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Woman's home companion. Vol. 64, No. 6 1937

Springfield, OH: The Crowell Publishing Company, 1937

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WOMAN'S HOME

Hele...

Companion*

JUNE 1937

TEN CENTS



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Under One Flag *by* STANLEY WALKER
First in a series of portraits of places

1937
Ford V-8



A WORD FROM THE BRIDE IS SUFFICIENT

Many a bright young bride has found that a well-timed hint will bring her the wedding presents she really wants. "Look, Dad. Don't you like the clean, modern lines of the new Ford V-8? Jim says that's the one car he'd always feel safe to have me drive, and it's awfully economical to operate."



Pretty lips cost her a pretty penny
but never a second for her tender gums



How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

LET HER study herself in the mirror—while she outlines that classic mouth, powders that pretty nose. Let her favorite creams and cosmetics add to her charm. Then let her smile—smile that *dull, dingy, shadowed* smile of hers—and see how quickly her beauty vanishes.

A minor tragedy? Yet this girl might possess a radiant, appealing smile—but not until she lavishes a fraction of the care she gives her lips on her dingy teeth, her *tender, ailing gums*—not until

she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" upon her tooth brush.

Don't Overlook "Pink Tooth Brush"

When that warning tinge appears on *your* tooth brush—go at once to your dentist. He can give you proper advice. Probably no serious trouble is in store for you. No doubt, he'll lay the blame at the door of modern menus. Too-soft foods—foods that deprive your gums of work and stimulation—have made the gum walls lazy, flabby. Usually he'll suggest harder, "chewier" foods—and often the stimulating help of Ipana and massage.

For nearly always, Ipana and massage is a wise

precaution against the warning of "pink tooth brush." Begin at once to help protect the health of your teeth and gums, in this simple, easy way. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Watch those lazy tissues grow gradually *firmer, sounder, healthier*.

With gums wakened to healthy life, teeth brilliant, sparkling—how much more attractive will be your smile! Start today the faithful use of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Let your smile do justice to your charm.

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night, over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E. D. S. T.

Remember

a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.



I P A N A
Tooth Paste

Woman's Home Companion



A Surgeon's Dream

↳ A WOMAN we know had symptoms which, from what she had heard of other cases, might mean cancer. Instead of trying to make herself forget them and saying nothing, as all too many women do, she went straight to her doctor. He sent her to a surgeon who, after careful examination, said seriously, "Your case is a surgeon's dream." He went on to explain that while she did indeed have a cancer condition, she had come to him so early that it was almost certain that she could be cured, and so completely that the cancer would never return. An operation was necessary. When it was all over and the patient was pronounced entirely well, the surgeon repeated his original statement with great satisfaction.

There are thousands of women now alive and well who have had cancer and have been cured. In almost every case the cure was due to early discovery and treatment. Each year nearly one hundred and fifty thousand people die of cancer. There are half a million cancer cases in this country today. And half of these could be cured, *now*. "Early cancer is curable. Fight it with knowledge," is the slogan on which the "women's field army" has been making its drive this spring. It is fitting that women should lead in this great fight; for, as an official announcement says, "the cancer death rate is higher for women than for men, and the two types of cancer that strike women hardest are curable in seventy per cent of the cases if taken in time." And it was a woman, Madame Curie, who discovered one of the strongest weapons against cancer—radium.

The danger signals of cancer are:

1. Any persistent lump or thickening, especially of the breast.
2. Any irregular bleeding or discharge from any body opening.
3. Any sore that does not heal—particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips.
4. Persistent indigestion.
5. Sudden changes in the form or rate of growth of a mole, wart or wen.

If you have any of these symptoms, see a doctor at once. Remember, with hope and courage, that *early cancer is curable*.

As Big as All Outdoors

↳ CONSERVATION has been a fighting word in this country ever since the days of Theodore Roosevelt. The fight used to be about such straight and simple issues as saving the forests from reckless cutting and saving wild game from the guns of ruthless hunters. But year by year the problem of conservation grows more serious. Dust storms and floods have given sudden and tragic proof that we have to save not only the beauty of trees and lakes and streams, but the very soil by which we live. The conservation fight has become as big as all outdoors.

The urgency of it was shown at the recent Wild Life Conference where a thousand delegates met in what observers called almost a religious fervor. They are resolved to save the resources of America. Having set up a federation which already represents more than three million American citizens, they plan to draw into alliance thousands of other organizations with a total membership of thirty million. They chose again as their fighting president our old friend J. N. Darling, the cartoonist, familiarly known as "Ding." He made at the conference an eloquent appeal for action. He

showed that conservation is not a matter of some vague indefinite future, of taking thought for the generations to come. We need it now. Unless we check the loss of our soil, he said, our standard of living will begin to go down in less than twenty-five years—that is, within the lifetime of the present generation. By 1961 the increase of population and the destruction of soil, if it continues at its present rate, will have brought us down to just three acres of tillable land per person, and that is the least on which we can maintain the American standard of living. "After that," says Mr. Darling, "we head down to the level of the Chinese. . . . Coming closer to home, there is Yucatan, a nextdoor neighbor, which had a civilization that ranked next to ours, but which died and left decaying relics because it did not harbor its resources of land, water and the gifts of nature. Soil erosion, the same kind of soil erosion that is responsible for our dust bowls in America today, killed the Mayan civilization. . . ."

"This continent is not inexhaustible in its resources, though the great mass of our people fail to realize it as yet. In the last two hundred years we have made more inroads on our resources than has any other existing people on the face of the globe. And our own generation has been responsible for most of the destruction."

Already we have lost by wind and water one hundred million acres of once good crop land, and this land is blowing and washing away at the rate of two hundred thousand acres a year. There is no problem before this country so great as this, for it goes to the very root of life itself. Conservation will continue to mean the saving of the wild life, but along with that now goes the vast and paramount duty of saving the goodness of the land on which human life depends. There's a fight that's worth everything you can give it. If your chance to join it has not come already, it will, sooner or later—for you are one of the thirty million who must help to win it.

Never Too Old to Learn

↳ ALTHOUGH it has been said that to make a cello player you ought to start in the cradle, we know a man who is taking it up from the bottom, which we suppose is the low C string, at the ripe age of forty plus. Another fellow we know spends his evenings studying Russian for relaxation, and there is the dentist who studied Chinese between grindings. There are now in this country twenty-three million adults—more than one fourth of all the adults—who are enrolled in regular classes for some sort of education. Nearly fifty thousand of these are women taking correspondence courses sponsored by the best universities and given by able college professors. The average course of this sort consists of from ten to sixteen lessons and costs from as little as three to as much as forty dollars. The course usually calls for an hour of study each week. Criticisms are sent back on each completed lesson and specific questions are asked and answered. It is not unreasonably claimed that the correspondence student actually gets more individual attention from the teacher than does the average student in a classroom.

Such is the heritage of the lyceum and the Chautauqua. The thirst to know has parched American throats since the first logs were felled on the clearings. As the plow laid open the sod of the prairie, the roof-beam of the schoolhouse was lifted into place. While blast furnaces roared, colleges reared their towers. And now millions are eagerly seizing new-found opportunity and facilities newly offered to fill their leisure with eager effort, and to deepen their daily satisfactions.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE CROWELL
PUBLISHING
COMPANY

PUBLISHERS OF: COLLIER'S
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.

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EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES,
250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY,
NEW YORK

10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada. \$1.00 a year, \$1.50 for two years, \$2.00 for three years in United States and Possessions; also to Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela.

Foreign subscriptions including postage: \$2.00 a year to all other countries.

Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to Springfield, Ohio.

Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Be sure to give both the old and new addresses.

Entered at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Toronto, Canada. Copyright, 1937, by The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States and Great Britain.



JOSEPHINE: *Poor Lizbeth . . . she simply hasn't any men friends.*

CAROLYN: *It's the same old trouble* . . . she can't hold her friends because she can't hold her breath.*

*For halitosis (*unpleasant breath*), there's nothing like LISTERINE

When is a Woman on the Shelf?

by SUSAN BROWN

IS it when telltale rolls of fat begin to appear in the wrong places? Is it when ugly little lines start running across a face that might have launched a thousand ships? Is it when the hair grows grey and the muscles get flabby?

Sometimes "Yes," but not always. A woman may have all of these faults but if her charm persists she is welcome, often sought after.

The thing that really puts so many women on the shelf—so many young women, mind you—is a trouble that often isn't suspected at all.

I speak of the condition of the breath.

Why so many women, otherwise fastidious, dare to assume their breath is without reproach is quite beyond me. Dozens of my friends offend this way, then wonder why they are out of the social swim.

Are you one of those forgotten women? I trust not. After all, is there any excuse for the breath being anything but pleasant when Listerine, the quick deodorant, is probably sitting right on your bathroom shelf, inviting regular morning and night use?



**BE POPULAR;
GET RID OF BAD
BREATH**

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friends won't tell you. Why risk this humiliating condition? Why guess about the condition of your breath when you know that Listerine Antiseptic, used morning and night, halts fermentation, the major cause of breath odors and quickly overcomes the odors themselves. No fastidious person neglects this pleasant morning and night precaution with Listerine Antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



LISTERINE *the quick deodorant*

Woman's Home Companion June 1937

"Dear Editor"

TO THIS PAGE READERS ARE INVITED TO CONTRIBUTE COMMENTS UPON THE MAGAZINE

Glad to Be Alive



Dear Editor: I have been a reader of the COMPANION since high school days and if I had taken to reading all your household articles at that time,

would maybe be better at my job. My job is mother to six, five youngsters and a husband—you know the type, black-haired and Irish and sort of helpless without a little shove once in a while.

Five children; "my goodness, how do you manage all that work?" Well, I guess it is work but what would I be doing with my time otherwise?

My husband works for the state; we live in a good neighborhood in a seven-room house that looks, in the front yard sometimes, like a cross between a junk yard and a bicycle barn. The inside on rainy days looks like a—well I just can't describe it—I only know that it takes hours after they are all to bed to fix a place before the fire to sit in comfort and read. But it's worth it, we have gobs of fun, swimming in summer, snow line in winter, flower planting in spring with the corners of the yard allotted to the children for their gardens; some neglected to be sure, but one—the second girl's—always flowering and spick and span.

Our car is seven years old and on its last legs, our furniture battered, our table linen pretty shot and never enough bath towels; but we have fun and are oh, so glad to be alive and all healthy. Mrs. W. J. R., California

From a Prep School Boy



Dear Editor: Just a note to tell you how much I appreciated Laurie Hill- yer's Joyous Socialist in the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

Although no one at school pays much attention to the women's magazines we all like those prep school stories mostly because they really are the true stuff. P. W.

Policy Unchanged



Dear Editor: Every reader of your magazine who is socially minded should protest vigorously against your publication of the story In the Stars, by Jan Spiess. It can only be taken as an endorsement of astrology, a quack pseudo-science which is causing hordes of credulous folk to leave their money with publications and practitioners, that are credulous or dishonest.

I had thought that the COMPANION made an effort to present to its readers the best in scientific and social progress. The magic triumph of astrology in this story may represent a new trend. Is it now your intention to accept astrologers, phrenologists and palmists in your advertising columns? If so, I should like to be notified of the new policy in order that I may cancel my subscription. Mrs. G. L. C., New York

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"Dear Editor"

THE EDITOR DOES NOT NECESSARILY ENDORSE THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED

One of Our Reader-Editors



Dear Editor: As one of your group of reader-editors, please let me congratulate the COMPANION on the April issue. My copy came today and we

have been glancing over it preparatory to a good long session by the fire tonight. I think it is one of the finest numbers yet, so full of so many interesting things.

Especially are we both interested in the articles; the fascinating kitchen, the hammered copper, the various helpful household bits. The fiction looks delightful. Even the advertisements and their recipes look particularly good. It is, in fact, an unusually fine offering. Mrs. L. M. B., California

A Thought for Fathers



Dear Editor: I enjoy the COMPANION very much but was somewhat disappointed when I read the item Father's Day on the March editorial page.

Your influence reaches so many! We plan to keep the Christmas thought and Easter thought in our minds all year—but we gladly honor these days. So many sons and daughters are so self-conscious, often so inarticulate, that the special day is warmly welcomed. Following a custom with others relieves the self-consciousness. These days act as reminders too, when days are so full and go so fast. I know they have brought untold comfort to many parents. L. A. S., New York

Florery Speech



Dear Editor: May I say that the story The Governor's Garden Party by Elizabeth Goudge (March issue) is excellent. That goes for the story's illustrator, Pierre Brissaud, too!

And orchids to the March cover design! Thank you.

V. E. A., Pennsylvania

Dancing Attendance



Dear Editor: I read your article Insuring Your Daughter's Success. I think it was very sensible and fine. It is true, every word of it. Now, a reply

to Mrs. F. R. of Pennsylvania. What is she, anyway, to think a girl who can't dance a step can "get around"? Doesn't she know everyone dances now, and usually the one who's the best dancer is the most popular? Of course the efficient secretary doesn't have to be a second Ginger Rogers, but if she is, she's more likely to have her phone ringing all the time she's home (if ever!). I agree that some of Young America today is pleasure-mad but I wouldn't say, at all, that your article advocated it. I'm for it, one hundred per cent. R. W., Montana

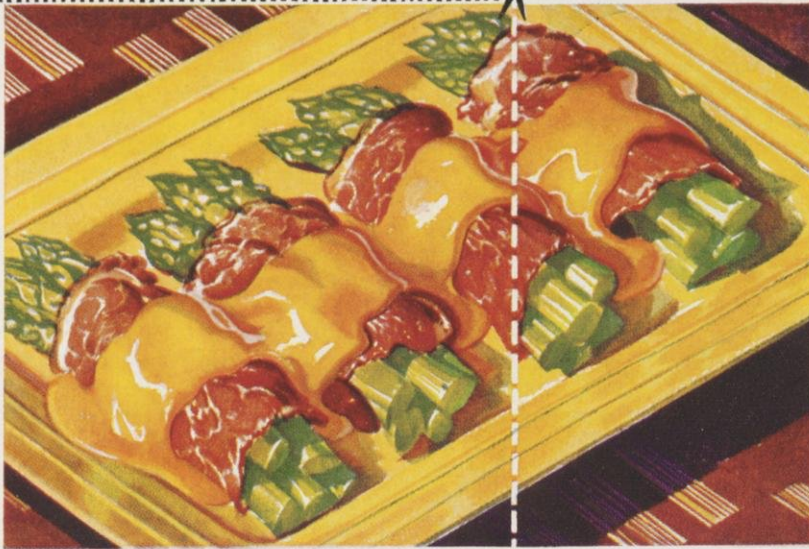


Break Menu-Monotony

WITH THESE KRAFT DISHES

FILE-SIZE RECIPES; CLIP THEM AND SERVE A CHEESE DISH TOMORROW!

Ham and Asparagus Rolls Cook fresh asparagus just until tender. Broil thin slices of uncooked ham on both sides. On each slice of ham place several stalks of asparagus. Then roll up the ham like a jelly roll. On each roll of ham and asparagus serve a generous amount of smooth, rich cheese sauce made this easy way: In the top of the double boiler, melt 1 package of zesty Creamed Old English Cheese (use low heat). Gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk, stirring constantly until sauce is smooth. A novel main dish for luncheon or dinner—and so good!



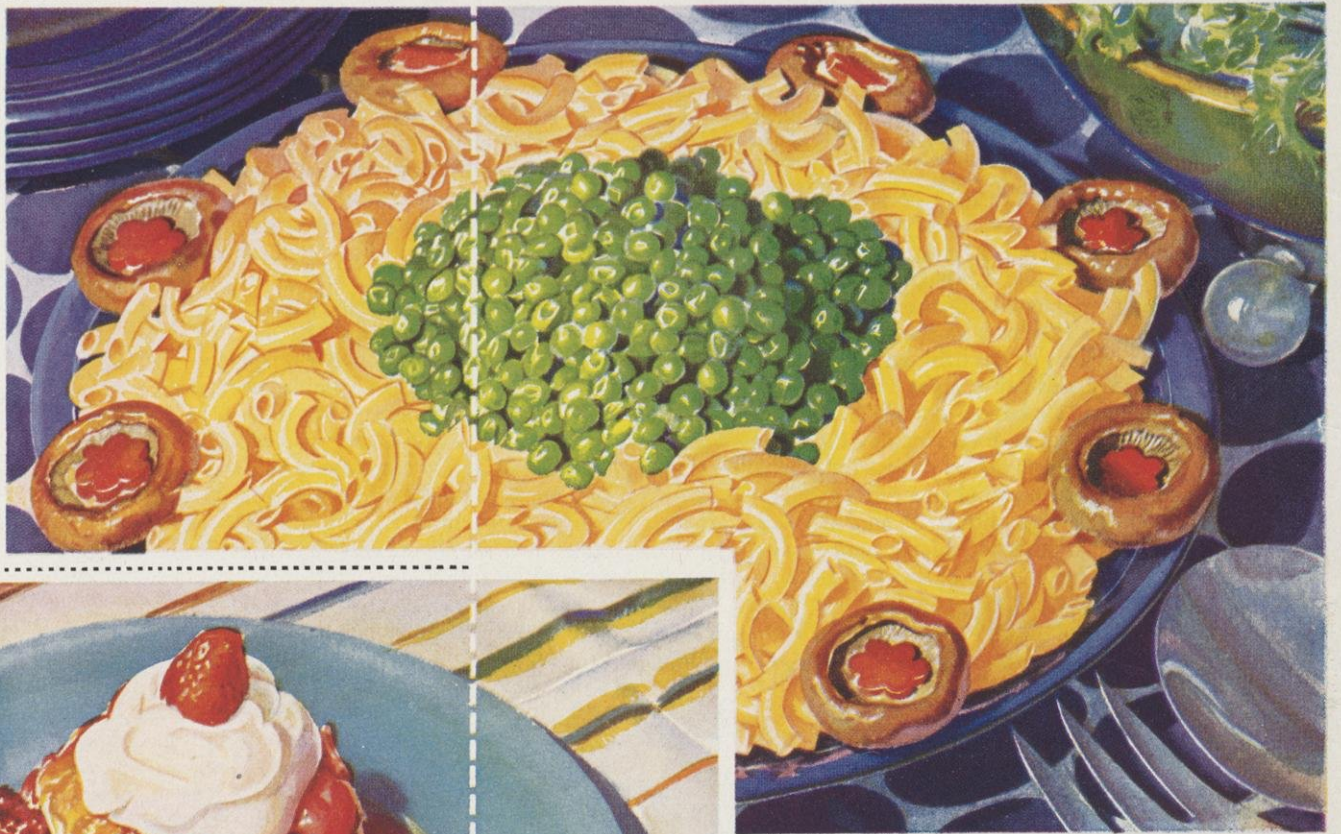
WHEN APPETITES get spring fever . . . when your pet menus suddenly seem humdrum . . . take this tip: give your meal a *fresh start* by planning it around a Kraft Cheese dish.

A main dish made with a Kraft Cheese never seems "heavy". But all the same, it supplies an abundance of needed food values: highest quality protein . . . energy units . . . the essential Vitamin A. And what's even more unique, Kraft Cheese is rich in the precious milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus. You see, it actually takes more than a gallon of rich milk to make a single pound of this cheese!

Kraft Cheese melts so perfectly you'll enjoy cooking with it. Clip these recipes . . . have them ready to rescue your spring meals from "sameness"!

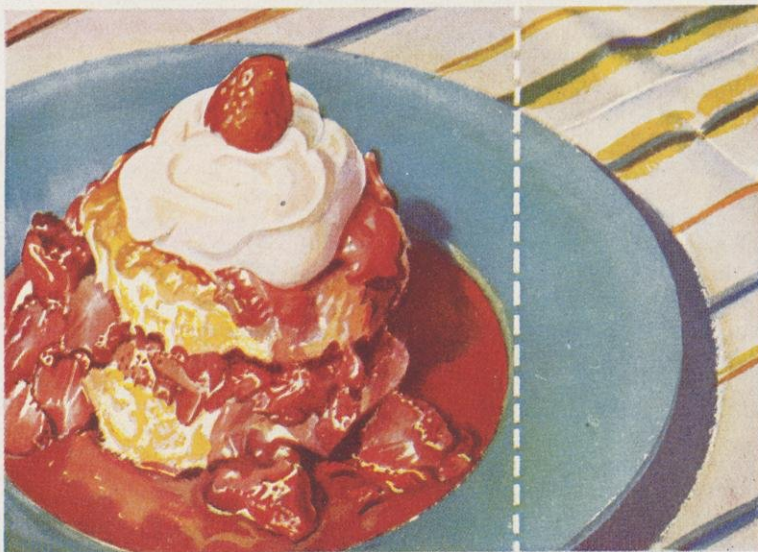
Macaroni-Vegetable Ensemble

Cook 1 package of elbow macaroni in salted water; drain. Slowly melt $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Kraft American in top of double boiler. (Notice how perfectly this Kraft cheese melts!) Gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, stirring constantly. Mix the smooth cheese sauce with the macaroni and season to taste. Place the macaroni on a round platter and make a depression in the center. Fill with hot buttered peas. Place broiled mushrooms around the rim of the plate. Garnish the center of each mushroom with a bit of pimiento cut with fancy-shaped cutter. The whole main course of your meal!



Whip "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese for Shortcake!

Using your favorite recipe, make individual strawberry shortcakes. Then—add an extra flourish that will make *this* shortcake the most memorable in your cooking career! Whip "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese fluffy-light with a little milk. Top each shortcake with a swirl of this rich, delicately-flavored cheese and a berry. (Caution: get *genuine* "Philadelphia" Brand—the cream cheese that's *guaranteed fresh*. Then you'll be sure of smooth texture and delicate flavor.)



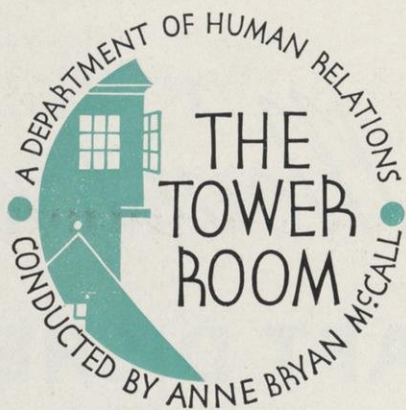
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The world's finest cheeses are made or imported by

KRAFT



Equipped for Living

ANNE BRYAN McCALL

➤ HOW well are you equipped for living? Answer such a question carefully; study your equipment honestly and impersonally and you will know more about yourself than many a book on psychology is likely to teach you.

The dictionary defines "to equip" as "to fit out, furnish with means for the prosecution of a purpose; to provide whatever is needed for efficient action and service;" and it tells that the commonest usage of the word applied originally to the equipping of a ship. A ship was equipped for a journey when it was fitted out with whatever would enable it to make its journey with a maximum of safety and efficiency, and a minimum of discomfort and danger to itself and others.

In something the same way we ourselves may be said to be equipped for living when the individual self is fitted, provided with whatever will enable it to make that journey which we call living, with a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of discomfort and danger to itself and others.

➤ BUT it is not always easy to study your own equipment impersonally. Prejudices, emotions and the tendency to self-defense are likely to make it difficult. Paradoxical as it may seem, the best beginning for a study of yourself and your own equipment is a study of other people's lives and their journeyings—their ship's histories, so to speak.

Perhaps for instance there may be among your acquaintances a husband and wife who fifteen or twenty years ago set out on their life's journey together with happiness and high hopes. Or you may know a man who as a boy intended to make a great success of his life; or a girl who originally gave brilliant promise; or a child who was possessed of especially desirable gifts or qualities. Yet the voyage of the married couple has ended in bitterness and regrets and very nearly fantastic misunderstandings of each other. Their happiness and their fine abilities are broken or stranded on unapprehended rocks and shoals of shallow disputes, constant antagonisms, bitter words and deep and petty hurts. It is quite certain now they will never reach that intended port of planned happiness where they originally expected to have lived together to the end of their days.

So too with the man, the woman and the child. The man who gave such promise is a good deal of a wreck now, and a derelict. The girl who made such a brilliant start in life is a nervous, irritable and embittered woman of superficial occupations and petty jealous interests; laid up as it were in shallow waters, in need of repairs that will never be made. The child whose gifts were so many, whose life was full of promise and fine possibilities, is a frail lad now, oversensitive, overapprehensive, whose faith in himself has been broken.

Or, in contrast to these, there is the fine strong man who was the boy you never supposed would amount to very much; and the strong enduring woman who, some older friend of yours tells you, was a seemingly frivolous girl, but whose life, after years of stress and difficult sea-weather, is like a strong seaworthy ship carrying rich cargoes.

Do not study these lives coldly or merely as "cases." Study them as earnestly and under-

standingly as you can, and with full sympathy for the hardships they may have endured. Study their equipment. Try to determine just what qualities or behaviors essential to safe sailing were lacking in this man and woman, for instance, who made such shipwreck of their happiness. Was there perhaps too little patience, a lack of intelligence and good judgment, an inability to reason clearly, a too heavy cargo of emotions; selfishness on the part of one and inability on the part of the other to cope with it? Or ask yourself what especially valuable human qualities were a part of the equipment of the man you never supposed would amount to much. What was it that broke the strength of the child who was so promising? What ill-advised loadings upon him of older people's emotions or selfishness or lack of judgment weighed him down too heavily?

As a concrete example, suppose we study the life of a certain mother I know. Many of you who read this may know mothers like her. Some of you may even be children of such mothers.

She is almost dramatically devoted to her children; apparently lives and has always lived only for them. A very good omen, you think, for a good journey for a mother; a fine ship this, to sail the seas, and with an adequate cargo.

Yet she is not happy nor really a successful mother. One of her children is neurotic, one oversensitive, one very self-conscious, one rather hard and critical. They have an almost morbid sense of their duty to her, but none of that warm simple casual devotion and satisfaction in her which are characteristic of the really healthy relation between a fine wise mother and her children. Why is this? Study the ship and the ship's cargo—I mean the character of this woman—carefully.

Devoted she certainly is, if to be devoted is to have no broad general interests in life but to think only and always of her children; to worry constantly about them, to try constantly to direct all their doings, their comings and their goings and their thinking; so to bind herself in with every act or circumstance of their lives that they could never be said to be free agents and are unable to make clear wise decisions for themselves; to burden them consciously and unconsciously with her fears and anxieties concerning them and herself, and with their constant obligation to her.

Reduce all this to a few major psychological traits and you find those traits to be unsound judgment (the inability to choose wisely); lack of true courage (the inability to be impersonal); lack of a sense of proportion (the inability to see true values).

These are the main traits then with which this ship—this woman's life—was from the beginning equipped; and by all the laws of psychology—the laws of the sea—no life so equipped but is likely to suffer disablement or shipwreck.

If this woman had understood more about human nature and the laws of it, her life and the lives of her children might have been happy and successful.

➤ NOW in the same way study your own past life, its successes and failures. Trace these back to their causes. Keep a notebook. Put down in it such fundamental traits as judgment, tol-

erance, courage, fair-mindedness, reliability, and also their opposites. Study each quality, tracing its relation to some of the successes or failures in your own life. What part did this or that quality play?

Now study your problems of today and their relation to your equipment or lack of equipment. Think them through carefully yourself. Resist the temptation to ask anybody's advice about them. Avoid those who want to advise you. Remember that no one can do your thinking for you: do not allow anyone to try; that no one can fully understand you and all your past ship's history but yourself: do not expect them to; and that neither can you understand another's history sufficiently wisely in all its details to advise or direct his life for him; do not flatter yourself that you can.

➤ NOW begin a study of your qualities and problems as they have been influenced by your home and your school. For though in our later years we may change the equipment of our lives; may throw useless cargoes overboard or replace them with more useful and suitable ones; yet in childhood and early youth we have little or no such freedom. Indeed it is a fundamental psychological fact that in childhood we are psychologically outfitted mainly by those two ancient shipbuilders and ship-outfitters, the home and the school.

This then will be the third and most broadening part of the study of yourself, a study of these two agencies and their relation to your own life and its equipment, and to the lives and equipments of all of us. So you will be dealing with broad and important problems that affect us all and in studying them and dealing with them you will gain better balance, better poise, better understanding, a better psychological equipment for living.

There is not space here to discuss in detail the home and the school as they affect our own equipment for living, but in later articles we shall discuss them.

Meantime, besides the question, "How well am I equipped for living?" I suggest that you give study and thought to another question: "How well is my own home fitted and how well fitted are the homes and schools in my community to help equip human beings for safer, happier, more efficient journeys through life?" Here are questions that Parent-Teacher Associations, church and educational associations, school boards and individuals could with great profit to individuals, homes, schools and communities study and ask themselves.

➤ NOTE: To anyone interested in a further study of the self there will be sent free a Tower Room reprint *Do You Understand Yourself* and a Tower Room pamphlet, *Psychology in Our Schools*. Address Anne Bryan McCall, Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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*Patent No. 1,970,503



NANCY V. McCLELLAND

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This beautiful silverware handle comes in the famous Berkeley pattern. It is so conservative that it fits in with any other table silver! Besides, in this thrilling Crisco offer, an initial in French script is marked on the handle—to your order!

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WOMAN'S HOME
VOL. LXIV...NO. 6
COMPANION
JUNE 1937

Edited by
Gertrude B. Lane

WILLA ROBERTS, *Managing Editor*
HENRY B. QUINAN, *Art Director*

Under One Flag

The Pacific Northwest

STANLEY WALKER

ILLUSTRATOR: JOHN ATHERTON

➤ NOWHERE in the world is there so large an area under one flag and one language as in our own country. The English crossed the Atlantic and settled in the east in the seventeenth century; the Spaniards sighted the Pacific in the sixteenth. Thus a continent was early spanned, a vast range of civilization and heritage forecast. Today sections of our federated states grown into a national entity bear the marks of their diverse pasts; their history and appearance have a value not confined to their geographical area. In these pages our great empire of the north sits for its portrait in the first of a series of articles specially written for the COMPANION. THE EDITORS

➤ THAT lovely dappled up-and-down land which we call today the Pacific Northwest, a territory which produces erratic statesmen and violent labor leaders and bustling clubwomen and hefty football players and grizzled ranchmen and lumber barons and poor little wistful dry farmers, might in all propriety, for purposes of identification and examination, be called Oregon. What exists there today is the result of the impact of pioneers of many races upon geography.

The Northwest is not the *State* of Oregon as we know it on the maps and in the newspapers of this era, but





that other Oregon—a shadowy fabulous stretch which extended north from the California boundary to the indefinite line marking the southern end of the Russian possessions in North America. On the west was the Pacific Ocean; on the east the Continental Divide. This empire was rich, mysterious, forbidding. Men went there first to hunt and to trap the beaver. They are there today because they like to raise prunes, or apples, or cattle, or chickens—or because they can go no farther west without running into the ocean.

AS THE schoolbooks agree, in 1846 a treaty between the United States and Great Britain fixed the northern boundary line at the forty-ninth degree of latitude. This was after hot-headed American patriots had talked of war under the belligerent slogan of "54-40 or fight!" although many of these same patriots believed in their hearts that this land was too cold and otherwise inhospitable ever to support civilized life. From the area defined in the 1846 treaty have been carved the States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and parts of Montana and Wyoming.

This is the American Northwest. Once it called to the rough singing French voyageurs. The priests came. The mountain men swindled the Indians. Stern-faced Methodists from New England came and left their mark on the moral codes. This is the land toward which old Ezra Meeker set his face along the Oregon Trail. Men died hunting for passes through the mountains so that railroads could be laid. Today a man may stand at old Fort Benton in Montana, which was the last point to which boats could be pushed up the Missouri River, and wave his arm in an arc from west to north, and he will have pointed at the real Northwest. Part of it—like the rest of America—is rather pathetic today. But for the most part it is extraordinarily prosperous and so clean that visitors are startled. It is a country of many climates, many products and many kinds of people. True, like all other places, it tends to become standardized yet it remains a region of astonishing diversity.

THE history of the Northwest is one of heroism, greed and sometimes of cruelty. Today it is both fog-kissed and sun-kissed. It enjoys all the blessings and all the blights which come to a beautiful land when human beings have had their way for a few generations among its high mountains, its forests and its deep valleys—those productive spots where the rich silt often is one hundred feet deep. Worry is there, worry about forest fires, soil erosion, the depletion of wild life and, as always in America, about politics, labor and morals.

The name of Oregon? No one knows for sure whence it came. Forests have been despoiled to furnish paper on which to print the arguments of savants and guessers. It is known that the early explorers were searching for a river called the "Ouregan" or "Ourigan," though whether that name is of Indian or French origin no historian can say for a certainty. It seems plausibly to be a French corruption of an Indian name, but that guess is not susceptible of proof.

In spelling and in sound Oregon is close to the Spanish word for marjoram. Perhaps the wild marjoram which grows so abundantly over the Oregon area brought the state at once a name and a faint tentative share in the Spanish heritage that christened both its southern boundaries.

The late Harvey W. Scott, the lonely and uncompromising editor who ran the Portland Oregonian for fifty years, held to the theory that a rare Indian word, *orejon*, meaning "dried apple," supplied the clew. Scott may have been right (he usually was) but he couldn't prove it. And he may have been influenced by local pride in the apple industry.

William Cullen Bryant, the bewhiskered editor of the New York Evening Post, spelled it "Oregon" in his first version of *Thanatopsis*, published about 1817, in the line: "That veil Oregon, where he hears no sound . . ."

Afterward Bryant, for some reason never divulged, changed this line to read: "Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound . . ."

There is no such mystery about the name of the State of Idaho. It is derived from an expression of the Shoshone Indians, pronounced by them, "Ee-dah-how." It is used frequently in the morning and it

means nothing more majestic, nothing more astonishing, than that the sun is rising and it is time to get up. In this part of the original Oregon the chief matters of interest appear to be United States Senator William Edgar Borah, probably the state's foremost product; a man named Charles Hooper of Coeur d'Alene, who has written more letters to newspapers than any other man in the history of the world; the fantastic winter sports resort and ski-jump in Sun Valley, near Ketchum, opened this winter by W. Averell Harriman of Union Pacific Railroad, and those enormous Idaho potatoes. Of course the state has other things, such as copper mines, beet plantations, sheep and cattle ranches and so on, but most of the talk is about Mr. Harriman's ski-jump, with the warm baths in the open-top igloos—a layout which makes the old-timers wonder what, if anything, the world is coming to.

THE first signs of returning prosperity in the Northwest were felt in mining. With the rise in the prices of silver and gold, prospectors began swarming over the hills again, working old claims, crawling through the passes like excited termites. Because of this mining boom, largely, experts in such matters now say that Spokane, Washington, is the "livest" city in the Northwest. It is the center of a rich mining center.

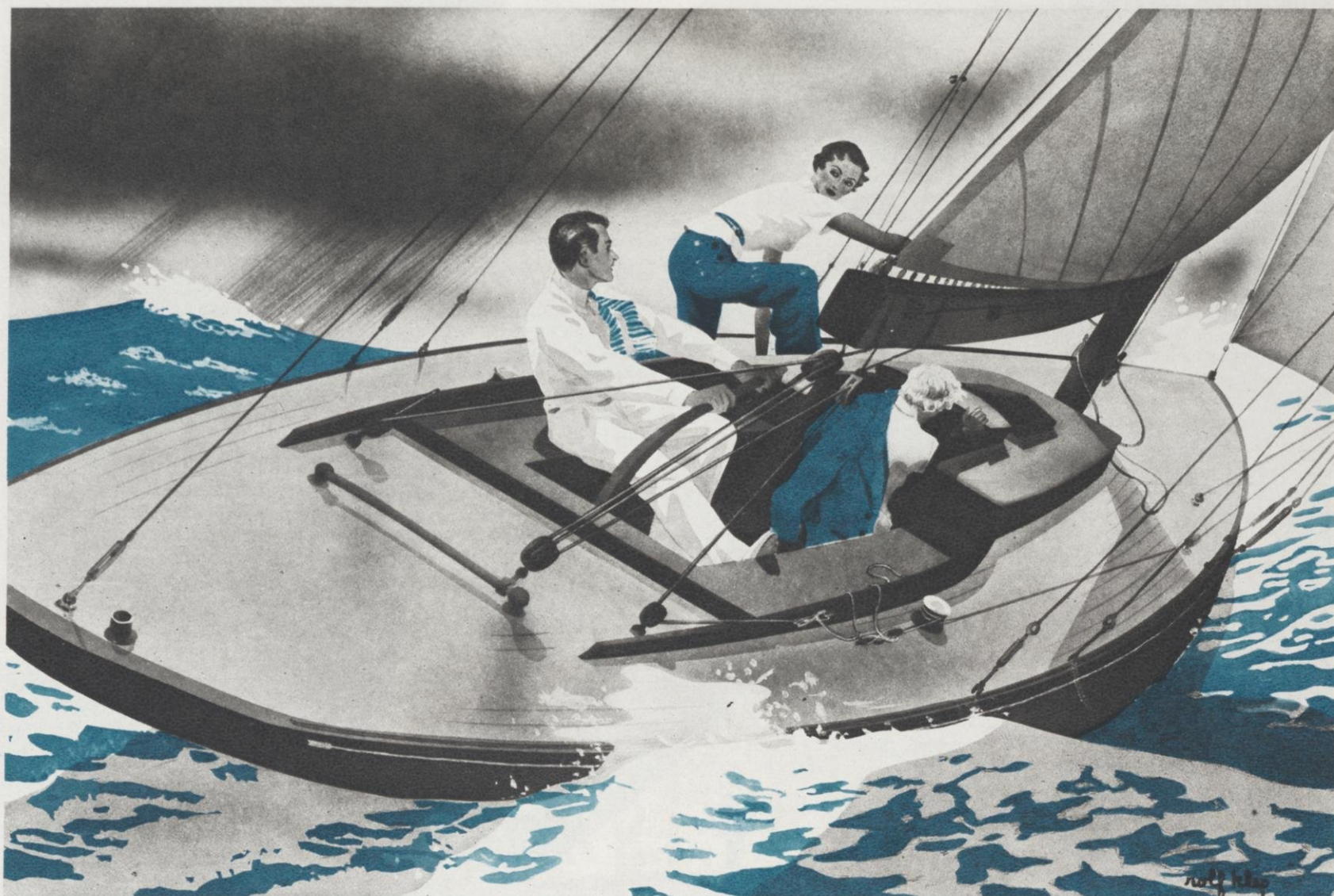
When the Idaho, eastern Oregon, eastern Washington and British Columbia mines were down during the depression, Spokane was dead and rather sad. But with gold and silver prices up, Spokane has come to life. Moreover a large number of government offices were established in Spokane during the organization of the New Deal and the work on the great Coulee Dam meant another very large payroll. The most famous single object in Spokane is the Davenport Hotel, where food is served that is easy to eat (sadly, much of the food in hotels and restaurants in the Northwest is not very good). Moreover the hotel is probably as well conducted as any hotel north of San Francisco and west of Chicago.

The city of Seattle, foggy, hilly and for the most part remarkably neat and enterprising, was really built by the Alaskan trade. This city on the Puget Sound was about as dead as a New England mill town of today until gold was discovered in the Yukon. The first big rushes to the north were out of Portland, Oregon, then by far the most important city in the Northwest, but soon because of the shorter distance almost the entire flow to and from Alaska was through the Seattle gateway. The northern transcontinental railroads boomed the city. New steamship lines across the Pacific were established. Eastern bankers put money into it. It is the greatest city north of San Francisco and west of the Rocky Mountains.

SEATTLE for the last thirty or forty years has felt the go-getter influence, as distinguished from the usual pioneer influence which has left its imprint on the life of so many western cities. More, perhaps, than any other city in the country it is run by union labor, a strong outfit which will put up with no foolishness. It was there that the Post-Intelligencer was shut down for many months when the unions went to the support of the striking editorial employees. The paper has now resumed publication, on terms agreeable to the unions, and the new publisher is John Boettiger, son-in-law of President Roosevelt. Mr. Boettiger and Eugene Gladstone O'Neill, the playwright, are the two most recent additions to Seattle's list of outstanding citizens. Mr. O'Neill is studying history and tradition.

The mayor of Seattle, John F. Dore, makes no secret of the dominant influence of union labor in the affairs of the city. He is on friendly working terms with Dave Beck, the boss of the teamsters and perhaps the most powerful union leader in the Northwest. The unions are so strong that they can put small firms out of business if they desire, or can force large firms to put a man representing union interests on the board of directors. The mayor recently got into an argument with the organized women of the city, mostly conservatives, who objected to some of his carryings-on with the radical elements. The mayor called them "perfumed hussies," which was regarded as pretty strong language, but nothing serious ever came of it.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 50]



"The rocks," Jay shouted. "Dead ahead. We're driving on them!"

She Could Reef a Sail



➤ "STAND by the main braces, matey," Russ said dumping an empty sail bag down on the porch steps, "we're coming about. Cause for celebration, I suppose. The Spindrift is sold."

"I knew it," Marty said, "from the way you came up the walk. You looked as though you were climbing stairs in the dark. Toe, heel and no wave resistance." Marty came across the porch in her espadrilles and linked two brown hands around her brother's arm. "I'm just being funny. It's not a good attempt. I mind, a lot. But don't you care—we'll have another boat sometime. Who bought her?"

"Jay Hardwick," Russ said. "Jay Hardwick, III. Polo and squash and steeplechasing."

Marty leaned down and retied the espadrille bow-knot on an ankle unnecessarily and-too tight. "And now he's acquiring the Spin. I saw him at a dance at Judy Wolcott's. He came in late and was pointed out. Very brown from Aiken," Marty said, "very sure."

"That's Jay," Russ said. "He's not a bad guy. We sat through the same freshman Livy. Pushed Hannibal's elephants over the Alps together. He's pretty good at polo, according to the pieces in the paper. A six-goal man."

Marty's eyes wandered to a faint distant view of masts in a boatyard. "He can't ever like the Spin as much as we do, Russ. He won't ever put her in commission himself."

"What do you expect?" Russ tweaked a cropped spiral of Marty's auburn hair gently. "He'll have someone do it and very handily too."

They stared relinquishingly at the sun-tipped ripples on the bay and shook themselves and laughed a little.

It had been fine to own the Spin. She was the best, the fastest of the fleet that freckled Palmer Point Bay in white and buff and black in the summer. Not the least of going broke, Russ had said, was putting the Spindrift up for sale.

If she had been just another boat, rocking at her mooring on the seamy blue beyond the Bartlett boathouse, it wouldn't have mattered so much. From the day she had slid down the yard ways in foamy skirl, champagne damp on her aquiline bow, she had been special. They had won the annual fleet handicap with her and the sloop squadron races.

"Russell—" Mrs. Bartlett's voice called beyond the screened veranda door, "your father is coming home from Boston on the three-fifteen. Can you meet him at the station?"

"Right on the dot," Russ said. The old roadster they had used for hauling gear and sail stood shabby and capable on the drive. "I'm stowing this in the attic," he picked up the sail bag and nodded toward the drive, "and running down to Joe Fenton's. He's supposed to know someone who knows someone who might use an upstanding young broker's clerk."

"I wish I knew someone who knew someone," Marty said. "I can make apple strudel and sing in a group."

"You can be our uplift," Russ advised. "Just—be around."

➤ IT HAD been sudden and unexpected, coming home from college spring vacation to the ivy-cowled stone town house on Beacon Street, to learn that there was no more money. It hadn't mattered to Marty, leaving college behind and the town house shuttered and for sale. It had mattered only that there

would be no slim willing Spin tugging at her mooring on the broken blue beyond the Bartlett boathouse.

Marty regarded the line of thin mast spires in the distance. The Spin was out on its cradle in the yard, ready to be put in commission. Yesterday, when it still belonged to them, she had been down hauling the tarpaulin close about the deck against rain, talking to Gunnar, the yard foreman. She jingled a key in a slacks pocket, a key that belonged to the padlock on the companionway slide, that belonged to Mr. Jay Hardwick now. She might as well fetch it down to Gunnar for delivery to a rightful owner with brown on his face from Aiken.

The Spin was nosed between a cabin cruiser and a broad squat ketch in the yard. The afternoon sun squinted on her hull, deep-curved in the grasp of wooden cradle props.

"Been lookin' for you," Gunnar called over from the deck of the cabin cruiser. "Thought likely you'd be around. Good day for boat work."

"Swell," Marty nodded. It was just right. Bright, stiffening wind and clear sun streaking across the yard on wet amber varnish, setting it, drying the frosting white paint on hulls and houses.

"Russ brought news home this afternoon," Marty said. "The Spindrift's been sold to a person named Jay Hardwick."

"Hard-wick?" Gunnar separated it unfamiliarly. "Does he sail boats?"

"I don't know," Marty said. "He rides around full tilt on little fast horses after balls. Polo, it's called."



His eyes were on her, searching and interested, "Do you work around here?"

And he also plays squash, and money is no object to him."

"He will like the Spindrift," Gunnar pronounced above his pipe.

Marty stepped through the stilts under the Spin and laid a hand gently on the stained bronze of the keel. It needed scraping first and only one coat of the bronze. She stooped and picked up a square of glass in the sand. She drew it across a bowed strip below the old salt-scarred waterline. She whistled softly between her teeth and moved the glass back and forth. Near by, hammers pounded on a schooner being out-

fitted, and she didn't hear the feet behind her, only the voice:

"Kid," it said, "can you tell me where there's a boat around called the Spindrift?"

Marty turned around squarely and faced it. The eyes in the young man's brown face before her were slate gray, close up, and his jaw was lean and definite. Identical, in a quick prick of memory, to a stored photograph of someone brown and tall coming late to a party. He examined Marty, boyish and slim in her slacks, backed up, a terribly youthful silhouette against the hull of the sloop.

"Hello," he said, "there's a ribbon in your hair and that makes you a girl. I thought you were a boy."

"I am a girl," she said. "I have bolts of ribbon home. This is the Spindrift."

"This boat?" He stepped back a pace and regarded it. "Well," he said, "nice boat, don't you think? She looks as though she could stand up to some sailing."

He had, Marty thought, a horseman's air. The Spin might be in a paddock instead of a boatyard.

"You'll find her," Marty said, "sound of wind and limb."

He grinned. "I don't [CONTINUED ON PAGE 99]"

The Colonel's Knife



LEONARD
H. NASON

ILLUSTRATOR:
DAVID HENDRICKSON

THE office of the president of the Standish National Bank had been refurbished in oak and green leather when the new incumbent, Colonel Knight, took it over. Colonel Knight himself was new to Standish. He had lived there only three summers, but long enough to impress the natives with his financial astuteness, so that they had asked him to become president of the local bank to see if he could not unravel its tangled affairs.

"Mark," said Colonel Knight to the young man who sat beside the desk, "I've asked you to come in here this morning because we must do something about the loan outstanding that the bank advanced your father before—before he—that is, last year. It wasn't a new loan, Mark, it was an extension of an extension. I haven't pressed this before because I wanted you to have plenty of time to arrange your father's affairs, but the time has come, Mark, the time has come. We must have it!"

"Well," said Mark hesitatingly, "people aren't usually ready to take up their notes in the month of June. Standish is a summer place, you know. No one's got any money until after the summer people have gone in the fall. I been giving credit all spring, that is, since the store came into my hands, mostly to fishermen, and they won't be ready to pay until autumn."

"YOUR sales have been going down and down, Mark," said the colonel, "not because the fishermen and the farmers don't buy any more but because they don't buy at your store! That's the trouble, my boy! You've inherited an old cross-roads country store from your father, inefficient, uneconomical, out of date! That's why you can't meet your obligations as they come due!"

"Well, what will I do for a living, then?" asked Mark. "If I sell the store, I won't have anything to do!"

"Sell the store, Mark, and look around you afterward for a good place to put the funds! This part of the country is going ahead fast. A lot of land is changing hands these days! Sell the store and someone will put up a moving picture theater there, or a modern garage. Perhaps you could help finance it! Reinvest your money right on the spot!"

"Ummm!" said Mark. "It sounds reasonable." The colonel was a lean hard-looking man, thought Mark, kindly enough at heart but utterly ruthless

"Five hundred dollars? You're crazy!" He went out and slammed the door

as far as business or money went.

"Think it over hard, Mark!" went on the colonel. "Unless you can find funds, the bank will take the store over. If it does, that will be the end of it. A store like that has no place in the community."

Mark turned to leave the office but the colonel detained him.

"That was business," said the colonel in a different tone. "Now we'll be just friends again. Don't let anything I've said here keep you from coming to the wedding, will you?"

"No, sir, I'll go."

Mark went out into the sunlit square, his heart like lead. Sure enough, the old order changeth! Across the street was the dignified white pillared meeting house,

two hundred years old, where the colonel's daughter was going to be married in a few days. Beyond the church was the glittering façade of a chain store, then a garage, a moving picture theater, a modern drug-store and a clothing store. On the right hand, facing all these and at the junction of two streets, stood a building that somehow matched the church, low, white, dignified. It bore above its porch a sign, "Z. Stewart and Son. General Merchandise." That had been Mark's grandfather.

Mark went in and sat down dejectedly at the old-fashioned desk. He pulled out an account book but left it unopened. He knew what was in it. Oilskins, mittens, line, spare parts for motors, all sold to fishermen. Wool, dresses, buttons, thread, beeswax, sold to their wives. Bills for cordage, for powder and shot, overalls, grindstones, hatchets, leather jackets for the boys, fur-trimmed coats for the girls. Stoves for the front parlor, linoleum for the kitchen. All these bills were to be paid for out of the summer's earnings. These people had all paid their bills before, they would again—if they could! Ah, that was the rub!

MARK sighed heavily. His father had died that spring and left the store to Mark. That and the house, and a few odd lots of beach land and cranberry bog, most of them only tax liabilities. There was enough insurance to take care of Mark's mother, but Mark had had to leave college.

Colonel Knight, after all, was a man of the world and knew what was best to do. Better get rid of the store. Let the bank have it. But it had been in the family for three generations! There wasn't a fishing hamlet, a farm, or a family in town that did not have some merchandise from the Stewart store.

A customer entered breezily. Mark rose. He recognized a certain T. Carberry Jones, a New Yorker, who rented summer cottages, sold land now and again and





"Of course I could let you have the pair I've got on—"



carried on a vague business in real estate.

"Morning, Mark!" said Mr. Jones with the false heartiness of the professional booster. "How are you this fine bright rare June morning?"

"Well, I guess I'll live through the day," said Mark. "What can I do for you this morning?"

"I'm going fishing with Colonel Knight this afternoon," replied Jones. "We were looking over his tackle and he found he hadn't any sheath for this knife."

"Let me see the knife!" said Mark.

He picked up the knife that Carberry Jones laid on the counter. It was a short wide-bladed affair, glittering in its newness, with the back of the blade notched for scaling fish.

"That's a funny kind of knife," muttered Mark drawing his thumb along the edge. "Why, it isn't even sharp!"

"Well, never mind that; see if you've got a sheath that will fit it. I don't suppose you could make one, could you?"

"I guess I could. Wouldn't take a minute to sew one up. But this knife isn't worth having a sheath for! He can't do anything with this knife! It won't cut, and it's too thick to split a fish with."

"Well, it's got a picture of a fish on the blade!" exclaimed Carberry Jones impatiently. "It must have something to do with fish!"

"Did you buy this knife or did Colonel Knight buy it?"

"He bought it and I want to buy a sheath for it, without so much argument!"

"Don't that beat the Dutch, didn't even get a sheath for it!" said Mark. "Well, you come back about noon and I'll have you one."

CARBERRY JONES turned to the door, but only to look into the street. Then he stepped quickly back.

"Mark," said Carberry Jones in a confidential tone, "things ain't so hot here at the store, eh?" He winked in the direction of the bank. "Tell me, would you like to sell a little piece of property? Not for much money. Coupla hundred. But maybe—if you throw the dog a bone, hey—he might leave you alone, hey?"

"What property have I got that I could sell, and who to?" asked Mark instantly.

"Your family owns a right of way out to Weetamoe Neck!" whispered Carberry. "It's the only way anyone can get out there without takin' a boat. Now, Mark, I'm willing to gamble that some day somebody is going to build a house on Weetamoe and they'll want that right of way. I'll gamble two hundred dollars on it!"

Mark thought quickly. Weetamoe Neck was a tract of marshland away down where the Weetamoe River met the sea, frequented only by coot hunters. The old road that Carberry mentioned had been used in the days when trading schooners up from New Bed-

ford landed at a pier there, and Mark's grandfather had gone down to buy merchandise from them. Colonel Knight's own home was just across the river from it.

"You want this sheath sewed?" murmured Mark examining the fish knife.

"Or you just want it riveted?"

"Mark," cried Carberry, his face crimson, "stop fussin' with that knife! Maybe Colonel Knight bought it to pick his teeth with, who cares? What do you say about that right of way?"

"Did you come in here to buy a leather sheath or a piece of land?" asked Mark swiftly.

"Oh well, Mark," T. Carberry Jones said lamely, "if you're going to take that attitude—" He walked away and pretended to examine a rack of oilskins.

"GOIN' to the wedding, Carberry?" asked Mark cheerfully as he selected a piece of leather and began marking it for the sheath.

"I am, yes. So is everyone else in town, ain't they?"

"Yup. You ought to stand out from the masses, Carberry. Want to hire a suit?"

"What do you mean, suit?" demanded Carberry.

"My father laid in some cutaways and some full dress suits for hire," explained Mark, "just so no one could ever say he didn't have something they wanted. He started the style of getting married in cutaways here. Those suits are godfathers to half the population of Standish."

"The same suits?" gasped Carberry.

"Not the same suits, no. We have to renew stock right along, like everything else. Those suits are cleaned every time they come back and we're just as careful who we rent them to as any big house in Boston. If you want one, I'll save you one to wear to the wedding. There's a five-dollar deposit. Payable in advance. With the sheath that'll be six dollars."

"You ought to go far, Mark!" said Carberry Jones sourly as he counted out the money. "How about that little right of way to Weetamoe Neck? Take two hundred for it now?"

Mark deposited Jones' money in the old-fashioned cash drawer and wrote him out a receipt.

"That right of way has been in my family a long time," said Mark looking up at the beams and appearing to inspect the side lights, masthead lanterns and various sizes of blocks that hung there. "My grandfather had

some idea of a ship-railway that could carry the trading schooners right over to the bayside and save them two days' sailing. He bought that right of way and he took it along a ridge of rock. Now the only way you can get to Weetamoe Neck with an automobile is along my road. I think I ought to have five hundred dollars for it!"

"Five hundred dollars for a road that don't go anywhere? You're crazy!"

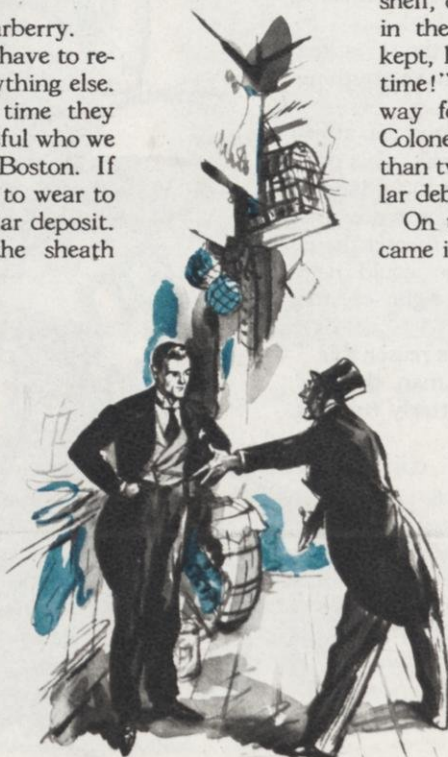
He went out and slammed the screen door behind him.

When Carberry had gone Mark went toward the back of the store, still idly feeling of Colonel Knight's new knife. He got down on his knees and rummaged under the counter, then got up again, holding an old bayonet. It was part of a lot that had been purchased years ago for interior decoration, when the war was still fresh in people's minds. Mark put down the new knife beside one of the bayonets.

"Hmmm!" he told himself. "The locking ring has been ground off, the blade has been cut off halfway up and a point ground onto it, and that fish scraper has been cut in the back of the blade. That knife was made out of an old bayonet! Those bayonets cost us ten cents apiece. There's a little nickel plate, a little grinding and a little polishing been done; maybe the whole thing stood the maker seventy-five cents." He rubbed the price mark on the blade with a meditative thumb. "Now why do you suppose a man would pay three-fifty for this thing that hasn't even got an edge on it?"

DURING the ensuing days business was brisk at Mark's store for almost the entire town had been invited to see Colonel Knight's daughter given in wedlock. Every time Mark pulled out a drawer, every time he hauled a bolt of cloth from a shelf, or entered the cedar-lined storeroom in the cellar where the dress suits were kept, he thought, "Maybe this is the last time!" Maybe he ought to sell that right of way for what he could get for it! But Colonel Knight would have to have more than two hundred on a fifteen-hundred-dollar debt!

On the morning of the wedding no one came in, for they were all staying at home putting the last touches on their finery. All the stores were to close at noon in honor of the wedding anyway. Mark, his formal coat hanging carefully on a rack, worked at an inventory he was completing, to see how nearly the stock of the store would come to meeting the indebtedness. Just at his most discouraged moment, Carberry Jones appeared in the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



"I'll have it stopped! They can't do it without my permission"



Artist's Life

MARJORIE
FISCHER

ILLUSTRATOR:
MARIO COOPER

"You're going to take me to the concert in the park tonight, Eddie, don't forget," yelled Sammie. "Remember? You promised."

"I am not," said Eddie.

"I'm going to keep perfectly quiet now," yelled Sammie, "so you can practice. And tonight—"

"Oh, all right!" said Eddie.

Not another sound came from the Indian outside and Eddie began to play the Artist's Life Waltz again, but he played badly; he heard the rhythm break and his fingers hit too hard or too soft on the keys. Suddenly he broke off, dragging his hands clenched into fists from one end of the keyboard to the other. Bang! came the clenched fists down on the bass notes. This was going to be an awful summer, with Father away in the country not entirely well yet, Mom working and all his plans to practice until Carnegie Hall was a real future shot to pieces because he had to look after Sammie.

He was going to speak to Mom the minute she came in but when she did come in, calling to them from the hall, she looked so warm and tired that he waited.

"It's going to be a hot summer, I'm afraid," said Mom, sitting on the chair in the hall.

"There's a letter from Father, Mom," said Eddie handing over the envelope.

Mom read rapidly and looked up beaming.

"He's feeling much better," she said. "Really well. It'll take more time but he's much better."

So Eddie thought, by the time they had finished dinner and were waiting before they started washing up, that it was all right to ask Mom.

"THERE'S a play group on this block, Mom. All kids about Sammie's age. A college boy takes them to the park every afternoon and they play games. I thought maybe we could afford to send Sammie and then I could practice and maybe not drag Sammie along when I see the kids from my class and everything."

"Oh gosh, could I, Mom?" said Sammie standing up, every feather in his headdress quivering.

Mom suddenly looked tired again and Eddie was sorry he had spoken.

"I inquired about the group," she said. "It's ten dollars a month and we just can't afford it. Next summer, when Father's all right, we'll send you both to camp to make up for this."

Eddie didn't want to go to camp next summer; he wanted to prepare for an Artist's Life and what kind of preparation was it to drag Sammie around? Sammie had had too few summers to be able to think of the one that would follow this summer; summer was one year to Sammie and winter was another year—summer after next—his feathers quivered.

The doorbell rang and everyone sprang to answer. It was Aunt Hilda, coming in time to catch the early show at the movies with Mother.

"Can you leave the kids?" she asked.

EDDIE took another peek in at Sammie, now playing quietly on the floor with his train, thank goodness. Then he tiptoed down the hall and walked at once to the piano in the living-room. His hands lifted into position over the keys and his fingers struck the opening chords of the Künstlerleben Waltz. Artist's Life, thought Eddie, while the waltz looped and swung through the room, Artist's Life—that's me. I'm going to be a great musician—and he felt as if the room spread out and it was filled with a huge audience listening to the beautiful waltz.

"Wah, wah, wah, wah!" shouted Sammie jumping suddenly from behind the door. "An' another red-skin bit the dust!"

"Sammie, you shut up," said Eddie swinging around on the piano stool. "Didn't I just have you out practically all day? You could at least shut up while I practice a little."

"YOU better look out," said Sammie. "I got my good ole tommyhawk here." He flourished his rubber tomahawk, put his hand to his mouth and yelled another war whoop and slunk behind a chair. The tips of his feathered headdress showed over the chair, quivering. This whole week, ever since school closed, Eddie had been looking after Sammie while Mom was away working. He'd hardly had time to practice at all and Dr. Speiser was looking grave when Eddie came for his piano lessons and talking about his talent being wasted. "You must good work, otherwise no Carnegie Hall for you." And now Sammie had pulled out his Indian suit from the top of the closet and he was going to be more nuisance than ever. Eddie got up from the piano stool and grabbed Sammie.

"You can't," yelled Sammie. "No fair. I'm only six and you're eleven. No fair."

"No fair yourself," said Eddie, lifting Sammie from the ground and carrying him, short fat legs kicking, out of the room. He shut and locked the door and went back to the piano. Sammie knocked at the door and rattled the knob.

"What's all this," said an Irish voice close to Kit



"It's all right," said Mom. "Eddie's taking Sammie to the concert in the park."

"But not in that Indian suit, Mom," said Eddie.

"Oh, dear!" said Mom and Eddie gave in.

"Sammie, will you at least keep quiet at the concert?" said Eddie.

"Well, naturally I'll keep quiet," said Sammie.

THE funny thing was that he did keep absolutely quiet all the way to the Mall. He was busy stalking his foe, walking on tiptoe whenever he remembered and peering sharply behind trees and bushes. The crowds of warm tired people strolling toward the concert through the dusk stared at him sometimes, saying, "Isn't he darling! How sweet!" until Eddie felt warmer and more annoyed than ever. Darling! Sweet! They just ought to have to look after him and they'd see.

The bandstand glowed with light, the musicians came in and took their places, tootling on their horns and clarinets in a lovely mess of sounds and Eddie got



a program and found good places and they sat down.

"Now remember," he said to Sammie. "Just kindly remember to shut up, for once."

"Well, naturally," said Sammie indignantly, as if no one had ever heard a peep out of him.

And he did keep quiet. Eddie looked over the program and saw that the last number was the Künstlerleben Waltz and he settled down quietly to listen. The leader came out and applause broke over the lake

and died away. Now the leader turned, rapped smartly on his music stand and raised his baton. The Toreador's song blared out and then the Siegfried music, with a bird song rising clear and simple, flowing away over the silent listening crowds. Eddie drew a deep breath—yes, he would maybe write music too some day—

Suddenly he turned and saw that Sammie was gone. The place was empty and while Eddie saw this a fat woman came past the people and sat down where Sammie had been.

Eddie stood up and looked over the crowds of people in all directions; he did not see even the tip of a feather. Sammie'd kept quiet, all right; Eddie hadn't even heard him creeping out.

Now he'd have to leave the concert and go to find Sammie. He started walking slowly out through the aisle, floated out of the Mall on the rhythms of See the Conquering Hero Comes.

ON THE edge of the crowd Eddie stood still, looking around. Where would he start first? While he stood thinking, the rattle of roller skates swung up to and around him.

"What's the matter?" said the girl, still rocking slightly on her skates.

"Listen," said Eddie. "If you had to look for your kid brother somewhere around here, where would you start?"

"Maybe he's out in a boat on the lake," she said.

"O. K. That's where I'll start."

"I'll tell you what," said the girl. "I'll lend you one of my skates and then we could get around fast. Want me to?"

"Oh, sure. Thanks. Don't you want to listen to the music?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 62]



"Sam-mie-ie," called Eddie. "Pan-cho-o," called Kit

You Can't Have Everything

PART
III

KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATOR:

ALFRED PARKER



He wanted her complete attention and was rarely willing to include anyone else

UNHAPPY because of her husband's growing indifference, Mary Campbell Sylvester tries to fill her life by devoting every moment to her two little daughters. Gratifying in many ways, this does not completely satisfy her—as she realizes after she meets John Kilgarif. He follows Cam and the little girls to Lake Tahoe, where the Sylvesters have a summer cottage. Happy days are filled with idyllic companionship. The wound caused by Bob's lack of interest in his wife becomes less painful as Cam's and John's friendship deepens.

In September Cam returns to the gloomy Sylvester house in San Francisco; Bob is nearly always away on business trips, on golf and yachting expeditions. John continues to see her but it is not until spring that Cam is reconciled to the idea of a divorce. Sullen at first, Bob capitulates and Cam's parting from him is friendly, even a little sad, as they both realize how completely dead is the feeling they once shared.

Cam's only qualms are over impressive documents regarding her children who are to stay with their father at stipulated intervals. She visits John's family just before their marriage. His little boy, affec-

tionately known as Taffy, is in complete charge of Toomey, his nurse, and her resentment of any interference is so obvious that Cam tells herself she must deal with this situation later. John feels completely confident in leaving Taffy with the nurse while he and Cam are away. But at the thought of leaving Jane and Joanna, still almost babies, Cam for a moment forgets John and their new life in the sudden pain that engulfs her.

THEY drove into a lovers' heaven of autumn beauty. The twinkling new car went on and on up the wide highway, came out on level roads beside the sea, turned back to mount twisting grades under solemn miles and miles of redwoods.

The exquisite shortening days of the year flew by, finding them only deeper and deeper in the happiness that seemed to have no limits and no measure. When they went for an early morning ride and Cam came back with John to the hotel, he told her that no man in the world had ever had a companion like her. When

they took their fishing rods and a basket of lunch up into the autumn woods and sat dreamily silent beside a stream, listening to the plop of trout and the quiet swirling of the sleepy currents, the harmony between them was so perfect that perhaps for an hour neither would disturb it by a single syllable. And in the evening hours when, bundled up warmly against the chill of a Canadian October, they sat on some lodge porch watching the moon rise and the stars come out, going up at last to the warmth and sanctity of the room that was their room, helping each other kindle the wood fire and draw the curtains, wandering about, talking by its kindly light, the love that had glorified all their hours was with them still, and at its holiest time.

The first snows found them in Montreal, each day an adventure, each meal welcome, each museum or curiosity that they could find to explore an untiring interest.

Coming down through the New England towns they brought the winter with them; snows were already deep in Connecticut; New York, seen by Cam from the high warm bedroom of the great hotel,



Clad in this she knew that nothing could keep her from being the belle of the ball

was delicately powdered with it on the day they arrived. All the way from the grapes and warmth and moonshine of Atherton to this heart of the greatest city, and every hour of the trip, she wrote Tidbit, happier than the one before it.

"And you can't think of the grandeur of belonging to John!" her letters said. "He knows so many thrilling persons—everyone, in fact, and they're all so nice to him! We go to dinners—not that he likes them very much but he knows they amuse me—and we go to play openings, tremendously thrilling even when they're poor, and we walk up Fifth Avenue late in the mornings and buy each other ties and sweaters and things, and are very silly."

And at the end of every letter to Tids and John's mother, to Toomey and Mabel: "Tell my darling girls that Mummy will soon be on her way home."

She dared not say more; she never said even to herself that she missed them but the thought of them was always with her. They rose like golden-mopped little ghosts between her and everything wonderful and happy that she did; not reproachful, not suffering, but yet her own little Jane and Joanna who were missing Mummy.

A hundred times a day she had to tell herself that they were well and happy in their California garden, no one was oppressing or disciplining them; Mabel, if something of a fool, was competent and devoted.

THE Singletons, John's publishers, entertained the Kilgarifs at Huntington; there were four princely children in the big house, brunette children with dark eyes. Cam thought of her blondes; their small white buckskin oxfords would have galloped so happily after these children.

Washington in early December seemed like a first step on the homeward trip. Cam was in wild spirits and gave John his first taste of jealousy at a White House dinner when, superb in olive-green brocade and pearls, she was not only the loveliest of all the lovely women, but her hoarse sweet voice and the light in her blue eyes kept a circle continually about her.

The President and his wife left the group with formal good nights about half-past ten and almost immediately afterward Cam and John went to their hotel, Cam still thrilling to the excitement and pleasure of the evening. When they reached their rooms she threw off her furred evening wrap and went to one of the windows, leaning against it to look out over the city, looking over her shoulder to invite John to join her.

"John, isn't a thing like that fun once in a while?"

Handsome in his full evening dress, a little pale, he came over to stand beside her and lock an arm about her. His cheek was close to her cheek.

"Cam, my darling, don't do that again!"

"Do what?" she asked, stupefied at his tone.

"Don't make me jealous, sweetheart. I've been in hell all evening. Those men—that ruffian from Baltimore who knew your brother—when I saw you among those fatheads and imbeciles, being so sweet and interested, looking from one to the other, I could have killed them! You're mine, you know, Cam. Not one tiny fraction of an inch of you belongs to them; you're all mine."

"Why, you jealous little high school nitwit!" Cam said lovingly. "Can't you see if other persons don't admire me, you'll stop? You'll say, 'She's lost something. She isn't so nice as she was, because there she sits in the corner, twisting that beautiful four-dollar handkerchief I got her in New York, looking down at those expensive slippers and ignored by the fashionable yet unthinking throng!'"

"Cam, I adore you," he said kissing her neck.

"I want you to," she told him raising her eyes to fix her look straight on his. This hour she was all his; it was her glory to be. But after he and his jealousies were alike asleep she lay awake saying to herself a phrase that had magic in it for her own ears, that had been sounding in them all day.

"We start westward tomorrow—tomorrow—tomorrow! And I ought to be with you, my darlings, just eight days after that. I can wait for eight more days and not one other minute!"

WELL, it was all happiness. But eight days later did not find them at Cherry Ridge. Instead Cam was on a steamer deck, watching the clean groomed beauty of the Panama Canal slide by on either side, strolling about in the unnatural December heat with John, charming, as she could not help charming, a circle of new friends and, with all the skill at her command, quieting the jealousies that would agonize him again and again.

"Fool that I was to plan this trip!" he would mutter. "But I wanted to surprise you."

"And you did surprise me." It had been almost too complete a surprise, the turning of the car's head northward on the morning of leaving Washington, the triumphant mysterious "You wait and see!" that had been the only answer she could get to her curious questions. A surprise of course, but what sort, she had asked herself? He loved to surprise her, but why should they be going back to New York? Perhaps, she had thought in sudden ecstatic expectation, he had

asked Mabel to bring the girls on, to drive back with them.

After this dizzy height of anticipation, it had been just a little hard to show the right measure of amazement and delight when instead they had not gone to a hotel at all; they had driven from the Holland tunnel straight to a battered old dock, the blue car had moved steadily on until she had been actually upon a Panama liner.

If she had failed her own high ideal of acting, Cam at least had had the satisfaction of knowing that to John himself her surprise had been a complete success. He had recalled a hundred times, with all the conspirator's pleasure, Cam's face when she had realized that they were going home the long way.

"You actually got white, Cam," he would say. And he might add, "Ah, darling, you're such an adorable little girl about some things and it's going to be such fun to surprise you all the way along!"

She and John swam in the warm sea shallows at Havana, roamed through the crowded old quarter of Panama City and looked up at the oily narrow balconies; took a jogging ride on livery stable horses. They got home on Christmas Eve.

After the peaks, even mountain heights seem lowered. Everything at home would presently be wonderful and John was close beside her to help her solve them, but the problems that the farmhouse in Atherton presented swarmed about Cam's head like angry bees as soon as she was at home, and her senses and capabilities, weakened by too much felicity,

seemed strangely unwilling and even strangely unable to cope with them.

Jane and Joanna, to begin with, met her indifferently. They were but scraps of girls of course and they had not seen her since September; a long slice out of their small lives. They clung shyly to Mabel. Cam, trying to smile through quick tears, had to woo them for a long ten minutes before they would come to her.

When they did and when Jane's memory suddenly awakened, both burst into wild crying and clung madly to their mother, fairly screaming when she tried to put them aside to greet her mother-in-law.

"Girls, girls, she's home again now, everything's fine!" John said good-naturedly. He had been met by Taffy with a pleasant enough smile of affection and was already showing his son how to work a sand elevator. Cam felt a little ashamed of her own emotion and of her children's, and a little puzzled when both small girls insisted upon accompanying her everywhere. In Mabel's respectful martyred manner she read trouble and Joanna's shriek whenever Toomey came anywhere near her said little for the baby's feeling toward Taffy's nurse.

IT WOULD all straighten out. Nevertheless it was a little disturbing to get home from a trip on Christmas Eve to find the tree still to trim and the stockings to fill, and to suspect that domestic ructions were already well developed and ready to break out. She must just go on from hour to hour and pray for the best. And perhaps some day they could find some other



"She picked her up and paddled her good and Joanna cried for about an hour"



Cam dropped to her knees; she saw no one else

nursery eager to engage the perfect services of Toomey; two nurses were too much in any house and Taffy was getting big enough to dispense with much of Toomey's care now. After the New Year excitements were over she would see about getting her house in order.

