at-the-top sleeve. The hat is made of the coat fabric. For 23 (size 4), 2 yards 54-inch wool (incl. hat). Designed for 20 to 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ (sizes 1 to 5).

Purchase BUTTERICK PATTERNS with DELTOR PICTURE INSTRUCTIONS at the leading stores throughout the world at prices given on page 72

WITH HATS TO MATCH

"contrast—new style"

5288 The special thing we'd like to have you notice about this frock is the contrasting fabric you get a glimpse of when the pleats open. It's in the puff sleeves too. Dark—if the dress is light, or vice versa. For 23 (size 4), 2 yards 35-inch printed linen (incl. panties); 3/4 yd. 35-in. plain. It is designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).

"first-day-of-school suit"

5280 A bolero suit, with simple lines, is a classic school fashion—as smart this fall as ever. This one is in three pieces and the bow makes it a little special. The hat (5094) is a fabric one and may match the dress or tie. For 30 (size 12), 2 yards 54-inch wool and 1 1/8 yards 39-inch crêpe. Suit designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

"the ways of a guimpe"

5292 A guimpe dress is a most useful kind to own, because you change all when you change guimpes. Not that you'd want to change this one often, for its puff sleeves and the jumper's crisp shoulders make such a good combination. For 23 (size 4), 1 1/2 yards 39-inch print; 1 yard 39-inch plain. Frock designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).

"a jumper frock"

5278 And quite different from any jumper dress you ever saw before, with this nice broad-shoulder yoke. All those polka dotted pieces belong to the guimpe. You could have other guimpes too, couldn't you? For 30 (size 12), 1 1/2 yards 54-inch light-weight wool; 1 1/8 yards 35-inch printed cotton. It is designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).



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PETER PAN BLUE SEAL FABRICS

pass 100% in the washtub

Sanforized-shrunk

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Don't

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 Check Rouge: Radiant _____ Medium _____ Sun-glow _____
 D-9
 Name _____
 Address _____



(Continued from page 67)
 to look like fall. **GOOD MATCH** is a pair of new fashions—the new squared off beret that tilts forward over the eyebrows and the new wrap-around woolen dress with coal-heavers' shoulders. The fabric and color are interesting too—a rust brown woolen with a woven check. The beret is just as easy to make as the dress—so put them both in the pattern, DELINEATOR. I'm finishing this month with four dresses that will never give away the secret that one is not so young and slender as one might wish. The first one, **MORNING GLORY**, has the trim lines that add height to the shorter figure. There's just enough white at the neckline to be flattering without adding

any width. **APRÈS MIDI**, an eel gray crêpe dress, also does a great deal toward lengthening and slenderizing the figure. One secret of its success is the deep, softly draped, neckline. **WHITE WINGS** has the straighter, unbelted silhouette that is new and a blessing to the larger woman. The dress itself is gingerbread brown crêpe with soft wings of white crêpe at the neckline. **VEELINE** does its stuff by means of a surprise neckline, outlined in white faille, and flat box pleats. The fabric is a thin, ribbed, bottle green wool.

R. S.

For the sizes and prices of these patterns, see page 76.

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THE SPINDLE AGE

Continued from page 60

Mary Dell's mother explaining that she had just dropped in to see if she could borrow three extra card tables, please, and she could hear her own mother saying, yes indeed, and wouldn't Mrs. Deming sit down on the porch for a little chat.

Then she heard her mother say, "Well, Eloise, Bud Pierson's home, and you'd never know him. He's given Sunie a silver picture frame with a picture of himself in it, and I saw one just like it at Fraser's reduced to twenty dollars on sale. Shall I let her keep it?"

"You will," said Mary Dell's mother. "You won't want to, but you will. I'd like to see Mrs. Pierson's face when she finds that out. He probably brought her a fifty-cent handkerchief."

Mrs. Cooper laughed too, and then Mary Dell's mother said, "Mary Dell says that Sunie was a great hit at the dance last night. Too bad we got there too late to see her. Mary Dell wondered if she got home all right. She says that when she left, Sunie's black dress was still hanging on a tree."

Mrs. Cooper let out a sort of gasp, and Mary Dell's mother kindly changed the subject.

"Have you heard about the widow?" she went to know.

"No," said Mrs. Cooper weakly. "Well," said Mrs. Deming, "she's leaving town. She called my husband this morning and put her house up. She said she was called away on business, and isn't coming back. But I think it was something that

happened last night. I think it was something that happened with Linda and Phil Gregg."

"You do?" said Mrs. Cooper.

"Yes, because from twelve on Phil just hounded Linda. He was ready to eat out of her hand. I've always thought Linda was such a nice girl, but last night I heard her say the strangest thing to Phil Gregg. He came up to her on the porch and he said, 'I've got a lot of things to say to you, Linda,' and she laughed and said, 'Please don't bother me, Phil, I'm trying to learn to walk like a cat.'"

There was a queer silence. "Now I ask you," continued Mrs. Deming. "Would a girl say that, if she were perfectly sober? Of course Linda'll take him back. She's just making him squirm a little, but it doesn't even make sense. It's incoherent, and I've always thought Linda such a nice..."