But Mabel would not wait for the new year. On Christmas afternoon when on her way home to have turkey dinner with Ma and the family, Mabel firmly announced that she was giving notice.

"When you leave the children in my care, Mrs. Kilgarif," Mabel said, "then it seems to me that other people should not have the privilege of spanking them."

CAM was conscious of feeling a little sick. She went on opening envelopes, glancing at Christmas cards. Her mother-in-law and Tids, escorted by John, had gone up to town to meet and if possible bring back with them an aunt who had chanced to arrive on that day from the orient. The girls were asleep; the house was very quiet after the morning's exclamations and rejoicings.

"Did anyone spank Jane?" she asked evenly, apparently absorbed in what she was doing.

"Tumid did. But it wasn't Jane," Mabel went on, in stolid satisfaction at bad news. "It was the baby."

"Joanna?" Forces were gathering in Cam's heart; she could not stop them. Fury thickened her throat and made her eyes see dim. To touch Joanna! That horse of a woman! "What had she done, Mabel?" she asked.

"Why, it was my day in town. Mildew told me of it," Mabel explained. She was no more fortunate with

the name of Mildred, old Mrs. Kilgarif's personal maid, than with that of Toomey. "It seems Joanna wanted to go into your room because she thought either I or you were there. Mildew said she kep' saying; 'Mummy!' and 'Maybe!' and crying, and she wouldn't go to bed. So Tumid come along and picked her up and paddled her real good, and so then she went to bed, but Mildew says she was crying for about an hour and calling you."

Cam could not listen. Not for many years had she felt herself so angry. She would show Mabel nothing of course; it was always a mistake to share emotions with simple garrulous Mabel; but she would see to it that Toomey was dismissed at once. She would have her month's pay; that couldn't in any decency be withheld, but she certainly would not be allowed to remain in the family another week.

Her little Joanna, so gentle and timid and loving, crying for an hour and calling in vain for her Mummy! Where on earth had Tids and Mrs. Kilgarif been? Placidly resting in their rooms, probably, quite sure that the children were safe and happy with Mabel and Toomey.

"You come back tomorrow, Mabel," Cam said trying to bring her whirling thoughts into something like order, "and meanwhile I'll have a talk with Mr. Kilgarif and then explain to you what we decide to do."

"You'll never fire her. You couldn't. Nor him either," Mabel asserted calmly.

"That's a very silly way to talk, Mabel. Toomey is only a nurse like yourself. If we decided to tell her to go of course she'd go, like any other nurse."

"Not that one," said Mabel. "The old lady thinks

she's the only one can manage Taffy. He had to have peplum when he was a baby," Mabel went on, not very sure of the term but definite enough as to the meaning of her words. "He had panocratic trouble. She's a practical nurse and she gets a hundred a month, and lots of times she won't eat with Mildew and Dora and me."

Cam said nothing. Her manner indicated that she had somewhat lost interest in the subject. But inside she was boiling.

JOHN, his mother and his aunt, all arrived in the late afternoon, and as the sunshiny Christmas Day had turned chilly and foggy there were fires everywhere in the house to greet them, and Cam in Mabel's absence found herself completely occupied in making the small girls lovely to go downstairs and greet their new kinswoman, and in keeping the machinery of the big farmhouse running smoothly. Aunt Maria Spaulding went upstairs with her to see the girls put to bed; Taffy, granted an extra half hour, was capering about in pajamas and slippers; Jane and Joanna were exquisite in their delight over their mother's presence. Toomey, in dignified and capable attendance upon the nursery party, was all amiability now and Cam could not but be a little comforted when she saw how quickly her daughters had seemed to recover from anything they had suffered in missing her.

Mrs. Spaulding, who had asked to share this hour, sat in a big chair by the open wood fire, approving the general happy excitement. Between Mummy's return and Christmas presents the small Sylvesters were completely content; Taffy, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]

The Father of the Bride

FAIRFAX DOWNEY

ILLUSTRATOR: JACQUES DARCY

HE HASN'T much to do at the wedding. A brief moment is his when the question arises, who giveth this woman to be married to this man. But his part calls for only a gesture, after which he fades into the background where fathers, at weddings, certainly belong.

I have begun to look into the future toward that extremely probable occasion. Am I, as the father of a fourteen-year-old girl, being rather premature? I don't think so. My role before a wedding will require time, thought and effort.

I don't mean merely saving up enough to finance trousseau, wedding and reception, although that is a point. Nor do I want to assume duties accomplished by the other side of the family with an efficiency and understanding I could never match.

My daughter's (and her mother's) attitude toward me have made me aware that I am already serving as a preliminary course for the former in the art of getting along with a man—a sort of laboratory experiment, a human guinea pig inoculated with matrimony and kept for observation. During some of my difficult moments I intercept a glance between the two which says more plainly than words, "Men are like that. You just have to make the best of them." On the other hand when I manage to rise to some occasion handsomely, the glance translates into: "Men can be rather nice when they want to be. It's a pity it isn't oftener."

While such virtues as I may possess are generously emphasized for the edification of the young, my faults are seldom glossed over. Sometimes this braces and spurs me on to higher things. At other times I allow myself the luxury of a slump, for isn't it well for my daughter to realize that men have their downs as well as their ups, and that a wise wife, taking the bitter with the sweet, strikes an average, arrives at a happy medium and puts up with it?

But it is the active side of my task that takes some doing. A precious companionship can come from developing a mutual interest in the arts, in sports, in all that father and daughter can do together.

Not only is a companionship like this a constant joy and pleasure to the father and, I trust, to the daughter but mutual interests are one of the strongest foundations for a happy marriage. So the more interests the two sexes share, the merrier the marriage-bell.

I want my daughter to attain a fair proficiency in several sports rather than a mastery of one. The chances of a couple enjoying their recreation together will be that much greater. Thus would be avoided the problem of the husband who plays golf and the wife who doesn't; the girl who loves to skate and the man whose feet get cold; the wife fond of riding and the husband who shies at a horse.

Similarly I am striving to give my daughter a taste for literature and the other arts; a taste which, while it will have favorites, will still be general; an open-mindedness which will regard new fields as worthy adventures. Reading together is a grand thing, I know, though I remain a hermit at it. I hope my daughter and the man of her choice will play music or sing together. Especially I recommend that lovely duet from *Iolanthe*, "Thou the tree and I the flower," because I believe that love is or ought to be like that. I have



Father fades into the background

taught my child to sing the soprano part very sweetly!

Now I realize that I must go further. Happy is the bride with an active sincere and intelligent interest in her husband's career. But how is my child to know at this stage what calling will concern her? General knowledge, while worthy, is an unsatisfactory answer. But when a young niece of mine asked me: "How do you make boys like you?" I told her: "You get them talking about themselves."

I SHALL pass along the same advice to my daughter. She will profit from it in more ways than one. She will learn the tastes and ambitions of men she likes. After she is engaged, she can go on and learn more of her fiancé's chosen work and discover how she can take part in the partnership, the closest of any that exists, which she is entering.

Her knowledge will enable them to take counsel together; will let her give valuable encouragement and aid. It will help to level the barrier which separates home and office and sometimes makes them two conflicting worlds which know nought of each other.

I want my daughter to learn how to keep accounts, how to type and to perform other clerical services which may be most useful. A secretary's job? Surely; yet those tasks may well have a home extension and be the better for it. My daughter, knowing child of this age, has seen movies and read stories about wives versus secretaries. I shall try to show her how their plots need never be woven into her life.

Along with the vocation of the man she marries, I would have her share the enjoyment of his avocation, his hobbies. Am I placing too great a burden on her?

I deny that I am. I am encouraging in her that adaptability which, I confess, comes far more naturally to her sex than to mine.

In one way or another I seem to be planning to cram a good deal of information into a young head and of course my efforts are only extracurricular. Her school is an excellent one, a leader in that remarkable advance from the day when female seminaries, as they were quaintly called, were considered radical. My daughter's education is and shall continue to be thorough. If this rules out prospective bridegrooms who disapprove of "girls who know too much," I call that a clear gain. The lad I'd like to see waiting in the chancel is the sort who realizes that knowledge gives an ability to see both sides of a question—in

other words, tolerance.

Gone are the days when sweet Alices wept with delight when a Ben Bolt gave them a smile or trembled with fear at his frown, and I don't mourn them. But I believe that the pendulum has swung rather too far the other way. It is my hope that my daughter may let it swing back toward center. I am trying to persuade her to stand by opinions but abandon prejudices. To have and to hold the essential independence of her spirit, yet not to forswear that dear dependence upon one who proves worthy of it. Ben Bolt's Alice possessed that endearing quality. That's why she was sweet. The trouble was she overdid it. As I say, I think that girls today are inclined to go too far in the other direction. I like to feel that my daughter finds me dependable, that she counts on me. That for me is one of life's richest rewards. Certainly the man she marries will feel the same way. And, let it be strongly emphasized, vice versa.

A CHILD is ordered around a lot and at times I detect a certain impatience in my daughter with do this and do that, if you please. Her attitude declares she looks forward to the day when she will be doing some bossing. But she must wait for children of her own and not use a husband as the target. No, neither bossing nor being bossed. Reverting to my function as an example, which speaks louder than precept, I trust she is observing that the watchword in her home is the wisdom of the sage who saith that with a married couple it should always be, not "You must," but "I think we should." And the important word there is "we."

I ask obedience of my daughter, but not blind obedience. Hers to reason why, if she wishes, and mine to explain why. Neither shall I counsel submissiveness in a wife; rather the yielding one to another, the cooperation, the give-and-take of that equal partnership which marriage is.

If my daughter reads these words shall I be making her preoccupied too soon with matters matrimonial? Shall I be putting ideas into her head?

Of course not. They are already there and I am content that they should be. For "... matrimony ... is an honourable estate ... not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly ..."

So it is advisedly that I look into the future and that I share in the divine right given parents of shaping the clay and molding it to heart's desire.



My role before a wedding will require thought



Housewarming

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON

ILLUSTRATOR:
JOHN H. CROSMAN

Patricia closed her eyes—just for a moment. Tony saw she had fallen asleep

THE room had a corner window that made the East River and its slow busy life almost a part of the interior decoration and today the September sunlight washed river and room impartially with a warm gold light. Patricia's lounging pajamas (old and now demoted to a working costume) were bright yellow and so were the six curly chrysanthemums in the vase on the desk.

Patricia was as cheerful as the room, and hummed as she unpacked the books. Her eyelids felt heavy on her eyes—that was from staying up all night. Her backbone felt as if tacks had been driven into it—that was from unwrapping hundreds and hundreds of books and carrying them from the boxes to the shelves. But the room and the apartment justified the ache and the fatigue, and she kept glancing around to confirm what she already knew—that at last, after more than a year of hotel rooms and ships' cabins and railroad compartments, she and Peter had a place to live in.

Junketing about Europe with Peter, she had built up this room in her imagination—comfortable chairs, a low table within reach everywhere one could sit, plenty of ashtrays, plenty of good reading lights and the whole room centered satisfactorily on the open fireplace. And the bookshelves, which that morning had looked ugly and toothless, were now bright with

rows and rows of patched color—lovelier, Patricia thought contentedly, than any tapestry. Only two shelves remained to be filled. Only one small box of books remained to be emptied. Then she could call the janitor, have the unsightly box removed, and when Peter came in it would be home. To be sure, four trunks still waited for her but they waited in a neat inoffensive row against the bedroom wall. After all, it wouldn't do to have absolutely nothing to do tomorrow. Patricia hummed.

When the house telephone rang and she was told that Mr. Davis was calling, she said, "Oh, blast!" to herself and then aloud, "Ask him to come up." She had told Tony distinctly, the day before when the three of them—Tony, Peter and herself—had stood in the freshly painted room surrounded by a stacked confusion of household goods and personal belongings, that he was to stay away until this evening. Evening was still six hours distant. Of course Tony was the person she most wanted as a first guest, but she had wanted to stagger him with a charming and smoothly running apartment; she had wanted to hear him say, "You two look as if you'd been living here for months."

Her annoyance vanished when she opened the door and saw Tony's enigmatic monkey-like face peering at her over a large brown-paper package. She smiled at him happily and said, "I told you to stay away, but come in, and please exclaim."

"What do people say when they exclaim?"

"They usually say, 'Oh!' or 'Ah!'"

"I couldn't do that, it would embarrass me." Tony

looked around the room and the expression of incredulity on his face made Patricia glad he had come. "But, Pat," he said, "it's a miracle. How on earth did you do it?"

"Stayed up all night."

"Reprehensible," Tony said shaking his head. "Mad and ill-advised."

"Do you mind if I go on with the books, Tony? It's the last box and when I've finished, everything will be done. And I want to surprise Peter."

Tony looked from Patricia to the half empty box and then back again.

"You mean," he asked slowly as if he were translating into a foreign language, "you mean you're going on unpacking?"

It was Patricia's turn to look bewildered. "Don't people unpack when they're settling down for life?"

TONY put down the bulky parcel and thought, "She hasn't heard." And where did that leave him? He had rushed here from lunch, to console and aid Patricia in a domestic crisis, only to find her radiant with domestic bliss. For a moment he considered the problem of his own responsibility and then quickly decided to take the easiest line and follow it as far as he could. The easiest line was to curse Peter silently and let Patricia enjoy her illusions. He yanked viciously at the brown paper on the parcel and revealed a two-liter flask of red Chianti. "I bought this for you before I—I mean, before lunch. It's—a housewarming gift. Like the stuff?"

"Oh, Tony, I love it. And Peter simply adores it."

"I brought a corkscrew too."

"But, Tony, I have a corkscrew."

Tony laughed at Patricia's reproachful eyes. "It's the first time in my experience," he said, "that any

woman who's just moved into a new place ever had a corkscrew. If you tell me you have a bottle-opener as well, I won't believe you."

"Now you've asked for it," Patricia said. "Come along, you'll have to look at everything."

Tony looked at everything. At the linen closet; at Patricia's desk in which paper, notebooks, stamps and pencils all lay righteously in place; at the small kitchen with its shining equipment and immaculate dish towels hanging in rows—he looked and had to admit that it was all complete and perfect. That made everything much worse and he wished again that he had not lunched that day with Dick Elliot and heard the news about Peter.

➤ PATRICIA, finally glugged with praise and approval, took her own corkscrew off its hook and fitted three wineglasses between her fingers.

"I thought you were a poet," Tony complained as she led the way back into the living-room, "and now I find you're nothing but a bustling little hausfrau."

"I'm going to be both," Patricia explained; and then as Tony picked up the flask of wine she added, "Let's wait for Peter, shall we?"

"No," Tony said, "he doesn't deserve it."

"Why not?"

Tony grinned at Patricia and pulled the red tinfoil off the neck of the flask. "Peter has no homemaking instincts," he said. "If he were a bird he'd be a cuckoo. Where is he, by the way?"

"He went out early this morning to sell some articles on Russia. Not that he's written them yet."

Tony pulled out the cork and poured wine into the two crystal glasses, staining them a deep red.

"Let's wait," Patricia pleaded. "He'll be back any minute now."

"Listen, child," and Tony handed Patricia her glass. "If we're going to celebrate your settling down for life, we've got to be quick about it."

"Why?"

"Because life is uncertain and Peter is more so." He raised his glass. "Well, Pat—here's good luck."

"Thanks. You too, Tony."

They sat down. Patricia, feeling the soft upholstery at her back, sighed, relaxed, then said, "I ought to be finishing those books, but I can't. I feel like a boned shad."

"Fortunately for me, you don't look like one," Tony said and stared at Pat, acutely aware of her young loveliness and vaguely aware of the fact that if she weren't married to his best friend he would probably be telling her fervently about her eyes and her hair and her hands—instead of sitting halfway across the table from her, playing the negative role of Good Old Tony. Peter would have to be careful, Tony thought, or he'd lose this quiet radiant girl. There would be plenty of men ready to grab at her and if any of them was lucky enough to get her he would gladly build his life around her—give her what she wanted, Tony thought, instead of expecting her to take what her husband wanted.

➤ PATRICIA had taken one sip of her wine and then put it down on the low table beside her. Then she had closed her eyes—just for a moment, she told herself, because there had never in the world been anything more comfortable than this chair and her eyelids seemed to fit better when she stopped holding them open. Tony saw, somewhat ruefully, that she had fallen asleep.

"Poor child," he said to himself, and sat quietly sipping his wine, watching Patricia's disarmed and innocent face and thinking about Peter's vagaries.

Peter was his best friend and a swell fellow, Tony reflected, but he had a dogmatic assurance in his own view of life that would have staggered a retired major-general and toward anyone who stood in his way, the ruthlessness of a ten-year-old street urchin. Tony's mind ran back over the sixteen years of his friendship with Peter. Since college days this friendship had consisted chiefly of long absences on Peter's part, with now and then a letter long enough to be a pamphlet, again a cablegram announcing Peter's arrival in New York, or one suggesting that Tony meet him at some other cosmopolitan center. Occasionally Tony had met him. The last time had been in Paris, nearly three years ago. They had had a fine fortnight to-

gether before Peter went on to Budapest and the next appearance of Peter had been on the morning, over a year ago now, when he had turned up at Tony's apartment with Patricia. Patricia had looked all enormous gray eyes and shaggy fur coat, and Peter had been holding her arm in a tight grip that somehow suggested both capture and rescue.

"Hi, Tony," he had said; and then, "this is Patricia Arnold. I'm going out to get a special marriage license. Be a good chap and entertain her till I get back, will you? She knows her way around, but a whole medieval town is out after our blood, so don't let anyone in until I get back." The next day Peter had told him the story.

The story, like most of the events of Peter's life, was possible but improbable. An old ramshackle house in Maryland on a once fashionable but now derelict shore overlooking the Chesapeake Bay. A southern gentleman named Henry Arnold who had given up a law practice in Baltimore because he had just sense

enough to know the practice was about to give him up, had retired to the family mansion to devote himself to his only child. The only child had once nearly died of pneumonia and the old man had seized on her alleged ill-health to retire from a world that had no need of him; had retired to devote himself (and now Tony was remembering Peter's actual words) to keeping Patricia half ill and himself half drunk. Tony could never remember why Peter had ever gone in the first place to such an unlikely backwater, but he had, and he and Patricia had fallen in love. Mr. Arnold had actually shot twice at Peter and winged him once; Patricia had got angry and here they were.

➤ ALMOST before Tony could ask Peter about the future, Peter had started telling him. He had got himself and his bride a job. His description of the job had been larded with some ridiculous stories about five Norwegians Peter had met on a party, but Tony had finally learned that the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 70]



She wondered how Peter's face would look if she should scream, "I want to stay here!"



"Can't I take you over?" she asked.
"It seems the least I can do"

"So you needn't wonder if I speak about it now and then," continued David. "Here I've been expecting to receive—oh, anywhere from a quarter to half a million dollars. And instead of that, what do I get? I get a check for six hundred—"

"Six hundred and twelve dollars and sixty cents—"
The judge gravely nodded again.

"And the only other thing I get is a new plane which I can't fly and on which no payments have yet been made."

"But which the factory has agreed to take back if we don't find a purchaser this morning. And the superintendent of the airport said that if we get there at half-past ten—"

A sudden cry from the disappointed young legatee at the wheel interrupted him:

"Hold tight!"

FOR the last half minute, perhaps because of a certain powerful concentration which may have extended to his feet, David had been pressing hard upon the accelerator. As a result, the red arrow of the speedometer had first pointed to a fluttering 60—then 65—70. Coming toward them from the opposite direction was a gargantuan truck filled with crushed stone. And just as David swung slightly to the right in order to give this approaching monster as much room as he could, a girl, driving a roadster, came sweeping toward him from behind the truck.

David threw on both his brakes but the roadster was so near that he knew he couldn't stop in time to avoid a crash. He glanced at the truck but could find no escape in that direction. And then he glanced at the girl and his problem deepened—she looked so slight, so small, as she stared at him through her windshield with a horror-stricken expression while she struggled with her hand brake, vainly trying to check her speed so she could get in back of the truck again.

"Fool kid!" groaned David.

And seeing no help for it, he swung sharply off the concrete, rocketed over a shallow gutter and just managed to squeeze between two budding maples. Beyond

That's Love

PART
II

GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATOR:
DONALD TEAGUE

AT THE moment when our story opens—and about sixty seconds before the accident took place—a powerful-looking coupé was rolling along a highway on Long Island not more than twenty miles from Times Square in New York.

It was in the spring of the year.

Two men were in that coupé—one young, the other old.

The old man was Judge Brown, one of the executors of the will of Frank Dolbeare, who had not only been noted as a flyer and inventor of aeronautical instruments, but also for his wit and the surprising dramatic quality of his practical jokes. Six months before, however, while testing a ground detector in a fog, the east flank of the Alleghenies had suddenly loomed in front of his propeller—a surprise more dramatic, more overwhelming than any which he had ever arranged himself.

A few days later when his will was read, it was found that he had left everything to young David Dolbeare, one of his nephews. David Dolbeare was

the second man in the coupé; and at the moment when our story opens Judge Brown was earnestly talking and David (at the wheel) was earnestly frowning at the roadway lying ahead.

"The thing which surprised me, of course, more than anything else," the judge was saying, "was the small size of your uncle's estate. I had always understood that he was very well off—"

"He was!" interrupted David.

"Once, yes," thoughtfully nodded the judge, "but not long before he died, the bank called his loans and so far as I can discover, he had to sell practically everything he owned."

"Of course, for that matter, he needn't have left me anything," David said, "but he had always given me to understand that I needn't worry about the future. Why, Judge, whenever he visited New York he would often spend more in a week than the amount of that check which you gave me this morning."

"I know," gravely nodded the judge—yet smiling too in his serious way.



the trees was an old wire fence and, striking one of its ancient posts in the middle, the coupé shot into a meadow—a field, unfortunately, with a brook not far from the road.

By a miracle David escaped the brook, but the surrounding sod was boggy and treacherous. For a few more breathless moments he managed to keep the car under control. But then the wheels on the side of the brook suddenly broke through the turf, and the next moment the coupé was on its side—its upper wheels still turning.

The first sign of life from the reclining coupé was a man's hand groping through the open window—a window which a minute before had been a side window, but now was on top, like a wide-open skylight on a small flat roof.

Next appeared the head and shoulders of Judge



ASPARAGUS... Purée of luscious asparagus. Strictly vegetable. Makes delightfully rich, smooth Cream of Asparagus.



BEAN WITH BACON... Substantial soup which contains hearty diced meat, vegetables and barley. A special hit with men—and hungry children, too!



BEAN... Substantial Bean Soup—purée style—made from choice, hunger-satisfying beans. A treat to eat.



BEF... A clear soup, made from choice beef, blended with herbs, vegetables—and aromatic spices. Invigorating!



BOUILLON... A clear soup, made from choice beef, blended with herbs, vegetables—and aromatic spices. Invigorating!



CELERY... Made from the choicest quality celery. Strictly vegetable. Delicious as an extra-nourishing Cream of Celery.



CHICKEN... Not just a *broth*—it's the real Chicken Soup with tender pieces of chicken meat and rice. The good home kind, teeming with yellow chicken richness.



CHICKEN-GUMBO... A famous Southern Creole chicken and vegetable style soup—flavored with okra and tomato. It's tasty and unusual!



CLAM CHOWDER... All the broth and meat of juicy clams—flavored with tomatoes—and garnished with potatoes and onions. A sparkling taste of the sea!



CONSOUMÉ... The formal soup. Beautifully clear. A rich beef broth lightly seasoned—and delicately flavored with vegetables.



MOCK TURTLE... Beef broth, tomatoes, celery, herbs, toothsome pieces of meat, richly blended with sherry.



MULLIGATAWNY... An unusual Oriental style chicken soup. Laden with flavorful vegetables, herbs, seasoning. "Something different" to surprise the family.



MUSHROOM (Cream of)... A purée made from choicest mushrooms blended with fresh, double-thick cream, liberally garnished with mushrooms.



NOODLE with chicken... A full-bodied chicken broth containing hearty egg noodles and delicious pieces of chicken meat. An "old timer" glorified by Campbell's!



OX TAIL... Vegetables, barley and sliced ox tail joints in an Old English style ox tail broth, delightfully flavored with fine sherry.



PEA... Purée of delicious, nourishing peas. Strictly vegetable. Even more nourishing served as Cream of Pea.



PEPPER POT... The real famous "Philadelphia Pepper Pot" with macaroni dumplings, potatoes, spicy seasoning and meat. From an old Colonial recipe.



SCOTCH BROTH... A thick, substantial, hearty soup, delicious with meat and vegetables. A new soup—a different soup—to vary your meals.



VEGETABLE... It's a meal in itself. 15 fine garden vegetables cooked in rich beef broth. A great family favorite everywhere—especially as a lunch or supper.



VEGETABLE-BEEF... Real old-fashioned Vegetable Soup—rich beef broth, thick with vegetables and pieces of meat.

Campbell's * Condensed SOUPS

*To give you double value



Old favorites now better than ever
New soups to tempt your appetite

FREE \$30,000 CASH

and 15,000 PAIRS of \$1.35 Silk Stockings
(GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE ADJUSTABLES)

6 Big Weekly Contests

ENTER EACH WEEK . . . 7530 PRIZES IN ALL!

**FIVE \$1000 CASH PRIZES
EACH WEEK**

ALSO EACH WEEK 1250 PRIZES OF 2 PAIRS OF
\$1.35 GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE SILK STOCKINGS

\$30,000 CASH! 15,000 pairs of Gotham Gold Stripe Adjustables!—offered as prizes in these 6 thrilling contests—so you can discover what marvelous wear you get from fine stockings washed with pure Ivory Flakes.

Gotham "Adjustables" were chosen as prizes because they look beautiful and fit beautifully. They have an exclusive patented feature—7 inches of length adjustment, so they fit you whether you are short, average or tall!

GOLD STRIPE ADJUSTABLES— exquisitely sheer—yet durable because of extra-elasticity. Also "Adjustable" feature relieves garter strain. The lovely color "Radiance," selected by editors of Harper's Bazaar . . . See these \$1.35 stockings at your local Gotham dealer's . . . style No. 654.



WIN! START NOW! COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE:

"I use Ivory Flakes for washing my silk stockings because-----"
(IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS)

GOING-GOING—a simply thrilling array of prizes! 30 chances to win \$1,000! 7500 chances to win 2 pairs of luxurious Gotham Adjustables always sold at \$1.35 a pair!

Come! Here's a chance to tell what you know about the extra-safety of pure Ivory Flakes! You probably

know from personal experience how gentle Ivory Flakes are to colors, how safe they are for stockings because Ivory's famous purity keeps the silk springy and strong.

So don't hesitate. This is such an easy contest! Enter now—enter each week. Only 25 words or less may bring you one of the 7530 generous prizes!

Such an easy contest!

Why, a sentence-ending as simple as this one can win one of the 5 thrilling \$1,000 cash prizes offered each and every week:

"I use Ivory Flakes for washing my silk stockings because my stockings keep their color and they wear longer, too, when they're protected by the purity of Ivory Flakes."

See how easy it is! Just sit down and let yourself talk. It's your experience we want, not fancy words. Write as to a friend. Because Ivory Flakes are your

friend—made from Ivory, the soap the mother probably used for you in your baby days! And today Ivory Flakes give you 7530 chances to win a thrilling prize!

Listen to these RADIO PROGRAMS for more CONTEST NEWS!

"THE O'NEILLS" 10:00 A.M. NBC Blue Network; 2:45 P.M. NBC Red Network	"MARY MARLIN" 11:15 A.M. NBC Blue Network; 4:00 P.M. NBC Blue Network
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(All times Eastern Standard Time)

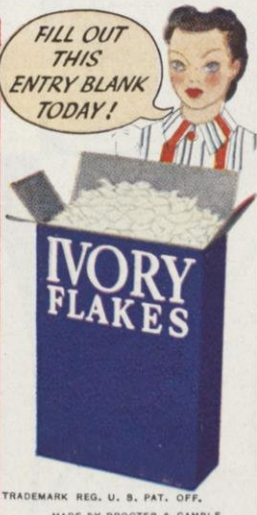
ENTRY BLANK

"I use Ivory Flakes for washing my silk stockings because-----"

(FINISH THIS SENTENCE IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS . . . OR LESS)

IVORY FLAKES, Dept. C-67, Box 828, Cincinnati, Ohio
I attach the top from one box of Ivory Flakes (or facsimile).
My stocking size is _____

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
My dealer's name is _____



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FOLLOW THESE RULES

1. Finish the sentence shown on the entry blank in 25 additional words or less. Write your sentence on entry blank, or on one side of a sheet of paper, signing your name and address. Give the name of the dealer who sold you Ivory Flakes.
2. Attach the top from a box of Ivory Flakes (or a facsimile) to your entry. Mail to IVORY FLAKES, Dept. C-67, Box 828, Cincinnati, Ohio.
3. There will be 6 weekly contests, each with a separate list of prizes. Opening and closing dates are as follows:

	OPENING	CLOSING
1st Contest—	Now	Sat. May 29
2nd Contest—	Sun. May 30	Sat. June 5
3rd Contest—	Sun. June 6	Sat. June 12
4th Contest—	Sun. June 13	Sat. June 19
5th Contest—	Sun. June 20	Sat. June 26
6th Contest—	Sun. June 27	Sat. July 3
4. Entries for each week's contest must be postmarked before Saturday midnight. Entries will be entered in each week's contest as received.

5. Enter each week's contest as often as you choose.
6. Entries will be judged for clearness, sincerity, and individuality of thought. Your own words are most important. Fancy entries will not count extra. Contests judged by Miss Elsie Rushmore, National Contest Consultant, and her associates. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble. No entries returned.
7. Anyone may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies, and their families. Contests limited to the United States and subject to Federal, State and Local regulations.
8. Prizes in each weekly contest are: Five first prizes each of \$1000 cash. Twelve hundred and fifty additional prizes of 2 pairs of Gotham Gold Stripe Adjustables "Radiance" shade, proper size.
9. Each dealer mentioned by the 30 cash prize-winners will also receive \$50 in cash.
10. All \$1000 prize-winners will be announced shortly after each contest closes, over "The O'Neills" radio program and "Mary Marlin."

Brown. With an obvious effort he pulled himself through the window and a few moments later was down on the boggy turf.

"All right, David," he said almost before his feet had reached the ground. "Your turn next."

But the car remained silent and motionless. By that time the man who had been driving the truck of stone had arrived upon the scene. And so had two men from one of those garage and filling stations which are seldom more than "100 yards ahead" on Long Island. And so too had the girl who had been the cause of all this trouble.

One of the garage men nimbly climbed on the coupé and opened the door. He peered intently down into the interior and then quickly spoke to his companion.

"Here, Bozo," he said. "You hold this door open and I'll get him out."

WITH one of the garage men lifting from below and the other pulling from the top it wasn't long before David's head and shoulders came into view. Then he drew a deep sigh and opened his eyes and blinked at the crowd assembled around him—a crowd which by now must have numbered at least two dozen and was growing every moment.

"All right, David?" called out the judge, the unexpected heartiness of his voice attesting the measure of his relief.

"Think so," said David, still blinking a little. His hand uncertainly went to the point of his chin and the next moment he was wincing with so much feeling that at least one of his audience winced with him.

"You probably struck your chin against the steering wheel and it knocked you out," said the first garage man. "How do you feel now? Ready to help, this time? Fine! Now!"

Indeed, David helped to such good purpose that a few seconds later he was shaking hands with Judge Brown and congratulations were the order of the day.

"How's the car?" asked David then, turning—though still a bit unsteadily—to look. "Wrecked much?"

"No, sir," said the first garage man. "I've just been looking it over. All she probably needs is straightening up, towing out and a new glass in the lower window. I can have her ready by twelve o'clock."

"We have an appointment at the Bennett Airport at half-past ten," said the judge, considering. "Is there any way that you could get us there?"

"Bozo could run you over—yes, sir," said the garage man, "but that would make it so much later before we could start on the car."

It was then that the girl spoke for the first time—spoke hurriedly and eagerly—almost with a touch of breathlessness in her manner.

"Can't I take you over?" she asked. "It seems to me it's the least I can do—after all the trouble I've caused." And in answer to David's look of polite bewilderment: "Don't you remember? I'm the girl who came out from behind the truck—and you ran into the fence so you wouldn't run into me."

FOR as long as it might take you to count three, they seriously studied each other, as though by some unconscious power they both realized that they had come to an important page in the lesson-book of life. And indeed, so far as the girl was concerned, David's task was an easy one. Young and slender, yes, but at least she was not a child—unless you would call a girl of twenty-one a child. Her eyes were so deep a blue that they reminded David of two large violets—violets which had recently been freshened with dew.

"You're sure it wouldn't be taking you out of your way?" David asked the girl.

"Not a bit. I was going to Jamaica, to the bank—though that can wait now—and then I was going to Bennett Field myself. Truly I was."

"If we're going," said the judge, glancing at his watch, "we'd better get started."



"Then let's do that," David nodded emphatically. "You take care of my car, and I'll be back about noon," he said to the garage men. And as he turned toward the road, with the judge on one side, the girl on the other and most of the crowd behind him, he continued: "It might not be a bad idea if we got acquainted. This is Judge Brown—my name's David Dolbeare—"

"And mine's Sylvia Merry," said the girl.

THE name struck faintly against the chords of David's memory, producing a musical hum but no clear melody. "Probably on the stage—with a name like that. . . . Either on the stage or in the movies; I've heard the name somewhere," he thought.

The roadster was a new one and David soon perceived that it was better to let Miss Merry pay undivided attention to her driving. Once, for instance, when he had asked her if she liked motoring, she had looked at him before answering and had almost run down a boy on a bicycle. Avoiding the boy by a fraction of an inch, she had as narrowly escaped a truck filled with crates of poultry.

Now and then the breeze blew at her skirt and he became conscious of stockings as fine—and almost as open—as spiderwebs; stockings such as he had never seen before. "Theatrical, all

right—or the movies of course. Where have I heard the name?"

All too soon they were at the flying field and Miss Merry had parked the car.

"Are you going anywhere? I mean, are you going to fly somewhere?" she asked [CONTINUED ON PAGE 31]



"He's the one who had the accident—just to save me from getting what I deserved"

Vacation Time

ADELE MCKINNIE



The conditions that make camp life delightful can be obtained at home

VACATION time is here again. What a joyous feeling of freedom the last day of school brings, when books go bang on the top shelf and all outdoors is ours. Wise parents will capitalize this enthusiasm at the start, before it palls as it so frequently does, before son says, "Oh gee, what is there for me to do around here?" or daughter complains, "All my friends have gone away and I have no one to play with."

If it is possible to send your children to a camp, this is highly desirable. It is usually beneficial for a child to get off on his own, away from his parents for a time, and a good camp is geared to the needs of children.

If a camp is not possible or advisable for your family, there is no reason why some of the conditions that make camp life delightful and valuable cannot be obtained at home.

The first goal is to make vacation a health-building period. Sunshine, activity, rest: these are vital needs for growing bodies.

All outdoors is the healthiest playroom of the year. If a beach or lake or river is out of the question in your locality, father could, at little expense, make a concrete pool in the back yard or make or buy a canvas one. Boxes and barrels from your grocery and boards from the lumber yard, a swing and crossbar in the tree, yield endless opportunity for the strength and pull and development of torso, leg and arm muscles. Little children should also be given a place in which to dig, even though it means sacrificing a part of your flower garden; or a sandbox can be made or bought.

A second goal for vacation should be provision for constructive adventure and experimentation. When little boys break milk bottles against the curb, or little girls mess up the kitchen mixing flour and water for dollie's supper, it is time to think of more constructive outlets for their restless energies. Fix a game of quoits, archery or basketball in some convenient spot for the boys, and plan a batch of fudge for the girls. These strivings of their energies are natural and deserve a satisfying expression.

The third thing a summer vacation should produce is definite achievement in the things that interest your children. All children learn eagerly in doing things that have a special appeal to them.

Simplification of life is one of the luxuries

of summer. Both health and expediency dictate a minimum of summer clothes for children, provided by sun suits, bathing suits and shorts. Summer menus can be simplified. Use lots of fruit and fresh vegetables. Informal meals eaten on the porch or in the yard are never-ending sources of joy to children and go far in supplying adventure.

Let them plan and carry out a picnic. They will love to decide on the food and help make the sandwiches and lemonade. They can invite the guests and select the picnic spot. If a fire is built they will have adventure foraging for wood. With their mother to guide rather than to govern, they will have the fun of planning and carrying out their activities.

NO TWO days of summer will be alike, but it would be well to outline the few essentials the daily routine should contain, as they do at camp. If children are old enough they will enjoy writing out the day's schedule and tacking it up in their rooms or on the back porch, as every camp does. Getting the children's cooperation in this gives an opportunity to talk it over with them, discussing the values of health, outdoor play, a quiet time for relaxation, the desirability of accomplishing something during the summer.

Rest is especially important on hot summer days. If the child will not take a nap after the noonday meal, plan quiet things for him to do. Make a list and let him choose the one he wants to do each day. He will then pursue it with keener relish. Reading, writing, drawing, cutting and pasting scrapbooks, doing puzzles are all enjoyed.

Collections are especially fascinating to children. Rocks, shells or seaweed; leaves, wild flowers, bugs; birds, animals and fish, ferns, feathers or bark are only a few of the many possibilities. A camera extends the range of these. Save all the boxes, cardboard and transparent paper that come into the house for mounting the collection. Shelves or racks in garage, barn, attic or cellar provide easy ways of storing, and stimulate neatness and order early in childhood.

For the younger child, scrapbooks made up of pictures from magazines on any of a myriad subjects interesting to his age, give excellent practice in selection, discrimination and manipulative skills.

Responsibility is an important phase of a child's life but one for which it is necessary to take the age, circumstances and individuality of each child into account. We are increasingly sure, however, that children thrive under the proper amount, planned for individual need.

At camp a child is given some responsibility for the care of his cabin, the camp grounds, his clothes, camp equipment and camp animals. Children equally benefit from taking real responsibility for the home.

Animals provide one of the most rewarding of responsibilities and give a child a sense of belonging and possessing something all his own. A neighborhood project like the one a group of boys in a midwestern city carried through, has its own particular merit.

These boys induced parents and friends and neighbors each to buy a baby chicken in the spring, which was given a name and put into a common chicken run. The boys took turns keeping the brood in their own back yards for a week. "Shirley Temple" and "Jackie Cooper" peeped and scratched with "Clark Gable" and "Minnie Mouse." In exchange for raising and feeding the chickens the boys assumed a half interest. Then a budget for food had to be made out and various resources drawn upon. At the end of the summer the chickens were sold as broilers and the profits divided between original purchasers and boys. Here was a cooperative project, involving arithmetic, responsibility and fun. Try it out in your neighborhood.

SINCE variety is the spice of life, you will want to plan opportunities away from home occasionally. There can be trips to see a railroad, a big boat, a bridge, a lake, a waterfall or dam. If town is a novelty, or even if it isn't, there is the station, the post office, the fire house, the roundhouse, the zoo or the markets. If you can dig up pictures or books about them, the subject can be enhanced, the experience prove really educational.

If the trip is for overnight or only for a day, some child in the family will be interested in mapping it out. A boy of thirteen took an automobile trip with his grandmother last summer. Before leaving they blue-penciled the route, added up the mileage, figured the oil and gasoline consumption, the meals and overnight stops. A check was made out for the whole amount, the boy was taken to the bank and shown how travelers' checks are issued. On the trip he took entire charge of current expenses and came home full of vivid experiences. He felt the trip was of his own making.

These are only some hints of what a summer vacation might mean to you and your family. But it should stand for these important things: better health, adventure and some achievement the child can measure in the end. Perhaps not a lazy indolent summer for parents, but oh such a worth-while one, all will agree.



**THE MEAT
MAKES
THE MEAL**



DON'T PARBOIL—JUST BAKE! Place a $\frac{3}{4}$ inch-thick center slice of Swift's Premium, the Ovenized Ham, in baking dish. Cover with drained, canned Fruit Cocktail and sprinkle with brown sugar. Top with a second slice of ham and more fruit and sugar. Bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., until ham is done (about 1½ hr.).



BETTER POT ROASTS—BY BRAND! More tender, more savory, finer-grained—that's the kind of pot roast you get when you buy it by this brand. Look for the name *Swift's Premium* on the piece... Cook as usual, and serve with a colorful ruff of boiled and buttered beets, cabbage, carrots, and potatoes



LOOK FOR THIS FAMOUS BRAND! It's there—to tell you that the meat has been selected by Swift experts, from the finest they see each day at America's Meat Headquarters! Whether you're selecting a company steak or a home-dinner pot roast, look for these words on the piece—*Swift's Premium*.



AN EXTRA-SPECIAL FLAVOR! Swift's Premium is the bacon with the distinctive flavor folks call a *sweet smoketaste*. It comes from Premium curing, then *Ovenizing* (smoking in ovens). For breakfast tomorrow: boiled eggs, Swift's Premium Bacon, and... for another surprise... the new cherry upside-down muffins!

Copyright 1937, Swift & Company



Swift's Premium. Start tomorrow with a Swift's Premium Steak. *Serve it as pictured above—with French-fried onion rings.* Just dip the rings in batter and fry in deep fat. And here's the way to fix the steak. You've got a nice one, about 1½ inches thick. Preheat broiler to 500° F. Rub the steak with oil and salt; place it 1 inch from the flame and broil about 15 minutes for rare, 20 for medium, turning once. Have platter hot; pour melted butter over steak before serving.

BUYING BY BRAND IS THE SECRET! Yes, ma'am, you get steaks like this every time when you ask for *Swift's Premium!* Look for that name in little brown dots on the piece, placed there at America's Meat Headquarters. Each day, Swift experts select the finest beef for this famous brand. It's the sign of top-quality—unusual tenderness, exceptional flavor—in superb roasts, juicy steaks, delicious pot roasts. Buy all your beef, and lamb too, by brand—

SWIFT'S PREMIUM

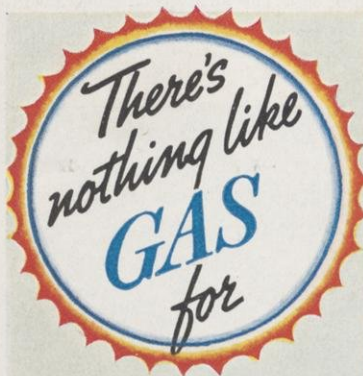
Brand name of the finest meats

A CHILD OF 12 BAKED THIS PERFECT CAKE HER FIRST TRY

First, she followed the easy recipe on page 5 of the free recipe book offered below. Then she set the Heat Control and the Clock Control on her mother's new, automatic gas range. The range did the rest. Baking failures are almost impossible when you cook this modern gas way!



Success every time with a HEAT CONTROLLED GAS RANGE



BROILING

Gas gives you the intense heat needed to brown meats so fast that loss of juice is prevented. Full flavor is saved.

ROASTING

Gas gives you the oven ventilation which produces crisp, juicy roasts. Excess moisture is allowed to escape, preventing that "steamed" flavor.

BAKING

Baking requires even heat throughout the oven and unlimited range of baking temperatures, for light, evenly browned cakes, pies, breads. Gas gives both!

FRYING

Perfect, speedy frying requires instant high heat—even spread of heat under the skillet—numberless heat variations. Gas gives all three!

WATERLESS COOKING

is faster with GAS! Its instant high heat brings foods to steaming point sooner. Its greater flexibility provides extra low simmer heats.



Setting automatic Heat Control of modern gas range to insure correct temperature.

FLUFFIER cakes... flakier pie-crust... foods never scorched on top before they are baked through. That's what a modern automatic gas range means to baking.

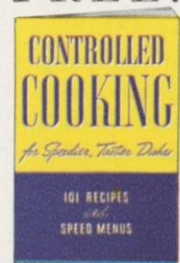
The reason is simple. These modern ranges give you the most accurate control of oven temperatures—at the turn of a dial. They are insulated to keep heat in—yet ventilated to let excess moisture escape—prevent "sogginess."

Many models have a Clock Control that turns the oven on and off automatically, at the exact times you select.

These new gas ranges have many other thrilling features! Their new high-speed grills cut broiling time practically in half... the "simmer settings" of their top burners mean lower fuel costs... their "table-tops" and drawer space save you steps.

See these new gas ranges at the showroom of your Gas Company or dealer. You'll be delighted at their beauty, their many color combinations. And, remember, they're the most economical automatic ranges to buy and to operate.

FREE!



A Modern Cook Book that gives tasty combinations for complete oven meals—and main courses on the broiler! 101 delicious Recipes and Speed Meals. Write the American Gas Association, Dept. W-6, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C., for your copy.



GAS cooks food faster, better, cheaper. Gives silent, simplified refrigeration. Provides unlimited hot water and clean, effortless heat for your home.

M O D E R N I Z E Y O U R H O M E W I T H G A S

That's Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

with growing breathlessness. "No," said David. "We're on other business."

"Shall you be through in half an hour?"

"Easily, if our man is here—as he promised to be."

"Then look!" she exclaimed. "I have business too that won't take long. I'm arranging for flying lessons—and one thing and another. So when you're through, you come back to the car here—and I'll take you to the garage or anywhere else you want to go."

To this of course they demurred, politely but not too much.

"Oh, please!" she exclaimed. And then to David in a lower voice: "You saved my life, remember. I'm not going to let you go—without seeing you again."

He looked into her eyes and his heart first seemed to step back to get a good run and then it made a high jump.

"Well—all right," he said when that was over and he could breathe again. "We'll meet you here—let's say in half an hour."

She was off at that like a joyous bit of thistledown.

"First, we'd better go and see Mr. Skinner the manager," said the judge.

WHEN they reached the office, "Oh yes," said Mr. Skinner. "That new plane of Frank Dolbeare's. It's in Hangar Fourteen and the customer promised to meet us there at half-past ten. Let's go over."

Now, long before this you have guessed that Miss Sylvia Merry was the customer. But Mr. David Dolbeare hadn't guessed it; and when he finally ran right into her in Hangar Fourteen and learned why she was waiting there, an awe-struck solemn expression passed over him.

"I suppose she's buying it for an advertising stunt," he thought after he had caught his breath for the second time. "But I don't care. As long as I have met her—and am going to meet her again—"

But perhaps it wasn't altogether as an advertising stunt that she had bought the plane; because after the price had been agreed upon, she turned to Mr. Skinner and started making arrangements for flying lessons, beginning the next day.

"And I think I can let you have Beaucoup Casey for instructor," continued Mr. Skinner. "He's our best—and he helped Frank Dolbeare design some of the details of this machine."

"What?" cried Sylvia, all aquiver with excitement. "You mean that Frank Dolbeare once owned this plane?"

"That's how I happened to be here," said David not without a certain measure of pride. "He was my uncle."

"But of course!" she exclaimed. "The names are the same—I might have guessed! But I'll bet you couldn't have guessed this: that for years your Uncle Frank was the hero of my life! Why, I've got more pictures of him—!"

IN FACT she was still raving about David's uncle when they took Judge Brown to the nearest subway station so that he could return without further delay to his New York office. And then, more leisurely, Sylvia and David drove to the scene of the accident which had almost literally thrown them together. Bozo, they found, had departed for somewhere in Brooklyn to get a new window glass and door handle. He might not be back till half-past one.

"Don't you think you'd better leave me here?" asked David. "You've probably got a lot to do this afternoon—"

"Leave you?" she echoed. "I like that! First you save my life and then you think I'd better leave you! Or are you in a hurry to get back to the city yourself?" she quickly asked.

"No," he said. "I have a week's vacation—to settle Uncle Frank's estate."

"Then you come in here," she sternly told him, opening the door of the roadster. "You can't run away like this just when I'm getting hungry!"

"That's a showgirl trick," he tried to tell himself, "always getting a man to pay for the dinner or lunch," but even while he was being thus wisely informed, he was settling himself by her side.

SHE first drove to Jamaica, where she stopped at the bank, and then she took him to a roadhouse—a long low structure which might have reminded you of Mount Vernon. And there they had lunch together—such a beautiful prodigal lunch that when it came to paying the bill, David discovered with a sinking heart that he didn't have money enough.

"That's all right," said Sylvia quickly, opening her pocketbook. "Here: let me give you this while no one's looking."

"You will not," he told her, turning red. "I've a checkbook here. They can take a check."

But when the check was drawn, the manager had to be called; and when the manager hesitated because he had never seen David before, Sylvia said in a low voice, "It's all right, Victor. I'll endorse it."

So Sylvia endorsed the check with a broad sprawling signature, and although David's cheeks were still a bit red, by the time they reached the car he had cooled off sufficiently to realize that she was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 32]

"RIDE? I'd love to— but my doctor says WALK!"



PEOPLE who are well fed—too well fed—and who do not use up excess food in work or play are especially liable to develop diabetes. Many are inclined to press a button, turn a switch, or telephone to get what they wish, with little or no physical effort.

If you are overweight and more than forty, it does not necessarily follow that you will have diabetes—but you are far more likely to get it than if you are underweight. You should be on guard, especially if there is a history of the disease in your family.

Diabetes begins when the body can no longer produce enough insulin to make use of the sugar and starch in a normal diet. In many mild cases of the disease the doctor may prescribe a special diet only. In serious cases, the person who cannot make a sufficient supply of insulin in his own body must supplement it with other insulin.

Until Dr. Frederick Grant Banting and his associates made their great discovery of a substitute for human insulin, diabetic patients, except those with the disease in mild form, were in desperate straits. Before that, by living on a severely restricted diet, with nearly all sugar and starch re-

moved, the end could be postponed. But it was a grim, losing fight. That is all changed now. With insulin, diabetes can almost invariably be brought under control. Insulin has not only rescued children who would have been doomed without it, but it has enabled them to grow and to live normal, healthy lives. It has lifted adult diabetics out of the invalid class, making it possible for them to resume their regular occupations.

Diabetes may cause no pain and little inconvenience in the beginning. Sometimes its presence is unsuspected until it has made considerable headway. But it can be detected by a doctor's examination and laboratory tests.

When insulin is needed, it is dangerous to delay its use. Coma and other serious complications may result. Better and more effective compounds of insulin, which reduce the number of necessary daily treatments, are being steadily developed. Physicians, everywhere, who have become familiar with the new, slow-acting insulin, are rapidly making it available to their diabetic patients.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send you its free booklet, "Diabetes." Address Booklet Department 637-W.



Keep Healthy — Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE ~ LEROY A. LINCOLN
Chairman of the Board ~ NEW YORK, N. Y. ~ President

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Woman's Home Companion June 1937



*"you ought to have
a Drāno-Day"*

what is *your* Drāno-Day?

MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
2	3	4	5	6	7
9	10	11	12	13	14
16	17	18	19	20	21
23	24	25	26	27	28
30					

DISHES TO DO . . . a date to keep . . . and a lazy drain. What a temper-trying combination! She ought to have a Drāno-Day . . . and she *will* have, after this. That's the one day each week on which she'll pour a little Drāno down the drain of every wash-bowl, sink and tub. It's a real time, temper and trouble saver, for regular use of Drāno keeps drains free-flowing *all the time*.

TUNE IN "Hello Peggy," thrilling twice-a-week program on stations WBAL, WBBM, WBNB, WBZ, WCAU, WCCO, WDAF, WFAA, WFLA, WGY, WHAM, WHO, WJL, WLW, WOR, WRC, WTAM, KDKA, KFI, KGO, KJR, KMOX and KOA. Follow Peggy's love-story, the heart-thrills and adventures that go on behind the scenes of a telephone switchboard in a big hotel. See your newspapers for days and time.

Drāno

cleans AND opens drains

REGULAR USE KEEPS THEM FREE-FLOWING

Copr. 1937, The Drackett Company, Cincinnati, Ohio



WINDEX makes window washing easy!
SIMPLE. No heavy buckets, no messy rags. **EASY.** Just spray on Windex or apply with a cloth. **SPARKLE.** Windows crystal clear—and they stay clear longer. Get a bottle of Windex, today.

Made by the makers of Drāno

That's Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

being extra nice to put him at his ease.

"Wouldn't you like to drive for a while? I always love to relax after a good lunch—and ooh, didn't you give me a good lunch!"

David slid into the driver's seat and, following her directions, he presently came to one of those roads which are unfair to any young man in the spring of the year when he has by his side a girl with violet eyes and a smiling mouth. The trees were in bud and the grass was green by the side of the concrete, and now and then they caught sight of the sea and ships slipping over the horizon.

↳ WHEN they reached the bay, they stopped for a while and watched the gulls fishing.

"Isn't it beautiful!" she breathed, her elbow on the window sill, her fingers cradling her chin.

"She knows how good her profile is," thought David. But there he stopped, because she had turned and was smiling at him.

"Yes, beautiful," she murmured looking out at the sea again. "And to think—that if you had been like lots of men—I'd be in a hospital now—instead of here—"

He gently touched her arm—and as gently she leaned back against his shoulder. She looked up at him—still smiling, and David kissed her.

"There!" she said presently, sitting up straight—and although she spoke as gently as before, there was an unmistakable note of finality in her manner. "I owed you that." Behind them another car with another couple had just arrived to watch the gulls fishing. "Let's go back now," said Sylvia. And glancing at the clock on the dashboard, "Half-past two! Gracious heavens! I've an appointment at three!"

David was already beginning to turn; and when they reached the garage near where their first accident had taken place, they found the coupé was ready.

"Good-by," said David, "and thank you so much—for everything—" Now, that was as much as he meant to say; but he heard his own voice adding somewhat tremulously: "I shall see you again of course—"

She gave him a quick smile that could only be described as enigmatic. There was a final glimpse of the friendly warmth in her eyes—and she was gone.

↳ "WHAT a fool I am!" David shouted to himself all at once a few minutes later. "She took it for granted, of course, that I recognized her name and would know where to find or to write to her. Oh well, I'll soon find out—"

But although upon his return

to the city he looked up all the theatrical advertisements, he couldn't find any mention of Sylvia Merry.

"I know what I'll do!" he exclaimed. "I'll call up Skinner."

Mr. Skinner, you may remember, was the youthful manager of the airport which Sylvia had visited that morning. It wasn't long before he was answering David's questions over the telephone.

"No, Mr. Dolbeare," he said. "I don't know Miss Merry's address. I should have asked, I suppose, but I was sure that someone in our publicity department would know it. She's very well known, you know. . . . What? . . . Why, she takes her first lesson at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon. . . . Yes, indeed, Mr. Dolbeare, we'll be glad to give you a lesson at the same time. . . . Yes; drop in and see me when you're over tomorrow. . . . Yes. Good-by."

↳ THE next morning the first thing that David did was to deposit his check for six hundred and twelve dollars and sixty cents—the net return of Uncle Frank's estate. And his bank account needed the stimulation of this deposit, being down to just a few cents over twenty dollars that morning. Then he cashed a check for twenty dollars. He could hardly have told you what else he did that morning, except that he bought a tie which cost him five dollars, but at two o'clock he took the subway to the Bennett airport. And so at a quarter to three he was standing near the instruction shed talking to Beaucoup Casey when Sylvia came hurrying down from the parking section with an irascible-looking old gentleman wearing a shepherd's plaid suit, a light camel's-hair overcoat and a derby with a flattened crown.

"Oh!" she cried and it seemed to David that her voice broke a little, even on that one word. "I certainly never expected—" But whatever she never expected, she cut her confession short by turning quickly to Old Irascible. "Oh, Dad!" she exclaimed. "I want you to meet Mr. Dolbeare—he's the one who had the accident yesterday—just to save me from getting what I deserved—"

"I don't know whether to thank you or not, sir!" exclaimed the old gentleman vigorously shaking the young one's hand. "I sometimes think that the sooner this young lady gets what she deserves, the better it will be for everyone."

"Isn't he a fine old trouper, though?" thought David. "Even to those little white whiskers in front of his ears—he's perfect." And aloud: "You are interested in flying, Mr. Merry?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 34]

RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG

Duchess OF Leinster



Tells you how she cares for her glamorously clear, smooth skin



• Delicate features in a heart-shaped face — lovely, liquid blue-gray eyes—lustrous dark-brown hair—the luminous beauty of a clear, smooth skin!

• (below) Snapped on the staircase of the Crystal Garden of the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess of Leinster's recent visit to New York.



Her Grace—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she wore under her Coronation robe . . . "A Pond's Cold Cream treatment is more than a cleansing. It makes my skin feel invigorated, look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night, morning and for any occasion."



Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 4-CF, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

Like hundreds of British and American beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:—

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it . . . Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines and coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Begin soon to see your skin growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!

SHE stands for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who attend the Coronation, none is lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty on her recent visit to New York, the Duchess explained that her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."



My ship's coming in!

**LUCKY FOR ME
I LEARNED THIS
LOVELIER WAY TO
AVOID OFFENDING!**



DON'T RISK LOSING LOVE! Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet before every date. For the deep-cleansing lather of this lovely perfumed soap removes body odor without leaving any other unpleasant odor. Instead, its lingering flower-like perfume keeps you so alluring.



LIFE'S SO DIFFERENT when a girl guards her daintiness with Cashmere Bouquet baths. Perhaps you'd find greater happiness, too, if you'd try this exquisite perfumed soap. And don't forget... it's Cashmere Bouquet's costly, lingering perfume that brings you the lovelier way to avoid offending. You won't find it in ordinary scented soaps.

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores



**MARVELOUS FOR
YOUR COMPLEXION TOO!**

This pure creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth and radiantly clear!

**TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

Woman's Home Companion June 1937

That's Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

"No, sir!" Sylvia's father almost exploded. "A lot of disturbing nonsense. What are the trains for, except for transportation? Answer me that, young man!"

"Of course the trains are not so fast—" began David.

"Fast! Fast!" echoed Mr. Merry. "And so is sudden death fast! Do you ever stop to think of that, sir? And you!" he continued turning to his daughter. "Do you ever stop to think of anything?"

"But they probably said the same thing about railroads once," said Sylvia.

"Don't be a young fool!"

"Isn't it true, though, what Miss Merry says?" asked David, smiling.

"And don't you be a young fool! Now where's the man who is going to be my daughter's instructor? Oh, you are the man. Then let me ask you something: Do you intend to take my daughter up in the air today?"

"No, sir; not today," said Beaucoup. "She just gets general instruction today—blackboard and dummy controls."

"Then I have no more business here. Good day, Mr. Dolbeare, and thank you again. Good-by, my dear, and don't forget what I told you coming over."

He left them then, striding in the direction of the office.

"Haven't I seen Mr. Merry somewhere?" asked David.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Sylvia smiling with a shade of sadness. "Almost everyone has. He's a love of course," she loyally added, "but just a bit trying too, I'm afraid, until one learns to know him."

"Of course business is terrible," continued Sylvia as they followed Beaucoup into the instruction room. "That makes him touchy too. His company's been having an awful time lately."

"A stock company?"

"Yes."

➔ IT MAY have been because of the low estate of business that Sylvia was free that evening. Dusk was falling when they left in her car.

"What do you say if we go somewhere and have dinner?" he asked with studied carelessness.

"I'd love it!" she exclaimed. "I know a place not far from where we watched the gulls. Would you like to drive? Then I can just sit back and relax."

They presently came to the country road down which they had turned the previous day.

"What do you say?" asked David as carelessly as before. "Shall we go and see if the gulls are there?"

"Oh, please, not now. I'm so hungry."

The roadhouse for which they were making was not much farther on—an artistic cabin-like affair, but as long as a city block. They chose a table overlooking the bay and here again they had a meal of which Epicurus could have been proud. The orchestra wasn't playing that night, but there was, said Sylvia, "a kind of a clubhouse and casino a few miles farther on, and they have a wonderful orchestra."

➔ "SOUNDS dear," thought David uneasily—an uneasiness which wasn't exactly lessened when the waiter brought the bill for the dinner—twelve dollars and sixty-five cents. "Then there was five for the tie," he told himself. "And this casino that she's talking about may have a cover charge of anywhere from two to five dollars each." He drew a long uncertain breath and said to Sylvia, "I wonder if they'd cash a check here. Or could we go to that place where they cashed one yesterday?"

"I don't know whether they know me here or not. But it doesn't matter. I drew a hundred out of the bank this morning and I've hardly spent any of it—" she was already busy with her purse. "I'll cash it for you."

He didn't like the idea at first.

"Will fifty be enough?"

And after, all, he frowned to himself, it would be both churlish and childish to refuse. So he drew a check to her order for fifty dollars—of which he had about twelve dollars left at one o'clock the next morning when at last he reached the residential club on Lexington Avenue which he called his home.

"Here's a letter for you, Mr. Dolbeare," said the desk clerk.

David gave the letter a careless glance as he strode to the elevator. It was from the bank—probably one of their many circulars.

But when he reached his room and was about to throw the bank's letter on his desk he noticed that, instead of the usual stencil, it was addressed in typewriting. Almost absent-mindedly he tore it open, but it wasn't long before he was giving it concentration enough.

"What?" he muttered, two deep vertical creases appearing between his brows. "What's this?"

And yet it was clear enough. The check for six hundred and twelve dollars and sixty cents which David had deposited—the net returns of his Uncle Frank's estate—lacked the signature of William Farnum, co-executor with Judge Brown. Naturally, therefore, David's deposit had suddenly become no good until he had Mr. Farnum's signature.

"Great guns!" groaned David, "then the check I drew yesterday—the one that Sylvia endorsed;

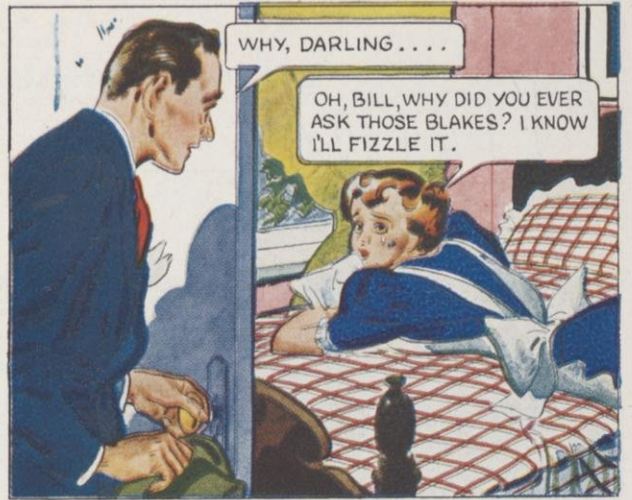
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 40]

THE CASE OF THE *De-Luxe Bride*

SO YOU NEWLYWEDS HAVE INVITED THE BLAKES, EH? THEY'RE PRETTY TOP-HAT, AREN'T THEY?



I KNOW IT, ALLAN. POOR BETTY IS PANIC-STRICKEN.



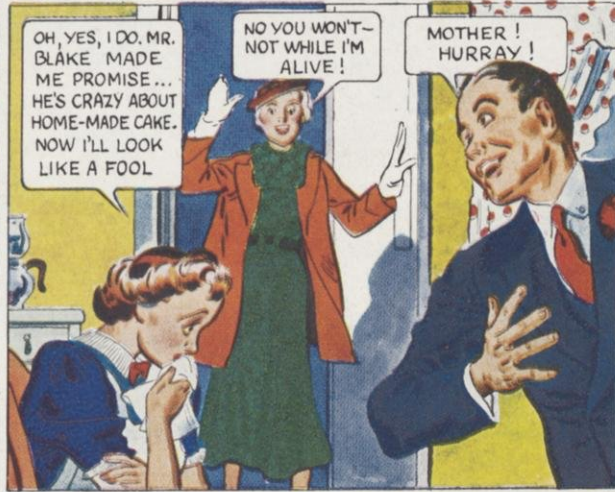
WHY, DARLING . . .

OH, BILL, WHY DID YOU EVER ASK THOSE BLAKES? I KNOW I'LL FIZZLE IT.



LOOK AT THAT FRIGHT! I MADE IT JUST TO PRACTICE AND I WOULDN'T FEED IT TO THE CHICKENS. BUT IT'S THE MOST GORGEOUS PARTY CAKE WHEN MOTHER MAKES IT.

GOSH, IT IS SORT OF "BREADY," BUT WHY CRY ABOUT IT? YOU DON'T HAVE TO SERVE CAKE, DO YOU?



OH, YES, I DO. MR. BLAKE MADE ME PROMISE... HE'S CRAZY ABOUT HOME-MADE CAKE. NOW I'LL LOOK LIKE A FOOL

NO YOU WON'T—NOT WHILE I'M ALIVE!

MOTHER! HURRAY!



SOMETHING WENT WRONG, ALL RIGHT—BUT THIS RECIPE'S SO EASY I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MUFFED IT. DID YOU DO EVERYTHING THE RECIPE SAYS? DID YOU USE THE RIGHT KIND OF FLOUR?

I USED SACK FLOUR, MOTHER. IT'S ALL I HAD IN THE HOUSE.



WELL NO WONDER! ORDINARY FLOUR'S GRAND FOR BREAD. BUT I NEVER USE ANYTHING BUT *SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR* FOR MY CAKES! IT'S 27 TIMES FINER THAN ORDINARY FLOUR AND THAT MAKES A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE!

THERE, DARLING—I'LL TEAR RIGHT OUT FOR SOME *SWANS DOWN*... AND WE'LL THEM



SUCH LOVELY CAKE! YOU'RE PRETTY YOUNG, MRS. DAVIS, BUT YOU ENTERTAIN BEAUTIFULLY

IT'S SO TENDER AND VELVETY! BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO EXTRAVAGANT.

I WASN'T! THAT'S A ONE-EGG CAKE... BUT YOU'D NEVER GUESS IT... THANKS TO *SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR!*



WH-E-E-E! EVERYBODY RAVED ABOUT MY MARSHMALLOW LEMON CAKE... MADE WITH *SWANS DOWN!* A DE-LUXE BEAUTY FOR SUMMER PARTIES... SO SMOOTH AND DELICATELY TENDER! BUT BE SURE TO USE *SWANS DOWN!* YOU'LL NEVER GET SUCH GORGEOUS CAKE IF YOU USE ORDINARY FLOUR INSTEAD!

News —

they ask for more of this
spinach



SPINACH SAVORY

3 *tblsp.* minced green pepper • 1 *tblsp.* chopped canned pimiento or sweet red pepper • 3 *tblsp.* minced onion
6 *tblsp.* Wesson Oil • 3 *lbs.* spinach • $\frac{1}{4}$ *tspt.* salt • 2 *tblsp.* lemon juice

Cook the green pepper, pimiento, and onion in the Wesson Oil 2 to 3 minutes. Add the spinach thoroughly cleaned, washed and drained, and the salt. Cook until the spinach is tender—10 to 15 minutes. Add the lemon juice.

of this recipe



Leisure: Bane or Blessing

By DELLA B. BROWN, Reader-Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE: What is a homemaker's greatest problem today? For a year COMPANION editors have been asking readers, friends, acquaintances this question. An amazing similarity has characterized their answers. "Keeping a sane balanced home life in an awfully active world," is what they have replied again and again in many different ways.

When Mrs. Art Brown, a Reader-Editor from Washington, D. C., came to work with us on this problem, the first thing she asked for was a typewriter. "I can always think better on paper," she explained. This inspiring article is her "thoughts" as she herself set them down after discussion with the editors.

MY MOTHER brought ten children into the world and reared them on a South Dakota homestead with no outside help.

Today, exactly one generation later, I find myself living in a modern home with competent help to do most of the routine household work. I have two children as compared with my mother's ten. I take an active part in community and church affairs, enjoy clubs, entertain my friends often.

This sounds ideal. But not so very long ago I discovered that outside interests had imperceptibly turned into demands: that activities planned for pleasure and stimulation had become a very real drain on my time and energy. It was high time to take stock.

My husband and I married thirteen years ago and started out with

nothing except an assortment of wedding presents, some debts from college and a tiny income. We went to live in a small town three hundred miles from my former home and my former job on a newspaper.

It was work for me to learn to iron a shirt and to cook a dinner. My first pie went into the furnace. But by reading everything I could find in print bearing on my housekeeping problems I finally mastered them.

Later we moved to Washington and my son was born. I had enjoyed a good deal of club work and parties in the small town where we first lived, but after my baby arrived I devoted most of my time to him. During those first two or three years I learned just how tired an active baby can make a mother.

When at last we were able to buy a modest house we decided that one of our needs was adequate household help.

We Invest in Help

THE maid gave me more time to spend with my small boy; I could be rested and refreshed when my husband came home; and she was always there to leave the youngster with when my husband and I wanted to go out. Having a maid was a luxury, but we deliberately chose it in preference to some of the other things we might have spent the money for.

Then my small daughter was born. We bought a piece of land in the country and built a larger house. We were more comfortably situated, my chil-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 38]

Has the first faint wrinkle cast its shadow?



Strengthen your SKIN'S DEFENSES



with this COMPLETE CREAM

*patterned on
natural skin oils!*

THEY come earlier than you think — those first faint signs of imperfections. Then before you know it, lines have deepened, pores enlarged, texture coarsened. It may be a dry scaly roughness, or a glistening oiliness which robs your skin of its first fresh loveliness.

Nature takes adequate care of our skin for such a little while — only in the growing years. Then left to itself, the skin becomes depleted in the natural oils which once kept it firm and supple. Circulation of the good blood which carries nourishment to it and removes waste becomes slow and sluggish.

When these natural defenses weaken, we must supplement Nature's efforts, and strengthen them.

There is an effective way to do this. No expensive beauty treatments are necessary. And no elaborate series of creams, each for a different purpose.

What you need is one complete cream which is patterned on Nature's skin oils.

This is just what you have in Ingram's Milkweed Cream!

This complete cream helps do for your skin what Nature once did so bountifully. It supplies precious oils which, like Nature's own skin oils, help to keep your skin soft and supple, and, with gentle massage to stimulate the sluggish circulation, your skin becomes firmer, fresher, younger looking.

It is a sad fact that so many women work hard to preserve the beauty of their skin — only to fail because they have done the wrong thing. In the end they find that they might just as well have done nothing at all.

Take the cue from some of Hollywood's most famous stars. They say, "I depend upon just one cream — a complete cream patterned on natural skin oils — Ingram's Milkweed Cream."

Try it on your skin. Pat it in generously at night with that upward and outward motion which beauty authorities advise. It won't be long until you'll see your skin softening, smoothing up, becoming firmer, and losing many of the blemishes which you should never have!



When your skin becomes depleted in the natural oils with which Nature once kept it firm and supple, it becomes defenseless against invading blemishes.

INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM

A TREATMENT CREAM, A CLEANSER, A FOUNDATION, ALL-IN-ONE

Woman's Home Companion June 1937

DOWN TO HIS LAST FRIEND

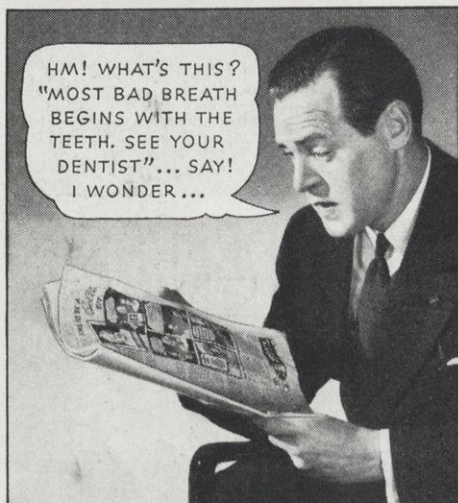


MY MASTER'S SO DOWN-HEARTED. AND NOBODY COMES HERE ANYMORE. GUESS I'LL CHEW UP THIS MAGAZINE.

HERE, YOU RASCAL! STOP THAT!



HM! WHAT'S THIS? "MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH. SEE YOUR DENTIST"... SAY! I WONDER...

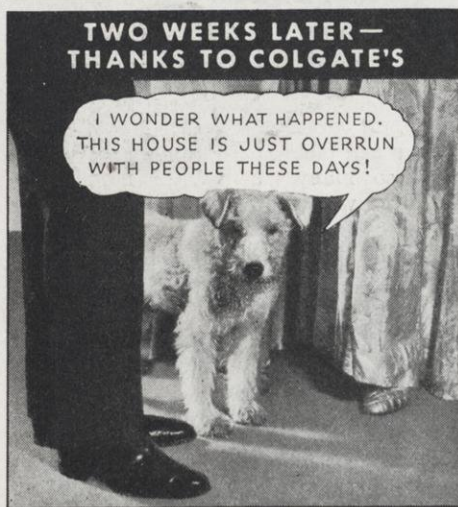


YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

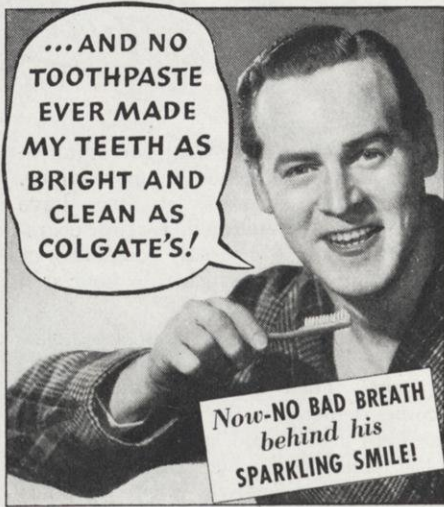


TWO WEEKS LATER— THANKS TO COLGATE'S

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED. THIS HOUSE IS JUST OVERRUN WITH PEOPLE THESE DAYS!



...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

TESTS show that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! Tests also prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Ordinary cleaning methods, which merely polish the exposed surfaces, fail to remove decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between the teeth. And these deposits, tests prove, are the source of most bad breath . . . dull, dingy teeth . . . and much tooth decay.

But Colgate Dental Cream has a special

penetrating foam which gets into every tiny crevice—emulsifies and washes away odor-breeding food and acid deposits.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently, yet thoroughly, cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!



Leisure: Bane or Blessing

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

dren began to grow up a bit and gradually I began to take more and more interest in church work, parent-teacher activities, clubs and other organizations which were functioning in Washington and in the suburban community where we live.

Then one day I had the awakening of which I spoke earlier. I had washed no dishes, scrubbed no floors; but I found when evening came I was just as tired as I used to be when I was doing my own housework and taking care of my active runabout boy.

When I stopped to analyze how I had become involved in so many things, I realized I had been too ready to promise to help. Without thinking things through I had taken on one obligation after another. I wanted to do something for the children at our school who needed special attention; I enjoyed being president of a large missionary society which has a share in supporting hospitals, schools and orphanages maintained by the church to which I belong. Several clubs of varying aims claimed me.

Life Becomes Too Crowded

I FOUND I wasn't having time to read to the children as much as I wanted to. Little by little the fun we used to have making cookies or popcorn balls together had stopped. And it was getting increasingly difficult to fit in the children's occasional pleasure excursions like swimming trips or visiting the zoo or even going shopping at the "five-and-ten."

Too many evenings I found myself tired after dinner, too sleepy to feel enthusiastic about going out with my husband, or perhaps I was all tied up with preparations for a club program.

As I thought about it I realized I had allowed my sense of values to get twisted. I was doing things which were of secondary value to me when what I wanted most in the world was to have a happy home and to be a good wife and a good mother. As I looked back at the things I had enjoyed most since my marriage, I discovered that practically all the high spots were occasions when I was with my husband and my children. No outside successes could mean nearly as much to me as family happiness.

Having reached this conclusion, I promptly did a right-about-face, lopping off here and there until my outside activities struck a balance with the amount of time and strength I felt I could put into them.

Please do not misunderstand me. I don't think mothers ought to stay at home all the time with their children. Child-training specialists are pretty generally agreed that preschool children should sometimes be left with people other than their mothers. It gives them a certain ability to adjust themselves, which they very much need when they start to school.

But I am coming more and more to the belief that the mother of young children should limit her outside activities to those of a take-it-or-leave-it type. There will be many years when she can hold office in organizations after her children are older; when they are small it is better for her not to be on executive committees or boards where her regular attendance is considered important.

In my own case I have gradually

worked out a technique that enables me to have certain outside interests and yet leaves me free for my family at the times when they most need me.

As a first step I eliminated practically all engagements which took me away from home during the late afternoon. During the months when the children are in school I try to be at home after four o'clock in the afternoon. In the winter it grows dark early and it is good to be with the youngsters during the couple of hours before dinner. This shuts out afternoon bridge parties for me.

THEN I purposely spend some time in the kitchen. It is restful to me to bake and to make jelly and try out new recipes.

As a child, I remember coming home from school and finding the house filled with the delicious smell of the home-baked bread and cinnamon rolls my mother used to make regularly. She would slice off the brown crust from a loaf of warm bread and I can still remember how good it tasted with the butter melting over it.

I want my children to remember me in the kitchen, just as I remember my own mother. I want them to come in to help me shell the nuts and beat the eggs and sift the flour when I bake cake; I like to let them have a taste of the creamed butter and sugar, and to scrape the bowl after the batter goes in the pan.

My daughter is six and my son is ten. Already they are old enough to take an interest in what their father and I are doing. At the dinner table we make a practice of having each one of us tell some interesting experience from his or her day. Children like to have an opportunity to tell something and to be listened to as politely as if they were guests. But the main reason we do it is to let our children understand a little about what the grown-ups in the family are doing—and so to bring them into closer touch with us.

Of course when a mother has no relative or friend or regular maid to leave her child with, she will be forced to hire someone for the times when she goes out. For the child's sake as well as for the maid's, I feel strongly that mothers should try to be fair to their home helpers, pay them as well as possible and not expect too much of them. It is surely not desirable to leave a child with a person who is sulky and cross because she is overworked and underpaid.

The mother with no help at all can, in most cases, cooperate with a friend in similar circumstances, so that by taking turns in caring for the children each of them will have a much-needed chance to get away occasionally from home without worry.

My own family picture would not be complete without mention of the happy evenings my husband and I now spend together. We choose a stimulating non-fiction book and get a real lift out of reading it together.

I am thankful I got back to the middle of the road when I did. After all, homemaking is my main job, my profession, and I want it to come first at this stage of our family life. I don't intend to abandon all my outside activities. Only I shall not make the mistake again of getting into too many things at once.

Delicious in the Bag— and low priced, too

MAKES COLLEGE GIRL POPULAR—

“The bunch’ is fond of congregating in my room, for the good hot coffee I often serve them. I use *Dated Coffee* in the bag—and my, but it’s fresh and delicious! And costs so little, it doesn’t do dire things to my allowance.”

Dorothy Williams, Riverside, Calif.



MANICURIST MARVELS AT PRICE—

“I marvel at the money-saving price of *Dated Coffee* in the bag. How can they sell such fine-quality coffee for so little? I’m delighted with its fresh, delicious flavor—and with the fact that I can afford it on what I make.”

Claire Hanbridge, Boston, Mass.



FUSSY HOUSEWIVES are enthusiastic about Chase & Sanborn *Dated Coffee* in the bag.

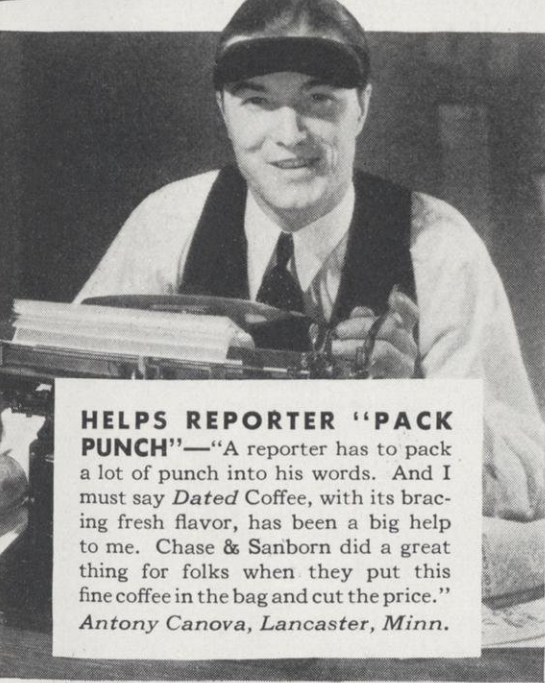
They say it’s richer, fuller flavored. That’s because we make it from the world’s choice coffees. Yet it’s low priced. We can put it in an inexpensive bag because it’s *guaranteed* fresh by our Dating Plan. Every bag is rushed fresh from the roasting ovens to your grocer, clearly marked with the date of delivery to him. This is your protection against stale, rancid taste.

Try this fresher, mellower coffee! Buy an economical bag of delicious-tasting Chase & Sanborn *Dated Coffee* at your grocer’s tomorrow!

HELPS REPORTER “PACK PUNCH”—

“A reporter has to pack a lot of punch into his words. And I must say *Dated Coffee*, with its bracing fresh flavor, has been a big help to me. Chase & Sanborn did a great thing for folks when they put this fine coffee in the bag and cut the price.”

Antony Canova, Lancaster, Minn.



“**HEARTENING**—is just the word for the delicious, fresh flavor of Chase & Sanborn *Dated Coffee* in the bag. I stop for a cup of it in the middle of my morning’s work—and feel so refreshed! And it costs so little in the bag.”

Mrs. E. B. Wilson, Hackensack, N. J.



A GREAT AFTER-DINNER COFFEE—

“My husband and I wouldn’t consider any dinner complete without it. Chase & Sanborn *Dated Coffee* tastes so extra rich, it seems to crown the meal. And its price in the *dated* bag makes it very easy on our budget.”

Mrs. W. S. Haverkamp, Larchmont, N. Y.



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Woman’s Home Companion June 1937

Light up tonight!



PROTECT PRECIOUS EYES WITH EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

YOUNG EYES especially need the protection of good light to help them see safely and without straining. For eyestrain . . . so often caused by poor lighting . . . is largely responsible for the fact that 2 out of 5 children reach college age with defective vision. Yet priceless eyes can be protected. These simple rules will help:

1. Have your child's eyes examined regularly by a competent eyesight specialist.
2. Have your home lighting measured by an expert from your electric service company.
3. Use only lamps that *Stay Brighter Longer*. The General Electric trade-mark on a bulb is your assurance of good light at low cost.
4. Give your child the benefit of an I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp for reading and studying.

Start protecting eyesight in your home tonight. Get rid of every burned-out or blackened bulb. Replace them with bright, new Edison MAZDA lamps . . . the kind that *Stay Brighter Longer*. They don't burn out prematurely, get dimmer and dimmer in use . . . or rob eyes of light they need. General Electric Company, Dept. 166, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



"SEEING IS BELIEVING"

See for yourself that I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps give more light than ordinary lamps. Your dealer has an interesting demonstration to prove this. It is built around the new G-E Light Meter, an instrument that measures light as simply as a thermometer measures temperature.



EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

That's Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

and the one I drew tonight—the one she cashed—then neither of them is any good!"

He could see them both presented to his bank for payment and both being stamped, "No Funds."

"She'll think I'm a crook—a thief!" he groaned.

And then a ray of hope appearing: "Mr. Farnum must have forgotten he had to sign the check too. I will call him up and it will all be straightened out."

As late as it was, he couldn't wait till morning. Perhaps Mr. Farnum had been out late too and had just come in. At least it would do no harm to give him a ring.

Presently a sleepy voice said, "Hello," on the other end of the wire.

"Hello! Hello! This is David Dolbeare. I would like to speak to Mr. Farnum for a minute, please . . . something very important."

"Sorry," said the sleepy voice, "Mr. Farnum left last night on a fishing trip with Judge Brown."

"When will they be back?"

"Why, sir, they've gone to Canada and won't be back for a couple of weeks at least!"

DAVID'S bank had hardly opened the next morning when he was inside conferring with Mr. J. Hamilton Winterbottom, the vice president through whom he had originally opened his account. Mr. Winterbottom was a banker of the old school—that is to say, he wore a high stiff collar, a frock coat and a manner of imperious dignity.

"You wish to arrange for a loan?" he asked when David's story had faltered to a close.

"If I can."

"Upon what collateral?"

"Well—I'm afraid I have no collateral. But I've been banking here—"

"You say you are employed at Perley and Palmalee's. Can't you arrange for an advance of salary or—ah—commissions?"

"No, sir," said David sadly. "I—well, you see, I tried that before I came here."

"Then I'm afraid that we cannot help you, Mr.—ah—Dolbeare, at this particular time and under these particular circumstances."

"But those checks that I drew yesterday—before I knew that my deposit was no good: You'll let those go through . . ." David earnestly pleaded.

Mr. Winterbottom's expression suddenly grew bright and he permitted himself to smile for a moment.

"Oh, those checks," he said. "Why—ah—Mr. Dolbeare, surely I need not tell you that they cannot possibly be paid unless sufficient funds are first deposited."

"Thank you," said David, sadly rising.

"Not at all, Mr. Dolbeare. Drop in and see us any time that we can be of service to you."

David left the bank sadly and slowly.

"Well, there's no help for it," he sighed. "I've got to tell Sylvia. I'll be able to pay her back by the first of next month—but oh, what a poor cheap skate she'll think I am!"

HE TELEPHONED first to the airport and a voice in the bookkeeping department gave him her address, "Ravensdale, just beyond Cedarhurst. Anyone around there will tell you where John Merry's place is."

"John Merry's place!" thought David, hanging up the receiver with a dispirited gesture. "Sounds like a roadhouse or a hotel. Yes, and now I think of it, I've read of old actors doing things like that—"

But he was too dejected to follow the thought further. With drooping shoulders he made his way to the garage where he kept the coupé; and just as the clock in his dashboard pointed to high noon, he stopped his car in Ravensdale and asked a passing letter-carrier how to get to John Merry's.

"First place over the stone bridge," he repeated to himself. "Well, that ought to be easy to find."

But after he had crossed the stone bridge the first place he saw was a great estate—with acres of lawn and thousands of trees, and a Georgian palace in the far distance, half concealed in a grove of pines. In front of the house he caught a glimpse of a pond—almost large enough to be called a lake—a pond embellished with slowly floating swans.

THE next house was another ornate dwelling—Elizabethan, this one, with a garage that looked like a stable and a peacock on the front lawn.

"That's funny," muttered David; and seeing a butcher's delivery truck coming out of the private entrance, he stopped and held out his arm.

"Can you tell me where John Merry's place is?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the butcher's boy pointing back. "You just came right past it."

"You mean on the other side of the bridge?" asked David beginning to stare.

"No, sir. This side. The place with the pond."

"Wait . . . wait . . ." said David feebly as the butcher's boy prepared to depart. "Is there—is there any other Merry who lives around here—a brisk little old gentleman with white side-whiskers and—and a flat-topped derby?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 43]

"I had been under the impression that it was smart buying to trade in each time on the same make of car, but I changed my mind when I saw the new Dodge. I was money ahead right from the start. It seems as though I hardly ever stop for gas any more since I switched to Dodge. Why, I'm getting over 22 miles to the gallon—that's 9 miles more than my old small car gave me."—Carol W. Van Etten, Brooklyn, N. Y.



"It Seems I Hardly ever stop for Gasoline Any More

SINCE I SWITCHED

TO THE BIG NEW 1937 DODGE.....



Why, I'm getting over 22 miles to the gallon — that's 9 miles more than my old small car gave me," says Carol W. Van Etten, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A "RECORD-SMASHER for economy" is the verdict of thousands of motorists the country over, who, like Miss Van Etten, have switched from other make cars to the big, new 1937 Dodge. Many report that in the long run the new Dodge will cost them less to own than the small, low-priced, cars they had previously driven. Many others who had driven expensive cars, say that they get more pride and satisfaction out of a Dodge than from any car they ever owned.

These new Dodge enthusiasts report 18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gas—savings up to 20% on oil—and equally remarkable economies on lubrication, tires and general upkeep.

These new Dodge owners marvel at the many extra-value features that Dodge gives them along with such substantial money savings. They cite such amazing advantages as...New "Silenced Ride!"...New "high-safety" interiors!...Luxurious Chair-Height seats!...Even stronger safety all-steel body!...Genuine hydraulic brakes, the world's finest!

And yet with all this extra value, Dodge now delivers for just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars!

See this new 1937 Dodge! Drive it! Learn how you, too, can switch to Dodge and save money!

DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10:00 P. M., E. S. T.

Read
WHAT THESE NEW DODGE OWNERS SAY ABOUT DODGE SAVINGS



"Our Dodge is magnificent looking—and it's so easy on the purse strings. What we save on gas alone in a year will make our Dodge cost less than the smaller car we used to drive."—Mrs. L. J. Cronkhite, Tacoma.



"My wife and I are sold on Dodge for keeps. It's an eye-ful to look at and how it saves on driving costs! We are getting five more miles on the gallon of gasoline!" says Edward N. Smith, Brookline, Mass.



"125 gallons less gas to drive my new Dodge 5,000 miles—compared to my old small car," says Martha Woerner, Yonkers, N.Y. "Why, that's a clear saving of about \$4 every 1,000 miles."

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS!

Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.

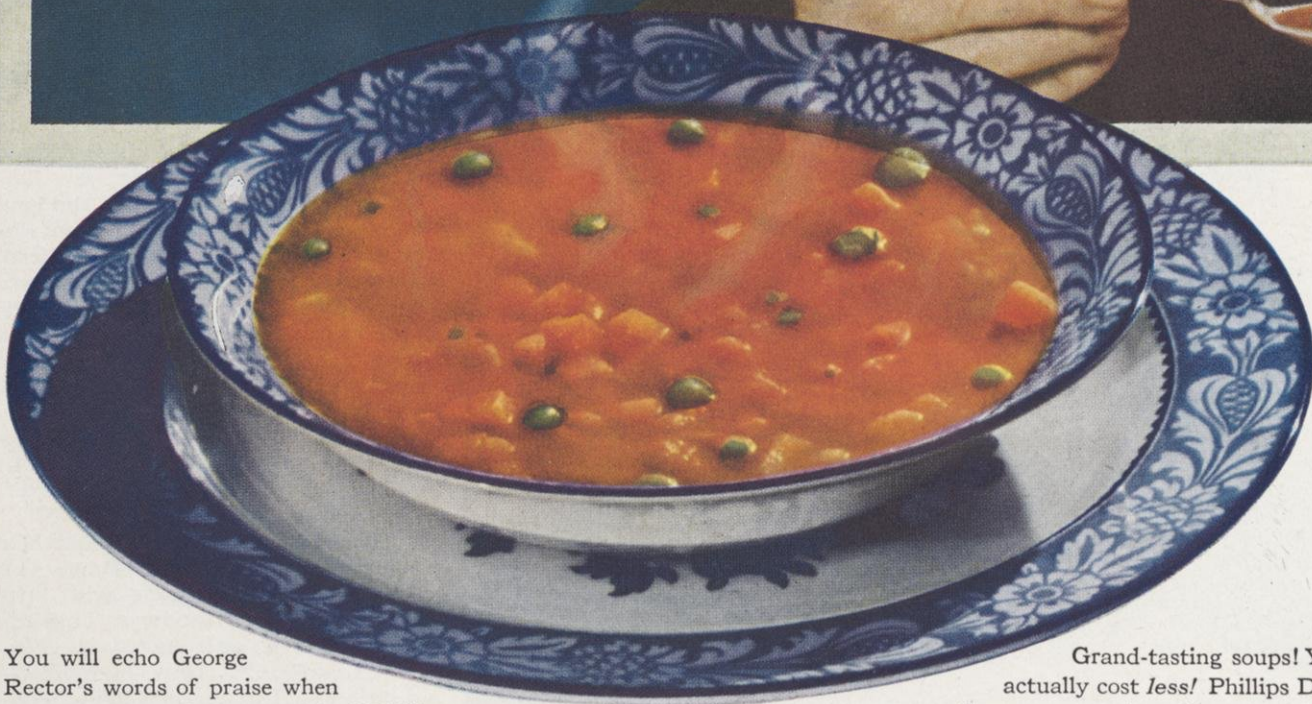
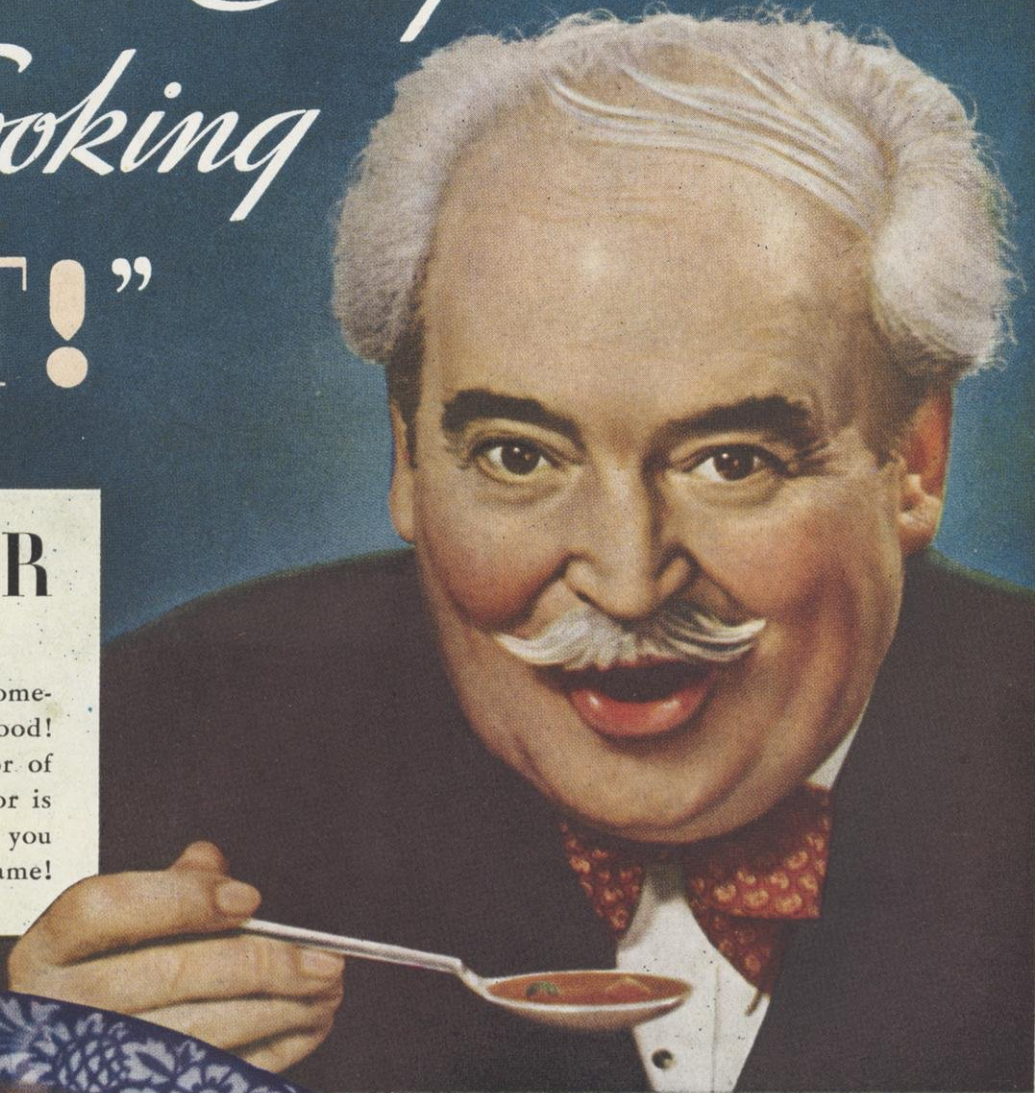
Switch to Dodge and Save Money!

“These Delicious Soups are
Southern Cooking
at its **BEST!**”

GEORGE RECTOR

world-famous cooking authority, says

“You can’t beat Phillips Delicious Soup for real home-like flavor!” . . . And George Rector *knows* good food! He is America’s foremost cooking authority, creator of dishes famous the world over. Today George Rector is Master Chef for the Phillips Kitchens—bringing you genuine Southern soups . . . as *Delicious* as their name!



You will echo George Rector’s words of praise when you taste your first spoonful of Phillips Delicious Soup . . . All eighteen of our vitamin-rich, nourishing soups are made with that real down-in-Dixie flavor! Seasoned just right, the famous Southern way.

They’re skilfully prepared from treasured old Dixie recipes—so as to bring out *all* the richness of their choice ingredients! Plump sun-ripened vegetables—picked garden-fresh for our gleaming kettles!

Precious spices carefully weighed! And such handsome cuts of meat!

Our soups are made exactly as you’d like them to be. In great, immaculate, sunny kitchens—presided over by snow-clad chefs who take a personal pride in their work. We call it “lovin’ cookin’” down here in Maryland. Your family will call it “*delicious*”!

Grand-tasting soups! Yet they actually cost *less*! Phillips Delicious Soups are condensed to *double richness*—giving you double the quantity when you add milk or water.

Ask your grocer—today—for Phillips Delicious Soups. If you have any difficulty getting your favorite variety, drop us a line giving your grocer’s name. And remember, every meal is a *better* meal when you start it with Phillips Delicious Soup!

18 Delicious Varieties

VEGETABLE • TOMATO • PEA • BEAN
CELERY • ONION • ASPARAGUS • BEEF
MUSHROOM • MULLIGATAWNY
PEPPER POT • CHICKEN
NOODLE WITH CHICKEN
VEGETABLE BEEF
CLAM CHOWDER • SCOTCH BROTH
CHICKEN GUMBO • OYSTER SOUP



★Listen in to George Rector . . . 1:30 P. M., E. S. T.—12:30 P. M., C. S. T. . . every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday . . . Columbia Broadcasting System

PHILLIPS *Delicious Southern* SOUPS

That's Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

"Why, that's old John J. himself. He's the man who lives there," said the butcher's boy pointing again.

"An actor?" continued David, his eyes not far from the glassy stage.

"Actor? What do you mean? Old John J.'s president of the Merry Locomotive Company."

"What a fool I am!" David presently heard himself groaning. "That's where I saw her picture of course. In the society news and the rotogravures. Debutante. 'One of the season's charming debutantes.' And when she said her father's company had been having a tough time of it, she didn't mean a stock company on the road, she meant the locomotive company. But all the same," he presently fell to muttering again, "no matter who she is, I've got to see her about those rubber checks."

HE TURNED and slowly started back—suddenly feeling himself not only cheap but shabby. The coupé—in reality four years old, but a powerful speedy model of a famous vintage—suddenly seemed to age with every turn of its wheels. New rattles loudly broke into crescendoing staccato. A loose nut on the windshield, unnoticed before, simply shrieked for pliers.

David reached the entrance which led to the Georgian palace among the pines, but for the life of him he couldn't turn in. So he slowly continued to roll along the concrete, finally coming to a stop on the other side of the stone bridge. He didn't shut off the ignition; and the engine, running idle, rattled the windshield louder than ever.

With a frown David tried to tighten the loose nut with his fingers. But whether or not the thread was rusty, he couldn't budge it. So, still frowning at the rattle, he almost flung himself out of the car; and lifting up the seat, he drew out the canvas roll which contained the tools.

He unrolled the canvas impatiently, then suddenly stopped. For under the front seat, where it had evidently been wedged at the back of the cushion, his startled eye had caught sight of a noble brick of money—a most miraculous brick of money which, when presently counted by fingers which were none too steady, totaled exactly twenty-five thousand dollars in bright new bills.

The clock on his dashboard pointed to a quarter past twelve when David Dolbeare rang the bell of John J. Merry's Georgian mansion—the money pushed back of the cushion again and both doors of the coupé carefully locked. A butler answered his ring.

"Miss Merry, sir? Why, I be-

lieve she's in the garden. Do you care to wait for a few moments, sir, in the reception 'all, while I step out and see?"

"No, don't do that," said David catching the sound of a distant voice which for some strange reason suddenly started his heart aching. "I'll find her."

David found her in the sunken garden where, with an older edition of herself, she was tying enormous daffodils to slender green-painted sticks. That older edition was Sylvia's mother, and as soon as David was introduced to her, she began to thank him "for saving my madcap daughter from what might have been a very serious accident."

"And now, my dear," she continued, turning to Madcap, "you have someone to help you whose back is stronger than mine. I shall see you again before you go, I hope, Mr. Dolbeare—"

Whereupon she started for the greenhouse and David began helping Sylvia tie up daffodils.

"It's a shame to make you work like this. Just to the end of this row, though," said Sylvia.

"Work?" repeated David. "You call this work? To be with you?"

"You know," he told her as they moved to the next bunch, "I had no idea that you lived here." He felt himself sweating a little and had trouble with the knot.

"The house on the other side of the bridge is called White Pillars and Dad wanted to call this place White Elephant," she laughed almost in his ear. "But I don't care—it's an adorable white elephant. Wouldn't you like to see it—when we get through here?"

"I'd love to see it," he told her, though somewhat sadly, for all this wealth, he knew, could mean only one thing—that this was the end of a beautiful dream.

SO AFTER the daffodils were finished she took him around and showed him the place: the view of the village, the view of the Sound, the best view of the house, every vista crashing his eye like fireworks. And then she took him inside and showed him the house—the reception hall taken piece by piece from an old Staffordshire manor house, the collection of armor, the collection of paintings, and finally her own room with her father's photograph over her desk, "taken the year he met Mother."

It was the enlarged photograph of an earnest young mechanic in overalls working at a lathe.

David looked at it. Ah, he too would make locomotives—yes, even bigger things than locomotives! Bridges! Battleships! He too would be worthy—worthy of this sacred trust! As you will

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 44]

New kind of "Sun" Treatment helps correct BLACKHEADS, BLEMISHES



World-famous Woodbury formula with "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D Brings Skin Improvement Quickly

"GIVE my skin a mild sun treatment as I wash and bathe? How marvelous!" That's what women said when they heard the news of Woodbury's "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D ingredient. For every woman knows that the Sunshine Vitamin is closely related to the health and beauty of the skin.

Contributes to Skin Health

In keeping with the most advanced scientific knowledge of skin care, the original Woodbury formula—which was first created by a skin specialist—is now enriched by pure Vitamin D.

If your skin shines with oiliness, is flecked with blackheads and blemishes, try this famous soap today! It gently cleanses your pores of skin-coarsening wastes. And its lather supplies the Vitamin D which your skin drinks in. Hundreds of biological tests by a leading university confirm that the Vitamin D in Woodbury's is absorbed by the skin.

Think what this scientific beauty care can mean to your complexion! With faithful use of Woodbury's, coarse pores tighten. Blackheads fade. Blemished skins grow fresh and clear again.

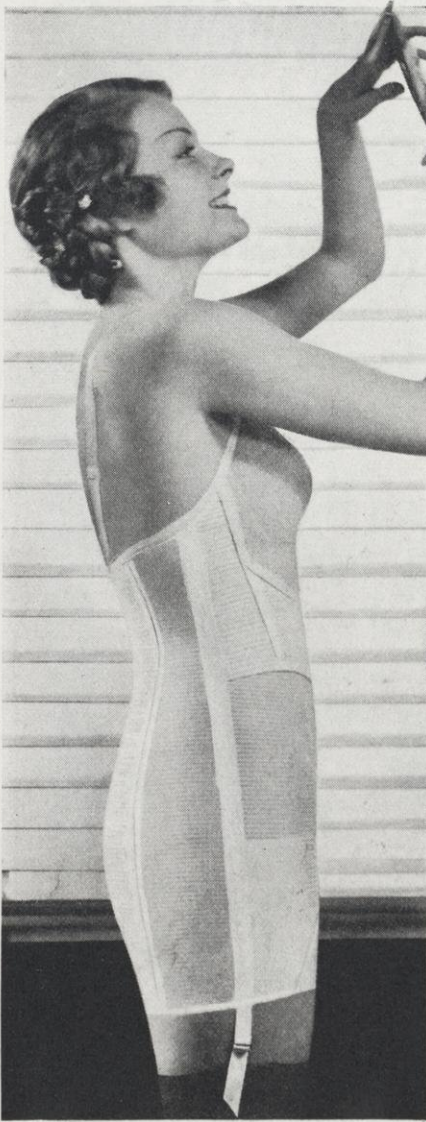
Prove it to yourself! Woodbury's is now only 10c a cake at all drug, department, ten-cent stores, and at your grocer's, too. Get 3 cakes this very day!



Contains "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D

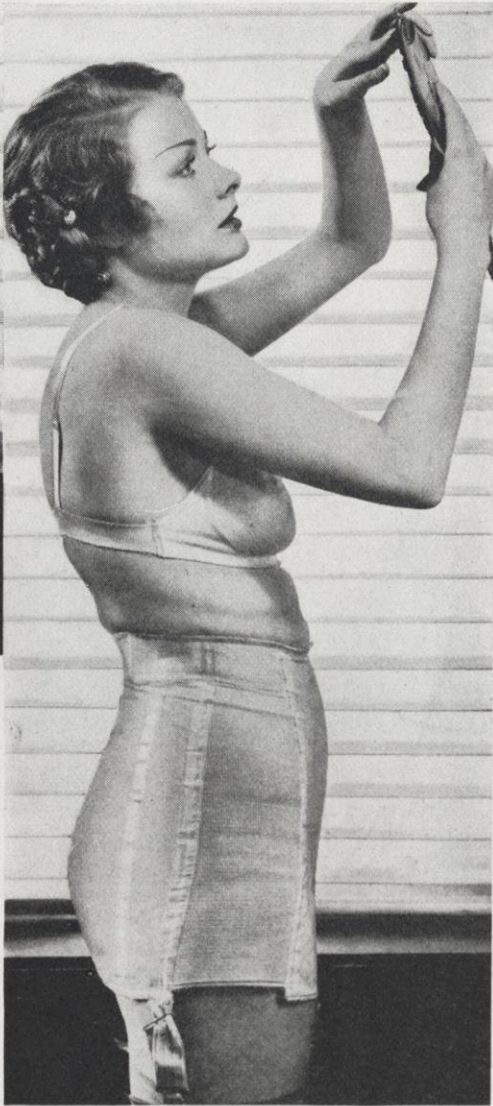
Woodbury's Facial Soap now 10¢

"LOST...every bulge



and that
fagged-out
feeling...

In my light-as-air Spencer!"



After wearing her Spencer a few days, the lovely woman photographed at right told us, "I've lost every bulge, and that fagged-out feeling! My new Spencer is so cool and light and because I can wash it like lingerie, I always feel fresh and clean."

Have a Spencer designed to give needed support for tired muscles and smooth away every bulge. Your Spencer corset and bandeau will effectively correct any figure fault because every section, every line is designed, cut and made to solve your figure problem and yours only. Spencers are light and flexible yet every Spencer is guaranteed to keep its lovely lines as long as it is worn!

Have a figure analysis — free
Have you ever had a Spencer Corsetiere make a study of your figure? At any time most convenient for you an intelligent woman, trained in the Spencer designer's methods of figure analysis, will call at your home. Do not delay. A study of your figure will cost you nothing. Stop experimenting. Prices depend on materials selected. A wide range to suit every purse.

Do You Want to Make Money?
Ambitious women may find business openings as corsetieres in every state. We train you. If interested, check here

Send for interesting free booklet
"What Figure Fault Is Yours?"

Look in your telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere" or send us the coupon below for booklet and a free analysis of your figure. This will not obligate you in any way.

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Write Anne Spencer
for personal advice
FREE on figure
faults checked here.

June, 1937

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145 Derby Avenue,
New Haven, Connecticut.

Name _____
Address _____

Also made in Canada and England at Rock Island, Quebec, and 4 & 5 Old Bond St., London, W. I.

SPENCER INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED CORSETS

That's Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

realize, he was a trifle mixed by that time; but as you will also realize, when he thought in terms of a sacred trust, he was thinking of Sylvia.

"Thank God, I needn't tell her about those checks now—unless I want to," was his next more or less clear reflection. Instead he said, "Now I'm going to tell you something—something almost as unbelievable as that picture of your father." Whereupon he not only told her about the miracle of the twenty-five thousand dollars; but he fetched it and showed it to her.

"NOW where do you suppose it came from?" she asked, round-eyed with wonder, first looking at the money and then at David.

"Of course I'm not sure yet—I only have a pretty wild theory," he told her. "But as near as I can figure it out—well, this may be Uncle Frank's last joke—one that he arranged to be carried out if anything happened to him."

"I don't know—" she said uncertainly.

"It's either that," he pointed out, "or someone hid it there—and forgot it."

"But I never heard of anyone hiding twenty-five thousand dollars in another man's car—to say nothing of forgetting it, did you?"

"Then there you are," said David. "Back to Uncle Frank." And he told her of the unexpectedly small size of his uncle's estate and of his well-known propensity for humorous enterprises.

"Well," Sylvia said, "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if your Uncle Frank had arranged it—as a kind of a test—to see what you'd do. Maybe Judge Brown had something to do with it. When you get back to the city, you ask him."

"But he left New York last night for Canada and he won't be back for two weeks."

"There! Didn't I tell you? And didn't your uncle have other nephews? Well, don't you see? He may have arranged to let you get the money this way because he didn't want it to hurt the feelings of the others. In fact, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you keep on finding more—in other queer places. It's just the thing Judge Brown would love to do. Why, the very first thing I noticed about him was the twinkle in his eye."

"Yes, he likes a joke. In fact, whenever Uncle Frank came to New York, he nearly always went around with the judge—and they had great times together."

"You see?" And after another short silence, "Do you remember when you last moved the seat-cushion?"

"About a week ago."
"And the money wasn't there then of course?"

"No."

"And then your uncle's estate is settled—for a very small sum—and Judge Brown immediately goes to Canada where you can't get in touch with him—"

"That's right—"

"And the next morning you find this money. . . . Wait!" she breathlessly continued. "Does Judge Brown know where you keep your car in New York?"

"Why, yes," said David—and again both their eyes were shining. "He keeps his car in the same garage where I keep mine."

"There!" cried Sylvia triumphantly. "Now stay for lunch!"

"I'd like to," hesitated David, "but I must hurry back to New York—to put this money in the bank. Because now that I've got it—and until I decide what to do with it—well, the least I can do is to take good care of it—whether I keep it or not."

"Whether you keep it or not!" she gently scoffed. "Do you mean to sit here and tell me that you don't know what belongs to you?"

It may have been the excitement which had heightened her color—excitement too which had brought her face so close to his; but just at that moment a step was heard in the hall and—with a smiling "May I?"—Mrs. Merry entered the room.

HALF an hour later David was on his way back to New York. As he drove, certain suppressed arguments against his ownership of the money began to take form in his mind.

"No, sir," he said, "if someone else had found that money under the cushion—one of the boys in the garage, say—it wouldn't have been such a good joke."

"Of course if when I get home this afternoon—or some day next week—and open the drawer of my desk . . . I find a package of money—"

"Even suppose I utterly refused to keep it," he mused. "What would I do with it?"

This was no easy question to answer; and David finally decided to compromise with conscience—at least until Judge Brown returned from Canada—or another package of money turned up where least expected. He would deposit the money where it would be safe and wait to see what turned up.

"And if I draw against it a little—anyhow, so that Sylvia's checks can be paid—" he added, unconsciously coming right down to the milk in the coconut, "well, if I'm willing to take a chance, I don't see how anyone else can object," he darkly reasoned. "That other check will be worth something sometime—and then I can make up whatever I've drawn."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 46]

basic skin care for a fresh, spring face

SALON COLD CREAM

Light and fluffy for spring and summer skin care. Particularly a joy if your face takes abuse from sun and wind. Salon Cold Cream softens . . . as it soothes . . . as it cleanses. Its fine oils swoop down into each nook and cranny of your skin—float out accumulations. It leaves the skin beautifully refreshed. Your whole face blooms more brightly with its complete cleanliness! For dry and oily skins. Jar, \$1.00.



SPECIAL DRY SKIN MIXTURE

Lines can be firmly told to leave — with nightly applications of Special Dry-Skin Mixture. Decidedly softening. This luscious emollient supplies dry, flaky, scaly skin with rich lubrication — plus the very helpful Vitamin D that skin *absorbs*. Used faithfully, Special Dry-Skin Mixture makes your face look as though it leads a charmed life—smooth, pliant, undaunted by weather and wind! Jar, \$2.25.



SPRING TREATMENT

Here—all under one box cover—is the balanced skin care developed in the Dorothy Gray Salons. Contains 5 preparations—cleansing cream, emollient, skin lotion, foundation cream, and face powder. Selected to suit the nature of your skin—a choice of preparations for the dry and lined, coarse-pored, oily or sallow skins. An excellent ensemble for the summer traveler who seeks to keep her face lively and well-groomed. \$2.50.



JEWEL-LIKE LOVELINESS COMES WITH DAILY CARE

A WOMAN'S SKIN, in its clear perfection, is the serene rival of any jewel. But, unlike the unquenchable fire of the diamond, a woman's beauty needs patient, faithful care. Day by day cleansing, lubrication, stimulation . . . with the exquisite Dorothy Gray preparations . . . can persuade your skin to carry its loveliness throughout the seasons and the years. So, no matter where you spend your holidays, let the Dorothy Gray preparations be the boon companions of your face...for jewel-like skin!



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JEWELS BY UDALL & BALLOU . . . *Diamond Bracelet* (forearm) in flexible mesh, embracing 799 diamonds. *Bracelet Bangle*—modern grouping of diamonds and sapphires, 24.38 carats. *Modern Ring* and *Clip-Brooch* complete modern ensemble. *Diamond Hair Ornaments*.

SUMMER SUGGESTIONS BY THE DOROTHY GRAY SALONS . . . *Sunburn Cream*, bottle or tube, \$1. *Sensitive Skin Cream*, \$2. *Lipstick* in Tawny for lightly tanned faces, Copertan for deep suntans, \$1. *Salon Face Powder* to match, \$3, \$1.50, \$1. *Eau de Cologne*, \$1.50.

Dorothy Gray
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DOROTHY GRAY SALONS...a corporation, successor to Dorothy Gray... 683 Fifth Avenue, New York... Los Angeles Denver... Washington... Boston... Milwaukee... Paris... Brussels Amsterdam... The Hague... And on the Grace Line "Santa" ships.

IT'S TANGY,
IT'S SPICY, IT'S
REFRESHING,

SAYS BEATRICE IMHOFF
OF LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

A Chicagoan, Miss Imhoff was
chosen "Miss Illinois" by the
American Legion, while in High
School.

A WORKING GIRL
CAN CERTAINLY
APPRECIATE ITS
ECONOMY,

SAYS IDA VOLLMAR
OF LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

She is a New York girl with natural
blonde hair. Fond of dancing and
badminton.

When are you going to give your teeth the *Beauty Bath* New York models use?

You'll have a treat—an entirely new and delightful experience—when you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Fragrant, tangy, milky white, refreshing as a shower . . . such is the solution that sweeps your mouth and teeth when you employ this dainty dentifrice.

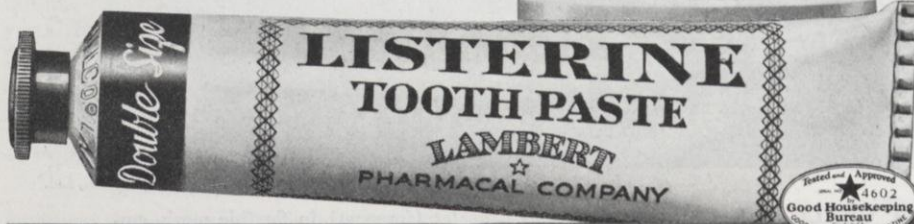
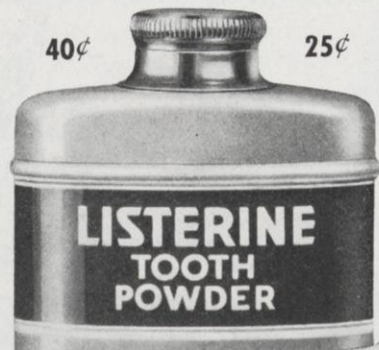
So noticeable are its beautifying effects that exotic New York models—the most critical of tooth paste users—call Listerine Tooth Paste their beauty bath for teeth. One after another, with unrestrained enthusiasm, they declare it gives to teeth a radiant flash and brilliance, a lasting whiteness that ordinary dentifrices do not match. Why not lay aside the dentifrice you are now using and try this modern beauty treatment?

Buy a tube today and see what an improvement it makes in the looks of your teeth. In two big economical sizes, 25¢ and 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Now, a SOAPLESS tooth powder!

40¢ 25¢



More than 1/4 POUND of tooth paste in the
double size tube 40¢ • Regular size tube • 25¢

That's Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

As soon as he reached New York he went to the bank again and took the twenty-five thousand dollars to the teller.

David Dolbeare put up his car and strode out into the warm spring sunshine. Young, good-looking, very much in love with an unattainable divinity (whose unattainability, indeed, only made her more divine), with twenty-five thousand dollars to his credit and the subject of a mystery which intrigued him more than any play he had ever witnessed: what more could life seriously offer him, or destiny devise?

"Nothing to do for an hour or so," he thought glancing at his watch. "I'll drop in at the office and see how they're getting on."

BUT on his way to the office he chanced to come to the shop windows of Messrs. Manners and Priestley, Outfitters to Gentlemen for Over a Century; and when you hear that while Sylvia had been putting a rosebud in his button-hole at noon, David was promising to accompany her to the opera that evening—where they were to sit in the Merry box ("Mr. and Mrs. John J. Merry—Wednesdays")—you will realize that it was only natural for David to stop and look in the windows of Messrs. Manners and Priestley—and especially at a dress shirt, with pearl and onyx accessories.

"I ought to have new studs," he uncertainly told himself.

David went in to look at studs—but he was presently looking at evening clothes. Not a tuxedo, you understand; he had a good tux and had meant to wear it. What he was contemplating now, under the knowing eye of an elderly salesman, was a magnificent pair of tails. Before he was through, he had not only bought the studs which he had seen in the window, but he had also bought a shirt in which to put the studs, to say nothing of those magnificent tails.

"You wished them charged, sir?" whispered the clerk.

"Yes—I haven't an account, but I'll give you my references."

"I'm afraid that will take a day or two, sir—and you wish these things by half-past four—"

"Well," thought David, considering. "After all, I shall have to pay for them some day." And aloud, although with a touch of reluctance, "Very well. I'll give you a check."

"Yes, sir," he thought, when he reached the street; "I'll drop in at the office."

It was half-past two when he crossed the lobby of the Hotel Windsor and entered the uptown branch of Messrs. Perley and Palmalee, Members New York Stock Exchange. At first his colleagues didn't notice him. Jake

and Eddie were busy chalking quotations on the board and Wall-eye was bent over a customer, whispering financial mysteries in his ear.

David luxuriously let himself sink into one of the customers' chairs and made a lordly signal to the shoeblack. According to the board, the market was inactive.

David turned his attention then to the quotations which were leisurely making their way across the lighted background—the whole alphabet in unexcited parade: A . . . AAC . . . AB . . . all the way down to X . . . YA and Z, the favorite trading stocks almost monopolizing the show. Presently a comparative stranger appeared: MLC, while after and under it followed the figures 378.

"Hello!" thought David, for MLC was the tape symbol of Merry Locomotive Company—a stock which had lately been so inactive that sometimes two or three hours would pass without a transaction. "It closed at 3 1/2 yesterday. It's looking stronger."

Whereupon he recalled a remark which Sylvia had made to him. "Dad was going to take me tonight, but he had to go to Washington. He's hoping to close an order for a whole shipload of locomotives for the Japanese government. So if you're sure you don't mind taking me instead . . ."

David's thoughts were interrupted by the reappearance of MLC on the tape: MLC 4 . . . 2 MLC 4 1/8 . . . 5 MLC 4 1/4.

"Yes, sir, the first signs of life in Merry Locomotive for months," exulted David. "I'll bet the Old Boy's landed that Japanese order. Oh, boy! If a man only had a thousand shares and it moved ten points!"

HE SWALLOWED hard and then with another lordly gesture he beckoned Wall-eye—a fellow customer's man who, in addition to his other qualifications, was possessed of a double-glancing financial squint.

"Hello!" said Wall-eye. "I thought you were off for a week. What are you doing here?"

"Oh, keeping in touch, my boy. Just keeping in touch. What, if anything, do you know about MLC?"

"Why speak about the dead?" "Or to them, for that matter. Now listen, Napoleon. Business has been so slack around here lately that I'm going to put some color in your cheeks. Buy me a thousand shares of MLC at five or better."

Now, David had really meant to order a hundred shares—to hold them till just before the close of the market and then sell them

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 49]



NIGHT AND DAY

INDIAN HEAD CLOTH

Indian Head Cloth, in white and 37 fast colors, doubles for linen in smart street frocks and sportswear. Laundered crisp and fresh throughout its long life. Indian Head is so economical that it's practical, too, for gay, flattering house dresses, bedspreads, curtains, luncheon sets and many other uses in the home. Look for the name "Indian Head" on every yard of the selvage.

Nashua Blankets

Soft, fluffy, warm and inexpensive. Woven in new, smarter colors to harmonize with bedroom furnishings.

Send 3c stamp for envelope of samples of these three Nashua products. Nashua Mfg. Co., 40 Worth St., New York City.

INDIAN HEAD SHEETS

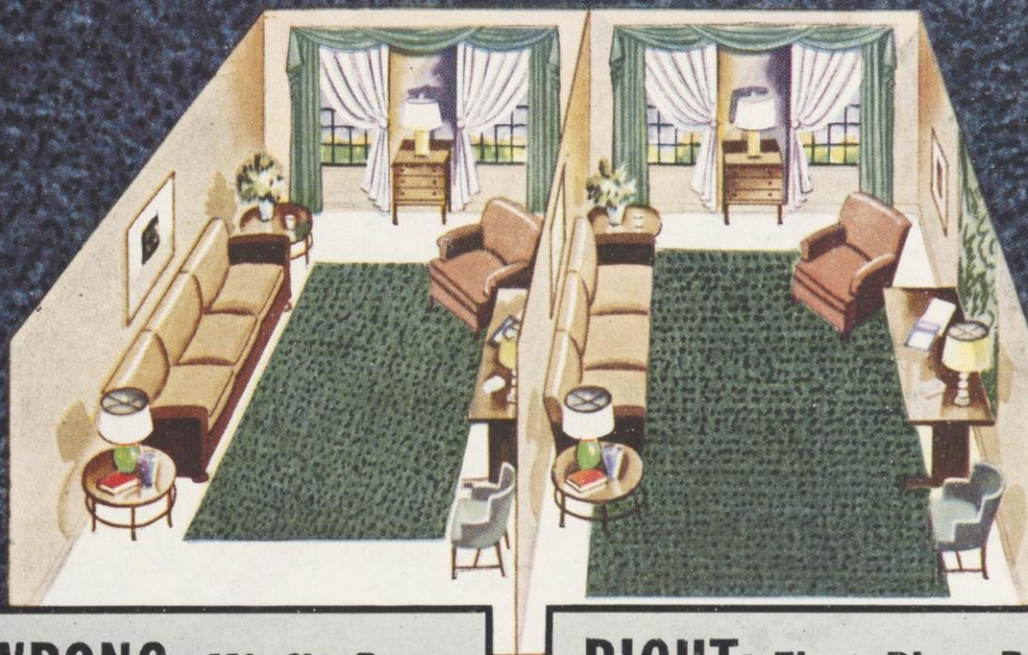
Made in the same mills by the same workmen that make Indian Head Cloth, famous for over a century. You'll find the same wear, the same hidden qualities, the same snowy whiteness that stays white. This Indian Head Sheeting differs from Indian Head Cloth in being woven closer, of finer yarns, smoother, softer to the touch for restful sleep. Buy Indian Head Pillowcases, too.

By Day

buy **NASHUA**
FAMOUS FOR QUALITY SINCE 1823

By Night

Now buy your rugs as you buy your hats...to fit



WRONG: Misfit Rug

This room looks bare simply because the rug is too small. By contrast, see how the bareness disappears, and how attractive the same room, at right, becomes when a Floor-Plan Rug of the correct size for the room is used. Just as you buy your hats to fit... now you can buy your rugs—to fit.

RIGHT: Floor-Plan* Rug

Floor-Plan Rugs are made in a wide range of sizes to fit rooms as they *actually are*. You'll find them at all good stores... in smart, figured effects, rich, plain colors, and the newest textures. For free book, "A Guide to Rug Buying," write Alexander Smith Division, W. & J. Sloane Wholesale, 287 Fifth Ave., New York. (*Trade Mark)

ASK FOR
Alexander Smith Floor-Plan* Rugs
BY NAME
IN CUSTOM SIZES AT READY-MADE PRICES

That's Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

again—the whole proceeding really for the pleasure of giving his colleague a few direct commands. But because he had been thinking of the profit which might be made on a thousand shares, his tongue had slipped.

Wall-eye, however, refused to be impressed. "What do you want to buy them with?" he asked. "Matches, toothpicks or marbles?"

WITH patronizing good humor David reached in his inside pocket and brought out the duplicate slip which showed his twenty-five thousand dollars deposit.

"For heaven's sake!" muttered Wall-eye, impressed at last. "A thousand MLC, you said?"

"No; never mind now," said David, glad of this chance to retrieve his slip of the tongue. "On second thought, I prefer to place my business in a brokerage office where better judgment is shown regarding a customer's financial status."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," muttered Wall-eye again, turning the slip over to see if

there was any catch on the other side. "Where'd you get it?"

"Ah, that's it," said David mysteriously; and speaking more truly than he knew, he added, "but let me tell you this, my son. There's plenty more where that came from."

But it was a narrow escape and David knew it. "You know darned well," he accused himself, "that you have no right to risk that money till you know better where it came from."

On increasing volume, MLC continued to rise—gently and unassumingly at first, but soon with more spectacular jumps . . . MLC 5 . . . 5½ . . . 6¼ . . . and then five thousand shares at 7. The board room began to buzz with growing excitement.

At the close of the market, MLC was selling at 9¼.

"Over four thousand dollars profit," thought David, "if I had bought that thousand at five."

Arising from the depths of his chair, David stared at Wall-eye with a glance of pure contempt and strode out into the street.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE JULY ISSUE]



NEW ENGLAND GRAVEYARD

The women's graves are near the place
Where first they saw the light of day;
Sometimes their men lie by their side
But often they are far away.

O little ports of foreign lands
What harbor did you give the dead?
What headboards bleached beside the trails
That ever westward, westward led?

The women lie in the same earth
That gave them life, but far away
Deep in the sea the young men sleep.
The young men sleep in foreign clay.

Elizabeth Coatsworth



A Clean Face

is the secret of radiant beauty



BEAUTY authorities agree that thorough cleansing is the most important step in complexion care. A simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created the new Golden Cleansing Cream—a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained.

New kind of cleansing

Golden Cleansing Cream contains a remarkable new ingredient, colloidal gold, with an amazing power to rid skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see the iron in spinach. But its special action makes Golden Cleansing Cream more thorough than ordinary cleansers, and tones and invigorates skin tissues meanwhile.

Make this simple test

Apply your usual skin cleanser.



Wipe it off with tissue. Then cleanse with Golden Cleansing Cream. On the tissue you will find more dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

Try it tonight. See for yourself how fresh and clean Golden Cleansing Cream leaves your skin. You'll find this new cream at your drug or department store for just \$1.00.

Daggett & Ramsdell GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

Daggett & Ramsdell, Room 1980, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

Dept. WHC-6

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Name.....

Street.....

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

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Woman's Home Companion June 1937

"TODAY OUR HEALTHY
DIONNE QUINS HAD
QUAKER OATS."

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe



Rich in Nature's Vitamin B, to
**BRACE-UP NERVES,
DIGESTION, APPETITE***

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**57 Other Baby
Champions Also Raised
on Quaker Oats!**

• You can't do better for your own family than to follow the lead of doctors all over the world!

Give everyone a daily breakfast of Quaker Oats, with its rich supply of Nature's protective Vitamin B.

Dr. Dafoe gives Quaker Oats to the Dionne Quins every day. And, here at home, Iowa's 57 baby champions of 1936 were *every one* raised on Quaker Oats!

Its Vitamin B does everyone such a world of good because it combats UPSET NERVES, CONSTIPATION and DULL APPETITES.

Delicious Quaker Oats, served hot, is an ideal breakfast for good condition. Grocers all feature it.

Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same.

*Where poor condition is due to lack of Vitamin B.



Start your day on the Vital side
QUAKER OATS

Under One Flag

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

The University of Washington, at Seattle, is regarded as one of the best in the country, with liberal tendencies, and always with good football teams and rowing crews. The football coach is Jimmy Phelan, former Notre Dame back-field star. The young men grow large on the west coast, but whether it is heredity, climate or a little of both is a moot point. The college boys of Seattle and the rest of the Northwest appear to be no drunker and no soberer than the young men of eastern colleges after a football game.

LIKE most of the larger cities of the Northwest, Seattle has many restaurants and few of them are noted for their excellence. Most of them serve plain food at moderate prices, with no frills about the service, and the waiters expect the customers to eat their meals with as little dawdling as possible and then pay up and get out. But the gourmet can find a few spots. One curious trait about the restaurants in the Northwest is the great pressure put on everybody to eat apples—apple pie, apple tarts, apple dumpling, applesauce, something else called "aplets," and plain fresh apple juice.

This apple juice, supposed to take the place of tomato, orange or clam juice, or grapefruit, is not bad, but it isn't very popular either. A young waiter from Ohio, employed in the Olympic Hotel Georgian room in Seattle, when asked if anybody ever ordered apple juice, replied:

"Hell no, but we're supposed to push it anyway. These people out here eat crabmeat cocktails and onion soup."

Night life in Seattle, as in other cities of that region, is hardly what a Good-time Charlie from Broadway would call hot, although there are always a few persons who like to stay up late. In the realms of the higher culture, the Northwest is highly hospitable to the better lecturers, and the Seattle Symphony Orchestra for this season imported such performers as Melchior, Gershwin and Rachmaninoff. The people read lots of books. Many of the shops, on wide clean streets, would not look out of place on the best stretches of New York's Madison Avenue; this is true not only of Seattle but of Portland as well.

Seattle, with the exception of its great number of Japanese and Chinese, is predominantly what is known, very loosely, as a Nordic city (indeed there is a Nordic Coffee Shop). The Scandinavian influence is tremendous and there are many Irish, Scottish and French names. In the Seattle telephone directory there is one Rapaport, one Finkelstein, one Papadakis, ten Wongs and a vast

number of Petersons and Petersens.

The yearning for reform, permeating the moral, political and economic life of the Northwest for generations, still exists. It was there that the Industrial Workers of the World started their troublesome course. It was in Idaho that the late Big Bill Haywood (prosecuted by Borah and defended by Clarence Darrow) had his famous trial for murder after the killing of ex-Governor Steunenberg. Such panaceas as woman suffrage, the initiative, referendum and recall, and heaven knows how many others, always have had their leading supporters in the Northwest. Indeed, Oregon failed by only one vote to have woman suffrage when it was organized; the man who voted against it had a half-breed wife.

The people, taking them by and large, are what is known as progressive, which is to say, they are more than half-willing to try any measure which promises to make things better. Prohibition sentiment was strong there for a long time and now, with repeal, the prejudice against hard liquor remains. Beer, ale and wines containing up to fourteen per cent alcohol may be served with meals in public places, but hard liquor must be bought by the bottle or package in liquor stores, which are, in most of these states, operated by the state government. Thus, in Seattle, if a man wants a drink of whisky he may go to a state liquor store, buy a permit for fifty cents (he needs no identification and no proof that he is a sober or law-abiding citizen) and stock up on all the whisky he wants. Drinking it is another problem; he is supposed to take it home, or to his hotel room. Despite the seeming absurdity of some of these provisions, there is very little open drunkenness in any part of the Northwest, and secret toppers, as always, are hard to pin down.

THE city of Portland, which shows the mellowing effects of age, was for many years regarded as the economic, literary and artistic center of the old Oregon country. And, rather oddly, it is the sons and grandsons of the covered wagon and Cape Horn pioneers who still take the most active part in the city's affairs. It is still known as the Rose City, but this has come to be a rather melancholy misnomer, for rose culture has fallen off. Before the coming of good roads, automobiles, golf courses and motion pictures, roses were everywhere and home owners took great pride in them. One lawyer, a bachelor, had more than six hundred varieties in his gardens. Now only a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 53]



HOMEMADE STYLE PICKLES

Crisp! . . . and spiced just right

Appetizers—the kind guests comment on—are easy to create with Libby's HomeMade Style Pickles. These famous pickles look so good! And they taste so good! Just like something grandmother used to make. Shown above are two clever ways to use them: riding gaily a-top stuffed eggs, and wreathed round with Libby's Deviled Ham put through a pastry tube. *Note to Menu-Planners:* the HomeMade Style are just one of 5 kinds of tongue-teasing Libby Pickles. Enjoy variety . . . try the Sweets, the Sweet Mixed, the Sours, the Dills!



PINEAPPLE

that's just the center slices!

You'll appreciate the extra value Libby gives you in sliced pineapple. For you see, every slice of Libby's is a *center slice*. And center slices are more uniform, more delicate, extra rich in flavor. Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple costs you no more than ordinary kinds . . . so why not always serve it? *Quick and Clever:* Libby's *center slices* topped with a tbsp. of meringue and placed under the broiler until the meringue is well browned.



RIPE OLIVES

Firm . . . and exceptionally meaty!

It's really remarkable how a dish of Libby's Ripe Olives perks up a simple meal. They're so handsome in their round, glistening perfection . . . so refreshing in their cool deliciousness. But perhaps you prefer *green* olives . . . in which case you'll do your "perking up" with Libby's big plump Queens or Libby's dainty Pimiento-Stuffed Olives.

100

Libby's
FOODS

EACH THE FINEST OF
ITS KIND

Libby's MEATS

MORE THAN 25 KINDS . . . ALL TABLE-READY



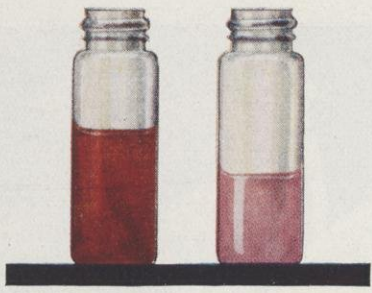
*Vienna Sausage—
hardwood-smoked
for finer
flavor!*



SERVE 'EM with Potato-Ball Salad!

For thrifty, flavory main dishes, you ought to get acquainted with Vienna Sausages by Libby. (You'll love their rich smoky taste, their tenderness, and their moderate price!) And with them, on warm days, try this 1937 version of a dear old favorite—the new Potato-Ball Salad. ● Cut raw potatoes into balls (or cubes) . . . you'll need about 4 cups full. Cook until well done but not soft. Chill. Com-

bine with 1½ tsps. minced onion, 6 Libby's Sweet Pickles thinly sliced, 1 tsp. salt and a dash of red pepper. Mix with mayonnaise. Place in a large salad bowl and surround with contents of 3 small cans of Libby's Vienna Sausage. Garnish with grated carrot, sliced radishes, and watercress. (Serves 6) ● Libby's Vienna Sausages—hardwood-smoked for finer flavor, with tender skins and tender meat—are grand in hot dishes, too. Try them with spaghetti, with noodles, with scrambled eggs.



Does your Nail Polish get Thick and Unusable? ... In 14-day test, 8 Popular Brands of Polish Evaporated 35% to 60%

New Cutex Polish

is usable to the last Drop



TRY THESE New Smoky Shades

Mauve A misty lavender pink. May be worn beautifully with all blues and grays, and with delicate evening pastels.

Rust A fascinating smoky pink with soft brown undertone. Perfect in town with green, deep brown, beige, orange and copper—ultra-smart in the south and this summer with sun-tanned fingers.

Old Rose A soft, feminine dusky rose without any yellow in it. Very flattering to the wearer—delightful with pastels—and especially irresistible with the new wine shades!

Robin Red A new, deep red that's so soft even men like it. Everyone can wear it, and it goes with everything, daytime or evening. Very sophisticated with black and white.

Burgundy THE NEWEST SHADE A brand-new, deep, purply wine shade. Enchanting with pastels, magnificent with black, white, carnelian or wine, and electrically smart with blue.



The New Cutex Evaporates less than Half as Much as Ordinary Polish

IN an actual test—14 days of exposure to the air—8 popular brands of nail polish evaporated 35% to 60%. Became so thick and gummy as to be practically impossible to use.

Amazing Contrast... But the New Cutex Polish—both Crème and Clear—came through this same test with *less than half* as much evaporation. Standing for 14 days in uncorked bottles, it ended up as smooth flowing and easy to apply as ever!

A New Economy Feature... Unlike its 8 tested rival brands, Cutex—usable down to the last drop in the bottle—offers you a distinct and worth-while saving. There's practically no loss by evaporation or thickening!

And this new economy feature is just *one* of Cutex's many advantages. It's already famous for its finer lacquer, higher lustre, easier appli-

cation and longer wear—for its freedom from peeling and chipping—and for its 11 smart shades, including 5 new "smoky" tones. A grand value, any way you look at it!

The New Cutex is still only 35¢ a bottle—at your favorite shop. Stock up today!
Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-W-6
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked.

Mauve Rust Burgundy Robin Red Old Rose

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Under One Flag

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

few persons keep up their gardens. They still have their annual Rose Festival, but most of the floats are decorated with other flowers.

Portland is proud of the University of Portland, Reed College, the University of Oregon School of Medicine, its hospitals, its art gallery, its many fine old churches and its water supply, which comes fresh and cold from Mount Hood, sixty miles away.

Portland was named in 1845 after that other Portland in Maine. Two merchants in the new settlement, F. W. Pettygrove from Maine and his partner, A. L. Lovejoy from Massachusetts, disagreed on whether the place should be called Portland or Boston. They flipped a coin and Pettygrove won. He lived for more than fifty years after that and many of his descendants are still prominent in the Northwest.

THE newspapers of the Northwest are not particularly distinguished and have to a large extent become the victims of that standardization of news and features which afflicts the rest of the American press. The best paper in that region is still the old Oregonian in Portland, and the citizens (a curious thing these days) take an almost personal pride in it. And they still remember Harvey W. Scott, the editor who traced the name of Oregon to *orejon*. Scott has been dead since 1910 but his children and grandchildren carry on. He fought in the Indian wars around Puget Sound, worked on farms, split rails, was the first graduate of Pacific University, was admitted to the bar and became editor of the Oregonian in 1865. He never forgot friend or foe. He walked to and from his office alone. Like so many of the other pioneers, he was a devotee of Shakespeare. His crusades against John H. Mitchell, for many years a senator from Oregon, are still remembered for their bitterness. He lived to see Mitchell die in disgrace. He found time to write six volumes on Oregon history.

Indeed many of the pioneer Oregon names are still prominent. There are the Corbetts, descended from Henry W. Corbett, a native of Washington County, New York, who arrived in Portland in 1851 on a bark after a trip around Cape Horn. When he died in 1903 he was many times a millionaire, with money made from banking and hardware. Three of his grandsons—Harry, Hamilton and Elliott—have distinguished themselves in Oregon civic and political affairs. The old Corbett family residence was downtown and for years was surrounded by the business district. A large part of the yard was used to pasture the

family cow, but at last the crowds, who came to gape at the poor animal, became too large and the family sold the cow and put up an office building. The three Corbett grandsons are also the grandsons of another millionaire pioneer, William S. Ladd, who went to Portland in 1851, at a time when every white man was supposed to be a good shot with the rifle. Indians were bad in those days. Ladd became a banker and was rich when he died in 1893. Ghouls stole his body but the family got it back. They still talk of these things there.

Another famous pioneer, a ship captain who became a banker, was Captain J. C. Ainsworth. For thirty years he was foremost skipper of river craft on the Columbia and the Willamette (pronounced with the accent on the "lam"). He helped get the Northern Pacific Railroad to the coast, and the bank he established, the United States National, is now Oregon's largest, and the son of the old skipper is chairman of the board.

Then there were the Applegates of southern Oregon. The leaders of the clan were Jesse and Lindsay, natives of Kentucky. They crossed the plains in 1843 when that journey was really terrible. Jesse Applegate wrote a book about that trip, a classic of its sort, called *A Day With the Cow Column*. Jesse settled in the Umpqua Valley and founded the town of Yoncalla. He was eccentric, and active in everything that had to do with developing that country. They called him "the bald eagle of the Yoncalla," and to this day, in a land where there are many of his descendants, the citizens often settle disputes or face serious problems with the question: "What would Jesse Applegate do about this?"

IN SEVERAL respects, Portland may be said to comprise one third of Oregon. It has one third of the population of the state, pays one third of the taxes and has one of the three members of Congress from the state. The newly elected representative is Mrs. Nanny Wood Honeyman, wealthy and handsome, and a close friend of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. She is the daughter of C. E. S. Wood, soldier and poet, and was born at West Point. Her father went west to fight Indians. She stayed and grew up with the country.

Portland is on both sides of the Willamette River, twelve miles from the Columbia River and one hundred and five miles from the sea. Any ship now plying the Pacific could come up to the docks at Portland, though, to be sure, not all of them do. Until the World War much of the grain crop

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 54]

"It's a Hollywood Secret"

SAYS

Madeleine Carroll

STAR OF
"PERSONAL
HISTORY"

A WALTER WANGER
PRODUCTION



CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE
COLOR OF YOUR EYES

BLUE AS THE SUMMER SEAS are Madeleine Carroll's eyes! And this lovely English star very wisely chooses makeup that accents their deep charm.

IT'S MAKEUP THAT MATCHES... harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara... *Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup* by Richard Hudnut.

AND IT'S MAKEUP THAT MATCHES YOU! For *Marvelous Makeup* is keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes*.

DREAMS DO COME TRUE when you wear this new makeup. 9 out of 10 girls who

try it make the exciting discovery that they really can look prettier, younger, definitely more alluring. Beauty editors, artists, stylists say it works miracles.

SEE FOR YOURSELF! *Marvelous Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Eye Shadow, and Mascara*, keyed to *your eyes*, are on special display right now in your drug or department store... full size packages each item 55 cents (Canada 65 cents).

AND YOUR OWN MIRROR, your own leading man, will applaud the new glamour *Eye-Matched Makeup* gives you.

COPYRIGHT 1937, BY RICHARD HUDNUT

55¢ each

HARMONIZING face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, or mascara, only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). Ask for *Dresden* type if your eyes are blue; *Patrician* type if they are gray; *Continental* type if your eyes are hazel; *Parisian* type if they are brown.

MARVELOUS *The Eye-Matched* **MAKEUP**
by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

Paris... London... New York... Toronto... Buenos Aires... Berlin
Woman's Home Companion June 1937



Party Invitations Across the Miles

THE TELEPHONE adds personality to any invitation, makes it more welcome. You can chat with your friends, as you ask them over. Exchange news. Eliminate anxious waiting for answers. Avoid the embarrassment of tardy acceptances or regrets.

You don't have to be planning a party to get great satisfaction out of the telephone. You can enjoy the two-way pleasure of talking with far-away relatives or friends at any time. And it's inexpensive. Especially station-to-station calls after 7 P.M., or any time Sunday, when Long Distance rates to most points are lower. Why not try it often?

A CONVENIENT EXTRA TELEPHONE
An extension telephone can be installed in your home where it will save the most steps. It costs surprisingly little. Ask your local telephone office.



Under One Flag

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

of the west was carried out of Portland on sailing ships. For more than two generations the ports of Astoria and Portland were known all over the world as hellholes because of the sailor boarding houses. Virtually every sailing vessel that came into the Columbia River was robbed of its crew by boarding house toughs. Hundreds of young men who disappeared from the Northwest were shanghaied and sent to sea. When a ship was ready to sail in those rough old times the skipper had to go to the boarding house owners for men. They made him pay through the nose and this advance money sometimes equaled the entire pay of a sailor for a passage from Portland to the British Isles. To make things worse, in many instances the ship captains were in league with the boarding house vultures. All are gone now and so are the sailing ships on which they preyed. But along the waterfront they still talk of them—especially of the fabulous Larry Sullivan.

The Northwest is not nearly so boastful as California; indeed, its civic and commercial organizations are much more restrained than those of such places as Florida and Texas. Under pressure they will tell you that apple-growing is one of the great industries and that the Hood River Valley contains many fine orchards. So does the Grande Ronde Valley and many other spots here and there. Many of these trees are of a great age, and still bearing.

FIFTEEN and more years ago Japanese began coming into the Hood River Valley and buying orchards. It caused a tremendous ruckus. Jingoism saw in this migration a threat of war with Japan. It was much like the eternal fright in California. Alarmists believed that the Japanese were opening the way for a wholesale settlement of the entire west coast. Mass meetings were held and there were near-riots. Finally the legislature passed an anti-alien land law. The Japanese, quiet and industrious, are still in the Hood River Country, but they operate their land under lease and they are not numerous enough to frighten anyone. In all truth, the fear of the Orient does not seem so pronounced in the Northwest today as it did a generation ago.

Chambers of commerce will admit that cherries are another big crop. The biggest orchards are around Salem, the state capital of Oregon (incidentally, Salem will soon have the best-looking new capitol building in the entire country). The two most popular kinds of cherries are the Lambert and the Bing; they were propagated by a pioneer named Lambert,

who named one kind after himself and the other for Bing, his Chinese cook.

Prunes are a big crop too, although for years they were looked down upon because of old boarding house jokes about the monotonous regularity of prune dishes. It is said that the unidentified wag who first used the feeble epithet, "Oh, he's full of prunes," cost the prune industry of the Northwest millions of dollars. This scoundrelly jokester has never been identified.

EAST of the beautiful Cascade Mountains is an enormous tract of rich farming land on which is grown wheat, hay and alfalfa, but it is mostly used by cattle and sheep growers. The sheep men and the cattle men still don't like each other, although there is less trouble than there was back in the seventies and eighties. The cattle men are almost too real; they look as if they had stepped off the covers of a pulp magazine. Pendleton, the county seat of Umatilla County, Oregon, is the home of the most famous of all the annual round-ups. Cowboys, cowgirls and trick riders from all over the west go there and even the Indians bestir themselves to put on a big show.