"Eloise," said Mrs. Cooper suddenly, "would you excuse me a moment. There's something I must see Sunie about right away. I'll be right back."

Sunie was in for it now, and she knew it, but she didn't care. When she explained what she had found out about the widow, it would be all right. She guessed her mother would think she was pretty smart then!

And besides she was too happy to be sad about any little thing—even this mother-to-daughter, "Young-lady-what-have-you-been-up-to-now?" business. Hers was that strange, satisfying glow that comes only once to a girl—along with her very first beau.

THE YOUNG MAN'S GIRL

Continued from page 11

for life? Pop up without notice, like a cursed jack-in-the-box?

"Damnation," he muttered aloud, "I'm burnt out! I'm all in. I'm through!"

His man, who had been holding his spike-tailed coat and observing his young master with perplexity, inquired whether he might offer a cocktail before departure.

Wyndward had quite forgotten him.

"Thank you, Hanley, no. I don't believe I'll go out tonight."

"There's no dinner ordered at home, sir; and cook's gone."

"It's your night off, also, isn't it?"

"I don't mind stopping, sir—"

"No, go along. There should be plenty in the pantry and ice-box."

"There is, sir—"

But Hanley of the sharp beak and ginger sideburns still hesitated and hovered until Wyndward looked up at him with his engaging smile. "I'd really like to be alone in the place. Good night."

He pulled tight and knotted the belt-ends of the silken dressing-gown, cinching his lean waist—as though preparing against famine. As though the hunger were elsewhere than in mind and spirit.

Somehow or other he must pull out of it. There must be some way.

"I'm not awake," he thought. "I've never been awake except that once."

He never had known any deeper emotions than the boyish joys and pangs of first effort. The tender solicitudes of family life never had touched his solitary existence; no great love for any woman had stirred his depths; no spiritual passion or renunciation had refined him.

Were any of these emotions necessary to awaken him? Could any of these resurrect what lay insensible within him—or, perhaps, dead? Was he, unconsciously, awaiting a spiritual summons—

The sudden clamor of the house telephone at his elbow startled him.

He picked up the transmitter, sullenly. "What?" he demanded.

The reply from the door-man, twelve stories below, seemed to perplex him.

"Who?" he repeated impatiently.

"Miss Clyde."

Memory, slumping, non-resilient; and suddenly assailed, awakened slowly, irritably, from the poke in the ribs. Clyde? It must

be Chiyu Clyde. He had not heard of her nor thought of her in years. In five or six years.

"Ask if the young lady is Miss Chiyu Clyde," he said.

After an instant, "Yes, sir."

What did she want? Then suddenly he was remembering that, once before, this same girl had come to him when he was very lonely; and a slight warmth tempered the chill of his voice.

"Ask Miss Clyde to come up," he said.

From his bedroom he went into the living room where a grate-fire burned, and turned on the lights. Almost at the same moment he heard the ascending lift outside, and the click of the arrested and opening door. And he stepped over to the door and opened it.

"Well, Chiyu—" he began, extending a friendly hand; and fell silent before this slim stranger, so slenderly elegant in her dark fox-furs and fragrant gardenias.

"It is you, Chiyu, isn't it?"

"Yes."

He retained her gloved hand and led her across the threshold into the lighted living room.

Then, slowly, vaguely, smiling recognition succeeded the strangeness in their encountered eyes.

But she was charmingly changed; the thick, pale-gold hair had become fulvous with coppery glints; the purplish eyes he thought he remembered were really a deep golden-gray, shadowed by purple-black lashes. The mouth, full, delicate, vivid, was still the mouth of a child.

She had grown tall—nearly as tall as he. The shape of her head was exquisite.

He said: "This is nice of you. I've wondered—"

"I have, too."

"A long time."

"Six years," she said.

He took her furs; offered to take her hat. She decided to remove it; stripped off her gloves, too.

After that he poked up the canal-coal fire, laid another slab on it, punched it with the tongs until it crackled into flame. Then he took a padded armchair opposite the one where she had seated herself.

"Out of the happy past," he said cordially, "once more together! The engaging phantom of the little girl I once knew will always haunt me—and always (Turn to page 72)

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LONDON, W. 1, ENGLAND, 173 Great Portland Street

THE YOUNG MAN'S GIRL

Continued from page 71

cling to you like a gracious shadow. Forever." "I am twenty-one," she said. He considered that. "Yes, twenty-one. You have grown beautiful, Chiyu. You are quite aware of that, I suppose."

made money and reputation with his first accepted comedy, "The Bat in the Belfry." Wyndward had scarcely a nodding acquaintance with this highly colored, noisy, jocose young man who preferred the reek of theatrical Broadway to the dull joys and respectabilities of Tenth Street and points South.

"No," she said. "What has gone wrong, Chiyu?" She considered for a while, her fingers restless in her lap. Then she shook her head. "I shouldn't be alone tonight. But I am."

When the silver shaker showed a deep coating of frost, they sipped their cocktails and fed themselves with Beluga caviar spread thick on gluten toast. "This is the life," said Wyndward, "the good old irresponsible life, and the only real one. Too bad you bothered with marriage, Chiyu."

She shook her head again. "You see," she said, "he is quite celebrated, and he has a good deal of money, and he seemed quite nice." "Oh."