Many herds of wild horses still cavort about in the desert sections of eastern Oregon. The largest herd of antelope in the world plays in the stretch of unoccupied land in the southeastern part of the state. Elk are protected in large numbers. The deer population would be larger if it were not for the cougars that prowl through the timbered sections; one cougar will kill several hundred deer in a year and they know no closed season. The Northwest is still a grand place to fish. There is good shooting in ducks, geese and pheasants. Sportsmen from as far away as Scotland come every year to fish for salmon. The game last fall was reported more plentiful than in many years. The people insist they are getting more conservation-minded. Maybe so, but the more serious conservationists are still worried, just as the enemies of soil erosion are trying to repair the terrible havoc caused by dry-farming and by excessive logging.

Turkey-raising is important in part of the Northwest, especially around Oakland, Oregon. It is hot and dry there in the summer, and the turkey ranchers let their flocks roam at will. Year after year the turkeys get fat on grasshoppers, which always seem to come back, sometimes in numbers so great that the turkeys can make little impression on them.

And there is gold again. All

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 56]

GET WISE, *Miss Scrub-Hard,*

Good brushing isn't enough! To make teeth really sparkle, you need the right tooth-paste, too!



Change to

PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE *containing* IRIUM

Quickly loosens and removes dull, dingy film . . . Wins flashing new luster on teeth

● Now a thrilling dental discovery *ends* Scrub-Hard disappointment—makes your daily brushing *amazingly effective!*

IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—*steps up* the cleaning power of tooth paste. It helps polish your teeth to a gleaming luster you never thought possible!

Because of IRIUM, Pepsodent Tooth Paste provides a smooth, gentle washing action that speedily loosens dingy film and floats it away like *magic*. You clean your teeth quicker, easier. Your brushing gets *results*—in teeth that sparkle with lovely natural brilliance.

Completes the formula for beautiful teeth

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds *instantly* to your brush—cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that *shows up* old-fashioned methods.

Your teeth feel clean and stay bright much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it! You'll no longer be a Disappointed Scrub-Hard.

All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM.

Pepsodent alone among
Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .

Pepsodent requires NO SOAP . . .
contains NO GRIT . . . NO PUMICE
— Safe!

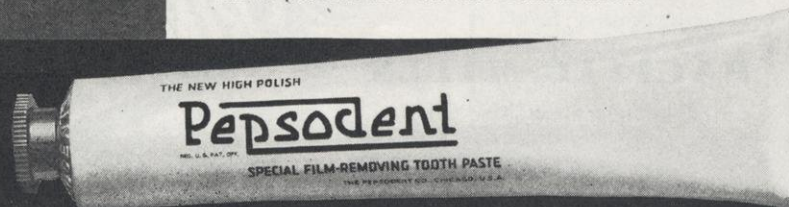
BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .

Pepsodent gently floats film away
— instead of scraping it off.
— Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .

Pepsodent Tooth Paste leaves your
mouth feeling clean and wholesome.
— Refreshing!

Change to **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**
IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM



You'll want plenty of

PACIFIC CRINKLES

This summer

BECAUSE they have a way of making themselves wanted. Because they're smart... practical... and ridiculously easy to launder (no ironing necessary).

For active sports we suggest *Idlease*, a medium weight seersucker; for spectator sports, afternoon and evening, *Blister Sheer*, a very light weight.

Not illustrated, but just as important, are those other Pacific Crinkles, *Kwanto Crepe*, *Cris Crinkle*, and *Flock Crinkle*. Look at dresses of these smart cottons and you'll want them!

At smart stores everywhere... all identified by the Pacific hang-tag, your assurance not only of style-rightness but of unusual value.

PACIFIC MILLS
214 Church Street, New York

Under One Flag

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

along the creeks and rivers thousands of miners are panning for gold. In the hills a few of the hard-rock boys are hard at work. The old camps are being gone over by the big companies. Most of the individuals, out panning, are able to make fair wages. In the early days there were two great camps, Jacksonville in the southern part of Oregon, and Whisky Gulch (Canyon City) in the eastern part. Both were found by miners who had worked north from California.

➤ WALLA WALLA, in southeastern Washington, is a pleasant little city which is more famous for its name than for anything else—"They liked the town so well they named it twice," is the rather thin wisecrack of the pioneers. It is near the site of the famous mission of Dr. Whitman, where the bloodiest Indian massacre of the Northwest took place. Walla Walla has the state penitentiary, in which many of the worst thugs in America have been incarcerated at one time or another. Whitman College at Walla Walla turns out some remarkably good football teams. Indeed the whole Northwest, from Montana westward, is football-crazy.

Many of the state institutions of Oregon are at Salem, the capital, a quiet place. The state university is at Eugene and the state agricultural college is at Corvallis. Mention of Corvallis must remind old barnyard fans of the town's chief claim to distinction—the great Hen of Corvallis. This remarkable hen, a Leghorn, laid three hundred and sixty eggs in one year. Last fall an upstart farmer in Japan named Kichi Fujikura laid claim to the record, saying his Leghorn had laid three hundred and sixty-one eggs in a year. Things looked pretty ominous for a time, until the United States Department of Agriculture decided that the world's record really was held by a Black Orpington hen which laid three hundred and sixty-three eggs in New Zealand in 1930. But they are still proud of the Hen of Corvallis.

➤ THE Indians and the glories and savagery of the old Indian war days are mostly a memory now in the Northwest—something for students to worry about. They dress up for the tourists in Glacier National Park and in other playgrounds, especially along Puget Sound, but nobody pays much attention to them. The wars against the Cayuses, the Rogues and the Yakimas seem long ago, although it was less than a century. In some of the reservations one may to this day see a rather curious sight—an Indian in a blanket, living in a tepee in the most primitive conditions, reading

English poetry, a taste he had picked up in some eastern college.

It is possible that the entire Pacific Northwest has softened up a bit with the advance of civilization. Even the men in the lumber camps, those rough fellows of legend, who followed the humps of timberland from Maine across through Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, only in the end to run smack up against the Pacific Ocean, are living a civilized life today. They have table manners; they sleep under sheets; they have married, and they send their children to school. Machinery for cutting down and handling the great Douglas firs has made their work simpler.

Not many of the younger people of the Northwest know or care much about Father De Smet, the early missionary who wrote some revealing journals; or about old John McLoughlin, who represented the Hudson's Bay Company in Vancouver and was so kind to American settlers, only to have them forget him in his last days; or about John Jacob Astor, who sent the first two sheep to that country; or about David Thompson, one of the greatest geographers of all time, who surveyed that vast region and did it well; or about brave Joseph Lane, first governor of Oregon Territory, who was not afraid of a whole horde of armed Indians. No. They are like people everywhere.

➤ TO THE east a few tenacious visionaries still believe they can make a living dry-farming. The cowman can't understand the sheep man. More than one shopkeeper, upright in all other matters, will feel no twinge of conscience in palming off a fake, cleverly made, as a genuine old rifle used by the pioneers to knock over rambunctious Cayuse Indians. The thin young man in Tacoma works in a furniture factory and his interests and vague ambitions and romantic desires are little different from those of the young man in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who works in another sort of factory. The Reverend E. Stanley Jones, the British evangelist, comes to town, fills a church, and gets his name in the papers. Mother was among the first to read *Gone With the Wind*, and she is going to the state convention of clubwomen. The bluenoses think there is something wrong, something which may lead to sinister doings, in allowing young women to serve beer and light wines in a restaurant or at a bar; they must do something about it when the legislature meets.

That is to say, the Northwest appears to be a part of the United States.



Royal beauty, simply garbed



Yardley's English Lavender—the cool, distinctive breath of gardens by the sea, 45c to \$35.

ATTEND with us, for the moment, the loveliest party in the world. "Gowns by all famous dress-makers; refreshments by the royal kitchens; compliments by officers of the Guard—and—*light by nature.*" So might your invitation read between the lines. But we venture to say that among all the fluttering, graceful women at the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, not one will give a thought but gratitude to the light of day. True beauty walks loveliest by daylight, in simplicity, they say. And women who take one of the most formal social functions in the world in full light must be skilled in beauty care. Our Yardley formulae have that simplicity, too, of perfection.

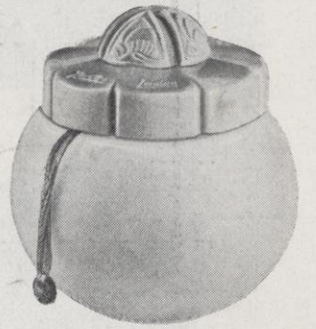
May we now offer them to you — through fine stores everywhere. We'll send you our book, W-6, "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," to tell you about them. Just send a card to: Yardley & Co., Ltd., 620 Fifth Ave. (Rockefeller Center), New York; 33, Old Bond St., London; Paris; Toronto; Sydney.



YARDLEY'S SUNPROOF LOTION, \$1.10. Screens out harmful rays and prevents ugly burned patches on the neck and arms, and unbecoming tan all season. YARDLEY'S SUNTAN OIL will brown you sweetly, evenly and painlessly. \$1.35.




YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER SOAP, whose fragrant, gentle lather will cool, cleanse, and sweeten you. Imperative beauty point for complexions in warm weather. 35c a tablet, \$1.00 a box of three.



YARDLEY'S COMPLEXION CREAM—light, cool and, oh, so necessary. Use after your soap-and-water cleansing to recleanse and prevent summer skin deterioration. \$1.10. (Use YARDLEY'S NIGHT CREAM [\$1.10], also, if you are weather-beaten. YARDLEY'S FOUNDATION [85c], if you have trouble keeping powder on in summer.)




YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER FACE POWDER and YARDLEY'S ENGLISH COMPLEXION POWDER (for dry skins)—so lovely and lasting they're a boon on warm days. In 7 unusually subtle shades, including English Peach and Gipsy. \$1.10 a box.



White is
so Difficult

Hazel Rawson Cades



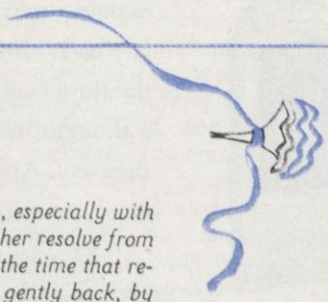
A bride to be completely satisfactory, we understand, should have golden hair, blue eyes and a look halfway between that of an angel and Dresden china. As if this ideal were not sufficient handicap, brides have to contend with wedding veils and strong emotional states. Humbly we suggest that the right make-up is a help to both mind and costume. How reassuring, for example, to walk up the aisle knowing that one's rouge is authentic Innocence. How comforting to be able to depend on a Dewy Complexion that is synthetic but sure. And on Blushing that is subtly contributed by the shade of one's face powder.



There are some girls who can't even get to the altar on time. We suggest, a little vulgarly probably, that haste on a hot day is apt to lead to perspiration, a shiny nose and—may we say, perhaps,—a slightly blowzy look? Hollywood has tested out a foundation cream that can stand klieg lights and ought to get a girl through a wedding ceremony without powdering her nose. You use just a tiny bit, blend with water, let it "set," blot it carefully and make up. For subtlety try ivory under natural powder or natural under brunette powder, according to your complexion.

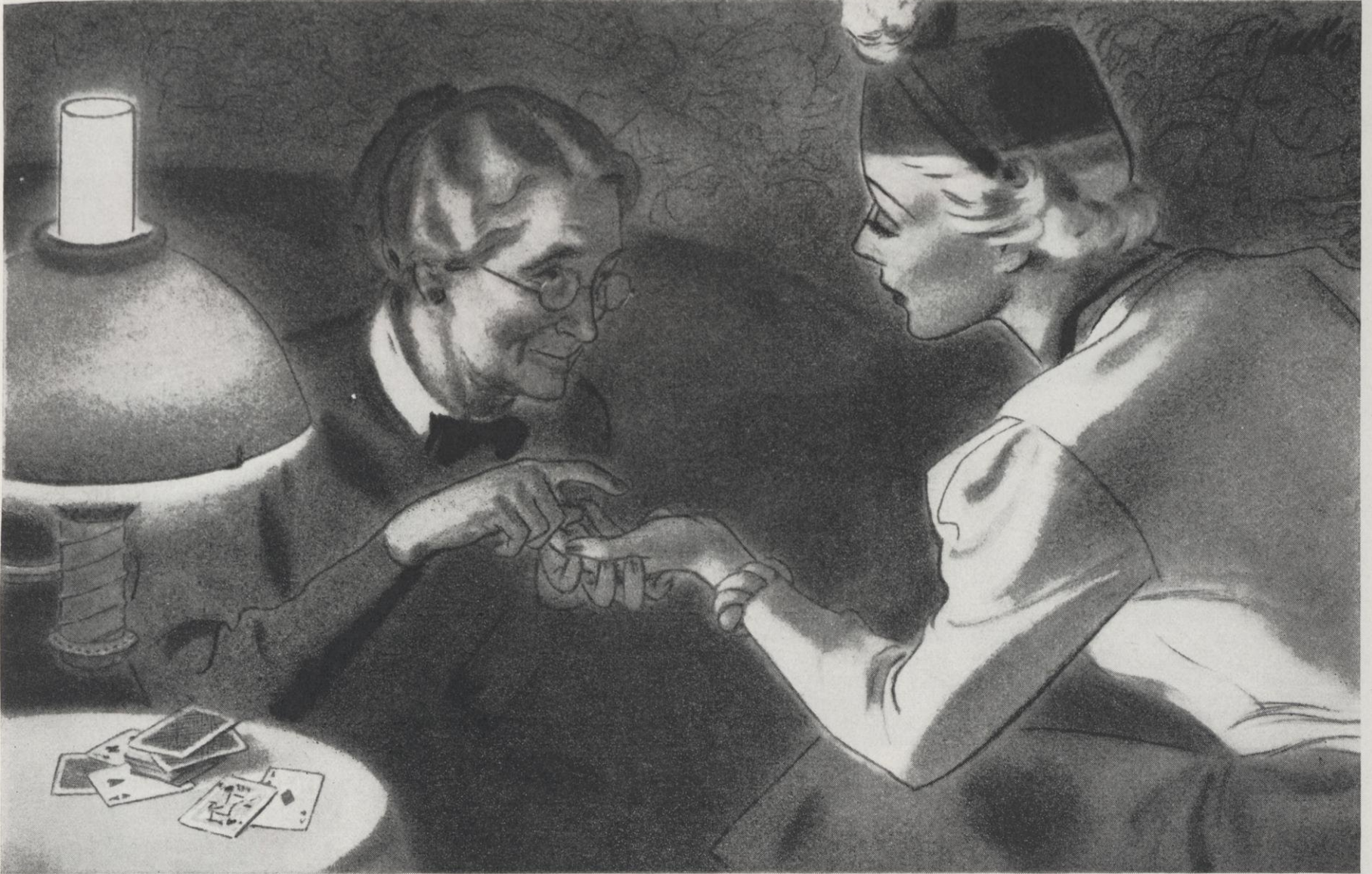


Is she scared, or just one of those ruthless women who march on matrimony with a relentless eye? I saw a little frightened redhead bride last week who was completely made over by an exciting make-up ensemble in a shade they call Champagne. But for those dark stern ones, I have never been able to think of anything more appropriate than a Victoire lipstick which I advise combining tactfully with Illusion face powder. This seems a good place to speak also of the romantic influence of the right eye shadow—Azure or Violet, let us say, or a Silvery Mist.



I love freckles, but not with wedding veils. I hate sunburn, especially with white satin. If any athletic June bride-to-be reads this, let her resolve from now on to protect her skin as far as possible. And to use the time that remains before her great day in trying to lead her sunburn gently back, by facial care as well as make-up camouflage, toward that delicately beguiling pink-and-white look that is now in vogue (see how to get an English complexion, page 60).

News about make-up is always fascinating. Our new make-up leaflet has good ideas not only for the bride but for any other woman who takes her make-up seriously. If you would like a copy send a three-cent stamp to Hazel Rawson Cades, Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Ask for "Summer Make-up."



"You have an enemy—a beautiful blonde
IT'S YOURSELF!"

"I see a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has been estranged.

"I see merry gatherings, parties—but you do not seem to be present.

"I see a trip for you—but you are going alone.

"I see an enemy. She is a lovely blonde. It's you, yourself, my dear!"

How many fortunes could be told—and truly—in just this way!

The most dangerous enemy a woman ever has is herself. For it is her own failings which defeat her—faults which she does not see, and so cannot correct.

It's a common experience to meet a girl who seems to have everything—beauty, brains, personality. And

yet one personal fault holds her back—a fault with which the social and business worlds have no patience. *The annoying odor of underarm perspiration on person and clothing.*

It's hard to see how she can be so careless. Or how she can be unconscious of it herself.

It is doubtless because she thinks her daily bath protects her. And yet, of course, all soap and water can do is to cleanse for the moment. They cannot protect in the hours to come.

The smartest, busiest women choose one unflinching way to be safe at all times. The daily Mum habit!

So quick and easy to use! It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Just smooth a quick fingertipful under each arm—that's all there is to it! No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing. Mum is the only

deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. You'll like this about Mum, too—you can use it even on a sensitive skin right after shaving your underarms. It soothes and cools.

Lasts all day. Use Mum in the morning and just forget your underarms. You're safe for all day!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. And this is important! You can always count on Mum to prevent every trace of unpleasant body odor and yet it doesn't interfere with natural perspiration.

Protect that niceness of person which is such an important part of success, by the daily Mum habit. It's so quick and easy and sure! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



FOR SANITARY NAPKINS there's nothing quite so effective as Mum—and so comforting to your peace of mind!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

English Accent

by Gadabout



↪ A CAT, they say, can look at a king. Lots of people have gone to London lately to do that very thing. And we, Gadabout, even across the Atlantic Ocean have felt the repercussions of the great event. In fact, when we began planning this page we found that the English accent had so far penetrated the news of the month that we decided to go the whole way with it.

The special coronation package which holds the perfume and compact at extreme right is pretty exciting. The perfume we have mentioned before, but the combination compact and lipstick—very regal with ermine motif—is new. And they are packed together in a truly elegant red-velvet-lined box.

You have probably been hearing a lot this spring about English complexions. We went the other day to have a facial at an English salon which has recently transplanted itself from London to New York, and we were enchanted with the thoroughness and simplicity of the treatment. To massage your face they use a secret gadget which they keep locked in their safe at night for fear their satisfied customers will turn burglars. And they include in the facial probably the most thorough face shampoo you have had since you were six. Their milk of roses, a delicious powder base lotion, is illustrated.

In the ivory box with crimson honeybee motif (below) is a new English complexion face powder which—light, fine and clinging—is especially concocted for dry skins. In seven shades, including English peach. This seems a good spot also to remind you that coronation

red is new for lips and fingertips. And that there is also a new face powder shade called Windsor rose.

There is quite definitely a feeling for perfumes with an English accent. One perfumer has brought out an Elizabethan scent in honor of the coronation. Another suggests a revival of Jacqueminot rose which probably you haven't thought of for years, but which sounds nice when you're reminded of it. We hope carnation is back to stay a long time. And we could also stand quite a lot of good violet perfume.

↪ FOR a long time friends have been murmuring to us of a shop where they carry delicious English bath things and flower perfumes in little known odors. So we went around and succumbed to such notions as bean blossom (though we haven't the slightest idea how a bean blossom should smell). And to lemonthyme and wallflower, honeysuckle, stephanotis, tea rose and English violets.

How we've run on—and here we are with no room to tell you about the wave-length hairbrush which we are crazy about, and the lavender with atomizer which is going to make life so pleasant for a lot of people. Both are illustrated below, but for the fascinating details you will have to see the June Good-looking Glass. If you'll send your name and address on a post card we shall be glad to see that this monthly bulletin is sent to you regularly without charge. Address Hazel Rawson Cades, Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Illustrators: The Baldwins



I COULDN'T BE MORE ALONE ON A DESERT ISLAND



BUT THEN — THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW — GINNY GOT A HINT...



BABS — THAT LONELY GIRL ON THE PORCH LOOKS AWFULLY NICE

BUT, MOTHER, HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED HOW CARELESS SHE IS?



ABOUT PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS? YES, BUT DON'T FORGET, DEAR, IT'S EASY FOR ANY OF US TO OFFEND THESE DAYS

NOT IF YOU'RE EXTRA CAREFUL NEVER TO WEAR UNDIES A SECOND TIME. AND AFTER ALL, MOTHER, YOU KNOW IT'S SO EASY TO LUX THEM!



LATER

A PACKAGE OF LUX, PLEASE

THANK GOODNESS I OVERHEARD WHAT BABS SAID TO HER MOTHER. LUCKY FOR ME I CAN BUY LUX, NO MATTER WHERE I AM ON VACATION

A WEEK LATER

GINNY, STOP PLEASE. I'VE LAUGHED TILL I'M WEAK

AND BESIDES YOU PROMISED ME THIS DANCE

REMEMBER, THE NEXT IS MINE

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A WEEK — AND LUX — CAN MAKE



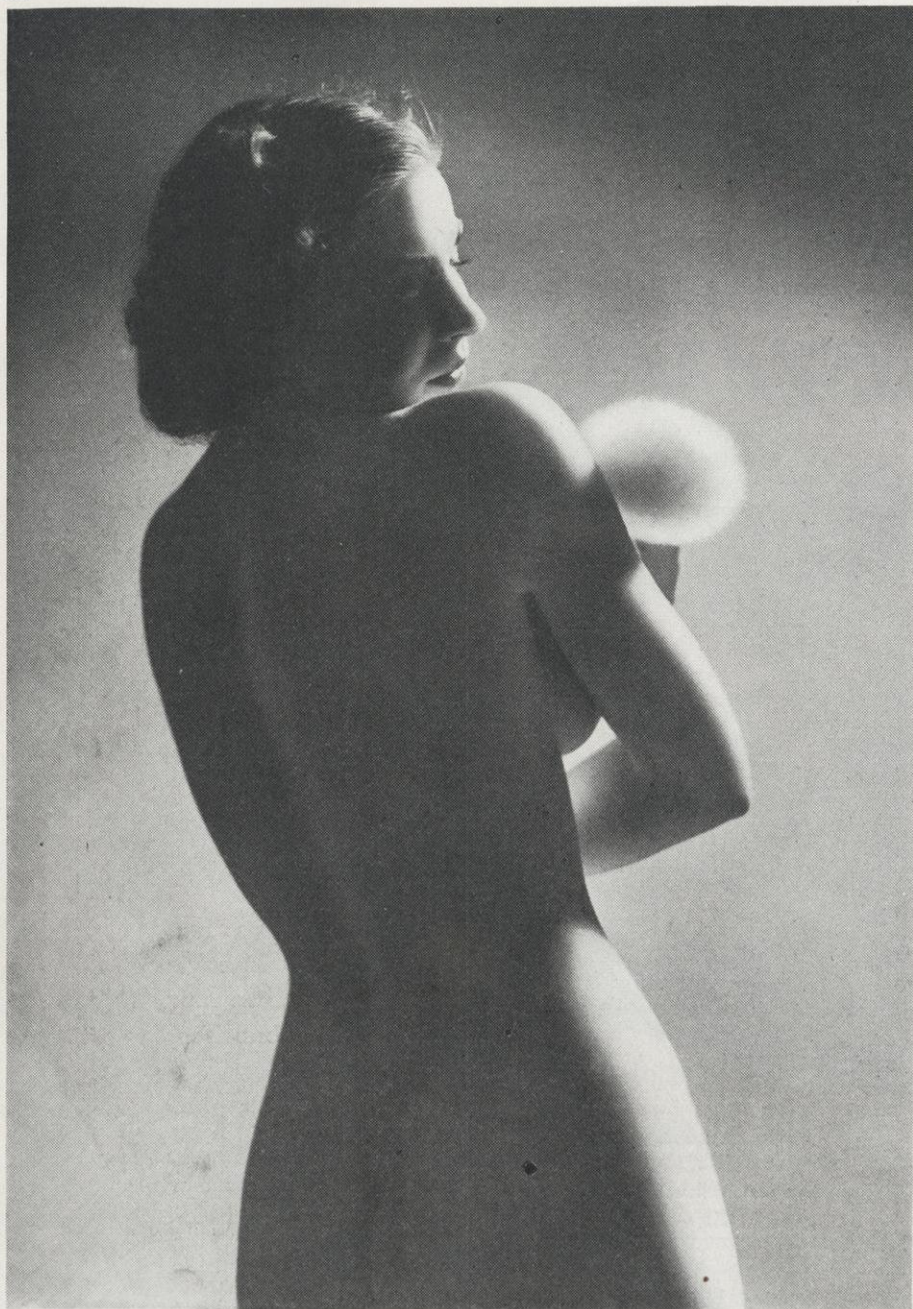
Avoid Offending

A girl can't expect to have the *super*-vacation she longs for unless she's *super*-fastidious about daintiness! We all perspire — more than ever in warm weather—and the penetrating odor clings especially to underthings. Popular girls never risk offending—they Lux underthings after each wearing. They know how safely and surely Lux whisks away every trace of perspiration odor.

Lux has no harmful alkali to fade colors—wear things out. Avoids cake-soap rubbing, too. Anything safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux.



—takes away perspiration odor... saves colors, too



Story of Charm

Evening in Paris brings you Keyed Scents in Bath Accessories and Perfume

When your perfume and bath accessories are in different odors they clash, just as inharmonious colors clash. But when they all match, their fragrance seems a living part of you, like your hair and eyes.

Evening in Paris makes it easy for you to wear matching odors by bringing you *Keyed Scents* in perfume, eau de cologne and bath powder. Here's how you use them:

You begin with your skin . . . after your tub, Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne leaves you refreshed and delicately perfumed from head to toes.

Follow with a mist of Evening in Paris Bath Powder to waft its fragrance through your clothing. Then, for perfume highlights, touch Evening in Paris Perfume to your hair, ear lobes, lips, and the palms of your hands.

You can get Evening in Paris Perfume, Bath Powder and Eau de Cologne at your favorite drug or department store.



Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

Artist's Life

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

"Just only the dance music. I'm going to be a dancer. My name's Kit."

"Mine's Eddie. Come on, then, we better get going."

Kit took off one skate and gave it to Eddie; it was a little too short but all right. They scooted down the pavement toward the lake.

"I'm going to be a musician," said Eddie taking a long slide.

"We'll give recitals together," said Kit swinging into a deep curtsy. "You'll play and I'll dance."

"O. K.," said Eddie.

ONCE they reached the boat-house, closed and black, they took off their skates and walked around to the dock. The rowboats were piled one inside the other out of the water.

"Oh, look," said Eddie.

There was a rowboat tied at the end of the dock.

"Probably your kid brother found another one like that," said Kit. "Come on."

They climbed silently into the boat, untied the rope and pushed off. They sat side by side, each pulling an oar. The edges of the lake were lit here and there with lamps and near the lamps the trees flickered and shone when their leaves moved. There were people everywhere, lying on the grass, holding hands on the benches, but no one looked up when the boat slid past.

"It's like a fairy tale and as if they were all enchanted," said Kit.

"My kid brother's got on an Indian suit, in case we see him."

But they didn't see him. They rowed all around the silent gleaming lake and found no trace of Sammie.

"Have to look some place else," said Kit. "Maybe the Rambles."

"O. K.," said Eddie. "We better get in quietly in case—"

HEY, you kids, there," bawled an Irish voice. "I'll be thankin' you to come along in out of that."

"A cop!" whispered Eddie. "We got to beat it."

"Well, I'm beating it," whispered Kit. "Can't you row any faster than that!"

She pulled so fast on her oar that the boat turned right around and went toward the dock again.

"Easy there, now," bawled the cop standing large and dark on the dock. "What's the meanin' of this, anyway. Hey!"

Because by now Eddie had the boat turned and he was counting, "One, two, three, dip. One, two, three, dip."

The boat slid rapidly through the water toward the dark shore on the other side where branches bent to the lake. The shouts of the cop died away. Kit giggled.

"What's so funny?" said Eddie. "We're looking for Sammie," said Kit. "And now the cop'll be looking for us."

Suddenly Eddie laughed too. They leaned over their oars and laughed and laughed without making a sound.

They sent the boat in under the trees and deep into the mud at the shore and scrambled out. Standing in the darkness on the grass near the sidewalk they each put on a skate.

"Otherwise it might look funny to the cop, in case the one at the dock sent out an alarm," said Kit.

They hobbled over the turf, skates sinking deeply into the earth, and then they went rattling over the pavement. Through the rattle of skates they heard the music of the concert floating over the park. They went uptown, around the curving walks, toward the Rambles, calling Sammie. Once a tall heavy man rose from a bench and answered.

"I guess I wouldn't be the Sammie you want," he said. "But I'm a Sam, used to be a Sammie."

"Oh, no," said Eddie, "thanks a lot just the same."

THEY slid along and suddenly they came to a lady standing under the trees weeping, a white chiffon handkerchief to her eyes.

"Pancho," she sobbed, "oh, here, Pancho; here, Pancho."

Kit and Eddie stopped stock-still and looked at the lady and then at each other. They hobbled over the grass to the weeping lady and saw that diamonds flashed on her arm and on her fingers.

"What's Pancho, please?" asked Eddie while Kit stared.

"He's my darling Chihuahua," wept the lady.

"Chihuahua?" said Kit.

"Chihuahua," said a man crawling out of the bushes, high hat appearing first. He stood up, tall and thin, white shirt gleaming. He dusted his black evening clothes. "A Chihuahua, my friends, is a Mexican hairless dog, small and of a rather unpleasant dun color."

"Didn't you find him!" said the lady, handkerchief to her eyes again. "Oh, Norris, I told you not to let him off the leash. That valuable dog! Oh, Pancho!"

The tall man took off his high hat and shut it—click!—to a black pancake which he stuck under his arm.

"Back to the bushes," he said. "Or—look here, were you two particularly busy just now?"

"Sort of," said Eddie, thinking fast. "Was that dog very valuable?"

"Oh, very!" said the lady. "And such a darling!"

"Would you give a reward?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 64]

Did you write this letter?

This letter, signed "Former Dumb-bell," was recently received by the makers of Modess. They believe it will be of interest to many women.

Dear Modess People—

Meet the former champion dumb-bell of the world! For years I have bought a brand of sanitary napkins simply from habit. You'd think a woman's natural curiosity would cause her to try some other kind . . . but not me!

Without thinking, I just went on asking for the same old kind of napkins I started buying so many years ago! It never occurred to me improvements might have been made . . . the same as in everything else!

Then — while visiting a friend, I happened to borrow some Modess. What a difference!

Modess is so much softer and more comfortable it makes other napkins seem impossible! And — what blessed assurance that "certain-safe" protective backing brings!

Modess has brought me so much comfort — both physical and mental — I thought the least I could do was write and say so!

Maybe I'm not the only woman who's been buying those other napkins just from habit. If so, I know as well as I know my own name — if they'll try Modess once — they'll never buy anything else again.

Very truly yours,

Former Dumbbell



SOFTER

Cut a Modess pad in two. See the fluffy, soft-as-down filler! Just feel it! Compare this with ordinary napkins made of crêpe layers! See for yourself why Modess stays soft and comfortable . . . why it never becomes stiff and rasping in use . . . never chafes!



SAFER

Then look at another Modess feature—the moisture-proof backing that prevents "striking through." No other pad gives you this special "certain-safe" protection. Wear the side marked by a blue thread away from the body . . . and peace of mind is yours!

Get in the habit
of saying
"Modess"

*So you're going
to have*

A BABY



Of course, your doctor has told you about the importance of correct diet...the necessity for plenty of calcium and phosphorus and Vitamin D to safeguard your *own* teeth and to lay the foundation for sound tooth and bone structure in the baby to come.

And we are sure that he will confirm the following. That Cocomalt is an excellent source of Vitamin D, as well as calcium and phosphorus. And, of course, Vitamin D *must* be present for your system to utilize the bone-building calcium and phosphorus.

Cocomalt is also rich in iron—something seriously lacking in nearly all foods—and necessary for good, red blood. And here's another advantage. Cocomalt makes milk more palatable. Then, too, it is rich in malt enzymes that help to promote better digestion.

In fact, Cocomalt can be recommended on many scores to the expectant mother, for it is such a splendid *protective food drink*. And, of course, is equally beneficial to the nursing mother. Easy to mix with either hot or cold milk, its distinctive flavor is unusually inviting and refreshing.

Cocomalt can be purchased in grocery and drug stores, in ½-lb., 1-lb. purity sealed cans and in the economical 5-lb. hospital size.

Cocomalt is the registered trade-mark of R. B. Davis Co., Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt



Artist's Life

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

asked Eddie. "As much as twenty dollars for instance?"

"I personally am prepared to give twenty dollars," said the tall man, "provided you will take on the bushes."

"Wah, wah, wah, wah!" sounded from far away.

"There he is!" cried Kit.

"All right," said Eddie. "We'll look for your dog and if we find him we get the reward."

"Absolutely," said the tall man, sitting down on a bench and taking a cigarette case from his pocket.

"If you'll only find him," sobbed the lady.

"May I inquire if you have also lost something?" asked the tall man, smoking a cigarette and crossing his legs comfortably.

"Uh-huh," said Eddie through the lady's sobs. "My kid brother, Sammie. Which way did your dog run?"

"In the general direction of the war whoops," said the tall man. "Would they be Sammie?"

"They're Sammie, all right," said Eddie. "O. K., then. Probably we could look for both at once. Come on, Kit."

"HOW was it you asked for just twenty dollars?" said Kit while they crawled under the bushes. "Here, Pancho; here, Sammie!"

"Because that's just enough to send Sammie to a play group for the summer." He told Kit what it was like to take care of Sammie.

"I get it," said Kit.

"Naturally half the reward's yours, though."

"We didn't find either of them yet," said Kit. "You know what I'd much rather have? A dog. Maybe I could buy one with my reward."

They crawled under bushes on their hands and knees, pushing back the thin scratchy branches, rubbing their arms and faces when twigs stung them. Sometimes they called to Pancho, sometimes they were silent, trying to surprise the valuable Chihuahua. At last Kit put out her hand into the dark and touched something woolly.

"Oh, here, nice Pancho," she cried clinging to what felt like a live doormat. "Eddie, I've got him."

"Hang on," said Eddie scrambling to her. They carried the doormat to the lawn and looked at it. It was a medium-sized dog, colored a gray which might have been dirt or might have been natural; thick gray hair hung over his eager shining eyes.

"Pancho," said Kit and the dog's short gray tail wagged and his eyes shone.

"I guess it's Pancho, all right," said Eddie, "except that man said it was a Mexican hairless dog."

"He answers to Pancho all right. Isn't he a swell dog!"

Eddie walked away over the lawn.

"Here—uh—Rover," he called. "Go on, you let go, Kit, and we'll see. Here, Rover!"

The woolly gray dog bounded over the lawn to Eddie and leaped at him.

"He just answers to anything and he looks all wrong, anyway."

"He's a swell dog, though," said Kit.

ANOTHER dog stood at the edge of the bushes, tail wagging, ears cocked.

"Here, Rover," called Eddie and this dog gamboled across the lawn and rolled over.

"He's certainly no good. He's practically a wire-hair. Come on, Kit."

Followed by the two dogs Kit and Eddie climbed a hill, digging their skates into the lawn and panting up, calling now Pancho, now Sammie. At the top of the hill they paused looking down over the park. People were everywhere, lying on the grass, sitting on the benches, strolling over the paths.

"Sam-mie-ie," called Eddie.

"Pan-cho-o," called Kit.

Another dog tore up the hill and bounded at them, nearly knocking them over.

"That's a collie," said Kit. "I like the first one best still. Listen, Eddie—"

"What?" said Eddie.

"What do you think a Chihuahua looks like, anyway?" said Kit.

"I think maybe kind of large and unshaggy," said Eddie.

"I was thinking smallish and pinkish," said Kit. "I bet you we won't know that Chihuahua when we see it."

THEY hobbled out to the asphalt path which wound over the hill and flew down it on their one skate apiece. At the bottom of the hill they stopped again, surrounded by dogs, and called loudly.

"Ahoy, there!" a voice answered and a sailor came down the hill. "Mates, did you happen to be looking for a kid in an Indian suit?"

A short fat man rose from the grass.

"Maybe you like to find littla boy wit' feathers?" said he.

"That's right," said Kit.

"And a Chihuahua," said Eddie.

"Couldn't say as to that," the sailor said. "But the Indian kid was stalking an ice-cream cone when I saw him. Down by the menagerie."

"That's a right," said the short fat man. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 66]

"HE'S NEVER HAD
CANVAS SHOES THAT WORE
HALF SO LONG BEFORE!"

MILLIONS HAVE FOUND IT OUT

Better Hood Canvas Shoes *Outwear as Many as 7 Pairs* of ordinary cheap ones!

For Boys
and growing
youngsters



High cut athletic
shoes and
oxfords for girls



NO matter how hard your children are on shoes, here's a way you can save money!

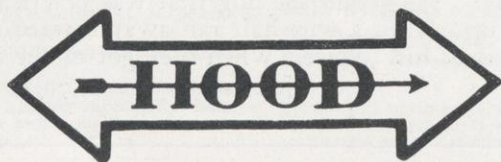
Next time get them Hood Canvas Shoes!

Here are canvas shoes built to give much more wear for every penny you spend. Actual wear tests show that many Hood Canvas Shoes give from 2 to 7 times the wear of ordinary cheap canvas shoes! (See table at right.)

No matter how much or how little you can spend—ask for Hood Canvas Shoes and your money will go further!

Hood Shoes, made by the Xtrulock Molded Process, have no seams to chafe the feet or wear out stockings! Remember, too, every Hood Canvas Shoe has the famous Hygeen Insole and Ventilated Uppers. Hood Rubber Co., Inc., Watertown, Mass.

POSTURE FOUNDATION—Many Hood models are made with "Posture Foundation"—a special device that gives better body posture, more comfort and provides *Insurance Against Flat Feet*.



CANVAS SHOES

HOOD SAVES YOU MONEY

Here are a few examples of the savings you make by selecting Better Grades of Hood Canvas Shoes. Prices of the styles listed below range from less than \$1.00 to \$2.00. Yet *look* at the longer wear!

THE COOLEE OUTWEARS 2 PAIRS

of the lowest-priced canvas shoes

THE JAVA OUTWEARS FROM 2 TO 4 PAIRS

of the lowest-priced canvas shoes

THE MOGUL (With Posture Foundation) OUTWEARS FROM 4 TO 5 PAIRS

of the lowest-priced canvas shoes

THE HYKESHU (With Posture Foundation) OUTWEARS FROM 5 TO 7 PAIRS

of the lowest-priced canvas shoes

Artist's Life

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64]

"You didn't happen to see the Chihuahua too, did you?" asked Kit. "Could you tell us what it looks like?"

The sailor shook his head no and the short fat man shook his head yes.

"You find in menagerie Chihuahua-what-you-say. Is maybe dangerous, no? Is beeg, kinda black—"

"Thanks a lot," said Eddie and the short fat man sank back on the grass again, waving his hand graciously to show that it was a pleasure to be of assistance.

"Anchors aweigh, mates," said the sailor and Kit and Eddie shot off in the direction of the menagerie. The three dogs followed, barking. But when they came to the menagerie the dogs were still, huddling together against Kit and Eddie so that they could scarcely move. Crowds of people stood at the ice-cream and hot-dog stand but Sammie was not among them.

"He couldn't have gone far," said Eddie. "Let's look around."

"Do you think that Chihuahua's really dangerous?" asked Kit, moving slowly over the asphalt path toward the cages.

"Uh-huh, maybe," said Eddie. "We better find Sammie."

They wheeled around the seals' pond and a shining black seal rose from the water and flung himself at the rocks along shore. He galumphed heavily to the bars and stared at them, his long whiskers streaming down each side of his disdainful face.

"Sam-mie-ie," called Eddie.

"Pan-cho-o," called Kit.

The whole menagerie answered, like a jungle coming alive. Howls, grunts, roars, rose from the cages all around; birds shrieked, monkeys chattered, hyenas laughed.

"Gosh!" said Eddie.

The dogs whined and shivered and still the huge noise rose from the cages.

"What's all this," said an Irish voice close to Kit.

"The cop!" whispered Kit. "Come on!"

Kit and Eddie slid around the monkey house and peered out. They saw the cop stride by, looking bigger than anyone else.

"We better find Sammie," said Kit. "I bet you he's frightened."

"There he is," said Eddie. "He certainly doesn't look scared. My gosh, what's he doing?"

Sammie came down the path toward the monkey house, tomahawk in one hand, ice-cream cone in the other; he stuck the ice-cream cone into the neck of his blouse and his whole blouse moved strangely.

"Sammie," said Eddie. "What do you think you're doing?"

Sammie did not look up. His feathered head was bent over his blouse.

"I got my prey cornered," he said. "Eddie, I caught a wild beast or maybe something like a thin rabbit."

"Where?" asked Kit.

"Who're you?" said Sammie still not looking up. "See, I got it in my blouse. I'm feeding it."

"Take it out," said Eddie. "Let's see it."

Sammie handed his tomahawk to Kit and his ice-cream cone to Eddie; he pulled his blouse up from his pants and took out a small brown animal with bright eyes and spindly legs.

"Pancho!" cried Kit suddenly and the tiny animal looked up and barked shrilly. At this the other dogs jumped up and barked, and the monkeys leaped and chattered.

"That's it, all right," said Eddie. "Just that good ole Chihuahua."

"I bet you," said Sammie instantly. "It's a Chihuahua and I caught it."

"YOU caught what!" said the Irish cop looming up beside them. Eddie and Kit moved away but Sammie looked up at the cop.

"Just some prey I cornered," he said.

"An' all these is some other prey, I suppose," said the cop pointing to the other dogs. "Why, there's that mutt's been wanderin' around the park for days. We've been trying to catch him but he's like greased lightnin'."

"If he isn't anybody's then he's mine," said Kit. "He's just the kind of a dog I want."

"Easy there, now, easy," said the cop. He stared at Kit and Eddie. "Say, you're the two kids was out in a boat just now. Don't you know that's against the law?"

"Well, we were looking for my kid brother," said Eddie.

"And, well, we were looking for that Chihuahua too," said Kit.

"That what?" said the cop. "That fake dog the kid's holding? Say, what would anyone be doing with a joke like that?"

"You come along, if you don't believe us," said Eddie. "There's a reward and everything."

"Reward?" said Sammie. "What kind of a reward? Anyway it's mine."

"Come along and we'll see," said the cop. So they formed a procession, with Sammie holding Pancho, Kit holding the tomahawk, Eddie holding the ice-cream cone and the cop stumbling over the three dogs and looking stern and as if he would like to laugh at the same time.

When they came near the hill a woman called, "Here, Rover!" and the dog that was practically a wire-hair ran away toward the voice. When they got to the top

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 70]



IF THEY KNEW—

They live on a dreamy Caribbean island, famed for its coconut groves. Every day the ripe home-grown nuts are on the family menu—temptingly fresh and delicious.

Yet you—thousands of miles from a coconut palm—can enjoy coconut even finer than this! For Baker knows how to take these freshly opened Caribbean nuts, shred their luscious meat into delicate curling tendrils, sweeten them—and then pack the creamy shreds into cans, so expertly that all the tropic flavor is protected for your enjoyment.

To get this wonderful treat ask your grocer for Baker's Coconut, Southern Style. It works miracles on a cake, or a pie. Try it tonight!

YOU NEVER TASTED SUCH COCONUT



NOW—at a new low price

Mail this coupon today for new Coconut Recipe Folder—free! The world's best coconut cakes, pies, desserts. GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. W. H. C. 6-37

Name _____

Street _____

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(If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. This offer expires December 31, 1937.)

Woman's Home Companion June 1937



Underwood Deviled Ham is just choice ham and spices—nothing else. It's the Underwood way of blending the savor of one with the tang of the other that makes it such a distinctive and delicious spread for sandwiches. (And such an appetizing ingredient for hors d'oeuvres, ham-and-egg dishes, Sunday suppers, etc.).

Underwood's now comes in the new Table Jars as well as the familiar tins. To find out how good it is, send 12 cents for a medium size tin, or 25 cents for a Table Jar.

WM. UNDERWOOD COMPANY
Watertown, Mass. — Dept. W-67

"Branded with the Devil . . .
but Fit for
the Gods"



UNDERWOOD

Deviled
Ham



"I NEVER HAVE
COOKING FAILURES
NOW!"

SAYS

Mrs. Modern

UTILIZING GAS, THE *Dependable* FUEL,
MAGIC CHEF GIVES HER PERFORMANCE THAT NEVER FAILS

● "Baking failures and cooking disappointments used to cause me a lot of worry as well as waste of time, fuel and food. To guard against meals or baking going wrong, I had to spend hours watching and fussing over my old range.

"That day is over now, thanks to my Magic Chef gas range. Gas cooking, the modern Magic Chef way, is so trouble-free and convenient, so easy and dependable that it doesn't bother me a bit to prepare even the most elaborate meal.

"With the Magic Chef top burners I can have an exact, dependable heat for every cooking need from simmer to hot fast fire—with a thousand heats in between. Whether I use a large cooking utensil or small, the heat spreads evenly over the whole bottom surface, so the cooking is uniform without cold spots or temperature extremes to cause failures.

"I can broil now comfortably without watching every minute to keep the meat from catching fire and filling the kitchen with smoke.

"I can bake with an ease and a certainty of perfect results I never knew before. There's no long waiting for the oven to heat and the heat

is distributed evenly throughout the oven. The Red Wheel Oven Regulator, once set, gives me the exact heat my recipe calls for and holds it accurately until the baking is done.

"While I have a cake or a whole meal in the oven I can attend to my work elsewhere in the house because the Red Wheel does the oven-watching. I can even go away for the afternoon and return to find a deliciously cooked meal waiting for me in my Magic Chef, ready to serve."

With unfailing, carefree performance that means more leisure and greater peace of mind, Magic Chef also insures a cooler, cleaner, more comfortable kitchen and definite savings on gas bills and food. Interested? Then go to your gas company office or Red Wheel dealer's store and ask for a demonstration. See the many Magic Chef models in all styles, sizes, and finishes, in a wide range of prices. For free folder describing the newest Magic Chef series, write American Stove Co., Dept. J, 86 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
BOSTON • NEW YORK • ATLANTA • CLEVELAND • CHICAGO
ST. LOUIS • PHILADELPHIA • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

★ TO MODERNIZE YOUR KITCHEN ★ START WITH THE GAS RANGE ★

MAGIC CHEF • SERIES 2700

A moderately priced series that embodies many unique and modern new features of outstanding merit. These include sturdy "Skyscraper" Construction; Divided Cooking Top, readily removable for easy cleaning; Semi-Direct Action High Speed Oven; Swing-Out Broiler which makes broiling more convenient and comfortable; Combination Condiment Shelf and Light Shade. Also standard Magic Chef features.

MAGIC CHEF FEATURES

MAGIC CHEF TOP BURNERS—Give a thousand even heats. Will not clog or corrode.
MAGIC CHEF AUTOMATIC TOP BURNER LIGHTERS.

SANITARY HIGH BURNER TRAYS—Conceal pipes and valves, protect them against boil-overs and food spillage.

RED WHEEL LORAIN OVEN REGULATOR—Cooks and bakes unattended. No guesswork or oven-watching.

FULLY INSULATED—Keeps kitchen cooler. Saves gas.

GRID-PAN BROILER—Two-piece with removable grid, porcelain enameled.* Basting reservoir to catch melted fats, prevents smoking or catching fire.

TIMER—Rings a warning automatically for any time set.

GRAYSON COOKING CLOCK, TELECHRON MOTORED (Extra charge) — Self-starting. Turns oven burner on and off automatically as desired.

***MONEL METAL** for Work Top and Broiler Grid (Extra charge)—Modern, stainless, easy to clean, noiseless, durable.

COOK WITH GAS • THE MODERN FUEL
For Greater Speed, Dependability,
Economy, Cleanliness, Convenience

Where gas main service is not available, Profox tank gas service may be obtained anywhere east of the Rockies.

LOOK FOR THE RED WHEEL WHEN YOU BUY A

Magic Chef
AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

GAS RANGE

HAVE TEETH THAT SHINE LIKE THE STARS'!



"Calox is undoubtedly a favorite dentifrice in Hollywood. It is particularly valuable for keeping the teeth sparkling and bright."

Claudette Colbert

Take a cue from Hollywood! Brush your teeth as movie stars do!

THEY DON'T guess about a dentifrice in Hollywood. Results have to *show*...to show in brilliant highlights that register on the screen.

Repeatedly, famous stars praise Calox Tooth Powder. They emphasize the luster it brings—the clean, fresh sparkle.

Perhaps you wish you could have teeth that "shine like the stars." Perhaps you can! Take better care of your teeth...use

the same fine, soft powder so many movie stars find best. Use Calox Tooth Powder—twice a day. Then—watch ugly stains disappear. Watch your teeth *brighten!*

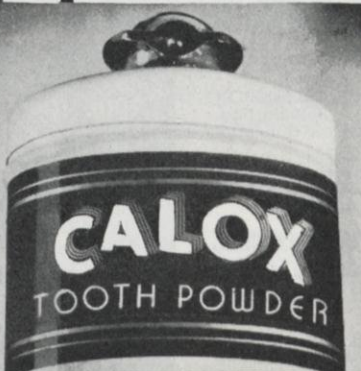
McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.

WHY HOLLYWOOD SAYS "O. K."

1. GIVES "HIGH-LUSTER" POLISH. Scientifically approved polishing ingredients get to work! Dullness disappears. Teeth start to sparkle.
2. SAFE BECAUSE IT'S SOFT. Calox contains no grit—no pumice—nothing that could scratch enamel.
3. RELEASES LIVE OXYGEN. Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent.
4. MADE WITH PRESCRIPTION CARE. Calox is made by McKesson & Robbins—who have supplied fine drugs to physicians and hospitals since 1833.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT, filming her newest Paramount picture, "I MET HIM IN PARIS." Plan to see it...and when you do, notice her "starry" smile.



Blue bench, red and white checked tablecloth and white-slatted awning make the terrace gay even when there are no flowers

A Garden Sun Trap

A NUMBER of years ago a friend and myself searched the shore north of Boston for a place where we could spend our summers. Eventually we found the perfect site but it had on it a rather disreputable shack, outhouses and a flimsy garage. Our intention was to demolish all these buildings at once. But the depression came along and the plans for the new house had to be regretfully folded away. The only solution was to make something presentable out

of what we had. By installing electricity and water, applying bright blue and white paint with a bold hand, bringing order to the grounds, transforming the old garage into a garden- and guest-house and building a garden and terrace beyond it, we made the place a small paradise, filled with sun and salty breezes. A high white fence protects the terrace (shown above and in detail below) from the boisterous east winds and makes it a veritable sun trap.





Garden design by
ELEANOR RAYMOND
Architect

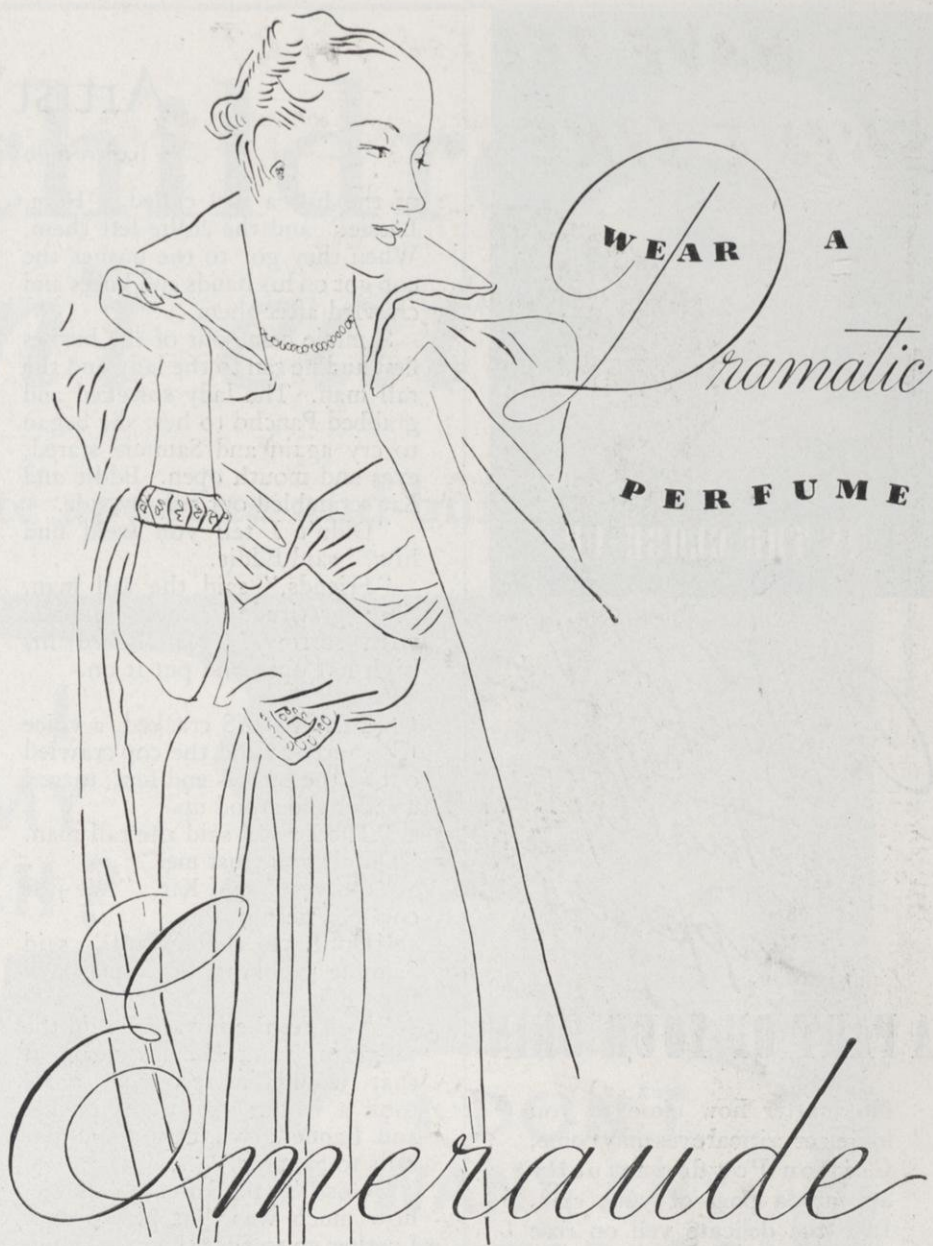
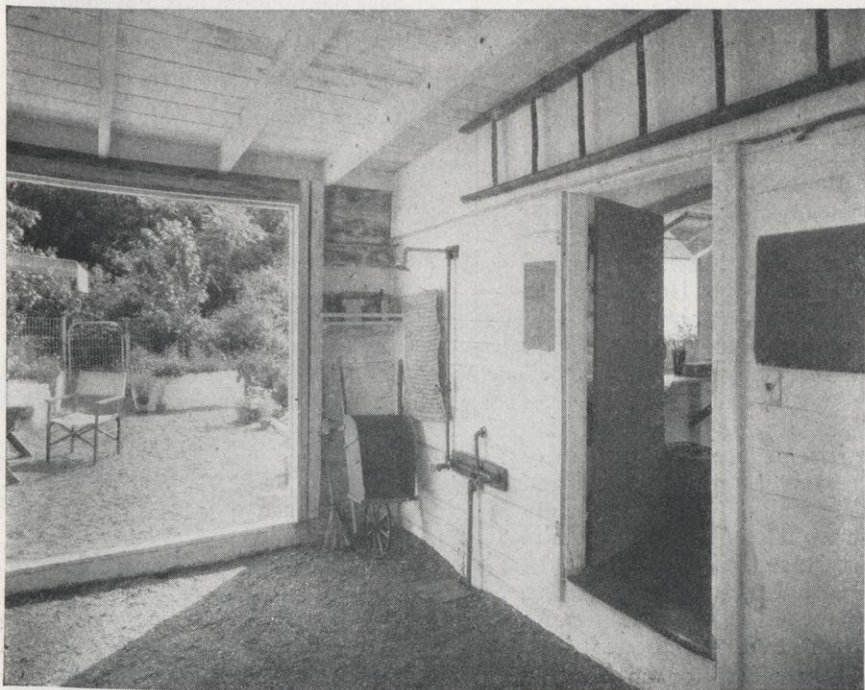
Described by ETHEL B. POWER

THE old garage became tool house and guest room and gateway to the new garden. Another large double door cut in its back wall made a frame for the garden picture beyond. Whitewashed inside and out, walls and roof, and with doors painted bright blue, it would not disgrace a Bermuda landscape. The floor is of small yellow pebbles brought up from the beach.

Opening from the transformed garage is our guest room, a small

space under the sloping roof with merely two beds and a shelf for furnishing. It boasts only the amenity of a shower just outside its door, but monastic as it is, it is never without occupant or applicant.

The garden has two levels, a pebble-paved terrace and a more compactly planted one two steps below. Soil had to be brought in for the garden so built-up beds retained by heavy whitewashed planks were logical and they also save stooping.



Emeraude...vivid, dramatic...is not for schoolgirls, though they will long for it as passionately as for a black satin evening gown! Emeraude is for you who can rise to the challenge of a richly colorful fragrance. The oriental note is handled with superlative taste. • From \$55 to a "Purser" at \$1. For "harmonized beauty," Coty also offers you other creations in the same fragrance... "Air-Spun" Powder...Eau de Cologne Parfumée...Bath Salts.



A DRAMATIC PERFUME BY

COTY



IN THE CLOSE-UP

*Chiffon Powder
actually
appears*

A PART OF YOUR SKIN

No matter how close to you loving or critical eyes may come, Chiffon Powder actually appears a part of your skin. Like the delicate veil on rose petals, this marvelous shine-proof powder is almost invisible.

It is made by a special process that removes all the shiny particles that reflect light. Because of its marvelous texture, it cannot clog the pores, yet it clings to your skin for hours, giving it that soft dull finish.

In the close-up, wear your powder like the rose—with Chiffon. In eight lovely shades, \$3 and \$1 the box, at leading department and drug stores. Primrose House, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York.



PRIMROSE HOUSE

Chiffon Powder

Woman's Home Companion June 1937

Artist's Life

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

of the hill a girl called, "Here, Lassie!" and the collie left them. When they got to the bushes the cop got on his hands and knees and crawled after them.

Sammie came out of the bushes first and he ran to the lady and the tall man. The lady shrieked and grabbed Pancho to her; she began to cry again and Sammie stared, eyes and mouth open. Eddie and Kit scrambled out side by side.

"Didn't I tell you we'd find him?" said Eddie.

"Friends," said the tall man, "my gratitude is not unmixed with sorrow." He clicked his high hat open and put it on.

BRANCHES cracked, a voice muttered and the cop crawled out of the bushes end first, turned around and stood up.

"The Law!" said the tall man. "Didn't you trust me?"

"Oh yes," said Kit. "We just couldn't help it."

"Do I get the reward?" said Sammie grabbing his tomahawk from Kit.

"You get the reward," said the tall man, "and also ice cream, if that would interest you." He took a wallet out of his pocket and handed two new ten-dollar bills to Sammie.

"Gosh!" said Sammie. "Eddie, how much was that play group? I rather go to that than anything. I wouldn't have to listen to your ole music."

"It's just exactly enough," said Eddie.

"Could I keep the dog?" asked Kit turning to the cop.

"Just don't let me catch him runnin' around this park," said the cop dusting his knees. "An' if ever I see you in a boat again—"

"Oh, thank you so much, Officer," cried the lady suddenly. "I don't know what I should have done without Pancho."

"All in the line of duty, ma'am," said the cop waving away her thanks grandly as he strode off.

They went to the nearest ice-cream stand and the man in the high hat bought them chocolate ice-cream cones all round.

"My friends," he said, "this has been a strenuous evening. With your permission, I shall retire. Good night." He shook hands with them and went away with the lady and Pancho.

Kit and Sammie and Eddie looked at each other and sighed.

"Oh, it was swell!" said Kit.

"Listen," said Eddie. They heard the music of the Künstlerleben Waltz looping and swinging through the sweet air. Kit began to dance very slowly, sliding on her one skate, the woolly dog ambling after her.

"I'll go to play group," said Sammie dreamily. "We'll play games all summer—"

Artist's Life, thought Eddie, that's what I'm going to have: Artist's Life.

Housewarming

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

bride and groom were going to test out a northern route to Europe for a new company called the Arctic Circle Airways.

"We'll just do the hops from landing field to landing field," Peter had explained. "It'll only take a few weeks and we'll get paid enough to live on for six months. You see, marriage is steadying me already."

"What does Patricia do?" Tony had asked.

"Oh, she's the photographer."

He had swept aside as nonsense Tony's suggestion that perhaps he had planned rather too strenuous a honeymoon for a girl who had always been a semi-invalid. He had said that Pat was perfectly well and that anyhow there was nothing strenuous about taking photographs. And Patricia had entered into the crazy plans like a little girl going to her first party. Certainly, Tony reflected now as she stirred a little in her sleep, Peter seemed to have been justified. Patricia still looked like a well-brought-up girl who would not refuse to take a tonic that was presented to her; she still looked as

if she had published two volumes of wiry but exquisite verse and would continue to look on at life a little remotely, trying to distill the more tenuous aspects of its drama into quatrains and sonnets. But she was gay and sunburned, there was a new confidence in her carriage and her voice and she looked as if she possessed a formula for secret happiness.

HE GULPED the rest of his Chianti, wondering why he should care so much about Patricia. There was no question about it—he did care very much. He wanted her to be happy. He wanted to give her whatever she wanted.

Patricia's voice startled him. "How long have I been asleep?"

"About four minutes."
"I hope you don't mind, because it's made a new woman of me." Tony sat down again and asked casually, "Going on from where we left off, I gather you're glad to be settling down?"

"Glad! I feel as if I ought to pay a formal call on heaven, to tell them how I feel about it."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 72]

Mothers praise the new Palm Beach



They find it the best all-round summer suit there is...They like the way it fits—holds its shape—washes or cleans—and sheds dust. They like the long sturdy wear it gives...its perfect comfort on cool days and hot.

These clever garments are tailored with the same expert care that makes men's Palm Beach suits the national favorites—and they're priced to give the most in value. You'll find them at your favorite store in a wide choice of sizes, models, colors and patterns for every occasion of Summer or early Fall.

Shown above are the new double-breasted and sport back Rugby suits with pleated shorts—ages 4 to 12—\$6.75.

Eton suits—ages 3 to 10—\$5.75. Cadets—ages 8 to 16—\$10.75, with longies... \$8.75, with knickers. Students' suits—ages 16 to 22—\$15.50. Slacks—ages 8 to 22—\$3.95.

**GOODALL COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO**

TAILORED BY GOODALL
Palm Beach
FROM THE GENUINE CLOTH

If your children just won't eat...

Try this scientific way to stimulate appetite and build up weight



Children who won't eat! They are a problem! A child who doesn't eat his meals properly cannot be expected to gain weight properly, either. And such a child may also exhibit signs of listlessness or nervousness. Many mothers are solving these oft-related problems by the addition of a certain food-supplement to the diet.

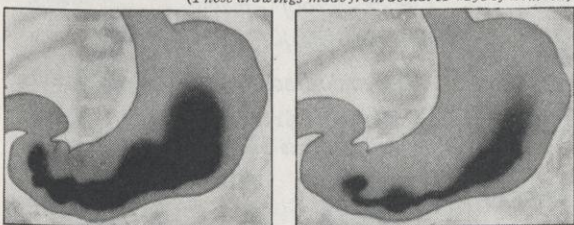
It may be just the thing that your children need—

WHY does a child fail to eat as he should? Why are so many children underweight? Why are so many youngsters listless, or nervous—instead of bright and full of healthy pep?

The reason, often, is that such a child lacks appetite. He has insufficient hunger. His digestive system may be under par, so that he does not eat enough, and does not get enough good out of what he does eat.

For such children doctors often recommend Ovaltine. Ovaltine is a valuable food-supplement. It was originated in Switzerland. Now it is used over practically the entire civilized world.

(These drawings made from actual X-rays of stomach)



X-RAYS ABOVE show one way in which Ovaltine encourages hunger! They show two stomachs—2½ hours after a meal of starches. One at left is over half full. Other one is nearly empty—due to action of Ovaltine in helping to digest the starches! When the stomach empties sooner, hunger can return sooner . . . Serve Ovaltine often. And—also—sprinkle it on breakfast cereal, to help digest it. It adds a delicious flavor.

Here is the way Ovaltine acts to scientifically stimulate hunger and build up a child:—

1. It contains the "appetite" vitamin—Vitamin B—without which a healthy appetite is impossible.
2. It helps digest starchy foods (like bread and potatoes) in the stomach. This enables the stomach to empty sooner, so that hunger may return more quickly.
3. It prevents milk from forming thick, heavy curds in the stomach. That makes milk digest better . . . Also, Ovaltine makes milk taste much better.

And, in addition, Ovaltine itself is very easy to digest. Very nourishing. It adds importantly to the food-value of milk. And it contains certain "protective" elements every child requires.

What Thousands of Mothers Say

Thousands of mothers have written us telling how Ovaltine has helped their children get bigger appetites—add weight. How it has also helped their children to gain energy and get over nervousness.

Such testimony is impressive. It indicates that any mother who has a nervous, underweight child who won't eat his meals properly—should try Ovaltine. A trial may quickly show that Ovaltine is a food-supplement your child should be getting regularly!

Give it to your child at breakfast. At other meals,

or between meals. Mix 2 or 3 teaspoonfuls in a cup or glass of milk. See if he doesn't develop more hunger. See if he doesn't begin to clean up his plate at meals and add weight. And then, see if his listlessness or nervousness isn't replaced by healthy energy.

This may be a step of vital importance to your child. Consider it carefully. You can get Ovaltine at grocery and drug stores. Give it to your child, and see if it doesn't make a difference in him!

Special Offer



Orphan Annie "Shake-up" Mug! Children love to mix up their own cold Ovaltine, when they have this mug of their own.

Copyright, 1937, The Wander Co.

Get your child one of these lovely Orphan Annie shake-up mugs. Our regular price, 50c. Sent to Ovaltine users for 10c and the thin aluminum seal from under the lid of a can of Ovaltine. Encourages children to drink their Ovaltine and milk regularly.

USE THIS COUPON

MAIL TO OVALTINE, Dept. 6-W-C7
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c and all the thin aluminum seal from under the lid of a can of Ovaltine. Please send me the Orphan Annie Shake-up Mug shown above. Only 1 mug can be sent to a person.

Name

Address

Town State

Ovaltine is now made in the U. S. A.

NOBODY
LOVES
ME!

—“why don't I get
Mennen
Antiseptic Powder
to fight off germs?”

“Gosh, I can hardly keep from cryin'. Why do they use ordinary baby powder on me—when they might just as easy give me Mennen Borated Powder—the kind that's Antiseptic. My Doc says this powder keeps a feller's skin safe from germs and infection. And—Gee willikens—that's what I want! Believe me, germs are the things that scare me. Besides, my Doc says this Mennen Powder is swell for preventin' chafin', and that it heals up bruises and prickly heat quicker'n anything else. So please somebody tell my mother to get me Mennen Antiseptic Powder.”

More doctors recommend Mennen Antiseptic Powder than all other baby powders combined—that's what a recent survey by a leading medical journal showed.

**MENNEN
BORATED
POWDER
-ANTISEPTIC-**

THE BABY
POWDER
THAT HELPS
PREVENT
INFECTION

Woman's Home Companion June 1937

Housewarming

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

“Been happy, Pat?”

“Umm,” Patricia nodded vigorously. “Russia was grand fun.”

“Grand fun is Peter's kind of life. Happiness is yours.”

“Tony, are you moralizing?”

“Yes. When you said you'd had grand fun you did mean you hadn't been happy, didn't you?”

Patricia considered. “No, I didn't mean that. It's just that I haven't been feeling exactly at home with myself. So I haven't been able to write. And that makes me sort of dissatisfied.” Patricia leaned back and looked happily around the room. “I'll have lots of serenity here.”

“Can you feel serene in a strong wind?” Tony asked.

“No. Only excited and sort of crazy. Why?”

“Living with Peter must be rather like walking in a gale.”

Patricia laughed. “Living with Peter is perfect,” she said.

SO THAT was that, Tony thought, accepting the silence that followed. Patricia broke it.

“At least, it would be if only he'd—”

“If only he'd what? You can't startle me about Peter.”

“It isn't startling,” Patricia said. “I suppose it's just plain silly. But I never feel as if Peter needs me in the slightest. He loves having me around and doing things with me. But he won't let himself need me. Not very restful.”

Tony nodded. “That's why he's like a gale. Very arousing, but nothing much to lean on. Still, you're lucky. You've got your work.”

“Speaking of work,” Patricia jumped up and fetched a few scraps of yellow material from the table drawer. “Curtains,” she explained dropping them on Tony's knees. “Which—for this room?”

Tony looked at the scraps, tried to appear judicial and then guessed. “This one.”

“Oh, Tony, how nice. That's what I thought. If I telephone right away I can have them by Friday.”

Tony stopped her flight to the telephone. “Wait, Pat. Wait until Peter gets back.”

“Peter wouldn't notice if I hung up potato sacks.”

Tony sighed and said, “Maybe I'd better tell you.”

Patricia turned back, looking apprehensive.

“Nouse wasting curtains,” Tony went on. “Peter has a new job.”

Patricia said, “Oh,” and sat down.

“I lunched with Dick Elliot who wanted the job himself. He was cursing Peter for coming along this morning and copping it.”

Patricia swallowed twice and asked, “What kind of job?”

“Well,” Tony looked determinedly at his glass and spoke bluntly, “it's China.” Then he stole a glance at Patricia's dismay and added hastily, “I'm terribly sorry, Pat.”

“When does it start?”

“Hold on to something, Pat. Dick said Peter would have to leave for San Francisco tonight and go straight to China.” He jumped up, took Patricia's glass, only half empty, and filled it full. “Here you are. Now we can begin drinking bon voyage.”

He had to talk briskly after that, for Patricia was apparently mesmerized by her own tightly clenched hands. Tony talked. He told her that Peter was to investigate a secret political organization that was promising to make trouble in the Far East. It was a big job, very exciting, with an outlandishly large salary. It would carry him anywhere or everywhere, and it might prove dangerous—it would certainly exercise Peter's ingenuity to the full. Patricia spoke only once, saying in a low voice, “Candy for Peter.”

Far down the hall the elevator door slammed. Tony broke off in the middle of a sentence and said suddenly, “Look, Pat. This button's nearly off my coat. Would you be a ministering angel and sew it on for me?”

Patricia rose gratefully. “Of course,” she said, and she vanished into the bedroom.

Tony already heard the scratching of a key in the hall door and he hurried forward and greeted Peter with a warning gesture.

Peter threw his hat on the chair and grinned at Tony.

“Hello,” he said, “why're you wigwagging at me and where's my wife?”

PETER had shining blue eyes that women always said were wasted on a man, and they drew other people's eyes so irresistibly that few of his friends remembered anything else about his appearance. The observant ones knew that he was about six feet tall, inclined to be gaunt, and had an absurd cowlick over his right brow.

Tony said in a violent undertone, “Do you know you've let me come here and break the news to Pat about China?”

Peter stared. “Let you? That's a good one. I didn't even know you knew. How did you know, anyhow?”

“Never mind that now. Listen—am I right in thinking you love Pat?”

“Love her? I'm insane about her.”

“Then for heaven's sake, whatever you do—”

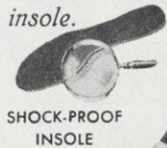
Peter never heard what it was he was to do or refrain from doing.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]

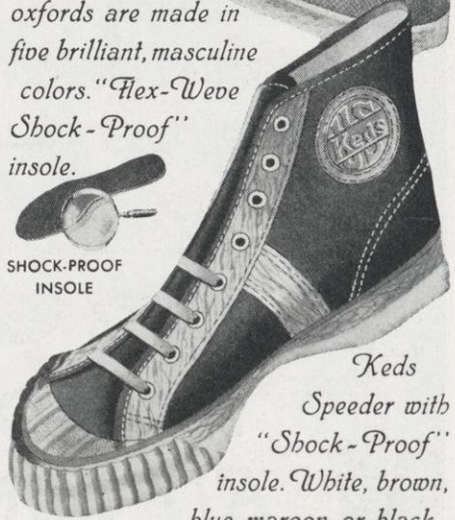


Keds
Yeoman

oxfords are made in five brilliant, masculine colors. “Flex-Weve Shock-Proof” insole.



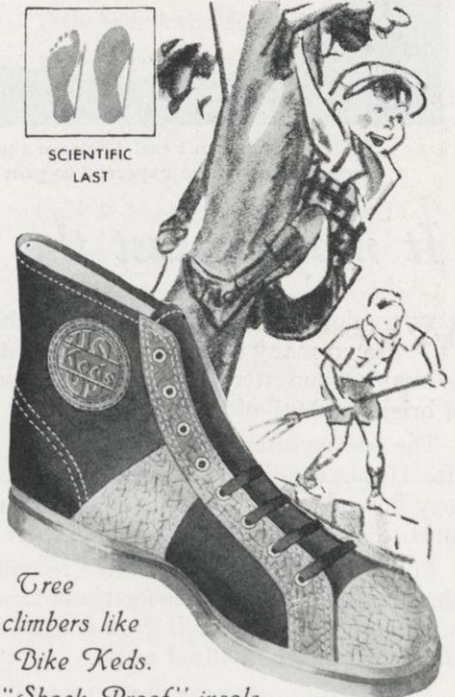
SHOCK-PROOF
INSOLE



Keds
Speeder with
“Shock-Proof”
insole. White, brown,
blue, maroon, or black.



SCIENTIFIC
LAST



Tree
climbers like
Bike Keds.

“Shock-Proof” insole.
“Flexible Arch Cushion.”
Extension sole.



FLEXIBLE
ARCH
CUSHION

71 other styles. \$1 to \$2.50. They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoes

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

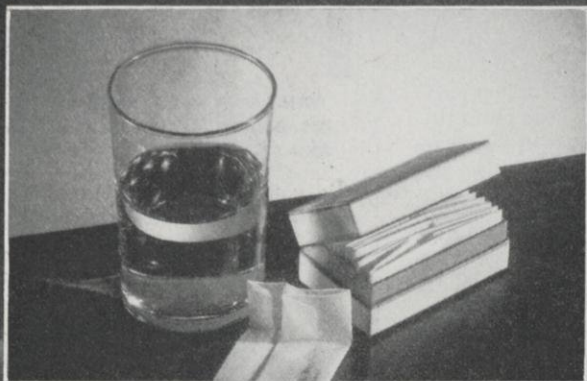
Keds

The Natural Shoe for
America at Play

United States Rubber Company

United States Rubber Products, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York

Have You a Sleep Problem?



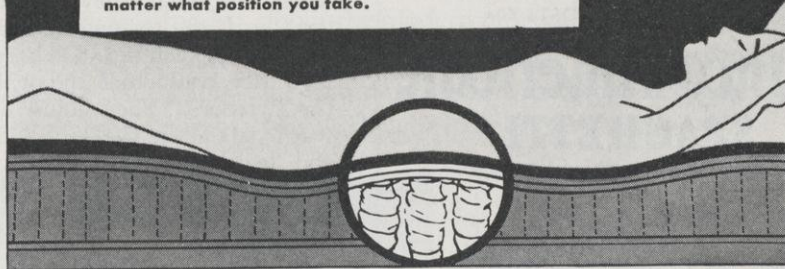
**DO YOU STAY AWAKE
UNTIL YOU "TAKE
SOMETHING"?**



**OR ARE YOU ASLEEP BEFORE YOU
KNOW IT ON A BEAUTYREST?**



The Best Prescription for a Good Night's Sleep
Beautyrest's famous "floating action" fits every curve of the body. Rests and supports tired spots. 837 coils of finely tempered steel allow perfect adjustment no matter what position you take.



WHEN you go to bed, do you waste a lot of time trying to relax—getting wider and wider awake—until in the end you have to "take something" to put you to sleep?

Sleeping aids serve a purpose for some people. But too many who have a "sleep problem" never stop to think that the trouble may be simply their mattress!

A mattress that is too soft or lumpy or unyielding, throws your whole body out of line, strains your back and frustrates all your attempts to relax. Your muscles *have* to stay tense to support you.

The very first essential for a night of easy, natural slumber is a mattress scientifically designed to *let you sleep*.

That is what you get in the famous Simmons Beautyrest—a mattress scientifically constructed to fit every curve and every position of your body.

On a Beautyrest, you are *really* off to sleep.

before you know it. Its 837 separate coils "float" your body—allow you to assume, without waking, the 20-45 different positions a sleeper takes throughout the night. You turn over, lie on your back, your stomach or your side, while sound asleep. Morning finds you thoroughly rested and refreshed in every nerve and muscle.

Let Beautyrest banish your sleeping problem. It's worth a fortune to you in comfort and well-being, yet this wonderful mattress costs you only 2¼¢ a day! Ask about it today at any leading furniture or department store. Simmons Company,

222 North Bank Drive, Chicago. New York, San Francisco, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Dallas, Seattle, Kansas City, Boston.

● The Beautyrest costs \$39.50. The same famous construction is obtainable in the Beautyrest Hair Mattress, \$59.50. Other Simmons products are the Deepsleep and Slumber King mattresses and Box Springs, the Ace and other coil springs.

SIMMONS *Beautyrest*

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF BEDS • SPRINGS • MATTRESSES • STUDIO COUCHES • METAL FURNITURE

Woman's Home Companion June 1937

SO THAT'S WHERE YOU GET THAT MARVELOUS SPAGHETTI, IS IT?



BRIDE REVEALS ALL!

Husband finds why he eats like a millionaire at 3¢ a portion!

THREE things make Franco-American Spaghetti a life-saver for brides and limited budgets. First, it tastes so good that hungry young husbands clamor for more. Second, it is such concentrated nourishment that with it you need only a salad and perhaps a fruit dessert for a satisfying meal. Third, it costs so little! Imagine—a can usually costs only ten cents—less than 3¢ a portion.

What one woman tells another

Franco-American is no ordinary, ready-cooked spaghetti. One taste of its tangy, cheese-and-tomato sauce, with its subtle blend of eleven delicious, savory ingredients, will convince you right away. Good cooks tell us that Franco-American tastes better and costs less than buying all the sauce ingredients and uncooked spaghetti and making it at home. And, ready to heat and eat, how it does save time! It's grand for making meals out of left-overs, too!

The tempting menu below is one of dozens of inexpensive combinations that taste so good—but be sure they're made with Franco-American Spaghetti!

DELICIOUS THRIFT DINNER

Panbroiled meat balls
1 can Franco-American Spaghetti
Buttered beets
Cottage pudding with tart fruit sauce
SERVES 4 • COSTS 60¢

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON PLEASE



THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 86
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Woman's Home Companion June 1937

Housewarming

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

Patricia's voice from the living-room said, "Is that Peter?" and Peter called, "Hello," and pushed ahead of Tony into the room.

"Never mind, Pat," Tony said. "It's too late to sew on buttons. I'm going."

Peter caught sight of the Chianti flask and asked, "Who's been having an orgy?"

"That," Tony explained, "was bought as a housewarming drink. You can use it for your house-cooling." He tried to give Peter a meaning glance but failed because Peter was trying in vain to catch Patricia's eye.

"I'll telephone later," Tony said at the door, "to hear what your plans are and what I can do to help." He smiled at Patricia, frowned at Peter and went quickly.

PETER took Patricia in his arms as soon as the door had closed. "Darling girl," he said, "I'm sorry I didn't make it in time to tell you myself. But I had to send a hundred telegrams and see a hundred people, get our passports visaed."

Patricia said, "That's all right," but instead of kissing him she sat on the arm of a chair and said, "What's the idea, Peter? We've only been back three days. Haven't we earned a little rest?"

Peter started telling her what the idea was. He walked up and down the room. His eyes blazed with excitement and his hair, cocked up the wrong way over his brow, made him look as if he had already been traveling a long time. He seemed not to notice the charming room which only seven hours previously he had left by climbing over four trunks, a stack of boxes and a crated couch.

He told her how grand his job was, how much he would learn, what kind of scenery they would see, how dangerous it was going to be to carry on his investigations and what they would do later with the fortune he was being paid for such fun. On his earnings they could loaf and walk in the Pyrenees. They could buy a warm island in the Gulf Stream and learn Spanish. They could take a small boat and explore the Aegean. They could—

Patricia interrupted him. "But I don't want to do any of those things."

Peter sat down on the other arm of the chair. "You're cross with me," he said and even that astonishing remark failed to amuse Patricia. "Poor darling. I'm sorry this couldn't have happened yesterday before we'd unpacked."

Patricia had not yet looked at Peter and she did not dare look around the room. Instead, she shut her eyes and remembered it—remembered just where she had put everything, as if she were in-

deed going to be there forever: remembered the feeling of exultation with which she had come into it yesterday with Peter.

Peter watched Patricia's still face and thought, "She's tired. No wonder, poor little goof, staying up all night getting her toy house fixed." Then a cold thought intruded upon his elation. It was so cold, so unwelcome, that he tried to thrust it out and then, disgusted with his own cowardice, he resolutely faced it. Peter's moral philosophy consisted largely of two commandments. The first was, Face Facts. The second was, Never Coerce Anyone. Now he summoned the whole of his philosophy and said very gently, "You know, Pat, I want you to do just as you like. Do you—don't you want to go to China?"

Patricia stood up suddenly and walked over to the window. The sun on the river was still warm and golden. She stood looking at the boats and tugs and wondered how Peter's face would look if she should follow her impulse to scream at him, "No, I don't want to go to China! I don't want to go to Afghanistan, or Persia, or Tibet. I don't even want to go to Brooklyn, I want to stay here!" Instead she asked quietly, "What time does your train go?"

"Seven o'clock. No hurry at all."

She knew that Peter didn't intend to be funny. They had left for Russia on two hours' notice, and seven o'clock was more than three hours distant. Three hours in which to dismantle heaven—or three hours in which to say goodbye to Peter! Honesty made her admit to herself that it was possible to be ready. Professional packers for the furniture, or perhaps the storage people packed. Tony would find out, and see the rental agents too. If they couldn't sublease, Peter's new salary could withstand a mild dent.

SHE turned and went slowly back to him and for the first time since he had come in, her eyes met his.

"Peter," she said, "we've got a few things to talk about before I can decide what I'm going to do."

Peter said, "Sure," as casually as he could but he watched Patricia apprehensively as she leaned against the table and asked, "How long shall you be gone?"

"I don't know. A year. Maybe longer."

"Pete, we've had a grand year, haven't we? Being married, I mean."

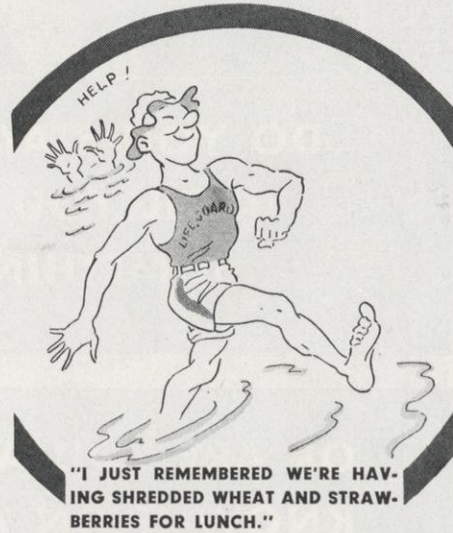
The dark narrow look fled Peter's face. He jumped to his feet and said, "Glorious! Oh, Pat—"

But she stopped him. "Stay where you are. I want to think."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]



Big, golden-brown Shredded Wheat biscuits, topped with red, juicy strawberries—it's the grandest flavor that ever put out a three-alarm call to appetites.




Dive into this delicious dish tomorrow morning—get its energy-building carbohydrates, vitamins, proteins and mineral salts!



Calling all housewives! Go to your local grocer today! Order in a supply of this favorite breakfast of millions!



A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
The Seal of Perfect Baking  Bakers of Ritz, Uneeda Biscuit and other famous varieties
More Than a Billion Shredded Wheat Biscuits Sold Every Year

For
Your Child's
Sake

... you should know all about this remarkable *New Air-Conditioned Ice Refrigerator*

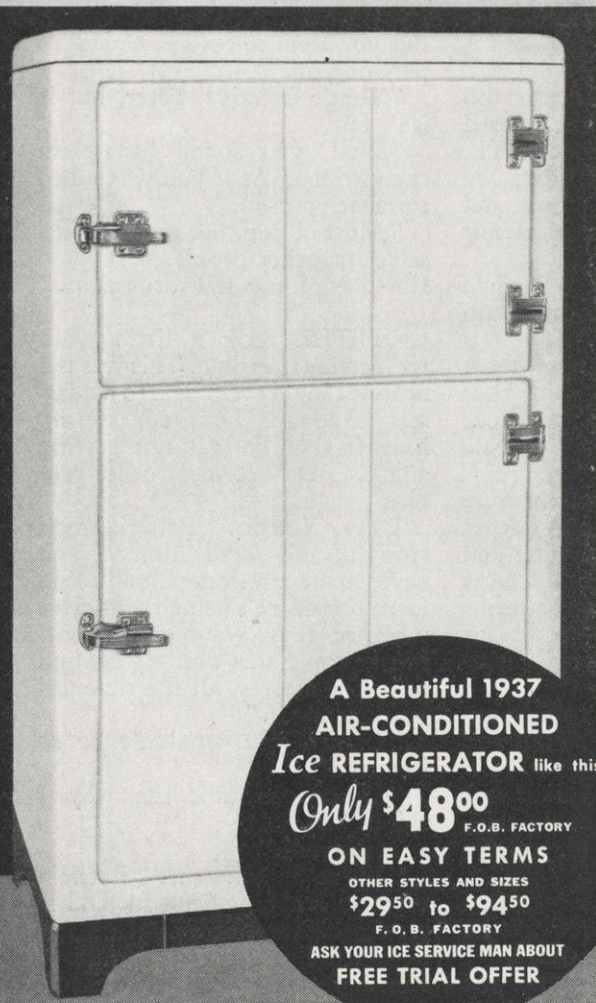
Nothing but the best is good enough where a child's health and development are concerned. And every mother knows the important part fresh, wholesome food plays in her baby's welfare... That is one of the reasons why the new air-conditioned ICE refrigerator has been so enthusiastically received all over the country.

BY USING *ice* in an entirely *new way*, this amazing new refrigerator protects foods as they have never been protected before... protects them not only against spoilage—but also against rapid drying out, losing their rich nutritive juices... and against "flavor taints".

The modern ICE refrigerator is a remarkable scientific achievement. It not only guards foods with *cold* but also with *proper moisture* and *clean-washed air*—gives *complete* protection not available in any other type of refrigerator.

You need not do with less than ideal refrigeration a day longer. The amazing new ICE refrigerator costs surprisingly little—only a third to a half as much as any other type... it can be bought on easy terms. And it saves so much in ice and food that it pays for itself!

Your Ice Service Man will gladly tell you all about the modern air-conditioned ICE refrigerator. Talk to him *now*—or 'phone your local Ice Company. Ask to have one delivered for a *free trial* right in your own home.



A Beautiful 1937
AIR-CONDITIONED
Ice REFRIGERATOR like this
Only \$48⁰⁰
F. O. B. FACTORY
ON EASY TERMS
OTHER STYLES AND SIZES
\$29⁵⁰ to \$94⁵⁰
F. O. B. FACTORY
ASK YOUR ICE SERVICE MAN ABOUT
FREE TRIAL OFFER



KEEPS VEGETABLES "GARDEN FRESH"

Vegetables, a principal item of the child's diet, retain all their crisp garden freshness and nutrition in an air-conditioned ICE refrigerator.



LEFT-OVERS KEEP BETTER...

In the new air-conditioned ICE refrigerator, left-overs do not rapidly dry out and go stale—or absorb the flavors of other foods.

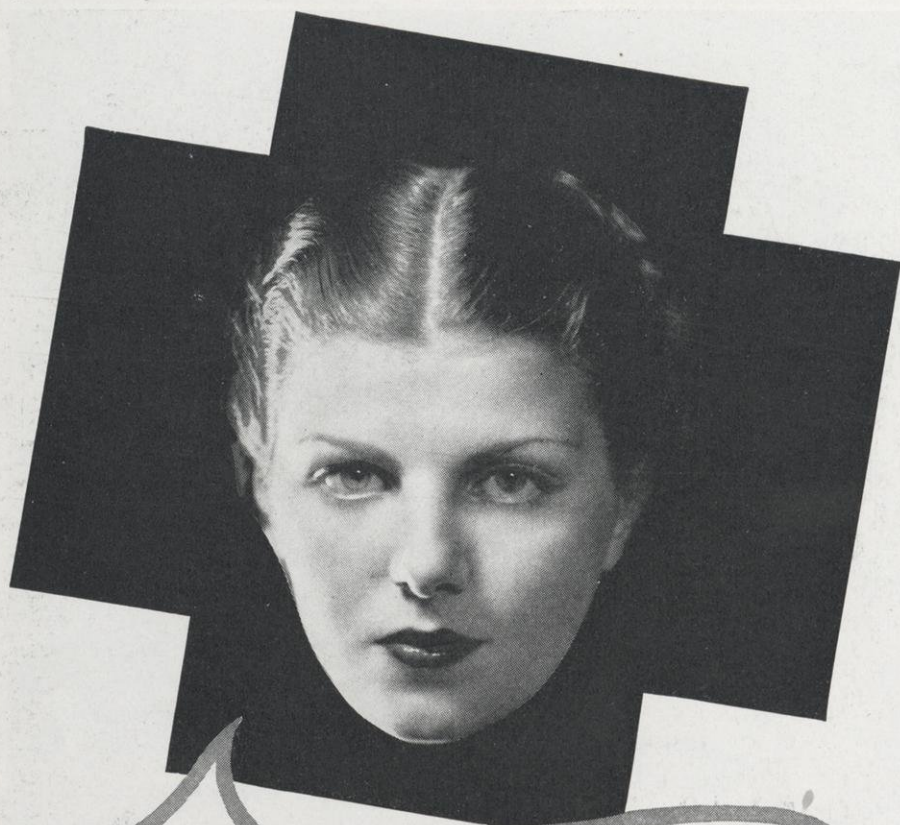
Answering Some of Your Questions About the Modern ICE Refrigerator

- Q. *Is it economical?*
A. Indeed it is. One servicing of ice lasts four to seven days.
- Q. *Is it dependable?*
A. Ice never fails. There is nothing to get out of order in the modern ICE refrigerator.
- Q. *Can I buy one on Easy Terms?*
A. You certainly can. Your local Ice Company will arrange very convenient payments.
- Q. *What about ice cubes?*
A. Plenty of them—pure and taste-free in 3 to 5 minutes. All you want, when you want them.
- Q. *What about frozen desserts?*
A. They can be prepared in a few minutes and be ready to serve—delicious and velvet-smooth—in less than an hour.

Remember — Cold ALONE is not enough!



This emblem is a mark of efficiency and quality—a sign of purity and service.



**EMBARRASSMENT?
I NEVER THINK OF IT...
WHEN I USE AMOLIN!**

DOES THE FEAR of offending haunt you on days when you must wear a pad? Do you know that Amolin has the unique power of not only destroying odors but *preventing* them from forming?

Yet dozens of deodorizing applications of priceless Amolin Powder cost only a few cents! Amolin makes a pad *more* absorbent, *more* comfortable, *less* apt to chafe—and *positively* odorless.

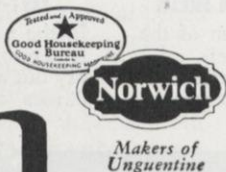
PADS ONLY ONE USE FOR AMOLIN! The *every-day* uses of Amolin are as important as its periodic use; it is the *complete* body deodorant. Sprinkle its soothing softness under the arms, inside the girdle, between toes and in the shoes. Men, too, use it to prevent perspiration odor and safeguard against Athlete's Foot! Beware of imitations lacking the soothing, antiseptic ingredients of Amolin. Only 35¢. Larger sizes at a saving. *At all stores.* The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, New York.



HAVE YOU TRIED OUR CREAM?

Amolin Cream Deodorant is creating a sensation—a real deodorant without a medicine smell! Extra-smooth, extra-soft, attractively perfumed, non-staining, vanishing. Two sizes, in attractive boudoir jars. *The cream of the cream deodorants!* Try it and see!

Amolin
DEODORIZES SANITARY PADS



Housewarming

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

Peter sank back in his chair saying, "Well, I only wanted to kiss you."

Patricia went on slowly. "We've had a glorious year. But the trouble is, I haven't been happy."

"Oh? I thought you had."

"Darling Peter, I don't mean I haven't liked it. I've had more fun than in all the rest of my life. But somehow—it's hard to express—somehow I've been feeling—guilty."

Peter was too horrified to speak.

Patricia said, "I suppose you can't understand that?"

"Can you?"

"Sort of. Today, for the first time. The thought of setting out with you again, to see exciting things, to meet queer people, to discover queer places, to have fun, to laugh at all the silly things you say—well, I don't think I could stand it."

PETER, thoroughly bewildered, said, "But, Pat, it sounds superb, the way you put it."

"It's too superb. It's too—easy. Don't you see, Peter, I want something hard. I want to stay in one place and work until I'm worn out. I want to do things that I have to make myself do, and give up things that are fun."

"Living in New York is making you morbid," Peter said shaking his head. "What you need is a change of scene."

Patricia felt the joke was too cruel to be funny and she refused to smile. Peter tried another tack.

"If it's your work, Pat, we could get a house in China and you could dig in like a hermit crab."

"Then there's Father," Patricia said, going on with her own train of reasoning.

Peter was not a patient man. He said, "Yes," in a voice that concealed little of his irritation, and stood up.

"Please, Peter."

"Please what? Just because that—just because your father came here yesterday whining and sniveling about how lonely he is and how empty the house seems without his little girl—you want me to say, 'Oh, it's tragic,' and weep."

"I don't want you to do anything. I'm just trying to tell you how I feel."

Peter sat down. Patricia sat silent for a moment, then she said, "I suppose I'd feel differently, Peter, if you really needed me."

Wariness settled on Peter's face like a mask. "And just what do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Darling, don't you need me? I know you hate this, but it's so important, Peter. If you'd just tell me you can't do without me. That you'd never laugh quite so

happily, never do quite such crazy things if I weren't with you."

Peter's mind was the kind that veers away in mistrust from any abstraction and fixes on a concrete illustration, and now Patricia's words, instead of turning his mind to their love and their life together, sent it straight back to the old Maryland house where he had found her; to her father sipping his whisky and meditating on the sacrifices of fame and fortune he had made for the sake of his only child. All Peter's tendency to hate self-sacrifice and martyrdom, to detest any interference with another person's life, to condemn as the last degradation any whining appeal for loyalty, had crystallized, when he fell in love with Patricia, into a moral conviction that was almost an obsession. His brief violent wooing, which had started as an uncomplicated desire to marry Patricia, had taken on the altruistic fervor of a crusade.

All this was racing through Peter's mind as he stood up and said, "I won't. I love you, but I don't need you. I want your love as a free gift, not an obligation. I'm not a coward or a vampire or a—a spiritual pawnbroker."

"Oh, Peter!"

He ignored the hurt voice and went on violently. "I thought I was doing you good, prying you away from your parasitic father. But you seem to need someone to prey on you."

"That's effective, Peter, but it isn't fair."

"Well, you sound just plain crazy to me. As if you wanted to torment yourself."

"Most of us either torment ourselves or other people. I suppose I'm one of the self-tormentors."

PETER took a little walk around the room. This was the nearest they'd ever come to a quarrel. "And me?" he asked, assuring himself that he was not getting angry. "Do I torment other people?"

"Yes. You do." Patricia stood straight and faced him. "You never make any concessions. You insist on people's being themselves whether they want to or not. Most people aren't strong enough to be themselves, all the time, all by themselves."

"I wish you wouldn't be so literary."

"I have to talk the way I think."

"Oh, well."

"We're so different," Patricia went on, stabbing herself with her own accurate words. "You get absorbed by difficult adventures and I get absorbed by difficult emotions. You think anything that comes along is just for the time being, and I always think it's forever." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

Companion - Butterick Patterns

First in Fashion

➤ THERE is always an important place in the summer wardrobe for a soft dress—one with the shirrings, the slightly full sleeves and the low square neckline of 7410. This is the dress you wear for tea on the lawn, the dress you put on for dinner at the hotel after a day's motoring, the dress you instinctively turn to for hot weather bridge parties and luncheons. Last year you made it in your favorite shade of plain crepe; this year, if you follow Paris, you will probably choose a print.

Not for years have we had so many prints, writes our Paris fashion correspondent, Marjorie Howard. All the big dressmakers are showing them. Mainbocher has quantities. They stand out at Schiaparelli's. According to this report we shall take to prints on the beach, at the races (two examples of the new spectator sports prints are shown on another page), in town, for afternoon gatherings and for evening. And we shall revel not only in their popularity but in their practical charm.

The news in soft prints—either the sheer cottons or the semisheer silks and rayons—lies first in their new-looking floral designs; second in their neutral as well as white backgrounds; and third in their many colors. So often this year you find three or four colors in the same print instead of just two—and usually they are shades that you can bring out in your accessories.

This last fact—the tie-up between the colors in your print and your hat or bag or shoes—is one of the reasons why this year's print dress is so practical. Change your accessories and you change the whole appearance of your dress; add a new dress to your wardrobe, in other words.

In this print for example floral designs in a mixture of red, white, blue and a dash of yellow are scattered about on a neutral ground. This means that you can wear the dress one day with a wide-brimmed neutral straw (note that it sits straight on the head) banded in dark blue, a dark blue bag and sandals. On another day you can carry out the red with a red bag and a flower-trimmed red straw (remember that flowers and millinery are practically synonymous this summer). And on a third occasion you can go in for all-white accessories.

Ethel Holland Little

Fashion Editor

Companion-Butterick patterns may be purchased from your local Butterick dealer. Or by mail from Woman's Home Companion—P.8, 250 Park Avenue, New York

7410 Dress. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 44 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. Price, 45 cents.



50



7405

YOU Teens and Twenties are always saying you want to startle the world with your clothes. The question is—do you mean it? Because here is your chance to accomplish that aim with very little work and at very little expense. All you need is pattern 7405 which contains the pieces for a tie-on skirt (the dirndl type) and a peasant bolero—plus a simple slip. These you proceed to make up in as many different colors and fabrics as you can

think of places to wear them. Try a sheer dotted cotton over a matching crepe slip for tea; black organdy over lime yellow (or last year's plain evening dress) for the club dance; bright striped heavy cotton over your bathing suit on the beach; a buccaneer print over your tennis dress. And remember you can do all this yourself—the first few days after school is out. Both the skirt and the bolero are child's play from the sewing angle. The slip too is easy.



Companion-Butterick patterns may be purchased from your local Butterick dealer. Or by mail from Woman's Home Companion—P. 8, 250 Park Avenue, New York

You Wear Sea

WE THOUGHT of Marjorie Howard's recent article, *Wanted on the Voyage*, when we planned the dresses on these two pages—the minimum number you need for a summer sea trip. In every detail they carry out the rules of a seasoned traveler.

Because Miss Howard considers navy blue the best of all colors for shipboard we have pictured the three simple sports dresses (these are your daytime uniform) in shades to harmonize with an all-around navy blue topcoat. Even for evening the nautical spirit shows in a navy blue sheer print set off with a dead-white bolero jacket.

As you see, there is but one evening dress—a simple foundation frock which you can vary by adding as many boleros in as many different colors as you like. Wear the white jacket for dinner on Monday, a red jacket to match the red spot in the print on Tuesday, a light blue on Wednesday. Then on the night of the ship's gala appear in the low-cut dress without any jacket at all. This is one of the smartest ways to handle the question of evening clothes on the sea, according to our Paris fashion correspondent.

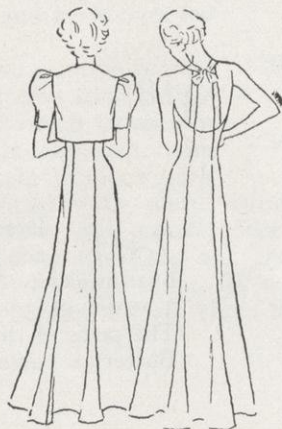
Another of her ideas has to do with practical materials. That is why we suggest that you keep to a non-mussing pure silk or spun rayon for the soft dress with gathers (this is your formal daytime dress); to a linen treated to resist crushing for the two-piece (one of those neutral-colored frocks that you can depend upon to look as fresh the last day as the first); to a sturdy sanforized cotton for the sea blue—your shuffleboard model; and to a chiffon voile that is both sanforized and crease-proof for your dinner gown.

As for accessories don't forget that open decks are often windy. You are sure to want a twisted turban to keep your hair in place—or a soft brimmed felt. Remember too that comfortable sports shoes are the only correct ones—right up to dinnertime. Here you see navy and white oxfords plus rubber-soled canvas play shoes.



7407

Bran



7414 Dress. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 46 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material for the short-sleeved version or $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material for the long-sleeved version. The price is 45 cents.

7404 Dress. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 44 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material for the short-sleeved version or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch material for the long-sleeved version. The price of this pattern is 45 cents.

7412 Dress. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 44 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material for the short-sleeved version or $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material for the long-sleeved version. The price is 45 cents.

7407 Jacket Dress. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 44 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material for the dress with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch contrasting material for the bolero jacket. The price of pattern is 65 cents.



7422

7422 Dress. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 44 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material. The price of this Companion-Butterick pattern is 25 cents.



7420

7420 Dress. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 40 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material. The price of this Companion-Butterick pattern is 25 cents.



7418

7418 Dress. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 46 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material. The price of this Companion-Butterick pattern is 25 cents.

7416 Dress. Sizes, 12 to 20; 30 to 44 inch bust measure. Size 18 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material. The price of this Companion-Butterick pattern is 25 cents.

For Sunny Sands

A letter from our Paris Fashion Correspondent
Womans Home Companion
Editor
Paris
Compagnie
Correspondent
Etats-Unis

DEAR MRS. LITTLE:

I have just been on an unusual shopping tour and I must tell you all about it. A friend who would much rather swim than eat and is never so happy as when she is loafing on sunny sands, asked me to take her on a personally conducted tour to the houses that have made beach clothes this season. She follows the sun north, beginning on the shores of Africa and visiting all the coasts in turn, including the Scandinavian. She specified that the things she bought must be practical both because she tries to keep her baggage to reasonable proportions and because she has a horror of picturesque clothes on the beach.

First we went to Vera Boréa's because I had told her about the sportswoman's new invention called a "beach kilt." This is an ingenious little affair of cotton, bright red or blue dotted with white, and begins with a brassière top and a short skirt attached to hidden trunks. She ordered this in navy and white because she could turn somersaults in it if she liked.

Then we went to Schiaparelli's. Here we found beach clothes of two entirely different types—eccentric and intensely practical. My friend, who prefers sensible things, jumped at the white linen coat sketched for she said she could wear it almost any time of day or night at a beach resort. It is shown in the salon over a navy blue swim suit with a hat of blue and white striped glazed cotton very like a ship's ventilator or like Tenniel's picture of the oysters waiting to be eaten in Through the Looking-glass. She also bought one of the new short full-skirted dance frocks that look like engravings of the ladies of 1830. There are, as you know, versions in butterfly-printed and silver-striped organza but she chose the one in a new waffled white piqué because, again, she could wear it for other occasions besides summer-night dancing. She ordered it with Padova's white kid sandals with low heels for day wear and high ones for evening.

After that we went to Marcel Rochas who shows some of the most practical beach clothes in Paris. Here she chose the trim tailored outfit in Rodier's pink flannel pin-striped with white which you see here. The shorts look exactly like a pair of trousers cut off at the knee and the jacket is severely plain with big pockets for make-up and matches. She ordered a plain short flannel skirt



Vera Borea

with this so that she could wear the suit away from the beach and the navy linen blouse that goes with it. I went with her later to a blouse shop which specializes in pull-overs of fine lacy white wool, embroidered here and there with naïve little bright wool sprigs and flowerets, not Tyrolean, thank goodness! More like Dresden china. For warmer weather she chose the two-piece frock of fine white piqué with its divided kilt-pleated skirt set into a deep yoke, pointed top and bottom, the top one buttoning to the pleated bodice and showing off a supple slender waist to perfection. She left off the decoration of a chain of dark blue linen strips so that she could vary her color schemes by knotting gay handkerchiefs round the neck. We looked at a novelty, a suit of jacket and knee-length shorts in unbleached linen, the shorts covered with long knotted fringes of red and green string; and we were tempted by a suit of slacks and jacket, the slacks in blue and white striped flannel, the jacket in indigo linen with a backless waistcoat of the stripes under it instead of a blouse. But the *vendeuse* made the mistake of saying that this had been much ordered, so my friend decided against it.

Nevertheless she said she must have some slacks, for nothing that the dressmaking mind has invented really takes their place, in her opinion, especially on a boat. So we went to Madeleine de Rauch, another specialist who really does all the sports she makes models for. She had a perfect suit of jacket and long trousers in heavy creamy tussore, the sort that comes from the East. I did not have it sketched for it is really too simple to draw. The trousers are just like a man's and beautifully fitted and the jacket is strictly tailored and buttoned with two buttons. It is shown with a yellow linen blouse, with a high round neck buttoned at one side and cut low in the back. Again, she ordered a skirt to match, for plain white suits in tussore or flannel have suddenly appeared again for resort wear and no type looks nicer. She looked long at a Scotch kilt suit in red plaid, short pleated culotte and attached top, with a jacket in ecru linen exactly like a High-



Schiaparelli

lander's; and also at a good yellow linen coat—yellow will be seen on many beaches this summer—with a small hood that fitted closely round the face like the ski-jackets of last winter. This was worn over a romper play suit in brown and white checked linen. There was also a plus-four suit (you remember that a few European women wore them at resorts last summer), trousers in brown linen and blouse in checked red, green and white; but we agreed that while plus-fours are well enough with heavy ski-boots and gaiters, they often look ungainly when worn with bare feet and beach sandals. "Anyway," said my friend, "why not have the trousers full length and be done with it?"

She decided that the beach frocks we saw had changed so little in essentials that it was hardly worth while to order new ones. There are some in novel materials, certainly, including Rodier's printed piqués, a new printed cotton ottoman, the ubiquitous rainbow stripes, the new piqués, one of them embossed with a rose design, and the dull-surfaced rayons in this year's shades of pink and yellow, besides the ever successful white. But we found some very new ideas at Maggy Rouff's, inspired by an Eastern cruise that she took last winter. A sort of tunic or tabard frock worn over a conventional bathing suit and a full knee-length cape draped in various ways was the basic idea of many of them. Maggy Rouff has not hesitated to use bright plaids or bayadere stripes or brilliant prints like batik or Egyptian bas-reliefs for some of them. My friend, however, compromised on the model sketched, a knitted suit in yellow wool, quite plain and simple, and over it a tabard of white wool, thin and looking like a native Eastern fabric, slit up the front and up the sides, buttoned in front and very easy to get into. Over this goes a cape of the same white wool, lined with yellow wool jersey, which can be worn thrown over one shoulder or draped back like an Italian officer's.



Maggy Rouff

The story of beach clothes runs like this: the couturiers invent new things and adaptations of old ones every spring. The best of these are ordered by their clients and worn in various individual interpretations at the European resorts during the summer. There they are observed by fashion scouts from all over the world, studying what "they are wearing" for our own southern winter season. So the beach cycle runs its course, ending nearly a year later at Palm Beach. That's why I thought it worth while to describe our expedition and its fruits to you so fully in this letter. It may hold ideas that COMPANION readers can carry out in planning their sports clothes—not only for this summer but for next winter as well.

Affectionately yours,

Charjoie Howard

NEW BEAUTY TREATMENT For Your Body



Always keep your skin young and alluring



Make this body treatment YOUR DAILY BEAUTY HABIT

- 1 Relax fifteen minutes in tub of warm water. With pores open, cleanse deeply and thoroughly with a pure, bland soap.
- 2 Stimulate circulation briskly, but gently, with soft-textured towel.
- 3 Complete this Beauty Treatment with generous powdering of MAVIS. See how velvety smooth, youthful and alluring it makes your skin. All day long MAVIS keeps your body free from perspiration odors, stickiness and chafing . . . protects dainty underthings and safeguards feminine daintiness.

THRILLINGLY DIFFERENT

MAVIS, the luxury talcum, actually finer than most face powders, always leaves a bewitching fragrance that lasts for hours. MAVIS is cooling, soothing, and refreshing.

SPECIAL OFFER

An intimate secret for body loveliness. Truly invaluable for body comfort and body protection!

Sweetheart Charm Bracelet with nine miniature reproductions of your loved ones. Read coupon on 25-cent can of MAVIS at your neighborhood store today.

MAVIS

For BODY PROTECTION



Finer than most face powders

Very Sheer,
Very Firm

In paper-thin voile. Has two-way one-way control

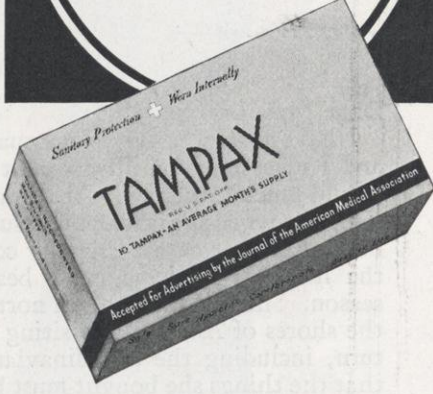
It is made of cool net and the shields are attached

Lucite feature — the strong non-raveling Lestex mesh

Gives a natural uplift with "next-to-nothing" comfort

The sides are elastic lace, cut to streamline the figure

Designed to fit you in fabrics as light as lingerie



The modern woman had become more or less resigned to discomfort, insecurity and embarrassment...until Tampax solved, in a truly civilized way, this most intimate of her problems, sanitary protection.

Tampax is an adaptation of the medical tampon used for internal absorption, perfected by a doctor for regular monthly use. It is worn internally. Of compressed, highly absorbent surgical cotton, it is easy to use. Tampax affords protection that, in all normal cases, is complete and safe. It is hygienic. It permits daintiness at all times. Gynecologists recommend it. It has been accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Aside from the ease and freedom Tampax affords, there are other advantages. Chafing, bulkiness, binding are eliminated. Odor is reduced to the minimum, because Tampax prevents its formation. The wearer is totally unconscious of its presence.

For sale at drug and department stores. A month's supply in a purse-size package. 35¢. Instructions enclosed.

TAMPAX

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

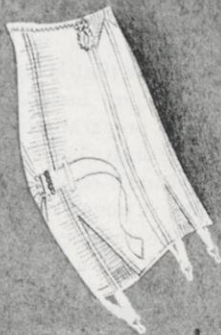
SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY

IF YOUR LOCAL STORE HAS NOT YET STOCKED TAMPAX Write to us enclosing 35¢ in stamps or coin and we will gladly mail you a package. Tampax Incorporated, Dept. W-4, New Brunswick, N. J.

ACCEPTED FOR ADVERTISING BY THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Where to find these cool foundations? Write to Ethel Holland Little, Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Very Sheer,
Very Firm



Unusual back and
high support
plus a slim
waist



Dance in a
party girdle
of softly spun
silk and
elastic



In Lastex lace
lots the high
smooth bust
line



The emphasis is
on the wide-apart
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VERY
COOLLY
YOURS
Walk-Over



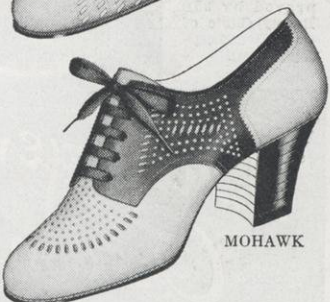
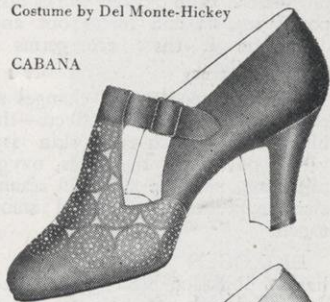
PUNCHO: (photographed) White kid suede. Blue, black or gray sport buck. Design patent D103215.

CABANA: Gray sueded kid. White, tan, blue, black or red earth calf. Design patent D103226.

LARIAT: White or brown sport calf. Gray sport buck. Design patent D103214.

MOHAWK: White kid suede with tan sport calf. Also all white sport calf. Costume by Del Monte-Hickey

CABANA



• Airily you'll go along. Brisk little breezes sweeping in, out and around your feet. For sport, portholes, ahoy! For dressing up, pin-point perforations! And these gloriously cool Walk-Overs keep their original beauty of line because of the human way they fit. At smart shops everywhere. Walk-Over prices \$6.85 to \$10.50. Slightly higher West. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

WALK-
OVER

Where to find these cool foundations? Write to Ethel Holland Little, Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

NEW OXYGEN SKIN-BATH WAY TO Beauty



Promotes a striking improvement in the texture and appearance of the skin

A new and simple way to refine the skin, to prevent the formation of blackheads and other complexion troubles is now within the reach of all. It calls for no elaborate treatments, no costly combination of creams and lotions.

This new way is to use just ONE cream—A cream which gives an oxygen skin-bath and cleanses the pores *beneath* as well as on the surface. The name of this preparation is DIOXOGEN CREAM, and there is no other cream in the world just like it.

It Gets Beneath the Surface

When Dioxogen Cream is applied to the skin it releases active oxygen, which possesses pronounced cleansing and antiseptic properties. The oxygen works down into the pores, softens and forces out any grime or dirt, and if there are germs present, it destroys them.

Equally important, it changes and removes those unseen waste products—the cause of blackheads—which the skin is constantly giving off. Now the pores, oxygen-cleansed, can close, and the skin can resume its fresh, clear appearance, soft and smooth to the touch.

DIOXOGEN CREAM is not greasy and has no objectionable features whatever. It is delightful and refreshing to use, and benefits any type of skin to which it is applied. Drug and department stores supply generous size jars at moderate prices.



Tested and Approved by the Beauty Clinic of Good Housekeeping Bureau.



Dioxogen Cream



➔ AMONG the little things you wear on the beach this summer—and accessories were never more important on the sand—you'll want to include a novel belt or two. Either of these—the dark wool with yachting motifs or the belt made of Venetian-blind cord—would look new on slacks.

➔ ON YOUR feet—clogs. The new ones are made of every conceivable material and always they are cut away—at the sides, at the toe and most particularly at the heel. Here's one pair in multicolored lace mesh and another in white crocheted cotton edged with bright red. Square-heeled.

➔ ON YOUR head—something small, a cap or a kerchief or a crownless bandeau. The more casual the headdress, the smarter. Whether you choose this Juliet cap in bright raffia or the black flannel skull-cap or the striped kerchief which comes already wound, you will be definitely 1937.

➔ IN YOUR hand—a huge bag, one that will hold all your gadgets from the new glasses specially treated to keep out the sun to your favorite brand of oil or the latest novel. This big square is waterproofed cotton as gay as a flag. The rope-handled feed bag is leather. Both are rubber-lined of course.



Accessories from ABERCROMBIE AND FITCH

Drawing by HORTE



Grounds FOR DIVORCE

● A dress suit that is a dress suit no longer—just because a "bargain" moth preparation was used. Don't take such chances! Protect your husband's clothes with Di-chloricide. A pound can will safeguard all the clothing, woolens, etc. you can pack into a trunk or chest.

Vapor Method the modern way to KILL MOTHS



● Di-chloricide crystals give off a powerful vapor that penetrates every square inch of fabric, every fold, seam and lining. It attacks moths and moth worms which sprays do not reach. And it leaves no "moth ball" odor. Full directions for use on every can.

ENDORSED By New York's Smartest Shops



● Prominent clothing and fur shops, leading manufacturers of blankets, and famous hotels, have put Di-chloricide to exacting tests that have proved its moth-killing power.
● Ask your druggist for Di-chloricide today and do not accept any substitute if you want Di-chloricide results. Merck & Co. Inc., Manufacturing Chemists, Rahway, N. J.

Di-chloricide

the Tested moth Killer



NOW—A MATTER
OF PENNIES MORE
IN COST MEANS A

*dollar's
difference
in comfort!*

If you've never experienced the soft and soothing ease of percale-sleep, perhaps you can't appreciate what this move by Cannon means. If you have, this is "front-page news" for you and yours—



CANNON NOW OFFERS

PERCALE SHEETS!

THREE "BEST" SHEETS

Cannon makes three main grades of sheets, each the first-choice for value in its price class.

(1) *Cannon Muslin* (about \$1.35★) — the leading low-cost, long-service sheet. Snow white in tone, even in weave, richly soft and pliant—a record-breaker in wear tests. Now packed in a special Cellophane wrap, to assure cleanliness and save you the cost of a first laundering.

(2) *Cannon Utility Percale* (now about \$1.85★) — as discussed at the right, a new advance in value due to ever-increasing acceptance of Cannon products.

(3) *Cannon Finest Quality Percale* (about \$2.50★)—the top in distinction, the last word in luxury. Finest of fine percales and another Cannon best-value.

The Cannon label, on sheets as on towels, means more for the money . . . no matter what price you pay. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York City.

★Prices slightly higher west of the Mississippi

ALMOST AT THE COST OF MUSLIN!

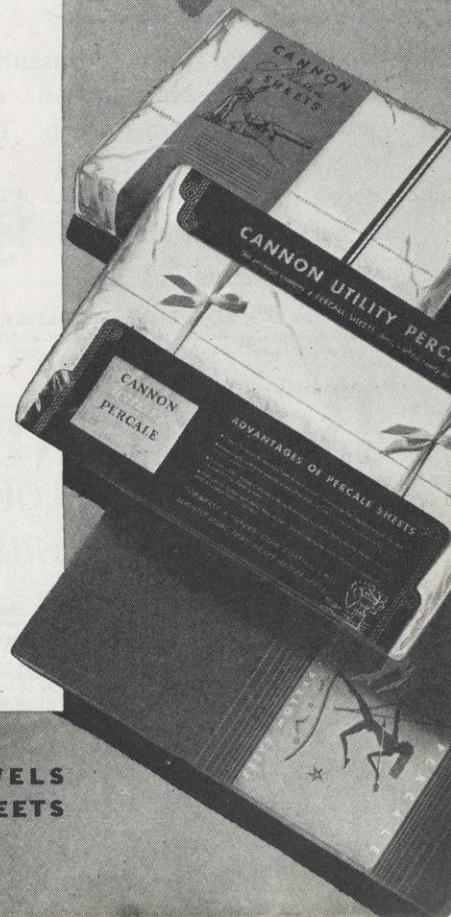
PERCALE SHEETS! So much finer and firmer and closer in weave. So soft and smooth and supple—almost like silk against your skin. Immaculately white and lastingly fresh. Longer wearing. . . . *The very top in bedwear distinction! The last word in luxury!*

If you've always used muslin sheets, and don't quite know the difference—just examine Cannon's new leader, "Utility Percale"! Here's a sheet made of selected cotton, with 25% more threads to the inch than heavy muslin.

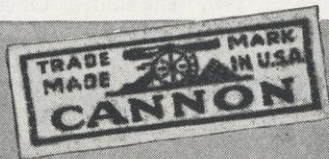
Stronger, yet lighter in weight (a half-pound per sheet)—therefore easier to handle and much less costly to launder.

In short . . . a true percale and a new way to rest, yet yours now for only a few cents more than top-grade muslin. . . . Other discoverers have told us that one night of *percale-sleep* has settled their sheet questions forever!

See Cannon's new *Reinforced Hemstitching* (patented). Original. Exclusive. Improves service. Lengthens wear. Costs no more than ordinary hemstitching.



CANNON SHEETS



THE FIRST NAME IN TOWELS
IS THE LAST WORD IN SHEETS



The care of Beech-Nut now turns to strained foods

These baby foods are born in ideal surroundings: Famous snow-white kitchens. In a Mohawk Valley town. Lovely farming country—perfect setting for purity and food skill.

In sterilized glass jars for baby

Packed in steam-scalded, sanitary, glass jars—especially for your baby. No fond mother and no home kitchen could do quite as well!

Beech-Nut quality at a surprisingly low cost

Working for many thousands of babies, Beech-Nut kitchens effect savings to pass on to each. These many varieties of strained foods in cleanly glass containers are within every baby's financial reach!



VARIETIES: PEAS, APPLE SAUCE, GREEN BEANS, BEETS, PRUNES, SPINACH, APRICOTS, CARROTS, TOMATO JUICE, VEGETABLE SOUP, OATMEAL, FARINA, BLENDED CEREAL

Beech-Nut STRAINED FOODS

in sterilized glass jars!

Housewarming

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

Peter looked at her somberly. Without admitting it to himself he felt the clarity of her words. "All this year," he said miserably, "I thought you were happy and finding what you wanted."

"Peter, all this year seemed like a lark. Don't you understand? I can't get free of my old life. I can't stop waking up at night and remembering who I am."

"Look here, Pat, this isn't speech day at school. This is all real. It's happening."

"I know it, Peter." "I can't chuck this job. I see now I should have talked it over with you first, but I thought of course—well anyhow it's too late now."

"As if I'd let you give it up!" "And I won't ask you to go for my sake. If you come it's got to be because you want to."

"I can't want to, Peter. I can't have any reasons of my own."

→ THERE was a silence while they both racked their bewildered minds, trying to realize what had happened and trying in vain to remember how it had happened. Then Peter asked, "And where does that leave us?"

"It leaves me here," Pat said. Peter said, "All right," and turned abruptly away. He looked around the room, noticing it for the first time. He wanted to remember the place where Pat would be living. "This is a swell room," he said. "Just the kind of room I like."

Patricia looked around the room too and wondered how Peter could have mentioned it. Didn't he know what she'd been feeling while she'd worked making it the kind of room he liked? Didn't he know how she felt about staying in it alone?

She walked across the room and said, "Peter." He continued to look at the meaningless titles.

Patricia sat down on the floor in front of him with her back to the books. Then Peter had to look at her. He summoned a smile and said, "Oh, there you are."

Patricia said, "There's not much more time."

"No," Peter agreed. "I suppose I might pack."

"You might. But just bags—I haven't touched the trunks yet. Bags wouldn't fill in the time. And there's so much to say."

"Too much," Peter said. "I can't even begin."

"Please begin."

Peter summoned his scattered thoughts and said, "I suppose you'll visit your father a lot?"

"I suppose I shall."

"And after a while you'll begin staying, and start visiting the apartment."

"I don't know, Peter. Maybe."

"You will. You can take

whisky away from the old man and he can take your temperature. A good time will be had by all."

Patricia was wondering what sort of life she could possibly substitute for Peter. Without him—

"And when I go back for you," Peter was saying humorlessly, "the old man can shoot at me again."

"Will you come back for me, Peter?"

"Always, Pat."

Patricia said, "Darling."

"I'll keep coming back for you," Peter promised. "After a while I'll get better at it, maybe."

"Peter!"

Peter looked up, startled at the lilt in Patricia's voice. She knelt up suddenly and rested her arms on his chair and stared at him.

"Peter," she said solemnly, "I've got some news for you. Two years ago if you'd gone to China you'd have been led on to India, and in India you'd probably have thought of something you wanted to do in Africa, and you might never have come back. But you wouldn't do that now, would you? You'd think about me too much, and want to see me too much, wouldn't you?"

"Of course," Peter said.

"Then you're not free! The minute you want to see someone, you've lost your freedom. You wouldn't keep coming back for me if you didn't need me."

Peter struck manfully at hope with his principles: "But I'll go on being myself and doing things like this. I'll go on thinking people ought to live their own lives and not anyone else's, so where does that leave us?"

→ PATRICIA stared at the floor and said, "That leaves us right where we were when we started. I need you and you don't need me. I'm terrified at the thought of being without you. It'll be living in a dark world where all the colors are garish and music is noise and everything I do will be just something that had to be done."

There was a moment's silence before Peter leaned forward looking into her eyes. "What about me?" he asked. "Darling, I'd never laugh so happily, I'd never do such crazy things without you."

"Wouldn't you, Peter?"

"Colors wouldn't have any color in them and music would make me sick, and whenever I'd finished doing anything interesting I'd want to tell you about it." He reached out in alarm as Patricia jumped up. "Where are you going?"

"Me?" Patricia laughed. Poor Tony! Being a best friend was going to cause him several busy days. "I'm going to China."

"Not for my sake!"

Patricia looked down at him.

"No," she said. "Of course not."

"THIS NEW MAKE-UP is Hollywood's Secret of Attraction"

"I've always longed to be more attractive, more lovely... and to think that at last I found the secret in make-up. Now I understand why Hollywood's stars depend on Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up."

Just as thousands of girls have experienced this thrill, you, too, can have an adventure in beauty if you try your color harmony in make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.



ISABEL JEWELL in Columbia's "LOST HORIZON"

★ **The Powder Beautifies Your Skin...**

The very first time you make up with Max Factor's Face Powder in your color harmony shade you will note an amazing difference. Your skin will appear smoother, lovelier. One dollar.



JOAN PERRY in Columbia's "THE DEVIL IS DRIVING"

★ **The Rouge Adds Glamour of Color**

The lifelike color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge add a touch of glamour to your complexion colorings. You'll be surprised how much more attractive you will be. Fifty cents.



WYNNE GIBSON in Columbia's "RACKETEERS IN EXILE"

★ **The Lipstick Accents Allure...**

You can depend upon Max Factor's Lipstick to give your lips a lovely color that will add worlds of attraction to your beauty. It's super-indelible, moisture-proof, lasting. One dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

★ **Mail for POWDER, ROUGE and LIPSTICK in Your COLOR HARMONY**

MAX FACTOR, Hollywood

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...FREE.

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Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	LIGHT DARK
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	LIGHT DARK
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	CASHES	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	LIGHT DARK
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Cuts Current Cost Amazingly...

"SUPER-DUTY" FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER-MISER

Proves Completeness never before known in ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES for Home Refrigeration



PROOF 1

GREATER ICE-ABILITY

Ends "Cube-Struggle" and "Ice-Famine"! At last, the refrigerator that instantly releases all ice trays—and all cubes from every tray, with the New INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE! Also freezes more pounds of ice—faster... and stores 100% more ice-cubes ready for use! Most complete ICE SERVICE ever known.



PROOF 2

GREATER STORAGE-ABILITY

New 9-Way Adjustable Interior! Goodbye to old-fashioned crowding and dish-juggling. Now you get maximum shelf space up in front. And Full-Width Sliding Shelves, Cold-Storage Tray, new Super-Duty Hydrators, ALL adjust like magic to suit any size or shape of food! Most complete STORAGE SERVICE ever known.



PROOF 3

GREATER PROTECT-ABILITY

Keeps Food Safer, Fresher, Longer! SAFETY-ZONE Cold in food compartment—proved by new Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on the Door, always in sight. Plus MOIST Cold for vegetables... EXTRA Cold for meats... FREEZING Cold for ice cream and frozen desserts. Most complete PROTECTION SERVICE ever known.



PROOF 4

GREATER DEPEND-ABILITY

Five-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors, on Frigidaire's sealed-in mechanical unit. This, together with Frigidaire's Sealed Steel Cabinet, Special Sealed Insulation and Lifetime Porcelain or Durable Dulux exterior, all adds up to the most complete DEPEND-ABILITY ever known.

PROOF 5

GREATER SAVE-ABILITY

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS THE *Meter-Miser* CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE

Meet the Meter-Miser! You see its lower operating cost proved by an electric meter before you buy! The Meter-Miser does Super-Duty at an amazing saving because it's the simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built... Only 3 moving parts, including the motor... permanently oiled, completely sealed against moisture and dirt. Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser saves enough on food and operating cost to pay for itself, and pay you a profit besides!



BY ALL MEANS see and test this new "Super-Duty" Frigidaire if you want to get full 1937 value. You just can't imagine how SO MUCH NEW ABILITY TO SERVE YOU was ever built into a refrigerator!

But the PROOF is there—thrilling new evidence of completeness that makes ordinary refrigerators appear out-of-date. That's why you must be careful to get this new advance in ALL 5 BASIC REFRIGERATION SERVICES.

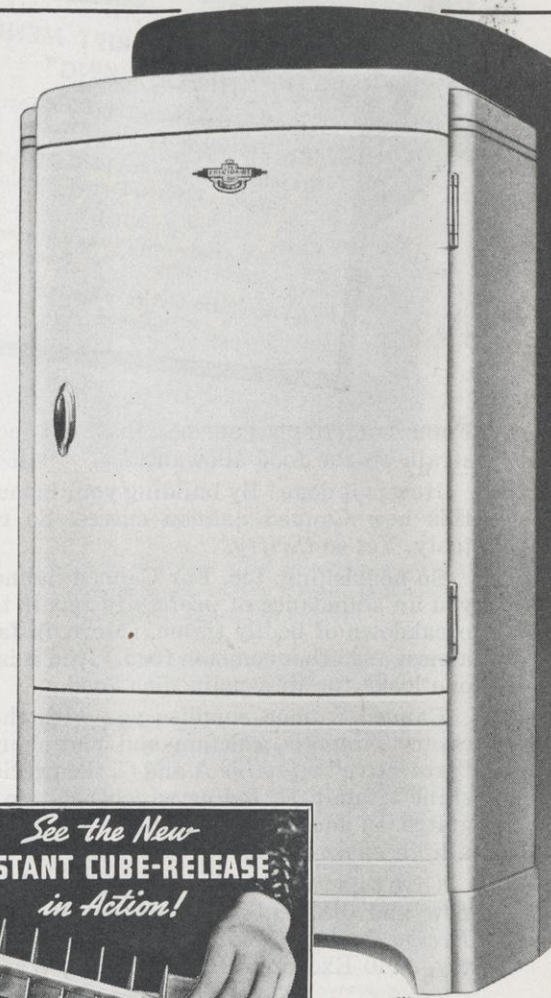
SUPER-DUTY at an Amazing Saving

Now you can be sure of ice-cubes in super-abundance... ready to serve right when you need them. And you can freeze more pounds of ice—faster... as well as store 100% more ice-cubes in reserve! That's ICE-ABILITY never known before.

Likewise in each other BASIC SERVICE, Frigidaire's New 9-Way Adjustable Interior makes "crowding" a thing of the past. The new type Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on the Door gives proof, always in plain sight, that foods are kept safer, fresher, longer. And year after year, Frigidaire's miracle Meter-Miser holds current cost down, runs trouble-free—because it's the simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built!

Don't make the mistake of buying a refrigerator that falls short of complete Serviceability. Attend your Frigidaire Dealer's PROOF-DEMONSTRATION OF ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES. You'll agree it proves the new "Super-Duty" Frigidaire is ALL METAL for fast freezing. And every one has the INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE as well as the most beautiful refrigerator you have ever seen!

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation • Dayton, Ohio



Only FRIGIDAIRE has it!
Instantly releases ice-cubes from tray, two or a dozen, as you need them. No more carrying to sink, splashing under a faucet. Yields 20% more ice by ending meltage waste. Every tray, in every "Super-Duty" Frigidaire is ALL METAL for fast freezing. And every one has the INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE. See PROOF of its quick, easy action at your Frigidaire Dealer's.



Buy only on Proof of Super-Duty



They'll curtsy to you for

Salmon Royale

An entree so inexpensive you've more to spend on your other courses!



BALANCED THRIFT MENU "FIT FOR A KING"

Hot Consommé with Tiny Diced Carrots
Toasted Whole Wheat Wafers
Grapefruit Sections and Pickled Onions on
Shredded Lettuce, French Dressing

Salmon Royale
Asparagus with Drawn Butter
Bread Sticks Conserve
Fresh Strawberries in Meringue Shells
Coffee

SALMON ROYALE

1 pkg. noodles
4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
1 cup grated cheese
6 medium tomatoes
2 cups (1 lb.) Canned Salmon
1 cup cut-up mushrooms
Salt, pepper, lemon juice

Cook noodles in boiling salted water, drain. Melt 2 tbsps. butter in double boiler, add flour, 1 tsp. salt, 1/8 tsp. pepper, blend thoroughly. Add milk, stir until thick and smooth. Cook for 5 min., add cheese, stir until cheese melts. Arrange half of cooked noodles in buttered casserole, pour over them half of cheese sauce. Repeat, using remaining ingredients.

Hollow out peeled tomatoes, season with 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/8 tsp. pepper. Melt 2 tbsps. butter, add flaked Canned Salmon and mushrooms; simmer 5 min. Add 1 tsp. salt, 1/8 tsp. pepper, 1 tsp. lemon juice to salmon mixture; fill tomatoes with it.

Arrange stuffed tomatoes in casserole on top of noodle mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 40 min. until tomatoes are tender. Serve with lemon slices. Serves 6.

FOUR BOUNTIFUL COURSES that put no undue strain on the food allowance!

How is it done? By building your menu around this new Canned Salmon entree. So rich and tasty. Yet so *thrifty*.

So nourishing, too. For Canned Salmon gives you an abundance of *protein* to repair the daily breakdown of bodily tissue. (More, in fact, than almost any other common food.) And it is *protein* one looks for in a main dish food.

Canned Salmon supplies you with those necessary *minerals*, calcium and phosphorus. The "protective" *vitamins* A and G, the precious sunshine vitamin D. *Iodine* which helps to prevent goitre. In addition, Canned Salmon is classed as a high *energy* food.

Give this valuable food to your family in many new and different ways, described in the *free Recipe Booklet*. Write to Canned Salmon Industry, 1440 Exchange Bldg., Seattle, Washington.



CANNED SALMON Our greatest food from the sea

The Colonel's Knife

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

door and asked for his cutaway.

"How do I look?" asked Carberry putting on the coat and surveying himself in a mirror.

"Good!" remarked Mark lifelessly.

"Mark," said Carberry in a confidential tone while Mark was wrapping up the suit, "that's a nice pair of trousers you've got hanging up there. Why didn't you give me those?"

"In the first place, because I'm going to wear them myself. I ought to have first pick. I own the store, don't I?"

"Yeh," grinned Carberry, "but you won't own the store long! Heh—heh!"

He picked up his bundle, started for the door and came back again, as he had done before.

"Mark, what do you say to two-fifty for that right of way?" he asked.

"I said five!" replied Mark.

"Don't be a lunatic. Good-by! I'll see you in church!"

JUST before noon, as Mark finished changing his clothes for the wedding, there came the purr of a high-powered car and a long glittering limousine stopped outside the door. The chauffeur opened the door and a lady entered, an elderly woman, unknown to Mark.

"This is an emergency!" she snapped. "I hear that you have dress clothes for hire. Is that so?"

"Well, yes and no, ma'am," replied Mark. "We do, but just now we don't. There's a big wedding in town and everyone is going to it. I'm all hired out!"

"How long," asked the lady desperately, "would it take to get to Boston from here?"

"Three hours, the best you could make it, ma'am!" answered Mark.

"Oh dear!" said the lady. Her brusque manner when she entered gave place to one of most intense disappointment. She seemed almost in tears.

"What seems to be the matter?" asked Mark. "Maybe I can help."

"It's my brother!" said the lady, hesitating. "He asked me to bring down his cutaway when I came from New York. My maid didn't pack the trousers! Wasn't that stupid of her? We've come down especially for the wedding and my brother has no trousers to go with his coat! He doesn't know it yet! I didn't dare tell him!"

"Well, he could go in his other clothes," said Mark. "A lot of people will. It's only the merchants—the principal ones—and the bank people, and the selectmen, and the harbor master, that will dress up."

"My brother—we're members of the family!" protested the lady. "Was there ever such a mix-up? Wouldn't you think my

brother would bring his own clothes down? Oh, it will be terrible! Why, if he can't go, there might not be any wedding at all!" The lady made a strong effort to pull herself together. "I'm sorry to have inflicted all this upon you," she said. "Only—the cook said to come to you—that Mark Stewart had everything, even clothes to hire. Now you haven't!"

"I'm awfully sorry, ma'am!" said Mark. "Of course I could let you have the pair I've got on, but they wouldn't fit your brother—"

"Would you?" asked the lady swiftly. "Would you, really? They would fit! He's thin for his age. He's just about your size!"

"Well, ma'am—" stammered Mark, "but—but—then I'd have nothing to wear myself—"

"Oh! You just said that a lot of people wouldn't be in formal attire! You just told me so yourself—this minute—name your own price, Mr. Stewart."

"Will you excuse me?" asked Mark. He retired to the cellar. In a short time he was back wearing overalls, a pair of formal trousers such as are worn with a cutaway over his arm.

"That'll be five dollars, ma'am!" said Mark wrapping up the garment. "You'll get two-fifty back when you return the trousers."

NOON came. Mark ate a frugal lunch that he had brought with him, then wandered about the store until he found a pair of black pilot cloth trousers that he could wear with a cutaway coat. He would be sitting down most of the time and when he stood, the high pew would cover his lower extremities so that the pants question was not too important. But the going in and the coming forth—well, he could go early and come away after all the others.

"And even in the last days of its existence," muttered Mark, "this store didn't send a customer away empty-handed!"

The first car, bearing one of the members of the wedding party charged with the final arrangements, drew up before the church.

"Time to go," thought Mark. He adjusted tie and collar before a small mirror, put on the cutaway, emptied the cash drawer, put the contents in the old-fashioned safe which he swung shut; then he closed his desk and reached into his pocket for the keys with which to lock it. The pocket was empty.

"Oh, thunderation!" exclaimed Mark, horror-stricken, "I left the keys in those other pants!" There would be no wedding for him! To leave the store unlocked, while everyone in town was at the wed-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]



Copr. 1937 by The Cream of Wheat Corporation

Ten toes to wiggle - a doll to cuddle -
HE'S HAPPY!

**KEEP HIM THAT WAY. KEEP HIM SAFE AND HEALTHY, TOO.
 CHOOSE HIS FIRST SOLID FOOD WITH CARE.**

From cuddly dolls to lullabies—there are a thousand ways to make your baby coo with happiness!

But to keep him thriving at first solid food time . . . that's different. There is only *one* right way: seek the advice of your doctor!

The right first solid food is very important. It must agree with your

baby, so there will be no disturbing upsets and lowering of vitality. It must be quickly digested, so the young stomach will not be overtaxed. It must encourage weight increases.

Your doctor will probably advise Cream of Wheat. Ask him to tell you about the ease with which it is digested in little systems . . . its

purity and safety . . . its uniformity in texture and taste . . . its freedom from harsh parts of the grain. Learn how readily and economically it supplies food energy babies need to help them gain and keep active.

Cream of Wheat is not made from just a single wheat. It is a select blend of the best produced by many growing areas. Millions of mothers through 42 years have raised sturdy babies on delicious Cream of Wheat.

- ★ Cream of Wheat is rich in a type of carbohydrate second only to sugar in speed and completeness of assimilation.
- ★ Doesn't tax digestions. Even delicate young systems handle Cream of Wheat with ease.
- ★ Is a good source of the food energy that is needed by every child.

★ As part of an adequate diet, it encourages steady, natural weight gains.

Important: The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association has awarded to Cream of Wheat the "Seal of Acceptance". This officially indicates that this famous hot cereal and the advertising for it are acceptable to the Council.



"**AH-H-H-H,** Cream of Wheat . . . that's my dish! The more I eat, the more I want. It's some builder-upper, isn't it, Mommy?"



"**SAY,** what is this nonsense anyway? I want off! Of course I'm up to weight . . . I eat my Cream of Wheat every day!"



"**SORRY,** Teddy, it must be the cave man in me. Or maybe it's the extra food energy that swell Cream of Wheat is giving me!"

Take a Tip, Take Pineapple, Take a Bow

Take, for example, the dishes shown here—the novel and varied salad combinations—the unusual sandwiches—and the decorative, delicious meringue-topped cake. They're all responsible to Canned Hawaiian Pineapple for their appetizing appearance and fascinating flavor.

Remember, you can do so much for your meals with Canned Pineapple. The slices are as welcome at breakfast as at dinner, served either in their own fine-flavored syrup, or gently broiled or fried to accompany bacon or sausage, chops or fish. Crushed Pineapple is ideal for pastries and desserts of all kinds. And the Tidbits are so handy for fruit cups and quick salads.

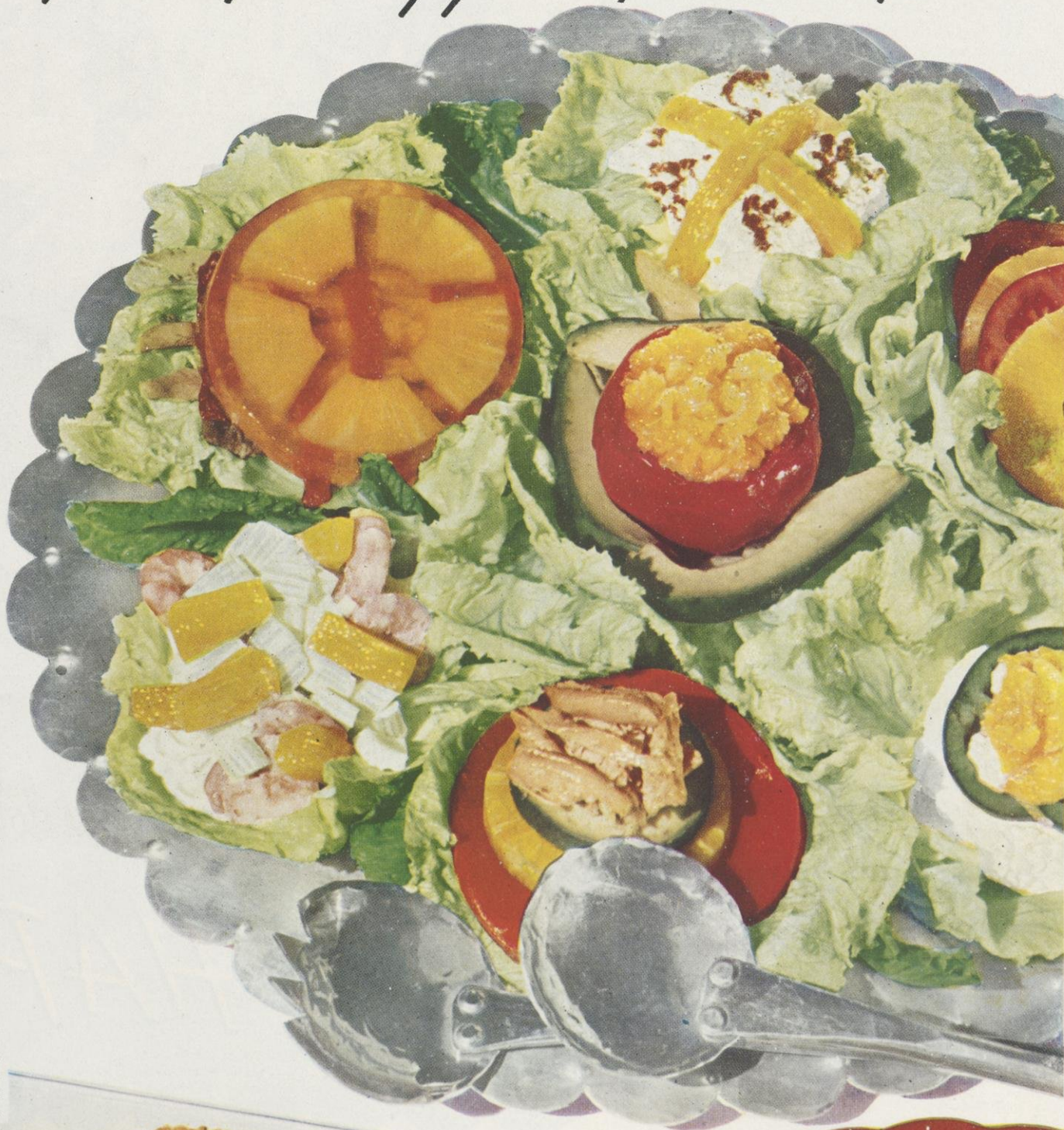
Canned Hawaiian Pineapple is a healthful fruit, too, with vitamins A, B, C; food-iron and copper for the blood; reinforcing alkalinity—and natural sugars for energy.

Make a note of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple on your shopping list today! Pineapple Producers Cooperative Association, Ltd., San Francisco, California.

TAKE-YOUR-CHOICE SALAD PLATE (right)—Canned Pineapple—Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits—combines equally well with sea food, chicken and veal; with vegetables; with cottage cheese and other members of the cheese family; with fruit gelatins; and with all kinds of fruits—in an unusually delightful salad plate for a spring or summer luncheon, the ever-popular buffet meal.

PINEAPPLE BLITZ TORTE (lower right)—Cream well $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or shortening. Add 4 egg yolks and beat well, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon lemon extract or grated lemon rind. Sift together 1 cup sifted flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder; add alternately to above mixture, along with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup syrup from can of Pineapple Tidbits. Spread thinly in two 8-inch cake pans. Over this spread the 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten, with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar folded in. Stand well-drained Tidbits into this meringue. Bake in a slightly under moderate oven (340°) for 20 minutes. Allow to cool in pan. Then put together, meringue sides up, filling with well-drained Crushed Pineapple folded into sweetened whipped cream. Cut in wedges to serve. Serve same day as made.

PINEAPPLE TOPKNOTS (below)—For each sandwich, dip a large round of bread in melted butter, then in grated American cheese. Place plain side down on buttered pan. On top place slice of ham or corned beef, a slice of tomato, then another round of bread prepared as above. Top with slice of Pineapple. Bake in a hot oven (450°) until the cheese turns a delicate brown.