"Do you like the stage?" "Not much. But it was the only way I knew to—to—" "To get on in life?" "Yes; to marry and—" She fell silent. "Marry and—what?" he insisted.

Wyndward said nothing further. What was she planning to do about it, he wondered. And who did this celebrated husband of hers chance to be? As though in answer to his unasked question, the girl looked around at him and said: "He once told me that he had met you."

"Only to be locked out and told to go to hell?" she finished in a childish voice that seemed little more mature than the troubled treble of studio days. "The silver lining," he replied, "is that you and I are together once more. And I hope it will bring you luck. Are you really and truly glad to see me, Chiyu?"

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"Yes." She looked away from him. "You're quite as adorable as ever," he said lightly. "Touch the rim of my glass with your lips for all of the luck I wish you. I have much more luck than I need, Chiyu; help yourself to some of mine."

She leaned over and touched her lips to the rim of his extended glass. It was the last of the champagne.

So, as she wished for no more, and he himself was very moderate, they divided a large cluster of hot-house grapes. And then he made coffee.

Presently, with a slight bitterness in his voice, he asked: "Have you ever happened to see any of my work since the days so long ago when you posed for me?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I always watch the newspapers and I always go to exhibitions where you show."

The girl's unfeigned candor touched him. "What a loyal friend you really are," he said. "I wonder whether you have liked what I've been doing lately."

"I like everything you do."
"Really? As much as you liked the first memorial?"

"Not quite as much," she admitted. "Why?" he asked with the slightest shade of impatience.

"I don't know."
"Don't say that. There must be a reason. What was there about that first memorial that you liked particularly?"

She considered the question with knitted brows. "It seemed so—so friendly," she said. "All the figures in it seemed so lovely and kind—"

"Oh. Does my work, now, seem unkind?"
"Would it be rude," she ventured, "if I say that the figures all seem to have an expression that I have seen you have sometimes? I don't mean that you are not always friendly and kind—"

He said deliberately: "Do you mean my work is cleverly executed, but that something young and sensitive and warm and familiar is lacking in it?"

To criticize him at all was evidently embarrassing her.

She said: "Everything you do is wonderful... But I love the children and horses and young goddesses—and even old Father Time himself—on the Firemen's Memorial."

"And you couldn't love the people that I do now because they have something about them that you've noticed about me?"

"Oh," she protested in flushed distress, but he interrupted:

"You couldn't love me, either, I suppose."
Her face became scarlet and she looked at him in speechless appeal.

"No," he said, "you couldn't, because my face is only a clever surface to camouflage a merely robot mind."

His bitterness was dismaying her. She gazed at him in confusion, her full lips parted. "Chiyu," he said, "something really is wrong with my work and with me. And I am fearfully unhappy about it."

She said nothing. She trembled slightly. He went on: "I can't do the kind of things I did when I had you to help me out, and that's a frightening fact. I don't know how to do them any more, Chiyu. I'd like to, but I don't know how to do them. Something that once was in me has flickered out."

After a long silence: "Well, then, that's that," he concluded. "You seem to be shivering. Come into the living room by the fire... What is the matter, Chiyu?"

SHE had risen, and was trembling. As he passed his arm around her, he saw that her mouth was quivering; and kissed it. He did such things easily, almost unconsciously, and, so far, without feeling much reaction.

This time he did, however, and was aware of a swift warmth in his face and breath, at contact with the tremulous warmth of hers.

They moved off slowly together to the living room, where he took his arm from her supple waist, held her chair for her, poked the coals, and seated himself opposite her.

His curious eyes appraised her, coolly, almost resentfully, trying to discover in her what had stirred him up. Because there never had been anything sensual in him. Nor in his work. It seemed incredible that Pat Clyde's child could upset him.

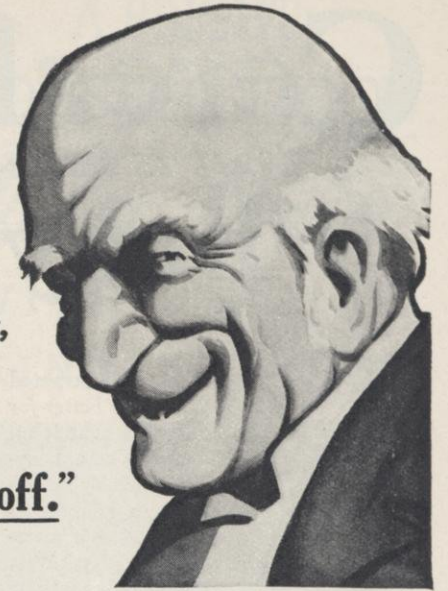
Yet here was danger, somewhere. Something different and new. Danger to him!

He chose, however, to analyze it as accidental. Episodic. Not likely to re-occur.

"Chiyu," he said, "do you feel all right now?"

She nodded.
"You are quite warm again?"
A vague motion of the (Turn to page 74)

Grandpa's Smile



"Wal," Grandpa said, "I'll let you know,

"My health to Quaker Oats I owe.

"Upon my face came long ago

"The Smile that won't come off."