Canned
**HAWAIIAN
PINEAPPLE**
• SLICED • CRUSHED • TIDBITS •

The Colonel's Knife

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

ding, would be impossible. Thieves could back a truck up and clean out his entire stock!

"Fiddlesticks!" raged Mark. "The colonel will think I stayed away on purpose to slight him! Can't I get somebody to mind the store? No, that would be worse. Everyone in town is closing up out of respect to Colonel Knight, and sooner or later he'd hear that I stayed open, and think it a slight! Well, I can't go, that's all! Still, let me think now a minute!"

But thought brought nothing. Cars full of wedding guests began to arrive, the bride appeared, like a cloud that had drifted to earth, and swept in, all veils and flowers and flowing whiteness. A traffic jam developed, then finally cleared. The stream of cars grew smaller, became intermittent, died altogether. Through the open window Mark could hear the strains of the wedding march. He got up and closed the window.

"I'm going to have to stay here all night," thought Mark, "or until that woman brings back those pants! And I never even took her name!"

He sank dejectedly into a chair by the old desk.

"I'm afraid," he told himself, "that I'm not so bright! A man that would have a case of bayonets kicking around for years and never see how they could be made up into knives and sold for about four hundred per cent is just about the type of man who would leave the keys to his store in a pair of pants he'd rented out!"

SUDDENLY the screen door slammed. Two men entered the store.

"Hey, buddy," said the first man, "have you got a plumb bob?"

"The store is closed!" said Mark bitterly.

"Aw, nix! The man in the filling station said we could get a plumb bob here! We've got a job of surveying to do and we dropped our plumb bob in the marsh. It went out of sight in fifty feet of mud!"

"All the stores in town are closed for the afternoon on account of a wedding!" said Mark coldly. "So is this one, even if I'm in it!"

"Yeh, I know about the wedding," said the other man. "We've got to get this job finished before it's over. Orders!" He winked.

"Lookit!" said the first man. "The guy in the filling station said that this store had everything. Listen, you got a plumb bob or not? Or where can we get one?"

"Why have you got to get the job finished before the wedding is over?" asked Mark. "What has that got to do with it?"

Mark saw the two men exchange the slightest glance.

"Oh," said one offhandedly, "it's out near the rich guy's house that—whose daughter is gettin' married. We don't want to be fussin' around with a rod and transit during a wedding party. Well, buddy, what do you say? We're in a rush!"

"Come to think of it," said Mark slowly, "there's a plumb bob around here somewhere. Ed Tolliver bought one when he put a new foundation under his house and I remember seeing another one in the box. It's a thing you hang on your surveying telescope, isn't it? Yes, I know. Let me look."

"Hurry, will you, because if you haven't got one, we're sunk, what I mean!"

"SO YOU'RE surveying around Colonel Knight's place, are you?" asked Mark pretending to fumble around the shelves.

"It's not his land," said one of the men, "it's across the river. There's an old road over there, all grown over with marsh grass. We got orders to find out just where the right of way grant says it should run."

"You mean that old road runs out to Weetamoe Neck?" asked Mark, his head in the shelves. "Who cares about that?"

"Somebody wants to build a factory out there!" said the surveyor. "I guess the road has somethin' pretty important to do with it."

Mark turned with the plumb bob in his hand just in time to see one of the men kick the other.

"Aw, who cares?" protested the man who had been kicked. "What do we care who knows it? We're just a couple of boys from the city!"

"Here's the plumb bob!" said Mark. "I'm glad I could help you out. What kind of factory do they want to build out there? Two-fifty for the plumb bob. Solid brass, you know. Comes expensive."

"I don't know," said the surveyor reaching into his pocket for the money, "but if they're going to build it on that neck of marsh, it's because it makes some product that stinks. And it'll be nice for your rich friend across the river when the wind is that way."

"Heh-heh-heh!" chuckled Mark. "Come in again, boys, any time you're round this way!"

Mark watched the surveyors' car disappear down the road.

"They'll never get that job done before the wedding party gets back!" he muttered. "If they're surveying my right of way, whoever is wanting to buy it seems pretty certain of getting it!" He stood at the door a long time looking absent-mindedly into the square.

The sound of the organ playing

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]

TRANSFORM YOUR OLD KITCHEN ...



IS your kitchen just an old sink's home? Are you longing to be mistress of a lovely, modern work-saving kitchen?

Then start your modernizing program by retiring the battle-scarred sink. Replace it with this handsome sink-and-cabinet combination — topped off with silvery Monel. Just one easily-made change—but what a happy improvement you'll see in your kitchen's appearance—for only \$124.50.*

That price includes everything but the faucet — a Whitehead Monel sink, five feet long with eight-inch backsplash, and a Whitehead steel cabinet with four drawers and two storage bins. A bargain in beauty and efficiency!

Matched equipment (as you probably know) is the newest idea in kitchen decoration. After your budget has taken care

of the Whitehead Monel sink, you can start matching it with other Monel units. The leading range manufacturers are topping off their latest models with Monel. And in Monel-topped cabinets and work-tables there are scores of bright new models.

See the Nearest Whitehead Dealer

Whether you're planning to build a complete new kitchen or just pensioning off a veteran sink, the place to go is the nearest Whitehead Dealer. He offers 57 different models of Monel sinks — 42 different sizes of steel wall and base cabinets—to fit your kitchen as if made to order.

Leading plumbers and dealers are now selling Whitehead sinks and metal cabinets. If you do not find one in your neighborhood, use the coupon below. It will also bring you an interesting new booklet on kitchen planning.

*This price applies only to deliveries made east of the Rocky Mountains and does not include installation.

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 Send me name of the nearest Whitehead Dealer.
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"I've found Complete
Personal Daintiness"



QUEST... for Foot Comfort



During hot weather especially, fastidious women consider Quest part of their daily toilet. It is the positive deodorant powder, soothing, completely effective! Try it as a foot powder—see how Quest gives tired, perspiring feet a new lease on life, keeps them fresh and dainty.

QUEST... after the Bath

For all-day-long body freshness, use Quest as a dusting powder and for under-arms. It prevents perspiration offense—does not clog pores or irritate the skin. Unscented, it does not cover up the fragrance of lovely perfume.



QUEST... totally effective on Sanitary Napkins

This is the key test for any deodorant powder! Prove for yourself that Quest never fails on sanitary napkins—assures complete personal daintiness. Buy the large can today—only 35c.



Use it with Kotex



PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAMS STUDIOS

For Today's Wedding

A LOVELY bride's cake can be made at home and decorated as you see above. You'll find the recipe in the new illustrated COMPANION booklet Cakes for All Occasions. There are thirty-two pages of recipes from simple everyday cakes to glamorous party ones. Price, 15 cents. Address Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

The Colonel's Knife

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]

the recession came faintly, then the bridal party appeared and was borne away by automobile. The second car in line did not follow the first, but made a circle and stopped in front of Stewart's General Store. To Mark's surprise, Colonel Knight got out hurriedly and rushed into the store.

"Well, hello, Colonel!" greeted Mark pondering why he had so suddenly risen in the colonel's esteem that that great man should take time out from his daughter's wedding to come in and inquire the reason for Mark's absence. "Congratulations, or best wishes, or whatever I should offer!"

"Thanks, Mark," said the colonel hurriedly, "but what are the keys to your store doing in my pants?" With that the colonel tossed down three keys that bore a tag on which was written, "Finder return to Stewart's Store, Standish, and receive reward."

"Yeh," stammered Mark, "I couldn't go to the wedding because I couldn't find the keys to lock up the store with!"

"But what are they doing in my clothes? Have you been wearing my clothes? When I find someone's keys in my clothes, it's news, do you hear me?"

"I can't help smiling, colonel," apologized Mark. "Those aren't your pants, colonel, they're my pants."

"You rave! Don't you suppose I know my own clothes? I had these pants made in London! Look here!"

The colonel angrily turned the watch pocket inside out. On the inside was a tag, with the name "Colonel Knight," a date several years back and the tailor's address.

"Colonel Knight," said Mark, trying to keep a straight face, "did you ask your sister to bring your dress clothes down from New York with her?"

"HOW did you know I had a sister?" demanded the colonel suspiciously.

"I didn't until just now. A lady came in here about noon and said that her brother had asked her to bring his dress clothes down with her and she'd forgotten the pants. Someone told her I had a few suits for hire. So she came to me. The only pair I had were the ones I had planned to wear myself! It's lucky we're the same size, colonel!"

"It is!" agreed the colonel.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]



PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

For a Silver Wedding

THIS gorgeous affair of silver and white paper conceals the favors at a twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Directions for making it, FL-704, will be sent for 3 cents. Ready now, too, is the timely new COMPANION booklet on Celebrating Wedding Anniversaries. Price, 10 cents. Address Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

The Colonel's Knife

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

"That nut! Why didn't she tell me? It would have been pretty terrible for the bride's father to have had to appear in flannels at a formal wedding. I must be off now to the reception. This thing is twice the trouble I had getting married myself! But how did my pants get into your store, that's what I want to know!"

"I don't know myself!" said Mark. "Those suits were bought before my time."

"But where could your father buy a suit of my clothes?"

"WHEN did you wear that suit last?" demanded Mark.

"When did I? Ah! Now I brought it down here the first summer I was here, that is three years ago. Never wore it. The reason I didn't bring a suit down this year was because I thought I had one here to wear to my daughter's wedding. When I found I hadn't, I wrote my sister to bring me down another. I know how your father got it, Mark! My wife has a weakness for giving away all my clothes at the end of a season, to save putting them in moth balls. She gave that cut-away to some indigent native!"

"He either sold it to my father

or swapped it for a suit of oil-skins!" smiled Mark. "Lucky I had it, for your sake, but it kept me from going to the wedding."

"You probably didn't lose by it," remarked the colonel. "You must have got a lot of trade, being the only store in town open!"

In the car outside Mark saw a lady, Mrs. Knight probably, speak to the chauffeur and that man gave his horn an admonitory hoot.

"I had just one customer, Colonel Knight," said Mark hurriedly as the colonel made for the door. "He had a man with him. If you hurry home you'll probably see them! Go down to the end of your lawn and look across the river!"

"What's this, Mark?" asked the colonel. "I don't like your tone. Why should I look at these men? What are they doing?"

"I inherited a right of way out to Weetamoe Neck, where the trading schooners used to land in the old days. It's no good now, except to get out to Weetamoe Neck, and who wants to go to Weetamoe Neck? However, if anybody did want to go, and I didn't want to let them, they couldn't. Just a minute! Colonel,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

MODERN NECESSITY!

—the 3-way protection that only Kotex offers!

1-CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



2-CAN'T FAIL

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture. A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.



3-CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.



3 TYPES OF KOTEX . . . ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE—Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN

made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

Woman's Home Companion June 1937

MAKE-UP REVOLUTIONIZED!



Daye Shade Gives You Glowing, Dramatic Color During the Day

Nihte Shade Gives You Soft, Romantic Loveliness at Night

LADY ESTHER ANNOUNCES TWO, NEW MAGICAL SHADES OF FACE POWDER!

Two Amazing New Shades That Are Literally Transforming in the Beauty They Give You Under the Most Searching Sunlight or the Unkindest Artificial Light!

By *Lady Esther*

Two new shades of face powder, the like of which you have never before seen!

Two new shades that give face powder a magic that has never before been known!

To look at these shades in the box you would just think them two new strange shades of face powder. You would never imagine them to have any marvelous effect.

But they are literally transforming! They do things for you that face powder has never been known or dreamed to do. (I do not merely claim this, I have proved it on the skins of more than 10,000 women.)

These shades impart the full magic of color. They do not confine themselves to your skin or your face. They extend themselves to your whole personality. They definitely flatter. They definitely "glamor-ize." They create a new "YOU"!

They are striking examples of the power of color!

A Dramatic Shade for Day

Daye and Nihte I call these new shades of mine.

Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luscious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a dramatic shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring morn, the glow of the heart of a rose. It creates a gay

beauty that is preserved under the most glaring sunlight.

A Romantic Shade for Night

Nihte is primarily for night-time wear. It is a romantic shade, suggestive of moonlit waters and soft music. It casts a pearly radiance about you. It gives your skin a transparent look, as if the moon shone through it. It creates a soft ethereal beauty that can challenge the most unsympathetic artificial light.

At My Expense

These new face powder shades and their effect can no more be described than can a radiant dawn or a glorious sunset. They have to be seen to be appreciated. That's why I offer to send a liberal trial supply to every woman in America.

Just send me your name and address and by return mail you will receive generous packets of both Daye and Nihte shades. Try on each shade, Daye during the day and Nihte at night. See what each does! Step up your appearance, your whole appeal. You will be more than surprised and delighted with what your mirror shows you and your friends tell you.

Mail coupon today for your free packets of my new Daye and Nihte shades of face powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (34) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2026 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me trial packets of your two new face powder shades, Daye and Nihte.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

The Colonel's Knife

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]

people have been after me lately to sell that right of way. The same people, probably, that sent these surveyors down to see just where it went. Those two men told me they had to get their job done before you got out to your place and saw them and got suspicious. That's why they came down here while the wedding was going on. They lost a plumb bob, that brass pendulum thing that hangs on the transit, you know, and came in here to buy one."

"WELL, Mark, I'll have to hear the story some other time—my wife is waiting—daughter's reception, you know—"

"You'd better wait, colonel! The people that want to buy that road of mine are going to build a factory on Weetamoe!"

"A factory on Weetamoe? What do they want to build a factory on Weetamoe for?"

"Because they can't build it anywhere else. Why not? Because they're going to make some product that stinks! It'll be nice for your place when the wind's right!"

"By God!" cried Colonel Knight, his face whitening, "I'll have it stopped! It's a nuisance! They can't do a thing like that without permission."

"Weetamoe Neck belongs to the town of Sebosset. They're all Sebosset Indians over there. You remember what the Indians sold Manhattan Island for. Anyway, they'd like nothing better than to have someone build something in Sebosset that would smoke the people in Standish out. Put the shoe on the other foot!"

"What can we do, Mark? You know these people around here! Good heavens, this will ruin us all! Why, I've given my daughter a place just next to mine and even nearer to Weetamoe, to build a house on for a wedding present. Tell me: can't something be done?"

"They can't build any factory on Weetamoe unless I sell my right of way. You see it follows a ridge of rock and it's the only way to get across the marsh."

"I'll buy it from you!" cried Colonel Knight eagerly. "I'll buy that right of way, cash down!"

"No," said Mark, "I won't sell it. I had a chance some time ago. Carberry Jones was in here trying to buy a sheath for a knife of yours that wouldn't cut butter. I knew he didn't want a sheath for it; he just wanted a chance to see how I felt about selling the right of way. So I've had my ears pricked ever since."

"Here!" Colonel Knight rushed around the counter and sat down at Mark's desk. "We'll settle this right now. The reception can wait until I get there, by golly! This is more important! We'll draw up an agreement now! How much do you want for that road?"

"I won't sell it!" said Mark. "It's been in the family too long. But I'd put it up as collateral for a fifteen-hundred-dollar loan till I can get my accounts in, in the fall!"

"Yow!" choked the colonel. "Is it worth that much?"

"Well, I can ask the factory people."

"No, no," said the colonel hurriedly. He began to write. When he had finished he turned to Mark.

"Here," he said, "sign here. This is a forty-eight-hour option on your right of way. Here's fifty dollars, that's all I've got with me! Tomorrow or the next day we'll look into your title and draw up the papers and I'll make you the loan myself. I'd rather make it a sale, Mark! An outright sale! You've helped me so much by loaning me your pants and tipping me off about this thing. I'd like to help you. I don't think it will do you any good to tide over until fall. You'll lose the store sooner or later!"

"Colonel," said Mark, "you remember that fish knife you bought? The one Carberry Jones was going to get you the sheath for? What made you pay three-fifty for a knife that wouldn't cut?"

"Who says it won't cut?"

"I do," said Mark calmly, "and I can tell you something else you didn't know about that knife when you bought it. It was made out of a bayonet. And I can put an edge on it that will cut. Just because it was good steel in the first place."

"What's that got to do with all this?" demanded the colonel.

"Suppose we nickel plate my store and shine it here and change it there? Won't it increase that much in value? Wouldn't the bank be glad to finance it, since the president has seen how it works with him on an old bayonet?"

"But I needed a knife!"

"The town needs this store! Where would you have been today if my store hadn't been here? You would have had to wear white flannels to your daughter's wedding, and have some kind of a fish cannery or something under your front windows!"

"MARK," said the colonel, "a man that wouldn't back you is crazy. Come out to the reception! Just grab your hat and come on along as you are. I'll give you back your pants when we get there. Tell me, Mark, why didn't you sell your right of way when you got the first offer, needing money and everything? Jones would never have sold it to the factory people; he was going to resell it to me!"

"I just figured something was wrong!" said Mark. "When a man wants to buy a sheath for a knife that won't cut, it bears lookin' into."

GANTNER Floating Bra



If you wear a bra in a formal . . . you need Floating Bra on the beach!

WHATEVER YOUR FIGURE . . . this semi-detached inner uplift makes you *beautifully glamorous!* Floating Bra cups under the breast, lifting your bustline smartly. Slims your waist! Narrows your hips! Eliminates embarrassing sagging, wobbling or slumping! Floating Bra is scientific . . . patented . . . and exclusive with Gantner swim suits.

Top . . . Uncut velvet wool herringbone, \$6.95
Below . . . Knit velvet lastex maillot, \$5.95
Other Floating Bra Suits . . . \$3.95 to \$9.75

At smarter stores everywhere . . . or write us, giving bust measure, weight, choice of color. (Style book upon request. Canadians, write us.)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. W
S. F. Mdse. Mart, Chicago 1410 Bdwy., N. Y.
Makers of America's Smartest Swim Suits



She Could Reef a Sail

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

know much about boats. I just bought this today from a yacht broker. She needs to have some work done on her." His eyes were on her, searching and interested. "Do you work around here?"

"I used to." She gave the scraped strip a pat and felt in her pocket for the companionway key, and paused, one finger hooked around it like a question mark.

"Like it?"

"Very much. I do it better than anything else. It runs in the family. I come from boat-yard people." He wasn't a bad guy, as Russ said. Open-faced and sure, but not certain. There was a distinction.

"I'm looking for someone to put the boat in shape for me," he said. "You've been working on it already I see," he pointed to the scraped strip. "There's no good reason for stopping. Do you want to take it over?"

"I'd like to," Marty said. She smiled, to take care of the understatement.

"It's a job, then," Jay Hardwick said. "It's a break for me because I haven't a teaspoon's worth of experience in commissioning boats."

"I'll have her in shape," Marty promised, "in three weeks."

"That sounds almost record-breaking," he said. "I'll be down off and on to see how she's coming. So long." He climbed the graded driveway to a roadster, polished green, baking in the sun.

"WE HAVE met," Marty said across the candles at dinner to Russ, "the new owner of the Spindrift and I. The boy of your Livy class and the turf. And he isn't as ablative absolute as I thought. I liked him."

"All this," Russ told his father and mother, "means Jay Hardwick, who bought the Spindrift."

"You met him," Mrs. Bartlett asked, "where?"

"In the boat yard," Marty said. "I went down to say good-by to the Spin, but I didn't have to. He gave me a job."

"Who," Mr. Bartlett asked, "gave you a job?"

"Jay Hardwick."

"The third," Russ said. "He bought the Spindrift today through a yacht broker. We were in the same Latin class but he went on to horses when he left college. Go on, Marty."

"He gave me the job of putting the Spin in commission," Marty said. There were little candle-lights in her eyes. "You don't mind."

They all looked at her and Russ said: "It's okay. We don't mind."

Marty went down to the boat yard early the next morning. She climbed the ladder propped against the Spindrift and rolled back the tarpaulin on deck. She brought up

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]



fast colors but no boiling

FOR tints, use only warm water!

For dark colors, even black, just *simmer*—the difference of 40° is easier on your clothes, easier on *you!* There's a special penetrating substance in Rit that makes the color soak in quickly, evenly. Gorgeous colors are easy now. If you haven't tried Rit *recently* you'll be amazed by its new formula—*found in no other dye!*

Actual photo of a single drop of ordinary dye on dry material—takes time to soak in—requires prolonged boiling!

Rit contains a special penetrating substance—soaks into the fabric instantly! Rit is the *only* dye with this feature.

Use **WHITE RIT** Color Remover *first*—harmless as boiling water—takes out old color so you can dye dark things lighter. Removes stains. Really whitens white goods.

NEWS!
Perhaps it's news to you that Rit is **NOT** a SOAP—new formula makes it dissolve instantly like lump sugar!



RIT

TINTS & DYES

Never say "Dye"—say **RIT!**

CANADA CALLING YOU.



Choose from

1,001 DIFFERENT VACATIONS!

PACK your bags and head north this summer... for a *different*, thrilling, inexpensive vacation as "Guest of Canada", your friendly northern neighbor.

Do you long for quiet woodland peace? . . . Take a family cottage on the sun-bathed shore of one of Canada's Maritime provinces. Swim, canoe, golf and hike by day. Then sleep as you've never slept before all through the crisp, cool night.

If you love the "colony" life . . . Plan to join the gay, congenial crowd at one of our many smart, world-famed resorts.

If a motor tour appeals . . . Set your course along Canada's miles and miles of scenic highways. Stop over at wayside inns, camp in beautiful National Parks, or put up at great, modern hotels.

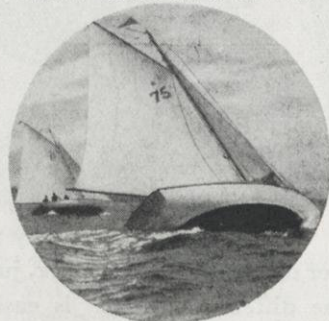
Are you a fisherman? . . . Discover the sportsman's paradise, in Canada's forested lakelands and along her myriad rivers. You'll find them richly stocked with fighting beauties.

Tour by train or bus—or enjoy an inland cruise through mighty waterways, if you prefer. . . . And remember that each of the thousand-and-one vacations Canada invites you to enjoy is an *inexpensive* vacation. Learn more about them all by sending the coupon below for our big, free Vacation Guide.

CANADIAN TRAVEL BUREAU
OTTAWA - CANADA



A lovely scene in beautiful Victoria's land-locked harbor . . . a "bit of England" on this side of the world!



Sail, cruise, paddle or pole . . . you'll never forget the sheer, blue beauty of Canada's holiday waterways.



Good motor roads everywhere invite you to explore far frontiers, and the unspoiled National Parks of Canada.



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AN-837

She Could Reef a Sail

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

a kit of tools from the cabin and ran her hand over the roughened rail. She set to work. The scuffed varnish fell away from her scraper and she was a quarter down the rail when she heard the crunch of car tires on the graded slope.

She looked up. Jay Hardwick was behind the wheel of the car and there was a girl beside him. A beautiful girl in tropical white, with a face as perfect as the June morning. The kind of face that would start primitive warfare among males on a dance floor. Just the kind of girl that Jay Hardwick would have. The kind of girl who would choose Jay Hardwick.

"Hello," he called.

"Hello," Marty said. She flourished a wave with her scraper.

"Isn't she pretty grand?" he asked the girl beside him.

"She's nice," the girl agreed. Her voice matched. It was cool and perfect. But suddenly there was something wrong about it. It didn't match Jay Hardwick after all. It was too golden and acquisitive and it could collect people like stamps. It had already collected Jay Hardwick.

"Is it all right to come up," Jay asked, "and look her over?"

"Come on," Marty said. She pushed the debris on deck into the cockpit.

"I'll stay," the girl said. Her eyes looked up at Marty. Little mirrors of blue in her lovely slim face.

Jay swung up the ladder. He walked around on deck and examined the cockpit and the cabin. He looked as if someone had given him a present.

"She's a beauty," Jay said. "She's more beautiful than Ajax or Knobby."

The girl laughed. "They're your best ponies." She was amused. "You wouldn't give them up for a price. You're boaty now."

"Yes," he said. "I've always wanted a boat. There was an old Hardwick with a red beard who hangs in a portrait in the front hall. I've always thought there was some viking in him."

"Silly," the girl smiled saying it.

"We'll take ourselves out of your way now," Jay said. He clambered down the ladder. "Well, farvel," he said. "That's good-by in viking."

The roadster swung up the sloping driveway and rolled off.

"RUSS—" Marty sat on the veranda that night, "who would be a beautiful girl with Jay Hardwick today, down at the boat yard?"

"That would be Cyra Painter," Russ said. "She comes from the west and lives with an aunt on Beacon Hill winter seasons, and

her suitors are many. Sort of princess effect. But she's decided, they have it, on Jay."

"I thought so," Marty said. "Somehow I'm sorry."

"Why should you be," Russ said, "specifically?"

"Because today," Marty said, "when I saw her I felt as if I wanted to be appointed a guardian."

"Nice way to feel," Russ said.

It rained for four days and Marty went down to the boat yard in her oilskins and sou'wester. She scraped down the woodwork of the cabin and cleaned the galley until it shone.

ON THE first sunny day after the rain, Jay Hardwick came down. Marty was shaving the old grimed paint from the blunted stern and she kept on, turning only when she heard his hail.

"I tried to learn," Jay said, "the Norse for 'greeting.' But all the alphabet was in it. May I go up on deck and take a look around?" His face was eager and Marty couldn't help smiling.

"She's your boat. Things are in a clutter but you'll find some headway's been made."

He scaled the ladder and descended into the cabin. When he emerged he sat down on the cockpit rail, looking down at her.

"You worked through the rain," he said. "It looks slick inside. It's occurred to me—I don't know your name." He waited.

"It's Marty." Marty kept her hand steadily on the scraper. She looked up and saw that he was still waiting. "You can if you like," she said, "call me Marty."

"All right," he nodded. "First names are the most important. Mine's Jay. I've been thinking a little, and wondering a little, about you. I feel as if you're someone I ought to know. Someone I've seen somewhere."

At a dance, Marty thought. A big crush of a dance when she wore a flowered print dress and was no one more than Russ Bartlett's kid sister.

But she gazed at him with disbelief. "I don't think you ever saw me—before. I haven't been around many places."

"Some remedy," he said, "could be found for that. Live near here?" "I walk to work."

"Did you ever try riding? It's quicker, they say, and a nice way to see the country." Solicitous was the word for his eyes, above a grin.

He looked back after he climbed into his roadster and for a minute his eyes had an untranslatable light before he waved.

The clear weather held and Jay came down from day to day to note the progress on the sloop. He took a hand in sandpapering the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]

Give ME that S.O.S



and watch me shine those pots and pans ... easily ... like new

Hubby's right as can be! There's no other cleanser just like S.O.S.

It "cuts" grease. It whisks away scorchers. It shines aluminum like new. In one quick, easy operation.

Magic indeed—and worth trying. Just set the stage by asking for S.O.S. at your grocer's, your department, hardware or five and ten cent store.

The S.O.S. Company, Chicago, Illinois
S.O.S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., 365 Sorauren Ave., Toronto

S.O.S. SHINES

Greasy pans • scorched pots • dull aluminum charred broilers • rusted metal • smoked kettles • messy stove tops • "Pyrex" cooking ware



She Could Reef a Sail

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100]

deckwork and gave the rail its second coat of varnish.

He brought Cyra Painter with him one afternoon. Cool and flowerlike in a linen suit. She walked around the Spin and said that she had changed into something like a boat.

"Changed," said Jay. "Girl, she was there. Curled up sleeping in her old suit. I think she'll show us something when she gets into the water. Can you wait?"

"I can hardly," Cyra laughed.

"DO YOU know something?" Marty made a bridge of her fingers at dinner that evening, and rested her chin on it. "I have a premonition that I shouldn't have taken my job."

"Why not?" Russ asked. "Take mine. A broker's clerk finally and no sunburn on my brow. Yours, all cheer and brown and skittles."

"Are there difficulties in the job?" Mr. Bartlett gazed in mild worry at his daughter.

"Not exactly. But there's an element in it I don't like."

"Well," Russ said. "Well for Pete's sake. Not Cyra Painter?"

"Good guess," Marty said. Color broke in a faint pink wave in her face. "But don't go on please, Russ, to a conclusion."

"I am," said Russ. He eyed her keenly. "Don't enter a competition against Cyra. Someone, you know, will get hurt."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Bartlett. "When will your job be over, Marta?"

"In a few days," said Marty. "The Spin goes in the water tomorrow."

"It'll be nice," Mrs. Bartlett said, "to have you around again. There's a dance at the yacht club next Saturday."

THE Spindrifft was moved down to the dock on her cradle. Gunnar stood on the dock calling orders as the long arm of the crane picked up the Spin in its sling and slid it into the basin water. Her tall amber wandlike mast was stepped a few days later, and when she was rigged and fitted with sail, Jay Hardwick drove his car to the edge of the dock and watched Marty, supervising.

"She's ready?" Jay asked. The Spin swung at a mooring, sails furled under covers, her riding light a faint twinkling coin in the twilight of the day. The yard men were sculling ashore in the work boat, and Marty was walking down the dock toward him, carrying a kit of tools.

"Yes," Marty nodded. "My job's done." She looked for a minute, back at the Spin.

"No," Jay Hardwick was saying. "You have to stay on." His voice was definite. "You have to show me the ropes, you know. I want to take her out for a sail tomorrow." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

A man's will and a woman's way

JIM! WAKE UP! YOU'VE HAD A NIGHTMARE. TOO MUCH COFFEE AGAIN

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! BUT DON'T GO TELLING ME I OUGHT TO DRINK THAT KIND WITHOUT CAFFEINE



HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS COFFEE, DEAR? IT'S A NEW KIND I GOT TODAY

SAY, THAT'S GOOD! JUST WHAT I NEEDED!



NEXT WEEK

WHO SAID CAFFEINE GAVE ME BAD DREAMS? HAVEN'T HAD ONE IN A WEEK, AND I NEVER DRANK SO MUCH COFFEE



LET YOU IN ON A SECRET, DARLING. YOUR GRAND NEW COFFEE IS KAFFEE-HAG. AND IT'S 97% CAFFEINE-FREE!

REAL COFFEE WITHOUT THE JITTERS



Kaffee-Hag is real coffee—all coffee—the best coffee that money can buy. It has merely been through a refining process that removes the nerve-driving caffeine. And so skilful is this process that not the shadow of a shade of good-

ness is lost. So Kaffee-Hag gives you all the flavor without the fidgets. The deep, gusty satisfaction of the world's richest coffee blend—but you can drink it to your nerves' content! Make Kaffee-Hag good and strong. Extra brewing brings out its richest bouquet. At your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's
KAFFEE-HAG COFFEE
97% CAFFEINE-FREE. SAVES YOUR NERVES



Confidence... in what?

WITH EYES that know no fear, no doubt, no questioning, she looks to you for guidance.

How important, therefore, it is to be sure that she has the benefits of modern science to guard her against the hazards of life that would rob her of health and happiness.

One of those hazards is the almost universal prevalence of dental infection.

A Government report on the examination of more than a million children in schools, indicates an average of two infected teeth per child.

As age advances, conditions grow worse. Impairment of appearance—even actual loss of teeth—is only a minor result of dental infection. Unchecked, it can retard physical and mental development—contribute to serious illness of vital organs—even shorten life.

Most Tooth Decay

Can Be PREVENTED

Because of these facts the House of Squibb recommends a simple plan by which most tooth decay can be prevented. Part of this plan is the use of a scientific dentifrice.

Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder are scientific dentifrices

providing effective home aid in the care of the teeth and gums.

Both these products contain an antacid that neutralizes the bacterial acids that cause decay, wherever it comes in contact with them. And you will like the refreshing cleanliness of the mouth and brilliant luster of the teeth that result from their use.

Follow THE SQUIBB PLAN

1. Brush your teeth thoroughly at least twice a day, using a dentifrice that is efficient and safe; one prepared by a reliable maker.
2. Check with your dentist regularly to be sure that your home treatment is effective, that your diet is correct, and that you have the benefit of adequate professional service.

For more than three-quarters of a century, millions of careful families have depended on the name of Squibb... Specify—

SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER—it has all the scientific advantages of Squibb Dental Cream... for those who prefer powder.

SQUIBB MINERAL OIL—a safe, internal regulator.

SQUIBB ASPIRIN—pure and promptly effective.

SQUIBB COD LIVER OIL—exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D... a true economy.

SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA—free from any suggestion of earthy taste... another sign of purity.

SQUIBB SODIUM BICARBONATE—refined to an unusual degree of purity.

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

She Could Reef a Sail

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]

Marty couldn't find the word for his eyes. They were looking at her. She said: "All right. I'll be here."

There were small clouds dappling the blue in the sky in the morning. Marty inspected them from the porch and drew a sweater on over her blouse.

Marty uncovered the sails and wiped salty moisture from the cockpit seat. At noon she heard a horn from the edge of the dock and saw the slim white figure beside Jay. Cyra Painter, all in white, a lovely reed-like person cut out against the sun on the dock.

→CYRA'S face emerged distinctly from the flat-bottom boat that Gunnar was sculling over to the Spin. She was beautiful, Marty thought again. Beautiful in that fair exquisite way that dimmed other girls. Jay, beside her, was handsome too but although he was wearing crisp new ducks, his sweat shirt was old and worn.

They got the Spin under way between them. Jay knew something about a boat. He could handle the jib and cast off the mooring, while Marty took care of the main sheet and tiller, and pointed the Spindrift down the white-shirted furrows of the channel. The wind was brisk and the Spindrift heeled and beat swiftly into it, salt spray reaching freshly over the cockpit.

"She's a honey," Jay said. His hands were on the main sheet, tightening it, easing it passably enough when Marty nodded.

"It's cool," Cyra said.

"That's taken care of by my sweat shirt," Jay said. He stripped it off and Cyra pulled it on over her ruffled bands of golden hair.

"Better," Cyra said, "but the spray slaps your face. And this is a cool day."

"You'll get injured," Jay said. "This comes with the boat. The salt and wind."

→THEY ran down the channel past Pigeon Rocks.

Jay's feet were braced steadily on the slanted cockpit floor, there was a kindled look in his face.

"Jay," Cyra said—there was the clear structure of crystal in her voice, "you had an engagement to play polo this afternoon. You're not forgetting it, are you?"

"I remembered carefully to cancel it," Jay said. "We'll be running back shortly. This is sort of an event, don't you think?"

"You didn't," she reminded, "remember to tell me you'd canceled."

"There's tomorrow and tomorrow for polo," Jay said.

"I used to go out on Ted Morely's yacht last summer," Cyra said. "He had wicker chairs and an awning on the afterdeck, and a gramophone. We danced," Cyra recollected, "in the afternoon."

Jay smiled briefly. "I'll look into gramophones," he said.

"How far are we going?" Cyra asked. She regarded a silver octagonal on her wrist. "I'll have to change these whites before the evening. They're soiled," she informed him, "somehow."

Jay slanted a glance at her. "Don't," he urged, "fuss, Cy." "Fuss?" said Cyra. She moved to the leeward of the house. "This is hardly my idea of sailing. Cold and sloshing spray, and I suppose it's of no importance that I'm hungry."

No other girl, Marty thought, could so successfully combine bad temper and beauty. No other girl could look so like a Fra Angelico angel in a sweat shirt and, despite the ice in her voice, cause someone like Jay to say apologetically:

"Sorry. I never thought to stock the galley. Is there by any chance food in it, Marty?"

Marty said: "I'll look see." She went below and investigated. There were two cans of baked beans on a shelf and a tin of hardtack. She brought them on deck.

→THE sun had dimmed, a fuzzy ball, behind the big clouds and there was a darkening cast to the water. Marty gazed up at the tell-tale, and passed the beans, and gauged the distance to the channel.

"The collation," Cyra said, "is quaint, Jay."

"Nothing," Jay assured her, "has ever tasted better to me." He dived into the tack and ate beans with relish while Marty took over at the tiller.

"I'm coming about," Marty informed them. The rigging carried a small whine, and to the south suddenly like a faint stain an interlocked bank of clouds bore a tinge of tarnished copper.

"Home?" Jay asked. He looked up at the dimly stained clouds and at Marty, and his eyes agreed.

Marty put the tiller hard over. The shoreline of Palmer Point swung into thin marginal view. The Spin ducked her nose in the waves, with the wind at her heels, raising little streams that ran down the deck to the cockpit. White flanges were beginning to show on the waves and the marker at the edge of the channel was a distant dark needle over the graying water.

"Jay," Cyra cried sharply. "It looks like a storm and you know next to nothing about a boat. I want to get back right away."

"There's some wind coming, but it may blow around." Marty tried to make her voice sound reassuring. She urgently wished that Russ was along. It was making up for a sou'easter. Wind, brought by a quick pouncing squall. One of the summer blows that came bolting freakishly down

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

HERE'S THE SHORTCAKE YOUR HUSBAND MEANS

WHEN HE SAYS "I want that real old-fashioned kind"



BY Betty Crocker



Dear Friend: A letter from a housewife in Chicago prompted this advertisement. She wrote: "I made the nicest strawberry shortcake the other day, but my husband didn't like it. He said he wanted the real old-fashioned kind. For goodness sake, what is the real old-fashioned kind?"

Well, here it is . . . the real old-time strawberry shortcake, the rich, old-fashioned biscuit kind! The kind your husband says his mother used to make! Crisp, flaky gold-brown topped . . . with a delicious flavor that contrasts perfectly with the sweet berry taste.

And so simple to make even a child can't go wrong. Simply add cream or milk, and sugar, to Bisquick. Stir, cut out, and pop into the oven. All of which takes less time than to make a cup of coffee—90 seconds by the clock. No fuss, no muss, no trouble at all! And you can't fail! The complete recipe is right on the package.



A PACKAGE OF BISQUICK AND A BOX OF STRAWBERRIES, PLEASE

THAT'S THE ELEVENTH ORDER FOR BISQUICK AND STRAWBERRIES THIS MORNING. A GREAT COMBINATION—BISQUICK AND STRAWBERRIES!

SPECIALS ON BISQUICK AND STRAWBERRIES AT YOUR GROCER NOW

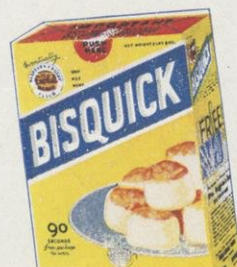
Bisquick makes this old-time shortcake so flaky, fluffy light and easy to digest you'll be amazed! This is due to two things. First, a remarkable new-type vegetable shortening and the unique and scientific way it is mixed in the new Bisquick. Second, because the ingredients in Bisquick are scientifically mixed in *exactly the right proportions*, far more accurate than human hands can do. Thus the cause of heaviness, sogginess and over-richness is completely eliminated the Bisquick way.

Every ingredient that goes into Bisquick is the same wholesome type you use in your own kitchen. Also, Bisquick is economical, because you don't have to buy all the ingredients separately. The crust for this big shortcake, enough for six hearty eaters, costs as little as 12c.

Get Bisquick today, and try this old-fashioned strawberry shortcake. Hear your husband rave about it at the table tonight. I'm sure you'll be glad you took my advice.

NOTICE: Bisquick has been accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association. This Seal of Acceptance denotes that Bisquick, and advertising claims for it, are acceptable to this Council.

GOLD MEDAL FOODS, INCORPORATED
3715 of Copr. 1937, by General Mills, Inc.
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA



90 Seconds

FROM PACKAGE TO OVEN
MIX . . . ROLL . . . CUT OUT—PUT IN OVEN



WHEN YOU BAKE BISCUITS OR MUFFINS AT HOME, USE BISQUICK TO GET PERFECT RESULTS AND REMEMBER—THE EASIEST WAY TO GET DELICIOUS BREAD, ROLLS, CAKES OR PASTRY IS TO ORDER THEM FROM YOUR BAKER OR THROUGH YOUR GROCER FOR, WITH TRULY PROFESSIONAL SKILL, YOUR BAKER TRANSFORMS WHEAT—"THE STAFF OF LIFE"—INTO TASTY, APPETIZING, WHOLESOME, MEALTIME DELIGHTS. GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR BAKER AND HIS PRODUCTS



"Here Comes the Bride"

All hail the Bride, the happy, happy Bride! Surrounded with beauty, she approaches, down the flowery way. And, all hail to Community Plate, of wedding gifts the loveliest, of silverware the most desired. Offered always in *open stock* patterns, giving assurance that pieces may be added later. In making Community your gift to the bride, you may choose from six distinguished designs . . . discover joyfully, too, that complete services for six begin at as little as \$29.75 and may be purchased of your dealer on *terms convenient to your budget* . . . wherever fine silverware is sold.

COMMUNITY PLATE

Leadership in Design Authority

DESIGNS SHOWN, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT . . . CORONATION • LADY HAMILTON • GROSVENOR • BERKELEY SQUARE





*The
Back
of the
Book*

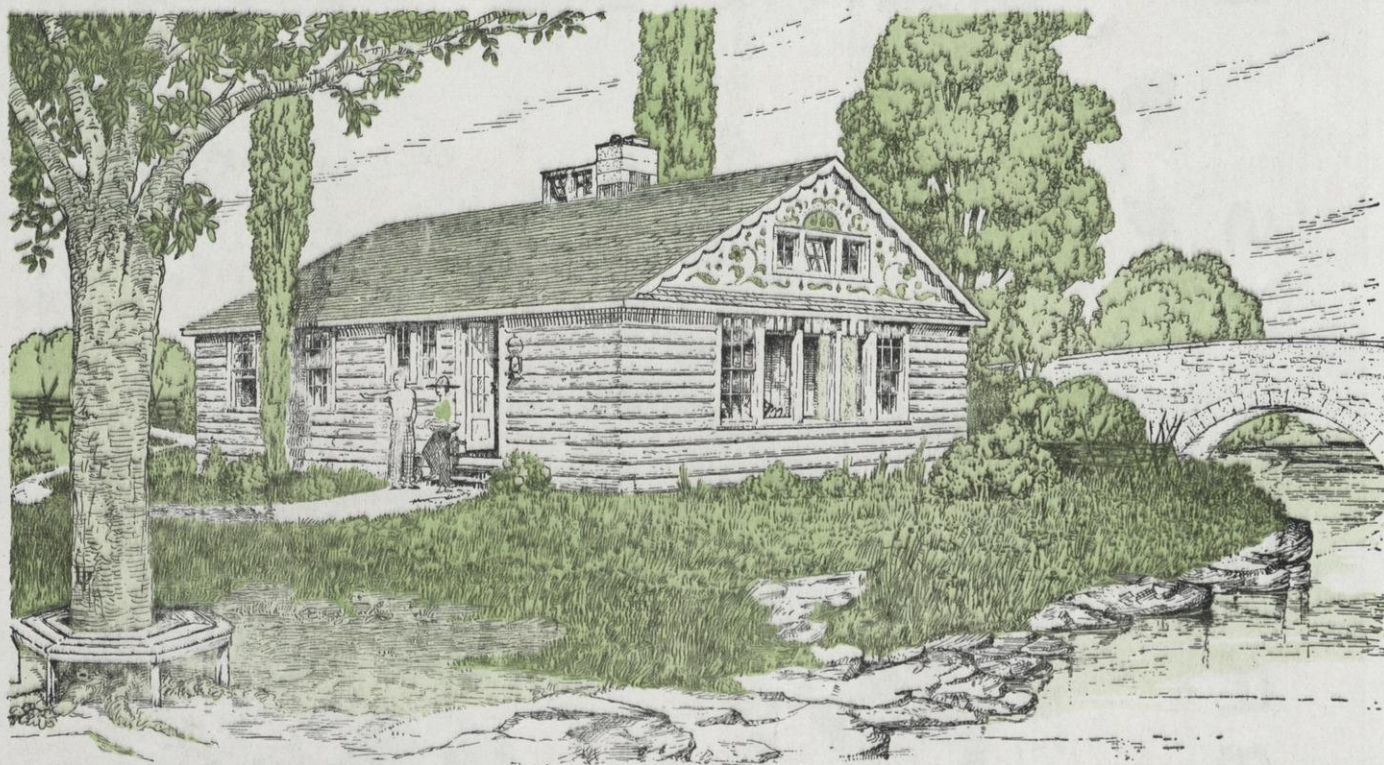
MARTHA COBB PEABODY, DIRECTOR
 FOOD • ENTERTAINING • HANDICRAFT • INTERIOR DECORATION
 GARDENING • HOUSEHOLD EQUIPMENT • HOUSEBUILDING

The Opening Page This Month

THIS sampler to make for a wedding or anniversary gift was inspired by a cherished embroidered piece presented on her wedding day to one of our Missouri readers, Mrs. Ann Harper Reid. So delightful was the idea that we asked Georgiana Harbeson to interpret it in her famed needle-painting. For further description see the Ask the Companion page in this issue.

A Vacation Cottage

DESIGNED BY
LLEWELLYN PRICE



Plenty of room for a big family or a house party in this summer cottage planned for the simple life

BETWEEN the smooth routine of a permanent home and roughing it in a tent there is a delightful kind of simplified living in such a house as the one shown on this page. It is informal, rustic, purely vacational; a place to rest, to eat; a shelter from the rain.

This cottage in which the gable ends are decorated with a gay painted design suggests a Swiss chalet. Log cabin siding covers the walls. The house is easy of construction and the planning is concerned with levels rather than with stories. While this is actually a one-story structure yet there are three separate levels. The result is economical compactness.

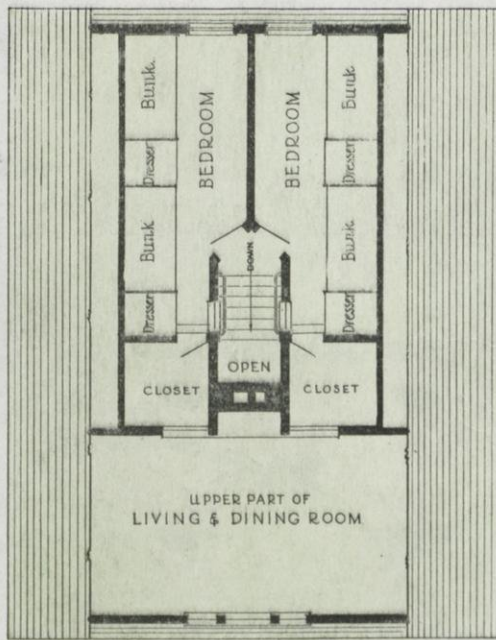
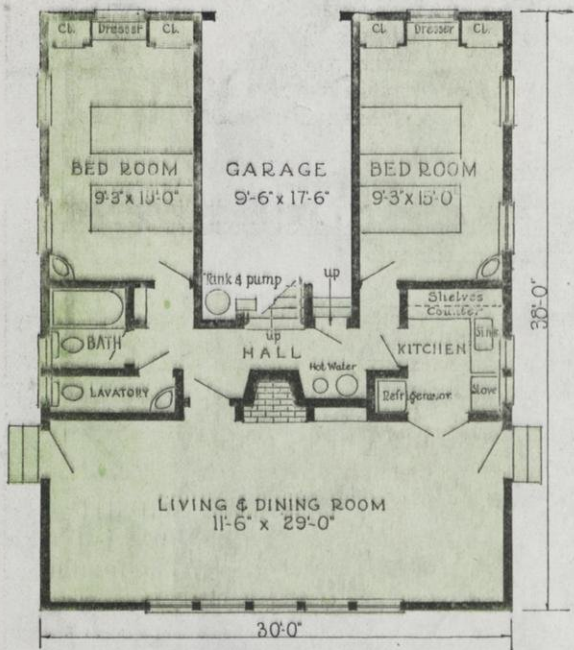
The large combination living- and dining-room, low at the eaves, reaches to the ridge, with decorative rafters and boarded walls.

Across the center of the house is a band of plumbing installations that make for great convenience in living. Note that the lavatory is separated from the bathroom and that there are set bowls in the bedrooms to insure washing facilities, always a problem in a large household.

Through the garage entrance to the hall, without tramping through the living-room, persons in wet bathing suits may enter and go to bathroom or bedrooms. Supplies for the kitchen may also be brought in by this entrance.

There is plenty of cross ventilation. On the upper level air comes in the windows, flows through the transoms and out by way of the ventilation ridge dormers. Much of the furniture, such as bedroom bunks, dressers and drawers, is built in.

This house can be constructed for about \$2600 of which the labor cost is estimated at 60 per cent. It would be perfectly possible for an amateur carpenter to do much of the work himself.

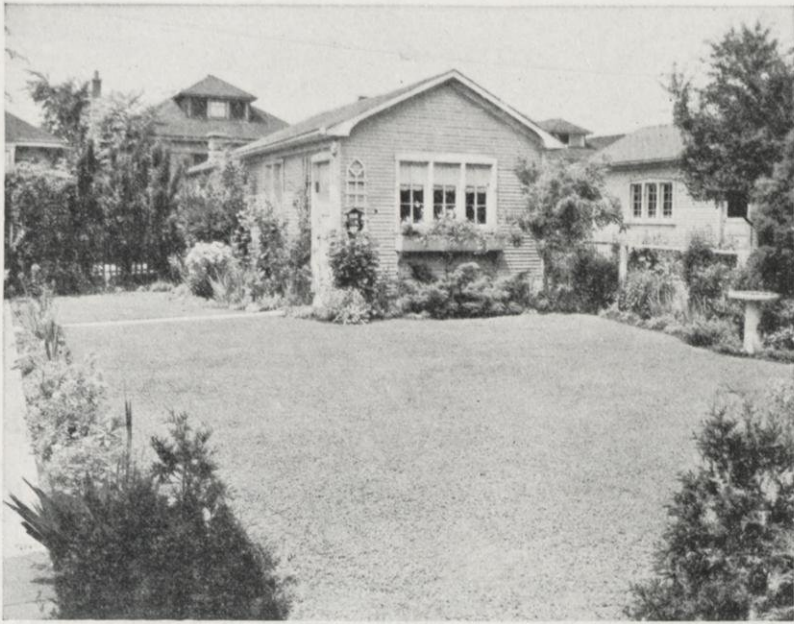


THE three levels of this house are an interesting feature of it. Combination living- and dining-room, bath, two bedrooms and hall are on one level; you descend a few steps from the hall into the garage; you ascend a few other steps from the hall into two dormitory bedrooms over the garage. As the garage does not need to be as high as the bedrooms each side of it, this arrangement

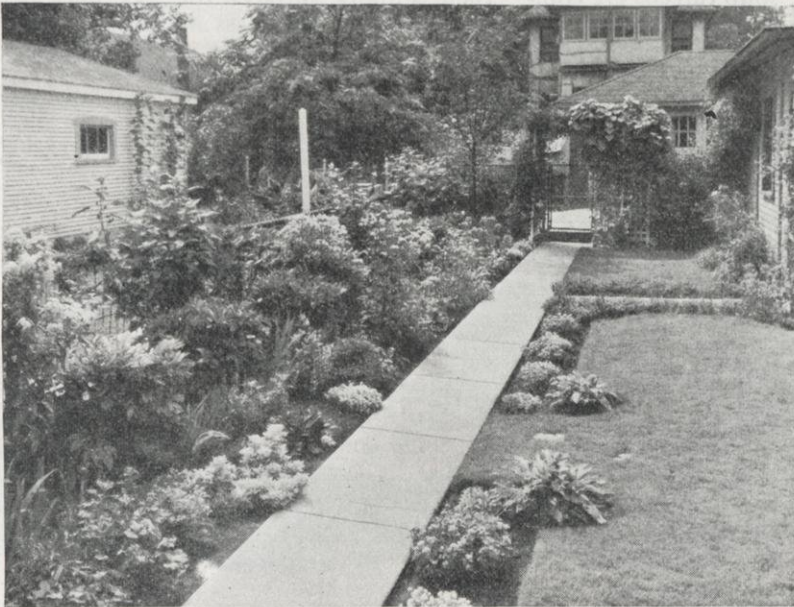
permits extra space for the bedrooms above it. The compactness of all this is shown in the cross section cut through the garage and the two sets of bedrooms, below at the left. The cross section below at the right shows the inner wall of the combination living- and dining-room which extends to the roof; the two small windows give light to upstairs closets each side of the chimney.



Blueprints of working plans, designs for painting gable ends, bill of materials and specifications will be sent for \$1.00. Ask for Swiss Chalet, House Plan 60, and address Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



By pairing garages in the community plan, garden and lawn space effect is increased, as in this garden of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Nelson



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES MAR IS MILLER

Adjacent boundary plantings give the effect of a doubly wide flower border; this is Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoff's garden

The Garage in the Garden

By GRACE TABOR

INTELLIGENT gardeners are beginning to consider the garage as a feature of the composition, especially on the little place. A setting which brings out its diminutive charm is provided and the garage treatment echoes that of the house on a small scale.

In the Mayfair community, a Chicago suburb, this is demonstrated delightfully. Much thought also has been given to the placing and treatment of the garage as it affects not only the owner's garden but that of the neighbors' gardens next door and at the rear. Structures alike as peas in a pod have become individual and interesting.

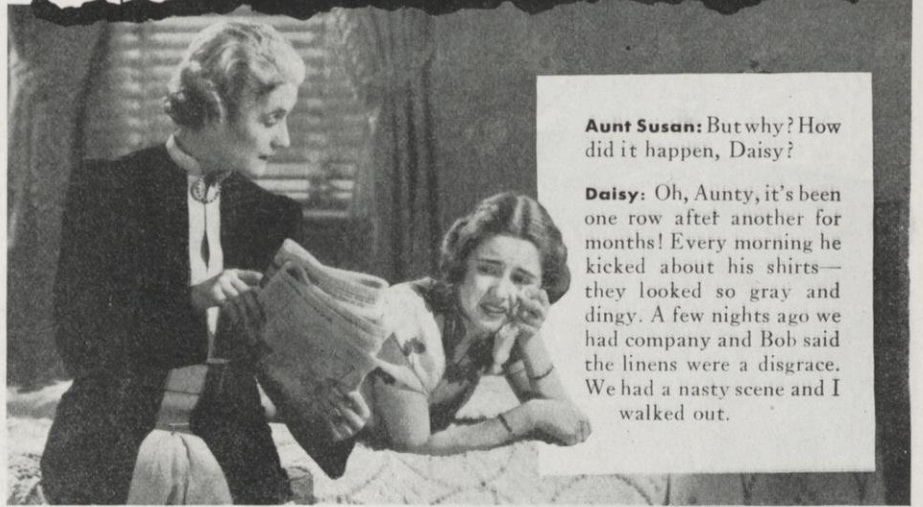
The four exposures of the walls present wholly different possibilities. A garage on the south side of a garden offers a wall with northern exposure where the sun comes only briefly. A garage on the north side reverses the problem, supplying a very sunny southern exposure. East and west exposures have other characteristics

needing special consideration. Thus there is opportunity to use a wide variety of plants in such a community as Mayfair.

On northern exposures evergreens or masses of hardy ferns are favorites. On other exposures and in the gardens generally small and what might be called modest kinds of perennials and annuals are used—so carrying out the miniature scale of things. Sweet alyssum and ageratum are everywhere. Flower boxes are an important adjunct to these garages in gardens and in them are grown such constant bloomers as petunias, myrtle and geraniums. There is no monotony either in boxes or in gardens because different colors and varieties are chosen.

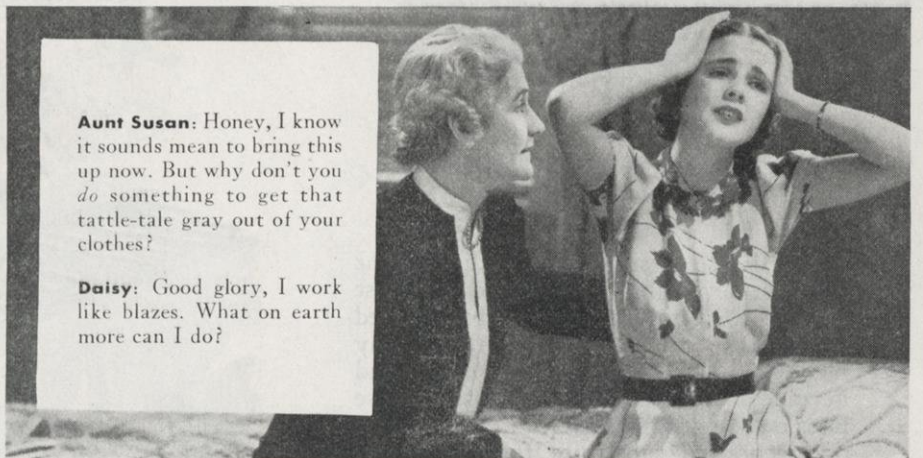
In these Mayfair gardens, something in bloom all the time is the aim. Early spring bulbs are used plentifully but not to such an extent as to crowd out the flowers of the next month. Pansies are popular, followed by iris. Phlox and dwarf hardy asters carry the display charmingly through the summer.

... rising from his box, he tried to address the men...
PERSONAL
BOB: I can't stand it any longer. Your constant criticism is driving me crazy. I'm going away for good.
Daisy: ...
 ... might...
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 Every...



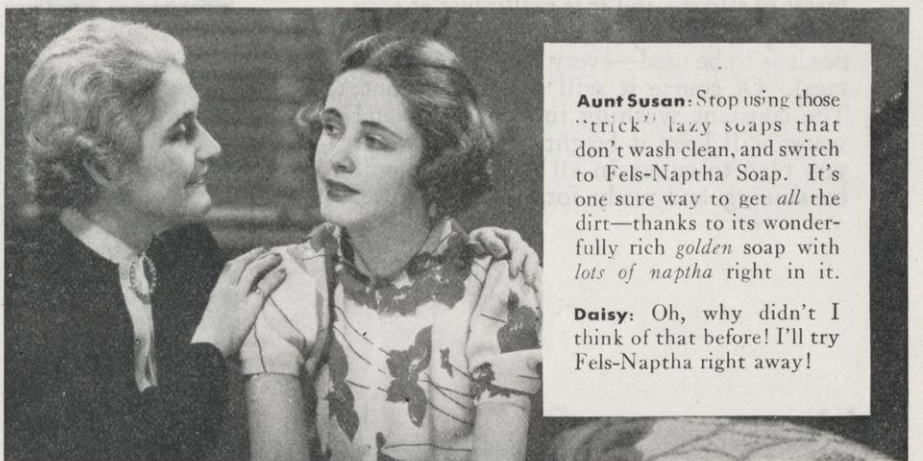
Aunt Susan: But why? How did it happen, Daisy?

Daisy: Oh, Aunty, it's been one row after another for months! Every morning he kicked about his shirts—they looked so gray and dingy. A few nights ago we had company and Bob said the linens were a disgrace. We had a nasty scene and I walked out.



Aunt Susan: Honey, I know it sounds mean to bring this up now. But why don't you do something to get that tattle-tale gray out of your clothes?

Daisy: Good glory, I work like blazes. What on earth more can I do?



Aunt Susan: Stop using those "trick" lazy soaps that don't wash clean, and switch to Fels-Naptha Soap. It's one sure way to get all the dirt—thanks to its wonderfully rich golden soap with lots of naptha right in it.

Daisy: Oh, why didn't I think of that before! I'll try Fels-Naptha right away!



FEW WEEKS LATER

Bob: Gosh, but I'm glad you're back, Daisy. And I promise I'll never nag again as long as...

Daisy: As long as I stick to Fels-Naptha Soap and get your shirts and everything so sweet and white! Don't worry, darling—Fels-Naptha and I are pals forever!

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!

Woman's Home Companion June 1937



Use Your

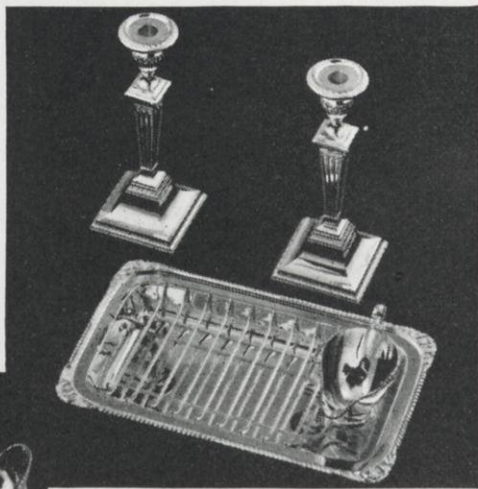
By VIRGINIA

USE YOUR SILVER to reflect the mellow wood tones of a fine sideboard. The one at the left is complemented by a graceful soup tureen, old-fashioned candelabra and a gleaming tray. By the way, soup tureens are coming back into favor and they make marvelous centerpieces with fruit or flowers.

USE YOUR SILVER to pick up the brilliant colors of a buffet supper table. On the table below the silver flower bowl, water pitcher and combination meat and vegetable platter mirror in their shining surfaces the gay hues of party foods, linens, glass and china. Rows of flatware add another gleaming note.

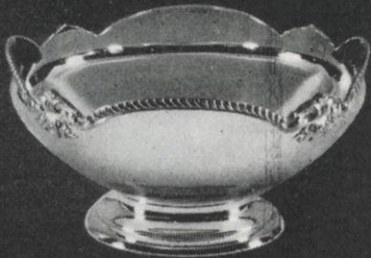


THE use of silver is a tradition that will never die. Its sheer beauty must always be a part of the well-appointed home. Too often, however, this lovely metal is hidden away in the closet and never used because the lady of the house finds it too hard to keep clean. Yet there is no decorative substitute for the satiny luster of silver—and it is really just as easy to keep clean as your best china. All it needs is to be used—every day and at every meal. Of course it will never wear out. The constant washing in good soap and water will keep it bright and then when you plan to entertain all your silver will be shining and ready for immediate use.



IT IS well, when choosing your silver, to pick out pieces that will have more than one use in your household—a dual-purpose bowl, for instance, that may hold flowers on the console table today and a vegetable salad tomorrow. Fortunately this is easy with the versatile designs of the present. Photographed at the left are three examples of dual-purpose silver. The asparagus dish becomes a server for other vegetables, salad or dessert by the removal of the sauce boat and rack. (The candlesticks crept into the picture because of their delightful square solidity.) The Georgian bowl can be used for centerpiece or sideboard arrangements of flowers or fruits or for serving salad. The divided vegetable dish has a cover which when inverted (and the knob unscrewed) will make another deep dish.

USE !!



!!



USE !!



S



USE !!



S



USE !!

Silver

HAMILL

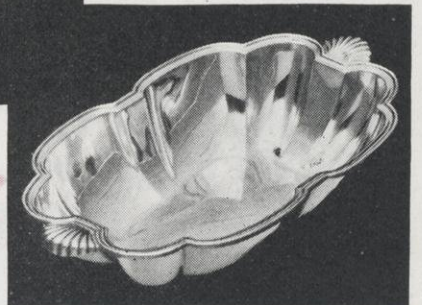
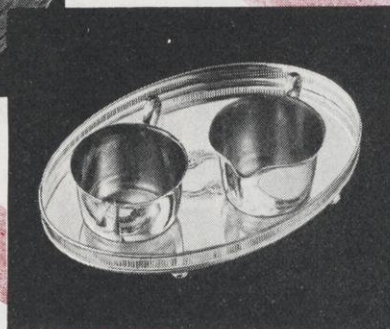
USE YOUR SILVER for gracious tea-time hospitality. Nothing is more inviting than a table set before a fireplace with the warm glow of the burning logs reflected in a shining silver service. The tea set and trays shown in the right-hand corner are simply designed with exquisitely fluted sides which catch the light.



USE YOUR SILVER to highlight the dignity of a formal dinner. The silver candlesticks and bowl on the table at the left catch the soft pink of the tablecloth and are in turn reflected in the large mirror plaque, making a brilliant centerpiece over which the conversation may flow pleasantly.

When you entertain you will find many uses for the pieces photographed below. The pitcher with charming leaf handle is also a beverage mixer. The relish dish becomes a meat platter when the glass lining is removed. The two-compartment mayonnaise bowl may be used without the inner glass bowl to hold small flowers or a pudding sauce. The tray of the sterling silver sugar and cream set is nice for passing cakes and sandwiches. The sterling silver bowl is delightful for fruit or flowers.

USE YOUR SILVER to individualize your table settings. Across the bottom of these pages are eight interesting patterns in flatware. Beginning on the opposite page, number one, in sterling silver, is classic in feeling. Numbers two and four are both more elaborate and would be good in rococo or Victorian settings. Number three is conservatively modern in feeling. Number five (below) is a simple design appropriate for any service. Number six in sterling is severely modern. Number seven, a floral motif with piercing, is a dainty pattern which suits the average dining-room. Number eight is reminiscent of the work of Danish silversmiths and would be an interesting note in a modern room, although its massive pierced decoration would fit well with the trend toward the baroque.



FL-705, information about silver and furniture will be sent for 3 cents. Address Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, New York.

You'd be happy, too,
with the best--

Sterling Inlaid



Happy? Yes, and proud! For in Sterling Inlaid you have the most enviable silverplate in all the world. Designs as delicate as a museum piece. Craftsmanship that's flawless. Truly silverware to rejoice in—to live with and cherish. For Sterling Inlaid lasts a lifetime!

And as you'd expect of the best, you'll find the most beautiful silverplate patterns in Sterling Inlaid. Ask to see them at your Authorized Dealer's.

You'll admire all seven patterns, but one you'll want for your very own. And here's good news: Most Authorized Dealers are now offering a Budget Plan which makes it doubly easy to own Sterling Inlaid. Ask your dealer to show you the 26-piece Service for Six, \$34.50. Teaspoons, six for \$4.25.

Patterns: (left to right) First Lady, Masterpiece, Guest-of-Honor, Lovely Lady, Napoleon, Century, Charm.

HOLMES & EDWARDS INLAID

"Something more than plate"

Actual use proves that all silverplate is not alike. Ordinary plate rubs through at the back of the bowl and handle. But not Holmes & Edwards! Because solid blocks of Sterling Silver are inlaid deeply into these two wear points before plating the most



used pieces—
Not just extra plate . . . but an inlay of sterling silver that guarantees a lifetime of service and beauty.

HS Each piece of Holmes & Edwards Inlaid is stamped with the quality mark of the International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

She Could Reef a Sail

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

on Palmer Point, driving boats before it. With luck, before the wind shifted she could pass the rock-clumped outpost of the channel.

Marty gave the main sheet full scope and the Spin ran for it. The faintly coppered clouds were spreading and the water was turning from steel to lack-luster. Swift and catlike the wind veered. Marty hauled in on the sheet. There was no running in now. Peaked caps of white stirred on the water and a wave rose and curled over the cockpit. The Spin dipped deeply and mounted, her keel bared.

"Jay—" Cyra screamed. "What possessed you to come out today?"

"The cabin is right below," Jay said. "Duck down into it, Cy."

"I'm staying on deck," Cyra cried. "You," she said to Marty, "can't you do something?"

"I'm going to reef," Marty said. She could, she calculated quickly, beat past Pidgeon Rocks with shortened sail when the storm struck, not without. The copper clouds were shading to lead and the wind was coming. The slashing crest of another wave hit the cockpit. Marty gripped the dripping tiller, steadying to her feet. She looked small and purposeful.

"Take it," she told Jay, "and keep her up. Hang on!" She darted forward to the halyard and eased the mainsail swiftly down. Flukily, a fore-running puff of squall hit. The jib shook crazily. "Don't let her get away," Marty yelled. "Hang on. Hold her!"

"Oke," Jay promised. He held on. Heading up the Spin, as she plunged under her swollen jib.

MARTY bunched the sail along the boom. The squall was closing in. Scuds of spray flew over the Spin's weather side. Marty jerked the reef-points together in quick tight square knots. The marker on Pidgeon Rocks loomed over the twisting waves.

"Fall off," Marty cried and Jay managed it, with the Spin pitching under rushing gusts. Marty hoisted the reefed mainsail and sprang to the jib.

"Jay—" Cyra's voice ran uphill. "Couldn't you have brought someone beside a girl to help? We'll never get in!"

Jay said something that sounded short and grim. Rain was beginning to fall. Marty clung to the bit on the bucking bow. It was slippery and wet, and her slacks were drenched and her hair was plastered in wet wings. She knotted the soggy jib reef-points when the Spin rode the crests, and clutched the bit and boom when the Spin dove through the trough. The squall was on them in full force. Rain thrashed the deck and wind clawed the reefed mainsail. Marty got the jib up and groped her way back to the cockpit.

"The rocks," Jay shouted.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

**YOU SURE ARE
A TERRIBLE
HOUSEKEEPER!**



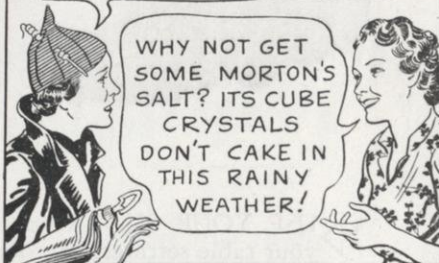
GOOD GRIEF, CAN'T WE HAVE SALT THAT POURS? YOU SURE ARE A TERRIBLE HOUSEKEEPER!



SNIFF
SNIFF

NEXT MORNING - AT SISTER'S

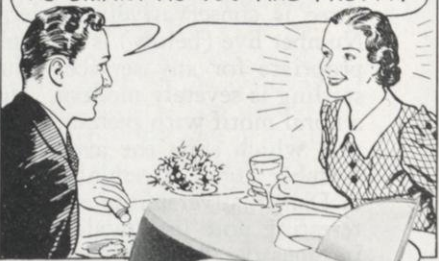
JACK WAS SIMPLY FURIOUS LAST NIGHT JUST BECAUSE THE SALT WOULDN'T POUR!



WHY NOT GET SOME MORTON'S SALT? ITS CUBE CRYSTALS DON'T CAKE IN THIS RAINY WEATHER!

THAT EVENING

WELL, HONEY, I SEE YOU GOT RID OF THOSE CLOGGED SALT-CELLARS ALREADY. YOU'RE JUST AS SMART AS YOU ARE PRETTY!



IODIZED
OR PLAIN



WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS

The JUNE FOOD Calendar

By NELL B. NICHOLS

RECIPES TESTED IN THE HOME SERVICE CENTER.



6 SURE hot-weather hits: Use strawberry ice cream with crushed strawberries over it on top of angel food cake that is a day old. Another good dessert is coffee ice cream with chocolate sauce. Vanilla with raspberries is a big favorite.

7 DRESS up small plain sugar cookies. With a pastry tube rim the edge of each with butter frosting and place a bit of jelly or jam in the center. Excellent to serve with tea or with any chilled fruit beverage. Cookies may be home-made or packaged ones.

8 CHICKEN casserole: Roll pieces of chicken in seasoned flour; brown in hot fat or salad oil. Place in the casserole. Pour over chicken 1 can mushroom soup and bake slowly until chicken is tender, depending of course on age and size of chicken.

9 TIE the minerals in by cooking shredded new carrots in parchment paper. First season them with butter or margarine, salt, pepper and a dash of nutmeg; add 3 tablespoons of water. Cook in the oven or in boiling water till vegetable is tender.

10 TWO summer desserts: Serve sections of grapefruit with mint ice in glass cups. Could be used as an appetizer also. Fill meringue shells with chilled lemon filling such as you make for pie, top with sweetened whipped cream before serving.

11 BLUEBERRY appetizer: Place 2 cups blueberries, canned, fresh or frosted, in glass cups; pour over berries 1 cup unsweetened pineapple juice mixed with 1 banana mashed. Chill. Serve as first course. Garnish with mint.

12 MARVELOUS salad dressing: To ¼ cup mayonnaise add 2 tablespoons apricot jam or preserves. Blend well. Serve this dressing with a salad of prunes stuffed with cream cheese or on banana salad. A flavor combination that is delightful.

13 DIFFERENT: Soak slices of bacon in evaporated milk overnight in the refrigerator. Drain, flour and fry in butter or margarine. Sauté bananas or slices of tomatoes in the drippings, adding more fat if necessary; serve for Sunday morning breakfast.

14 FOR the class picnic: Prepare lemonade for 50 this way. First make sirup by boiling 8 cups sugar with 4 cups water 5 minutes. Add 4 quarts chipped ice, 4 cups lemon juice and 1 gallon water or part carbonated water or part ginger ale if desired.

15 SANDWICHES: Cut raisin bread in oblong slices; put together with cream cheese, seasoned, to which have been added chopped California walnuts. A good filling for nut-bread sandwiches is quince jelly mixed with a few bits of candied ginger.

16 IF your family are gingerbread fans and you make gingerbread often, use soft peneche fudge full of chopped nuts or dates as a topping when warm. Did you know that gingerbread is delicious with ice cream, especially vanilla, coffee, chocolate?

17 WHEN raspberries are at their best in your locality and you want a wonderful dessert serve them with cream into which honey has been blended, 1 tablespoon honey to ½ cup cream. Cream may be whipped or not as desired.

18 CROQUETTES on the square: Stir leftover chicken, chopped, into very thick white sauce to make a paste. Chill, cut in squares, coat with flour, egg and crumbs. Sauté. Substitute salmon for chicken, adding a little lemon juice to sauce.