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the fool thing into complete, eternal silence. "What would be the use of divorce?" she murmured. "He was only drunk. He's like other men, I suppose. I think I'd better call him up—"

"Chiyu," he said, "your husband is in the psychopathic ward in Calvary Hospital."

She gazed at him dumbly. So he told her, then, exactly what had happened in the bridal-suite.

When he ended, the girl drew a deep breath and stood with lowered head, twisting her small handkerchief, in silence. Once or twice she raised her eyes to him—once as though mutely asking something; and again quite hopelessly.

"I think I'd better go," she said at last. "Your servant told me that things are rather smashed up in your apartment."

"I'd better go," she repeated.

"As you choose, Chiyu."

She walked slowly into her bedroom, put on her hat and furs and gloves. When she emerged, he already had telephoned to the doorman for a taxi.

She was rather pale when she said goodbye. He took her offered hand coldly. But whatever he had started to say was suddenly strangled in his straining throat, and he drew her into his arms and kissed her.

And at last, when he released her, she opened the door without a word and was gone like a shadow. The gilded cage of the lift had vanished with her when he went out into the silent corridor.

"Whatever this damn thing is, it's got

me—" he thought, as he stood by the lift.

THE nose of an aging trout develops a hook and grows downward. Man's nose also, in later life, thickens and grows downward. And pale circles ring the iris of his eyes. However, except for these two symptoms, nobody could suspect the age of Captain Jauncy.

He knew everybody, went everywhere, ate and drank everything, and gave parties.

London, Paris, the Riviera, New York, Palm Beach knew him as a social giant. A nimble, busy, and very kindly man whose age was known to God alone.

The kinds of parties he gave might be labelled Party of the First Part and Party of the Second Part.

To the first were bidden fashionables of both sexes; to the second, fashionables of the male sex only.

It was one of the latter sort of parties that John Wyndward decorated, about two weeks after he had met Chiyu Clyde the evening of her transmogrification into Mrs. Warren Trenholme.

It was a gay party. Principals and chorus of Trenholme's latest success, "The Injun and the Ingenue," contributed vastly to the gaiety of the evening, aided by delegates from the Racquetters, Patrooms, and Buccaneers Clubs. Number Three Ballroom of the great Hotel Empress, turned into a huge bower of flowers, resounded with music and wassail; and a discreet corps of flunkeys kept the public off that entire floor. No use stirring up the outer world, staggering and stumbling under dark-

ening financial skies, and muttering about depressions and dictatorships.

Captain Jauncy, strutting a two-step with Queva d'Arrios, called across to Wyndward who was gallivanting with a limby, lissome lady who looked better on the screen than off. "I say, Jack, Terry Quinton is looking for you with that little Chiyu peach!"

Wyndward's handsome face reddened, and his agility in getting rid of his partner left her dazed—and his enemy for life.

It was almost impossible to find anybody in that jam, but finally he discovered Dr. Quinton at a table for six; with him were David Barrak, Scott Dundas, the English dancer, Phyllis Severn, Miss Beltran of the Follies, and a third girl so bewilderingly lovely that at first he did not recognize Chiyu.

They all stood up and shouted at him when Dundas caught sight of him. When he had shaken hands with everybody, Quinton said to him: "I made Chiyu come. No good sitting all alone at home or hanging around the hospital when her husband can't be seen, is there?"

"How is he?" asked Wyndward.

"I'm telling you; he's in no shape to be seen—"

Wyndward looked at Chiyu, then; and she looked back at him as though scared. Like some snowy, copper-haired dryad with golden eyes caught in an indiscretion.

Scott Dundas—though dancing had already become perilous to him—desired to, and persuaded Phyllis Severn. Lola Beltran went off with David (Turn to page 76)

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WITH ONLY 10
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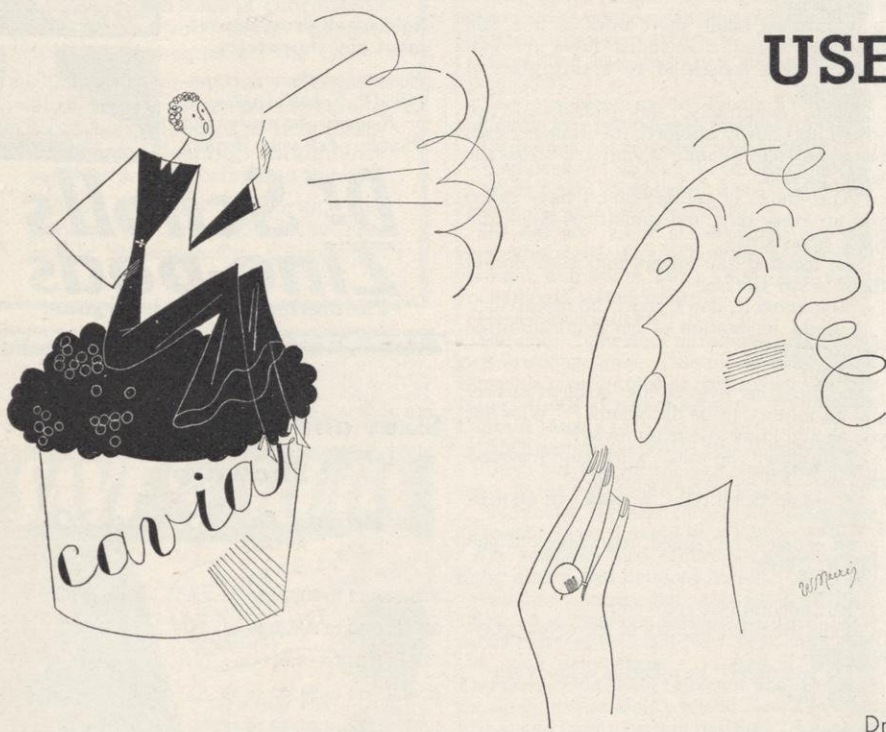


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USEFUL HATE



by
ELIZABETH
COOK

Drawings by WINIFRED MURY

IS IT always necessary to get along with everyone? Is it always necessary to look on the good side of everything? It all depends. If one is in business, or if one is practical and kind-hearted, the answer is yes. But it isn't necessary for people who like to eat crusts as well as cake. I have a friend whom I secretly call caviar. I don't like caviar and I don't like her. But I respect her. She awes me. Like the caviar.

She hates folk the best of any one I ever saw. She hates in detail and with abandon. None of this general stuff, "There's something, I don't know what, about that woman which annoys me." No, nothing vague!

She tells you what is wrong with your hat, where to buy your shoes and what high heels do to your psychology. If you meet her after ten months, she says, "Fat. My word, fat again!" That kind of thing. Who can love such a woman?

In domestic moments when the children are finally clean and the house all garnished with posies and the fireplace tiles freshly scrubbed, she comes in, takes a look around and snorts: "Ye gods. Why advertise it? We all know you love your home and family. Is there a decent book to read in this place?"

And while her wraps are being cared for: "Is all this cooking for me? If it is, take off the apron. All I want is some salad and coffee." And still later: "A

little squash on that child's ears won't hurt his brains but how about yours?"

It's no use to say she means well. She doesn't. But for some reason or other I always find her refreshing after being exposed to any one who is unusually noble.

The world owes a lot to its dissenters. Martin Luther spoke his mind. And we had a reform in a religion. Cromwell spoke his piece and England lost a king. If man hadn't hated the labor of plowing by hand, there'd be no tractors and if man hadn't hated muddy roads, there wouldn't be any paving and if man didn't hate monotony, skirts would always stay the same length.

It's people who are willing to make the best of it who lead the dull, meager lives. There's such a thing as too much optimism. Optimism is for folk who like mental taffy. Pessimism is strong meat.

When we children were small, we had a sunshine club, the object being to love everybody. But whenever funds ran low, we had a hate meeting. Everybody sat around and hated somebody or something silently. Our teeth ground as we hated. For each hate we fined ourselves one cent. When it was over, we felt full of happiness and peace, there was money in the treasury again and life was rosy.

That's what I call useful hate and something not at all to be looked down upon in this most hilarious of all worlds.

THE YOUNG MAN'S GIRL

Continued from page 75



"New?... I haven't bought a new thing but wall paper!"

THIS woman has marvelously improved her home by using some of the World's Fair patterns of Mayflower Wall Papers. Send at once for colorful book featuring these and other new Mayflower designs in model rooms easy to duplicate. Mayflower is the nationally trade marked line with name on selvage of every roll. Every paper is correct style—tested and approved for color fastness, smooth hanging and long wear. Redecorate this fall—costs are still low. Send for Mayflower style book and then consult your local wall paper man.

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Barrak, and Quinton stood up, glancing about for Queva d'Arrios.

He said to Wyndward: "You look out for our little Chiyu and give her a good time, for she needs it."

As Quinton passed him, Wyndward said in a low voice: "I'll see that she gets home." "Okay," said Quinton, "and see that it's her own home. No philandering with our little Chiyu."

He spoke jestingly but there was something in his eye that glinted.

WYNDWARD went over and seated himself beside Chiyu. He had every opportunity to behave himself or make an ass of himself. With the former purpose in view, he carefully refrained from touching even the hem of her gown.

"Awfully glad you came," he said. "This is the party of the year, you know."

"Yes," she said faintly.

"Would you care to dance?"

"Captain Jauncy would cut in. I promised him next."

"If he gets you away, will you come back here afterward?"

She made no reply.

"Will you, Chiyu?"

"I'd better not—"

"Why?"

She gave him a lovely, distressed look. He saw the appeal in it; then the gray-gold eyes showed green glints in them; and she rose and took his arm; and they walked very slowly out to the floor.

Here, before long, Captain Jauncy claimed his privilege, and Wyndward, despoiled, encountered Quinton who was still stalking Queva d'Arrios through the glittering human jungle.

"Terry," he said in a guarded voice, "what really is Trenholme's condition?"

"That fellow," replied Quinton, "is one of those congenital drunkards who end periodically in a straightjacket. His grandfather ended that way."

"Is he out of danger?"

"Coming out. But he's a wreck—what with that broken left leg and bronchial congestion to complicate things."

"Pneumonia?"

"Not so far."

"You expect to pull him through?"

"Probably, this time."

"A raw deal he handed Chiyu," said Wyndward carelessly.