19 YOU will like orange plus chocolate in a frosting. Add 1 cup confectioners' sugar to ¼ cup butter, creamed. Add 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate, melted, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, cup sugar. Thin with 1 tablespoon orange juice.

20 JELLIED tomato ring filled with avocado slices or cubes is attractive as the main course of a summer luncheon or Sunday supper. Season the avocado with lemon and onion juices and salt. Pass Russian dressing and hot cheese biscuits.

21 TENDER and flavorsome: Over seasoned veal cutlets or chops in shallow casserole pour tomato ketchup. Top each with slice onion, slice lemon, short strip bacon; add water to cover bottom of pan. Bake at 325 degrees F., 1½ to 2 hours.

22 SALAD thoughts: Try Waldorf salad made with June apples and for variety add cubes of canned pineapple, drained. Into a green salad just before serving toss 3 or 4 very crisp pretzels crushed. Just that different touch in each case makes a hit.

23 DELECTABLE flavors: On the browned fat coating the hot roast beef grate a little fresh horseradish just before carrying to the table. When frying chicken use 1 whole peeled onion in the skillet. Remove it when serving the chicken.

24 SUNDAE at home: Boil ½ cup each sugar and water 5 minutes, add 3 cups crushed pineapple. Cool. Serve over vanilla ice cream to make sundaes. For variety, add a little mint or wintergreen flavoring to the pineapple sauce. Most refreshing.

25 IF you have potato salad left over here's a grand way to use it up. Sauté it in a frying pan containing hot bacon drippings or other fat. Brown. Fold like an omelet when serving. It is a nice luncheon snack with a green salad.

26 EVER experiment with new seasonings on the vegetables? Pour melted butter or margarine over asparagus and then grate on a little nutmeg. Grated lemon rind is another addition to try sometime. Good with peas or string beans too.

27 REAL June dessert: Carefully fold 3 cups of ripe strawberries into 1 cup cream whipped, sweetened with sugar, flavored with sherry. Serve in tall stem glasses. Garnish tops with crumbled cake or macaroons. Chill in refrigerator.

28 POSSIBILITIES in cooking potatoes are endless. Try a potato-pepper partnership: Parboil green pepper shells 10 minutes, fill with potatoes creamed in cheese sauce (white sauce with cheese added). Bake at 400 degrees F., 20 minutes.

29 GRAND summer dessert: Place raspberry ice in sherbet glasses. Around the edges arrange large black cherries, fresh or canned, pitted. Sprinkle with shredded toasted almonds. Or serve ice in a big bowl surrounded with the cherries.

30 FROZEN apple snow: Beat 2 egg whites stiff, add 1 tablespoon sugar, fold in 1 cup sweetened applesauce made by cooking June apples in pineapple juice. Freeze this apple snow in refrigerator tray; serve with chilled soft custard.



FRED COOPER



There's Always the Right Salad

By DOROTHY KIRK

Recipes tested in the Home Service Center

BECAUSE at this time of year everyone seems to have a special longing for refreshing green things to eat, the thoughts of our Home Service Center staff turn to salads—salads to fit any part of the meal.

To be sure salads are not seasonal—you have been serving them all winter of course—but right now home gardens and markets provide such a great variety of greens that salad-making takes on new interest.

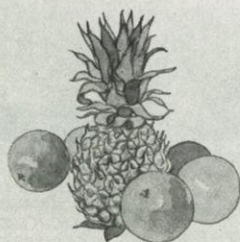
For a really good salad the greens must be fresh and all ingredients must be cold. Whether served as an appetizer, as the main course, as an accompaniment to the main course, or as a dessert, these points are of first consideration.

Main Course Salads

IN order to hold its place as the main course of a meal, a salad should be nourishing. It should contain some protein foods such as chicken, meat, fish or cheese, and vegetables, either raw or cooked. To have them at their best, marinate each meat or vegetable separately in a tart French dressing and combine just before serving.

Since an all-cold meal is not considered healthful even in hot weather, a menu with salad as the principal dish calls for a hot soup or a hot beverage to supplement it. You may serve a cup of clear soup right along with the salad if you like—tomato bouillon makes a delicious accompaniment to fish or meat salads and chicken or beef soup to vegetable combinations.

Chicken Salad Roll



Cooked chicken, cut in pieces, 2 cups
Celery, cut fine, 1 cup
Salt, 1 1/4 teaspoons
Oranges, 2
Crushed pineapple, drained, 1/2 cup
Mayonnaise, 1/2 cup
Cream, 3 tablespoons
Soft rolls, oblong, 6

1. Combine chicken and celery; add salt.
2. Peel oranges, separate sections, remove membrane; cut in pieces, add with pineapple to chicken.
3. Thin mayonnaise with cream and fold into chicken mixture; chill.

The Bride's Salad

Arranged by ELIZABETH ROTH

CUT off bottom of honeydew melon so that melon will stand. Scoop balls from inside with French vegetable cutter; reserve balls to use in salad.

Wind white satin baby ribbon around upper part of small china doll. Secure maline veil on head with ribbon and a few stitches; leave a long train. Around head place a few tiny white flowers. Cut small hole in top of scooped-out melon and slip doll in up to waist. Make a bouquet; place in bride's right arm.

Place bride on outer edge of large round platter, allowing train to lie outside. In front of bride make heart of halved strawberries, surrounded by melon balls. Garnish with grapes. Around edge of platter arrange border of chicory. Pass a bowl of salad greens and honey cream dressing made by folding 1/2 cup strained honey into 2/3 cup cream, whipped, and adding gradually 2 teaspoons lemon juice.

4. Split rolls lengthwise cutting through one side only; pull open and scoop out to hold filling.
5. Place a split roll in a crisp lettuce leaf on salad plate and pile chicken mixture in center.
6. Garnish with sections of tomato and sprigs of watercress. Makes 6 salad rolls.

Molded Crabmeat Salad



Crabmeat, flaked, 2 cups
Celery, cut fine, 1 cup
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Lemon juice, 1 1/2 tablespoons
Gelatine, 2 teaspoons
Cold water, 2 tablespoons
Mayonnaise, 1/2 cup
Chili sauce, drained, 1/4 cup
Horse-radish, 1 tablespoon

1. Flake crabmeat, remove shell; combine with celery.
2. Add salt and lemon juice.
3. Soak gelatine in cold water and dissolve over boiling water.
4. Combine mayonnaise, chili sauce and horse-radish.
5. Add dissolved gelatine to mayonnaise mixture; chill until it begins to set.
6. Fold gelatine mixture into crabmeat.
7. Fill straight-sided timbale molds, which have been rinsed in cold water; chill in refrigerator.
8. Unmold on bed of watercress; garnish with quarters of hard-cooked egg and ripe olives. Makes about 6 servings.

Cottage Cheese Luncheon Salad



Thick cottage cheese, 1 1/2 pounds (about 3 cups)
Salt, 2 teaspoons
Pepper, few grains
Radishes, sliced, 1 cup
Chives, cut fine, 2 tablespoons
Mayonnaise, 4 tablespoons
Tomatoes, 3 or 4
Cucumbers, 2

1. Season cottage cheese with salt and pepper.
2. Add radishes, chives and mayonnaise; if very dry moisten with a little cream; mix well; chill.
3. Mound cheese mixture in lettuce cup and place on serving plate.
4. Surround with watercress and alternate slices of tomato and cucumber; garnish with paprika. Makes about 6 servings.

If thin soft cottage cheese is used, soak 1 tablespoon gelatine in 3 tablespoons cold water, dissolve over boiling water and add to cottage cheese mixture. Place in molds or leave in bowl until firm. It will then hold its shape properly.

Accompaniment Salads

WHEN a salad of mixed greens follows or accompanies a hearty main course everyone is sure to be pleased. Among the most popular greens are lettuce, romaine, escarole, endive, chicory, watercress, young beet tops, dandelion, field salad, sorrel and young spinach leaves. Combine them in any way you wish, shredding the leaf or leaving it whole. Radishes, onions, cucumbers or tomatoes may be sliced and mixed with the greens.

Raw vegetable salads have recently come in for their just share of popularity. In the Home Service Center we have tried and liked many kinds, even to thinly sliced cauliflower and broccoli flowerets and shredded or julienne turnips. Our pick-up-sticks salad suggests a new way of serving these crisp crunchy raw vegetables—a way we know the children will like.

Pick-up-Sticks Salad

1. Cut green pepper, celery, cucumber, carrot, white turnip and endive, all raw, in long strips; crisp in ice water.
2. Drain and arrange on individual plates with cheese sticks as an accompaniment.
3. Serve with salt, or put small amount of dressing in tiny paper cups and place one on each plate. Dip sticks into salt or dressing and eat with the fingers.



Salad Aurora

Tomato juice, 2 cups
Gelatine, lemon-flavored, 1 package
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 teaspoon
Tarragon vinegar, 2 tablespoons
Avocados, 3

1. Heat 1 cup tomato juice; add to gelatine and stir until dissolved; add remaining cup cold tomato juice.
2. Add salt, Worcestershire sauce and vinegar; blend.
3. Peel avocados; cut in halves lengthwise; remove stones.
4. Fill cavities with tomato gelatine mixture. Place carefully in refrigerator, chill until firm.
5. Cut avocado halves in slices crosswise, 1/2 inch thick.
6. Place 3 or 4 slices on lettuce and serve with French dressing. Makes about 6 servings.

Dessert Salads

WHEN a salad is to serve both as salad course and dessert it usually consists of fruit or fruit and cheese. Though the lovely salad shown opposite was planned for the June bride, it is a combination which may be used for any dessert-salad. A paper parasol or garden hat may be substituted for the veil.

Frozen Fruit Salad



Pineapple dressing
Strawberries, sliced, 1/2 cup
Canned pineapple, drained, cut in pieces, 1/2 cup
Marshmallows, 8, cut in small pieces
Salt, few grains
Cream, 1/2 cup

1. Prepare pineapple dressing (recipe follows) using pineapple juice from canned pineapple. Chill.
2. Combine fruit, marshmallows and salt.
3. Whip cream and fold into 1 cup of chilled pineapple dressing; add fruit mixture.
4. Set cold control of refrigerator for fast freezing.
5. Fill paper soufflé cups; place in freezing tray of refrigerator; freeze until firm but not hard.
6. Tear paper cups from salad; place molds on lettuce; serve with remaining pineapple dressing. Fills 6 cups 2 1/2 inches in diameter.

Pineapple Dressing

Sugar, 1 cup
Cornstarch, 4 teaspoons
Pineapple juice, 1 cup
Egg yolks, 2
Orange juice, 6 tablespoons
Lemon juice, 2 tablespoons
Salt, few grains

1. Blend sugar and cornstarch; add pineapple juice.
2. Cook in double boiler until clear, about 5 minutes.
3. Pour slowly over well-beaten egg yolks.
4. Add fruit juices and salt; return to double boiler and continue cooking until mixture is the consistency of a custard, about 15 minutes. Chill.

Oriental Salad Ring



Lemon-flavored gelatine, 1/2 package
Hot water, 1 cup
Cream cheese, 9 ounces (3 packages)
Salt, 1/4 teaspoon
Cream, 1 cup
Mayonnaise, 1/2 cup

1. Dissolve gelatine in hot water.
2. Mash cheese with fork to soften; add salt.
3. Whip cream; combine with mayonnaise and cheese.
4. Add dissolved gelatine.
5. Pour into ring mold (about 8 inches in diameter, 2 1/2 inches deep) and allow to chill until firm.
6. Unmold on lettuce; fill center with strawberry or raspberry jam or with currant or bar-le-duc jelly. Serve with salted crackers. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

"I'M STRIKING FOR HOME GROWN VEGETABLES!"



"Of course, you know it's unfair to give me anything but the best...but do you know, Mother, that it's unfair for you to cook for me yourself? No matter how you hand-pick my vegetables or how carefully you cook them and sieve them, they won't be as fresh or as nutritious as Gerber's!"

Just read these features of Gerber's Home Grown Vegetables:



Only Gerber's Offer All These Advantages

Pedigreed Seeds—developed by expert horticulturists for prize vegetables of highest nutriment.

Controlled Farms—for proper soil, and harvesting at the correct degree of full ripeness.

Home Grown—within an hour from our kitchens to prevent loss of quality.

Shaker-Cooked—after scientific straining at correct temperatures with air excluded for mineral and vitamin protection in high degree. Each sealed can is mechanically shaken for even cooking throughout.

Gerber's Strained Cereal made from selected whole grains; Gerber's Prunes are from the Santa Clara Valley of California, which also raises Gerber's Apricots. Apples used are Michigan Grimes Golden.

Gerber's



Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

STRAINED VEGETABLE SOUP—TOMATOES—GREEN BEANS—BEETS—CARROTS—PEAS—SPINACH—PRUNES—CEREAL—APRICOT AND APPLE SAUCE.

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- Mealtime Psychology, a free booklet on infant feeding.
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(In Canada, Gerber's are grown and packed by Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.)

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Address.....
City.....State.....

She Could Reef a Sail

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110]

"Dead ahead. We're driving on them!" A vicious spasm of wind was sending them, direct and sure, for the rockbound channel marker.

"Give me the tiller," Marty cried hoarsely. She grabbed it from Jay. It strained in her hands as if leashed to the wind. She brought the Spin up and headed it, with the lee rail smothered deep under, away from the rocks. They beat past, the shortened sails tilted like oblique fins, bent down, almost grazing the water. The channel lay ahead, cross-grained with white-caps, but the squall was behind, storming out to sea.

"That was a close shave," Jay said. "As close as I'd care to come. I thought for a minute it was the last of the Spindrifit."

"So did I," Marty said. They looked at each other, wet and bedraggled and breathless. Jays smiled slowly and his eyes were warm. He gave Marty a little shove.

"Move over," he said. "I'm going to take the tiller."

"Where," said Marty—she peered about. "Where is Cyra?"

"Down in the cabin," Jay said. His hands were attached to the tiller with a proprietary grip.

The basin boats were dancing at their tethers about them as they made the Spin fast. Gunnar was pushing the flat-bottom boat toward them, and Cyra had come up and was standing on the wave-streaked cockpit flooring.

She looked prettier than ever with her hair clustering in disheveled gold shine about her face.

"I've aged years," she told Jay, "on this sail of yours. I feel like a wreck and I look a sight. Get me into town right away. I don't want ever to go out on the boat again. Remember."

"Always," Jay said. He flipped the last reef-knot loose on the jib. "Gunnar," he called, "can you row two people in right away? Lock," he said to Marty, "can you wait? I'll be back. I owe you—something."

MARTY saw their figures, matching so handsomely, alighting on the dock, walking to the car, rolling off toward town.

Marty took a short cut from the boat yard to the house when Gunnar rowed her ashore. Russ was banging a tennis ball on the lawn. She sat down on the porch step and shook her wet hair back.

"I'm wearing skirts from now on," Marty said. "I have a lovely linen one upstairs. If I can find it, will you take me to the club for tennis? The Spin's commissioned."

Russ said: "When that squall came up, I wondered. How was Jay?"

"Perfect." She eyed Russ squarely. "And Cyra was along. She's quite perfect, you know, too."

MUSIC was pouring from the yacht club when Russ parked the old roadster in the crushed clamshell turn-around. There was a big crowd. Sunburned familiar faces from Palmer Point and guests down from town.

Russ and Marty danced once around and a Wolcott, tow-haired from sun, cut in.

"Where've you been all my lives, Marty? You've changed every last one of them, in green." The music stopped and he pounded his palms. "Well, lookit," he said, "Cyra Painter and a brand-new contender. Where's Jay Hardwick?"

"I," Marty said, "don't know." Cyra Painter was wearing dusty pink. She looked like a pastel angel in it. She was smiling, past Marty, at someone in the door.

"THERE," Dick Wolcott pointed him out, "there's Jay Hardwick coming in the door."

Marty looked. Jay's face was so brown and so sure. The music was starting up and Russ was coming over.

"The punch is good," he announced. He whistled as he danced Marty toward it. At the door he stopped. But Cyra was there.

"Jay," her gold voice was audible, soft and collective. "We're getting up a crowd and going on. You haven't anything else on hand have you?"

"I have," Jay said. He was looking past Cyra, finding Marty. "I have, for a long time."

"Howdy," Russ said. "You've met my sister Marty."

"I met Marty," Jay said. "Gunnar told me she was your sister."

"The punch is good, they say," Russ informed Cyra. "It's being served in a cut-glass bowl with a ladle, over yonder." He looped an arm through Cyra's and left only music around the door.

"Why didn't you wait?" Jay reached for Marty's hand.

"But—" said Marty. She looked up at Jay and wrinkled her brow honestly. "I've always heard, you liked mostly—polo."

"And so I did," Jay said. "Polo is an elegant game." He started to dance with Marty in slow circles around the door. "But what has that to do with it, since there was an ancestor of mine who—"

"The one with the red beard?"

"That one. He takes care of things. I was pretty sure, you see, ever since I bought the Spin. But this afternoon," Jay said, "this afternoon made it certain."

"Oh," said Marty. Her eyes met Jay's, the way they had off Pidgeon Rocks. "About what?"

"That I wanted to say *elska du*, to you."

"What does that mean?"

"I love you," Jay said, "in vikinging."

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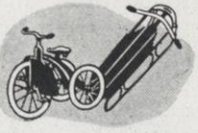
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THE HOME DECORATOR

"ALL YOU NEED TO COVER THE EARTH KNOW ABOUT PAINT"



SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS

You Can't Have Everything

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

the great-aunt said, looked better than she had ever seen him.

"I guess his stepmother is pretty good to him," she said kindly.

"Well, I'm afraid it's just California," Cam answered honestly. "You see, we left on our wedding day and only got back yesterday. But I think Taffy's on the right road now; I think he'll go right ahead," she added when Taffy had careened out into the hallway, blowing a horn, followed by the girls banging on drums.

Mrs. Spaulding was evidently highly maternal. She had two children and several grandchildren in Boston; her ship had been held in quarantine in Guam; she was missing Christmas at home for the first time in her life.

"My Mary's boys are just about the ages of your girls," she said. "It's unfortunate that my girl has boys and my boy girls—Leonard has four girls. One would like the name to go on. You'll have a boy for John one of these days," the great-aunt said majestically. "You're the maternal type. As for my sister Lily," she added, "she never ought to have had children at all. Lily was always a dreamer. John turned out to be a genius, just her luck. Geniuses are the nearest things to being completely cracked that there are."

Cam laughed joyously. "And Amanda—Tids, as they call her, is—well, you know what she is."

"She seems like a child in many ways. I don't imagine that men or love affairs mean much to her."

"Ah, my dear, you don't know her!" Maria Spaulding said forcefully. "Don't think there isn't a lot of passion wrapped up in that girl. She's always dreaming of knights and cavaliers and all that sort of thing. Lily may well watch that girl. Well, my dear, you've taken 'em all on, and you'll have your troubles with 'em! But John's a fine fellow, if he has got the Johnson jealousy."

"Women like them jealous," Cam said, smiling.

"Yes, for a while they do." Aunt Maria departed and Cam took the children to their beds. When she went into her own room fifteen minutes later John had already dressed and gone; Cam slipped into a black satin that he especially liked.

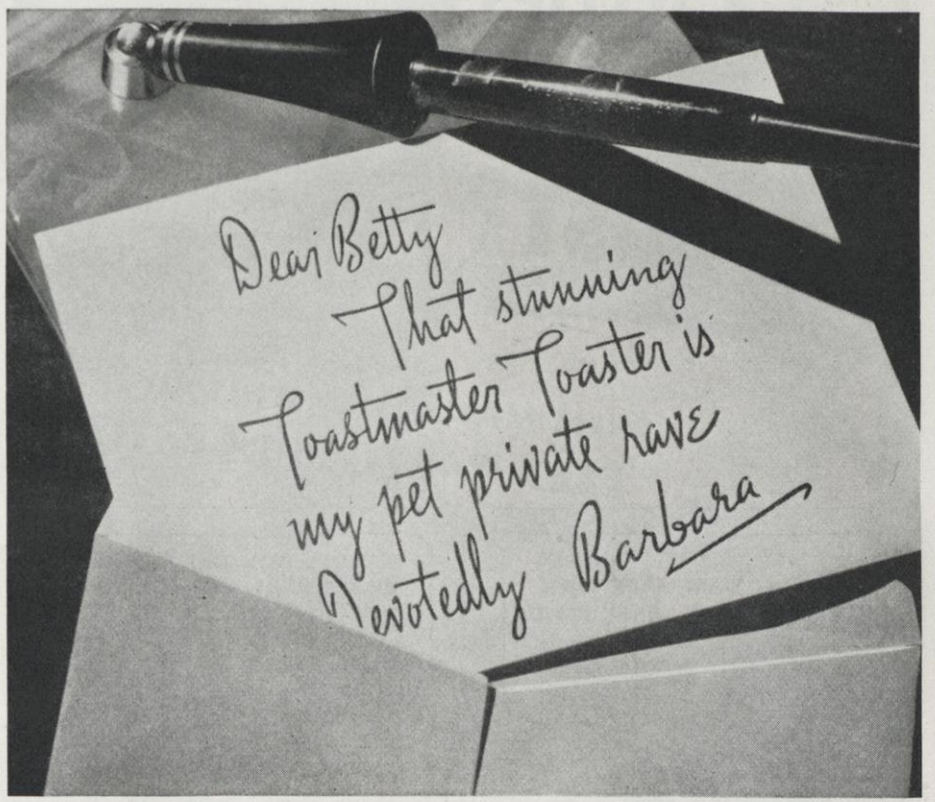
→ THERE were cocktails and canapés and pleasant talk in the low-ceiled farmhouse parlor; the radio was softly sounding the Christmas hymns, played on some great organ, sung by fifty voices. A big fire was burning; the Christmas tree was lighted; it seemed good to be home for Christmas night. Cam slipped into a chair beside John.

"I've been in a simple tantrum all day," he said in a voice only she could hear. "But the minute I see my wife I'm all right!"

"You in a tantrum!" she echoed, amazed, anxious eyes on his face. But they could say no more without being overheard. The Christmas dinner followed its appointed course. Aunt Maria left at ten o'clock. Mrs. Kilgarif and Tids lingered for a few minutes saying good nights, and then Cam and John went upstairs.

By this time Cam in her concern for Jack's disturbed mood had almost forgotten her resentment against Toomey. In any case John gave her small chance to remember it. He flung his arms

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



Who wouldn't get excited over a wedding gift like this? The new Toastmaster toaster is so unmistakably the aristocrat of toasters that any bride will be proud to call it hers.

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Alice Reed
Oregon State College

Biscuit

By NELL B. NICHOLS

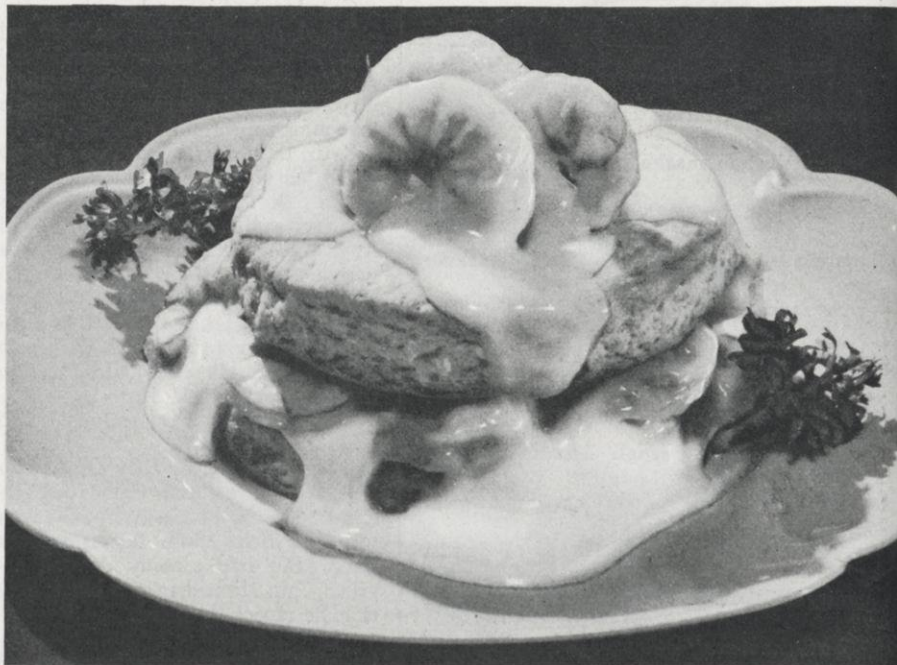
and our COLLEGE CONSULTANTS

Recipes tested in the Home Service Center

WHEN you think of shortcake perhaps the traditional picture that comes to mind is a double decker of hot rich light flaky biscuit swamped in strawberries and cream. Delicious as this is, are you acquainted with the great variety of other versions of the biscuit shortcake? Besides all sorts of dessert fruit shortcakes with different sauces there are main course ones such as two of those illustrated.

Fillings of meat, sea food, vege-

tables and cheese are used in various sauces—creamsauce, mushroom sauce, cheese sauce, tomato sauce, brown gravy. The biscuit foundations can be varied from the master recipe by using ingredients like tomato juice, lemon or orange juice, curry, cheese, ginger and ham. You can make your shortcakes in large rounds to split and serve or bake the dough in individual forms such as doughnut shapes, diamonds, squares and graduated fluted tiers.



Creamed shrimp on curry biscuit cut doughnut-shape for a main course

Creamed Shrimp Shortcake

Curry biscuit shortcake, 1 recipe	Butter or other fat, 2 tablespoons
Shrimps, cooked or canned, 2 cups	Milk, 1 1/2 cups
Lemon juice, 1 teaspoon	Salt, 1/2 teaspoon
Flour, 2 tablespoons	Cayenne, few grains
	Celery salt, few grains

1. Prepare curry biscuit shortcake, cutting half the rounds with a doughnut cutter. Brush plain rounds with melted butter and top with doughnut-shaped rounds, sandwich fashion; bake as directed.
2. Heat shrimps in a little of their own liquor if canned, or, if fresh, in a

3. little of the water in which they are boiled, with lemon juice added.
3. Melt butter; add flour and blend to a smooth paste.
4. Gradually add milk while stirring constantly; cook until thick and smooth.
5. Add salt, cayenne and celery salt.
6. Separate shortcakes, cover bottom rounds with drained shrimps and pour a little sauce over them; replace top on each shortcake allowing a few shrimps to stick through hole; pour on more sauce and garnish with parsley. (Allow about 1/4 cup sauce and 6 or 8 shrimps for each serving.)

Master Recipe for Biscuit Shortcake and Variations as well as a special offer will be found on page 118.

Shortcakes

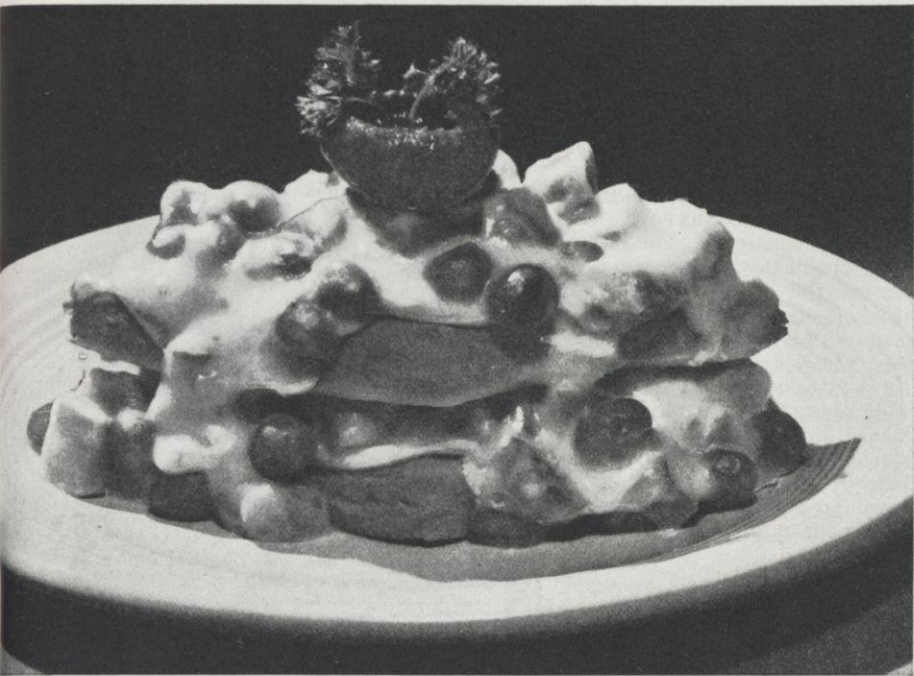
Luncheon Shortcake

Tomato biscuit shortcake, 1 recipe
 Butter or other fat, 3 tablespoons
 Flour, 3 tablespoons
 Milk, 2 cups
 Salt, 1/2 teaspoon
 Pepper, few grains

Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon
 Peas, cooked, 2 cups
 Ham, cooked and diced, 1 1/2 cups (1/2 pound)
 Mushroom caps, sautéed, 6

- mond shapes, put together with melted butter, bake as directed.
- Melt butter, add flour and blend to a smooth paste.
- Gradually add milk, stirring constantly; cook till thick and smooth.
- Add seasonings.
- Add drained peas and diced ham.
- Separate shortcakes, put creamed mixture between layers and on top.
- Top with mushrooms and parsley.

Prepare tomato biscuit, cut in dia-



Tomato biscuit with creamed peas and ham for a luncheon dish

Old-fashioned Strawberry Shortcake

Sweet biscuit short- cake, 1 recipe
 Cream, 1/2 pint

Strawberries, 1 1/2 quarts

- melted butter; bake as directed.
- Crush half of the berries, add sugar to taste; split remaining berries in halves, reserving six whole ones.
- Whip cream.
- Between tiers of each shortcake put crushed berries and whipped cream; around edge, berry halves. Top with whipped cream and whole berry.

Prepare sweet biscuit shortcakes; cut biscuits with round fluted cutter using three different sizes; put 3 together pyramid fashion, brush with

Old-fashioned strawberry shortcake made with sweet biscuit



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAMS STUDIOS

WHERE DOES

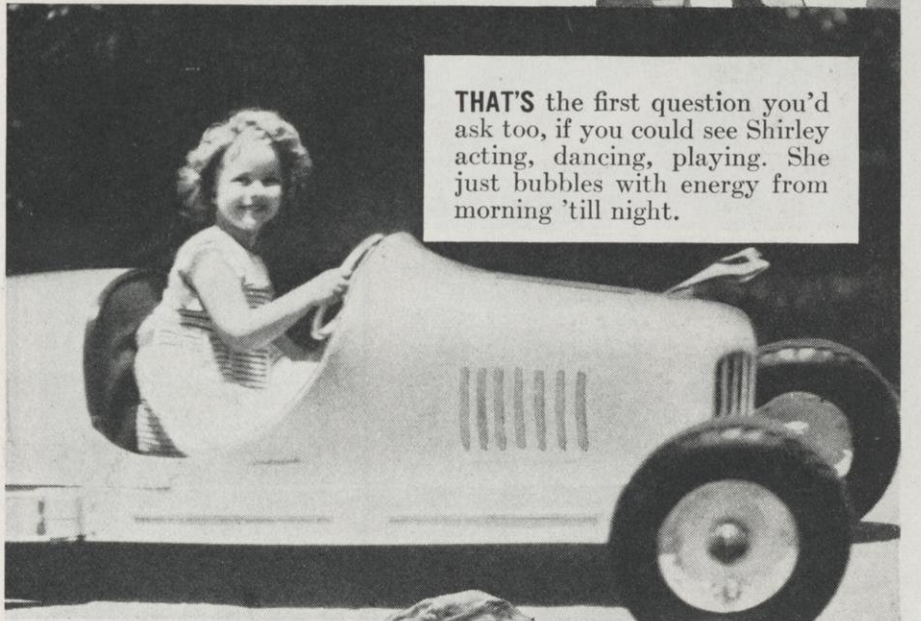
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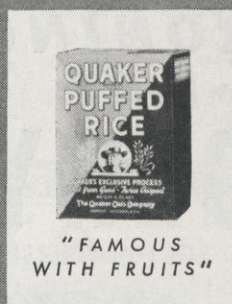


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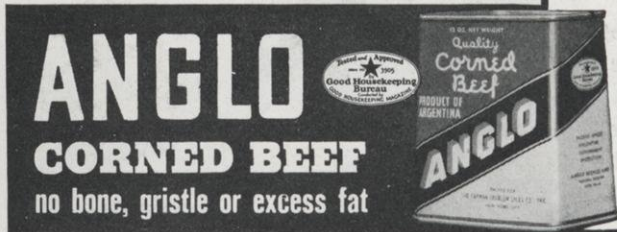
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Woman's Home Companion June 1937

Biscuit Shortcake

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117]

Master Recipe
[Makes six servings]

Flour, 2 cups Salt, ½ teaspoon
Baking powder, 3 Shortening, 6 to 8
teaspoons tablespoons
Milk, ½ to ¾ cup

1. Sift flour, measure, sift again with baking powder and salt.
2. Add shortening. Mix with pastry blender or with fingertips. When using fingers, pick up mixture and rub shortening in quickly; drop and take up another portion. Repeat until mixing is complete. Mix only until the mass resembles corn meal.
3. Make cavity in center, add most of the milk at once, stirring with a fork or spoon. The amount of liquid needed varies with the flour, but add it until the mixture follows the spoon or fork in the bowl. Mix no longer than needful. The ideal is a soft dough that may be handled.
4. Remove the ball of dough to a lightly floured board, knead lightly 10 to 20 times; roll to ¼ inch thickness. Cut as desired. Put together like sandwiches, spread melted butter or margarine between and on top.
5. Bake in hot oven, 450 degrees F., for 10 to 12 minutes. Remove from the oven, separate, put filling between layers, adjust the top in place, pour on filling. Serve.

Nine Variations

Curry Biscuits: Sift ¼ teaspoon curry powder in with the dry ingredients. Fine with chicken, lamb, veal or shrimp shortcake.

Tomato Biscuits: Substitute tomato juice for the milk. About 1 cup will be required, the exact amount depending on the consistency of the juice and the flour. The biscuit is tinted attractively. Fine with meat shortcakes.

Cheese Biscuits: To the dry ingredients add ½ cup grated cheese. Especially good with vegetable shortcakes.

Ham Biscuits: Add ½ cup finely chopped cooked ham to the sifted dry ingredients. Fine with creamed eggs or green peas.

Sage Biscuits: Add ½ teaspoon powdered sage, sifting it in with the dry ingredients. Excellent with chicken and meat shortcakes. Or substitute ½ teaspoon poultry seasoning for the sage. Good with meat stew filling.

Orange or Lemon Biscuits: Add 3 tablespoons sugar and the grated rind of 1 lemon or 1 orange to the dry ingredients. Delicious with fruit shortcakes, especially with applesauce.

Sweet Biscuits: Add from 3 tablespoons to ½ cup sugar with the dry ingredients. One beaten egg sometimes is added with the milk, but the biscuit then is not so flaky. Use with fruit.

Ginger Biscuits: With the dry ingredients add ½ cup brown sugar and 1 teaspoon ginger. Good with pears.

Biscuit Mixes: The prepared biscuit mixes may be used in making shortcakes. Follow directions on package.

THERE is so much to say about shortcakes that a Companion Special has been prepared. It contains over fifty suggestions for fillings for main course and dessert shortcakes and for topping sauces, as well as specific recipes. Send 3 cents for SHORTCAKE SPECIAL. Address Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York.



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By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

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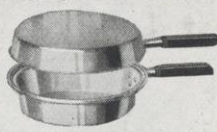
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Woman's Home Companion June 1937

You Can't Have Everything

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115]

about Cam and crushed her to him.

"Oh—oh—oh, I've got you to myself again! Oh, darling, hasn't this been hell! Mother calmly asking me to drive her into town because Mitchell had to have part of the day with his family; tea with Aunt Maria and a lot of talk about the Philippines—as if I cared about the Philippines! And then home again, and no you—you were off giving the kids their suppers because Mabel had to have her day off, and then dinner with nothing but talk of our grandparents and the dear old summer home on Buzzards Bay! I thought it would never end! Oh, Cam, I love you so, and you're so beautiful!" John said. "Why do we ever have to have anyone else around?"

"We do seem to have stepped right into the midst of things!" she agreed. "Mitchell off from ten to ten, Mabel giving notice—"

"Oh, is she leaving you? Well, you can let Toomey get you the next one; she's awfully smart about that."

IT DID not seem the time to register a protest against Toomey.

"Sometimes I think she's a little too good a manager," Cam suggested.

"Who? Toomey? Oh, she's a swell old girl—she's fine, really. She spoils the kid a little but why shouldn't she? They all get over being spoiled. You know, Cam," John, whose attention had not been fully engaged by the subject of the nurses, spoke now with sudden feeling, "you know what I'd like to do? I'd like to get in the car again tomorrow and drive away and never see anyone else again except ourselves! Darling, let's have a picnic, just you and I, tomorrow. No, tomorrow I've got to get at all that proof. But pretty nearly every weekend we'll beat it somewhere."

"Children adore picnics."

"Oh, lord, no; no kids! They just fall into water or off things, and eat too much, and crawl over you! They're better off here with Toomey and Mabel."

Cam laughed, said nothing. John must be the first consideration; everything else must be adjusted to him.

The next morning after breakfast he went up to his study, a big back room above the kitchen that had been made over for him, and Cam took up the reins of government that Tids, the elder Mrs. Kilgarif and Toomey had shared among them. She managed the transition as amiably, as pleasantly as she could, and so far as John's sister and mother were concerned, entirely without friction. Toomey accepted all her suggestions with a prim "Yis, medem," that was said quite without expression.

"I'd like to see the order books, Toomey, and the bills. They'll come here to this desk now and the sooner I get them straightened out the better. What with the children's table and our table and the orders for the staff I certainly am going to have my hands full," Cam said.

Toomey, as Cam had half suspected, had not managed economically at all and however serene she had kept surface matters, beneath her rule a very conspiracy of discontent had been simmering. Neither servant nor mistress, Toomey had exaggerated the rights of the family and had been ruthless in her claims on the staff. Hing's assistant, a small moon-faced nephew of the old

Chinese, had been taken off salary entirely; Dora's wages had been cut. These things had been done with Mrs. Kilgarif's consent, to be sure, but at the instigation of Toomey.

"And one English chop every day, thirty cents," Cam said, studying the bills. "Who's that for?"

"That's Taffy's chop, medem."

"Oh? He has a chop always, at lunch? What about the chicken and steak and roast lamb days? The children can't have stews or fried things, Toomey, but surely a special chop every day for a little boy of four—?"

"He'll eat nothing but the English chop. It's his doctor's orders for him."

Mabel, who had been persuaded to stay on, went on folding clothes.

"Was that all, Mrs. Kilgarif?"

"Yes, and thank you, Toomey."

Cam glanced at bills but saw nothing. Taffy's nurse had a power to disturb her, to get her into a state of irritation, that was inexplicable.

"What's more," Mabel said unexpectedly when Toomey was gone, "you'll not get Taffy to touch custards or gelatine or baked apple or anything like that. Not him! He has to have his ice cream every day."

"Every day! Have the girls been having ice cream every day?" Cam asked, scandalized.

"No, ma'am. They had to eat their prunes and applesauce like they always done. But he gets it."

"It seems to me if Hing is to go to the trouble of making it every day—"

"He doesn't make it every day! It comes from the drugstore."

"Ah?" Four house servants, not counting Mildred, and dessert for one child's supper coming daily from outside. Cam felt a prickle of irritation hot on her skin; she wondered in how many other details Toomey's dictatorship would eventually reveal itself.

The day was filled with confusions, for Tids and her mother were house-hunting and betrayed a common helplessness where decisions were involved. Cam took the little girls, ecstatic and eager, in a family party to look at two possible places; one Mrs. Kilgarif did not like because the "horrid woman who showed it talked so coarsely." But with the other Tids fell in love because it was on Windmill Lane.

"It will look so delicious on letter-headers!" Tids said in an uncomfortable girlish rush.

TAFFY had declined to go on the house-hunting expedition even though Cam had personally coaxed him to go. She felt sorry for him. He was a strange little boy. His fussiness about eating, his selfishness with his toys and his unfriendliness to herself she felt were all Toomey's doing. Toomey had coddled, spoiled and talked him into feeling that Jane and Joanna were interlopers, pretty golden-headed good little girls whom his papa was certainly going to love very much. As for her own status as stepmother, Cam could imagine what Toomey would make of the mere word.

The children did not have their suppers together now, an elaboration of household detail which she found absurd. She determined to put an immediate stop to it but she had to wait her moment to make the change; when John should be safely out of earshot and Taffy sufficiently friendly to make

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]

2 Easy Steps to painting satisfaction



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2 Depend on Lowe Brothers Quality When You Paint.

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You Can't Have Everything

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120]

it easy for her. But every day that found Toomey carrying the little boy's meal carefully upstairs on a tray, and the little girls being served in the pantry by Mabel, roused her to fresh impatience and dislike.

John fell into those erratic ways he called his regular working hours. He breakfasted late, started for his workroom at ten or half-past ten and was invisible until two or half-past two o'clock. Then he emerged tired and white, always affectionate and gentle with Cam but spent, and his luncheon had immediately to be served.

Cam waited for him. This gave her free time to be with her children at their noon meal and she liked that; it was almost the only time she could count on being with them for John expected her to be in their room when, after a walk or ride or afternoon nap, he was dressing for dinner. And when they went down to dinner at seven or a little later, the children were in bed. Afterward, if he worked, he liked her to come up to the study and sit there reading, where he could watch her and feel that she was near him.

Her getting the household into smooth-running order and her vague yet determined plan to get rid of Toomey, were continually delayed by her husband's rapturous delight in carrying her off on Saturday at noon, taking her to the city, to Del Monte or Santa Barbara, or on longer trips.

When he and she came back late on Sunday night, weary and sunburned and dirty, she would creep into the nursery and look down on Jane and Joanna, sound asleep, and wonder if they had missed her during the two long days, wonder if they had cried, if there had been any troubles between them and Toomey or Taffy.

AS JOHN often worked until one or two o'clock in the morning, they slept late in the mornings, sometimes lying and talking for an hour before they even mentioned dressing. When they did finally decide to get up, two rings on the kitchen bell warned Hing that they would be down in half an hour. But often they rang three times, which meant that breakfast and the papers and the mail must be sent up as soon as ready, and then they might loiter for another hour or two, laughing, talking, wasting time.

Then there were the news and the mail to discuss, and if the latter was overwhelming, John telephoned his secretary in the village and Gordon arrived and went at the letters while John started to work. At this time Cam was free to fly to the children, to kiss them and make much of them. They would perhaps be in the sandbox, busily digging and pouring when she went down; they always welcomed her with adoring affection and she stayed with them for every possible minute until they went up for their naps at quarter-past one. Then there was another brief interval in which she might do as she liked, and then John's shout: "Cam, Cam, come and eat! I'm starving."

Afterward he wanted her complete attention and was rarely willing to include anyone else, even his mother and sister, in his plans. Cam must be somewhere near, in the room if he took a nap. When he awakened they were going for a walk, or a drive, or into the city to see a very special

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]

Don't Be a Slave to Cathartics

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.



Bernice J. Rutting
NOTARY PUBLIC

"I am a secretary and due to long hours of sitting and lack of exercise I became run down by constipation and indigestion."



"A friend advised me to try Yeast Foam Tablets."



"Now after three months trial I have been cured. I highly recommend them and will never be without Yeast Foam Tablets."



NOTE: *The above letter is but one case but it is so typical of many others that it more than justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of constipation or digestive disorder.*

IF YOU take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief. They do not correct the cause of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. These precious factors are sadly deficient in many typical everyday diets. In many foods the B complex is almost completely lacking. When these factors are added to the diet deficient in them, in sufficient amounts, constipation due to this trouble goes. Elimination becomes regular—complete.

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Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function, when these disorders, as is often the case, are due to the B and G deficiency.

With the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will feel better, look better, be better. Your energy will revive. Headaches of the constipation type will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot ferment in the body. Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it will not put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today... refuse substitutes.

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Guests are quick to notice Bathroom Odor



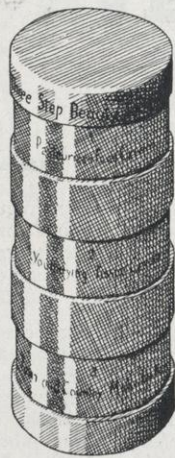
Be on the safe side—use Creolin regularly to keep your bathroom clean-smelling and sanitary. Pour it into toilet and drains. Put it into the water every time you clean floor, walls, basin and tub. Creolin dispels odors quickly and effectively. Full directions come with every bottle. At all drug stores.

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THIS WAY TO BEAUTY



Three preparations that have brought beauty to millions of women the world over. Pasteurized Face Cream, Youthifying Tissue Cream, Town and Country Make-Up Film. Helena Rubinstein, foremost beauty authority, now brings them to you in one marvelously convenient package—The Three-Step Beauty Treatment—for 2.00. Begin using this complete three-in-one treatment. In two weeks' time you will see the most amazing transformation in your skin.

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Helena Rubinstein's is the only Pasteurized Face Cream in the world. The mellow-textured face cream that women with the most sensitive skin prefer to all others! Because it not only leaves the skin clean, clear, soft and radiant... it also revitalizes, re-energizes, refines skin texture and firms the contour.

2. YOUTHIFYING TISSUE CREAM

Youthifying Tissue Cream is a cream that belongs on every woman's dressing table if she is to look young and stay young looking. For this beauty cream is a blend of rare herbs which impart their beauty benefits to the skin. A cream which works on expression lines and crow's-feet so that they seem to disappear completely. Youthifying Tissue Cream is a necessity to all skins, especially to dry, sensitive skins.

3. TOWN & COUNTRY MAKE-UP FILM

is a foundation cream that is a revelation to the women of America. Helena Rubinstein's Town and Country Make-Up Film gives the skin that "moist" dewy gleam of youth. It helps make-up to blend marvelously and stay fresh all day. This unique beauty foundation also softens and comforts the skin. The younger woman uses it to keep her skin young and beautiful. The older woman uses it to conceal the marks of age. It makes lines seem as if they were not there at all. It also conceals blemishes.

Decide today to get your new Three-Step Beauty Treatment. If there is no Helena Rubinstein representative in your city, fill out the coupon below and mail directly to

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Please send me your wonderful new Three-Step Beauty Treatment for () normal, oily skin () dry skin () fair complexion () dark complexion.

I enclose \$2.00 () Check () Money Order () Cash (Send Cash Registered).

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Woman's Home Companion June 1937

You Can't Have Everything

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movie or matinée. Or perhaps he was going to take her off for dinner and skip work for the evening.

And always and through everything she felt the force of his deep passionate love for her; every word, every look was hers; he wanted nothing else; his wife was his world.

The elder Mrs. Kilgarif and Tids duly moved to Windmill Lane; it was not far, Mabel and the girls could easily walk there on a spring afternoon, for Joanna and Jane adored Aunt Tids and some previous tenant had built a playhouse there which was at once turned over to the small girls. Toomey and Taffy never joined them on these expeditions; they went every morning, coming back for lunch; and if, as the weeks went by Cam hoped less and less for a serene adjustment between the two nurses and the three children, she was just as acutely conscious as ever of the discomfort of the situation. Toomey could have solved it with a change in her tone to Taffy; Toomey chose not to solve it. The old servant was perfectly conscious of her power; she had a nervous indulged impressionable little boy to handle and she would not abate one jot of her influence.

CAM stopped the daily orders of ice cream and explained to Toomey, in Taffy's hearing, that desserts were not especially good for small boys anyway.

He had charming moods, Cam would reflect, when he was affectionate, childish, amusing. But at the slightest sign of opposition he would become the whining stubborn unmanageable child who haunted all her waking and sleeping dreams.

"Taffy, let Joanna have her bucket and you use yours," she would say pleasantly out at the sandbox in the morning. There was a swing for the children, a long slide and a little slide, bars and a seesaw. And this spring men were busy building them a shallow pool for hot summer days.

Taffy would continue to sit in the sand, backed up against all three tin pails, his dark eyes mutinous.

"This afternoon I'll get him two more buckets, then he'll give theirs up," Toomey might say, not looking up from her knitting.

"You needn't stay here, you know, Toomey. I'm going to be with the children until they go in."

"I've nothing else to do, medem. And in case he gets into one of his tantrums it's better I'd be here."

"Toomey," Cam said once when she and the nurse were alone, "I don't think it's wholesome for Taffy to have you speak of his tantrums before him. The sooner he forgets them and outgrows them, the better for us all."

"I doubt if he'll ever outgrow them, Mrs. Kilgarif. After that one this morning he lay on his bed for two hours; he was exhausted, medem. They seem to go very deep with him; I wouldn't wonder would he always be subject to them?"

"This morning—" Here was Cam justifying herself to Toomey again; she despised herself for her eternal explanations and palliations to the nurse, but she seemed unable to refrain from them. "This morning," she said, "I simply wanted him to wear one of his new linens. I got them at

the smartest place in the city; they're what all the boys are wearing this hot weather; he says he doesn't like them. Well," Cam went on, "I'm not going to send back three-dollar linen suits just because a child—"

She knew from Toomey's expression that she was talking to empty air. Taffy, however, was presently wearing the suits, his little bared thin arms and legs looking twisted and pale beside the girls' round brownness, and Cam dropped the issue as concluded.

Later her mother-in-law innocently reopened the subject, spoke to her admiringly of Toomey's marvelous handling of the boy.

"Do you know what she did about those new linen suits you got him, Cam?" asked old Mrs. Kilgarif on an afternoon when she and Tids had come over to share his late luncheon with John and the three women were sitting together in the garden afterward while John took a nap.

"No. She didn't tell me."

"Well, Toomey took him into town to see the dentist last week and while he was with Dr. Sumner she slipped across the street to the shop and returned the suits and had a talk with the saleswoman. Then when she brought Taffy out she suggested to him that they go look for some suits as much as possible like the ones she had sent back, so that you wouldn't know about the change. Of course that delighted our monkey and he solemnly selected the very ones you did, with one exception, I believe, wasn't it, Tids? And ever since, according to Toomey's story, he's been wearing them and watching you out of the corner of his eye, wondering when you were going to find him out!"

Cam looked at her mother-in-law steadily.

"What a fool you are!" she thought. Aloud she said: "I should be afraid that she would rather mix up his small ideas of honor and honesty."

"Oh, she's marvelous with him," Mrs. Kilgarif said, her eyes closed, her bloodless little silk-clad body basking in the sun. "I thought your husband was to have your children sometimes?" she asked quite naturally, opening her eyes to look at Cam. The question struck Cam like a blow. She had all but forgotten Bob, his claim on Joanna and Jane.

IT WAS not the first time she had noticed the complete lack of tact that was the older woman's chief characteristic. She and John had more than once laughed at it. But this was the sharpest shaft yet. For all the rest of the day and for many days it would recur to Cam and always with an acute discomfort of spirit. She made herself answer serenely:

"He's living at his club, you know. His mother died. It would be hard for him to take care of them."

Tids, stretched in the sunshine—for May had been rainy and this was the first warm day in several days—spoke lazily, not taking her face from her crossed arms:

"If I were married to a second man and anyone asked me about the first one, and I remembered that I'd gone on a honeymoon with him and had children by him, it'd make me feel queer!"

"What's all that, Mouse?" John

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]



DO YOU THROW MONEY AWAY? —every third woman does!

Enquiries among hundreds of women brought out the astounding fact that under-arm moisture had spoiled garments for 1 out of every 3!

For lack of a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields or a Bra-form every one of them threw away the price of her dress! *Nothing* you can do to the armpit is so safe, so sure to protect your dress as Kleinert's Dress Shields in the dress itself!

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You Can't Have Everything

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122]

asked, coming out to tip up Cam's face and kiss her and to subside into a chair beside her.

"I say, John," Tids answered, rolling over, blinking at the sun, stretching her length on the warm red flags of the terrace, "that if I were Cam and Mother talked to me about my first husband, I'd feel queer!"

"Did Mother?" John asked lightly. "Your mother asked if the children's father wasn't some day going to borrow them for a visit," Cam explained, keeping it all as unimportant as she could. "That was all. Did you get to sleep?"

"I did. And now I want to know what's the plot?"

"The plot is for us to go home," the elder Mrs. Kilgarif said. "You're coming over to dinner tomorrow night?"

"But I have to come home right afterward, Mother. I'm working."

"I know. We'll let you go. But Tids and I go to Cousin Susan in Laguna on Friday."

JOHN saw his mother and sister to the car and when he came back to Cam, he spoke musingly.

"I wish Mother hadn't brought that up about Bob Sylvester. I hate him. I hate every bone in his body."

"Jack!" she said, shocked. He did not look at her; he was looking gloomily away.

"Well, I do. I've never said it. I've tried to forget the fool," he said harshly. "But you might as well know it. I hate him!"

"But you don't know him!" "I know that you loved him, you belonged to him," John said in an almost strangled voice.

"Oh, hush!" she said putting her fingers against his lips. "All that's like a dream, like your life with Margaret, Jack. I never think of it unless something, like what your mother said today, brings it to my mind. Can't you be happy just in this very hour—now, when we're together on our own terrace and when nothing can separate us?"

"God knows I'm happy, dearest!" he said humbly. And he told her for the thousandth time: "The trouble is, I love you too much!"

"But that's the way women want to be loved," she answered contentedly.

"Here's the thing that drives me crazy, Cam. When you love those children so and when I see your lovely beautiful head down close to theirs, I wonder if you're thinking of him?"

She seemed to be drawing upon some unsuspected deep well of patience within her. She could smile as she shook her head.

"A mother doesn't have to think of anyone else in connection with the love she has for her children, Jack. You love Taffy and you love your mother, but it would never occur to me that you were taking anything away from your love for me and giving it to them."

"You're not jealous, are you, Cam?" "I don't think I am. Yes, of course I am," Cam said, very young and earnest as she analyzed it. "If the girls loved anyone else more than they do me—"

"You think of the girls first, you see."

"Jack, you idiot! I was coming to

you. I was going to say that I could be horribly jealous of you if there were any cause. What makes me cross at you is that you're jealous without any cause. Half the time when I merely speak of the girls or look down from the porch in the morning to see what they're doing, I feel as if you noticed it."

"Half the time!" he said. "Every time, and a thousand times when you don't mention them or look at them. I guess I'm crazy. How about taking a ride?"

"Isn't it pretty hot to ride?" she asked widening her blue eyes. In her heart she said: "Oh, dear, why won't you sit quietly here on the terrace and let me see the girls when they come down? Jane had a sniffly sort of nose; she may have a little fever. It'd be so reassuring to be here and see for myself that they're all right."

"I'll go jump into riding things," she said getting up and raising her face for his kiss.

"You don't think I'm an utter fool, Cam?"

"Yes, I do. I know you are. But I like you to be a fool," Cam reassured him. He held her prisoner.

"Are you happy?" he asked.

"The happiest woman in the world. The proudest," she said. It was the question he had asked her from the very beginning of their engagement, on their honeymoon, throughout all the weeks since. She always answered it in the same phrases.

"He's like a happy little boy who wants his mother's entire attention every second," Cam ruminated as they jogged along through the green forest.

"I'll have to work this thing out myself, manage to give the girls all I can of my time, keep Mrs. Kilgarif and Tids happy, somehow win David's affection, and first and foremost—" her thoughts rambled on, "first and foremost I'll get rid of Toomey! At the next opportunity, and she's always giving me opportunities, I'll simply and definitely fire her. 'Jack, I've had to let Toomey go. It had to come sooner or later and I couldn't stand her any longer. There can't be two mistresses in one house.'"

A FEW days later her opportunity came. Cam chanced to come upon Taffy at his supper in his own room. John, who was not dressed, had suddenly remembered that a certain suit was hanging in the little boy's closet and Cam, being dressed, volunteered to go for it. That was the cause of her entering Taffy's room unannounced; she had forgotten that Toomey always carried his supper upstairs to him at this hour, and involuntarily apologized when she found them together; Toomey knitting, Taffy playing with a saucerful of ice cream.

"Why should I apologize?" Cam's immediate uncomfortable thought ran. "After all, I'm mistress of this house." But the apology had been made and the maddeningly serene Toomey had accepted it with a simple, "Oh, that's all right, medem."

Cam completed her errand, went back to John with the suit, got into her most exquisite array to drive with him to a party in Burlingame. But the scene in Taffy's room lingered in her mind. It was ridiculous, when the little girls were enjoying their evening

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]



Don't Let an Ailment Thousands Suffer, Separate You From Your Children!

Children expect Mother always to be interested in anything that concerns them. They turn to her for sympathy on all occasions. Yet when she herself is suffering acute agony, their constant appeals for attention often seem to "get on her nerves."

Instead of her smiling face, they see a mask of pain. Instead of the loving word, they hear her speak irritably. They do not know what causes this strange change in Mother. And the tragedy is that she cannot explain.

Doctors Say Affliction Prevalent

Medical testimony goes to show that vast numbers of people—both men and women—are victims of the rectal trouble which no one ever talks about. Women, especially following childbirth, are subject to its tortures.

There is no pain more excruciating than this common form of rectal trouble. Walking, standing, sitting, even lying down, the pain persists. The worst part of it is that the subject is so delicate a one that many hesitate to seek relief, refraining from even talking to their doctors about it. Yet, there is no condition more in need of attention, for the situation can become a very serious one.

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Pazo does more than "ease" the pain. It actually relieves the distress—the burning, soreness and itching.

Pazo is effective because it is threefold in effect.

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Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy. Third, it is *astrigent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts.

You get almost instant relief with Pazo. You can sit, stand and walk in comfort.

Two Forms

Pazo comes in tubes with a special perforated pipe attached for easy application within the rectum. It also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory in every way.

Those who suffer from the rectal trouble of which we speak would do well to try Pazo at once. You have only to make a test of this treatment to realize that here, at last, is the relief you have sought.

Send For Trial Tube

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories, but a trial tube will be sent upon request. Just mail the coupon today or a letter and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage and the trial tube of Pazo will be sent you postpaid by return mail and in plain envelope. Write today.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC.
Dept. 81-WHC, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me trial tube of Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

This offer is good in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Madill & Co., 64 Wellington Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

MAIL!



MAN'S WORK LASTS
TILL SET OF SUN

WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE - YET
WHILE DOING OTHER THINGS YOU CAN ENJOY *Double Mint*
GUM — HELPS KEEP YOUR FACE YOUNG AND LOVELY.

**MOTH
PROTECTION**
*is sure,
safe, easy
with*
FLIT

**FLIT SPRAY
WILL NOT STAIN**



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*Now obtainable everywhere
at popular prices*

COPR. 1937, STANCO, INC.

You Can't Have
Everything

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123]

meal on the terrace, to have that smug nurse lead Taffy upstairs, sit over him while he ate. Taffy had been a delicate child to be sure, but he was not delicate now, although his growth had been set back a little and he was thin. He ought to lead as much the normal life of a child as possible.

Suddenly she remembered the ice cream. He had been eating ice cream! She had canceled the daily order weeks ago. Cam told herself she must be calm. Perhaps Hing had made it; perhaps all the children had had ice cream for supper tonight. Mabel would know. But if that woman was persisting in the absurdity of ice cream every night for a child of four—!

Cam lost the thread of something John was saying; recalled herself with an effort, and devoted herself to being as charming as she could for the rest of the evening. The occasion was a wedding and a supper; many of her old friends were there. She fancied—but then it was an easy thing to fancy—that a few of them deliberately avoided her. But most of them came up enthusiastically and the bride herself accused "Aunt Cam" of running away with the show.

WHEN they were driving home under the stars, suddenly Cam was stirred to self-contempt by finding that her thoughts were with Toomey again. Silly fool that she was to let the woman upset her so! Well, tomorrow she would find out about this ice cream thing and if Toomey had been ordering it daily in direct opposition to her wishes, that would be the end of Toomey!

It so happened that her bills were all waiting for her in the morning; she seized first upon the one from the drug-store. Her eyes ran rapidly over the various daily charges; there was no ice cream. Cam breathed anew.

"Mabel," she said when Mabel happened to come into the room, "can you remember what the girls had for dessert last night?"

"They had stewed blackberries and ladyfingers," she answered after a moment.

"Taffy," Cam said simply, "was having ice cream."

"Yes'm. He has it every night," Mabel stated. "I told you that."

Cam slit envelopes, ruffled papers, her back to Mabel. A few minutes later when Dora, the nice little dining-room maid, brought her a telephone message, she asked her to send Toomey to her.

TOOMEY came in quietly, every inch the respectable servant in her striped blue-and-gray percale, her knitting still in her hands.

"Toomey, sit down. There's something I wanted to ask you," Cam said wheeling about in her desk chair. "I noticed that Taffy was having ice cream for dinner last night. Don't you remember that I said that I didn't want that to go on?"

"It's not being charged at Mullers' any more," Toomey answered composedly, her words thick with her German accent.

"Where does it come from?"

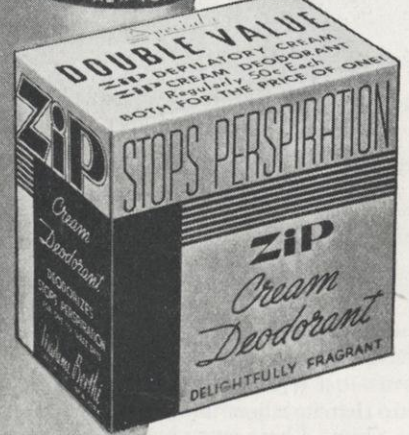
"I pay for it," said Toomey. "You said you considered it an extravagance, and I knew it was one of the most nourishing things he will eat." Toomey's fingers moved rapidly over

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]

Double Value!



*Two
SUMMER
NECESSITIES
Selling Regularly
at 50¢ each
BOTH FOR
THE PRICE
OF
One*



Let it be hot!

Let the penetrating solar rays do their worst to try to make us uncomfortable—but without avail this summer. You can be cool, hair-free, care-free, and wholesome, with these two delightful toilettries at your command.

ZIP Perfumed Depilatory Cream needs no introduction to hundreds of thousands of women. It instantly eliminates every vestige of hair and permits you to enjoy wearing all the newest, briefest, sheerest summer clothes without embarrassment; permits the modern swim-suit to reveal your radiantly beautiful skin.

Now comes ZIP Cream Deodorant—a new kind of cream which not only removes body odors, but also STOPS PERSPIRATION for one to three days. Packed in a large attractive container. Ideal on sanitary napkins.

Ordinarily these preparations cost 50c each. For a short time I am offering both of them to you for the price of one.

ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT. Actually destroys superfluous hair by attacking the hair below the surface of the skin. Quick and effective. Used at my Salon for over twenty-five years with remarkable success. Excellent for face.

ZIP Facial Hair Remover—Odorless. This new odorless cream can be used as freely on the face as on the arms, legs and body. Contains no sulphides, packed in large opal jars.

Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon

Madame Berthe
SPECIALIST

562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

If your dealer has not received his supply, use coupon:
Madame Berthe, 562 Fifth Ave., New York.
Please send me your special Two for One offer—ZIP Perfumed Depilatory Cream and ZIP Cream Deodorant. I enclose 50c plus 10c postage.

Write Name, Address, City and State below.



Doctors know the TRUTH about laxatives—do you?

IN PROTECTING your health, the doctor makes no compromise with quality. Every drug or serum he uses must meet strict standards of purity and strength.

Even for a little thing like a laxative, the doctor has a definite set of requirements. Before giving a laxative his approval, he considers it from every angle to make sure that it meets his demands.

Read the specifications listed below. Will your laxative check on every point?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
- It should *not* form a habit.
- It should *not* over-act.
- It should *not* cause stomach pains.
- It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Go right down the list. Ex-Lax checks on every one of the above points. It meets the doctor's demands of a laxative fairly and fully. In fact, Ex-Lax is regarded with such confidence that many doctors use it in their own homes. Ex-Lax has literally millions of friends. It is the most widely-used laxative in the whole world.

LET EX-LAX PROVE ITS OWN CASE

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. Let your own experience convince you of its many advantages. You will find that Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. You will find that it is *not* upsetting. You will find that it is completely effective. Moreover, you will appreciate the pleasant sense of well-being that follows such a thorough internal cleansing.

Your children, too, can share in these advantages. For the requirements set up by the doctor are *doubly important* to the sensitive system of a child.

Once you taste Ex-Lax, you'll say goodbye to harsh, nasty cathartics. Both youngsters and grown-ups are grateful for its delicious chocolate flavor. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE

If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. WH67, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Keeping Posted

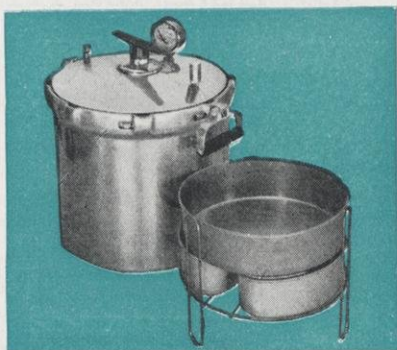
News from
The Home Service Center



IF YOUR family looks forward to homemade jams and jellies, canned fruits and vegetables from your garden's surplus, this is the month to inventory your supplies and equipment. A cherry seeder is a big help in preparing this juicy fruit; you can pit twenty quarts in an hour, so they do say. A sharp blow on the plunger pushes the pit into one dish and tosses the cherry into another—honestly!



"HOW much sugar shall I use in making jelly?" That depends on how much pectin the fruit juice contains. This simple device shows the amount of sugar required for any juice. It also shows when commercial pectin is needed. You fill the tube with the cool juice, then let it run through exactly one minute. A number at the level of the remaining liquid tells how much sugar to use.



AS OF course you know, the steam pressure cooker is a necessity for anyone who cans meats and non-acid vegetables at home. This one holds four quart jars or five pints. A simplified locking device makes it convenient to use. The cooker also makes short work of foods that ordinarily take hours to cook. It does a complete meal with ease. It is fine too for sterilizing the baby's bottle.

The June Poster, 3 cents; 6 consecutive copies of this monthly leaflet, 15 cents. Address Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, New York

"Snowy" says:



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE—NO. 8 OF A SERIES

"Getting the kiddies to bed early is no problem when you use Utica or Mohawk sheets . . . Their smooth, soft texture always bring purr-fect sleep . . . and they are wonderful for keeping their whiteness . . . I haven't a mouse-gray sheet in my linen closet . . . As for wear! Well, everyone knows Utica and Mohawk sheets are born with nine lives."

To make them ready for use, these famous sheets now come in the new laundry-saving package. Two sheets in sealed, dust-proof carton.

UTICA Sheets • MOHAWK Sheets

Utica Muslin—The quality sheet of four generations of particular homemakers. Prized for softness. Praised for durability.

Utica Percale—Percale sheets of utmost luxury with the feel of silk and the strength of linen.

**Guaranteed BY
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
as advertised therein.**



Mohawk Muslin—The thrift sheets of the nation. Popular priced, with distinctive weave that assures long life; easy laundering.

Mohawk Percale—Smart guest quality percale sheets that cost only a few cents more than ordinary sheets.

Free "Snowy" Gift

32-page *Restful Sleep* book. Contains 5 life pictures of "Snowy," complete information on bed-making, laundering and correct sheet sizes. Just mail coupon.

Utica and Mohawk Cotton Mills, Inc., (WH2), Utica, N.Y.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright 1937 Utica & Mohawk Cotton Mills, Inc.

Sheets born with nine lives

For deep fat frying
add a teaspoonful of

ANGOSTURA to LARD

Takes away that "frying-fat" odor
Delightful aroma • More appetizing food
Send for free cook book of Prize Recipes
Angostura Corp., Norwalk, Conn.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS USE DERMOIL

Make
THE ONE
SPOT
TEST

GENEROUS
TRIAL SIZE
25¢ STAMPS
OR COIN

Dermoil is being used by thousands of men and women to secure relief from the effects of this ugly skin disease often mistaken for eczema. Apply it externally. Does not stain. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and their skin became clear again. Dermoil is backed by an agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil Free, or send 25c for generous trial bottle and amazing proof of results. Give druggist's name and address. Your name not mentioned. Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Don't delay. Write Today. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. W-8, Detroit, Mich.

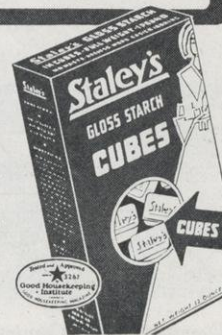


STALEY'S STARCH CUBES

*dissolve in a jiffy, no
lumps, no sticking iron*

No guesswork. No mess. No waste. It is now easy to make starch exactly the way you want it. Just count cubes. Starch penetrates evenly, quickly. No lumps. No wax needed. Iron fairly flies over surface. Saves your time and energy. Get Staley's STARCH CUBES today. At your grocer's.

FREE...Children's Party Book
Plans your children's parties for you. New games, menus, recipes, favors, decorations. To get it, send Staley Starch Cube box-top plus 3¢ to cover mailing and handling to A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Dept. E-6, Decatur, Illinois.



*Celebrate
with Fostoria!*



Entertain with "Lido"
.. the NEW ultra-smart "Master-Etching"

Feathery palm fronds in wind-blown symmetry form the motif of this new Golden Jubilee "Master-Etching." As the name implies, *Lido* envisions brilliant table settings of famous resorts where fashion inspirations originate.

Lido is truly a "Master-Etching" executed on sparkling crystal. The delicate design requires that same painstaking process old masters applied to priceless etchings on paper.

Lido is also available in the new

Azure-Tint; a color as subtle as an early morning sky, as clear as a song. The ingenious hostess will choose both. A table setting that combines clearest crystal and Azure-Tint is irresistibly charming.

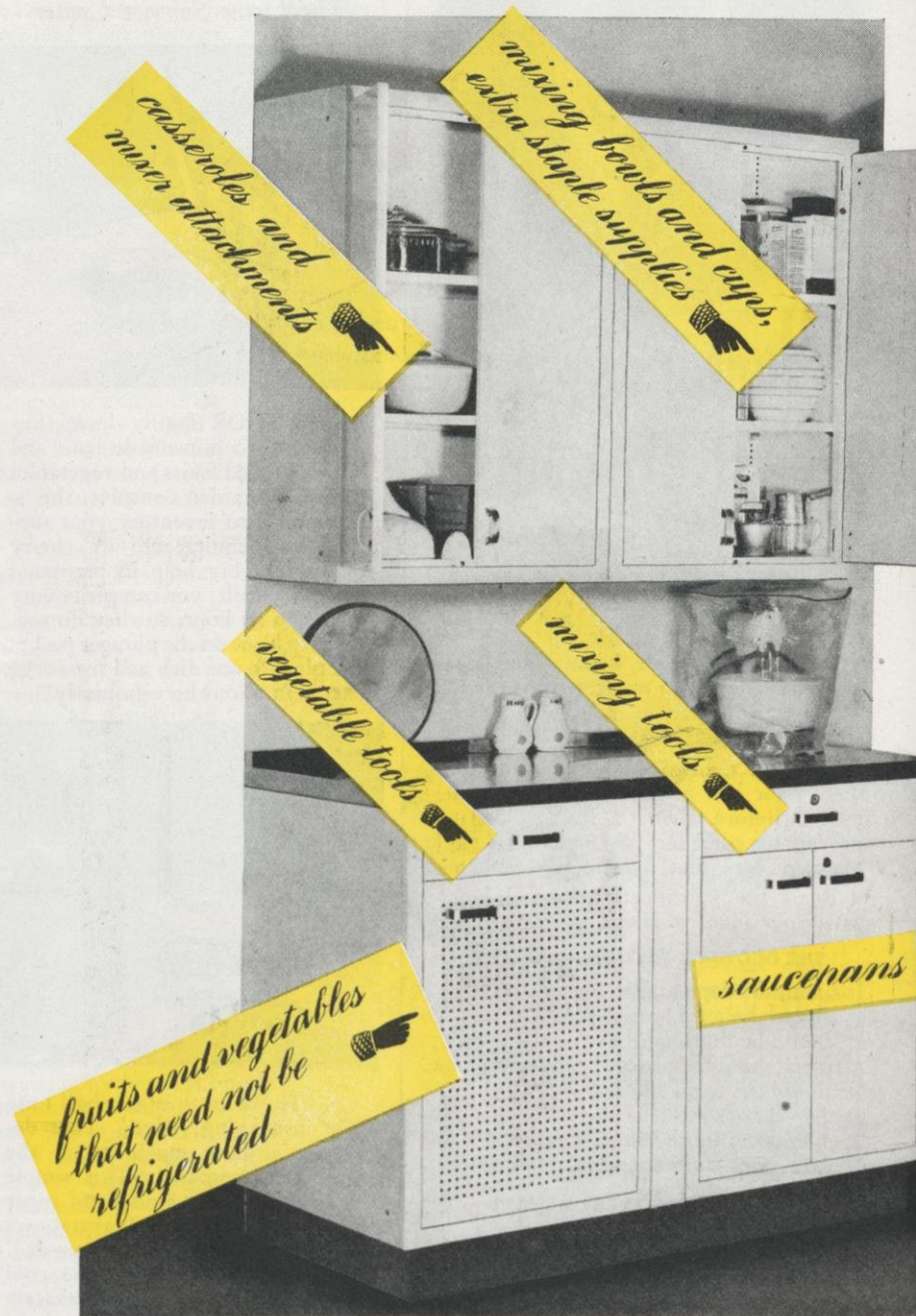
...