"Well, yes, I suppose it's raw in a way; but, normally, Warrie Trenholme is a kind, good-natured man. Noisy and clever; kind and generous."

"Really?"

"He really is. Our little Chiyu has, in a way, bettered herself. Pulled herself out of Flo Ziegfeld's into a musical comedy hit. And now she hoisted her pretty self out of musical comedy into a thrifty marriage."

"I see."

"Maybe you do. Warrie Trenholme makes a good deal of money. And he's genuinely fond of Chiyu."

"He turned her out of doors."

"He had the D.T.'s."

"He'll have 'em again, I suppose."

"It's likely."

"Has Chiyu been to see him?"

"He's in no condition to be seen. I told you that. But he's sane, now. He blabs about her incessantly in his noisy way. He shouted at me this morning: 'I want to see my wife and apologize!'"

"Where is Chiyu living?" asked Wyndward coldly.

"In their apartment."

Other people intervened, then, separating them; and Wyndward wandered off to dance with some girl who seemed to resemble the majority of girls, and who would afford him leisure to think.

Because he was wondering why his telephone inquiries for Chiyu at her apartment always were answered with: "Who is calling please? . . . I'll see . . . Mrs. Trenholme is out of town."

It was just as well, probably. He had wanted to see Chiyu, and he knew he had better not. At times he wanted to see her so much that he telephoned; only to receive an unvarying answer when he gave his name.

Well, maybe Chiyu had been afraid to see him. If so she was wiser than he. He hadn't

wished to think about her, but he always was doing it.

He had all sorts of work to do, too—a couple of tombs with a "Thinker" squatting atop of one, and "Joy" and "Grief" clasping hands over the other. Then the Carthusian Sisters wanted a large marble crucifixion for the garden-close of the Mother House up the Hudson, somewhere. And there were several portrait-busts of old people and children . . .

When he went uptown to the studio every morning at the usual hour and looked without pleasure upon the several works in progress, he thought of Chiyu and happier years. But impersonal efficiency now reigned everywhere in his busy domain; mallets thudded mechanically; chips of Carrara marble flew; a warm, moist odor of plaster pervaded the place; an aura of garlic enveloped Angelo and Rocco which cigaret smoke could not kill.

He had wandered rather far in his absent-minded musing while he danced with a girl he didn't even look at.

And then the girl with whom he had been so imperiously dancing, asked him what he was thinking about; and asked him so many times that, getting no reply, she flounced angrily into the receptive arms of somebody else and vanished with eyes aflame.

Wyndward, so preoccupied that he scarcely noticed her disappearance, threaded a graceful way out of the crush and into the welcome dimness of the table-dotted labyrinths where presently he discovered Chiyu in conversation with a chuckle-headed youth of financial importance.

Wyndward made short work of him and presently found a secluded table for two where Chiyu consented to a tiny glass of iced mint.

When, eventually, she picked up two straws and slowly imbibed, the while her eyes rested on John Temple Wyndward across the table, he said:

"You know, of course, that I have called you up every day, and sometimes twice and three times a day."

She released the straws and used one of them to stir the ice.

"You know it, don't you?" he repeated.

A slight inclination of her head admitted the accusation.

"Why?"

She lifted her eyes to his—a silent answer and an inquiry to be deciphered—"Who but you should know the reason why?"

"I suppose," he said, "when your husband gets well, I'll not see you again."

"It would be all right, wouldn't it, after he gets well?"

"Of course," he replied, reddening, "if you wish it, Chiyu."

"I do."

"But not until he recovers?"

Again the silent inquiry of the lovely gray-gold eyes.

"Do you dare?" he asked in a low voice.

"Do you?"

HERE was the supreme chance to make a fool of himself and he took it.

"Would it make you unhappy, Chiyu?"

After a long while she slowly shook her head as though the answer were beyond her.

Her hand rested on the table touching her glass. He covered it with his own. A terrible stillness reigned in her mind, oblivious to the dull jarring of her pulses.

"Then," he said, "you think we may venture to see each other sometimes?"

She rested her head on one hand, looking at him under drooping lashes.

Long, long ago she had told Father Sullivan that she was in love with a man who never would marry her; and the priest had warned her.

After that, when she was sixteen—that day after the unveiling of the Riverside Memorial when she had found Wyndward alone in the studio, and he had kissed her when they parted—she told Dr. Quinton that she was in love with John Wyndward.

"Well," said Quinton, "the cards are stacked against you, Chiyu. He's no marrier. If he lives long enough he'll wear a British title and take his seat in Parliament—if he chooses."

"Sometimes," she ventured, "men like that fall in love, don't they?"

"They do; but not to marry."

"Never?"

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Quickly Relieved-Prevented



Also for CALLOUSES BUNIONS CORNS SORE HEELS SORE INSTEP

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5300	...12 to 20; 30 to 44	" 50 " 2/
5301	...34 to 48	" 45 " 2/
5302	...12 to 20; 30 to 40	" 45 " 2/
5303	...12 to 20; 30 to 40	" 45 " 2/
5305	...12 to 20; 30 to 40	" 45 " 2/
5307	...34 to 52	" 45 " 2/
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"Never." Quinton spoke with decision. "In books—"

"To hell with books!" he said savagely. "They don't marry—and that's that." He could not tell Chiyu that they did not marry girls like her.

And so, when Trenholme had locked her out, she had a vague idea of what she was doing when she went to Wyndward's apartment. But, also, she had gone so long—so long without seeing him—without venturing to—and had even married . . .

Now she was sitting here with this man, her cheek on her slender hand, excited, irresolute, aware of his feelings and frightened by her own.

He never would have married her; she entirely understood that. But she also understood what generally happened when a girl slipped into promiscuous relations.

Practically all the girls she knew had drifted that way. And one did not get on in life that way; and happiness was fitful and intermittent. And misery was the aftermath, as far as she had discovered.

SHE looked up at the man opposite; and her fingers, interlinked with his, tightened slightly.

"Shall we go?" he said.
"Don't you care to stay?"
"Do you?"
"No," she said, "I'm tired of it."

But it was not as easy as that. Every man they met objected when she nodded her farewell; and Dundas was noisy about it, David Barrak indignant, Quinton inscrutable, and Captain Jauncy skipped about her in reproachful protest.

Afterward, in his car, Wyndward mentioned, laughingly, the unwonted assiduities of Captain Jauncy, and was amazed and a little troubled to learn how recklessly that stickler for social rigidity had hopped over life-long barriers to plan a pleasantly irregular career for her under a dazzling contract to be executed by his own attorney.

"How long has that been going on?" he asked coldly.

"He introduced me to Warrie Trenholme and made him put me into musical comedy."

"Is Jauncy backing that new show?"

"I understand he lent Warrie the money."

"Well," said Wyndward more coldly still, "where did you meet Jauncy?"

She did not resent his question; she said very calmly: "You know how we meet men of his kind, and yours, don't you? Not where your friends' sisters dance."

He remained silent.

She said: "One man introduces other men; girls introduce men. One meets most of the agreeable men in town at parties like Captain Jauncy's. Or at teas or suppers. I've known Captain Jauncy for four years."

"He's damned ardent," said Wyndward. Chiyu laughed for the first time that evening. "Aren't they all?" she asked.

"No doubt. I realized tonight how attractive all men find you. I might have known"

He relapsed into silence. Quinton was right; Chiyu had bettered herself. After all, Trenholme's family had a position in New York. A stodgy one, perhaps, but real. One needn't bother with Old New York stock, but one can't deny them . . . And if Warren Trenholme ever chose to recant and return to the dingy respectability of Old New York, his wife would have a certain position. A rung of the ladder much further up. A good rung to start from. A surprising height from which to look back, and down into 105th Street.

And, if a young man be amusing, and a girl be beautiful and enterprising, and there is money enough, much of Park Avenue and Fifth Avenue might not be unattainable. And every bit of Palm Beach . . .

His car had stopped at her apartment house, but neither of them had moved.

She wanted him to come in; she dared not ask him. It was half-past four of a wintry morning. He was thinking, sullenly, that he had better make an end, now, and be done with it.

"Had you rather I didn't come in, Chiyu?" he asked carelessly.

"Do you mind not coming?"
"No."

He got out, lent her his arm, guided her across the slippery sidewalk into the vestibule. Here, hat in hand, he said goodnight, his gloved hand fumbling with hers.

She remained silent, aware of his emotion. Suddenly she could not let him go.

"Could your chauffeur come back for you?" she asked in a ghost of a voice.

He went out into the snow and told his chauffeur to drive the car to the garage and go to bed.

When he returned, (Turn to page 78)

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NEWS! The Patented* Equalizer... a device which may look simple, but which took over two years to perfect. It adds 20 to 30% greater protection. It cannot be copied, cannot be duplicated. Imitations can be made—but for years no one can say of any other sanitary pad "it is like Kotex" because it cannot offer the unique advantages of this particular device.

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Ends must be phantomized

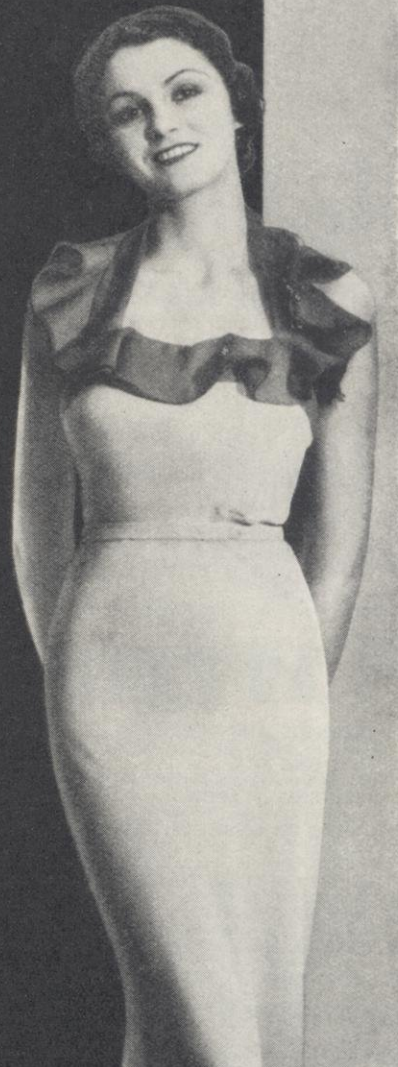
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- 2—a board of three hundred women tested it.
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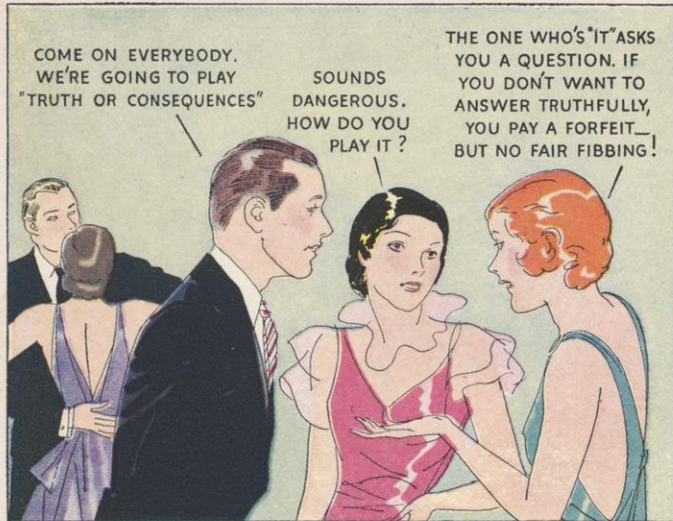
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I'LL BE "IT" FIRST AND I'M GOING TO ASK YOU WHY YOU HAVEN'T DANCED WITH ME ALL EVENING

WHY...WHY I HAVE YOU JUST DON'T REMEMBER



LATER — she overhears

DID I HOLD MY BREATH WHEN SHE ASKED BEN THAT!

GOT OUT OF IT RATHER NEATLY, DIDN'T HE?

MEN REALLY WOULD LIKE HER IF SHE WEREN'T SO CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."



I WAS JUST JOKING... NEVER DREAMT BEN HAD A REASON. AND "B.O." OF ALL THINGS! I'LL SOON END THAT



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WISH MY SKIN WERE LIKE YOURS

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SHE TOOK HER FRIEND'S ADVICE



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THAT MEANS ANOTHER WOMAN HAS LEARNED THE SECRET OF SCRUBLESS WASHDAYS



SCRUBLESS WASHDAYS! HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?

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AND SCRUBBING DOES WEAR CLOTHES SO AWFULLY! I'LL TAKE SOME RINSO HOME WITH ME



THE BIG PACKAGE, MADAM?

YES—TAKE THE BIG PACKAGE! RINSO IS MARVELOUS FOR DISHES, TOO — IT'S SO EASY ON THE HANDS



NEXT WASHDAY

I'LL NEVER SCRUB AGAIN WHEN RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER. I'M USING RINSO FOR MY DISHES, TOO, IT'S GREAT!

See for yourself why clothes last 2 or 3 times longer!

YOU never dreamed that washing could be so easy and so gentle. No scrubbing. No boiling. None of that abuse that makes clothes threadbare and faded long before their time.

Dirt is soaked out in creamy Rinso suds. Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save \$100 — or more — on clothes washed this safe way.

Rinso is great in washers, too. It's wonderful for dishes. Gives twice as much suds, cup for cup, as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Get it at your grocer's today. Use it for all cleaning.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

I'M SAVING MONEY, DEAR — THE RINSO WAY MAKES CLOTHES LAST LONGER!

The biggest-selling package soap in America



"This is the Test that convinced me..."

... that Old Dutch is the best and safest cleanser to use, and that all cleansers are *not* alike. Simply sprinkle a little cleanser on the back of a plate and rub with a coin. You won't feel or hear the scratching of hard gritty particles such as are found in ordinary cleansers. That's why Old Dutch doesn't scratch. I've put all kinds of cleansers to this 'safety test' and now I know what a big difference there is. I have found, too, that Old Dutch cannot be equalled for economy. Just put a date on the package—you'll be surprised how long it lasts and how much cleaning it does. Really, there's nothing else like Old Dutch."

Here's the difference in a nutshell.

*Doesn't
Scratch*

Old Dutch is made entirely of pure "seismotite"—tiny, flat-shaped particles that are natural cleansing agents. It cleans *safely* because it contains no harsh, sandy grit to scratch fine surfaces; it cleans *quickly* and *economically* because its flaky particles cover more surface, go further and do more actual cleaning per penny of cost.

Old Dutch is so gentle in action that it won't harm fine surfaces or lovely hands, yet so effective that it will do all your cleaning perfectly. It is odorless and removes odors, and never clogs drains. All good reasons why millions of smart women are convinced there is no substitute for the quality and economy of Old Dutch Cleanser.



Old Dutch Holders, in Color

Mail 10c and windmill panel from an Old Dutch label for each holder.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. H978, 221 No. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please find enclosed..... cents and..... labels for which send me..... Old Dutch Holders. Colors: IVORY GREEN BLUE

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Old Dutch Cleanser is approved by Delineator Home Institute and Good Housekeeping Institute.

VISIT THE OLD DUTCH CLEANSER EXHIBIT...HOME PLANNING HALL...A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

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