Your dealer is displaying *Lido* and other "Master-Etchings." All moderately priced. For further information on other available pieces in the *Lido* design, write for Folder No. 37-N. Fostoria Glass Co., Moundsville, West Virginia.

FOR 50 YEARS THE GLASS OF FASHION



The Pantry Moves



By ELIZABETH
BEVERIDGE

Equipment Specialist
Home Service Center

EVERYBODY used to have a pantry where food and equipment were kept; it often meant a good deal of running back and forth in preparing a meal.

A food center in the kitchen with cabinets and modern refrigeration where supplies are stored makes meal-getting ever so much easier, not only because the food and equipment are all together in one place but for another big reason. In this way meals can be planned for a family a week ahead and this does away with the daily mental struggle over what to have and the daily marketing.

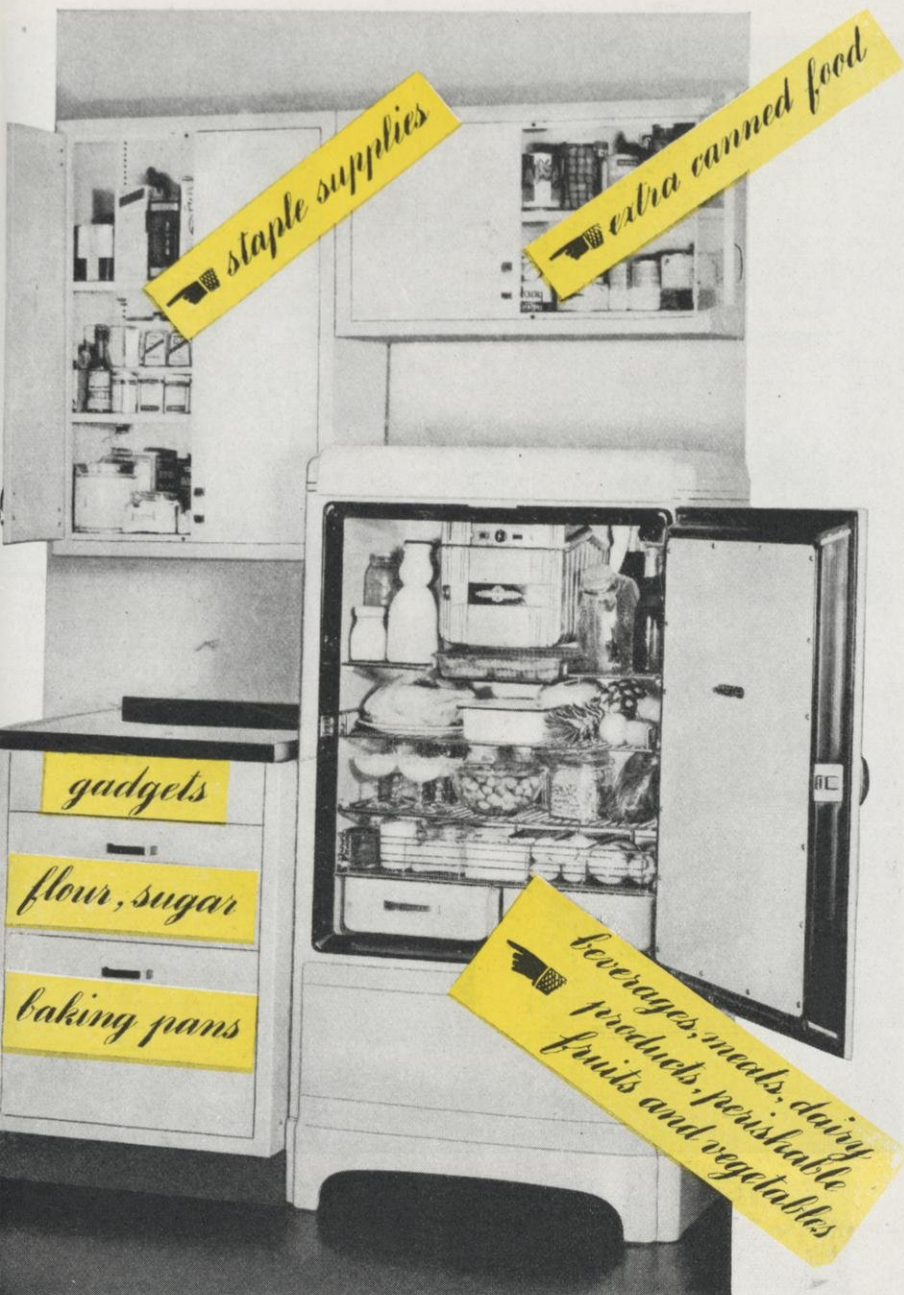
We believe in this plan in the Companion Home Service Center and to show you that it is not just a theory, but really works, we actually put it into practice. Meals for one week for five people were planned, all the food

bought and stored in the cabinets and refrigerator as illustrated. Then breakfast, dinner and supper every day for a week were prepared by the Center staff and the meals eaten by five members of the staff. The plan is also used regularly by some of us who go home after office hours to prepare meals.

In planning a week's meals the food needs of the family must be kept in mind. To check one long list to be sure that it includes all needed foods seems easier than to think of each meal separately. The cost of the food is the next consideration. With a week's menus before you any extravagances show up so plainly that you are compelled to balance the budget by using very economical foods part of the time. Menus should be made flexible because so often at market there are special bargains in very ripe fruits or vegetables which are at their best if properly cared for and served comparatively soon.

Milk and cream are delivered each day. Bread is obtained as needed during the week. When the market order arrives all foods should be put away in their proper places. The photograph shows an arrangement that we use at the Center. Dairy products, meat, tender fruits and vegetables are

to the Kitchen



put in the refrigerator. Less tender fruits and vegetables such as potatoes, onions, root vegetables, apples and bananas are stored in the ventilated bin next the sink. Oranges and grapefruit are also kept here until they are to be chilled for use. Behind the grilled door are three pull-out drawers, each large enough to hold a good supply of fruits or vegetables.

Spices, condiments, flavoring extracts, cereals, dried fruits, canned foods for immediate use and packaged products go into the wall cabinet beside the refrigerator. Those items which are used least frequently occupy the top shelf, things used all the time go on the shelves within easy reach.

Flour and sugar are in covered bins in the center drawer of the base cabinet, a convenient location for scooping out a tablespoon or a quart.

The cabinet over the refrigerator is a grand place to store the extra canned foods bought by the half dozen or

dozen when there are special bargains.

In preparing a meal the counter top provides work space. The electric mixer sits here; its attachments are kept on a shelf of the wall cabinet or in a compartment drawer. The wall cabinet also holds mixing bowls, measuring cups, casseroles, custard cups and batter pitchers. The tools needed for mixing—spoons, spatulas, rubber scrapers, beaters, sieves, graters, pastry tubes and cookie cutters—occupy two of the shallow top drawers. In the deep bottom drawer baking pans of all sorts are carefully held on edge so the pan wanted can be seen.

Vegetable knives and brushes, slicing knives, apple corers, kitchen shears and all other tools needed for preparing fruits and vegetables are kept in divided trays in the shallow drawer above the vegetable bin.

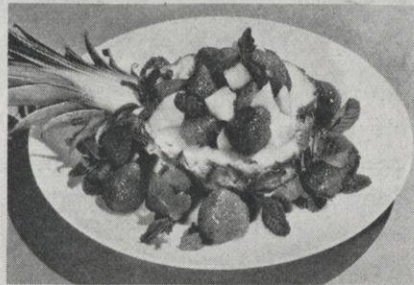
Saucepans and cooking pots, molds and other bulky utensils are in the cabinet beside the vegetable bin.

A Week's Meals for Five as served in the Center (menus and market list) with directions for arrangement and storage of food in the refrigerator, is the subject of a Special from the Home Service Center. Send 3 cents postage for it. Address Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

people ask flavors of us...



in salads



Pineapple and Strawberry Salad—Combine pineapple (one small fresh pineapple peeled and cut in cubes) with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups strawberries. Both well-chilled. Arrange on crisp leaves of chicory or romaine and serve with French dressing made of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Heinz Pure Olive Oil, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Heinz Cider Vinegar thoroughly mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar and a dash of paprika. This salad has great élat when served in a hollowed pineapple shell. Simply cut the pineapple lengthwise—scoop out the fruit and fill the shell with salad.



Hot German Potato Salad—(A main dish salad which calls for Heinz full-bodied Malt Vinegar.) Cook six potatoes in their jackets. Meantime, fry 6 slices of bacon till crisp. In bacon fat, brown delicately one chopped onion and five or six frankfurters skinned and sliced. Add cubed potatoes, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup Heinz Malt Vinegar, diced bacon, 2 chopped hard-cooked eggs and $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt in order given. Mix well and stir gently until heated through. Serve hot—garnished with lettuce or parsley.



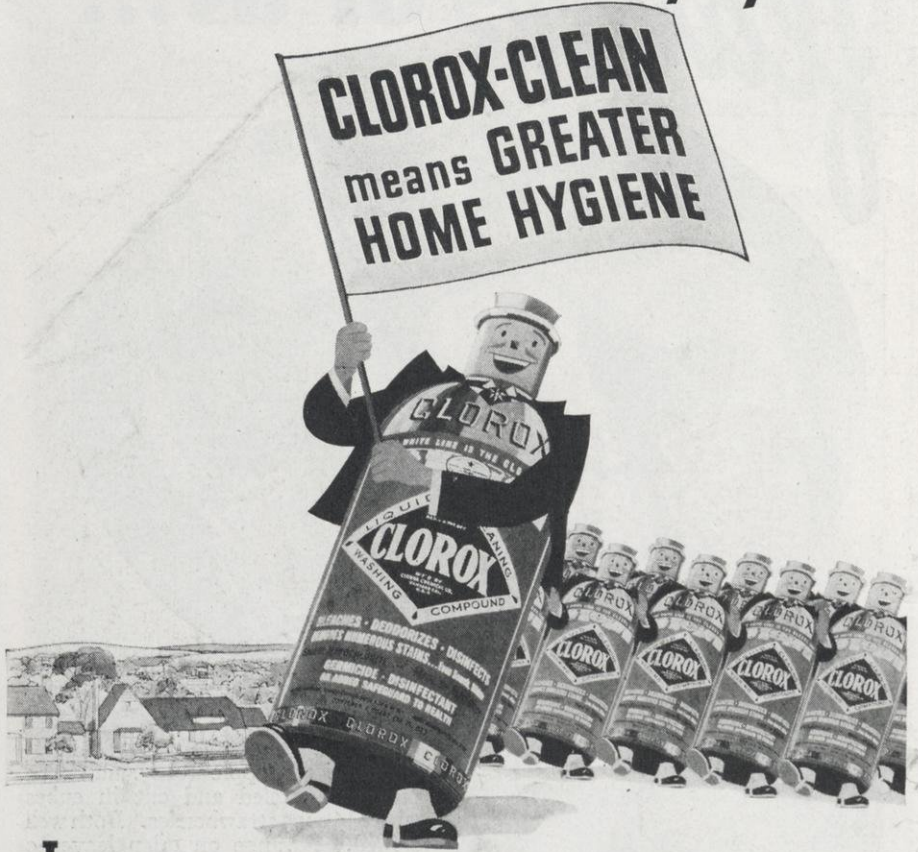
Egg-Roquefort-Tarragon Salad—Combine 1 cup coarsely chopped hard-cooked egg and 1 cup crumbled Roquefort cheese with 2 tablespoons grated onion and combine with this very special tarragon dressing made as follows: Rub bowl with garlic, use 2 parts Heinz Pure Olive Oil, 1 part Heinz Tarragon Vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each salt, paprika, Heinz Worcestershire Sauce and 5 drops tabasco. Blend ingredients to honey-smoothness. Serve this salad on lettuce cut in slices as you'd slice bread.

★ For salads attuned to subtle harmonies of flavor, use Heinz fine aromatic vinegar. These four great vinegars by Heinz (57 Varieties) are made with all the art and skill of master vintners. Try Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar for sprightly fruit and vegetable salads. Heinz deep-toned Malt for hearty salads. Heinz piquant Tarragon for crispy greens—and just a touch of Heinz Distilled White Pickling Vinegar to lend a high note to a bland boiled dressing. Advertisement

Heinz
PURE
VINEGARS

ATTENTION!

here comes the "Sanitary Squad"



IN lightening housework and helping make homes hygienically clean, Clorox performs the service of an energetic "sanitary squad." In every home there are places where germs lurk and thrive, a menace to health. These "danger zones" should be regularly cleansed with a positive disinfectant—Clorox. For Clorox cleanliness is the kind of cleanliness health authorities recommend.



This microscopic view of germs commonly found on mediumly soiled towels, on wash basins and other "danger zones" indicates the imperative need for disinfected cleansing. Clorox is outstanding among those disinfectants which scientists proclaim best suited and safest for household use.




Clorox in your regular cleansing disinfected, deodorizes and removes numerous stains from refrigerators, glassware, dishes, dish cloths, drainboards, sinks, garbage receptacles, wash basins, toilet bowls, bathtubs, tile, enamel, linoleum, woodwork, sickroom utensils. A Clorox-Clean home is a safer place to live in!

Familiarize yourself with the Clorox label... it will guide you to easier and safer housekeeping. It also lists many important personal uses. Clorox is made under strictest laboratory control, always uniform in quality, concentrated for economy. There is only one Clorox... order by name.



Germ-laden white cottons and linens spread infection. Clorox in the regular laundering process makes them snowy-white, sanitary. Clorox also removes numerous stubborn stains... even scorch and mildew.



When it's CLOROX-CLEAN... it's DISINFECTED

CLOROX

PURE • SAFE • DEPENDABLE

**BLEACHES
DEODORIZES
DISINFECTS
REMOVES
NUMEROUS
STAINS...
Even Scorch,
Mildew**

Copr. 1937, Clorox Chemical Co.

Have You a



By ADA BESSIE SWANN and
GERTRUDE L. SMITH
Home Service Center

FOR a long time now in the Home Service Center we have been building miniature kitchens with standard small-scale units—tiny refrigerators, ranges, sinks and walls—all to the scale of 1/4 inch per foot. These have proved so helpful for working out efficient kitchen arrangements that we wanted similar models to use in planning better laundry rooms. None were available so we had them made to order—washers, ironers, laundry tubs and driers in miniature—exactly to the scale of the kitchen models.

Starting with floor space of different shapes and sizes, we set up the tiny walls with doors and windows in place, then arranged and rearranged the pieces until we found the grouping that would enable the homemaker to do her laundry work with the fewest steps and the least effort.

Two of these miniature laundries are shown in the photographs opposite. A third more elaborate laundry, built into a U-shaped space, is described in a supplementary leaflet. Any one of these plans may be developed into a general utility room if space and location permit—a laundry-game-room for instance; or, by the addition of a sewing machine, cutting table and full-

length mirror, a laundry-sewing-room.

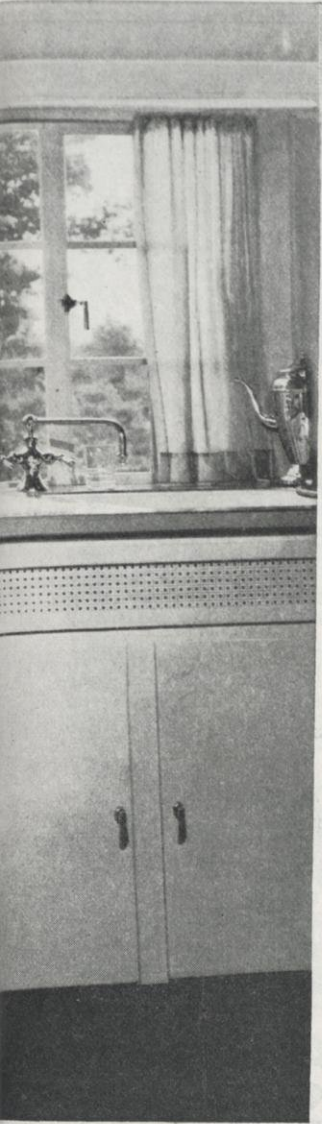
For a long unbroken wall space, all the washing equipment can be ranged in a row, the principal consideration being to keep the sorting table on one side of the tubs, the washer on the other. Thus the clothes make a continuous circuit from the sorting table into the tubs to soak, thence into the washer and back into the tubs for rinsing.

Because it takes so little space we show in this plan a fold-away ironer, with a roll which turns on end and slides into the low cabinet shown to the right of the chair. Next to it is a cupboard which holds the ironing board, electric iron, mop, pail, dustpan and brushes.

Or if you have a vacant corner, the equipment can be placed L-shaped. The end of the table or low cabinet used for sorting fills in the corner most advantageously and is convenient to the tubs placed next to it on the other side.

Next to the tubs is the washer which can be used where it stands or else pulled out in front of the tubs. Tall matched cupboards stand at the right of the sorting cabinet; one holds mop, starch kettle, clothespins and other minor pieces of equipment; the other a

Pleasant Laundry?



This attractive and convenient kitchen-laundry ensemble was designed for her own house by Mrs. H. H. Maplesden, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, corresponding Reader-Editor

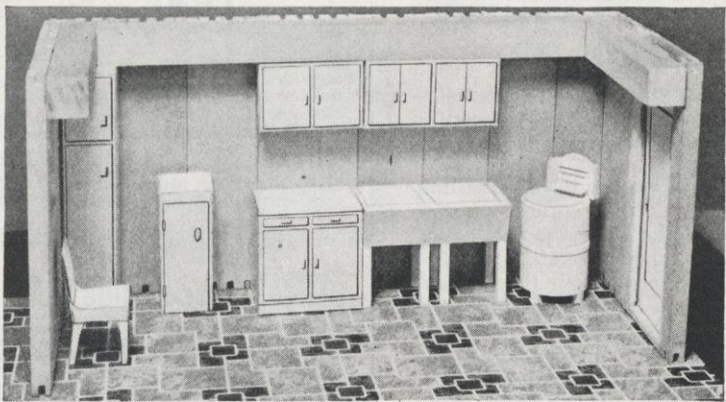
built-in ironing board, sleeve board and iron. The ironing machine comes next, properly placed at the right of the ironing board, so that the worker can step easily to a working position from one to the other.

Where a separate laundry is not possible, sometimes an alcove can be separated from too large a kitchen, a porch can be inclosed, or a pantry or back hall put to this use. And many women manage very well with either the washer or the ironer or both of them in the kitchen proper. A particularly attractive kitchen-laundry arrangement is shown in the photograph at left.

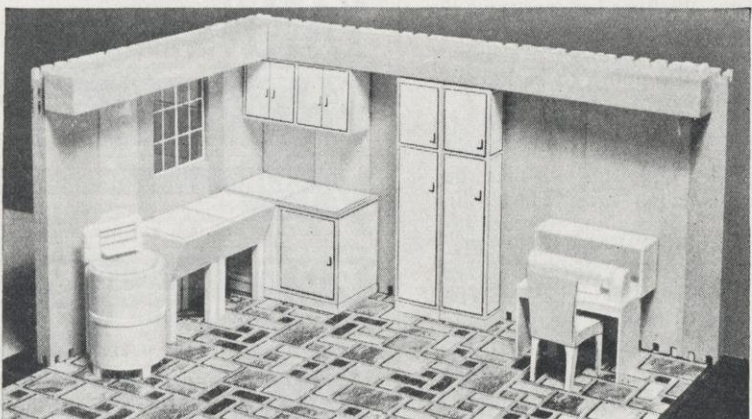
Here the washing machine is permanently installed in the cabinet next to the tub and sink. It is connected directly to the waste pipe for emptying. A short length of rubber hose to fill it can be attached to the swivel faucet which supplies both tub and sink. The washer is mounted on a built-in frame and thus permits storage space beneath for pails and wastebaskets.

The wringer mounted at the right side of the washer next to the laundry tub is swung to the rear completely out of the way when not in use. Washer and tub have fitted aluminum covers which make them flush with the counters and provide continuous working space. In another part of this kitchen a cabinet-type ironer with a table top serves as a utility table for sorting, sprinkling, food preparation or serving.

Send 3 cents postage for Planning a Pleasant Laundry, including suggestions for painting. Address Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, New York City.



Model showing laundry equipment ranged on an unbroken wall



An L-shaped model illustrates this space-saving arrangement



MRS. WILLIAM TUCK

I'M GOING TO WASH DISHES, OF COURSE, BUT I'LL NOT RUB OFF **HONEYMOON BLOOM** BY HAVING DISHPAN HANDS. I'LL USE LUX!

Brides Everywhere say . . .

"We want to **KEEP** romance, so we're going to use Lux for dishes and avoid rough, dishpan hands."

THESSE clever young wives know! They've washed dishes at home or they've found out from married friends how quickly hands get rough and chapped from harsh kitchen soaps. Unlike such soaps, Lux has no harmful alkali to parch and dry the skin. And it makes such rich suds—gets dishes clean in no time. For such a small cost—less than 1¢ a day.



MAYBE MEN **RESPECT** THEM—BUT, BELIEVE ME, THEY DON'T ADMIRE **DISHPAN HANDS!** I WON'T HAVE THEM, THANKS TO LUX!

MRS. JOHN MCGUIRE



"O.B." As Bad As "B.O."

NOW KILL ONION BREATH!

Thousands are embarrassed daily by mouthwashes that fail. Don't just mask bad breath temporarily—with sweet-tasting "sissy" mouthwashes. Destroy mouth odors permanently—with Zonite.



Zonite instantly removes causes of bad breath. To kill onion breath FOR GOOD, do this:—Put 1 tsp. Zonite in 1/2 glass water. Rinse mouth thoroughly. Brush teeth with this solution. Gargle, rinse again. Results guaranteed.

The TASTE tells ZONITE gets REAL RESULTS!

Stop Dandruff! KILL NASTY SCALP ODOR End "Itchy" Skin!



Dandruff is worse than a nuisance. Causes nasty odor, "itchy" skin. For quick relief do this: (1) Put 4 tablespoons Zonite in basin with 2 quarts warm water. (2) Massage with this ZONITE solution for 2 minutes. (3) Wash head with good soap in same solution. (4) Rinse with plain water. (On dry scalp use few drops mineral oil after shampoo.)

Zonite actually kills "dandruff germs"—at contact! Smell it—it's a real germicide! Zonite odor disappears when you wash hair.



SAMPLE OFFER!
BOTTLE FOR 15 APPLICATIONS with "HOW-TO-USE" GUIDE. Send 10¢ for packing & postage.

Zonite
PRODUCTS CORP.
647 New Brunswick, N. J.



NEED MORE MONEY?

A substantial, nationally advertised company can assist you to earn funds for your children's education, to furnish your home, or to enter a profitable vocation. We seek the services of refined, intelligent women. We train you to earn an excellent income in a repeating clientele business. Interesting, semi-professional and dignified work.

Write BEAUTY COUNSELORS INC., Dept. W, Penobscot Bldg., Detroit, Michigan

AMERICA'S SYMBOL

OF FIT and COMFORT

Lastex

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Patents No. 1,545,257, 1,822,847 and 2,064,801

THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn that imparts permanent elasticity to all kinds of woven and knitted fabrics, whether silk, cotton, wool or rayon. "Lastex" is manufactured exclusively by

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You Can't Have Everything

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124]

a peculiarly dull shade of gray wool. "Stop knitting!" Cam said in a sudden passion. "Listen to what I say. I object to your interpreting my orders—my requests concerning the children in this—this high-handed way. You have made everything as difficult as possible for me since I came here and I know you're quite sensible enough to realize that this cannot go on. I've spoken to Mr. Kilgarif . . . how I do explain to this woman!" Cam thought impatiently. "I've spoken to Mr. Kilgarif," she repeated aloud, "and he agrees with me that Mabel is quite able to handle Taffy now, especially as Jane starts to school in October. And so I'm very sorry to tell you that after the first of the month I want you to make some other arrangement. It's unfortunate that it didn't work better, since the child is so devoted to you and you're naturally fond of him. But boys do outgrow nurses and I think we'll all be happier when we've made a—different arrangement. Perhaps I'm wrong in my ideas about the children," Cam added gaining confidence as she went along and speaking with something like actual sweetness, "but after all, I can only do my best. And I'm afraid what we're doing for Taffy isn't the best, isn't always wise."

Toomey rose, stuffing her knitting into a big chintz bag.

"You've never liked me, medem," she said in her heavy Teutonic tones, meeting Cam's eye with her steady gray eye. "And you've always been jealous of the child. We'll not be afraid of words; we've hated each other from the first—I hated you from the day he took me to the lake to meet Taffy's stepmother. You'd a husband then, you'd children of your own; it wasn't enough for you. You'd no sooner come here than you tried to take the child away from me."

"You've been wonderfully devoted," Cam conceded coldly. "If you need a letter from me—a letter saying that with a very young child, or a delicate child, you are completely experienced and competent—"

"Was that all, medem?" Toomey asked, cutting brusquely across her words. Her eyes glittered: her breath came quickly.

"That was all. I hope you'll make whatever arrangements are convenient to you about going. I know Mr. Kilgarif and his mother will want you to feel that in whatever you decide to do they want to help you."

TOOMEY was gone. The room rocked and shouted with words; words that had at last been said! Cam gasped, plunged into the business of bills and checks, halted and heard the uproar about her ears again. Oh, it was over, she had said everything she had ever meant to say and yet not too much—not too much! Toomey was fired. In a few days she and her trunk would be gone—gone—gone, and how sweet the house would be without her! "Taffy darling," Cam could so simply say then, "will you have your supper tonight with the girls on the terrace outside the dining-room, and serve the dessert like a real brother?"

Of course he'd fall into line, once that malignant and possessive spirit had been removed! And then what happy days at Cherry Ridge, with children splashing and chattering at

the pool and Cam's cleverness gradually drawing John into picnics and holidays that included the boy and the girls!

That night when he and she were taking a turn about the garden in the sweet early evening, she told John.

"Jack, I didn't have a chance to talk to you about it before. But now that she's gone off with Mitchell on some mysterious errand and can't possibly overhear, I'll tell you the news. I've dismissed Toomey."

"Help!" he said with a laugh. "You two been going for each other again? How that old girl does get your goat!"

"It isn't a question of getting my goat," Cam assured him with dignity; "it's a question of her usurping authority in every possible way, bossing not only the girls and Hing when we're away, but Mabel too; decreeing that the children shall do this and shan't do that, but actually going straight against my orders. You remember that I told you that I didn't like this daily chop and daily ice cream business—oh, weeks ago? Well, Toomey simply took the law into her own hands, the ice cream is delivered every day and charged to her."

SHE stopped, facing him, her eyes glinting in moonlight.

"For heaven's sake!" John said in proper amazement. "You cross little adorable beauty!" he said, catching her toward him for a kiss.

"No, but Jack," she persisted, speaking with some little difficulty against his lips, "don't you think that's outrageous?"

"Oh, she's a crank all right," John conceded good-humoredly, "but she'll be all right in the morning, you'll see. She has these blow-ups."

"But I don't want her to be all right in the morning! I've told her to go, and I expect her to go."

"Yes, but look here, Cam. That means the devil of a time with Taffy. He'll carry on like a troop of cavalry. You'll be exhausted; Mabel has no brains at all, and everything'll be a mess. Then Mother'll come sailing over and say that the child looks thin and she thinks it was a dangerous change, and then where'll you be?"

"Well, I'll expect all that," Cam said courageously, although her heart quailed within her at the prospect. "I'll expect things to go badly," she said. "I'll take that responsibility. For a little while we will have a hard time getting him reconciled. But he's only a child, and a smart and affectionate one. Within a few weeks we'll have him tamed; school will do the rest. She's a bad influence over him. I know it. It's going to be heaven to get her out once and for all!"

"Well, you settle it," he said good-naturedly. But his tone did not sound quite satisfied and Cam felt that she had not made her case very strong with him. "I was going to work tomorrow morning," he said musingly. "I think perhaps I'll go over and have a talk with Mother about it. She'll be all upset and I want to put your side of it to her before Toomey gets started."

"But you aren't going to interrupt your work for that!" Cam said, scandalized.

"I've come to a good stopping place," he offered.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]



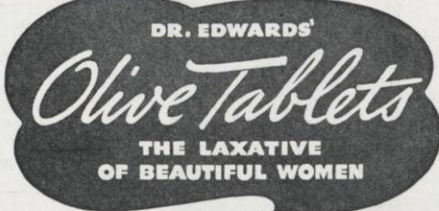
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You Can't Have Everything

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130]

Nothing more was said on the subject that night; the rest of their walk was what all their walks were, a time of memorable harmony and happiness. But Cam lay long awake that night still arguing and explaining in her thoughts with Toomey, or talking of Toomey with John's mother. And in the morning she was aware not only that her wearied thoughts were still milling about in the same grooves, but that all the others in the house except the children were perfectly conscious of what was going on.

John having kept his word as to going over to his mother's, she was free earlier than usual to go up to the pool with the children, to spend a contented three hours in their company, listening to their absurdities, watching the firm brown rounded little bodies doubled up in the sandbox or splashing in the clear water and basking in green shadow under the big trees. Taffy elected to join them this morning and was at his sweetest, and Cam in deep content told herself that this happy time was only a foretaste of the serene days to come after Toomey had gone.

THE children were all asleep upstairs when John returned in great spirits for a late luncheon. He and Cam could not very well talk while the meal was in progress, for the nursery windows were just above the terrace, but she did manage to whisper, "How'd your mother take it?" and catch his exultant answer, "Magnificently! Everything fine," before they went to other topics. Afterward when they were driving to Palo Alto upon a host of unimportant errands he told her the news.

"Mother's occasionally good for a brain storm," he said; "or else this was Tids' inspiration. Anyway they cooked it up together. Toomey and Taffy are going to move over and live with them! What do you think of that for a solution!"

Cam thought a great many things of it but sheer shock kept her silent for a moment, and when she spoke it was with a tone of only natural curiosity.

"How do you mean? For how long?"

"Well—to begin with," John said. She could tell from his tone that he was pleased with himself. "To begin with, did you know that Toomey went over to see Mother last night?"

"She didn't!"

"Yes, she did. She asked me if Mitchell could take her on an errand and over she went. She and Mother and Tids thrashed the whole thing out and Mother at once suggested her moving over to them. They've those two rooms, you know, that they're not using at all, and of course they idolize the kid. It settles the Toomey trouble once and for all. And the best part of it all is," John went on, driving down the hot village street now and looking for a place to park the car, "that Toomey was so happy about it! They said there were tears in the old renegade's eyes. She said to my mother, 'I'm very grateful to you, medem. I've always hoped I'd not have to be parted from the child.' And Mother of course began to alibi you, you had meant it all for the best, you had been most successful in bringing up your girls, all that sort of thing! I haven't the slightest feelings of resentment

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

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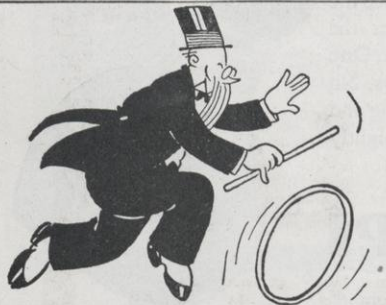
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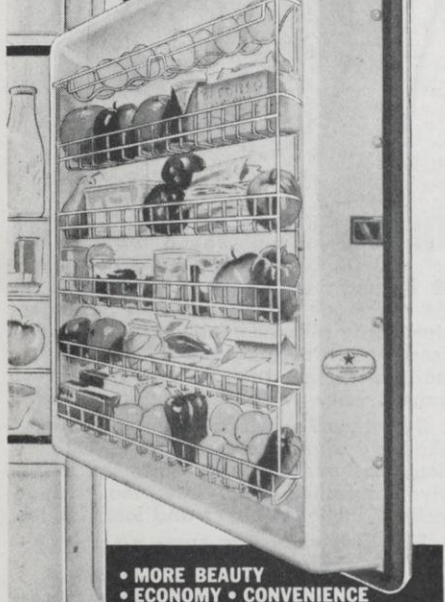
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By KATHERN AYERS PROPER

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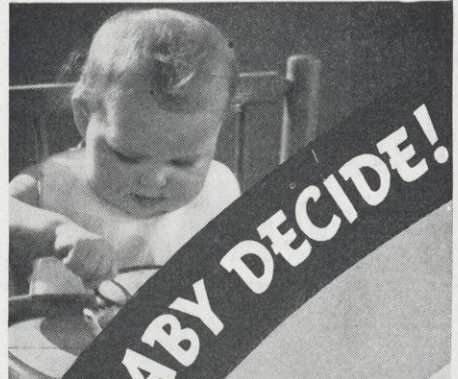
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You Can't Have Everything

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131]

against Mrs. John Kilgarif, Toomey said.

"Did she really?" Cam asked in so controlled and level a tone that John sensed in it nothing amiss and answered with a satisfied laugh.

"Indeed she did. So she's pleased and you're pleased, and Mother and Tids are pleased. It'll all work out like a charm. I can wander over there every evening before supper if I want to see Taffy, and we'll often have him at the house."

"It's no solution at all," Cam wanted to say. "That smart old fox of a woman has fooled you all again. She's not fired; she still has complete control of Taffy, and she can give him chops and ice cream all day and all night if she likes! She's beaten me, and I know it, and she knows it. But that's not the end of the story!"

ALoud she said nothing. She determined to think no more about Toomey. The woman had destroyed enough of her life. She set herself to amuse and charm John and succeeded so well that by the time they reached home both were in gales of laughter. Toomey, decorously ascending the stairs with Taffy's supper tray, looked at them blandly. She had won.

"Ah, well, let her win!" Cam thought. "Poor thing, she has so little and I have so much!"

But there was a sore spot left in her heart nevertheless. It had been part of her happy anticipations of marriage to John that his child should be important in the home group; when he counted up the joys of marriage to Cam, he must include that of having his son mothered again, a loved little boy in a happy nursery. Now that dream was shattered; everything had somehow gone wrong and Taffy would be farther away from his father than ever. It must be scored up as a failure and Cam hated to fail.

"I mustn't let it seem important," she told herself. "The main thing is that Jack and I love each other and are closer together than ever. That's all that matters; the other things will all fit themselves into the pattern in time."

And she devoted herself to him with a completeness that dazzled him and caused him to tell her that happy as the beginnings of their marriage had been, he had never really known how he loved her until now.

ON THEIR first anniversary they had a family dinner party to which Taffy, at his sweetest and friendliest, and John's mother and sister came. The September evening was exquisite in warmth and beauty and Cam had taken great trouble to have everything perfect. John's mother told her that it did her heart good to see how happy he was, and Cam felt happy too. Taffy, she thought, did not look very well, but even that fact had its compensation; perhaps he was not so much better off under Toomey's undisputed sway as his grandmother had hoped he might be. At all events he was charming with the little girls, and affectionate with Cam, and the evening went off with great harmony and happiness for everyone.

And immediately afterward came a fresh anxiety from an unexpected quarter. Bob Sylvester had married again and his new wife, a quiet little mouse

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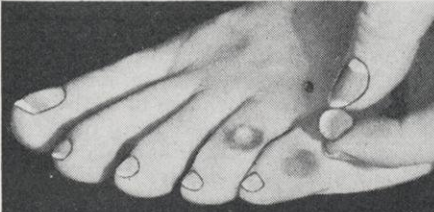
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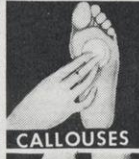
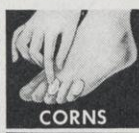
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133]

of a girl Cam had known as Dixie-Belle Sunderland, wrote Cam a friendly little letter saying that she and Bob were staying with Mamma in Oakland for the present and would like to have the children for a "real good visit." Cam sat with Dixie-Belle's letter in her hand wondering what on earth she could do now. Jane and Joanna were nervous enough already about brief partings from their mother. They would go out of their little senses at the mere idea of going away from her for weeks, living in a strange place with the father they hardly remembered. Perhaps, this feeling of theirs tactfully represented to him, Bob would give up the idea of the visit. Dixie-Belle could not really want the children; she had been married before and divorced; she had never had a child. Why should she suddenly decide that she wanted to mother Cam Kilgarif's children? It was a pose, to impress Bob, and if difficulties were made she would probably be very grateful for them.

Cam discussed it with John. "Write her that you think they're too small," John suggested. Cam did immediately write to Bob's new wife, looking long at the name on the envelope: Mrs. Robert Wren Sylvester. Her name for so many years! What would Dixie-Belle do when Bob began to be absent from home for nights and weeks together? Dixie-Belle played golf almost every day; they'd have that in common.

THE answer from Dixie-Belle came promptly. She and Robert were sure that Jane and Joanna were not at all too small to visit their father and would send for them on October first, if that was all right with Cam.

It was bitterly all wrong with Cam, but after a talk with John and two agitating telephone talks with the lawyer who had made all the arrangements for her divorce, she realized that she had no choice and with a sick heart packed up the girls' clothes and when the day came put them into Bob's familiar car in charge of Mabel and old Fred. Jane remembered old Fred, if Joanna was a little hazy about him, and observed excitedly, "Will Daddy let us see the monkeys again? Are we going to the park?"

"Imagine her rememberin' that!" Mabel said, not displeased herself at this break in the daily routine. Mabel felt and looked important as she went off in complete responsibility for the little Sy'vesters; she did not know anything about the Sunderland house, but if the staff there was not impressed with the Kilgarif name at first hearing, it would be before she got through!

Cam kissed Jane, kissed Joanna, pressing her hungry cheek against theirs. She put them in the back seat, each at a window, with Mabel between them, and told them to be very good girls.

"You'll telephone me every evening, Mabel? And if there's a telephone in the room where they sleep, sometimes let them talk to me."

"I will, Mrs. Kilgarif. I'll call you round eight every night."

"You're to be back in December," Cam said in a lower tone. "But if for any reason you think they'd like you to come sooner, why, come straight home. It won't matter how things

are here, get them here and we'll straighten out the details afterward."

"Mummy, are you coming in 'bout an hour tomorrow this evening?" Joanna asked.

"Mummy'll be waiting for you when you get home. All right, Fred."

Cam and John watched the car out of sight. The October morning was hot and still; there was not a cloud in the clear blue sky. Cam reeled a little and caught John's shoulder as they turned to go back into the house.

"I hate to see them go!" she whispered, very white.

"Why, Cam, sweetheart!" he said, amazed. "It's only for a few weeks!"

SHE sat down on a terrace chair and half-laughing and half-concerned, he knelt beside her and held her cold hands.

He talked along comfortingly in the crystal warm sunshine that was steaming on heaps of wet leaves and making the low eaves of the farmhouse twinkle, and she listened, her thoughtful blue eyes on his face, one hand resting against his cheek. Now and then she said: "Ah, you're quite right, darling," and when finally he went back to his work it was with the feeling on his part that she was completely herself again.

But Cam, passing the open nursery door, seeing the orderly little beds within, with Dora setting the white lamb and the woolly dog against Joanna's pillow, and Jane's last scrawled French lesson still chalked on the blackboard, felt an agony so acute at her heart that she put her hand there as if to stanch a wound. She went to her own room and looked about vaguely, pulled on stiff old gauntlets, reached for a shade hat and went out to dig somewhere, to get tired, to keep busy.

It was no use. There was no disorder of blocks and paper dolls on the sheltered end of the terrace; there were no voices ringing out against the ripple of waters at the pool. A dreadful silence was everywhere, an emptiness that was like the aching emptiness of her heart.

AT TWO o'clock, when John came out exhausted and hungry for his lunch, Cam was at her loveliest in something striped and blue, and said that she was starving too. He did not notice that she ate almost nothing as they shared the delicious little meal on the terrace which was dappled with the thinning tree shadows of autumn. Afterward they took a long hard walk, ending up at his mother's house for a short call.

Home again for hot showers, they spent the late afternoon in their comfortable room, John dozing, Cam writing away busily at her desk. Now and then he awakened and watched her affectionately.

"I love to see you sitting there!"

"This is pleasant, isn't it?"

"Want a fire? It's getting dark early and it seems cold."

"I don't think we need a fire. But we'll need one in the study tonight."

She glanced at the clock. Six. In two hours she would know how her confident little travelers had endured the trip.

"What did you look at the clock for, darling?" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]

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when I spilled the ink on her dress



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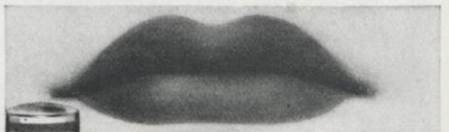
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Iris and Roses

By GRACE TABOR

THE owner of a small garden naturally wants to get the most out of his space, the greatest number of flowers for the longest time, with the least number of plants. The best way to do this, in my opinion, lies in emphasizing special combinations used, not in immediate relation to each other, but broadly, so that the kinds chosen dominate the planting though they may be separately located.

IRISES and roses are one of the loveliest combinations imaginable in any garden. Each of these flowers has a history and tradition reaching farther back than we can follow, and there are varieties of each suitable for very different places and different garden conditions.

Beginning with the eight-inch-high iris pumila which blossoms in April in northern gardens, continuing through the long-familiar fleur-de-lis or germanica group which blooms in May and June, and following with the Japanese iris Kaempferi which picks up where these leave off and continues through July, four full months of iris display are possible.

As roses start in June, irises and roses overlap for two full months, and it is evident that between the two, planted as generously as space permits, the garden which centers about this combination will enjoy great distinction. For after there are no more irises at all, the roses continue through to summer's end: hybrid perpetuals, hybrid teas, the regal climbing roses, rugosa hybrids, polyantha hybrids and of course a few teas, even though they must be coddled in cold regions.

THERE is not space here to speak of either roses or irises as individuals. It always seems to me that each gardener must choose for himself anyway, since pleasure in a flower is so personal a matter. For myself, I must have, for its delicate scent, the old Florentine iris—iris florentina. And roses except the climbers must have sweet odor too to satisfy my taste. It seems too much to expect climbers to be fragrant though there are a few notably so.

Make it the rule, however, whatever the flower, not to let the novelties of each season drive out fine and established kinds. On the other hand strict devotion to old-timers only will deprive the garden of much beauty.



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Ointment and Soap

You Can't Have Everything

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134]

"Wondering if it was time for you to be stirring. But you have lots of time."

"Cam," John said lying at ease with his hands locked under his head, staring at the ceiling, "Rand Bristow's on his way here—he and Mrs. Bristow are going to China. That means we'll have to make a little effort to do something for them."

She was distracted at last. Her eyes widened.

"Not the Rand Bristow?" The great writer's name had been sacred to her for half the days of her life.

"Yep. I lived in their house for six weeks. I might get Bill Large to come up from Hollywood, if he isn't making a picture. He's crazy about Rand. But that might mean Tara O'Kane and I don't know anything about her."

"She has the reputation of being a perfectly lovely girl." Cam was excited in spite of herself. This sounded promising.

"Could we manage a house party, d'you suppose? It'd be an awful pest, but I've got to do something for the Bristows. He may be all dated up: he probably doesn't know that I'm anywhere in the neighborhood. But I ought to give him a dinner at the club. Save me, Cam! What's the least we can do for 'em?"

"Why, you utter ingrate," she said. "We'll have to do everything for them! Have to! It's going to be the greatest imaginable privilege to have that man in this house. Burlingame will go mad over him; we'll be besieged for invitations. We ought to have a sort of garden party—"

Cam mused, already beginning to make desultory notes on the sheet of paper before her.

"I wish people wouldn't break in on us. We're perfectly satisfied without them, why can't they leave us alone?" John muttered.

"Why don't the Rand Bristows stop bothering us, ha-ha!" Cam said ironically. "Chicken Maryland—" she added under her breath.

"You're amazing," the man said drowsily. "It appalls me to think of even taking them to lunch, and you're already deciding when we'll have ham and when we'll have sand dabs. Have you decided what room you'll give 'em?"

"Well, of course!" Cam said calmly, penciling away busily.

WITH John, Cam called upon the distinguished English visitors at their hotel a few days later. Little Mrs. Bristow, wrinkled, pretty, friendly, with curly gray-brown hair, liked "Jawn's" wife immediately and the great writer was captivated before Cam had said a dozen phrases. The four went downstairs to lunch together and the next day the Bristows joined the Kilgarifs at Cherry Ridge.

Then Bill Large and the beautiful Miss O'Kane came up from Hollywood for the week-end and there was much loitering on the terrace, many games of croquet, one happy picnic in the woods, morning rides and evening talks on the dimly lighted terrace. Cam engineered her garden party successfully and Burlingame responded with invitations for one of the largest dinners ever given in one of its largest and most hospitable castles.

This was to take place the night before the dazzled Bristows were to sail

for Yokohama. Cam and John came into town for the occasion and stayed at the big hotel on the top of the hill. Their suite had a roofed balcony on the east, below which the world of city and bay, waterfront and far mountains spread itself in magnificent panorama. The Bristows were to join them for a piazza breakfast on the morning after the party, and later John and Cam would take them to their boat and see them off, the most grateful and pleasure-sated old couple who had ever quite lost their hearts to hospitable San Francisco.

CAM had a new gown for the Burlingame dinner. She had told John that she really did not need a new gown but they had wandered through a smart shop or two nevertheless, and finally a confidential saleswoman had taken them into a beautiful little gray-walled salon, begging to show them just one dress and no more, one unique and extraordinary garment that had only arrived that morning.

Cam had looked at it, a thin silky velvet of a heavenly pale blue, with a subtle cut to the low waist that wrapped it about her slender shoulders as simply as a handkerchief might have been bound there. She saw herself coming down the great curved marble stairs at the Livingstons' party clad in this royal garment; she knew that nothing could keep her from being the belle of the ball that night, between John's adoration and Rand Bristow's open affection.

"Jack, it's first sight," she said helplessly. Jack laughed in delight and the gown was immediately hers, and a fitter summoned to make it perfect.

John left her then. She would follow him to the hotel.

After the fitting Cam walked through the shop, glancing at beautiful things here and there. Brief dresses of every frail and exquisite fabric that hands could make; that one Jane's size, this one Joanna's—but no, she wouldn't think of them!

She stood waiting for the elevator. It was early afternoon and the shop was very quiet. And suddenly like a thin knife slipped into her heart, not even hurting yet, and yet delivering a mortal wound, she heard small feet running, heard a little voice that had never quite left her ears in all these weeks of silence:

"Mummy! Mummy!"

It was Jane, looking somehow a little odd and thin and older, with a new haircut, who came flying toward her, who was in her arms, crying and laughing and clinging tight. Cam had dropped to her knees; she saw no one else in the world; she neither knew nor cared that watching eyes were taking in the little scene.

"My darling, where did you come from!" Cam said, trying to smile, with her lips trembling and tears running down her face.

"Aunt Dixie-Belle was buying me shoes and she left me here with Mabel while she has her girdles fitted!" Jane said, still breathless and still strangling Cam with hard little arms. "Oh, Mummy, why didn't you come, and where were you? Joanna's sick. She's sick, isn't she, Mabel?"

"What's the matter?" Cam's tone was quick and sharp; she got to her

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 139]

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Protects Lovely Garments

The dainty shades and sheer fabrics of your evening gowns will never be marred by ugly greasiness or discoloration from perspiration if you protect them with Odorono. And you will find dry-cleaning bills on your entire wardrobe considerably reduced.

Start today. Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

To make sure your natural charm will be unmarred by offensive "armhole odor," send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

SEND 8¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 6W7, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

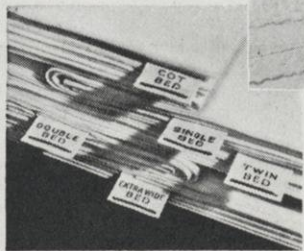


FOR further guidance in your buying, advertisers in Woman's Home Companion whose products are recommended by Jean Abbey, Woman's Home Companion Shopper, are entitled to use this seal. Whether bearing the seal or not, products advertised in the magazine are recommended as above.

JUST *Feel* THEIR
SOFT STRENGTH

YOUR FINGERS will sense it right away! There's a smooth, firm "body" to a Pequot sheet that you don't feel in any other brand. The Pequot feel is *woven* in—not faked with starch. It lasts. The longer you wash Pequots, the more like gentle old linen they become. Thorough, impartial laboratory tests assure you that this *soft strength* means long wear—true economy. It's one of the qualities that has made Pequot the most popular brand of sheets in America, the sheet that women *re-buy* most frequently. Buy Pequot, try Pequot, and you will understand *why* Pequot is so popular! Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

NO MORE MISFITS!
Permanent projecting tabs, shown below, tell you the size of every Pequot sheet on your linen shelf!



EXTRA! EXTRA!
Double tape selvages, shown above, make Pequot sheets extra strong. Look for this exclusive feature!



PEQUOT
Sheets and Pillow Cases

FOR THE BRIDE: How to decorate for a home wedding, how the wedding procession is formed, who pays for what, how to plan an outdoor wedding; these questions and others are answered in this COMPANION booklet on wedding etiquette and procedure 25 cents

PARTIES FOR THE BRIDE: Announcements, showers, a farewell round-up, alphabet for brides, floral wedding 10 cents

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES: For offer of this new COMPANION booklet see another page.



Ask the Companion

June Parties

INDOOR-OUTDOOR PARTY: Dancing and dining—very gala 3 cents
ANCHORS AWEIGH: A grand school or club jamboree 3 cents
BON VOYAGE PARTIES: For travelers by land or sea 3 cents
SUMMER PARTIES: Designs for flower favors, games, recipes 3 cents
PUSSY-IN-THE-WELL PARTY: For children under ten 3 cents
TEEN PARTIES: Just right for those last days of school 10 cents
A MCGUFFEY PARTY: An evening's program of tableaux with readings and music 10 cents
AN ALPHABET OF FUN: Entertainment for everyone, brides-to-be and graduates included 10 cents
CLUB BIRTHDAY PARTIES: Ideas for celebrations 10 cents

Embroidered Murals

A new catalogue of unusually beautiful designs, among them a clipper ship, a spring garden picture, a country house in autumn 10 cents

Interior Decoration

MAKING YOUR OWN SLIP COVERS: A most helpful fully illustrated booklet by Virginia Hamill 25 cents
EXTRA: Are you getting this illustrated little newssheet? Single copies 3 cents; six consecutive issues 15 cents. In June, silver and glass for summer entertaining.

Companion Broadcasts

ON THE AIR: Watch your local papers for broadcasts by Jean Abbey, shopper-reporter, and Carolyn Pryce, home counselor, on the air once a week.

Companion Travel Office

Our New York travel service will assist our readers in planning trips. Miss Marion Sanford, formerly head of our Paris office (now closed), is in charge at 250 Park Avenue, New York.

Order from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau,
250 Park Avenue, New York City

IF YOU SEND CURRENCY IN PAYMENT; PLEASE REGISTER YOUR LETTER

Cookery Up to Date

How Hot Is Hot? Temperature in food preparation, recipes 3 cents
MEAL-PLANNING TO FIT YOUR POCKETBOOK: Menus for small, medium and liberal pocketbooks, marketing guide, recipes 3 cents
KEEP COOL COOKERY: Broiler meals for hot weather 3 cents
CHILDREN'S MEALS: Menus and recipes for two-to-sixes 15 cents
PRIZE RECIPES OF THE STATES: Favorite food from coast to coast 15 cents
CAKES FOR ALL OCCASIONS: See notice on another page.

New Kitchen Equipment

PERSONALITY KITCHENS: Fifteen before and after plans of readers' kitchens. Fully illustrated 25 cents
CHOOSING AND USING YOUR REFRIGERATOR: With recipes for frozen and chilled dishes 3 cents
ELECTRIC TABLE APPLIANCES: Selection, use and care, with recipes for table grill, waffle iron, others 3 cents
THE VERSATILE ELECTRIC ROASTER: Valuable for all-round cooking. Many recipes and menus 3 cents
THE MOST FROM YOUR ELECTRIC MIXER: A Home Service Center booklet telling how to use a mixer for all sorts of cooking operations 10 cents

On Washing and Cleaning

HIGH LIGHTS ON CHINA, GLASS, SILVER AND OTHER METALS: How to care for them 3 cents
STUBBORN SPOTS: How to remove from table linen 3 cents
HOUSECLEANING METHODS: With a list of necessary equipment 3 cents
EASY WORK OF IRONING: With electric irons and ironers. How to do up a man's shirt, ruffled curtains 3 cents

The Garden Tattler

Garden news, published four times a year. The spring issue 3 cents
Next four issues 10 cents

The Wedding Sampler

SEE OPENING PAGE OF BACK OF BOOK

Full of the sentiment of a wedding day, this little sampler expresses it in a delightful slightly humorous vein. A white-satin-clad bride and a correctly garbed bridegroom advance, under an arch of roses held by themselves, over a field of flowers presumably into the state of matrimony. A little church, a little home, orange blossoms and doves bearing a myrtle branch, symbol of Venus, are all included in the design.

Instead of the words "the sweet bride" and "the beloved one" in the border, the actual names of the couple are to be used.
3000—Wedding Sampler stamped on light beige sateen. 12 by 16 inches, floss and wool for embroidery, color chart, and directions \$1.00
Size of worked picture 9½ by 13 inches.
Order from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

You Can't Have Everything

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136]

feet as Mabel came up, and stood facing the nurse.

"It's nothing but a cold. Mrs. Sylvester thought she'd better stay in bed. But Nan, that's the colored upstairs girl, is with her, and we're taking her back a surprise," Mabel explained.

"Are they happy, Mabel? Jane seems well." Cam's arm was still about the little girl; she stooped now and pushed back Jane's hat and kissed her earnestly. They sat down on chairs at the edge of the millinery department, Cam occasionally glancing nervously toward the corset counters.

"Mummy, can't I go home with you?" Jane begged.

"Not today, sweetheart." Cam spoke composedly if a little thickly, dried the child's tears and her own. "But very soon you and Joanna will come home to Mummy," she said. "and meanwhile I'll—I'll tell you what we'll do," she said looking about. "Come over here with Mummy and we'll buy the velvet rabbit for Joanna to go to sleep on. She used to have one like that, do you remember? It fell into the lake from the launch. And you—which would you like? Are you too big for the pink one?"

"But, Mummy, I would drather go home with you," Jane said wistfully.

"Darling, you will in a very short time. But meanwhile you have to stay with Daddy, you know. Poor Daddy, we have to be kind to him too."

"But why don't you come and stay with him?" Jane demanded.

"Well, I'll tell you all about that some day. And meanwhile I think Joanna would like the blue one best, I think she would, don't you? So you tell her," Cam's eyes sought anxiously the doors of the elevator again, "you tell her that in a very few days you and she are coming down to the farm again—Good-by, my precious, here's Mummy's elevator—tell my Joanny-girl to get well quick—go on," said Cam to the operator in a hard tone.

THE car shot down as the door closed. But not before she saw Jane's face: she was trying not to cry, the darling, trying to be good and brave, but with her cheeks all in a pucker and the mouth trembling, with great tears brimming and spilling in the innocent blue eyes.

"Late, darling!" John said when she entered the hotel room an hour later. "What did you do?"

"Took a walk," Cam said going straight to the bedroom window.

"They kept you trying on that dress. You look all done in."

"I'm not. No; there was nothing to do to the dress," Cam said.

"Well, get some rest anyway, darling. I'm going to take a bath and then rap off a few letters. Do you love me?" John asked. Her face was not turned toward him, but he heard her completely reassuring laugh from her dressing table.

"Dearly, dearly, dearly, idiot!" she said.

"And are you glad you're going to be the prettiest woman at this jamboree tonight?"

"In that dress? It's the sort of thing every woman dreams of," said Cam. "I can't go on this way, life can't be as mixed up as this!" she said in her heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN THE JULY ISSUE]



... Tired of Penny-Pinching?



The Beehive
Our Club
Emblem

"I was tired of penny-pinching when I wrote to you two months ago.

"It is not an easy task to make both ends meet when prices have gone up and our income remains the same. What a time my husband and I had trying to keep out of debt,

until I joined the Pin Money Club.

"I did not, as you know, make a fortune right off. But my first money, \$15.60, earned in less than eight days, certainly looked like one to us. In four weeks I earned \$36.50. How can I thank you!"

Are You A Lady In Distress?

IF SO, I want to tell you how you can make extra dollars in your spare moments. The member who writes that she was tired of penny-pinching is but one of thousands of readers of this great magazine who declare our way for making money is sure and pleasant.

An Iowa member says: "My earnings amounted to \$31.30 and helped to buy coal, groceries and also a new white dress."

When bills come rolling in have you enough money—or do you worry and worry about them? And do you have a new dress when you want it?

Why don't you look into the Pin Money Club—see what help it has to offer you? For over 28 years it has shown girls and women how to earn money in their spare moments—without leaving their homes many earn up to \$1,000 a year.

Don't delay! Just send a card or a letter today for our free booklet.

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Woman's Home Companion
Department 199

250 Park Avenue New York City

NEW SHINOLA PROTECTS WHITE SHOES WITH A 3-Way Guarantee

BACKED BY DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER



1. Guaranteed

NOT TO RUB OFF

This is the famous guarantee that made New Shinola the sensation of the white cleaner field! New Shinola is guaranteed not to rub off.



2. Guaranteed

TO REMOVE STAINS

Grass stains, oil and grease stains, dirt stains, that spoil the neatness of white shoes... New Shinola is guaranteed to remove them.



3. Guaranteed

TO WHITEN QUICKLY

See your white shoes restored to that smart, just-out-of-the-box newness! New Shinola is guaranteed to whiten shoes quickly!

READ DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER:

Simply apply New Shinola according to directions on the carton. New Shinola is guaranteed: (1) Not to rub off, (2) To remove stains, (3) To whiten quickly. In short, New Shinola must delight you in every way. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, return the remainder of the bottle with your name and address to Shinola, 88 Lexington Avenue, New York City. We will send you double your money back.

BOTTLES OR TUBES

10¢ and 25¢

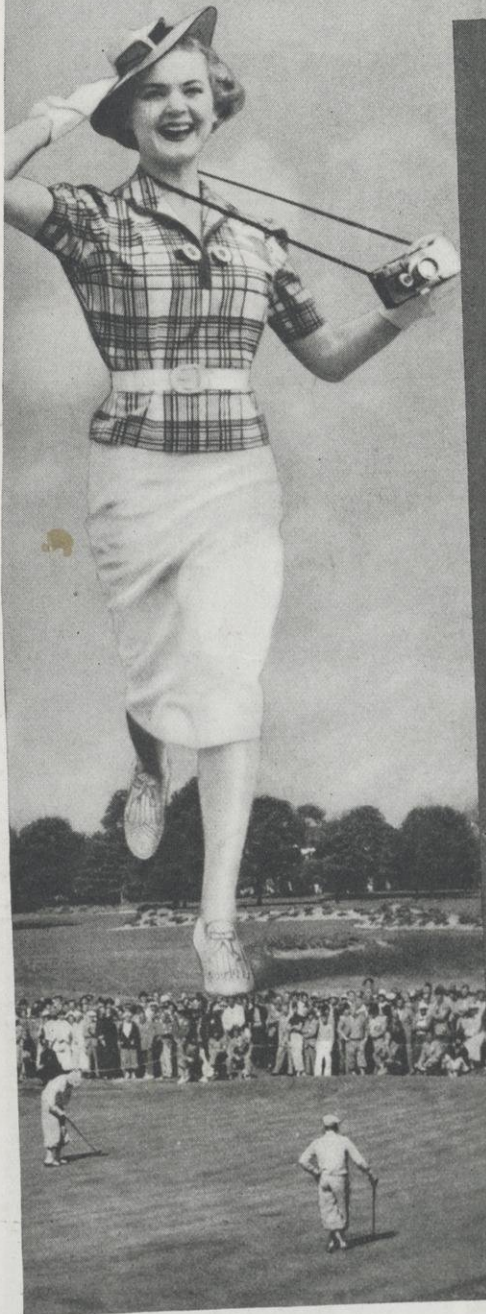
For nappy-surfaced white shoes, use Shinola White Suede Cleaner. Will not mat the surface.

FOR GUARANTEED WHITE SHOE SMARTNESS
INSIST ON NEW SHINOLA




ACTIVE AMERICA


IS GIVING ITS FEET BEAUTY TREATMENTS IN RED CROSS SHOES



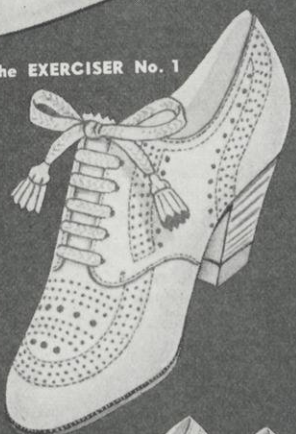
BREEZE along with the step of youth, in glorious Red Cross Shoes! So perfect fitting, so superbly styled they bring beauty to your feet—urge them to go places, and be seen. Striking models now await you. Swagger styles for country wear . . . sophisticated styles for town. This season, Red Cross Shoes are more than ever the favorites of America's smart and active women—more than ever the world's most amazing footwear values. Still only \$6.50. The United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio. "Limit" lasts and styles licensed to Somervell Brothers, Ltd., England.




The ROSETTE




The SENORITA



The EXERCISER No. 1



The EMPIRE



\$6.50

DENVER WEST

\$6.85

Made over exclusive "Limit" Lasts

RED CROSS SHOES

A BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR YOUR FEET

LOOKING BACKWARD



“IT HOLDS the place of honor over our fireplace. No one ever enters our living-room without remarking on its beauty and originality.” So wrote Mrs. Reid, who sent in the original of the sampler shown on the Opening Page this month. No longer any need of framing your marriage certificate, girls! Embroider it instead and let the groom share in the hanging. “The woman makes the home,” they say, but if you take my advice you’ll start right out asking him to help put up the pictures and the curtain rods.



THE fruit salad bride, on page 112, didn’t just happen either. Last February Mrs. Roth, who gave a Valentine luncheon shower. The honey-dew bride with the strawberry heart was the pièce-de-résistance. The Center heard about it and insisted on her doing it all over again for a June color page. Every hostess will want to try it. Meanwhile the man of the family can satisfy his artistic urge by painting curleques on the gable end of that Swiss chalet described on page 106.



YOU can see that imagination is running high in this June number. Take that fascinating short shortcake story on pages 116 to 118, suggesting a little curry powder or sage or grated orange rind right in the biscuit dough. As easy as that, say Nell Nichols and her college girl consultants to make something entirely different and appealing. Miss Hamill carries the same spirit into her pages and shows us asparagus servers that may also be meat platters, mayonnaise bowls that become flower holders—all by a simple turn of the wrist.



AND not to be outdone, Ada Bessie Swann and Gerrude Smith have the temerity to ask on page 128, Have You a Pleasant Laundry? We refuse to commit ourselves but we did go so far as to examine the models they set up in the Home Service Center to show what a pleasant laundry really looks like. First thing we knew we were building a model of our own. It’s a contagious pastime. Better send for that leaflet on Laundry Arrangements. Well, the great and glorious Fourth is on its way, and so is the July COMPANION.

BY
DOROTHY
BLAKE

ter...onally famous as a manne-

MAKERS OF 33 FAMOUS WASHERS RECOMMEND NEW 1937 RINSO

Women everywhere declare New Rinso gives 25% to 50% More Suds

Longer-lasting - safe as ever

The wonderful news about the New 1937 Rinso is spreading like wildfire. Friend tells friend, neighbor tells neighbor. All over town these richer, faster-acting New 1937 Rinso suds are

WELL, THAT'S MY IDEA OF BIG NEWS. I MUST USE THE NEW RINSO IN MY WASHER. THEN MAYBE I WON'T ALWAYS BE COMPLAINING ABOUT SKIMPY SUDS THAT SOON FIZZLE AWAY



NEXT WASHDAY

THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! THE NEW RINSO GIVES THE RICHEST, LONGEST-LASTING SUDS I EVER SAW AND THEY HAVE REAL BODY TO THEM

OOO, MOMMY - THE SUDS LOOK LIKE THEY'RE ALIVE!



LATER

FROM NOW ON I'LL NEVER USE ANYTHING BUT RINSO IN MY WASHER. I'M CONVINCED IT WASHES CLOTHES AT LEAST 5 SHADES WHITER

AND LOOK HOW NICE AND BRIGHT MY DRESS IS JUST LIKE NEW



THAT NIGHT

..AND NOT ONLY IS THE NEW RINSO MARVELOUS FOR THE WEEK'S WASH - BUT I USED IT FOR THE LUNCHEON DISHES. IT'S GRAND! IT'S EASY ON HANDS AND CUTS THE WORK IN HALF

THAT'S GREAT! COME ON, WE'LL USE THAT NEW RINSO YOU'RE RAVING ABOUT TO CLEAN UP THESE DINNER DISHES - AND WE'LL GO TO AN EARLY MOVIE

GOODY... GOODY



THE MAKERS OF THESE 33 FAMOUS WASHERS RECOMMEND THE NEW 1937 RINSO

- | | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|------------|--------------|
| A B C | Cataract | Kelvinator | Rotarex |
| American Beauty | Conlon | Magnetic | Savage |
| Apex | Crosley | Meadows | Speed Queen |
| Automatic | Fairbanks-Morse | National | Thor |
| Barton | Fairday | "1900" | Universal |
| Bee-Vac | Faultless | Norge | Westinghouse |
| Blackstone | Gainaday | One Minute | Woodrow |
| Boss | Haag | Prima | Zenith |
| | Horton | | |

Rinso is marvelous for tub washing, too. Its richer suds soak clothes whiter and brighter - without scrubbing or boiling. This "no-scrub" method makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer.

Grand for all cleaning
Rinso is economical, too - a little gives a lot of suds even in hardest water. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Ask for the BIG box.

ALL THE RINSO YOUR GROCER NOW HAS IS THE NEW 1937 RINSO - IN THE SAME FAMILIAR PACKAGE



The biggest-selling package soap in America

YOU SAY LIFEBOUY'S THE ONLY TOILET SOAP YOU USE?

YES - FOR BATH, COMPLEXION AND HANDS! I'LL TELL YOU WHY -

YOU SEE, THERE'S A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT IN LIFEBOUY THAT'S NOT IN OTHER SOAPS. IT REALLY KEEPS YOU SAFE FROM "B.O."

BUT DO YOU USE THIS SAME SOAP ON YOUR FACE?



YES, INDEED! THEY MADE TESTS THAT SHOW LIFEBOUY'S OVER 20% Milder THAN LOTS OF "BEAUTY SOAPS"

I AM LEARNING THINGS!



AND WE USE LIFEBOUY FOR OUR HANDS NOT ONLY BECAUSE IT'S SO MILD BUT BECAUSE ITS PURIFYING LATHER REMOVES GERMS AS WELL AS DIRT

I'D LIKE TO WASH MY FACE AND HANDS RIGHT NOW WITH YOUR LIFEBOUY



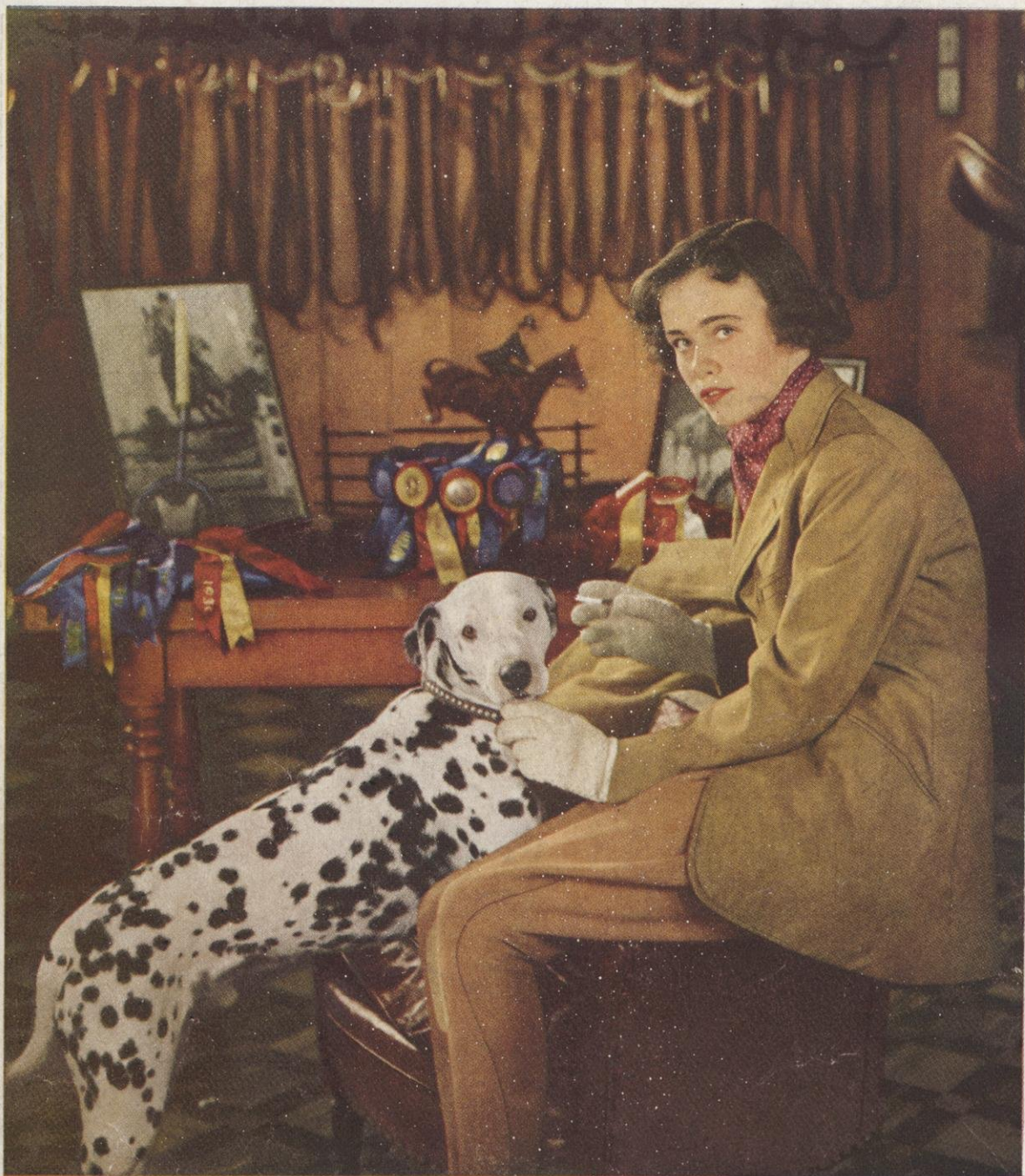
WOMEN PREFER LIFEBOUY

REALLY fastidious women insist on a bath soap that gives them lasting freshness... That's one big reason why more American women use Lifebuoy for the bath than any other soap. (It's equally the favorite of men and children) . . . 120,000 interviews by 8 leading magazines revealed these facts about the soap that stops "B.O." . . . Get the delightful Lifebuoy habit... for bath, hands and complexion. Use Lifebuoy regularly! You'll feel cleaner because you are cleaner.

stops 'B.O.'



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



Riding is second-nature to this daughter of the Belmonts

MISS JOAN BELMONT, NEW YORK. It's enough to say that Miss Belmont is the daughter of the Morgan Belmonts. As a member of this famous riding family, she has an inborn love for turf and field. At four years of age, she was presented with a pony of her own; today, Miss Belmont is one of the most accomplished horsewomen of the younger set. Like so many of her debutante friends, she is a steady Camel smoker.

These distinguished women are among those who prefer Camel's delicate flavor:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
 MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
 MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
 MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, Boston
 MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, Philadelphia
 MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
 MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
 MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, Baltimore
 MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., New York
 MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, Pasadena
 MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., Chicago
 MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York

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(above) *In the Tack Room.* Miss Belmont, when cubbing, wears gabardine coat and red silk stock. She is a familiar figure in the Maryland and Long Island hunting country. "When I feel tired or a bit let-down," she says, "Camels give me a grand 'lift' ... make me feel glad I'm alive as my energy snaps back. And, though I am a steady smoker, Camels never get on my nerves."



Enjoying Good Food at the Ritz in New York. Miss Joan Belmont enjoys a leisurely luncheon in the Oval Room at the Ritz-Carlton — with Camels between courses and after. Here, where society entertains, Camels are a favorite. Smoking Camels, during meals and afterward, is a positive aid to good digestion. Sets up a generous flow of digestive fluids. Increases alkalinity. What a sense of well-being comes to those who smoke Camels at mealtime!

*Costlier
Tobaccos*

Camels are made
from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS...
Turkish and
Domestic...than
any other
popular brand



For Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels